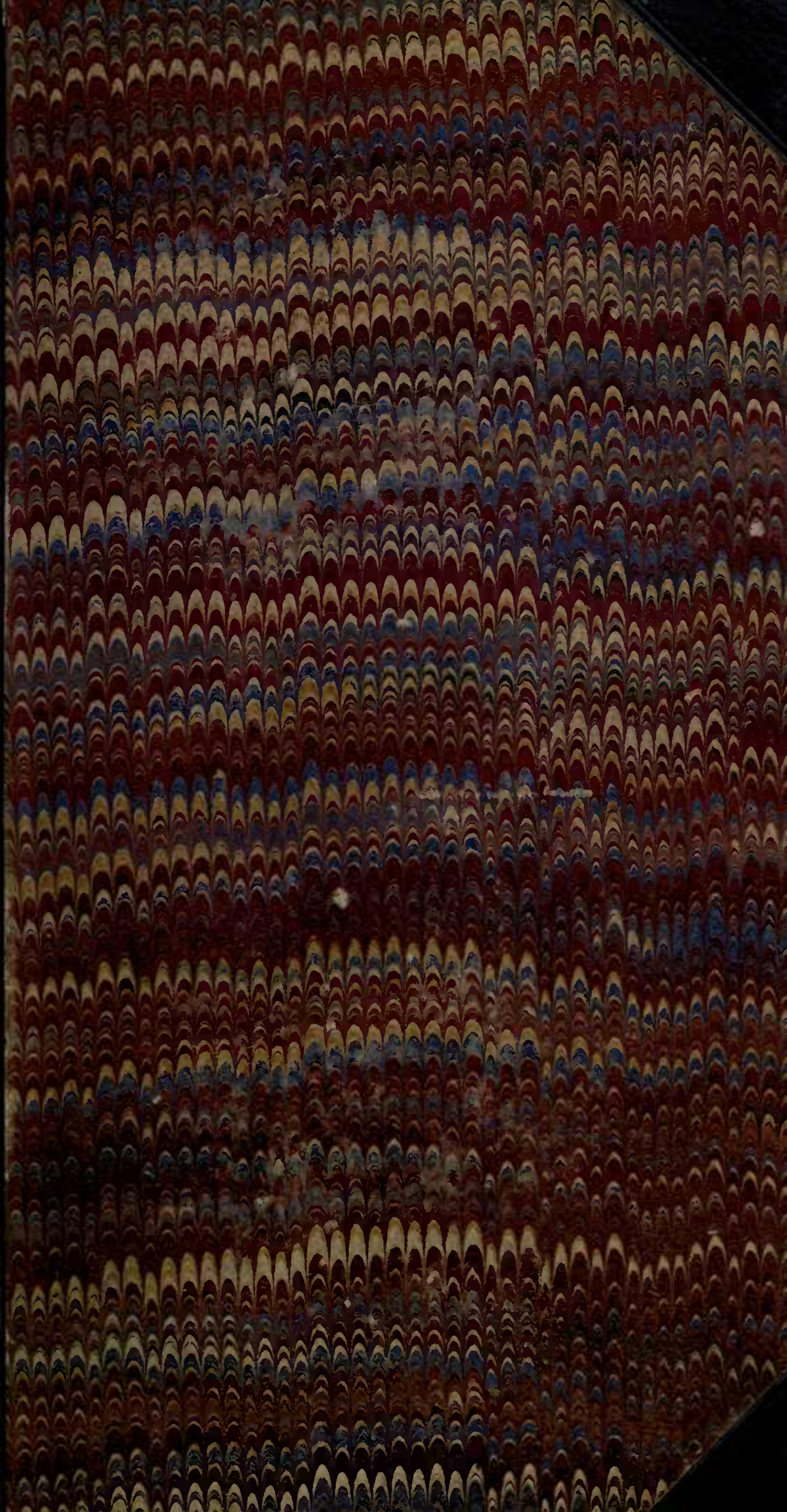

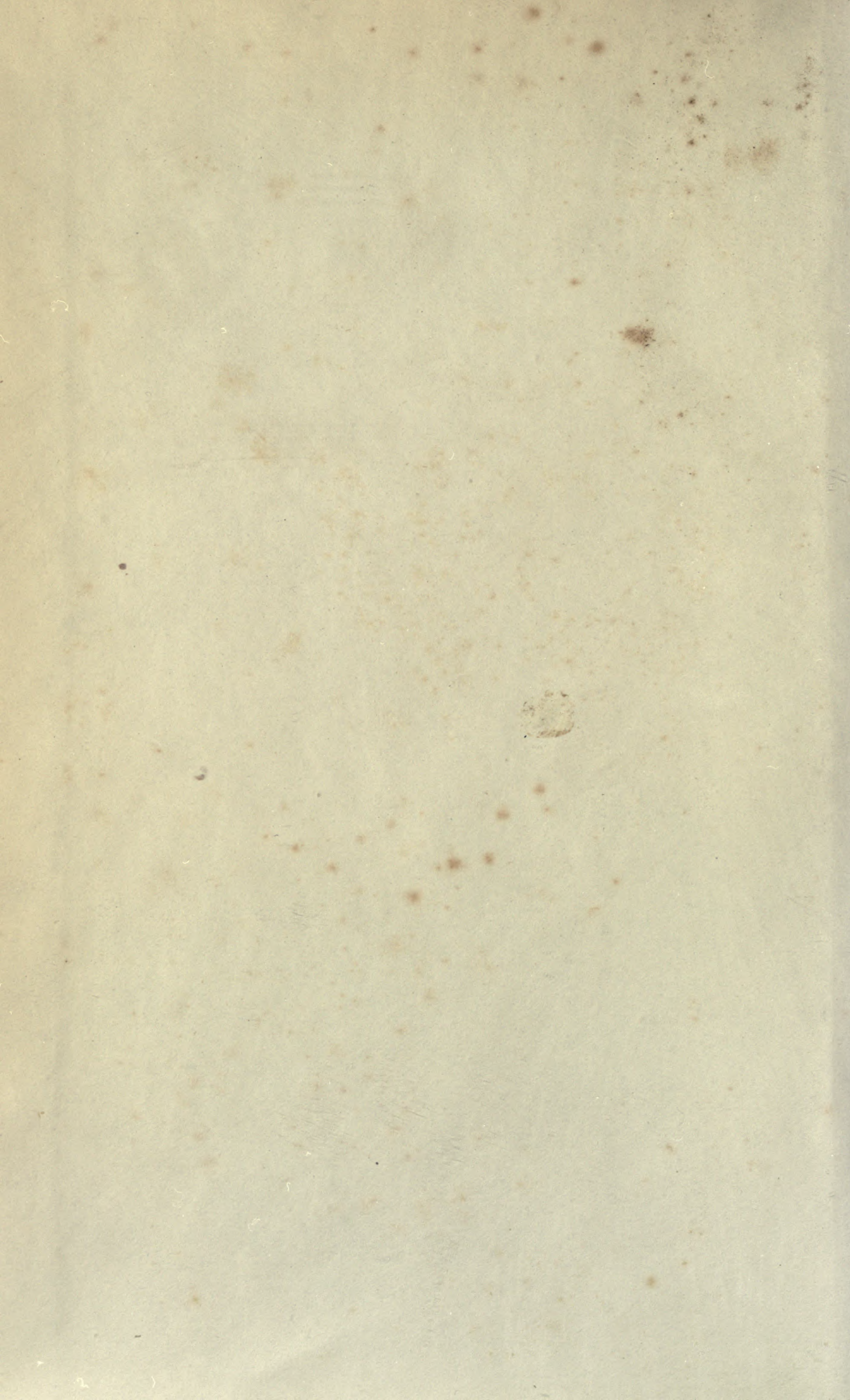

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII.

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MAY 1880, TO OCTOBER 1880.

London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

New York.

1880.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO XLII., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—252.

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// MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1880.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAUL MARKHAM went back to his rooms, and sat down again amid the ruins. His heart was as heavy in his bosom as a lump of lead. It weighed upon him, hindered his breathing, refused to rise or to beat more lightly, let him do what he would. He had taken down his pictures, his china, all that he had thought luxurious, from his walls long before. Nothing remained of all his decorations which he had once loved but a copy of Albert Dürer's *Melancholia*, which he had kept, thinking it symbolical. Besides, it was only a photograph. Had it been an original print, worth a great deal more than its weight in gold, he would not have thought himself at liberty to keep it. He looked round upon his books with gloomy eyes. Ruins—nothing but ruins—all around him! What was the good of them? They had done him all the service they were capable of, and in his life there was no further place for them. No schools now for him, no honours, no need of endless philosophical hair-splitting, this one's theory of being, that one's of knowing. He was going to put all that babble away. There were a few that he might take with him. Theocritus his *Idylls*; grey old Hesiod, that antique husbandman; Plato in his *Republic*. But even Plato, what was the good of him, with all his costly paraphernalia of a new society? Spears would do it all with much less trouble. No long education would be wanted for *his* rulers—if, indeed, any rulers should be needed. Less trouble! After all, when he came to think of it, it was by no means sure that Spears's process was less painful, less costly than Plato's. Himself, for example. Would every pioneer who joined their ranks, every leader among them, be obliged to pay his footing as dearly as Paul had done? To turn his back upon his father and mother, to cast all his antecedents to the winds, everything, from filial affection to the books upon his shelves—it could not be said that this was a cheap or easy probation.

He sat thus for he did not know how long, the sunshine of the August afternoon getting round the corner and streaming straight in, inquisitive and troublesome. What were they doing now at the inn? Sir William had been very gentle; he had not said a word of blame. His tone, his looks, his very weakness had been conciliatory. Paul, when he covered his eyes with his hands, seemed to see that scene again, and twinges came to his heart, sudden impulses to get up and go to them—to go at least to the place and ask after his father. There are temptations to do right as well as to do wrong. Impulses came to him like little good angels pulling at his sleeve, entreating him to come; but alas! it is always more easy to resist temptations to do well than to do ill. Once or twice he was so far moved

that he got up from his chair; but always sat down again after a blank look from the window over the deserted quadrangle and the parched trees. Why should he go? It would but raise vain hopes in them that he meant to yield: and he did not mean to yield. This kept him a prisoner in his room; for if he did not go *there*, where should he go? He paid no attention to the hour of dinner. He could not, he felt, have gone to Hall where there was the little dinner for the scanty summer contingent, the "men" who were "staying up to read." Even these heroes were dropping away daily, and at the best of times the little group in a place which held so many was depressing; and Paul did not want to dine—the common offices of life were disgusting and distasteful to him. He roused himself to go out at last when the daylight had begun to wane. There was to be a meeting that night in the shop of Spears, of the people who were going with them to found the new colony—for to this their plan of emigration had grown; but it was still too early for that. The shadows were lengthening, the light almost level, when Paul came out. He did not know where to go; he wandered through the streets where the townspeople were all about enjoying the beautiful evening, and strolled heedlessly, not caring where he went, towards the inn. He could not get out of his mind the recollection of the little party who would get no good of the beautiful evening. His mother and Alice, like most mothers and sisters, had always imagined themselves to be "very fond of Oxford." They had liked to hear of all its habits, and foolish, youthful ways—the nightly flights from the proctors, the corners where some hairbreadth 'scape had been made, the "High" and the "Broad," and all that innocent slang which a happy boy pours forth on his first introduction to these delights. It had always been an excitement, a delight to them to come here. Now he could not but think of them shut up in that bare, gloomy room, with the high, palo walls, and long green curtains. Oh, how they plucked at his sleeve and at his heart, those persuading angels! How he was tempted to go back again to bid bygones be bygones, to forgive everything (this was his way of putting it)! But, no. Had it been the other kind of angel leading him to another kind of presence, most likely the young man would not have stood out half so bravely. He strolled down to the river where one or two melancholy "men" in boats were keeping themselves as retired as possible from the splashing of the released shopboys, and the still more uncomfortable vicinity of the town boats, which were rowed almost as well as the 'Varsity. The sky was all rosy with sunset, glowing over the long reflections in the water, touching the greenness of the banks and trees into a fuller tint, and making more blue, with all those contrasting tints of rose, the blueness of the sky. The soft summer evening, with a gentle exhaustion in it—sweet languor, yet relief after the heat and work of the day—the soft plash of the oars, the voices all harmonised by the warm air, the movement and simple enjoyment about, were all like so many reproaches to him. How they would have liked to walk with him, to laugh softly back to every sound of pleasure, to talk of everything. Paul said to himself that all that was over. It was a pity for Alice to be shut up in a dingy room, but to-morrow she would be at home among their own woods, and what would it matter? As for himself, it must be his henceforward to tread the stern path of a higher duty—alone.

Paul met with one or two interruptions on the way. He saw Fairfax at a distance, and saw that he avoided him, turning quickly away; and he met one or two others of those who were "staying up to read." Finally he met a being of a different order, less easy to separate

himself from, a young Don, who turned and walked with him, anxiously intimating that it was quite immaterial which way he went,—a young man, not much older than Paul himself, but cultivated to the very finger-tips, and anxious to exercise a good influence if that might prove possible. This new companion gave him a stab unawares by asking if it was true what he had heard, that Sir William Markham was ill? Even in a deserted college in the midst of the long vacation, when there happens to be a tragic chapter of life going on, some echo of it will get abroad. The young Don was very modest, and anxious not to offend or intrude upon any "man" in trouble; but yet he would have been glad could he have exercised a good influence. They walked along the river bank while the sunset faded out of the west, and Paul at last acknowledged the relief of companionship by plunging forth into a statement of his own intentions which filled his auditor with horror and dismay. A man who did not intend to take his degree was as a lost soul to the young Don. But even in these appalling circumstances he could not be impolite. He listened with gentle disapproval and regret, shaking his head now and then, yet saying softly, "I see what you mean," when Paul poured forth a passionate statement of his difficulties, his sense of the injustice of his own position, his horror at the corruption and falsehood of the world, and determination never to sanction, never to accept in his own person the cruel advantages to which he had been born. After all that had come and gone it was a great ease to the young revolutionary, upon such a verge of high devotion yet despair as he was, to make one impassioned assertion of his principles, the higher rule of his conduct. Probably the college, too, and all the men, would hear that it was for the love of Spears's daughter that he was throwing his life away. He was glad (when he came to think of it) of this chance of setting himself right. "I see what you mean," said the young Don. He would have said the same thing with the same regretful air, non-argumentative and sympathetic, yet with his own opinion in the background, had Paul poured into his ear a confession of passionate attachment for Janet Spears. He understood what political enthusiasm was, and he knew that the world might be well lost for love, though he did not approve either of these passions. In either case he would have been very glad to have established a good influence over the man thus carried away, whether by the head or the heart. Paul, however, if he did not come under any good influence, was solaced by his own outburst. He got cooler as they turned back towards the towers now rising dimly into the cooled and softened atmosphere of the night, and the glimmer of the friendly lights.

It was a disappointment to the young Don when his companion left him abruptly, long before they reached their college. He had meant to be very kind to him at this violent crisis of life, and who could tell, perhaps to win him back to safer views—at least to put before him so forcibly the absolute necessity of taking his degree that passion itself would be forced to pause. But Paul did not give him this chance. He said a hurried good-night when they reached the spot at which he had met his mother in the morning, the point at which the picturesque and graceful old street was crossed by the line of uneven thoroughfares, in which Spears's house lay. The young Don looked after him in surprise and disappointment as he walked away. He shook his head. He would not doubt the authenticity of Paul's confession of faith, but the low street breathed out of it a chill of suspicion. He could understand anything that was theoretical however wrong-headed, but Spears's shop and the street in which it stood was a great deal more difficult to understand.

Paul sped along, relieved of the immediate pressure on his heart, and more determined than ever in his resolution. He had said little in the morning in answer to Spears's question. He had declared that it was not love alone which had brought him there; that there had been nothing feigned in his enthusiasm for that teaching in which the salvation of the world he believed would be found to lie; but further he had said nothing. And Spears had been too much relieved on his own account and was too delicate on his child's, to pursue the subject. To tell the truth, the demagogue, though the kindest of fathers, had not been delighted by the thought that his own favourite disciple, his captive aristocrat, the young hero whom he had won out of the enemy's ranks, and who was his pride, had been all the time only his daughter's lover. The thought had hurt and humbled him. That Paul might love Janet in the second place, might have learned to love her after his introduction to the shop, was a different matter. The gratification of recovering his own place and influence drove the other question from his mind; and by the time it recurred to him, the delicacy of a mind full of natural refinement had resumed its sway. It was for the lover to open this subject, not the girl or her friends. And though he wondered a little that Paul said nothing more to him, he asked no further question. It was a relief to Paul, on the other hand, not to be called to account. The evil day was deferred at least, if no more, and he was very glad to put it off, to wait for what might happen, to hope perhaps that after all nothing would happen. Paul did not know what had passed or what his mother had said. Her own broken and tremulous confession of wrong, and Janet's consciousness, had been his only guides. He had thought himself for the moment bound to Janet; but perhaps things had not gone so far as he thought; and though he was determined to hold firmly to any bond of honour that might hold him, even though it were not of his own making, yet the sense that his freedom was still intact was an unspeakable relief to him. Since then he had managed to forget Janet; but when he turned his face towards her home it was not so easy to continue to forget. The twilight was brightened by the twinkle of the lamps all the way down the vista of the street, and by a dimmer light here and there from a window. The shutters had been put up in Spears's shop, but the door was open, and in the doorway, faintly indicated by the light behind, stood some one looking out. Paul knew, before he could see, who it was. She was looking out for him. It is hard to find our arrival uncared for by those whom we want to see, but it is, if not more hard, at least far more embarrassing, to find ourselves eagerly looked for by those whom we have no wish to see. Paul's heart sank when he saw the girl, with the long lines of her black gown filling the doorway, leaning out her graceful shoulders and fair head in an attitude of anxious expectation, looking for him. What could he say to her? The return of her image thus suddenly thrust before him filled him with impatience and annoyance. Yet he could not withdraw himself; he went on without a pause, wondering with a troubled mind how far his mother had committed him, what she expected, what she wanted, this girl who was no heroine, no ideal woman, but only Janet Spears.

Her eyes drooped as he came forward, with a shyness which had in it something of finer feeling than Janet had yet known. He was very dazzling to her in the light of his social superiority. A gentleman! Janet had heard all her life that a gentleman was the work of nature, not of circumstance, that those who arrogated the title to themselves had often far less right to bear it than the working men whom they scorned; but all these theories had passed lightly over her. *She* knew the difference. They might talk what stuff they liked, but

that would not make one of them a *Sir*—a man whose wife would be my lady, a dazzling personage who drove in his carriage, who had horses to ride, and men in livery to walk behind him. The other was all talk! fudge! rubbish! but these things were realities. She watched him coming down the street in the grey twilight, in the faint yellow of the lamps. His very walk was different, the way in which he held his arms, not to speak of his clothes, of which even the Sunday clothes of the others bore but the faintest resemblance. Janet's nature, such as it was, prostrated itself before the finest thing, the highest thing she knew. And if this is noble in other matters, why not in the most important of all? If it is a sign of an elevated soul to seek the best and loftiest, why not in a husband? Janet did not stand upon logic, yet her logic here was far better practically than her father's. She recognised Paul without a moment's hesitation as the best thing within her reach, and why should not she put forth her entire powers to gain the perfection she sought?

"They have not come yet, Mr.—Paul," said Janet, casting down her eyes.

She had always called him Mr. Markham before; but she could not help hoping that now he would tenderly reprove her for the previous title, and bid her call him by his Christian name. Was not this the first step in lovers' intimacy? But this was not what happened. It struck Paul disagreeably to hear his name at all, even with the Mr. before it. His mind rebelled at this half appropriation of him. He could not help feeling that it was cowardly of him to be rough with Janet, who had no power of defending herself; but he could not help it. He brushed past her with a half-sensation of disgust.

"Haven't they?" he said; "never mind. I dare say your father is in."

"Father is not in, Mr. Paul. He's gone to tell Fraser, the Scotchman, to come. He didn't know there was a meeting. I am the only one that is in to keep the house. The girls have gone to the circus—did you know there was a circus?—but I," said Janet, "I don't care for such things. I've stayed at home."

Then there was a pause. Paul had gone into the shop, which was swept, and arranged with benches, and a table in the middle, for the emigrants' meeting, and Janet following him so far as to stand in the inner instead of the outer doorway, stood gazing at him by the imperfect light of the lamp. How could she help gazing at him? She expected him to say something. This was not how he had looked at her in the morning. Poor Janet was disappointed to the bottom of her heart.

"That's a pity," said Paul, brusquely. "If I had known Spears would not be here I should not have come so soon. I don't see why he should keep me waiting for him. I have a thousand things to do; all my time is taken up. I might have been with my father, who is ill, if I had not come here."

"Oh, is he ill?" said Janet. Her eyes grew bigger in the dim light gazing at him. "It must be very strange to be a gentleman's son like that," she added softly; "and to think what a difference it might make all at once if—— And you never can tell what may happen," she concluded with a sigh of excitement. "I don't wonder you're in a way."

"Am I in a way? I don't think so," said Paul. "I hope there is nothing much the matter with my father," he added, after a little pause.

"Oh!" said Janet, disappointed; but she added, "There will be some time. Some time or other you will be a great man, with a title and all that property. Oh, I wanted to say one thing to you before those men come. What in the world have you to do with *them*, Mr. Paul? They may think themselves ill-used, but you can't think yourself ill-used. Why should you go away when you have everything, everything you can set your face to, at home? Plenty of money, and a grand house, and horses and

carriages, and all sorts of things. You can understand folks doing it that have nothing; but a gentleman like you that only need to wish and have, whatever can *you* want to emigrate for?" Janet cried.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SPEARS entered the shop suddenly, before Janet had quite ended her astonishing address. If his dog had offered him advice Paul could scarcely have been more surprised. He was standing at one end of the shop gazing at her, his eyes wide opened with surprise, and consternation in his mind, when her father came in. Spears was not so much astonished as Paul was. He saw his daughter standing in the doorway, her colourless face a little flushed by her earnestness, and gaining much in beauty from that heightened tint, and from the meaning in it. Spears thought within himself that it was true what all the romancers said, that there was nothing like love for embellishing a woman, and that his Janet had never looked so handsome before. But that was all. He had come in by a back way, bringing with him the Scotchman, Fraser, who was to be one of the colonists, and therefore could not make any remark upon the conjunction of these two, or upon the few words he heard her saying. What so natural as that she should be found lingering about the place where Paul was expected, or that he should take her opinion, however foolish it might be?

"Come, you two," Spears said, good-humouredly, "no more of this—there is a time for everything;" and Janet, with a start, with one anxious look at Paul to see what effect her eloquence was having, went slowly away.

Paul had been profoundly astonished by what she said. He could not understand it. *She* to bid him remain at home!—she to ask him with fervour, and almost indignation, what he wanted to emigrate for!—she, her father's daughter, to remind him of those advantages which her father denounced! Paul felt himself utterly bewildered by what she said. There was nothing in him which helped him to an understanding of Janet's real meaning. That her severely practical mind regarded her father's creed as simple folly and big words, might have been made credible to him: but that Janet had a distinct determination, rapidly formed, but of the most absolute force, not to permit himself—him—Paul—to give up any advantages which she had the hope of sharing—that she was determined to taste the sweets which he had set his foolish heart on throwing away—no idea of this entered into his mind. Her warning look—the little gesture of leave-taking which she made as she went away, and into which she managed to convey the same warning—overwhelmed him with amazement. What did she mean? He might have thought there was some secret plan against him, from which she meant to defend him, if he had not had absolute confidence in Spears. Was it an effort of generosity on her part to free him from the dilemma in which his mother's indiscretion had placed him—to put him away from the place in which her company might be a danger to him—to restore him to the sphere to which he belonged? For the first time with this idea a warm impulse of gratitude and admiration moved him towards the demagogue's daughter. He waved his hand to her as she went away, with a smile which made Janet's heart jump, and in which indeed no great strain of imagination was required to see a lover's lingering of delight and regret as the object of his affection left him. Spears laughed; he saw no deficiency.

"Come, come," he said, "we have more serious work in hand. Leave all that to a seasonable moment." And upon the man's face there came a smile—soft, luminous, full of tender sympathy. In his day he too, had known what love was.

Fraser was an uncouth, thick man, short of stature, with that obscuration

of griminess about him which sometimes appears in the general aspect of a labouring man. He was not dirty, but he was indistinct, as seen through a certain haze of atmosphere, which, however, from his side was penetrated by two keen eyes. He gave Paul a quick look, then, with a word of salutation, took his seat at the table, on which a paraffin lamp, emitting no delightful odour, was standing. As he did so, two others came in. One a lean man, with spindle limbs and a long pale face, who looked as if he had grown into exaggerated pale length, like some imprisoned plant, struggling upwards to the distant light. The other was a clerk, in the decent, carefully-arranged dress which distinguishes his class, very neat and respectable, and "like a gentleman," though a world apart from a gentleman's ease of costume. The tall man was Weaver; the clerk's name was Short. They took their seats also with brief salutations. There was room around the table for several more, but these seemed all that were coming. Spears took his place at the head. He was by far the most living and life-like of the party.

"Are we all here?" he said. "There are some vacant places. I hope that doesn't mean falling away. Where is Rees, Short? What has become of him? It was you that brought him here."

"He has heard of another situation," said the clerk. "His wife never liked it. I doubt much whether we'll see him again. He never was a man to be calculated upon. Hot at first—very hot—but no stamina. I warned you, Spears."

"And Layton—he was hot too—has he dropped off as well?"

"Well, you see, Spears," said the long man, with laboured utterance, working his hand slowly up and down, "work's mended in our trade; there's a deal in that. When it's bad a man's ready for anything; as it was all the early summer—not a thing doing. There were dozens on us as would have gone anywhere to make sure of a bit o' bread. But work's mended, and most of us think no more on what we've said. Not me," the speaker added; "I'm staunch. It's nothing to me what the women say."

"I suppose you have got the maps and all the details?" said the clerk. "If we're going out in October, we'd better settle all the details without delay."

Then there arose a discussion about the land that was offered by the emigration commissioners, which it is needless to reproduce here. It was debated between Spears, Fraser, and the clerk, all of whom threw themselves into it with heat and energy, the eyes of the grimy little Scotchman gleaming on one after another, throwing sudden light like that of a lantern; while Short talked with great volubility and readiness, and Spears, at the head of the table, held the balance between them. Fraser was for closing with the official offer, and securing land before they made their start, while the clerk held in his hand the plans of a new township and the proposals of a land company, which seemed to him the most advantageous. Spears, for his part, was opposed to both. He was for waiting until they had arrived at their destination, and choosing for themselves where they would fix their abode. He, for his part, had no money to buy land, even at the cheapest rate. To take his family out, to support them during the first probationary interval, was as much as he could hope for. The debate rose high among them. Weaver sat with his two elbows resting on the table, and his long pale head supported in his hands, looking from one to another; his mouth and eyes were open with perennial wonder and admiration. Land! he had never possessed anything all his life, and the idea inflamed him. Paul had never taken any part in these practical discussions; he was too logical. If it was wrong for him to enjoy the advantages of wealth at home, he did not see how he could carry any of these advantages away with him, to purchase other advan-

tages on the other side of the world. What right had he to do it? He sat silent, but less patient than Weaver, less admiring, feeling the peculiarities of the men doubly, now that he had associated himself conclusively with them. The clerk's precise little tone, cut and dry—his disquisition upon the rates of interest and the chances of making a good speculation—Fraser's dusky hands, which he put forward in the heat of argument, beating out emphatic sentences with a short, square forefinger—gave him an impression they had never done before. Short was a little contemptuous (notwithstanding the democratical views which he shared) of the working men, and their knowledge of what ought to be done.

"With the small means at our command," he said, "to go out into the bush would be folly. You can't grow grain or even potatoes in a few weeks. You must have civilisation behind you, and a town where you can push along with your trades till the land begins to pay."

"And how are you to make the land pay without the plough, and somebody to guide it?" said Fraser. "I am not one that holds with civilisation. Most land will pay that's well solicited with a good spade and a good stout arm. We'll take a pickle meal with us, or let's say flour, and the time the corn's growing we'll build our houses and live on our porridge. I do not approve of the Government, but it makes a good offer, and land cannot run away. Make yourself sure of a slice of the land; that is what I'll always say."

"Land," said Spears, with some scorn in his tone, "that may be in the middle of a marsh, or on the cold side of a hill. I put no faith in the Government offer for my part, and a little less than none in your new township, Short. Did you ever read about Eden in Mr. Dickens's book? I object to be slaughtered with fever for the sake of a new land company. Here is my opinion: Take your money with you as you please—in your old stocking, or in bits of paper—I," said the demagogue, "feel the superiority of a man that has no money to take. I've got my head and my hands, and I mean to get *my* farm out of them. But let's see the place first and choose. Let's try the forest primeval, as they call it; but let us take our choice for ourselves."

Fraser, who had projected himself half across the table leaning upon his elbows, and with his emphatic, blunt forefinger extended in act to speak, here interposed, pointing that member at Paul, who said nothing. "What's he going to do? Hasn't *he* got an opinion on the subject! I'm keen to know what a lad will say that has the most money to spend, and the most to lose—and a young fellow forbye;" said the Scot, flashing the light of his eager eyes upon Paul, who sat half-interested, half-disgusted, holding his refined head, and white hands, and fine linen, a little apart from the group round the table. He started slightly when he heard himself appealed to.

"If it is a false position to possess more than one's neighbours here," he said, "I hold it a still more false position to take what ought to be valuable to the country out of the country. I have very little money either to spend or to lose, and I think with Spears."

"Ah," said the Scotsman, "my lad, it's a frolic for you. You'll go and you'll play at what is life or death to us—and by the time you're tired of the novelty you'll mind upon your folk at home, and your duty to them. I've seen the like before. None like you for giving rash counsels: not that you mean harm: but you know well you've them behind you that will be too glad to have you back. That's not our case—with us it's life or death."

"Hold your tongue, Fraser," said Spears. "This young fellow,"—he laid his hand upon Paul as he spoke, with a kind, paternal air, which perhaps the young man might have liked at another time, but which made him wince now—"is in earnest—no sort of

doubt that he's in earnest. He is giving up a great deal more than any of us are doing. We—that's the worst of it—are making no sacrifice—we're going because it suits us; but, to show his principles, he is giving up —a great deal more than was ever within our reach."

"A man cannot give up more than he has got," said the clerk. "What we are sacrificing is every bit as much to us."

Spears kept his hand on Paul's arm. He meant it very kindly, but it was warm and heavy, and Paul had all the desire in the world to pitch it off. He did not care for the paternal character of his instructor's kindness.

"I don't know what you are giving up," said Spears. "I have got nothing to sacrifice, except perhaps a little bit of a perverse liking for the old country, bad as she is. It takes away a good deal of my pride in myself, if the truth were known, to feel that after all the talk I've gone through in my life, it isn't for principle that I'm going, but to better myself. I told this young fellow he oughtn't to go—that is the truth. He has no reason to be discontented. As long as the present state of things holds out, it's to his interest, and doubly to his interest, to stay where he is. But this isn't the kind of fellow to stand on what's pleasant to himself. He's coming for the grand sake of the cause —eh, Paul?—or if there's another little bit of motive alongside, why that's nothing to anybody. We are not going to make a talk of that."

To imagine anything more distasteful to Paul than this speech would be impossible. Only by the most strenuous exercise of self-control could he keep from thrusting off Spears's hand, his intolerable approval, and still more intolerable pleasantry. He got up at last, unable to bear it any longer. "We didn't come here to comment on each other's motives," he said. "Suppose you go on with the business we met for, Spears."

It was a little relief to get out of reach of the other's hand. He stood up against the narrow little mantelpiece behind Spears's chair. It was heaped with picture-frames, and the drawing which Spears had been making in the morning stood there propped up against the wall; the great foxglove from which he had designed it, lay in a heap along with the other flowers which he had rejected, swept up into the fireplace. A faint odour of crushed stalks and broken flowers came from them. They were swept up carelessly with the dust, their bright petals peeping from under all the refuse of the shop, dishonoured and broken. Paul thought it was symbolical. He stood and looked—more dispassionately from a distance—at the rough, forcible head of the demagogue, and the countenance all seamed and grimy of the Scotsman, who was concentrating the keen light of his eyes upon Spears. The clerk, on the other hand, clean, neat, and commonplace, did not seem to belong to the same world, while the feeble, long head of Weaver was as the ghost and shadow of the other animated and vigorous faces. The light of the mean little paraffin lamp threw a yellow glow on them, but left in darkness all the corners of the shop, the large shuttered window, full of picture-frames, and the cavernous opening of the stairs which led to Spears's house —and filled the place with an odour which the accustomed senses of the others took no notice of, but which to Paul was almost insupportable. He had assisted at these conferences before; but however he had busied himself in the details of the meetings, however earnestly and gravely he had posed (to his own consciousness) as one of them, yet he had never been one of them. He had been a spectator, not an actor in the drama, little referred to, scarcely believed in by the others; and he had taken them calmly, as it is so easy to take those with whom we have nothing to do. But now that he was entirely committed to their society, now that he had burnt his ships, and shut every door of escape behind him, a new

light seemed to shine upon them. The smoky lamp, the smell of the paraffin, the grimy haze about Fraser, the feeble whiteness of the other, the little clerk, all smooth and smug, with his talk of capital and interest—Paul seemed never to have seen them before. These were to be henceforward his companions, fellow-founders of a new society.

Paul felt himself grow giddy where he stood. Their talk went on; they discussed and argued, but it was only a kind of hum in his ears. He did not care what conclusion they came to —they themselves struck him like a revelation. Perhaps if any other four men in the world had thus been separated from all others as the future sharers of his life, his feelings would have been much the same. Four Dons, for instance; suppose a group out of the Common-room put in the place of these workmen, would they have been more supportable? He asked himself this question vaguely, wistfully. Could he have put his future in their hands with more confidence? or was it simply that the contemplation of any such group as representing all your society for the rest of your life was alarming? Paul put this question to himself with a curious dizziness and sense of weakness.

The stair, which has been several times referred to, went straight up like a ladder from the side of the shop opposite the door, and the upper part of it was of the most primitive description, mounting as through a large trap-door to the floor above. As he stood listening without hearing, seeing through a mist, Paul caught sight in the darkness of some one standing under the shadow of this stair watching and listening. The men at the table were closely engaged. They took no further notice of the young man whom they could not believe in as one of themselves. Even Spears, in the fervour of discussion, forgot Paul. He stood in all the freedom of a bystander, thinking his own thoughts, while his eyes rested upon the group, taking in the whole picture before him vaguely, as a picture; and it was at this moment that he became aware, not only of this vague and shadowy figure, but of a head put out round the corner of the stair, with a dart and tremble of curiosity. It was the fair head of Janet Spears, with all its frizz of loose locks. At first it was but a dart, rapid and frightened; then, as she perceived the absorption of the others, and saw that she had caught Paul's attention, she took courage. She gave a glance at them as Paul was doing, but with a hundred times more conscious scorn, and then put all the contempt and ridicule of which eyes were capable into the look with which she turned to Paul, shrugging her shoulders at the group. Her next proceeding was to point to the door, and invite him, as plainly as signs could do it, to meet her there. Paul grew red as he received these signs, with wonder and alarm, and a curious kind of shamefacedness. Was it the strangest unpardonable liberty the girl was taking? or had she a right to do it? With a rapid gesture she gave him to understand that he must come out, and that he would find her at the door.

Janet had never been presuming; she had not been a coquette; she had done nothing to call to herself the attention of the young theorists who frequented her father's shop. But everything was different now, and she felt herself not only at liberty to make signals to Paul, but conferring a favour on him by so doing. He was sick of the consultation in which he did not care to take any part, and weary at heart of all the strange circumstances around him. And the paraffin was very disagreeable. Why should he not obey Janet's signs, and go and meet her outside? At least it could not be any worse than this. After a few moments of struggle with himself, Paul announced quietly that he was going. "My presence can make no difference," he said. They scarcely heard him, so busy were they with their argument. No Rembrandt

could have surpassed the curious group of heads set in the surrounding darkness, with the light of the lamp so fully upon them, and all so intent and full of living interest. Spears turned round and gave him a good-humoured nod as he went away. He was half-vexed to be deserted; yet he smiled—was it not natural? Outside, though it was a little bye-street, and not immaculate, the air was sweeter than in that atmosphere of paraffin; but it was with a curious sense of humiliation and surprise at his own position, that Paul saw Janet's dark, slim figure stealing out at another door. That he should meet a girl under the light of a street-lamp, jostled by passers-by, remarked upon as Janet Spears's lover, seemed something incredible. Yet he was doing it; he scarcely could tell why. She came stealing close up to him, with just the attitude and gesture he had seen in other humble pairs of love-makers, and Paul could not help wondering, with a sharp sting of self-scorn, whether he was as like the ordinary hero of such encounters as she was like the heroine. Janet came up to him however with all the fervour of a purpose. She put out her hand, and gave a touch to his arm.

"Did you hear what I said?—did you think of what I was saying?" she asked. "Father came just when he wasn't wanted. Perhaps you'll think me a bold girl to call you out here; but it's for your good. Oh, Mr. Paul, don't listen to all that nonsense! What should *you* go away for? You're a deal better off here than you ever would be there. Father may have some excuse. He thinks, I suppose, as he's getting old, and as it would be better for me and the girls to be out there. I don't think so. I'd rather be anything at home. I'd rather take a situation. Still, father has an excuse. But you—what do you want among men like them?—you that are a gentleman. You never could put up with them. And why should you go?—think a moment—why should you go?"

"It is very good of you to interest yourself about me," said Paul, feeling himself so much stiffer and more solemn than he had ever been before, "but I have chosen with my eyes open. I have done what I thought best."

"Oh, *of course* I interest myself in you. Who should I interest myself in?" cried Janet, "above everything! And that is why I say don't meddle with them; don't have anything to do with them. Oh, when you have a father that will give you whatever you like; when you have your pockets full of money; when, if you just wait a little, you will have a title, and everything heart could desire—*why* should you go a long sea voyage, and mix yourself up with a parcel of working men? *Why?*" cried Janet, with a wonderment that was slightly mingled with scorn, yet was impassioned in its vehemence. "I would not demean myself like that, not for all the world."

Paul stood and looked at her almost moved to laughter by the strangeness of the position. Spears's daughter! but the laughter would not have been sweet. That strange paradox, and the still stranger one of his own meeting with his supposed love under the lamp-post, filled him with the profoundest mortification, wonder, and yet amusement. It seemed beyond the power of belief, and yet it was true.

CHAPTER XXV.

SIR WILLIAM was better when he got home. When he reached his own house he began to hold up his head, to hold himself, if not erect as of old, yet in a way more like himself. He walked firmly into the house, always with Fairfax's arm, and said, "I am better, Brown; yes, much better," when Brown met him, very anxious and effusive, at the door. "I feel almost myself," he said, turning round to Lady Markham. And so he looked—himself ten years older, but yet with something of the old firmness and precise composure. How he could

thus recover, though the letter in his pocket-book bore the postmark of Markham Royal, and he had come back into the very presence of the danger which at a distance had overwhelmed him, it would be difficult to tell. "He's picked up wonderful," Mr. Jarvis, Sir William's own man, said to Mr. Brown; "but for all that, he's got notice to quit—he have. Just see if I ain't right." Mrs. Fry was of the same opinion when she saw her master. She had never had any comfort in her mind, she declared, since she heard of these faintings. All the Markhams went like that. The late Sir Paul had done just the same—nothing to speak of at first, and nobody alarmed—but it was a thing that went fast, that was, Mrs. Fry said. They were all very gloomy about Sir William down stairs, but in the family there was no such alarm. He put away his trouble, or rather, as he emerged out of the suffering of his attack into physical comfort again, and no longer felt the blood ebbing, as it were, from his heart, and consciousness failing in the giddy void into which he had seemed to sink, nature in him declined to remember it, turned away from it. The familiar house, the waving of the woods, the stately quiet about him, healed him, and he would not allow himself to be pulled back. He came to dinner, and occupied his place as usual, looking really, his wife and daughter thought, almost quite himself. This almost made up to them, poor ladies, for the moment—for all that it had cost them to leave Oxford in such melancholy uncertainty about Paul.

But there was one of the party who was not at his ease. Fairfax, who had come away on the spur of the moment without any provision for a visit, and who felt his presence here to be mere accident, nothing more, scarcely knew what to do or say. After he had helped Sir William up stairs on their arrival, he came to Lady Markham, confused yet smiling, with his hat in his hand. "I must take my leave now. I hope Sir William will go on mending, and no longer have need of my arm as a walking-stick."

"Your leave!" said Lady Markham, "what does that mean? Do you think after taking the use of you all the way here that I am going to let you go away without making acquaintance with Markham? No, no; you are going to stay."

"I came as a walking-stick," said the young man; "and I have brought nothing," he added, laughing. "That is the disadvantage of a walking-stick which is human, which wants toothbrushes and all kinds of things. Besides, I am of no further use. Sir William is better, and there are shoals of men here."

"You make us out to be pleasant people," said Lady Markham, "getting rid of our friends as soon as we have need of them no longer. That will never do. You must send for your things, and in the meantime there is Paul's wardrobe to fall back upon. He always leaves a number of things here."

"But——" said Fairfax, flushing very deeply. He was not handsome, like Paul. There was a look of easy good-humour, kindness, sympathy about him, a desire to please, a readiness to be serviceable. He had brown eyes, which were clear and kind; brown hair, crisp and curling; a pleasant mouth; but nothing in his features or his aspect that could be called distinguished. Pleasure, embarrassment, difficulty, a desire to say something, yet a reluctance to say it, were all mingled in his face; but the pleasure was the strongest. He gave an appealing look at Alice, as if entreating her to help him out.

"I want no buts," said Lady Markham. "I want to go to Sir William, and you are detaining me with a foolish argument which you know you cannot convince me by. Send for your things, and Brown will show you your room: and we can talk it all over," she said, smiling, "as soon as your portmanteau is here."

Fairfax made her an obeisance as he

might have done to a queen. He stood with his hat in his hand and his head bowed while she passed him going out of the room. Every young man, it is to be supposed, has some youthful feminine ideal in his mind, but to Fairfax Lady Markham was a new revelation. He knew, if not by experience, yet from all the poets, that there were creatures like her daughter in the world; that they were the flower and blossom of humanity, supposed to be the most beautiful things in life; but the next step from the Alices of creation was into a darkness he knew nothing of. Age, or a youth that was pretended, false, and disgusting, swallowed up all the rest. A mother (he had never known his own) was an old stager or an old campaigner, a dragon or a matchmaker, the gaoler or the executioner of her girls, the greatest danger to all men; scheming with deadly wiles to get rid of her daughters; then, in the terrible capacity of mother-in-law, using all these wiles to get the girls who had escaped from her, back, and make the lives of their husbands miserable. This is the conception which the common Englishman gets from his light literature of all women who are not young. Fairfax was no worse than his kind; he had never known his own mother, and the name was not sacred to him. But when Lady Markham came within his ken the young man was bewildered. He could understand Alice, but he could not understand the woman who was so beautiful and gracious, and yet Markham's mother. She dazzled him, and filled him with shame and generous compunction. Her very smile was a fresh wonder. He was half afraid of her, yet to disobey or rebel against her seemed to him a thing impossible. The revelation of this mother even changed the character of his relations with Alice, for whom, on the first sight of her, the natural attraction of the natural mate, the wondering interest, admiration, and pleasure, which, if not love, is the first beginning of the state of love—had caught him all at once. The mother brought a softening as of domestic trust and affection into this nascent feeling. Alice was brought the nearer to him, by some inexplainable magic, because of the dazzling superiority of this elder unknown princess, whose very existence was a miracle to him. When Lady Markham had gone out, with a smile and gracious bend of her head in answer to his reverential salutation, Fairfax came back to Alice with a certain awe in his look, which was half contradicted, half heightened, by the wavering of the smile upon his face, in which there mingled something like amusement at his own sense of awe.

"Miss Markham, may I ask your advice?" he said.

"You are frightened at mamma," said Alice, with a soft laugh. "Oh, but you need not! She is as kind—as kind—as if she were only old nurse," Alice said, in despair of finding a better illustration.

"Don't be profane!" cried Fairfax, with uplifted hands. "Yes, I am frightened. I never knew that anybody's mother could be like that. But, Miss Markham, will you give me your advice?"

"Is your mother—not living, Mr. Fairfax?"

"She never has been for me—she died so long ago; I am afraid I have never thought much about her. Ought I to stay, Miss Markham?" He raised his eyes to her with a piteous look, yet one that was half comic in its earnestness, and a sudden blush, unawares, as their eyes met, flamed over both faces. For why? How could they tell? It was so, and they knew no more.

"Surely," Alice said; "mamma wishes it, and we all wish it. After showing us so much kindness, you would not go away the moment you have come here?"

"But that is not the question," said Fairfax. "The fact is, I am nobody. Don't laugh, or I shall laugh too, and I am much more disposed to cry. I have a tolerable name, haven't I? but, alas! it does not mean anything. I don't know what it means, nor how we came by it. I am one of the

unfortunate men, Miss Markham, who —never had a grandfather."

Alice had been waiting with much solemnity for the secret which made him so profoundly grave (yet there was a twinkle, too, which nothing but the deepest misfortune could quench, in the corner of his eye). When this statement came, however, she was taken with a sudden fit of laughter. Could anything be more absurd? And yet in her heart she felt a sudden chill, a sense of horror. Alice would not have owned it, but this was a terrible statement for any young man on the verge of intimacy to make. No grandfather! It was a misfortune she could not understand.

"At least, none to speak of," he said, the fun growing in his eyes. "You should not laugh, Miss Markham. Don't you think it is hard upon a man? To come to an enchanted palace, where he would give his head to be allowed to stay, and to feel that for no fault of his, for a failure which he is not responsible for, which can be laid only to the score of those ancestors who did not exist——"

"Mr. Fairfax, no one was thinking of your grandfather."

"I know that; but, dear Miss Markham, you know very well that to-night, or to-morrow night, or a year hence, your mother, before whom I feel disposed to go down upon my knees, will say with her smile, 'Are you of the Norfolk Fairfaxes, or the Westchester family, or——?' And I, with shame, will begin to say, 'Madam, of no Fairfaxes at all.' What will she think of me then? Will not she think that I have done wrong to be here—that I had no right to stay?"

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax!" cried Alice, somewhat pale and troubled; "how can I advise you? Mamma is not a fanatic about family. She does not build upon it to that extent. I do not see why she should ever ask you. It is no business of ours." Alice was not strong enough to have such a tremendous question thrown upon her to decide. As a matter of fact, she knew that her mother would very soon make those inquiries about the Westchester family and the Norfolk Fairfaxes. Already Lady Markham had indulged in speculations on the subject, and had begun to remember that in the one case she "used to know" a cousin of his, and in the other had met his uncle, the ambassador, and saw a great deal of him once in Paris. She grew quite pale, and her eyes puckered up and took the most anxious aspect. Besides, it was a shock to herself. That absence of a grandfather was a want which was almost indecent. She did not understand it, and she was extremely sorry for him. He had no home then —no house that his people had lived in for ages—no people. Poor boy!

And Fairfax's countenance also fell, in reflection of hers. However deep may be one's private consciousness of one's own deficiencies, there is always a little expectation in one's mind that other people will make light of them; but when you see your own dismay, and more than your own dismay, in the eyes of your counsellor, then is the moment when you sink into the abyss. His lip quivered for a moment, and though it eventually succeeded in forming itself into a smile, the smile was very tremulous and uncertain.

"I see," he said; "no need for another word. Good-bye. I have had a glimpse into—the garden of Eden, though I must not stay."

"Mr. Fairfax!" cried Alice, as he turned away. "Come back—come back this moment! How dare you take me up so? Do you want to get me into trouble," she cried, half crying, half laughing, "with mamma? Would you like to have her—beat me?"

"She does so sometimes?"

"To be sure," cried Alice, with an unsteady laugh. "Oh, Mr. Fairfax, what a fright you have given me! You have made my heart beat!"

"Not so much as mine," he said. They had their laugh, and then they stood once more looking at each other. "It is all very well," said the young man; "you want to spare my feelings;

you would not hurt any one. But beyond that, you know as well as I do that Lady Markham, knowing who I am, would not like to have me here."

"Who are you?" said Alice, with a little renewed alarm; and in her mind she tried to remember whether there had been any trials in the papers, any criminals who bore this name.

"I am nobody at all," said Fairfax. "I haven't even the distinction of being improper, or belonging to people who have made themselves notable either for evil or good. I am nobody. That is precisely what I want Lady Markham to understand."

"I think, Mr. Fairfax," said Alice, "you had better go and send for your things, as mamma said."

"You think I may?"

He looked at her with eyes full of pleasure and gratitude, putting more meaning into her words than they would bear, and getting a thrill of conscious happiness out of the little arbitrary tone which, half in jest and half to hide her real doubts, Alice put on. He was so glad to obey, to say to himself that it was their own doing and that they could not blame him for it, so happy to be made to remain as he persuaded himself. The children rushed in as he went away to obey what he called to himself the order he had received, eager to know who he was, and making a hundred inquiries about all kinds of things—about papa's illness, why he looked so grey, and what was the matter with him; about Paul, why he did not come home; about Mr Fairfax, who he was, what he was, what he was doing there, whether he was going to stay. There was scarcely a question that could be put on these subjects which the ingenious children did not ask; and Alice was glad finally to suggest that they should walk to the village with Mr. Fairfax and show him where the post-office was, that he might telegraph for his portmanteau. They were quite willing to take this on themselves. "We shall be sure to see the little gentleman," Bell said. "Who is the little gentleman?" asked Alice; but she had so many things to think of that she did not pay any attention to the reply, which was made by all the four voices at once. What did it matter? She had a hundred things so much more important to think of.

And when the children had been sent off, forming a guard of honour about Fairfax, cross-examining him to their hearts' content, and in their turn communicating much information which was quite novel to him, Alice thought she was very glad of the quiet and the interval of rest. Sir William was resting, declaring himself much better; and Lady Markham, in the relief of this fact, was lying down on the sofa, getting half-an-hour's doze after her sleepless night. Alice had not slept much more than her mother, but she could not doze. After a while a sensation of regret stole into her mind that she had not accompanied the others. There was a soft breeze blowing among the trees which freshened the aspect of nature, and the sky was blue and tender, doubly blue after the smoky half-colour of a town. Alice sat by the window and watched the flickering of the leaves, and wished she had gone with them. Something seemed wanting to her. To be alone and free to rest, did not seem the privilege she had thought it. She wanted—what? Some one to speak to, some one's eyes to meet hers. The leaves rustled and seemed to call her; the little breeze came and whispered at the edge of the window, blowing the lace curtains about. All the world invited her, wooed her to go out into the fresh air, into the green avenue, into the joyful yet silent world. "The air would have done me good," Alice said to herself; and her voice came back to her out of the silence as if it had been somebody else's voice. Then by degrees it came into her head that the air would still do her good if she went out now, which somehow did not exactly hit her wishes. After this, however, it occurred to her that to stroll down the avenue and meet them as they came back would not be amiss,

and much comforted by this suggestion she ran to get her hat. Would they be glad to see her, or would they ask her loudly why she came out now, when nobody wanted her? Brothers and sisters under fourteen are apt to express opinions of this sort very plainly. Alice felt angry at the idea, but afterwards melted, and represented to herself that to meet them in the avenue was of all the courses open to her the best.

Sir William was able to come down stairs to dinner, which was more than any one had hoped, and after dinner he came into the drawing-room with the ladies, and saw the children, as he had always been in the habit of doing, while he took his coffee. A recovery of this kind from a sudden fit of illness has often the most softening and happy effect. He had a great deal of care on his mind, but the sensation of getting better seemed to chase it all away. He seemed to be getting better of that too, to be getting over it, before it ever came to anything. Had he been in his usual condition he would have known very well that he had got over nothing, that it was all waiting for him round the corner of the very next day, or even hour; but Sir William convalescent was not in his usual state of mind. He felt as if he had got over it, as if it all lay behind him—the perplexity, and the trouble, and alarm. He sat in his great chair, with cushions placed about him, looking so much older, and so much softer, more indulgent and more talkative. A kind of garrulousness had come upon him. He told his children stories of his own childhood. He was not put out by their restlessness, by their interruptions, as he generally was. Never had he been so gentle, so amiable. He told them all about an adventure of his in the woods with his brothers, when he had been about Roland's age. It was like the story of old Grouse in the gun-room to the little Markhams; they knew exactly where to laugh, and what questions to ask to show their interest, and they conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, not even putting him right when he deviated from the correct routine of the story, which they remembered better than he did. It was only after this wonderful tale was over that Bell made the unfortunate remark which brought a new transformation. How should the child know there was any harm in it? "Oh," she cried, suddenly, "look, Harry! look, Marie! As papa sits there, now! Did you ever see anything so like the little gentleman?" And Bell clasped her hands together in admiring contemplation of this strange fact.

There was a pause. Had it not been for the entire ignorance of the easy household, calm, and fearing no evil, it might have been thought that a shiver ran through the air, as this crisis suddenly developed itself out of the quiet: every one was quite still. They all looked at the child with amused curiosity—all but one. And though there was nothing meant by it the effect was strange. It was left to Sir William to speak, which he did in a clear, thin voice, suddenly become judicial and solemn.

"Whom do you mean by the little gentleman, Bell?"

"Oh, he is a relation—he told us so," said the little girl.

"And he has brought me some sweetmeats from abroad — me! — though he didn't know my name. What sort of things would you call sweetmeats, mamma?"

"And he is living down at the Markham Arms. We saw him today. He jumped into the railway carriage with Dolly Stainforth."

"Oh, but I saw him come back—following the carriage," cried Roland. "He stood at the station-gate to see you pass, papa, and looked so sorry. That was him, Alice, that stopped us when we went to the village with Mr. Fairfax. You saw him. He wanted to shake hands all round."

The pause now, after this clamour of voices, was more curious than ever.

Lady Markham began to wonder a little.

"A relation!—who could it be? Do you know of any relation who would not have come to us straight? I do not think it could be a relation. You must have made a mistake."

"Oh, no; we have not made any mistake," cried the children with one voice. "Besides, he was such friends with us. He promised to give us quantities of things; and then he is like papa."

"I don't think Sir William is well," said Fairfax, hurriedly. He rose up with an exclamation of terror, and Lady Markham sprang to her feet and rushed to her husband's side.

"I am feeling—a little faint," he said, in a half-whisper, with a tremendous attempt to regain command of himself; but it failed. His head drooped, his eyelids quivered, and then lay half-closed upon the dim languor underneath that had lost all power of seeing; his breath laboured, and came in gasps from his pale lips. All the sudden recovery in which they had been so happy was over. Alice put the children hastily out of the room, like a flock frightened, as she ran to call Jarvis, to get what was necessary, to send for the village doctor. The boys and girls got together into a corner of the hall and cried silently, clinging together in fright and sorrow; or at least the girls cried, wondering—

"Was it anything we said?"

"Oh, I wish—I wish!" cried Bell, but in a whisper, "that I had not said anything about the little gentleman!"

But of all the family she was the only one that thought of this. The others though they were much alarmed were not surprised. There was nothing, alas! more natural than that these fits should come on again. The doctor had expected it. They said to each other that he had been more tired with the journey than they supposed—that indeed it was certain in his state of health that he must be worn out by the journey: the wonder only was that he had revived at all. He was carried to his room after a while, the children looking on drearily from their corner, full of dismay. To them nothing seemed to be too dreadful to be expected.

"Oh, why does papa look so pale?" Marie sobbed, with that blighting terror which seizes a child at the first sight of such signs of mortality. Even the boys had much ado to rub away out of the corners of their eyes the sudden burst of tears.

"I am better—much better," the sick man said, when he came to himself, "but very weak. You won't allow me to be disturbed? I cannot see any one—it is impossible for me to see any one, Isabel."

"Do you think I will let you be disturbed?" said Lady Markham. "And who would disturb you? Do you forget, William, that we are at home?"

But that word, so full of consolation, fell upon him with no healing in it. Yes, he knew very well that he was at home, and that his enemy who had been waiting for him all these years—his enemy who meant him no harm, who meant no one any harm—the deadliest foe of the children and their mother, his own reproach and shame — that innocent yet mortal enemy was close to him, lurking among the trees, behind the peaceful houses in the village, to disturb him as no one else could. His wife put back the curtain so as to shield his feeble eyes from the lamp, and sat down—anxious, yet serene—wondering at his strange fancy. Disturb him! Who could disturb him here?

To be continued.

"OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

STANDING a few weeks ago at the grave of a dear friend,[1] whose name was wholly unknown to the public at large, I found my thoughts wandering away to what had been for many years his life-work, and to the changes and modifications which in his own time he had seen introduced into that work. My friend was one of the leading members of a once despised order of men. For some fifteen years he had been the London Correspondent of more than one great provincial paper. In that capacity he had acted as the medium of communication between statesmen, members of Parliament, and official wire-pullers on the one hand, and the general public on the other. His name probably had not appeared in print a dozen times in the course of his life, and yet there were one or two places, of by no means slight importance among the social and political centres of our land, where he was better known than are hundreds of men who believe themselves to be famous. One of these places was the lobby of the House of Commons, where, during many long years, he had been the constant recipient of the confidential communications of Ministers and members, and where he had gathered together with care and patience those crumbs of political information with which he had fed his scores of thousands of readers in the distant North. "Not a very exalted or useful mode of gaining a living," says the refined reader, who has not been behind the scenes either in Parliament or on the press. I altogether demur to the criticism. My friend, like many of his colleagues in the same work, was one of the most sensitive, honourable, and high-minded of men. He worked with motives as pure at least as those by which the orator of the Treasury Bench is ordinarily animated. He reverenced his conscience in a way which possibly may not be common within the actual House of Commons itself; and as for the work he did, though it was done modestly and quietly, in the dark, as it were, the whips of at least one great political party, and not a few of the foremost statesmen of our day, could bear testimony to its importance and its efficiency. The London Correspondent of the provincial press is, in fact, a man who has singular but serious functions to discharge, and his work, though possibly little known or regarded, is one of the greatest factors in the creation of public opinion with which modern society is acquainted. I venture to think that it may be both interesting and profitable to trace the progress and development in recent years of this somewhat anomalous branch of journalism.

It was the late James Hannay who dismissed the typical "London Correspondent" many years ago with a sneering criticism. "Ah! X—— is a man who does for money what old women do for love." To gossip and to retail gossip at so much a column cannot in itself be regarded as a very commendable business, and if this were all that the London Correspondent did, he would deserve all the sarcasms which have from time to time been launched at him. Unquestionably in its early days this feature of the provincial press had both its ridiculous and its contemptible sides. Twenty or thirty years ago the "London Correspondent" was a wonderful being, who regaled the readers of

[1] R. D, died February 21, 1880; aged 42 years.

second-rate country journals with marvellous anecdotes regarding the private affairs of great and famous people. As you perused those astounding effusions, in which French of a very doubtful quality was intermingled with quotations from the Latin grammar, you found yourself admitted to a veritable Kingdom of Topseyturveydom. The gentleman who was not above earning a guinea a week by furnishing the readers of the *Little Pedlington Herald* with this kind of literature was, if you were to believe him, on the most familiar terms with the very best of good society. He could tell you the precise words in which Prince Albert had expressed his satisfaction on receiving a certain piece of intelligence; he knew that the Prince of Wales—then verging upon his tenth year—was already giving trouble in the matter of cigars; he had the latest jest of Lord Palmerston, or the newest display of Lord John's jealousy, at the point of his pen; and as for the "secrets" of the clubs, he had such a mastery of them as must have filled club-men themselves with amazement. He "lounged"—that was his favourite phrase—from the Carlton to the Reform, and from the Reform onwards to the Athenæum or the United Service, apparently having the run of all those august establishments, and being on terms of the greatest familiarity with everybody in them. He was a "silent member" of the House of Commons, and favoured you with strange anecdotes of the smoking-room and the terrace; he was at home behind the scenes in all the theatres in London, and talked of the leading actors and actresses of the day by their Christian names; he was the bosom friend of this or the other great novelist, and furnished the world with remarkable particulars concerning the Oriental luxury in which his friend and patron lived. This was the kind of stuff with which the "London Correspondent" regaled his readers thirty years ago. No wonder that Thackeray jibed at him; that he became the butt of journalists whose position in their profession was of a more regular description, and that at last even his country readers began to grow weary of his interminable and impossible anecdotes of "high life." The truth regarding this gentleman may soon be told. As a rule, he was a person holding some inferior position on the London press, who had never been inside a club in his life, and who probably hardly knew even Lord Palmerston himself by sight. The whole of his strange salmagundi of gossip and scandal was compounded from the effervescence of his own imagination and the dull chatter of third-rate taverns. Need we feel surprised that the very name of "Our London Correspondent" became a by-word and term of reproach whilst such a being as this flourished amongst us?

Now there is nothing either sinful or contemptible in the desire of the public to know something more of public men and of the inner working of society, general and political, than they can obtain from the reports of debates in Parliament or the dry records of the London daily papers. From the beginning of the world this curiosity concerning what may be called the side-lights of history has been felt, and means for gratifying it have been sought. What were the essayists of the last century, who discoursed of real characters under fictitious names, or who professed to be describing individuals when they were merely describing types, but the forerunners of the London Correspondents of later times? And what are all the gossiping diarists and letter-writers of the past, from Pepys to Greville, but the purveyors of that highly prized description of intelligence which the London Correspondent now professes to give from day to day? Every man who moves about in the world, or who has any acquaintanceship with persons who do so, must be well aware that the ordinary newspaper, with its leading articles and its reports, never furnishes

more than half the truth about the public events of the time. The other half such a man will gather at the dinner-table, or in his club, or—if he be a member of Parliament—in the House of Commons itself. He knows in consequence what are the secret springs by means of which some great movement in the political world has been effected; he knows too what are the probabilities regarding the future of some great statesman who is an object of interest to millions of his fellow-countrymen. He has mastered the hidden weakness of this man, the private ambition of the other; and when he reads the solemn and formal leading articles in which the journalists of the day discuss the conduct of public men and the course of public affairs, he does so in the light of the knowledge which he thus possesses. But the country reader—and for that matter the town reader also, unless he happens to be in society—has no such means of correcting the impressions which are conveyed to him by the leader-writer. He only sees the outer side of politics, and is left wholly in the dark as to those smaller matters without which the picture is necessarily incomplete. Or, to take another view of the question, who can deny that our newspapers are sadly defective in conveying to us that kind of information concerning art, literature, and society which the ordinary man about town picks up in the course of his daily life? It is apparently beneath the dignity of the great journals to tell us what the world is saying of the new poem, or the new novel, or the new picture. At every dinner-table we may be hearing of the marvellous genius who has just come to the front;

> "But country folks and those who live,
> Beneath the shadow of the steeple,
> The parson and the parson's wife,
> And mostly married people—"

in short, ninety out of every hundred of the intelligent and well-educated people in these British Isles of ours, are left in absolute ignorance of the new genius until his work has received the stamp of the Academy or the critics. And even then, supposing the genius to have chosen, as is the habit now-a-days, the convenient veil of pseudo-anonymity, it will probably take years for society in Yorkshire to grasp the fact, notorious to everybody about town, that "Orlando Green," the new poet, is not Orlando Green at all, but plain Mr. John Jones, of the Middle Temple. And yet, again, there are changes in fashion and style, in our modes of life or our manner of decorating our houses or our persons, which are instantly noticed by the people in society, though no daily newspaper thinks it necessary to devote a leading article to the discussion of them, but of which the dwellers in Peckham or the provinces are profoundly ignorant, until probably some new idea has come up to elbow them out of the way. Is it wonderful that the great world which lies beyond the region of Mayfair and the clubs should take an interest in such matters, and should read with pleasure, and even with eagerness, the lucubrations of those who profess to be able to lay this "other side of the moon" open to the eyes of the world at large? This is precisely what the London Correspondent both of the past and the present generation has professed to do. He has undertaken to chronicle for us that which, in the estimation of some, may possibly be nothing more than small beer, but which nevertheless has a real and genuine interest for all who are interested in the ordinary affairs of life. I maintain, therefore, that there is nothing ignoble or foolish in that craving for the lighter kind of gossip which has led in the first place to the creation of the London Correspondent, and more recently to the creation of what are known as "society journals."

I have said something of the miserable kind of impostor who attempted to supply the reading public of the provinces with information of this description some twenty or thirty years ago. A new order of things

has, however, arisen since then. Its origin is due to the remarkable enterprise which has been shown within the last fifteen years by the great provincial papers. Somewhere about the year 1865 or 1866, one or two of the leading Scottish journals, departing from all the traditions of provincial journalism, took a bold step in advance. They hired from the telegraph companies "special wires," which were placed absolutely under their control from six o'clock each evening until an early hour the following morning. These wires had one end in London and the other in the office of the newspaper in Edinburgh or Glasgow, and they were employed exclusively for the purpose of conveying the latest London news to the journals on behalf of which they had been hired. It was soon discovered by the newspaper proprietors that a special telegraphic wire was of little use by itself. It needed to be fed from the London end with the proper description of news. Hence the establishment of special wires—which are now rented by about twenty provincial papers—led to the establishment of branch editorial offices in London, and the employment by each of the great country journals of gentlemen whose special business it was to obtain the earliest information regarding all that was passing in the political world. From this arose the new order of London Correspondents. Step by step an entirely new department has been introduced into modern journalism; and the reader of the provincial newspaper, though he may live in the wilds of the Western Highlands or in the remotest of the Yorkshire dales, is now kept more quickly, fully, and accurately informed regarding the progress of political affairs in London, and the history of the various intrigues by which parties are made and unmade, than the average Londoner was twenty years ago.

Down to a time within the memory of men who are still comparatively young, the relations between political leaders and the press were of the very slenderest kind. The journalist dwelt entirely apart from the politician, and he criticised political movements, as it were, from the outside. When Mr. Barnes was editor of the *Times*, he was not a member of a single London club; and though he held communications from time to time with the political leaders of both parties, he had no friendly intercourse with them, and never pretended to move in their world. When Mr. Delane became editor of the great journal, a change was introduced. Mr. Delane was a man whose special gifts enabled him to shine in society, and he was courted for his own sake as well as for the sake of the mighty power which he wielded. Presently it was found that the *Times* under his direction was enabled to speak with an authority which no other journal possessed. During the premiership of Lord Palmerston it became the recipient of the confidence of the Prime Minister, and men learned to look to it, not so much for criticisms upon political affairs as for the earliest information regarding the movements which were contemplated by the political leaders of the time. It is a curious and characteristic fact that Mr. Delane in these days seemed to be above all things anxious to avoid the appearance of having special information as to the progress of events behind the political scenes. He was more desirous, apparently, to impress the public with the idea that the *Times* had a controlling power over the actions of Parliament and Ministers than to allow it to become known that he was in possession of the secrets of the Government. Thus, if he had been told by Lord Palmerston that Ministers had resolved to take a particular step, he was most careful not to allow his knowledge to leak out through the columns of the great journal he controlled. What he did was to convey to the public through the editorial articles of the paper the idea that in the opinion of the *Times* such and such a course was the only proper one to

be pursued under the circumstances. Then, when the world saw that Ministers had actually taken the step advocated by the leading journal, it applauded the sagacity and admired the influence of the editor, who had thus the wisdom to perceive the step which ought to be taken and the power to compel Ministers to take it. This halcyon state of things came to an end with that new departure on the part of the provincial press of which I have spoken. The great journals of the country sent chosen members of their editorial staff to London for the special purpose of attacking the secrets of the political world, and capturing them for the benefit of their readers. It was years before these gentlemen gained any kind of footing in political or general society. Yet even during that period, when as yet their presence and the influence of the newspapers they represented were unacknowledged by politicians, they began to make an impression upon the public, and to infringe upon the monopoly hitherto possessed by the metropolitan journals.

The tawdry rubbish with which the London Correspondent of the days of Pendennis had furnished his readers had ceased to have any marketable value. It was no longer enough for a man to spin out a column of vulgar and mendacious gossip concerning the sayings and doings of the greatest persons in society. Even the dullest of provincial readers had learned to laugh at the affectations, the ignorance, and the positive lies of the men who surveyed the world from dingy back streets in Camberwell or Clerkenwell. Both editors and their customers now demanded facts, and facts the new London Correspondent—who was in many cases a Scotchman of keen sagacity and indomitable perseverance—felt himself bound to obtain. Hard was the battle which he had to wage against prejudice, old-established usage, and positive dislike. The politicians almost universally resented as an insult the attempt of the London Correspondent to establish himself in relations of familiarity with them. Inferior members of the Government had been in the habit of patronising the editors of the great London newspapers; they had fed them with scanty crumbs of information, which they had bestowed upon them in the most ungracious fashion. To such people it seemed to be a positive impertinence when the representatives of provincial journals made their appearance on the scene, and, with all the pertinacity of the North Countryman, endeavoured to make good their footing in an arena in which even the leading journalists of London were barely tolerated. I "could a tale unfold" of the snubbings which had to be endured twelve or fourteen years ago by the unhappy London Correspondents of that era. Even when armed with letters of introduction of the most unexceptionable kind, they were repulsed and probably insulted by the Under-Secretaries and Lords of the Treasury on their promotion to whom they ventured to appeal.

Great, however, was their pertinacity. Beaten for the moment in one direction, they turned their attention to another quarter; and with the shrewdness of their race they succeeded in discovering the key to the secrets of Ministries. It would no doubt be amusing if I were to reveal all the successive steps by which they were at last successful in obtaining admission to the sacred precincts of Whitehall and Downing Street. But a sense of discretion compels me to preserve a decent reticence. It is enough to say that the Marvin episode was anticipated again and again a dozen years before that curious occurrence was made public. Repulsed by the master, the London Correspondent had recourse to the man. Copyists and Government clerks were not above telling what they knew of official secrets; and if the clerks failed, there were porters and messengers to fall back upon. It is within my own knowledge that the private desk of the

Home Secretary was upon one occasion opened by means of a false key, and the contents ransacked, for the purpose of discovering whether a certain document of grave importance had or had not received the signature of the Queen. When things had come to this pass, it was inevitable that there should be a change. The provincial papers had unquestionably got ahead of their London rivals in some descriptions of official news and gossip. The enterprise and ingenuity which their representatives showed in worming out the smaller secrets of the State were beginning to be recognised. Moreover, the country papers having taken vast numbers of clerks in the various Government offices into their pay, they naturally enough became the recipients of all the grumbling and the ill-natured tittle-tattle of the lower orders of the Civil Service. The consequence was that the chiefs of the different departments found themselves exposed to a raking fire of criticism, the source of which they were unable to trace, but which was none the less irritating to them because it was directed upon them by the columns of papers published in the country.

Far be it from my part to justify the tricks and manœuvres by which, about this period, the London Correspondent in some instances endeavoured to fulfil his functions. They were not of a kind of which it is possible to approve. The one excuse for him was to be found in the fact, that, instead of sitting at home and weaving the ridiculous fictions which had passed current a dozen years before, he made it the business of his life to discover and supply his readers with facts. It must not, of course, be supposed that all London Correspondents resorted to the measures at which I have hinted. The friend of whom I have spoken at the beginning of this paper was among those who kept their hands clean, and who were content to run short of information rather than to obtain it by doubtful means. It was about this period that a further development of London correspondence took place. One or two of the writers of these London letters obtained introductions to members of Parliament, and were placed upon such a footing that they were able to go to the lobby of the House of Commons nightly, in order to learn from these members any facts of interest with which they were acquainted. Here was the creation of a new tie between politicians and the press! How slender that tie was at first, few who are not acquainted with the circumstances will believe. The members of Parliament to whom the "London Correspondents" had access were in almost every case men of no political importance, and of little intelligence. They were, in fact, average members, who were willing, for the sake of conciliating the newspapers of their own locality, to put themselves to some slight inconvenience in order to obtain small items of news for the editors. Thus began the practice of "lobbying," which has since attained so great a development. When it was commenced, there were but some three or four journalists in all who took part in it. These gentlemen appeared in the lobby between four and five in the afternoon, and again between nine and ten in the evening, and "interviewed" their special friends in the House. I am bound to say that they got very little for their pains. Only those who have had experience can know the depth of the ordinary M.P.'s ignorance of all that is passing around him! Yet modest as were the beginnings of the lobbying system, they were not observed without dismay by the official members of the House; and in 1869 Lord Charles Russell, then Serjeant-at-Arms, issued a solemn order excluding all members of the press from admission to the lobby. On being warmly remonstrated with by the gentlemen against whom this order was directed, he stoutly maintained his ground for a time, but at last relented so far as to give permission for *one*

representative of the press to be admitted to the lobby; the understanding being that this favoured individual was to communicate all that he could obtain in the way of information to his colleagues who were left outside! Doubtless the members who now-a-days find the lobby crammed with London correspondents, editors, and journalists of all descriptions, will sigh for the time when Lord Charles Russell felt himself strong enough to put this edict in force against the representatives of the Fourth Estate.

The attack of the provincial press upon the stronghold of official information was, however, at this very moment upon the point of succeeding. Mr. Gladstone had just taken office as the chief of a reforming administration, and the new brooms of the Government were being vigorously employed in the various departments of the State. As one official abuse after another was assailed, the outcry of the clerks and secretaries who found themselves face to face with a new order of things became louder; and they made use of their connection with the press in order to secure the attention of the public to their grievances. They had, however, to deal with men who were fully abreast of the times, and who were sagacious enough to see for themselves the value of a direct connection with the newspapers. The answer of the new heads of the different departments to the onslaught of the outraged permanent officials was to take the press into their confidence. One day in the beginning of 1869, when as yet the new Government was barely beginning its work of reform, the "London Correspondent" of one of the leading provincial papers was surprised by the receipt of a letter from an important member of the Ministry, inviting him to call upon him at the office of which the writer was the new chief. "Mr. ——," said the Minister when the correspondent had been ushered into the handsome room looking out upon St. James's Park, where the affairs of one of the great departments of the State were administered, "I have sent for you to ask you a favour. You have no doubt seen that nearly all the London newspapers are attacking me for the changes I am introducing into this office. I have ascertained that many of these attacks are being made by clerks in this department. What I want to know is whether you will be willing to set my side of the case unofficially before the public. I don't ask you to praise me or to defend me, but simply, through your correspondence with the paper you represent, to let the facts about this office become known to the outside world. If you consent, I'll supply you with all the information you require, only making it a condition that you exaggerate nothing, and that you publish nothing which I wish you for the interests of the country to withhold from your readers."

Here indeed was a revolution! It so happened that this same "London Correspondent," now invited to become the semi-official mouthpiece of a Cabinet Minister, was the gentleman with whom Lord Charles Russell was at that very moment in correspondence regarding the admission of journalists to the lobby. The battle of the correspondents against the officials had ended in victory. The gentleman in question became from that time the medium of communication between a great department in the State and the public at large; and the attacks of the permanent officials were successfully rebutted. It is hardly necessary to say that, when once this great breach in old-established usage had been made, and the Government had put itself in direct communication with the press, the remaining obstacles to the establishment of the "London Correspondent" upon a proper footing speedily vanished. Within a very few years, there was not a department in the State which did not make use of the press for the purpose of replying to attacks which could not be conveniently met in the House of Commons; the "whips" of both parties saw the

immense advantage of being able to hold direct communication with the provincial public—in whose hands lies so vast a preponderance of the voting power of the country—and individual members of every rank saw that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by establishing good relations between themselves and the once despised "London Correspondent." To-day the visitor to the lobby will find it overrun with the representatives of newspapers great and small. The great London daily journals have found themselves compelled to follow in the wake of their provincial contemporaries and to establish a regular system of lobbying for the purpose of gathering up all those stray items of news as to the intentions of Ministers and private members which may have so important a bearing upon the course of public affairs, but of which there is no formal record in the proceedings of the House; and even the News Associations, founded for the purpose of supplying the smaller country newspapers with London intelligence, have their recognised representatives constantly at the portals of the House of Commons, where they are used by those political personages who wish to flash some special piece of information to all parts of the country.

It is no exaggeration to say that under the new order of things which thus has arisen the "London Correspondent" has become a person of exceptional influence and importance. No longer does he sit at home inventing those marvellous stories regarding the jests of statesmen and the indiscretions of princes which once formed the staple of his literary productions. Nor is it any longer necessary that he should bribe messengers in Downing Street or Pall Mall in order to get the special piece of news which he covets. Our legislators and rulers have recognised the fact that the outer world takes as much interest as politicians themselves do in the inner working of the great Parliamentary machine; and they are now not only willing, but even anxious, to expose to the eyes of the journalist all the mysteries from which twenty years ago he was so jealously excluded. Nay, it is a well-known fact that in the list of London Correspondents may now be found the names of more than one member of the House of Commons. It is notorious indeed that some of the best London Letters published in the provincial newspapers are written by politicians who have made no mean reputation for themselves in Parliament.

How far this change in the situation is an unalloyed advantage is a point which may be reasonably open to discussion. Yet upon the whole it may be said that any measures which, in a constitutional country, tend to bring the governing body into more direct and intimate relations with the people at large ought to be fostered and promoted rather than discouraged or thwarted. We have to educate our masters in something more than the three R's. We must enable them to grasp the great truth that the whole business of a Parliament is not that which is conducted in the chamber in which the Speaker sits enthroned, but that there are "wheels within wheels," complications and plots and counterplots, which both Ministers and members have to take into consideration before they can decide upon the adoption of any particular course. So long as this knowledge is conveyed to the outside public honestly and discreetly, nothing but good, I imagine, can arise from its being widely diffused. The more the people of the United Kingdom know of the real working of the great legislative machine by which the empire is governed, the higher should be their appreciation of the difficulties of Government, the warmer their sympathy with those by whom the task of governing is carried on.

But whatever doubts may exist in some minds as to the balance of advantage in connection with the new order of things, the rise of which I

have endeavoured to sketch, there is one point upon which there can be no difference of opinion. "Our London Correspondent" himself occupies an entirely different position from that which he once held. He not only goes as a matter of right to the lobby of the House of Commons, if not into the House itself, but he is admitted into the clubs, and into society. He is to be found everywhere, indeed, now-a-days; and those sketches of "high life" which the original members of the order were wont to evolve from their inner consciousness are now replaced by pictures less florid perhaps, but far more trustworthy. The public taste for this lighter description of news has grown as it has been fed; and the "London Correspondent," no longer confined to his old channel in the provincial newspaper, has overflowed into the columns of the metropolitan press; nay, has even secured the monopoly of journals of his own, where week by week he gives his readers the benefit of that kind of information which formerly was purveyed for the readers of the country newspapers alone. A great deal of nonsense has been talked concerning the so-called "Society Journals," which have thus taken up the *rôle* of "Our London Correspondent," in that wider development which his art has attained. It cannot be denied that there have been cases—probably not few in number—in which these journals have erred against good taste. But nothing can be more foolish than to represent the kind of information which they furnish to their readers as being wholly vulgar and frivolous. It is not everybody who is interested in grave questions of high policy; we are not all able to understand a budget speech, or a debate on the treaty-making powers of Parliament; but we are all interested in knowing something of those great personalities which play so important a part upon the political stage; and we must all feel a certain amount of curiosity as to the way in which the wires are being pulled behind the Parliamentary scenes. What would not Horace Walpole's contemporaries have given to be permitted to read his letters as they were written? There may be a Horace Walpole among us to-day, gathering together the materials out of which the historians and memoir-writers of the future will construct many an interesting and instructive chapter. I venture to say that, if there be such a person among us, his letters, when they are published, will be found to bear a close resemblance to those productions of the "Society Journals" and the "London Correspondents" of the provincial press upon which at present we are too fond of lavishing Pecksniffian reproaches.

T. Wemyss Reid.

AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE FROM A FIJIAN CYCLONE.

Savu Savu Bay, the Fiji Isles,
15th December, 1879.

My dear Father and Mother,—I arrived here only yesterday morning from Levuka, and very very glad I am to get safe home at last, for we were shipwrecked on the way, and had to swim for our lives; it was a terrible time. I suffered all the awful horrors of a death by drowning, but my life has been preserved, I may truly say, in a wonderful manner. I don't know how to write about it; I am so full of thankfulness that you have been spared what I know would have been a great sorrow to you all; just simply rejoice that I am still to the fore, a good deal battered about, but safe and sound, and as well in health as ever, thank God for that. But I had better begin at the beginning, and give an account of the whole affair. I left Levuka last Tuesday morning, the 9th, at daylight, in a cutter of nine tons, the owner and captain in charge, his name H——, a man of few words, a quiet, honest, trustworthy fellow, for whom I have a great liking, thoroughly up to his work. As crew we had a half-caste and two strong Fijians, only one other passenger besides myself. This man, A——, was formerly captain in some merchant service, a very rough diamond, but at bottom a very good fellow; he came to Fiji about ten years ago, and is now a grey-haired old fellow, with a wife and large family of children. H—— is in partnership with C——, in Savu Savu Bay, brother to the one you know. They bought this cutter a few months ago, and have been running her regularly ever since.

We left Levuka, as I have said, at daylight last Tuesday, with a very light breeze. We made very little way that day, and anchored for the night close to an island. Next morning at daylight we started again; what little breeze there was in our favour, but by evening it had died away, and left us out in the open sea. All that night we kept bobbing on. As soon, however, as day dawned, we saw at once we were in for something hot—at all events a very heavy squall was coming on—so we took in all our extra sails, and reefed close down, not a bit too soon. A terrific storm of wind and rain struck us, sending the cutter almost over on to her beam ends; we feared our two small sails would be blown clean away, but being new and strong they held, to our great relief. At first we thought we were only in for a very heavy squall, which would not last more than two or three hours, but instead of that it increased in fury, and so rapidly, that within half an hour it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and as we have since found out, a regular cyclone. I have seldom seen such a sight; I never wish to experience it again in such a small craft. Our cutter of nine tons, in ordinary sailing weather, always boasted of five sails—a mainsail, square sail, gaff top-sail, stay sail, and jib. We took in everything except the mainsail and jib, both of which we shortened as much as possible, and yet we lay over with our lee gunwale under water the whole time. At first the sea was comparatively smooth, for the wind was so strong that it literally prevented the sea from rising; it seemed at first that it was impossible for the waves to lift, for if one attempted to do so the wind caught it and sent it hissing along in spray; we were almost blinded with the heavy rain and spray; and although seven o'clock in the morning, it became quite dark, and we were enveloped in a thick fog, and could only see a few yards ahead.

The storm came up from the eastward, but soon shifted round to the

N.E., right dead ahead in our teeth; we then decided to try and make for the shelter of a small rocky barren islet, for we were out in the open sea, and this was our only refuge. We steered by compass, for we could not see any distance ahead. H—— steered, A—— went up to the masthead, and Lui, the half-caste, and the two Fijians stood ready. As there were plenty of men to do what was wanted, I remained close to H——, to lend him a hand if necessary. We were of course drenched all the time with the heavy rain and spray, but that was nothing. To reach the island we had to pass through some dangerous reef patches, lying a mile and a half from it, the passage through the reef only a very narrow one, being but a few yards wide. Not one of us spoke a word; I knew afterwards that we were all thinking the same thing, that it was indeed very doubtful whether any of us would see land again. We were close-hauled to endeavour to get as much as possible to windward of the passage, and we were anxious to get through before the wind shifted round any more. After a long time, A—— cried out that we were close upon the reef; there it was, a white seething mass of huge waves and foam. I looked at H——, his honest brown face as white as a sheet, and with such a desperate look upon it; we all saw at once that it was impossible to make the passage, close-hauled though we were, on that tack. There was not a second to be lost; we were almost on the reef; H—— tried to put the cutter about, she missed stays; we could not get her round; and the next moment we were broadside on, among the huge waves and white foam right on the reef, which here is some fifty to sixty yards wide; an awful sea was running, and we were tossed up and down like a cockle shell. A—— at the masthead roared out his orders in a hoarse voice of agony, "Luff, luff! keep her full! luff, luff! keep her full!" and in that way we literally *dodged* between the huge rocks until we reached the deep water beyond. Our escape was a most miraculous one; at one time if we had been in the trough of the sea instead of on the top of a huge wave, we must have all lost our lives. When we were safe in the open sea again, A—— came down from the masthead, his face very white, and said to me, "Sonny, I would not have given 5*s.* for any of our lives a minute ago." I looked at old H——, he was nearly crying with thankfulness.

That danger over, we had another difficulty before us—how to reach the island; for the wind was gradually hauling round, and was again blowing dead ahead, and a tremendous sea was running. After tacking and tacking with the greatest difficulty, we reached holding-ground on the lee side of our barren island, and threw out both anchors and sixty-five fathoms of chain. Lui and the Fijians went ashore in the boat to cook; she returned for A——, who also went ashore. H—— and I remained on board, not anticipating any danger. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. Soon after A—— left us the wind went round to the northward, and instead of our being on the lee side of the island, we were now on the windward side, exposed to the full fury of the gale; it was impossible then for the boat to return to us; the sight was a grand one, and believing that our chains would hold, and not dreaming that there was any danger, I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Where the boat had gone ashore was a narrow strip of white sand, with a background of trees, the rest of the island nothing but bluff barren rocks, rising straight out of the water; a tremendous sea was rolling in, and dashing furiously against these rocks, striking them and rising high in the air a mass of white foam; the trees on the island in their new spring foliage forming a beautiful contrast. H—— said to me, "What an iron-bound coast." I made some remark, I think, that it was very grand; and H—— said, "Yes, old man, but I pity the

poor fellow who gets dashed up against those rocks."

Meanwhile, the storm was increasing rapidly in fury, the cutter dipping bows under to every wave, the spray flying clean over us. We went down below into the little cabin and had something to eat, a biscuit and salt beef. It was impossible for the boat to come out to us; nothing could have lived in the heavy sea, so we were obliged to remain on board, the storm raging worse and worse. A little before three o'clock in the afternoon I went down below, for I was very cold and wet. I was down but a few minutes, when H—— called to me, "Old man, stand by to swim, one chain has parted!"

The tone of his voice was quite enough. I did not say a word; I *felt* the worst had come; I went on deck at once; there was H——, with nothing but his shirt on, his face very white, and with the same look on it that I had noticed when we were *on* the reef. I went to the bows, and of course saw at once that one chain had gone. I said to H——, "Let us lash two oars together, and get ashore on them." He said, "Not a bit of use, you will only be drifted upon those rocks; your only chance is to swim, and try and make for that bit of sandy beach. It is your only chance, old man; if you get upon those rocks you will be dashed to pieces." Now, in order to reach that sandy beach we had to swim in a great measure against wind, waves, and tide. I merely said, "I suppose we had better go before the other chain parts." He said, "Yes, if you wait till then you will have less chance." I did not say another word. I stripped my clothes off. As I was taking my shirt off, H—— said, "You had better keep that on; you will want something on shore. But I took it off, for I knew I could not swim in it; I, however, kept my jersey on, and there I stood ready. We both stood together hanging on to the shrouds, both of us silent, for a minute or two, very quiet, and our faces—for mine must have been the same as H——'s,—very white. I looked at the huge breakers, at the rocks, at the distance from the strip of beach, and I felt my heart sink terribly. I did not say a word, but I felt I could not reach the shore; there was no time for any cowardice. H—— told me afterwards that I did not show the slightest fear, that he never saw any one behave in such a cool manner as I did. Just before I jumped into the sea, I turned round to H——, and said, "Old man, I can't do it." The next moment I was among the waves, swimming for the shore. I kept up my presence of mind grandly. I swam slowly and deliberately, for I knew I stood a poor chance if I flurried myself. I heard H—— plunge into the sea behind me; he soon passed me, swimming with far greater ease than I did; he is much more powerfully built than I am, stronger in every way, and has led a very rough life since his boyhood; he stood a far better chance of reaching the shore than I did. It was terrible work amongst those huge breakers; they followed each other in such quick succession, that when you did manage to rise to the surface after being overwhelmed with one, you had not time even to breathe before the next huge wave was upon you. I was getting very exhausted, my arms and legs so tired that I could hardly move them, and I found it more difficult to rise from under the waves. I saw A—— (who cannot swim a stroke) on the beach, gesticulating and running about frantically. I saw H—— far ahead of me, still making good way; then I saw Lui, the half-caste, a perfect Hercules in strength, and a splendid swimmer, dash into the water followed by the two Fijians. I saw them reach H——; one Fijian remained with him to help him, and Lui and the other came on towards me. It seemed child's play to them; the breakers were rolling in towards the shore; as they met each one they dived under it, and so they came on to me. I was afraid they would not reach me in time, for I was completely exhausted. I had no strength left

in me, and I gave an awful yell, and sank before they reached me. When I came to the surface, I found myself almost unconsciously between them, my left hand on Lui's shoulder, my right arm held up by the Fijian. We made for the shore; in a second a huge breaker was upon us, and separated us.

A——, who was watching from the beach, says he thought none of us would come to the surface again, we were so long beneath the waves; however, we came to the surface again, and Lui and the Fijian grasped me again; a huge wave separated us again, again we came together, and made a vain attempt. Lui said *Sa oti* ("It is finished"), shook me off and made for the shore followed by the Fijian. I then heard a yell from H——, the Fijian who came out to help him had deserted him also. When Lui said, *Sa oti,* and the two men left me, the agony of mind I suffered is something indescribable; I gave up all hope of life, I was utterly exhausted, and down I sank. I heard the breakers roaring above me, I could just see my arms moving feebly about, my stomach began to swell most painfully with the amount of salt water I was swallowing, and then in the most unaccountable manner I came to the surface again, and saw them dragging H—— ashore. Down I sank again, and so on, until at last I felt dashed against the rocks. I grasped at them, but they were smooth and slippery, and back I was sucked again by the waves; the next wave threw me up again, and I felt a hand clutch hold of me and drag me higher up; I fully realised then how a drowning man grasps at every straw; the wave *flattened* both of us against the rock, which rose sheer above us; I clutched at it in a helpless kind of way, and most mercifully three fingers of each hand stuck in two small niches in the rock; I could only get them in as far as the first joint, no more; how I held on is a marvel to me, a marvel to every one who saw the place afterwards. The next wave lifted me clean off my feet, and towered high above us, how my fingers retained their hold I cannot tell, it was pure desperation; as the wave receded the suction was very great, it washed the Fijian, who had saved me, back again amongst the breakers. I looked round for an instant, and saw him struggling in the water, but the next wave was upon me, a huge body of water, and I held on again like grim death, my strength was gone, my arms and legs numb, but I did not leave go: the wave washed the Fijian into a small hole in the rock hollowed out by the action of the water; into this the waves swept with fearful force; but the Fijian was fresh and stuck there. After a while he clambered round the rocks, how I don't know, and went for help; he saw A—— and shouted to him for a rope, he (A——) chopped off the boat's painter with an axe, and sent Lui and the Fijians over the rocks to me. They came down from above, and let the rope down to me in a noose; it was too short—they called and yelled to me to catch hold of it, but I could not, I had no strength left; they let it down a little lower, it was now about two feet above me; I waited for the next wave, it lifted me up, I made one desperate effort and caught hold of the rope; they dragged me up to a small ledge, where there was just room for them to stand; they seized me by the wrists and legs, and there I vomited a quantity of blood and water; after a while they dragged me up higher to another ledge; as they were doing so, the cutter, which had in the meantime parted the remaining chain, was dashed against the rocks, her topmast striking the rocks within a few feet of me. Well, they dragged me up from ledge to ledge until we got to a safe place, and there I lay and vomited bucketfuls. The Fijians seeing I was numb with the cold, lay upon me with their naked bodies like blankets until I had got some warmth into me, they then between them carried me down to the beach into a sort of cave. A—— came up, and never shall I forget the rough fellow's tender kindness to me. "Old man, old man, I never thought I should see you again; I told H——

long ago that you were cooked. Lui and the Fijians when they came ashore said it was impossible to save you, that you were a drowned man, that it was written on your face, that they themselves were nearly drowned, that the sharks were already at you." A—— fortunately had brought a rug ashore with him in the boat; he stripped off my wet jersey, took off his own dry fisherman's blue jersey, made me put it on, and wrapped me in his rug, and made the Fijians light a fire, and I lay close alongside. It was quite dark then—just think how awful it would have been if the storm had come upon us during the night. The shake of the hand old A—— gave me when he first saw me I shall never forget. Soon H—— came limping up; we said nothing at first, but just looked at each other in quiet thankfulness. He then told me he had never had such a narrow squeak for his life before, that he also gave up all hope, and yet *I* saw him dragged ashore. A—— told me that they all rushed into the water and dragged him ashore, and that when he saw his face he gave up all hope of ever seeing me again, for H——'s face was like a corpse's, his lips livid.

That night, when the tide went down, A——, Lui, and the Fijians went to the cutter to get some food and water, for we were on a barren island without either; although the waves were dashing over the cutter, they pluckily dived into her hold and brought up a box of tinned meats and a bag of flour belonging to me; they also secured a keg of water, so we were fortunately provided with provisions for a week. This was all that could be done then; the seas had broken open the hatches, and were washing the cargo out in the most merciless way. That night the wind went right round to the southward, and then gradually to the eastward, proving that we had experienced a regular cyclone. The gale raged all night, and we never expected to see the cutter in the morning. We none of us slept that night, but we all lay down; an oar served us three for a pillow. A—— and H—— put me between them; no clothes had been saved from the wreck. A—— had fortunately his rug; we lay as close to each other as we possibly could, I close up to H——'s back, and A—— close up to mine with his arm round me. How bitterly cold it was, how the wind did roar! I could not sleep, my chest was paining me too much; I said, "I can't breathe." H—— said, "I am just the same, every breath I take pains me." I suppose this was the result of the quantity of salt water we had swallowed. We were very thankful when morning at last dawned. H—— and I could not move; his legs were much cut about, but I was in a far worse state. When they hauled me over the rocks I was bleeding, I may truly say, all over; it was a great mercy no limbs were broken. I was cut all over, my feet and legs terribly; when H—— and A—— looked me over next morning, they said, "By Jove, old man, you would make a splendid zebra." I was afraid at first that my left knee was seriously damaged, for I could not move it, my feet were much swollen, and I had an ugly cut in my groin. My wounds were all full of dirt; there was no water to wash in, for we had but very little for drinking purposes, and it was necessary to husband that very carefully, for we did not know when we might be rescued. However, I bore all with the greatest cheerfulness—everything seemed so utterly trivial when I thought how mercifully my life had been spared. That night as I lay awake, a feeling of utter horror came over me when I thought of what I had gone through, and then it would change to intense thankfulness that I was still safe and sound in limb. A—— told me that I was at least three quarters of an hour in the water, and two hours upon the rocks, so you can imagine what I endured.

When I gave up all hope in the water, I did not suffer one pang of remorse about my past life. I have always been told that when a man is

drowning, all his past life comes before him, and he suffers horrors of conscience; it was not so with me. I thought of you, my dear father and mother, and of you all at home, and what a sorrow the news of my death would be to you all, and then strange to say I thought how people do lie; I have always been told that death by drowning is the easiest death, and yet here I am suffering agonies of pain, and I remember wishing if I am to be drowned, let it be done quickly. Then I thought, I am about to solve the problem about the future world, and I felt the same feeling of shyness and dread come over me that I have felt so often, and never could conquer, when I was outside a drawing-room door, and about to be ushered into the presence of a crowd of ladies and men. I have been asked if I never thought about the sharks which infest the place. I am thankful to say they never entered into my head; if I had remembered them I feel sure I should have gone down like a stone.

Next morning the cutter, to our great surprise, was still there; when she had drifted ashore it was high tide, and the waves wedged her in between the rocks most securely; twenty yards beyond the place where she struck, and she would have missed the island altogether, and been driven clean away; she came ashore at the very place where I did, thus showing how helplessly the wind and waves had driven me; twenty yards more and I should have been lost.

During the day the wind and waves went down; the trees whose tender foliage I had admired the day before looked as if a severe fire had passed through them, the leaves were all black and withered. I was bringing up a large stock of stores and necessaries for the plantation; remnants only saved, a quantity of silver for plantation use gone, my good heavy coats that are invaluable on these voyages all washed away, cases broken open by the waves, and some of the contents washed ashore; even tinned meats strewn about on the reef; sulus (cloth for plantation use)—found in strips all over the reef; my belt was picked up three days afterwards. I cannot tell the extent of my loss at present; but I look upon it as nothing when I think how wonderfully my life has been spared.

The third day the sea was almost calm. On Saturday a schooner came in sight; we hailed her and she lent us men. All ballast was taken out of the cutter, two strong tackles rove to the reef, the holes in her were then patched up, and at high tide she was hauled into deep water, and by constant pumping kept afloat. The schooner lent her an anchor and chain. Then it was decided that I should go on in the schooner to Savu Bay to break the news to H——'s partner, and send down a letter to A——'s wife to tell her that her husband was all right, for we knew that everybody would be very anxious about us. So I came on in the schooner and reached this full of thankfulness.

My wounds are showing no signs of festering; they cannot look more healthy. How I relished my first wash! My feet are so much cut about that I cannot do much walking at present, but I am in perfect health; the difficulty I suffered at first in breathing has entirely left me, so do not be in the least alarmed about me.

I shall give the Fijian who saved my life a handsome present; he indeed deserves one, although he did not come with the intention of saving my life; he said to A——, "I must go and see the white man die," and ran to the top of the rocks to get a good view. He saw I had life in me yet, and pluckily clambered down the rocks. How he found a footing I don't know, but Fijians are as sure-footed as goats; at all events he got down in time to seize my hand and save my life.

I have written this letter in a great hurry, and at one sitting, so I am pretty well tired out; but I have a chance of sending to Levuka to-morrow; possibly I may not have another before the mail leaves.

Your affectionate Son.

THE BOOK OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

To the tourist who has had the privilege of discovering for himself the beauties that cluster thick around the shores and recesses of the Firth of Clyde, the name of Dumbarton must recall that solitary, steep castle-crowned rock, which, rising sheer from the river side, forms the portal to some of the most lovely scenery on this beautiful world of ours. Here the muddy Clyde begins to broaden out into its emerald firth, down through whose clear waters on a calm day you can see the waving forests of seaweed, fathoms below. Here, as the Glasgow workman put it, "the scenery begins;" and the passenger in the palatial *Iona* will soon be able to look upon the sweet beauty of the Gareloch, and peer, in passing, into the gloomy length of mountain-hemmed Loch Long. Here we get to the limit of Dumbarton waters, and tempting as it is, we must not follow the *Iona* past cosy Dunoon, and quiet Inellan, and Wemyss Bay backed by its tree-clad hills, over the graceful sweep of Rothesay Bay, and round by the fairy maze of the Kyles of Bute, or down upon the towering fells and dizzy precipices of Arran. Dumbartonshire itself, compared with what comes after, will doubtless seem tame enough as seen from the passing steamer; but if we land at the rock and pass through the fertile and busy vale of the Leven, we quickly come upon that gem of Scottish scenery, in which all the rarest combinations of mountain, wood, and water seem to be concentrated—Loch Lomond, which has Dumbartonshire all the way on its left shore, while on the west side the county is washed by the waters of Loch Long. Between these two lochs the ever narrowing county gets more and more mountainous and highland, until, wedging its way between Argyll and Perthshire it culminates in Ben Voirlich, only a few feet lower than Ben Lomond itself. It is of this county, so rich and varied in its scenery, situated just on the border of highland and lowland, that Mr. Joseph Irving has written a magnificent three-volumed "Book," richly equipped with county and parish maps, and profusely illustrated with portraits of its notable men, views of its handsome mansions, and pictures of its memorable relics.[1] The whole appearance of the book is creditable to all concerned; while its author has put to excellent use the ample opportunities afforded him for obtaining access to the wealth of material bearing on the history of so important a county.

The story of Dumbarton is sufficiently interesting in itself to make Mr. Irving's work well worth reading; it will prove still more interesting, and certainly full of instruction, to those who are able to read between the lines, and mark the various influences that have contributed to the progress of a representative district of our country from a condition of riotous savagery to one of high civilisation. Dumbarton, county and town, has from the first been critically situated. Whoever the Picts or Caledonians were (and the two names were, no doubt, applied by the Romans to the same people), they in all probability formed the bulk of the population of Dumbarton when that region first comes within the historian's ken. That there had at least been a dribbling of Irish Scots downwards from the shores of Argyllshire at this early period is also probable enough. As harassers of the

[1] *The Book of Dumbartonshire: A History of the County, Burghs, Parishes and Lands, Memoirs of Families, and Notices of Industries carried on in the Lennox District.* By Joseph Irving. 3 vols. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.

Romans and the Romanised Britons of lowland Scotland we meet with the names of Attacotts and Saxons; the former we don't know what to make of, the latter may have been the first sprinkling of that abundant shower which deluged the country from the middle of the fifth century onwards. In earlier centuries of Scottish history we hear much from Roman historians and poets of the ravages of these various bands of barbarians as they were called by the Roman invader, but to settle their relations and affinities is a hopeless task. As early as Agricola's time a chain of forts was erected across the isthmus between the firths of Forth and Clyde to keep the northern Caledonians in check; but it was not till the reign of Antoninus Pius that, under the general Lollius Urbicus, a regular wall was erected, nearly in the line of the present Forth and Clyde canal, and to some extent that of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. The date of the building of the wall was probably between A.D. 138 and 140; and from the remains of rampart and ditch still existing it must have been of substantial build, though not to be compared with the magnificent work of Hadrian across the north of England. The wall extended from Carriden on the Forth to Dunglass, about three miles east of the present Dumbarton, and thus during the latter part of its course ran along the southern part of the county.

We may be sure that the Castle Rock in the time of the Romans was a critical point in their occupation, and that all along the wall in the south of the county there must have been many a tussle between the wild Picts of the north and the soldiers, Roman or Romanised, who garrisoned the forts along the rampart. Of whatever composition the Roman army of occupation was, whether Italian, Celtic, or German (and it was probably mixed), it could not have remained three centuries in the country without leaving its mark among the inhabitants; and it is difficult to believe that in the course of ten generations some Italian blood did not find its way into the uncouth veins of the natives. There is good reason to believe that in the time of the Emperor Valentinian, Dumbarton (or Alcluith as the Cymri called it), under the name of Theodosia, was made the capital of the Roman province of Valentia, embracing all the country between the two walls. Mr. Irving is of opinion that it must have been the principal harbour and most commodious mart of the Romans; and that owing to its critical situation, Theodosius may easily be supposed to have repaired and refortified it to such an extent as almost entitles posterity to regard him as its founder.

Ossian probably refers to Dumbarton in singing of the mighty deeds and brilliant pageants of his heroes at Balclutha. It was of Balclutha that Fingal spoke when "the thousand bards leaned forward from their seats to hear the voice which was like the music of harps on the gale of the spring." And many other fine things are told of it in Ossian's glittering verses. It is evident enough, however, that in the time of the Romans, and probably even before their advent, the rock of Dumbarton must have been of some importance as a stronghold and place of refuge; its formation and situation, like those of Edinburgh Castle rock on the other side of the country, make this almost certain.

We all know how, about the middle of the fifth century, the Romans had to scurry home to look after the affairs of their own country, leaving the Romanised provinces at the mercy of the untamed Highlanders of the north. Of course the enervated Britons had now to do the best they could for themselves, and we are told that the Valentians combined to form a kingdom of most of the western half of lowland Scotland, from the Solway to the Upper Forth and Loch Lomond, and westward to the Merse and Teviotdale, leaving a part of the last side in possession of the Picts. Of this so-called

kingdom, Theodosia, or Alcluid, or Alcluith, as it came now to be called, remained the capital, or "metropolis," to use Mr. Irving's big misnomer. Nearly the whole of Dumbartonshire was included in this kingdom, which seems to have existed for some centuries, until ultimately it was incorporated by the Scots. The Picts, on their side again, had a kingdom of their own, and the Chronicles give a long list of semi-fabulous kings down to the ninth century. Dumbarton was again on the border that divided these two kingdoms, and no doubt saw a good deal of the fighting that went on. Its population at this time must thus have been somewhat of a mixture of the vigorous and rude Northern Picts, and the more cultured, if somewhat effeminate, Strathclydians. We don't think there was any real difference in race between these two peoples, but as to what that race was there has been no end of rancorous disputation. That the Celtic element must have been large seems most probable, but that there must have been a considerable infusion of Scandinavian if not Germanic blood in the east and north-east is quite as probable. As to the particular type of Celt to which the Picts belonged, much has been written; but the conclusion come to by those whose knowledge and judgment we are most inclined to trust is, that they were much more nearly allied to the Cymri than the Gael. Probably, however, there was a pre-Celtic element that was not Aryan at all, an element which has given us the small dark-haired type so common in some parts of the Highlands, as it is in Ireland and Wales; for the most recent scientific authorities on the Celtic question tell us there is no reason to believe the true Celt was a bit darker than the fair German. The most recent and most rational work on the subject is the anonymous book entitled, *Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach*, evidently written by one accustomed to weigh evidence with scientific impartiality. The most valuable chapter in the book, in our opinion, is that on the Celts, which, fortunately, is a straightforward argument, unhampered by dialogue. Here the author discusses in a masterly manner the whole question of migration of races, and comes essentially to the rational conclusion that in Europe there is no such thing as a pure "Aryan" race. Both Celts and Teutons became probably only the ruling classes, imposing their language on the subject non-Aryan peoples, and the Celts, at all events, adopting into their speech many non-Aryan words, which are found there at the present day. The rational conclusion seems to be, after an examination of the evidence, that the inhabitants of Scotland, even in the early centuries of our era, were essentially a mixed race, speaking a Celtic tongue; especially would this be the case with the border county Dumbarton; where the race was probably quite as mixed as the Canadian Indians are shown to be by Dr. George Wilson at the present day. In fact it seems evident on the face of it, if complexion, features, and physique, not to mention language, and the evidence of the caves and mounds, count for anything, that the inhabitants of these islands, north and south, are about the most mixed people on the face of the earth; hence possibly the British cosmopolitanism and capacity for colonisation.

Just about the time of the departure of the Romans another element was copiously introduced to add its characteristic to the elements already forming the population of Dumbarton and the rest of the north of Scotland. We refer to the Dalriadic Scots from Ireland, who, in Burton's words, had been "oozing in" for centuries, but who, about the beginning of the sixth century, began the foundation of a kingdom in Argyllshire destined, some three centuries later, to swallow up that of the Picts, and ultimately to give its name to the whole country. These Irish Scots when they landed in Scotland were to all intents and purposes Irish Gaels, speaking the Irish Gaelic tongue. At last, in A.D. 843

after many struggles the Scots under Kenneth the son of Alpin, obtained the sovereignty over the united kingdom of the Picts and Scots. In reality it is probable that the actual Scottish kingdom to which Kenneth succeeded included only the northern counties of Perth, Fife, Stirling, Dumbarton, and the greater part of Argyll. The Strathclyde Britons struggled on for some time longer ere they succumbed to the Scots, while it took centuries to subdue the clans of the north — indeed it may be said that their subjection was only finally accomplished on Culloden Moor in 1746. The date of the conversion of the Southern Picts is usually attributed to St. Ninian (360–432), and if this be authentic, it is probable that Christianity reached Dumbarton about the beginning of the fifth century, though the wild recesses of the north of the county may have remained heathen for a couple of centuries longer, till the time of Columba and his disciples.

Before, however, the people of the county and town of Dumbarton could settle down into the steady jog-trot path of political, social, and industrial progress, still another force swept in upon them to try their mettle and exercise its modifying influence upon their characteristics. This came in the form of the famous Vikingr, the "hardy Norsemen," who have left so powerful a mark over much of the shores of these islands. What sweeping success attended their raid on the north and west of Scotland in the ninth and tenth centuries is evinced by the physiognomy of the people and the nomenclature of many of the geographical features.

"In 870 the Danes under Ivar and Olave—a descendant of the renowned Ragnar Lodbrok—made the earliest regular siege of the Castle of Dumbarton of which history takes any notice. . . . . . . Having plundered Alcluid of all that was valuable, the Danes spread themselves over the surrounding country, and after subjecting it to a twelvemonth's oppression, took their departure for Ireland, where they disposed of their rich booty."

The Danes returned again and again to their work of pillage, though it does not seem that they mixed their blood to any great extent with that of the people of the country. But this was not the last of the Norsemen: so late as 1263 Haco, King of Norway, who had established a sort of vassalage over the Western Islands, sailed up Loch Long, crossed to Loch Lomond, ravaged the flourishing country around its shores, and put many of the peasantry to the sword. But on his return his flotilla was scattered by storm, and in the battle of Largs the power of the Norsemen in Scotland received its death-blow. Forty years before this Dumbarton was made a Royal Burgh, a sort of municipal trades union, by Alexander II.; so that its progress since the extinction of the kingdom of Alcluid, must have been rapid.

Thus then, about the end of the tenth century, all the ethnical elements which go to form the people of Dumbarton and the neighbouring district may be said to have been complete, and with a gradual infusion of the Saxon element they may be taken as fairly representing the stuff of which the average population of the bulk of Great Britain is formed. Agriculture and sheep rearing seem already to have established themselves to some extent, though the condition of the inhabitants as a whole cannot as yet have been much removed from the primitive barbarisms of the Picts. Houses, churches, and even castles were probably mostly of wood, and sometimes of wicker, and water-traffic was mostly carried on in currachs. The name of the town seems to have been changed to "Dunbritton" some time before the Scots became possessed of the stronghold. The district was, and even is now, known as Levenach, or Lennox, "the field of the Leven," the beautiful stream which meanders across the centre of the county, and falls into the Clyde at the Castle Rock. To those acquainted with the history of Scotland, the earldom of Lennox must be familiar; but like many other later and more Highland titles, its first holder

had probably not a drop of Highland blood in his veins.

In the many contests between the crown and the semi-independent nobles which form so prominent a feature in the ordinary histories of Scotland, the Lennox family, so long as it was to the fore, took a prominent part, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, as suited their own personal or family ends. In these disputes the possession of the fortress of Dumbarton Castle counted much in favour of whichever party held it, and therefore for centuries it was a centre of strife. So it was, for example, in the early struggles between the English and Scotch; and it was here that Wallace was brought, on his capture in the neighbourhood, by Sir John Menteith, a Scotchman, who then held the castle in Edward's interest. Indeed Wallace's name is popularly connected with various parts of the county, as it is with many other counties in Scotland, where "Wallace caves" "Wallace leaps" and "Wallace swords" are as numerous as "fragments of the true cross" in Roman shrines. Of course the castle would not be complete without one of those huge two-handed swords seen in so many Scotch country-houses, and looked upon with reverence as the identical weapon wielded by Wallace in defence of his country's independence. True Wallace must have been rather extravagant in the matter of swords, but then he had a lot of fighting to do. There certainly was a sword in the Castle of Dumbarton known as Wallace's sword as far back as 1505, for in that year we meet with an item of expenditure in the books of the Lord Treasurer for "binding of Wallass Sword with cords of silk and new hilt and plomet, new Skabbard and new belt to the said sword, xxvj sh." There cannot be much harm in a Scotchman pleasing himself with the belief that the sword now in the castle is one of those with which Wallace did such execution on those English who in the end so cruelly revenged themselves upon his stalwart body. Bruce is also intimately connected with the county; several of his hiding-places are to this day pointed out there; and in the parish of Cardross, on a summit overlooking the vales of Leven and Clyde, he, in his days of prosperity, built himself a castle to which he loved to retire, and in which he died, June 7, 1329. Some of the entries in the Cardross Household Book, given by Mr. Irving, are of curious interest:—

"*Item.*—To wood for the scaffolding of the new chalmer, 3*s.*; making a door for do., 6*d.* To a net for taking large and small fish, 40*s.* To two masts for the ship, 8*s.* To working 80 tons of iron for the use of the ships and the castle, at 4*d.* per stone, 26*s.* 8*d.* To bringing the king's great ship from the firth into the river near the castle, and carrying the rigging to the castle, 3*s.* . . . . To conveying Peter the Fool from Tarbet (in Lochfine), 1*s.* 6*d.* . . . . Seeds for the orchard, 1*s.* 6*d.* Green olive oil for painting the royal chamber, 10*s.*; a chaldron of lime for whitewashing it, 8*s.*"

By such extracts as these from early records relating both to county and town, and which we are glad to say are abundant in Mr. Irving's book, we get real glimpses into the life and industries of the time.

The castle continued to be a bone of contention for centuries, either between the different parties into which Scotland was chronically divided, or between the Scotch and the English, even after the union of the crowns. For example, in the reign of James IV., Lord Darnley, for the Lennox party, held it against the Royal army, and successfully sustained a siege conducted by the Earl of Argyll, at which it is said that the great piece of ordnance known as "Mons Meg" was used. James IV. was, indeed, very fond of Dumbarton, and after he obtained possession of the castle, took steps to make the place one of the west-coast stations for the navy which he was then sedulously gathering together. A ship purchased from the Laird of Laucht was repaired, equipped, and victualled at Dumbarton, and the king had several "row barges" built there, which kept a number of

men employed for seven months. It was from this port that he sailed in July, 1494, and in the May following, on his expedition for quieting the Western Isles. These occurrences Mr. Irving illustrates with several quaint extracts from the Treasurer's books :—

"1494 (no date). To the byggin of the king's rowbarges byggite in Dunbartane, the tymmyre fra Loch Lomond and divers uthir woddis. 1494-5, Mar. 17. For the tursing of the king's litle camp bed for the sey to Dunbartane, again the passing to the Isles xv. sh. Mar. 19. To the man that playet to the king on the clarscha (or harp) be the king's command xiiij. sh."

Scarcely a year passed that King James was not in Dumbarton or its neighbourhood :—

"By the aid of his carefully kept Household Book, he may be seen watching his naval musters in the Leven, and afterwards amusing himself at the 'battis,' or the 'cartis'; now hunting in the woods during the day, and then listening to the 'evin-sang' at night in the chapel. Almost every item suggests a path of inquiry which the student of local or even national history may follow up with advantage."

Under James V., again, Dumbarton played an important part in the strife between the king and his rebellious nobles; and so important had the place become that, in maps of the period, what is now known as the Firth of Clyde is laid down as the Firth of Dumbarton. One of the many sad scenes in the life of James's beautiful and mischief-making daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, is connected with this town. We all know how it was thought advisable to send Mary, after her father's death to the native land of her mother, where she acquired habits and ideas ill-fitting her for the office of a queen of Scotland at the turbulent and intensely earnest time of her return. Mr. Irving enables us to realise the scene of her embarkation from Dumbarton, and by Miss Strickland's graphic, if somewhat florid aid, the pathetic parting from her mother. Villegaignon, a French naval officer, had managed to bring his vessel round from the Forth to the Clyde, for the purpose of taking the young queen on board, to escape Clinton's watchful English fleet. In a letter by Sir John Luttrell to Shrewsbury, August 5, 1548, he mentions in a postscript :—

"The young quyne ys embarked at Donbritayne, and gone towards Fraunce."

Lord Grey, however, writing to Somerset two days later, says :—

"I am informed that the young queen is not yet transported, but lieth in a galley, accompanied by other galleys, and four or five ships, a little from Dumbarton, where she undoubtedly was yesterday at twelve o'clock of the noon. The Lady Fleming, her mistress, making request to the captain of the galley, whose name is Villegaignon, to have her on land to repose her because she hath been long on the sea; he answered she should not come on land, but rather go into France, or drown by the way!"

Poor Lady Fleming! We fear Monsieur Villegaignon was more of a sailor than a Frenchman. This was not the last of Mary's connection with Dumbarton. In the long and bitter game between herself and her party and the English queen, whose "imperial instincts" happily had a legitimate field for their exercise, Dumbarton Castle often turns up as a place whose possession was of prime importance to either party. After the union of the crowns its position as a fortress became of less and less importance, and now it has lapsed into the humble function of a barracks.

In the feuds between the lords of the land, as they regarded themselves, and their too humble servants the people, the latter were hardly likely to have a very bright life of it. Indeed the good citizens of Dumbarton had often a sorry time, the wooden town being over and again burnt about their "lugs," as suited the strategy of besiegers or besieged. At a very early period Dumbarton must have become to all intents and purposes a lowland town, its burghers ceasing to speak Celtic,

and adopting that form of old English which has continued in Scotland to the present day. At what precise date the change took place it would be almost impossible to ascertain, but probably long before it got its charter from Alexander II. This charter was renewed in much more formal terms under King James, in 1609. Mr. Irving necessarily passes very briefly over the early history of the burgh, there being an utter dearth of records. One of the earliest known facts in the history of Dumbarton is the jealousy existing between it and the neighbouring city of Glasgow, which seems for a time to have been of much less importance than its now humbler neighbour. It was only by a special royal enactment that the burgesses of Glasgow were latterly allowed to pass freely by Dumbarton for the purposes of trade; and indeed it is only within quite recent years that the relative rights of the two towns with regard to the navigation of the Clyde have been satisfactorily adjusted. The power of the Town Council seems almost from the first to have been thoroughly despotic, and as they were self-elective, down even to the present century, the unhappy citizens had no remedy against their harassing enactments. The vexatious regulations of the Dumbarton magistrates, as illustrated in the numerous extracts given in Mr. Irving's volumes, must, one would think, have made the citizens' lives intolerable. And yet the latter do not seem to have taken unkindly to the mode of life thus imposed upon them. After all, one can see that the innumerable provisions for the conduct of life and business in the burgh and its bounds were meant, in their own way, and under the little light that lightened the people of the time, to promote the prosperity of the town and the welfare of the citizens.

"Baxters baked their bread, white and gray, 'efter the consideracion and prize of the gud men;' and whoever baked to sell was not to hide it any time, but to set it in the window or market, that it might be openly sold; the provision against any artificial scarcity being accompanied with forfeiture of the bread, 'to be delt to the pure folk.' If any woman brewster made evil ale, and went against the customs of the town, she was fined eight shillings or putt in the Kirkstall, whichever she preferred, the ale in either case being divided between the poor of the town and the brethren of the hospital. The 'ale-wand' was to be exposed in the window that all might see it. No burgess was at liberty to forestall the market by buying beyond the gates of the town; hucksters could not purchase before nine o'clock in the winter, and mid-morn in summer. Dealers in meat and drink were bound to sell to all men to within fourpence of their whole stock, which amount might be kept for their own households. Fleshers were bound to kill 'gude flishe;' and expose the same, helping the burgesses also in slaughtering time, from Martinmas to Yule. The peace of the burgh at night was protected by burgess watchmen, bound to come forth in turn, about the ringing of the curfew, when the 'wakstaff' knocked at their door, and armed with two weapons, watch 'wysly and besily till the dawnyng of the day.' Nor was the health of the town neglected. Harbour, without inquiry, could not be given to a stranger for more than one night. Lepers were sent to one end of the town and profligate women to another, where there was least danger of fire. . . . . The dignity and usefulness of the magistracy were provided for by excluding from the merchant guild certain craftsmen who wrought with their own hands. The burgh laws made special reference to fleshers and shoemakers."

To some of these regulations not much objection could be taken; indeed, by a different process and in a different form, modern legislation has been led to re-enact them. Still, as Mr. Irving says, nothing was too trifling or too great to escape the control of the Town Council.

Aqua-vitæ and ale were to be of a given strength and a fixed price; tallow could only be made into candle upon the conditions given by the council; nay, the very wick was weighed and measured according to its regulations. The numerous extracts which Mr. Irving gives from the Burgh Records to illustrate these statements, as well as to

show the tremendous power of the Kirk, both in Roman Catholic and Reformed times, are both amusing and instructive. Here is one enactment as to cakes:—

"*Item.*—That the kaiks be sauld for acht pennie the kaik, and that there be onlie faur kaiks in the pek and thrie ferdalls in ilk kaik onlie, and that they be sufficient be the sicht of the visitors under the paine of viijs for the first falt, xvjs for the second falt, and xxiiijs for the third falt, and sae furth, to be applyet as said is."

While the town records bear lamentable testimony to the belief in witchcraft, so universal at the time, and to the severe penalties visited on "skulduddery," as I have heard a quaint parish minister call a breach of the seventh commandment—they also testify to the value that was placed on education at an early period. The "gramar schoolis" of Dumbarton had long a high reputation, and in 1633 the council ordains that—

"The rudiments and gramars lastlie set forth be Mr. David Wedderburne be taucht in these schools 'in all tyme cuming.'"

This kind of universal petty interference was carried on even to the middle of last century, though after the '45, improvement began with rapid strides. Before that memorable year, and until the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions in Scotland, Dumbarton, with all the Lowland district of the county, was liable to continual raids from the still Highland inhabitants of the northern part of the county. The "thieves and lymars" of the Clan Gregor especially kept the county in hot water for a long period, and the memory of the bloody conflict at Glenfruin in 1603, between the Macgregors and the Colquhouns of Luss, one of the oldest and worthiest of the county families, still survives. This led to the severest measures being taken against the "wicked Clan Gregor," whose iniquities culminated in the famous Rob Roy, who, after all, had been more sinned against than sinning. Mr. Irving gives an amusing account of what is known as the Loch Lomond Expedition of 1715, when Dumbarton and other towns united in an expedition, partly by boat and partly by land against Rob Roy and his followers, who had committed some raids about the loch, and in which the expedition showed quite as much discretion as valour.

Among the slain in the conflict of Glenfruin above-mentioned was a Tobias Smollett, the ancestor of another Tobias Smollett, whose rollicking stories have achieved for the name of the lairds of Bonhill a fame which we fear they would never have attained either on the field of battle or the floor of the House of Commons, where some time ago the eccentricities of one of them used to enliven the dull level of parliamentary oratory. The parish of Bonhill, in which Smollett was born, lies between that of Dumbarton and the south end of Loch Lomond. Near Bonhill House the pedestal of a tapering pillar records the virtues and literary achievements of the author of *Roderick Random*. Part of the long Latin inscription was written by Dr. Johnson while on his famous tour in Scotland.

Mr. Irving speaks of the thoroughly provincial spirit which prevailed among all classes of the community during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The borough boundary, he says, was the horizon which circumscribed all the hopes and fears of the inhabitants. There their schemes centred; there their desires were gratified or disappointed. To the world lying beyond them they paid little regard, and its affairs rarely moved the burgesses out of their dull routine of existence. In this respect Dumbarton was like all other provincial towns of the time, in Scotland or England, and, as he justly remarks, it was rather a peculiarity of the time than of the locality. The life thus led may seem dull enough to us who live in these stirring days, when the telegraph and steam are fast making the civilised world into one great community, and when a man

can learn from his evening paper what his neighbours on the other side of the world were doing in the morning. The fact is, that the country, after it got over the early excitements attending the formation of its population, settled down into a sort of chrysalis state, disturbed only occasionally by such events as the Reformation, the Cromwellian episode, the Revolution, and the Jacobite insurrections. But through all this the student of social life and of industry can perceive a steady and real progress, which becomes evident when one period is compared with another. In the days to which Mr. Irving refers, the citizens of Dumbarton and other provincial towns had little opportunity of knowing what was going on half a mile from home, and as before the advent of machinery, all labour was handicraft, they had scant time to attend to anything but their work. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, however, there began a permanent awakening of the long-continued lethargy—or rather leisureliness; and we are inclined to regard as one symptom of this those convivial clubs which then became so common in the towns, and of which Dumbarton had its share. At these there was much deep drinking; indeed, one of their main purposes was that the members might get drunk in a respectable and regular fashion. The "gentry" could do this at their own tables, with their own butlers to carry them to bed when fairly *hors de combat;* but an ordinary citizen's house had no conveniences for such bouts, and hence no doubt these clubs arose, which were generally held in the best parlour of some quiet and respectable inn. Amid all the deep potations, and high stories, and racy gossip, and multitudinous toasts that characterised these meetings, there was also much discussion on social and political matters, which we cannot but think had its effect on the course of public events in the country. As an illustration of the seriousness with which these drinking bouts were engaged in, Mr. Irving reminds us of the ghastly story told by Galt of the Laird of Garscadden. On the morning of the day after that on which the party sat down, one of them made the remark, "Garscadden surely looks unco' gash."—"De'il mane him" (says Kilmardinny), "he's been wi' his Maker this hour; I saw him slip awa,' but didna' like to disturb good company by saying aught about it." With roads and railways, reformed parliaments and reformed corporations (and Dumbarton was slow to mend), newspapers, and the spread of education, these "good old times" passed away—one stage in the development of the county and people, from the wild and half-naked Picts and Gaels to the high civilisation and fashionable tailors of the present day.

Even seventy years ago there was almost no business carried on in the town but what the town itself rendered necessary. A "gabbart" or two might be put together and launched during the year, but there was no symptom that Dumbarton would ever become one of the busiest shipbuilding ports in the kingdom. The brothers Napier carried on a smith and foundry business, but there was nothing in the extent of their trade to indicate that from such a source would spring the world-renowned and honoured firm of Robert Napier and Sons. Even at that time, however, Dumbarton was one of the most extensive glass-manufacturing centres in the kingdom; and for some years the principal company paid into the public exchequer no less than from 115,000*l.* to 119,000*l.* of excise duties annually. Strange to say, however, this industry is no longer a staple in Dumbarton, having, from a succession of causes, almost died out about 1850. Iron shipbuilding had fortunately begun to take its place, and from the interesting particulars given by Mr. Irving it will be seen that, so far as merchant-shipping is concerned, Dumbarton is scarcely surpassed, for the quantity of tonnage it turns out yearly, by any other port in the kingdom. No doubt what contributed greatly to

Dumbarton becoming a centre of steam-ship building is the fact that the Clyde was the cradle of steam-navigation in Europe; at any rate, Henry Bell, the designer of the first steamer, the *Comet*, was a resident of Helensburgh at the time. Mr. Irving tells the story of Bell and his invention in considerable detail, with some fine illustrations of Bell's first efforts. In 1815 the first Joint-Stock Steam Navigation Company in Britain was formed at Dumbarton, to run the *Duke of Wellington* between that town and Glasgow. This was the first steamboat which made any pretensions to compete with the old-established methods for the conveyance of goods and passengers. "As compared with modern steam-vessels, the *Duke* may well be looked upon as a thing utterly insignificant; the deed of copartnery binding the shareholders to furnish her with the engine 'of at least twelve-horse power;' but limited as was her capabilities, she was for two or three years more than sufficient for the small trade then existing." One trip up and down was performed in the day; the fare each way being 3*s*. and 2*s*. *Tempora mutantur*, as every tourist to Scotland knows; dozens of steamers sail down and up the Clyde daily to and from all parts of the world, and one can get all the luxuries of one of the palatial river-steamers—eighty miles for 6*d*. The progress during the past sixty years has been at the highest pressure; we seem to have leaped at once from darkness to light. Dumbarton itself has been almost re-created; all old things have passed away; the town is now something like ten times the size it was at the beginning of the century, and the music of hundreds of hammers may be heard all day long. Progress in the county has kept pace with progress in the town; agriculture, and sheep and cattle-rearing, and widespread industries of many kinds have left no footing for Highland free-booters and old-world convivialists. Social, political, and religious freedom and education have kept equal pace with industry, and now, as at the beginning, Dumbarton town and county may be taken as fairly representative of the best towns and counties of the kingdom. The forces which have been at work to bring about this evolution—which is only revolution on a gradual scale—such works as Mr. Irving's help the discerning student of our history to discover. We have only touched on a very few of the points suggested by these interesting and handsome volumes. Into the records of the various parishes of the county we have not dared to enter, nor into the interesting accounts of ecclesiastical affairs, and of the families whose handsome mansions now stud the county, which, with its varied beauty of hill and dale, mountain and plain, loch and river, is a striking contrast to the time when Roman, and Pict, and Scot, and Attacott fought their savage fights under the shadow of Antoninus' wall.

J. Scott Keltie.

SHELLEY'S LIFE NEAR SPÉZZIA, HIS DEATH AND BURIALS.

The life of Percy Bysshe Shelley, in a full sense of the word *life*, has yet to be written. Certain chapters of it have, it is true, been written with great felicity by authoritative persons; but in almost every instance where a biographer having unimpeachable material and special personal knowledge has set himself to the task, there has been some drawback of the first importance. The poet's widow, under threats from his father affecting the material subsistence of herself and her infant son, had to desist for years from the task, and finally left us, in lieu of a biography, her series of invaluable notes to his works. Medwin, who had a good store of material, combined two fatal qualities with a seemingly affectionate regard for his cousin. The first was bluntness of perception, whereby the impressions of events upon his mind were blurred and inexact; the second, a memory cognate with the perception, retentive, but inaccurately retentive. Thus, whether we dig in the *Conversations of Lord Byron at Pisa* for Shelleyan ore, or consult *The Shelley Papers* of 1832-3, or the *Life* of 1847, the greatest circumspection must be used. Hunt's scattered essays in Shelleyan biography, important as they are, are remarkably small in extent, considering the warmth of his friendship, the closeness of his intimacy with the poet, and the length of years he survived him. Yet the quality of his genius was perhaps not sufficiently judicial to render it a matter of the greatest regret that he made no serious attempt to write his friend's life. The vivid and vivacious work of Hogg is often far too riotous for the occasion; a *bon-vivant* in every sense, Hogg took even his "incomparable friend the divine poet" with the gusto of an epicure; and the *Life* as far as it goes is to a great extent the life of Hogg's Shelley: nevertheless, and notwithstanding a pervading lack of care as to details, it presents a convincing portrait of the youthful Shelley as seen by an observer of keen intelligence, and is of the highest value for the early part of Shelley's life. Peacock's articles contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*[1] are invaluable as regards the ground they cover; but it is not a very wide area. Trelawny is the best of all personal observers who have left us any substantial record of Shelley; but he did not know the poet till early in 1822, and, however impressive the obvious truth of his record in essentials, it remains to be admitted that it deals authoritatively with the last few months of Shelley's existence only, resting for other points dealt with upon communicated knowledge as distinct from observation.

Thus, without leaving us even the complete materials for a Life, the generation that knew Shelley face to face, for whom the breath of him mixed with the air they breathed, has almost disappeared; and while Trelawny still bears about with him, hale and stalwart, the recollection of the poet in the flesh and the memory of the last offices which he performed for his disfigured body at Via Reggio, a new generation of devotees has sprung up. His only surviving son still keeps silence, occasionally permitting to be given to the public something from the store of records and writings that

[1] Given also in the third vol. of Peacock's Works (Bentley, 1875).

have passed into his hands. The *Shelley Memorials*, with their twenty-seven priceless letters, supplement, but do not supersede, the bulky and less authoritative works of Hogg and Medwin. The *Relics of Shelley* which it was the honourable fortune of Mr. Garnett to give to the reading public in 1862 contribute much to the works and somewhat to the life: the same skilful hand supplied another chapter of the life on discovering the now well-known letters[1] in *Stockdale's Budget;* and again Mr. Garnett contributed something of high value from the family archives when he reviewed the new edition of Trelawny's book in *The Fortnightly Review* for June, 1878. Meanwhile Mr. William Rossetti has for the first time systematized the accessible material, examined conflicting statements, and put a definite check upon the undue influence of *ex parte* essays in biography; shown how futile it is for holders of this or that view to hope that the life of Shelley can be either permanently hidden or ultimately recorded with any bias. The memoir prefixed to Mr. Rossetti's edition of Shelley's poems, published in 1870, bears on every page evidence that an enthusiastic admirer of the poet and the man, and one whose enthusiasm is under the direction of a thoroughly judicial mind, has at length taken the matter in hand in the interests of the public; and so many clues are here indicated for others to follow up that there can be no doubt but outlying buried material will continue to be brought to the surface for years to come. Still, neither in the original memoir nor in the revised reprint of it prefixed to Mr. Rossetti's edition of 1878, is it attempted to make Shelley and the various figures of the Shelley drama live, move, speak, and act before us. Such a labour could never be done within those limits; and perhaps Mr. Rossetti reserves it for a later period, when the data shall have been further matured. Mr. John Addington Symonds, again, without any pretence of original research, has filled a blank space in an admirable way. As a critical memorandum concerning Shelley's life and writings, suited to give the general reader a fair idea of the poet, Mr. Symonds's work excels all that have gone before it; but it is not, as it does not purport to be, a full and final biography of Shelley. Doubtless the *Shelley* of the "English Men of Letters"[1] series would have greater attractions for the reading million than Mr. Rossetti's memoir with its grave impartiality, its keen judgments upon conflicting evidence, and its weight of erudition; but it is none the less to be desired that a reprint of that memoir in a separate and portable form should be ready for wide dissemination, to carry into distant corners its honest and manly appreciation of the glorious and the faulty in Shelley, and its piled-up demonstration (not altogether intentional) that the life of Shelley is scattered in countless documents over the face of the earth, and only needs gathering in and combining. *Only* that! But whence and where shall we get the man at once able and willing to accomplish this labour for posterity?

Another example of what earnest research may do is Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy's bulky volume, *Shelley's Early Life, from Original Sources.*[2] Undisciplined as that work must be considered in arrangement of materials and expression of opinion, it is indisputable that it literally bristles with facts newly brought to light. It is a book as indispensable for those who would contemplate the early life of Shelley as Trelawny's is for those who

[1] Reprinted and annotated in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1860. The authenticity of these letters has rested, I believe, solely on the good faith of Stockdale, and their internal probability. I have lately seen the original MS. of one of them, which is unquestionably in the autograph of Shelley, and presents no variation of consequence from Stockdale's print.

[1] *Shelley.* Macmillan and Co., 1878.

[2] Hotten, 1872.

would "consider his latter end": if only it were as pleasant to read, how much should we not have to thank Mr. MacCarthy for! But the coming biographer must face it boldly with the rest of the documents laid before him, even if it take him a month or two to extract all the vital portions from it and arrange them for himself; and until he has done that he will not know how great his debt really is to Mr. MacCarthy's unflagging energy of research and keen perception of weak points in writings about Shelley which have preceded his own.

At the important point where Shelley's life becomes implicated with that of the Godwin circle Mr. Kegan Paul, in dealing with that circle, has been allowed to give us a little light; and the biographer must examine *William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*,[1] with particular care. Even from the later volume, *Mary Wollstonecraft's Letters to Imlay*,[2] one or two clues may be obtained for research; but Shelley's relations with that circle remain strangely little known; and the documents throwing most light on this part of his life are not all in the same keeping.

The last days of Shelley have been specially canvassed of late, owing to the appearance of a second edition of Trelawny's book under a new title,[3] and with much additional matter. These last days are of peculiar and pressing interest; and sooner or later, when the final biography of Shelley appears, it must embody a reconstruction of all the Pisan, Florentine, and Lerician circle. But before that can be done a great deal more material will have to be unearthed; and as I find among the numerous papers in my possession some of extreme interest bearing on this part of the Shelley theme, I have arranged them here with the view of showing as far as may be the state of mind and the circumstances of some of the leading actors in the drama, and the impressions created in other contemporary minds by the untimely death of the poet. The letter from Mrs. Shelley to Mrs. Gisborne, which I place first in the series, can scarcely be overrated, having regard to the light which it throws upon the home life at San Terenzio; and the interest is scarcely impaired by the fact that Mr. Garnett has extracted some small portions of it and published them in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* already referred to. Those extracts I presume to have been taken from a transcript by Mr. Gisborne, now, I believe, in Sir Percy Shelley's possession: in the following pages the letter is given in its integrity from the original. The address is completed in the handwriting of Thomas Love Peacock, who has written his own address on one of the "doublings," and its interest as a relic of the Shelley circle is further enhanced by an endorsement in the hand of John Gisborne, showing that it was received on the 3rd of September, 1822, nineteen days after it was written, and that it was answered. When we consider that this letter was written within six weeks of the catastrophe and under the impression that at the very time Trelawny, Byron, and Hunt were at the cremation on the seashore near Via Reggio, we cannot but be struck with the extraordinary fortitude which the stoic philosopher Godwin had transmitted to his remarkable daughter.

The interest of this letter, however, does not lie wholly, or mainly, in the record it preserves of the mental and moral attitude of the chosen partner of the last eight years of Shelley's life. In that respect, it is true, it has a very great value; but its chief merit is that it gives, from absolutely immediate impressions, a more detailed account than has yet been forthcoming of the circumstances connected with one of the most important episodes of the literary history of the century

[1] 2 vols., Henry S. King and Co., 1879.

[2] C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1876.

[3] *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author.* By Edward John Trelawny. 2 vols. Pickering, 1876.

—the untimely death of Shelley. It is the leading document in a series of which some are given in the *Shelley Memorials* and some in the *Relics of Shelley*—I mean the series of Mrs. Shelley's letters written during the first year of her widowhood. It is the letter to which Mrs. Shelley refers in one of the 10th of September, 1822, to Mrs. Gisborne, and the want of which has always made that particular part of the *Memorials*[1] seem so incomplete. For although a hint of the closing circumstances of the tragedy was given in the preface to the *Posthumous Poems* (1824), this was written almost two years after Shelley's death; and though a comparatively full account was given in Mrs. Shelley's note to the poems of 1822, published in her editions of 1839 and onwards, the present letter far exceeds that note both in vividness of impression and in fulness of detail.[2] The separation of this letter from others addressed to Mrs. Gisborne probably derives from the request made in the next letter from Mrs. Shelley to that lady, that this particular one might be sent on to Godwin; and those who have felt its absence as a great stumbling-block in studying Shelley's life through such documents as have been accessible will be glad indeed to see the letter brought to light.

MRS. SHELLEY *to* MRS. GISBORNE.
[15 *August*, 1822.]

I said in a letter to Peacock, my dear Mrs. Gisborne, that I would send you some account of the last miserable months of my disastrous life. From day to day I have put this off, but I will now endeavour to fulfil my design. The scene of my existence is closed & though there be no pleasure in retracing the scenes that have preceded the event which has crushed my hopes, yet there seems to be a necessity in doing so, and I obey the impulse that urges me. I wrote to you either at the end of May or the beginning of June. I described to you the place we were living in:—our desolate house,[3] the beauty yet strangeness[4] of the scenery, and the delight Shelley took in all this—he never was in better health or spirits than during this time. I was not well in body or mind. My nerves were wound up to the utmost irritation, and the sense of misfortune hung over my spirits. No words can tell you how I hated our house and the country about it.[5] Shelley reproached me for this—his health was good & the place was quite after his own heart—what could I answer—that the people were wild & hateful, that though the country was beautiful yet I liked a more *countryfied* place, that there was great difficulty in living—that all our Tuscans would leave us, & that the very jargon of these *Genovese* was disgusting. This was all I had to say, but no words could describe my feelings—the beauty of the woods made me weep & shudder—so vehement was my feeling of dislike that I used to rejoice when the winds & waves permitted me to go out in the boat so that I was not obliged to take my usual walk among tree-shaded paths, allies [*sic*] of vine festooned trees—all that before I doated on—& that now weighed on me. My only moments of peace were on board that unhappy boat when lying down with my head on his knee I shut my eyes &

[1] Chapter xiv, pp. 205 *et seq.*

[2] There are, however, passages in the note that have no corresponding passages here, as for instance the account of the insane proprietor who rooted up the olive-trees and planted the English forest trees now forming the beautiful background of Casa Magni.

[3] "The house is on the very edge of the sea, and had been a convent of Jesuits. I saw the waves foaming and roaring at the foot, and with an impatience which has seldom gone so far with me, could almost have blasphemously trampled at them, and cried out." *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, 1862, vol. i. p. 191.

[4] The exquisitely variegated volcanic rocks certainly import an element of strangeness into the great beauty of that coast.

[5] Shelley, writing to Horace Smith on the 29th of June, 1822, regrets that "Mary has not the same predilection for this place" that he has (*Essays*, &c., vol. ii. p. 355); and it will be remembered that in the note on the poems of 1822, Mrs. Shelley avowed this difference of views in a certain qualified sense: "Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves further from civilization and comfort; but where the sun shines the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury; and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively." The impression of discomfort softened with time.

felt the wind & our swift motion alone. My ill health might account for much of this—bathing in the sea somewhat relieved me—but on the 8th of June (I think it was) I was threatened with a miscarriage, & after a week of great ill health on Sunday the 16th this took place at eight in the morning. I was so ill that for seven hours I lay nearly lifeless—kept from fainting by brandy, vinegar, eau-de-Cologne, &c., at length ice was brought to our solitude—it came before the doctor, so Claire & Jane were afraid of using it; but Shelley[1] overruled them & by an unsparing application of it I was restored. They all thought, & so did I at one time, that I was about to die. I hardly wish that I had, my own Shelley could never have lived without me, the sense of eternal misfortune would have pressed too heavily upon him, & what would have become of my poor babe? My convalescence was slow and during it a strange occurrence happened to retard it. But first I must describe our house to you. The floor on which we lived was thus—

5	7	3
6	2	4
1		

1 is a terrace that went the whole length of our house & was precipitous to the sea[1]; 2 the large dining-hall. 3 a private staircase; 4 my bedroom, 5 Mrs. W.'s bedroom, 6 Shelley's & 7 the entrance from the great staircase.[2] Now to return. As I said Shelley was at first in perfect health but having over fatigued himself one day, & then the fright my illness gave him caused a return of nervous sensations & visions as bad as in his worst times. I think it was the Saturday after[3] my illness, while yet unable to walk I was confined to my bed—in the middle of the night I was awoke by hearing him scream & come rushing into my room; I was sure that he was asleep, & tried to waken him by calling on him, but he continued to scream which inspired me with such a panic that I jumped out of bed & ran across the hall to Mrs. W.'s room where I fell through weakness, though I was so frightened that I got up again immediately—she let me in & Williams went to S. who had been wakened by my getting out of bed—he said that he had not been asleep & that it was a vision that he saw that had frightened him.[4]—But as he declared that he had not

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[1] Shelley has been so often accused of drawing upon his imagination for the numerous adventures recounted by him in writing and *vivâ voce*, that any calm statement confirming him in a detail is of peculiar value to the biographer. Compare this account with that which he gives himself in a letter to the Gisbornes partially published by Mr. Garnett in his *Fortnightly Review* article. Shelley says (p. 862), "As she was totally destitute of medical assistance, I took the most decisive resolutions, and by dint of making her sit in ice, I succeeded in checking the hæmorrhage and the fainting-fits. . ."

[2] Trelawny (vol. i, p. 162) says that over the ground floor "there were a large saloon and four bedrooms, and nothing more; there was an out-building for cooking, and a place for the servants to eat and sleep in. The Williamses had one room and Shelley and his wife occupied two more, facing each other." This accuracy speaks volumes for the narrator's memory; and we must presume that, not being in the secret of the private staircase, Trelawny mentally set down that space as a fourth room. In the woodcut of the house facing the foregoing passage there is apparently no habitable space above the floor in question; but the house would seem to have been heightened since then, for there is now another floor with a row of windows looking on the sea. Medwin appears to have visited Casa Magni in August, 1822. He says (*Shelley Papers*, p. 91), after describing the basement: "A dark and somewhat perpendicular staircase now led us to the only floor that remained. It . . . consisted of a saloon with eight doors, and four chambers at the four corners: this, with the exception of a terrace in front, was the whole house. The verandah, which ran the whole length of the villa, was of considerable width. . ." In repeating this passage in the *Life* (vol. ii, p. 309), Medwin omits the eight seemingly apocryphal doors which had "crept into" his saloon of 1832-3.

[3] Either Mr. Garnett or Mr Gisborne mistranscribed this word: in extracting the passage (*Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878, p. 864), Mr. Garnett makes it read *the Saturday of*. It is *after* in the letter, the whole of which is so clearly and firmly written that there is not a single doubtful word.

[4] It may be instructive to compare this series of visions with a passage at pp. 191-2 of the *Shelley Memorials*; "One night loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm; Mrs. Shelley also endeavoured to reach the spot, but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon, the Williamses found Shelley staring horribly

screamed it was certainly a dream & no waking vision—what had frightened him was this—He dreamt that, lying as he did in bed Edward and Jane came in to him, they were in the most horrible condition, their bodies lacerated—their bones starting through their skin, the faces pale yet stained with blood, they could hardly walk, but Edward was the weakest, & Jane was supporting him—Edward said—Get up Shelley, the sea is flooding the house & it is all coming down. S. got up, he thought, & went to his window[1] that looked on the terrace & the sea & thought he saw the sea rushing in. Suddenly his vision changed & he saw the figure of himself strangling me, that had made him rush into my room, yet fearful of frightening me he dared not approach the bed, when my jumping out awoke him, or as he phrased it caused his vision to vanish. All this was frightful enough, & talking it over the next morning he told me that he had had many visions lately—he had seen the figure of himself which met him as he walked on the terrace & said to him—"How long do you mean to be content"—no very terrific words & certainly not prophetic of what has occurred. But Shelley had often seen these figures when ill; but the strangest thing is that Mrs. W. saw him. Now Jane though a woman of sensibility has not much imagination & is not in the slightest degree nervous—neither in dreams or otherwise. She was standing one day, the day before I was taken ill, at a window that looked on the terrace with Trelawny—it was day—she saw as she thought Shelley pass by the window, as he often was then, without a coat or jacket—he passed again—now as he passed both times the same way—and as from the side towards which he went each time there was no way to get back except past the window again (except over a wall twenty feet from the ground) she was struck at her seeing him pass twice thus & looked out & seeing him no more she cried—"Good God can Shelley have leapt from the wall? Where can he be gone?" Shelley said Trelawny—"No Shelley has past—What do you mean?" Trelawny says that she trembled exceedingly when she heard this & it proved indeed that Shelley had never been on the terrace & was far off at the time she saw him. Well we thought more[2] of these things & I slowly got better. Having heard from Hunt that he had sailed from Genoa, on Monday July 1st. S. Edward and Captain Roberts (the Gent who built our boat) departed in our boat for Leghorn to receive him—I was then just better, had begun to crawl from my bedroom to the terrace, but bad spirits succe[e]ded to ill health, and this departure of Shelley's seemed to add insuf[f]erably to my misery. I could not endure that he should go. I called him back two or three times, & told him that if I did not see him soon I would go to Pisa with the child—I cried bitterly when he went away. They went & Jane, Claire & I remained alone with the children—I could not walk out, & though I gradually gathered strength it was slowly & my ill spirits encreased; in my letters to him I entreated him to return—"the feeling that some misfortune would happen," I said, "haunted me": I feared for the child, for the idea of danger connected with him never struck me—when Jane & Claire took their evening walk I used to patrole the terrace, oppressed with wretchedness, yet gazing on the most beautiful scene in the world. This Gulph of Spezia is subdivided into many small bays of which ours was far the most beautiful—the two horns of the bay (so to express myself) were wood covered promontories crowned with castles—at the foot of these on the furthest was Lerici, on the nearest Sant Arenzo[3]—Lerici

into the air, and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he related that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him. He must then have risen in his sleep; for he followed the imaginary figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated, 'Siete sodisfatto?' and vanished." In Medwin's version of this story (*Shelley Papers*, pp. 85-6), the essential incident of the ghost being Shelley's "fetch" is not omitted; but the version of the *Memorials* would seem to have been adopted from the careless repetition in Medwin's *Life* (vol. ii. p. 300), from which that incident is dropped. See also Trelawny (vol. i, p. 163).

[1] In the original *to the his window*. I presume *the* was the word meant to come out, and that we were to understand "that window of his room which looked on the terrace," &c. The room No. 6 in Mrs. Shelley's sketch plan has, in fact, two windows, one in the front of the house and one at the side.

[2] Whether the word *no* was accidentally omitted is matter for conjecture: certainly, in the letter, we read *thought more*, not *thought no more*.

[3] So in the letter. *Sant Arenzo* is certainly not the name of the place, though it is a little nearer than Medwin's *San Lorenzo* (*Shelley Papers*, p. 89). Mr. MacCarthy (*Shelley's Early Life*) substitutes *San Terenzio* on the authority of an Italian *Guida Pittorica;* and

being above a mile by land from us & San Arenzo about a hundred or two yards—trees covered the hills that enclosed this bay & their beautiful groups were picturesquely contrasted with the rocks the castle on [*sic*, but qy. *and*?] the town[1]—the sea lay far extended in front while to the west we saw the promontory & islands which formed one of the extreme boundaries of the Gulph—to see the sun set upon this scene, the stars shine and the moon rise was a sight of wondrous beauty, but to me it added only to my wretchedness—I repeated to myself all that another would have said to console me, and told myself the tale of love peace & competence which I enjoyed—but I answered myself by tears—did not my William die? & did I hold my Percy by a firmer tenure?—Yet I thought when he, when my Shelley returns I shall be happy—he will comfort me, if my boy be ill he will restore him & encourage me. I had a letter or two from Shelley[2] mentioning the difficulties he had in establishing the Hunts and that he was unable to fix the time of his return. Thus a week past. On Monday 8th Jane had a letter from Edward, dated Saturday, he said that he waited at Leghorn for S. who was at Pisa,—that S.'s return was certain, "but," he continued, "if he should not come by Monday I will come in a felucca, & you may expect me teusday [*sic*] evening at furthest." This was Monday, the fatal Monday, but with us it was stormy all day and we did not at all suppose that they could put to sea. At twelve at night we had a thunderstorm, Teusday [*sic*] it rained all day & was calm — wept on their graves — on Wednesday — the wind was fair from Leghorn & in the evening several feluccas arrived thence — one brought word that they had sailed Monday, but we did not believe them—thursday was another day of fair wind & when twelve at night came & we did not see the tall sails of the little boat double the promontory[3] before us we began to fear not the truth, but some illness—some disagreeable news for their detention. Jane got so uneasy that she determined to proceed the next day to Leghorn in a boat to see what was the matter—friday came & with it a heavy sea & bad wind—Jane however resolved to be rowed to Leghorn (since no boat could sail) and busied herself in preparations—I wished her to wait for letters, since friday was letter day—she would not—but the sea detained her, the swell rose so that no boat would venture out—At 12 at noon our letters came—there was one from Hunt to Shelley, it said — "pray write to tell us how you got home, for they say that you had bad weather after you sailed Monday & we are anxious"—[4] the paper fell from me—I trembled all over—Jane read it—"Then it is all over!" she said "No, my dear Jane," I cried "it is not all over, but this suspense is dreadful—come with me, we will go to Leghorn, we will post to be swift & learn our fate." We crossed to Lerici, despair in our hearts; they raised our spirits there by telling us that no accident had been heard of & that it must have been known &c—but still our fear was great — and without resting we posted to Pisa. It must have been fearful to see us—two poor, wild, aghast creatures—driving (like Matilda) towards the sea to learn if we were to be for ever doomed to misery. I knew that Hunt was at Pisa at Lord Byron's house but I thought that L. B. was at Leghorn. I settled that we should drive to Casa Lanfranchi that I should get out & ask the fearful question of Hunt, "do you know anything of Shelley?' On entering Pisa the idea of seeing Hunt for the first time for four years under such

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I believe that to be the right name. Friends of mine in Italy, familiar with the place for years, both speak and write the name so: it is so in the official lists of Italian post-towns, and in Italian maps, including one on a scale of 1 to 40,000, published in 1878 by the Italian Post Office; but Mr. J. L. Walker (*Notes and Queries*, July 28, 1877) says, on the authority of an "excellent government map" that *S. Terenzo* is the name. Some of these excellent authorities are wrong: will no philanthropist get the matter settled?

[1] The town and castle of San Terenzio which, especially as seen from the immediate neighbourhood of the seat known there as Shelley's seat, are peculiarly picturesque. An ilex-tree, under which the poet is said to have written much of *The Triumph of Life*, has been cut down.

[2] See the final letter in the *Essays, Letters*, &c. (2 vols., 1840 and later dates).

[3] From the Casa Magni one looks across the sea upon a promontory of no ordinary beauty, castellated at the extreme point, and with an island at no great distance; and to have seen the Tor-Bay-rigged *Don Juan* work through the passage must have been a very striking sight.

[4] The letter is printed in *Relics of Shelley*, p. 113. "Shelley Mio, pray let us know how you got home the other day with Williams, for I fear you must have been out in the bad weather, and we are anxious," &c.

circumstances, & asking him such a question was so terrific to me that it was with difficulty that I prevented myself from going into convulsions—my struggles were dreadful—they knocked[1] at the door & some one called out "chi è?" it was the Guiccioli's maid — L. B. was in Pisa—Hunt was in bed, so I was to see L. B. instead of him—This was a great relief to me; I staggered up stairs—the Guiccioli came to meet me smiling while I could hardly say—"Where is he—Sapete alcuna cosa di Shelley"—They knew nothing—he had left Pisa on Sunday—on Monday he had sailed—there had been bad weather Monday afternoon—more they knew not. Both L. B. and the lady have told me since—that on that terrific evening I looked more like a ghost than a woman—light seemed to emanate from my features, my face was very white—I looked like marble—Alas I had risen almost from a bed of sickness for this journey—I had travelled all day—it was now 12 at night—& we refusing to rest proceeded to Leghorn—not in despair—no, for then we must have died, but with sufficient hope to keep up the agitation of the spirits which was all my life. It was past two in the morning when we arrived—They took us to the wrong inn—neither Trelawny or Captain Roberts were there nor did we exactly know where they were so we were obliged to wait until daylight. We threw ourselves drest on our beds & slept a little but at 6 o'clock we went to one or two inns to ask for one or the other of these gentlemen. We found Roberts at the Globe. He came down to us with a face which seemed to tell us that the worst was true, and here we learned all that had occurred during the week they had been absent from us, & under what circumstances they had departed on their return———. Shelley had past most of the time a[t] Pisa—arranging the affairs of the Hunts—and skrewing L. B.'s mind to the sticking place about the journal.[2] He had found this a difficult task at first but at length he had succeeded to his heart's content with both points. Mrs. Mason said that she saw him in better health and spirits than she had ever known him, when he took leave of her sunday July 7th, his face burnt by the sun, & his heart light that he had succeeded in rendering the Hunts tolerably comfortable. Edward had remained at Leghorn. On Monday July 8th during the morning they were employed in buying many things—eatables &c. for our solitude. There had been a thunderstorm early but about noon the weather was fine & the wind right fair for Lerici—They were impatient to be gone. Roberts said, stay until tomorrow to see if the weather is settled; & S might have staid but Edward was in so great an anxiety to reach home—saying they would get there in seven hours with that wind—that they sailed! S being in one of those extravagant fits of good spirits in which you have sometimes seen him. Roberts went out to the end of the mole and watched them out of sight—they sailed at one & went off at the rate of about 7 knots — about three — Roberts, who was was still on the mole—saw wind coming from the Gulph—or rather what the Italians call a temporale. Anxious to know how the boat wd weather the storm, he got leave to go up the tower & with the glass discovered them about ten miles out at sea, off Via Reggio, they were taking in their topsails—"The haze of the storm," he said, "hid them from me & I saw them no more— When the storm cleared I looked again fancying that I should see them on their return to us—but there was no boat on the sea."[3]—This then was all we knew, yet we did not despair — they might have been driven over to Corsica & not knowing the coast & gone God knows where. Reports favoured this belief—it was even said that they had been seen in the Gulph—we resolved to return with all possible speed—we sent a courier to go from tower to tower along the coast to know if anything had been seen or found, & at 9 A.M. we quitted Leghorn — stopped but one moment at Pisa & proceeded towards Lerici—When at 2 miles from Via Reggio we rode down to that town to know if they knew anything—here our calamity first began to break on us—a little boat & a

[1] Compare *Shelley Memorials*, p. 199. "Mrs. Shelley, animated by the strength of her terrors, proceeded to Pisa (though she had not yet recovered from her illness), and, rushing into Lord Byron's room with a face of marble, passionately demanded where her husband was. Of course his lordship was unable to give her any information, and she refused to be calmed or comforted. Byron afterwards informed Lady Blessington that he never saw anything in dramatic tragedy to equal the terror of Mrs. Shelley's appearance on that day."

[2] *The Liberal.*

[3] "When the cloud passed onward Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished."—Note to Poems of 1822.

water cask had been found five miles off—they had manufactured a *piccolissimalancia* of thin planks stitched by a shoemaker[1] just to let them run on shore without wetting themselves as our boat drew four feet water.—The description of that found tallied with this—but then this boat was very cumbersome & in bad weather they might have been easily led to throw it overboard—the cask frightened me most—but the same reason might in some sort be given for that. I must tell you that Jane & I were not now alone. Trelawny accompanied us back to our home. We journied on & reached the Magra about ½ past ten P.M. I cannot describe to you what I felt in the first moment when, fording this river I felt the water splash about our wheels—I was suffocated—I gasped for breath—I thought I should have gone into convulsions, & I struggled violently that Jane might not perceive it—looking down the river I saw the two great lights burning at the *foce*—a voice from within me seemed to cry aloud that is his grave. After passing the river I gradually recovered. Arriving at Lerici we were obliged to cross our little bay in a boat—San Arenzo was illuminated for a festa—what a scene—the waving sea—the scirocco wind—the lights of the town towards which we rowed — & our own desolate hearts — that coloured all with a shroud—we landed; nothing had been heard of them. This was Saturday July 13, & thus we waited until Thursday July 25th[2] thrown about by hope and fear. We sent messengers along the coast towards Genoa and to Via Reggio—nothing had been found more than the *lancetta;* reports were brought us—we hoped — & yet to tell you all the agony we endured during those 12 days would be to make you conceive a universe of pain—each moment intolerable & giving place to one still worse. The people of the country too added to one's discomfort—they are like wild savages—on festas the men & women & children in different bands—the sexes always separate—pass the whole night in dancing on the sands close to our door running into the sea then back again and screaming all the time one perpetual air—the most detestable in the world—then the scirocco perpetually blew & the sea for ever moaned their dirge. On thursday 25th Trelawny left us to go to Leghorn to see what was doing or what could be done. On friday I was very ill but as evening came on I said to Jane—"If anything had been found on the coast Trelawny would have returned to let us know. He has not returned so I hope." About 7 o'clock P.M. he did return—all was over—all was quiet now, they had been found washed on shore—Well all this was to be endured.

Well what more have I to say? The next day we returned to Pisa and here we are still—days pass away—one after another—& we live thus. We are all together—we shall quit Italy together. Jane must proceed to London—if letters do not alter my views I shall remain in Paris.—Thus we live—seeing the Hunts now & then. Poor Hunt has suffered terribly as you may guess. Lord Byron is very kind to me & comes with the Guiccioli to see me often.[3] To day—this day—the sun shining in the sky—they are gone to the desolate sea-coast to perform the last offices to their earthly remains,[4] Hunt,

[1] There are still recollections of this shoemaker's boat at Lerici. In the Note on Poems of 1822 Mrs. Shelley refers to "a boat of canvas and reeds," built by Shelley and Williams for this purpose. Trelawny (vol. i., p. 152) describes the building of the wicker and canvas boat very circumstantially. There would thus seem to have been two of these skiffs at Lerici,—indeed three unless Medwin was characteristically inaccurate on this point; for he says (*Shelley Papers,* p. 91, and *Life,* vol. ii, p. 309) that a skiff which he saw in the basement of Casa Magni in August, 1822, was the same which his friends had on the Serchio.

[2] From Claire's letter to Leigh Hunt, given further on, it seems that already on the 14th Roberts had heard that the bodies were "found three miles from Via Reggio." This is curiously circumstantial for a mere variant of the rumour Taaffe had heard by the 20th (see his letter to Lord Byron further on); but I find no reason for doubting that the 22nd was actually the day on which the bodies were thrown up, as indicated in the *Shelley Memorials,* p. 200.

[3] Twice a week, Mrs. Shelley says in her next letter to Mrs. Gisborne, written on the 10th of September, 1822 (*Shelley Memorials*). By December the visits had decreased in frequency to once a month.—See the last letter to Claire in this series.

[4] In a subsequent letter to Mrs. Gisborne (*Shelley Memorials,* p. 209), Mrs. Shelley says, referring to this passage, "I said . . . . that on that day (Aug. 15) they had gone to perform the last offices for him; however, I erred in this, for on that day those of Edward were alone fulfilled, and they returned on the 16th to celebrate Shelley's." Trelawny (vol. i. p. 204) says:—"On the 13th of August, 1822, I went on board the *Bolivar,*" &c.; and the narrative goes on to show that Williams was

L. B. & Trelawny. The quarantine laws would not permit us to remove them sooner—& now only on condition that we burn them to ashes.[4] That I do not dislike—His rest shall be at Rome beside my child—where one day I also shall join them—Adonais is not Keats's it is his own elegy—he bids you there go to Rome—I have seen the spot where he now lies—the sticks that mark the spot where the sands cover him—he shall not be there it is too near Via Reggio—they are now about this fearful office—& I live! One more circumstance I will mention. As I said he took leave of Mrs. Mason in high spirits on Sunday—"Never" said she "did I see him look happier than the last glance I had of his countenance." On Monday he was lost—on Monday night she dreamt that she was somewhere—she knew not where & he came looking very pale & fearfully melancholy—she said to him—"You look ill, you are tired, sit down & eat." "No" he replied, "I shall never eat more, I have not a soldo left in the world."—"Nonsense" said she, "this is no inn—you need not pay"—"perhaps," he answered, "it is the worse for that." Then she awoke & going to sleep again she dreamt that my Percy was dead & she awoke crying bitterly—so bitterly & felt so miserable—that she said to herself—"why if the little boy should die I should not feel it in this manner." She was so struck with these dreams that she mentioned them to her servant the next day—saying she hoped all was well with us.

Well here is my story—the last story I shall have to tell—all that might have been bright in my life is now despoiled—I shall live to improve myself to take care of my child & render myself worthy to join him. Soon my weary pilgrimage will begin—I rest now—but soon I must leave Italy—& then—there is an end of all but despair. Adieu. I hope you are well and happy. I have an idea that while he was at Pisa that he received a letter from you that I have never seen—so not knowing where to direct I shall send this letter to Peacock—I shall send it open—he may be glad to read it.

Yours ever truly,

MARY W. S.

PISA, *August* 15th, 1822.

I shall probably write to you soon again. I have left out a material circumstance—a fishing boat saw them go down—It was about 4 in the afternoon—they saw the boy at mast head, when baffling winds struck the sails—they had looked away a moment & looking again the boat was gone—This is their story but there is little down [*sic*, but qy. *doubt*?] that these men might have saved them, at least Edward who could swim. They cd not they said get near her—but 3 quarters of an hour after passed over the spot where they had seen her—they protested no wreck of her was visible, but Roberts going on board their boat found several spars belonging to her.—perhaps they let them perish to obtain these. Trelawny thinks he can get her up, since another fisherman thinks that he has found the spot where she lies, having drifted near shore. T. does this to know perhaps the cause of her wreck—but I care little about it.

Perhaps that is the wisest view to take of the matter; and yet we can hardly help caring a good deal to know the truth. However, nothing fresh has transpired since Mr. Garnett resumed in June, 1878, the evidence for and against the piratical theory, and returned an open verdict. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Gisborne forgot to copy the postscript before the letter was sent on to Godwin: such an omission would account for Mr. Garnett's not having brought forward this very important evidence of Roberts's. Trelawny narrates (vol. i. p. 188) how his Genoese mate spied an oar thought to have belonged to the *Don Juan* on board a fishing-boat; but the "several spars *belonging* to her" (not merely *thought* to have belonged to her) discovered by Roberts correspond curiously with Trelawny's letter of the 27th of December, 1875, to the *Times*, except that in that letter it is the Genoese mate who is again referred to: "The Genoese said, 'Why, there are some of her spars on board

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burnt the day after this embarkation, Shelley the day after that. Is "13th" a misprint for "14th?"

[1] This has an important bearing on a matter in controversy,—why they were burnt, leaving a doubt whether the burning spoken of in 1839 (*Poetical Works*, vol. iv., note, p. 234), as a condition of the quarantine law was not a matter upon which Mrs. Shelley's memory had betrayed her.

you,' pointing to an English oar, 'that belongs to her.' This they all denied." Is it possible that Trelawny's memory after fifty-three years failed to discriminate between the Genoese mate's suspicion and Roberts's certainty? It seems hardly likely that Mrs. Shelley's particular record, written at the time, can be inaccurate.

Readers of the present article will doubtless all remember the somewhat graceless figure cut by one Taaffe in the accounts of the fracas with a dragoon at Pisa, and how that gentleman's blundering sense of wounded honour nearly cost Shelley his life, and earned for him at the hand of Mrs. Williams the nickname of "False Taaffe." Mr. Garnett, remarking that "Taaffe seems to have been the common butt of the Pisan circle" (*Fortnightly*, June, 1878, p. 852), hints at a romantic antecedent history too voluminous for relation in an article on Shelley; but he does not add that the relation would not redound to the Irish hero's credit. The history may be allowed to slumber in oblivion with Mr. Taaffe's translation of Dante, reputed to contain the line, "I Mantuan, capering, squalid, squalling," and forming the subject of two remarkable letters of Shelley to Ollier, extant, but unpublished. The following letter to Byron, however, is creditable to our Pisan "butt"; and it affords an interesting example of the busyness of rumour:

TAAFFE *to* BYRON.

[20 *July*, 1822.]

MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—

This moment have I heard the most frightful report with regard to Mr. and Mrs. Shelley—that they have been lost at sea. The details related are horribly particular: but it is these that make me hope the whole an invention (I have heard so many untruths lately!) for they say that the proof of the tidings being true is that a young female was found on the shore much disfigured but still recognized as Mrs. Shelley and that this happened many *days ago*. Now Mrs. Shelley was not in Leghorn at all but with Mrs. Williams at Spezzia when I left Pisa. It was only Shelley himself and Williams (of whom no one says anything) that were in Leghorn. There would have been hardly time for them to have returned to Spezzia; and for Shelley & Mrs. Shelley to have come back to Leghorn and be drowned *returning back again from Leghorn several days ago*. In fine I believe this to be a malicious invention or at least what I hate an ill-timed improper practical jest: but still I cannot rest till I am assured it is so. I certainly would not trouble your Lordship, did I know who else to write to. But it requires so many days to have an answer from Spezzia itself; that I hope *that* and the horrid nature of this report will excuse me requesting you will in some way or other have me informed of the truth of the matter by return of post. I wrote to you twice lately, once by Mr. Dawkins and in the course of the week by post As the latter contained the representation of M. de Monbel the Austrian Minister (and indeed being therefore almost official) I am very solicitous to know that it reached your Lordship's hands safely.

I have the honour to be,

Yours truly,

J. TAAFFE JUNR.

Saturday, *July* 20, 1822, FLORENCE.

It will be observed that this letter is dated two days before the day on which the bodies are reputed to have been actually found. The next letter is undated but for the words *Friday evening*; and it is not quite certain on which Friday it was written. Slow as postal operations were in those days, it seems unlikely that Roberts's letter of the 15th would only be delivered on the 26th, while Hunt's of the 9th arrived on the 12th. Perhaps we must assume that Trelawny left Casa Magni on Thursday the 18th as well as on Thursday the 25th, "to go to Leghorn to see what was doing." His own brief account is that during the many days of suspense he "patrolled the coast with the coastguard."

MISS CLAIRMONT *to* LEIGH HUNT.

[19 *or* 26 *July*, 1822.]

Friday Evening.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Trelawny went for Livorno last night—there came this afternoon a letter to him from Captain Roberts

—he had left orders with Mary that she might open it; I did not allow her to see it—he writes there is no hope but they are lost and their bodies found 3 miles from Via Reggio; this letter is dated July 15th, and says he had heard this news July 14th. Outside the letter he has added—I am now on my way to Via Reggio to ascertain the facts or *no facts* contained in my letter. This then implies that he doubts and as I also doubt the report because we had a letter from the Captain of the Port at Via Reggio July 15th later than when Mr. Roberts writes to say nothing had been found; for this reason I have not shewn his letter either to Mary or Mrs. Williams—how can I? even if it were true?

I pray you to answer this by return of my messenger. I assure you I cannot break it to them, nor is my spirit weakened as it is from constant suffering capable of giving them consolation, or protecting them from the first burst of their despair. I entreat you, to give me some counsel, or to arrange some method by which they may know it. I know not what further to add except that their case is desperate in every respect, and Death would be the greatest kindness to us all.

Ever your sincere friend,

CLAIRE.

Reserving for another occasion any comment on the writer's allusion to her own sufferings, I pass to two expressions of regret from literary men.

"BARRY CORNWALL" *to* MR. CHARLES OLLIER.

[*Postmark*, *Aug.* 14, 1822.]

Blackheath.

Tuesday evening.

MY DEAR SIR,—

If possible I will come to town to-morrow afternoon—I need not say that I shall be happy to take Charles Lamb by the hand, or to see you—If I should not come excuse me.

That cursed Gulph of Spezzia was never so rich before. If there grow not a harmony on its waters, the imagination of men will be dull indeed. Shelley is a grievous loss to all lovers of true poetry,—of which however there are not so many. They were a scarce breed originally & the influx of parish business (like a wet season) has quenched the admiration of some—but we hope for better days—for old days.

Yours truly,

B. W. PROCTER.

Did you ever write to or see Mr. Wainwright?

To Mr. Charles Ollier, Public Library,
Vere Street, Bond Street.

For Procter's reasons for inquiring about Wainwright, the curious reader is referred to the poet's autobiography and recollections of literary men. About the same date as that of the foregoing letter Charles Lamb addressed one to Mr. Charles Ollier on indifferent subjects, but having a most curious and characteristic postscript on the present topic:—

"I have been in France,
I have eaten frogs,
Poor Percy Bishe!"

The two following letters from Mrs. Shelley are of consequence in completing the record of the early days of her widowhood:—

MRS. SHELLEY *to* MISS CLAIRMONT.

[15 *September*, 1822.]

MY DEAR CLAIRE,—

I do not wonder that you were & are melancholy—or that the excess of that feeling should oppress you. Great God! what we have gone through—what variety of care and misery, all closed now in blackest night. And I—am I not melancholy?—here in this busy hateful Genoa where nothing speaks to me of him, except the sea, which is his murderer,—well I shall have his books & manuscripts & in those I shall live & from the study of those I do expect some instants of content. In solitude my imagination & ever moving thoughts may afford me some seconds of exaltation that may render me both happier here & more worthy of him hereafter. Such as I felt walking up a mountain by myself at sunrise during my journey—when the rocks looked black about me & a white mist concealed all but them—I thought then that thinking of him and exciting my mind my days might pass in a kind of peace—but these thoughts are so fleeting—& then I expect unhappiness alone from all the *worldly* part of my life—from my intercourse with human beings—I *know* that that will bring nothing but unhappiness to me. If indeed I except Trelawny who appears so truly generous & kind.

But I will not talk of myself. You have enough to annoy & make you miser-

able—& in nothing can I assist you. But I do hope that you will find Germany better suited to you in every way than Italy—& that you will make friends—& more than all, become really attached to some one there.

I wish when I was in Pisa that you had said that you thought you should be short of money & I would have left you more—but you seemed to think 150 francessoni plenty.—I would not go on with Goëthe [*sic*] except with a fixed price per sheet to be regularly paid—& that price not less than five guineas—Make this be understood fully through Hunt before you go & then I will take care that you get the money—but if you not [*sic*] *fix* it, then I cannot manage so well.

You are going to Vienna, how anxiously do I hope to find peace—I do not hope to find it here—Genoa has a bad atmosphere for me I fear, & nothing but the horror of being a burthen to my family prevents my accompanying Jane—If I had *any* fixed income I would go at least to Paris [1] —& I shall go the moment I have one.

Adieu my dear Claire, write to me often as I shall to you,

Affectionately yours,

MARY W. S.

PISA, *Septr.* 15, 1822.

I cannot get your German dictionary now since I must have packed it in my great case of books—but I will send it by the first opportunity.

May one be permitted to speculate whether the German dictionary here referred to was one of those migratory books so well known to all owners of libraries? Among the great mass of letters and papers in my possession, is a remarkable letter to Claire (written from the Gisbornes' house at Livorno) in which Shelley playfully refers to Mrs. Gisborne's German dictionary, whereon he proposes to lay violent hands for Claire. This act is projected as a sort of reprisal for certain outstanding debts in connexion with the unlucky steamboat scheme in which Shelley's money had supported the engineering talents of Henry Reveley, Mrs. Gisborne's son by her first marriage. The poet does not appear to have taken his losses on that scheme quite as calmly as we have been accustomed to suppose; for he refers to his money, not without tartness, as being "as irretrievable as Henry's character."

The next letter from Mrs. Shelley gives us an insight into some of the details which tended to embitter her sufferings:—

MRS. SHELLEY *to* MISS CLAIRMONT.

[20 *December*, 1822.]

MY DEAR CLAIRE,

I have delayed writing to you so long for two reasons. First, I have every day expected to hear from you, and secondly I wished to hear something decisive from England to communicate to you. But I have waited in vain for both these things. You do not write —and I begin to despair of ever hearing from you again. A few words will tell you all that has been done in England. When I wrote to you last I think that I told you that L. B. [2] had written to Hanson bidding him call upon Whitton. Hanson wrote to Whitton desiring an interview which W. declined requesting H. to make his application by letter; which H. has done—& I know no more. This does not look like an absolute refusal—but Sir T. [3] is so capricious that we cannot trust to appearances.

And now the chapter about myself is finished, for what can I say of my present life. The weather is bitterly cold with a sharp wind—very unlike dear—Carissima Pisa—but soft airs and balmy gales are not the attributes of Genoa—which place I daily & duly join Marianne [4] in detesting. There is but one fireplace in the house—& although people have been for a month putting up a stove in my room, it smokes too much to permit of its being lighted. So I am obliged to pass the greater part of my time in Hunt's sitting

[1] This intention was carried out the following summer, when we find Mrs. Shelley writing from Paris. (See *Fortnightly Review* for June 1878, p. 857.)

[2] It has been frequently asked why Mrs. Shelley called Byron "Albé." I have not come upon any express explanation; but seeing that the letters L. B. constantly stand for his name in Shelley's, Mrs. Shelley's, and Claire's letters, and that Claire sometimes writes of him as "Albi," I conclude the name is a corruption or approximation of the letters L. B. as pronounced by our English people in Italy.

[3] Sir Timothy Shelley: Whitton was his lawyer.

[4] Mrs. Leigh Hunt.

room, which is as you may guess the annihilation of study—& even of pleasure to a great degree. for after all Hunt does not like me ;[1] it is both our faults & I do not blame him, but so it is. I rise at nine, breakfast work read and if I can at all indure the cold, copy my Shelley's MSS. in my own room & if possible walk before dinner—After that I work—read Greek &c till ten when Hunt & Marianne go to bed. Then I am alone. Then the stream of thought which has struggled against its *argine* all through the busy day, makes a *piena*, and sorrow, & memory and imagination—despair—& hope in despair are the winds & currents that impel it. I am alone & myself—And then I begin to say —as I ever feel—"How I hate life! What a mockery it is to rise, to walk, to feed & then go to rest & in all this a statue might do my part. One thing alone may or can awake me, & that is study the rest is all nothing."—And so it is !—I am silent & serious. Absorbed in my own thoughts—What am I then in this world, if my spirit live not to learn & to become better—that is the whole of my destiny, I look to nothing else. For I dare not look to my little darling other than as—not the sword of Damocles—that is a wrong simile —or to a wrecked seaman's plank—true he stands, & only he, between me & the sea of eternity but I long for that plunge—no I fear for him, pain disappointment—all —all fear.

You see how it is—It is near eleven & my good friends repose—this is the hour when I can think unobtruded upon and these thoughts, malgrè moi will stain this paper. But then, my dear Claire, I have nothing else except my nothingless[2] self to talk about. You have doubtless heard from Jane & I have heard from no one else. I see no one. The Guiccioli and L. B. once a month. Trelawny seldom, & he is on the eve of his departure for Leghorn. All as yet wears a tranquil appearance with regard to Gabrielle. W. is still here—& they go out no where. This is the list of my out door acquaintances, I see no other human face.

[1] Presumably a temporary impression arising from passing differences. That there were very great incompatibilities of disposition I know from other sources ; but that Hunt's regard was soon substantially restored we learn from the letters of July 30 and August 13, 1823, given by Mr. Garnett in *The Fortnightly Review* for June, 1878 (p. 857).

[2] This curious word should probably be read as an equivalent for *less than nothing.*

Marianne suffers during this dreadfully cold weather, but less than I should have supposed. The children are all well. So also is my Percy—poor little darling—they all scold him because he speaks loud a l'Italien—people love to, nay they seem to exist on, finding fault with others—but I have no right to complain—& this unlucky stove is the sole source of all my *dispiacere ;* if I had that I should not teaze any one or any one me, or my only one—but after all these are trifles ; I have sent for another *Engeniere* and I hope before many days are elapsed to retire as before to my hole.

I have again delayed finishing this letter waiting for letters from England—that I might not send you one so barren of all intelligence. but I have had none. And nothing new has happened except Trelawny's departure for Leghorn so that our days are more monotonous than ever. The weather is drearily cold & an eternal north east whistles through every crevice. Percy however is far better in this cold than in summer—he is warmly clothed—& gets on.

Adieu Pray write. My love to Charles.[3] I am ashamed that I do not write to him but I have only an old story to repeat—& this letter tells that.

Affectionately yours,

MARY SHELLEY.

Decr. 20th 1822.

The two foregoing letters were written during the interval between the cremation of Shelley and the first burial of his ashes. It will be remembered that Trelawny placed the ashes in a box on the 15th or 16th of August, and took the box on board the *Bolivar* (vol. i., p. 213); that on reaching Leghorn he consigned it to "our consul at Rome, Mr. Freeborn" ; and that Mr. Freeborn, though requested to keep the box till Trelawny's arrival, was "obliged to inter the ashes with the usual ceremonies in the Protestant burying-place" (vol. ii, p. 1).

In this connexion, fixing dates that indicate how long the poet's ashes were travelling about before their interment at Rome, there are some interesting passages in a series of letters addressed by Joseph Severn

[3] Charles Clairmont, Claire's brother, formerly one of the Godwin household.

to Charles Brown, from which copious extracts where published in the *Athenæum* of the 23rd and 30th of August, 1879. On the 1st of January, 1822, Severn had imparted to Brown his views on the "Monody on Keats" which had reached him, presumably, after Shelley's letter of the 29th of November, 1821. Severn complained of the absence of "balancing of lights and shades" in *Adonais*, and found in it a "want of repose." How little did he think that he would be expecting the ashes of the poet in the course of that year! On the 26th of October he writes of some "German artists and poets" who had seemed much affected by his "recital of Keats's fate—and of Shelley's too;" and further on in the same letter, "I have not heard of Shelly's [*sic*, always] ashes—how shall I do? Tell me on this point, and you shall find me apt." On the 7th of December, 1822, he writes: "Poor Shelly's ashes have arrived. When I get out I will conduct them to the grave, with the respect due to the friend of Keats. I have not yet heard from Hunt or Lord Murray." And on the 21st of January, 1823, he tells Brown he has just returned from Shelley's grave, giving details of much interest. He relates the well-known circumstance that, the old ground where Shelley's son William was buried being closed, the poet's ashes had to be buried in the new ground; tells that it was therefore determined to exhume the child's body and bury it with the father's ashes; and adds that on digging below William's gravestone they found a "skeleton of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet," and abandoned the search rather than disturb any more graves. The box in which Trelawny had deposited the ashes was placed in a coffin, "and it was done," says Severn, "altogether as by the hands of friends." How (but not when) Trelawny on arriving at Rome dug up the box of ashes and deposited it in another grave, is told by him in vol. ii. p. 2. This second burial seems to have taken place about the beginning of April, 1823, and Severn appears to have assisted at it also.

In the letter of the 21st of January, Severn states the names of those who were present at the interment of the ashes—"General Cockburn, Sir C. Sykes, Messrs. Kirkup, Westmacott, Scoles, Freeborn, and the Revs. W. Cook and Burgess." It would be very interesting to know which of these gentlemen Medwin refers to at p. 311, vol. ii. of his *Life of Shelley*, where we read, "A friend of mine, himself no mean poet, and who wrote an elegy on Shelley worthy of a place here, and whose position in life gave him some weight, exerted himself, and successfully, in smoothing the difficulty; and a day was fixed for the interment." This friend was evidently one of the persons present at the ceremony, for Medwin gives his account of it, but not the "elegy." The presence of some of the gentlemen enumerated by Severn appears to have called forth expressions of gratitude from Leigh Hunt, and I subjoin two replies.

SEYMOUR KIRKUP *to* LEIGH HUNT.

ROME, June 8th, 1823.

SIR,—

Your letter has gratified me much, & I am as proud of your addressing to me this mark of delicate regard for the memory of your Friend, as I was of an opportunity (sad as it was) of shewing my respect for his character—I have been a witness, at a distance, of the bitterness of heart which Mr. Shelley's enemies have shewn — Enemies of opinion— But he enjoyed the affection of a small knot of real Friends, whose greatest consolation must be in reflecting that they rendered his short & valuable existence a happy one—

I am grateful to my Friend Mr. Severn for making my name known to you, & I hope if ever we meet, to have the pleasure of assuring you in person of the esteem with which I have the Honour to be,

Sir—

Your very faithful servant,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

To

LEIGH HUNT, Esqre.

By favour of J. Severn, Esq.

SIR GEO. COCKBURN *to* LEIGH HUNT.

ROME, 14th June, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—

I only received your letter of 8th April a few days ago; it was brought to me by a man apparently a Vetturino, who was (what is uncommon in this country)—very *drunk*, so much so that he could scarcely speak.—& could not, or would not tell where he got it.

As you mentioned *on cover*, by favor of Mr. Severn, I immediately endeavoured to find him out, & after much enquiry heard from Mr. Freeborne, that he had *left* Rome.

So far to acct for not answering your letter sooner. In respect to Mr. Shelley it was by accident I heard that his remains were sent to Rome for interment; & I did not hesitate a moment, (tho I only knew him by character) to pay that attention to his memory, which in my opinion his character & genius demanded.—

I am sorry to observe that tho more than 300 English [were] here at the time—few attended, but many I dare say knew nothing of the circumstance, & several I believe *avoided it wilfully*;—on bigoted, or political motives.—Had I had any authority, I should have put the remains into an urn (a 2 guinea affair) this however may still be done if his family chuse it. I have only to add that you estimate this little attention much too highly—

I have the honor to be,
Dear Sir,
Your most obedt. serv.
G. COCKBURN.

"The funeral," says Medwin (*Ibid.*) "was attended by most of the English still lingering in the metropolis of the world"—a statement characteristically at variance with the foregoing record of an eye-witness.

Trelawny's suspicion (vol. ii. p. 243) that the ashes of Shelley had been removed from the place where he and Severn finally deposited them was not unnatural, having regard to the unabiding character of two previous burials. The first burial, under quarantine regulations, at Via Reggio, was of course not satisfactory to any one; but the restless fate that pursued the poet after the classic ceremony on the sea-shore had reduced to ashes what the sea had spared of his remains, is in curious consonance with his life, and with the ceaseless burials and unburials that have found place in regard to the records of his life. One prefers to think, with Mr. Garnett, that the ashes have not been removed from their appropriate proximity to the remains of William Shelley and Keats, and to that "keen pyramid with wedge sublime," whereof the living Shelley sang. But if they have been moved, it behoves those who have any clue to the perpetration of such an act and to its sequel, to follow the matter up; and none who value the honour of England should rest until the ashes of England's greatest lyric poet be duly deposited in the only fit place in England for such sacred relics.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

DR. CHANNING, THE ABOLITIONIST.

The Unitarian body in the new and old world have just been celebrating the centenary of Dr. William Ellery Channing, whom they claim as one of their greater prophets. That claim has been often challenged, and it must be allowed that to the average wayfarer the difficulty of differencing Channing from the best type of Christian known to us in these latter days is a very serious one. However, as he was bred in that Church, and never formally withdrew from it, the Unitarians have, on the whole, a better right than any others to seize on the occasion for bringing him and his testimony once again prominently before us, and deserve the thanks of all friends of human progress for having done so with excellent taste, and no little success. His life and work were many-sided, and well worth study on all sides, but my purpose is to touch on one only, and to speak of him in his relations to that small band of men and women who, to my mind, have earned the highest place as benefactors of our race in this strange and eventful century—to whom the seeker for heroic and Christian lives, for the simplest, the truest, the bravest followers of the Son of Man, will find his highest examples—the Abolitionists of New England. I do not forget, I am proud always to remember, that Old England led the way, and that the struggle here too was one which tried men's hearts and reins. But honour to whom honour is due! And if we will try to think what our anti-slavery movement would have been, had our 800,000 slaves been scattered over the southern counties of England, instead of over islands thousands of miles away, and had belonged by law to the noblemen and squires in those counties more strictly than their rabbits and hares belong to them under our game laws, we shall have little hesitation, I think, in yielding freely the foremost place to the group of New Englanders amongst whom Channing stood out a noteworthy figure, in some respects undoubtedly the most noteworthy of all.

Yes, as Mr. Lowell sings—

> "All honour and praise to the women and men
> Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then.
> I need not to name them—already for each
> I see history preparing the statue and niche.
> They were harsh; but shall *you* be so shocked at hard words
> Who have beaten your pruning-hooks up into swords? . . .
> You needn't look shy at your sisters and brothers
> Who stabbed with sharp words for the freedom of others—
> No, a wreath, twine a wreath, for the loyal and true
> Who, for sake of the many, dared stand with the few."

This defence, which he who was to become one of their most powerful voices here finds himself driven to make for the harshness of the abolitionists, was never needed for Channing; and it is for this reason that I have referred to him as perhaps the most noteworthy of them all. For in all the excitement of a controversy which he felt to be for the life itself, and to be going down to the roots of things; when the religious and respectable world shrank from the side of the teacher they had pretended to love and honour for thirty years; when the finger of hatred and scorn was pointed at him in the most influential journals as the fomenter of revolution and the associate of felons and fanatics—no word ever fell from his lips or pen which was not weighted with consideration for, and sympathy with, his enemies, and generous allowance for the difficulties of the Southern slave-owner. In his first great anti-slavery manifesto—his letter to H. Clay on the annexation of Texas—he speaks of his own early

residence in the South, and his life-long attachment to them in these words: "There is something singularly captivating in the unbounded hospitality, the impulsive generosity, the carelessness for the future, the frank, open manners, the buoyant spirit and courage, which marks the people"; and from this attitude he never swerved in later years, when the contest had become most envenomed.

"Hitherto the Christian world has made very little progress in the divine art of assailing and overcoming evil," was one of his sayings; and it was with scrupulous care that he strove to set some example of the divine method in the great controversy of his own time.

Let me now, as briefly as possible, recall the position of the question in 1830. The struggle in England was drawing to an end. Those of us who are old enough will recollect those days—how children were brought up to use no sugar, and to give every penny they could call their own for the cause of the slave; when grown men and women were spending themselves freely for the same cause: how the time was one of bright hope and enthusiastic work! for the goal was full in view. On the 1st of August, 1834, the Act passed, and emancipation was a fact.

In the United States it was far otherwise. There year by year the prospect was growing darker, and the clouds were gathering. The Southern tone had changed under the strain of the immense development of the cotton trade. Instead of lamenting slavery as an evil inheritance from their fathers, which was to be curtailed by every prudent method, and finally extinguished, Calhoun and the other Southern leaders were now openly proclaiming it to be the true condition of the labourer, and the mainstay of Christian society. They were looking round eagerly for new slave states to balance the steady increase of free states in the North, and by savage word and savage act were challenging and trying to stamp out every attempt to interfere with their domestic institution.

Their challenge had been at last formally accepted, and the gauge of battle taken up in deadly earnest. It was in this winter of 1830–1 that Garrison, the immortal journeyman printer, by extraordinary self-denial and energy, got out the first number of the *Liberator*, declaring slavery to be a "league with death and covenant with hell," and pledging himself and his friends to war with it to the bitter end. Their watchword was—uncompromising, immediate emancipation.

It was in this same winter that Channing went to spend some months at St. Croix. He had not been in a slave state since his boyhood, and he returned with all his old impressions confirmed and strengthened. Slavery he felt to be even a greater curse to the world than he had always proclaimed it, and so he preached on his return to New England. At the same time without joining them openly he showed much interest in the work of Garrison and the uncompromising party, pleading for them that "deeply moved souls will speak strongly, and ought to speak, so as to move and shake nations." No wonder that they turned eagerly to him in the hope that he would come forward and lead their attack. But for the moment this could not be. The temper of the combatants, waxing fiercer day by day, was a barrier which he could not cross as yet, and no doubt the social ostracism—so formidable to one who for a generation had stood foremost amongst those whom his countrymen delighted to honour—weighed somewhat with him. He could defend the abolitionists as "men moved by a passionate devotion to truth and freedom," which led them to speak "with an indignant energy which ought not to be measured by the standard of ordinary times;" but join them at once he could not.

And they in their disappointment were almost ready to denounce him as one of those New England recreants who are addressed in the first stirring appeal of Hosea Biglow to his Massachusetts fellow citizens:—

"Wall, go 'long to help 'em stealin',
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,

Help the men that's ollers dealin'
  Insults on your fathers' graves ;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
  Help the many agin the few ;
Help the men that call your people
  White-washed slaves and peddlin'
    crew !"

The question whether Channing would have done well to join the abolitionists in these early days will always remain fairly debateable, and will be settled by each of us according to the strength of his own fighting instinct. Those who blame him for delaying can at any rate call himself as a witness on their side. For when at the end of 1834 the Rev. Samuel May, general agent of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society, in answer to Channing's expostulations as to the harshness and violence of their language, and the heat and onesidedness of the abolitionist meetings, turned upon him with—"Why then have you left the movement in young and inexperienced hands? Why, sir, have you not moved —why have you not spoken before?" Channing, after a pause, replied in his kindest tones, "Brother May, I acknowledge the justice of your reproof. I have been silent too long."

Looking, however, at the man's age and character, I cannot join in casting blame on Channing. Other men might have deserved reproach for not emphasising their convictions in this way ; but not he. At school he had gained the name of the Peacemaker. He had been true to that character for half a century. While a gleam of hope remained that the South might even yet move in the direction of Abolition, a gentle firmness in remonstrance was the only weapon he could conscientiously sanction. And in 1830 there was still such a gleam of hope in the lurid clouds. As late as 1832 the question of Abolition was discussed in the Virginian legislature. Some few of the best Southern public men still held the old doctrine, and were ready to work for gradual emancipation. They were even doing so by a colonisation society and other stopgaps, the hollowness and worthlessness of which had not yet been proved. The Peacemaker therefore might still hope to prevail.

But now the time had indeed come when further hesitation would have left a stain on his armour. I have said that the South were on the look-out for new territories into which to carry their slaves, and the devil rarely fails to find what they are in search of for men on such a quest as that. In 1827 the Spanish American colonies had gained their independence. Mexico, the chief of them, and the nearest neighbour to the United States, had from the first looked up to the great Republic with hope and admiration. But from her elder sister no response came. Her goodwill was coldly put aside, for she had declared freedom to all slaves in her borders, and these borders, unhappily for her, comprised a magnificent territory called Texas, as large as any four states of the Union, and eminently fitted for cotton-growing, and therefore for slave labour.

The temptation of this Naboth's vineyard soon proved too strong for the slaveholders, and an immigration of planters and slaves set in. The Mexican government remonstrated, and high words ended in a declaration of independence by the new settlers, and fighting, which must soon have resulted in their defeat, for they scarcely amounted to 20,000 in all, but for the constant replenishment of their ranks by bands of filibusters from the other side of the Mississippi. By this means Texas maintained a precarious kind of independence, which she was bent on converting into annexation to the Union. For some time every American statesman scouted so shameless a proposal, but by degrees the value of the country began to impress the slave states more and more. Talk of "manifest destiny" began to be heard, not only in the *New Orleans Picayune*, and in the border ruffian country, but within the walls of Congress, till in 1835–6 it became clear that the question of annexation, involving almost certain war with Mexico, was about to be submitted to the great council of the nation.

Here then was a new departure, involving on the part of the nation a sanction of slavery such as had never yet been tolerated. Already Channing had begun to redeem his pledge. He had published a volume on slavery, taking firm ground against the furious madness of the Southerners, who were calling for the suppression of anti-slavery publications, and setting prices on the heads of leading abolitionists; and against the more odious respectable Northern mobs, which even in Boston had broken up meetings, and in New York had dragged Garrison through the streets with a halter round his neck, intent on hanging him. Channing had also opened his pulpit to May, the general agent of the anti-slavery societies. Now he stepped forward as a leader, and stood frankly side by side with the abolitionists.

Selecting for his correspondent Henry Clay of Kentucky, the best and most moderate of Southern politicians, he addressed to him the most famous of his political writings, the letter on the annexation of Texas. I have already quoted from this work one of many passages which show his friendly temper towards the Southern slaveholders, but the most thoroughgoing abolitionist could take no exception to the firmness of the position taken, or the power with which it was held. Space will only allow me to give the briefest outline of this masterly paper.

"Congress," Channing said, "is about to be called on to decide whether Texas shall be annexed to the Union. Public questions have not been those on which my work has been spent; but no one speaks, the danger presses, and I cannot be silent. There are crimes which in their magnitude have a touch of the sublime, and this will be one of them. The current excuses only make it more odious. The annexationists talk of their zeal for freedom! what they really mean is their passion for unrighteous spoil—of manifest destiny! away with such vile sophistry; there can be no necessity for crime. Mexico came to us seven years ago, a sister republic just escaped from the yoke of a European tyranny; looking to us hopefully for goodwill and sympathy. Instead of these, in our unholy greed, we have sent them land speculators and ruffians who are waging war upon a nation to which we owed protection against such assaults. Is the time never to come when the neighbourhood of a more powerful and civilised people will prove a blessing and not a curse to an inferior community?

"But the crime is aggravated by the real cause of it, which is the extension and perpetuation of the slave trade. What will other nations, what especially will England, say to it? We hope to prop up slavery by this filibustering, but the fall of slavery is as sure as the fall of your own Ohio to the sea. A nation provoking war by cupidity, by encroachment, and, above all, by efforts to spread slavery, is alike false to itself, to God, and to the human race. You are entering on a new and fatal path. Let the spread and perpetuation of slavery be once systematically proposed as a Southern policy, and a new feeling will burst forth in the North. Let Texas be once annexed, and there can be no more peace for us. We may not see the catastrophe of the tragedy, the first scene of which we seem so ready to enact; we who are enlarging the borders of slavery when all over Christendom there are signs of a growing elevation of the poor in every other country. We are sinking below the civilisation of our day; we are inviting the scorn, indignation, and abhorrence of the world. In short, this proposed measure will exert a disastrous influence on the moral sentiments and principles of this country, by sanctioning plunder, by inflaming cupidity, by encouraging lawless speculation, by bringing into the Confederacy a community whose whole history and circumstances are adverse to moral order and wholesome restraint, by violating national faith, by proposing immoral and inhuman ends, by placing us as a people in opposition to the efforts of philanthropy and the advancing movements of the civilised world. Freedom is fighting her battle in the world with long enough odds

against her already. Let us not give new chances to her foes."

It is difficult in our space to give even a faint notion of the power of argument and beauty of style of this splendid protest, but I trust I may have induced some readers to go to the original. Texas was not annexed till after Channing's death, six years later, and there can be no doubt that the influence his letter to Mr. Clay exerted and the encouragement it brought to the minority in Congress helped materially to postpone the evil day.

Occasions for speech now crowded on him thick and fast. In July 1836 a mob sacked the office of the *Philanthropist* at Cincinnati, and drove Mr. Birney, its editor, from this city. Channing could not rest till he had written him the noble letter (published in his collected works under the title, "The Abolitionists,") exhorting Birney and his friends to hold fast the right of free discussion, but to exercise it as Christians. "The Cross is the badge and standard of our religion. I honour all who bear it. I look with scorn on the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity upon the most gifted and prosperous in the struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence on the obscurest man who suffers for the right, who is true to a good but persecuted cause."

But his complete identification with the abolitionists did not come till the next year. In November 1837 the office of the *Alton Observer* in Illinois was attacked, sacked, and its owner and editor, Lovejoy, the friend and fellow-worker of Garrison, killed while defending his property. New England respectability was fairly startled at last. It was resolved by gentlemen of position, who had no dealings with abolitionists, that a meeting must be held in Faneuil Hall to protest against this and other acts of murderous violence, and to maintain the threatened right of free speech. A petition for the use of the hall was prepared, and the first signature was Channing's, above those of Sewall, Sturgis, and others of the best blood in Boston. The board of aldermen refused the hall, but the response from the whole Bay state to a temperate letter of Channing's in the *Daily Advertiser* soon convinced them that they had gone too far. The hall was granted, and the meeting held on December 8th, and Channing proposed resolutions in favour of freedom of speech and meeting prepared by himself. When these had been seconded, the attorney-general of Massachusetts rose, and in a speech in which he likened the Alton mob to the fathers of the revolution, opposed the resolutions. The meeting wavered, and they would probably have been lost but for the speech of an unknown youth, who has since proved himself the greatest of antislavery orators, Mr. Wendell Phillips. The resolutions were carried in the end by acclamation, and for the moment the cause of freedom triumphed in Boston. But too soon the clouds gathered again, swiftly and ominously, and from that time till his death, in 1842, Channing's soul was vexed, and his patience tried, by the blind fury and malignity with which the slave-owners' cause was pressed, and the frequent unwisdom and needless provocation with which the assault was met.

Within a few days of the Faneuil Hall meeting, when a weak or vain man would have been glorying in his triumph, he addressed a letter to the *Liberator* calling on the abolitionists to show their disapproval of Lovejoy's use of force at Alton. "You are a growing party, burning with righteous zeal," he urged ; "but you are distrusted and hated by a multitude of your fellow-citizens. Here are the seeds of deadly strife, conflicts, bloodshed. Show your forbearance now, show that you will not meet force by force. Trust in the laws and the moral sympathy of the community. Try the power of suffering for truth. The first Christians tried it amongst communities more ferocious than ours, and prevailed."

And now he himself had to bear bitter humiliation for the truth's sake, such as the refusal of the committee of his own church to allow a service connected with the death of his friend Charles Follen, a leading abolitionist.

Yet he continued his work faithfully and even hopefully, speaking out at every dangerous turn in the conflict which was raging round him. His chief remaining works in connection with the slavery question are *The Duty of the Free States*, in which he defends the English Government for refusing to surrender a slave cargo, who had overpowered the officers and crew, and had carried the brig *Creole* into Nassau; and *Emancipation*, a tract on the great triumph in the West Indies. They should be read by all who desire to know the length and breadth of his strength and his charity.

As Englishmen, however, we may be allowed to refer with special pride to his last public utterance. In the summer of 1842 he was dying slowly in the lovely Berkshire hills, when the return of August 1st, the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies, once more inspired him to lift up his voice for the outcast and the oppressed. To the men and women of Berkshire he spoke of the emancipation of the 800,000 British slaves. While giving full credit to the nation, and the men who had been the instruments of this change, he repeats once more—"Emancipation was the fruit of Christian principle acting on the mind and head of a great people. The liberator of those slaves was Jesus Christ." And these are the last words he ever spoke in public:—"The song, 'On earth, peace,' will not always sound as a fiction. Oh, come, thou kingdom of God for which we daily pray! Come, friend and Saviour of the race who didst shed Thy blood on the cross to reconcile man to man and earth to Heaven! Come, ye predicted ages of righteousness and love for which the faithful have so long yearned! Come, Almighty Father, and crown with Thine omnipotence the humble strivings of Thy children to subvert oppression and wrong, to spread light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of Thy Son through the whole earth."

These were the last public words of the great Christian leader of the new England abolitionists. He died before his country had committed the great wrong whose issues he had so clearly seen. The war with Mexico was declared in 1848; Texas and California were annexed, and, as Channing prophesied, all hope of peace between North and South while slavery survived vanished from that hour. Then followed twelve feverish years of futile compromise and smouldering civil war; the fugitive slave law, the free soil crusade in Kansas, the raid of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, culminating in secession and the extinction of slavery on the North American continent in torrents of the best blood of the Republic, poured out at last like water to redeem that "strange new world" as the glorious inheritance of all men, without distinction of race, colour, or condition.

All honour to the brave and true souls who led the forlorn hope, and to him, the wisest and gentlest, and not the least firm, of all, whose memory his church have been striving to keep green and fresh in men's minds. In thinking of his anti-slavery record, does not the lesson read somehow thus? There are times when it would seem that great causes can only be upheld in this mysterious battle-field of our race by an enthusiasm which can see but one side, backed by the strong arm, prompt to return blow for blow. But such crises can only arise in human affairs from the failure of true insight, patience, charity, at some earlier stage of the drama. And, on the whole—while duly honouring those who have done the roughest work with word and sword—we shall best serve God's purpose by bearing steadily in mind that the victory of the Son of Man—which alone has made any and all other victories possible for his brethren—was won for our race by Him of whom it was said by the inspired seer, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench: He shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for His law."

THOMAS HUGHES.

CYMBELINE IN A HINDOO PLAYHOUSE.

The festivities at Baroda in celebration of the marriages of H. H. the Gaikwar to a Tanjore princess, and his sister, Tara Bai, to the Prince of Savantwari, have been carried out on a scale of magnificence unusual even in ceremonious India. For a month there was nothing but amusement; business stood still; the schools were closed; rajahs and sirdars assembled from all parts to honour the solemnities, and many English visitors enjoyed the hospitality of H. H. the Maharani Jamna Bai Saheb. Nor was there any lack of variety: illuminations, fêtes, shows, fireworks, durbars, reviews, hunting expeditions, picnics, balls, nautches, banquets, and similar *támashas* (amusements), varied the monotony of station life.

Besides the performers hired for the occasion, the festivities attracted to Baroda many itinerant artists: jugglers, snake-charmers, dancers, acrobats, and, not the least interesting, a company of strolling players.

Through the kindness of an Indian gentleman, I was enabled to be present at several distinctively native *támashas*, not witnessed usually by Europeans. One evening my friendly "intelligencer" wrote:—

"The *Tara*, an adaptation in Marathi of Shakspere's *Cymbeline*, will be acted in the theatre-house to-night at nine. The fees for admission are, 2 rupees per seat for the first class, 1 rupee for the second, 8 annas for the third, and 4 annas for the fourth." Accordingly, provided with the needful rupees and a note-book, I arrived at the theatre at nine punctually. The performance had not begun, so I had time to make a careful survey of the situation.

The theatre was a temporary structure of bamboo-poles and canvas. The stage, a whitewashed sandbank forming an oval about three feet in height, twenty feet in breadth, and forty feet in depth, was partly concealed behind a drop-curtain, on which an elephant- and tiger-fight was depicted, and by a proscenium of canvas, adorned with full-length portraits of three-headed gods and mythic heroes in strange attire. Three uprights—one of them a growing tree—on either side the stage, sustained the "foot-lights"—some twenty kerosene lamps.

The auditorium had been excavated from the sand in the form of an amphitheatre, sloping downwards to three feet below the level of the stage. The audience about five hundred Hindus, men and children (ladies seldom appear in such public places [1]), sat in semicircular rows, the first two classes on chairs and couches, and the third on benches, while the fourth squatted placidly on the ground. Although the assembly was essentially Hindu, one only heard Guzerathi and Marathi spoken in the back rows, English being evidently the fashionable language amongst the occupants of the front seats. Like an English audience, they did not appear at all averse to chaff, and considerable merriment at the expense of an eminent physician (who sat next me) arose, when the Master Doctor Cornelius appeared in Act i. sc. 6, and still more when some wag happened to discover a likeness between old Belarius and a grey-bearded "party" in the second seats.

The prominent *rôle* played by oranges in a British pit was here taken by *pan sopari*—all the audience, and most of the actors (especially Imogen!) chewing betel-nut vigorously throughout the whole performance.

From the playbill, printed in Marathi,

[1] The following extract from the play-bill points a moral:—

Respectable ladies	4 annas.
Naikin wa Kasbin (*i.e.* disreputable ditto)	8 ,,

I learned that the actors belonged to the Itchal Karanjikar Company (deriving the name apparently from Itchal Karanji in the southern Mahratta country); and that *Tara* had been translated by Vishnu Moreshvar Mahajani, M.A., head master of the Umraoti High School.

These bills, distributed gratuitously, contained a full outline of the plot. Except that the names of persons and places, and literary allusions, have been Indianised, the adapter has closely followed his English original.

The anachronism of having modern Italians in ancient Rome is got rid of by the cities being made fictitious. Britain has become Suvarnapuri (golden city), and Italy, Vijaipura (land of fame). The chief characters are named:—

Imogen	TARA.
Cymbeline	SAMBHAJI.
Guiderius	SHIVAJI.
Arviragus	RAJARAM.
Belarius	MALHARRAO.
Cloten	MURARRAO.
Posthumus	HAMBIRRAO.
Iachimo	KHANDUJI.
Pisanio	SADOBA.

Imogen's assumed name *Fidele* is literally rendered *Vishvasrao* (Faithful).

I learnt also that the company's *répertoire* included versions of the *Comedy of Errors, Taming of the Shrew, Tempest* and *Othello*, besides the *Shakuntala* and other Sanskrit dramas.

The spectators had no reason to complain of not getting their full money's worth, as the performance lasted for five hours and three-quarters! (9.10 P.M. to 2.55 A.M.)

At ten minutes past nine the Manager of the company (the leader of the chorus, in Marathi *Sutradhâr* (Coryphaeus), two other singers, a couple of musicians playing a *satar* (cithara), and a *tabla* (tabor, tomtom), came before the curtain, and the overture—a hymn to the god Narayen that the play might be successful—began. The Manager led the choric music, an excruciating performance, to my profane ears sounding most like an unavailing attempt to smother the squeals of two babies with the din of a bagpipe and a tin kettle.

After a few minutes, however—

> Silence, like a poultice, came
> To heal the blows of sound,

but only for a moment's space. The clown, grotesquely attired in red, and tricked out with leaves, waddled in and mimicked the hymn of the chorus.

The Manager remonstrated, and some laughter-provoking chaff, after the manner of circuses, ensued. The hymn was resumed, the curtain rose, and revealed the god Ganpati, a vermilion-faced, elephant-trunked monster, with gold turban, blue and gold tunic, and white legs, seated on a very terrestrial-looking, cane-bottomed chair, in front of an Indian house.

Ganpati directed the Manager to sing in praise of Sarasvati (goddess of learning and the arts), and after the song a flash of stage-lightning announced the acceptance of the prayer.

Sarasvati, dressed in gold brocade, a peacock's head and neck projecting from her girdle, the tail-feathers fastened to her shoulders, and displayed in fan-shape above her head, next appeared; on her head a golden mitre, and kerchiefs waving in either hand, like wings.

The goddess danced a swift spasmodic hornpipe, and vanished. The chorus struck up a hymn to the gods, and the prologue was over (10.5 P.M.).

Thus, as amongst other Aryan nations, the religious origin of the drama is indicated. This overture, traditional from the earliest times, and slightly varied sometimes by the introduction of the Sutradhar's wife, is the indispensable preliminary to an Indian theatrical performance.

The play proper now began. As *Tara* is a close translation from *Cymbeline*, all description of the plot would be out of place. The departures only from the original need here be noted.

I must mention, however, one striking resemblance to the drama of Shakspere's own time, and the Imogen of Shakspere's day—*all the female parts were acted by boys.*

It would have been difficult for any actress to have given with more womanly feeling, or with a sadder and more

pleading voice, the rendering of the part of Tara which I saw.

The audience must have been profoundly touched by the manner in which it was played, for in the cave scene, where Imogen lay seemingly dead, and was bewailed by the two boys, many of the spectators brushed aside their tears, while one old rajah fairly blubbered outright!

Much of this was no doubt a tribute to the original pathos of the character, but some share of credit for so powerfully exciting the emotion of pity must be given to the young actor himself.

Imogen (Tara, *i.e.* Star) being the central figure of the play, the adapter judiciously departs from his original in giving her name to the piece. He has shown equal discrimination in cutting out the whole of that most un-Shaksperian vision in Act v., his *Deus ex machinâ* being supplied by a voice from behind the scene. With less pleasing effect to one familiar with the English play, the famous dirge: "Fear no more the heat o' the sun," has been replaced by a long disquisition from old Belarius on the doctrine of metempsychosis.

The adapter has made the king a ludicrously contemptible personage, lorded over and bullied by his masculine queen. His uxoriousness, and especially his lamentations for his dear departed consort in the last scene, appeared to afford infinite amusement to the audience, henpecked husbands being no rarities in the East, despite the zenana system.

The part of Cloten has also undergone considerable modification, and has been made more despicably idiotic. His absurdities were greatly heightened by the actor, who—though rather too conscious of his own comicalities, and speaking too manifestly *at* the audience—*stuttered* [1] in a manner that greatly tickled his hearers. In Act ii. sc. 3, where the musician is asked to sing a "very excellent good conceited thing," Cloten provoked roars of applause by his instructions to the musician, and his preference for a song in which the musician burlesqued classical music. The fight between Cloten and Guiderius was made very absurd by Cloten's attempts, and his appeal to Guiderius for help to draw his sword from its sheath. The sword-play would have astonished Mr. Irving. The combatants, making no attempt at defence, and never allowing the swords to clash, danced round and struck each other alternately with the flat of the blades on their lumbar regions! Finally, Cloten was driven off, his turban, which had belonged to Posthumus, falling on the ground. This turban, and not the headless body, is seen by Tara, and recognised as her husband's.

It should be noted also that, widows not remarrying as a rule in India, Cloten is made the queen's nephew, instead of being her "son by a former husband."

In reading the English play, I have always felt that there was something contemptible about Posthumus, and I was given the same impression of that character by the Marathi version. The actor, too, had hardly enough "presence" to dignify the part. The audience seemed rather horrified at the love-scenes between Imogen and Posthumus, for the well-regulated Indian wife, so far from running to embrace her husband, usually veils her face at his approach, ventures perhaps to peep timidly towards him from beneath the folds of her *sari*, but takes refuge in a corner if her lord become at all demonstrative in his affection. On the other hand, the spectators expressed loudly their warm approval of the women-hating sentiments uttered by Posthumus in Act ii. sc. 4.—but then, their wives were not present!

The Soothsayer in Act. v. was replaced by a Brahmin astrologer, who promised victory to Iachimo's side if they took care to give the Brahmins a feed.

Indians being very little accustomed to sit on chairs, the actors seemed never comfortable when doing so; the men generally sat cross-legged, and the ladies, Imogen and the Queen, invariably

[1] An interpretation probably of
"The snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking."
Act iv. Sc. 2.

placed one foot on the chair, and tucked the knee under the chin in a manner more suggestive of comfort than elegance. The players seemed to be most at ease when standing erect and motionless. They used very little gesture, their action being declamatory rather than demonstrative. There was no ranting or raving, and even Posthumus, in his most infuriated tirades, maintained complete repose of body. The defect of gesture was hardly compensated for by the very artistic groupings of the characters in each scene, and the by-play was not always sufficiently distinct. As on the Elizabethan stage, the scenery and stage accessories were of the simplest description, but the costumes were extremely rich and beautiful. Two scenes, one, the exterior of an Indian house, the other, three palm-trees to represent the forest, and half a dozen common chairs, completed the stock of "properties."

The dresses, however, deserve description by the court newsman's abler pen. The scene being laid in India, the costumes were strictly Oriental. Imogen wore the ordinary "full dress" of a Maratha lady—dark green *sari* with gold edges, golden armlets, and earrings. Her face was fair as any English maiden's and her cheeks bloomed with very conspicuous rouge. Unfortunately, she had not taken the precaution of whitening her arms to match her face, and the contrast was rather marked when she lifted her nut-brown hand, as she frequently had occasion to do, to adjust the cumbersome pearl ornaments which adorned (?) her lily-white nose. A dab of red paint on her forehead, and a large "bob" of black hair projecting from the back of her head, completed the picture.

The Rani (Queen) was similarly attired in a *sari* of gold tissue. Posthumus wore a red velvet jacket and red turban, and Iachimo was gorgeously arrayed in white and gold turban, and tunic of black velvet with gold embroidery. All the gentlemen carried swords. When the scene was supposed to represent the interior of a house, the performers wore no sandals on their feet.

Speaking of the boys who acted on the Elizabethan stage, Professor Dowden (*Shakspere Primer*, p. 10) says:—"A further refinement of art was demanded from these young actors when they were required to represent a girl who has assumed the disguise of male attire, as happens with Jessica and Portia, with Rosalind, with Imogen; it was necessary that they should at once pretend to be, and avoid becoming, that which they actually were." This the boy who took the part of Tara achieved to perfection; his disguise as a boy looked exquisitely girlish, and his manner, timid yet collected, exactly conveyed the impression of Imogen, trembling with womanly fear, and yet nerved by the consciousness that an unguarded gesture meant betrayal of her secret.

Imogen's dress as Fidele consisted of a sleeveless jacket of dark green trimmed with gold braid, above a red, gold embroidered kilt, loose yellow knee-breeches, and white stockings. Round the head a green scarf, spangled with gold, was wound like a turban, the ends covering the ears and hanging loosely down the shoulders. A slender sword completed the equipment. The remaining characters call for no special remark, except the unusual one that every player, from first to last, knew his part thoroughly, and spoke it faultlessly.

This sketch of a visit to a Hindu playhouse may be concluded by mentioning that the social position of the actor in India is at present quite as respectable as it is in England, but formerly, as in England also, his was considered a degraded calling, on account of the frequent immorality of its followers.

HAROLD LITTLEDALE.

BARODA, *Jan.* 19*th*, 1880.

THE LIBERAL MAJORITY.

In 1867 the Representation of the People Act was passed, a Conservative Ministry being in office at the time, though the Opposition commanded a nominal majority in the House of Commons. In that and the following year the supplementary measures of reform for Scotland and Ireland were passed, and thus a very large addition was made to the electorate of the United Kingdom. In the same year, 1868, the Liberal party, whose dissensions alone had allowed its opponents to retain office, was re-united under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, in consequence of the determination of the latter to take up the question of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The resolutions framed for this purpose were carried by large majorities in the House of Commons, though what was called the Suspensory Bill, designed for the purpose of stopping the creation of fresh vested interests in the temporalities of the Irish Church, was rejected by the House of Lords. The defeat of Mr. Disraeli's Government on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions resulted ultimately in a dissolution of Parliament, which took place in the autumn of 1868. The effect of the elections was to increase and consolidate the Liberal party, and as soon as the verdict of the constituencies was fully known, Mr. Disraeli resigned, and Mr. Gladstone's Ministry was established with a majority in the House of Commons of over a hundred. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry lasted until the beginning of 1874, when Parliament was unexpectedly dissolved within a few weeks of the day appointed for its meeting. The result of the General Election of 1874 was to reverse the relative position of the two great parties. Mr. Gladstone's majority had fallen in the course of five years to about seventy, and its cohesion had been greatly weakened. The elections entirely destroyed this majority, and replaced it by a Conservative majority of fifty-one. After six more years Parliament has again been dissolved, and again somewhat unexpectedly. The result has surprised every one. Even Sir William Harcourt, the most confident of prophets, or else the most accurate of calculators, can hardly have expected that a Conservative majority of forty-five or fifty would actually be replaced by a compact Liberal majority of more than a hundred, even if Home Rulers be wholly left out of account, and of nearly seventy over Conservatives and Home Rulers combined.

Thus it appears that in three successive general elections the Liberal party has gained two victories, and the Conservative party one, each time more or less unexpectedly, and each time by large and decisive majorities. What is the proper inference to be drawn from these facts? If politics were an abstract science, to be studied as it were *in vacuo*, there might be something to be said for this mode of stating and of attempting to solve the problem. We have a *vera causa*, it might be argued, in the sudden extension of the franchise to the more wayward and less educated classes, and a demonstrated effect in the astonishing fickleness and the unexpected caprice of their decisions. On the other hand, an inference quite as legitimate would be that inasmuch as the Liberal party has scored two decisive victories to its adversary's one, the great bulk of the constituencies of the United Kingdom is overpoweringly Liberal, and that the Conservative minority can only snatch a victory out of the dissensions of its opponents and the consequent weaken-

ing of their forces. But in truth the inference is unsound in either case, and the whole method of reasoning in this abstract fashion is vicious. Even if we could reason at all on mere results, isolated from their special circumstances, a bare enumeration of three particular instances widely differing in character would afford no adequate material for a sound induction. Politics is not an abstract, but a practical science, as Mr. Lowe has lately reminded us, and before we condemn the constituencies as incurably fickle and capricious, or express our unbounded astonishment at results which, however unexpected, are not wholly inexplicable, it is worth while to consider whether the accepted method in politics of considering circumstances, and seeking for causes and effects not in the abstract, but in the concrete, will not lead us to conclusions sounder in themselves and more creditable to the national judgment.

We shall endeavour, as briefly as possible, to show that the Liberal victory of 1868 was in no sense unexpected, and that the history of the past twelve years reveals an abundance of causes both for the Conservative reaction of 1874 and the subsequent Liberal reaction of 1880. Among these causes must no doubt be placed the natural desire for periodical change, though it rests for the most part not on mere caprice, but on the national conviction that each of the great parties into which the State is divided is fit to be intrusted with the conduct of affairs, and that an occasional change from one to the other is in itself an advantage for both. We shall hope, too, to show that each party has been punished in turn chiefly for its faults, and in spite of its merits, and that the faults have in each case been so grave as abundantly to justify the temporary withdrawal of the national confidence.

The election of 1868 need not detain us long. It is true that the late Lord Derby had described the Reform Bill passed by a Conservative Government, but in reality shaped by Liberal hands, as "a leap in the dark," and had expressed a hope that it might be found to have "dished the Whigs." It is only in the disappointment of this hope that the result of the elections of 1868 can be said to have been a surprise. No one could tell for certain how the newly-enfranchised electors would vote, but it was certain that if they shared the sentiments of those of their countrymen whose voices could be heard, they would return a powerful majority, pledged to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions had reunited and consolidated the Liberal majority in the House of Commons, and no voice of disapproval or remonstrance had been raised in the constituencies. The result of the dissolution no doubt disappointed those who expected to win by a manipulation of the ignorant and indifferent "residuum," but it showed conclusively that the new electorate was moved in the main by the same political impulses as the old, and that its sentiments were in substantial accord with the articulate voice of the nation. In those days it had not yet become unfashionable and almost discreditable for a man to avow himself a Liberal. The sentiments of justice, freedom, and generosity had not, to borrow a phrase from Thucydides, been "sneered down and extinguished" by superior politicians, who allow no place to sentiment, except when it makes for selfishness and "ascendency." The nation had determined to do justice to Ireland as far as it knew how, and it entrusted the task with confidence to the Liberal party and to the statesman whom it recognised as its leader.

It is unnecessary to review in detail the legislation of the Parliament of 1868. It was not the Act for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, nor the Irish Land Act, nor the Ballot Act, nor even the fiasco of the Irish University Bill, which overthrew Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1874. We

come nearer to the cause, or rather to the assemblage of causes, when we mention the Education Act, the attempts of the Home Secretary to deal with the Liquor Traffic, the Abolition of Purchase in the Army by Royal Warrant after the Bill for effecting the same object had been rejected by the House of Lords, the Alabama arbitration, the apparent supineness of the Foreign Office, Mr. Lowe's escapades in taxation, and the general tone and temper of the administration in the latter part of its career. The twenty-fifth clause of the Education Act, now an almost forgotten subject, but one which exercised a potent influence on the elections of 1874, had alienated the great bulk of the Nonconformists. The Licensed Victuallers were estranged from their old friends, though one of the most significant lessons of 1880 has been that their estrangement counts for very much less than was supposed either by themselves or the party which looks for their support. The Royal Warrant gave an effective cry to the party which has since shown that it only fears a strain on the constitution when it is perpetrated by its opponents. Mr. Gladstone's subtle defiance in two cases of the spirit of a law which he seems to have thought it sufficient to obey in the letter, shocked plain people and made them ask themselves whether the judgment which sanctioned such actions, and even defended them with so much ingenuity, could be implicitly trusted in weightier matters: and the personal acerbity of some members of the Government, combined with their extraordinary ignorance of and contempt for human nature and its weaknesses, had aroused a feeling of uneasiness and irritation which was quite certain to make itself felt whenever the constituencies were invited to pass judgment on the Government. There were other and deeper causes of the growing unpopularity of the Government to which we shall refer hereafter. The fact was that the Parliament of 1868 had exhausted its mandate and dissipated its energy by the middle of 1873. In the autumn of that year, Mr. Disraeli, a master of tactics and a keen observer of the temper of the electorate, declared at Glasgow that the Treasury Bench reminded him of nothing so much as a range of exhausted volcanoes. A few weeks before, on the occasion of the Bath election, he wrote his celebrated letter in which he complained of harassed interests, and declared his conviction that the country had "made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering." The indictment was none the less effective because it was strongly, not to say extravagantly, drawn: it is only Liberals who are expected to conduct a great political conflict in the language and temper of a philosophical discussion.

It was becoming manifest, in fact, from every sign that could be discerned at the beginning of 1874, that the Liberal party was divided and discouraged. Mr. Gladstone had not proved a genial leader; he could take nothing easily, and his devouring energy eclipsed his colleagues and subordinates, and irritated their self-esteem; he could neither take nor make a joke on any subject whatever, and men began to sigh for the easy-going days when the aged Palmerston led the House of Commons, and made light of his task. The handwriting was on the wall for all men to see and read. The Ministry still retained a majority of over sixty, but, in spite of this robust appearance, it suffered from what Mr. Disraeli called an attack on the nerves. The crisis was precipitated by the Stroud election, when the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Winterbotham, a subordinate member of the Administration, was filled by a Conservative. The tide had manifestly turned, but it seemed still possible to take it before it had reached the ebb. Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament on January 24th, and in less than three weeks his majority was gone. The dissensions of the Liberal

party were accurately reflected in the character of many of the contests, where Liberals of different shades of opinion stood against each other, and thus afforded an easy victory to their common opponents. In other cases it was evident that men who had formerly voted on the Liberal side, either abstained from voting, or went over to the other; and it was quite clear that the country desired a period of domestic repose, and thought that it would be more likely to enjoy it under the Conservatives than under their rivals. Even Mr. Gladstone's promise to abolish the Income-tax, if he should remain in power, failed to captivate the electors; and there can be no doubt that the reference of a grave question of financial policy directly to the constituencies, instead of to Parliament, estranged a good many old-fashioned Liberals and constitutional Whigs. "Generally speaking," said Mr. Disraeli, in his address to his constituents, "I should say of the Administration of the last five years that it would have been better for us all if there had been a little more energy in our foreign policy, and a little less in our domestic legislation." The remark not only hit a blot, but, as the result has shown, it declared an alternative policy. In his indictment of the Liberal foreign policy, Mr. Disraeli was only able to point at the moment to a very insignificant matter concerned with the Straits of Malacca, about which nothing whatever has since been heard. The association of Sir Stafford Northcote with the Alabama Treaty compelled the silence of the Tory leader on the most effective point to be made against his opponents. The Alabama surrender—and it was little else—may have been, and probably was, a stroke of far-sighted statesmanship, but it was nevertheless a grave party blunder and a rude shock to the self-esteem of the nation. Its effects were enhanced by the results of the San Juan arbitration, nor had sufficient credit been taken by the Government, or accorded by public opinion, for its prompt vindication of the neutrality of Belgium in 1870, and its steadfast resistance in 1871 to the claim set up by Russia to abrogate the Treaty of Paris without the consent of Europe. It was left for another Government to discover how easy it is to reconcile a bold external front with a secret surrender, and to take credit for a spirited policy by means of subterfuge and concealment. In fact, as Mr. Grant Duff has said, Mr. Gladstone's Government did not sufficiently advertise itself in foreign affairs. It was content to do what it had to do, to maintain peace and friendship, and to guard British interests, without disavowing its sympathy with freedom and good government. It meddled little and muddled less; when war broke out it simply increased its armaments and maintained the neutrality it had declared; it settled one great international question, though the settlement was only effected at a great cost to its own prestige, and in a manner fairly open to unfavourable criticism, and it steered the country safely through the greatest European crisis that the present generation has seen. The fault of Lord Granville's foreign policy, however, lay in its quietism; it made no appeal to the imagination, and allowed the belief to take root, both abroad and at home, that English influence in European affairs was effaced, and that the nation was content that it should be so. The Nemesis came in time; and "Jingoism," which, after all, is, as Sir Charles Dilke has said, only "patriotism gone astray," after the fashion of what the French call "Chauvinism," and the Americans "Spreadeagleism," is the price we have had to pay.

The dissolution of 1874 came, and it came as a surprise to every one. The Liberals were unprepared, divided, and despondent; their opponents were ready and sanguine. Then was established in the constituencies a situation which had been thrice seen in Parliament since 1852, namely, a Con-

servative interregnum brought about by Liberal division. That this was the real character of the so-called Conservative reaction of 1874 is proved by the fact that the Liberal victory of 1880 has been won in spite of a large increase in the aggregate Conservative vote. The Tories, in fact, have not lost ground since 1874, but the Liberals have recovered their position by consolidation and reunion. The Nonconformists have returned to their allegiance, and Liberal constituencies throughout the country have made up their minds that their power should not again be dissipated by mismanagement and sectional rivalry. Nevertheless, the Conservative reaction of 1874 was a reality in the sense that many sections of Liberals, some weary of change, some impatient at what they considered the timidity of their leaders, some estranged by the faults and blunders of the Government, threw their weight into the opposite scale, not by giving a direct Tory vote, but by abstaining from the polls altogether, or by supporting the candidate of a mere section. Reaction of this kind gave the Conservatives a decisive majority for the first time since the elections of 1841, and Mr. Gladstone was replaced by Mr. Disraeli, to the intense delight of the latter's supporters, and with the good-humoured acquiescence of the whole nation.

Never, perhaps, had a statesman a greater opportunity. All, or nearly all, the great questions which had divided the two parties for years had been settled, and Liberalism, for all practical purposes, was rather a tradition of the past than a programme for the future. Of course it would recover its tone, and find new worlds to conquer or reform, in time; but before that time came it was quite possible, by wise legislation and straightforward policy, to turn the Conservative interregnum into a real Conservative ascendency, by the final detachment of moderate and timid Liberals from the party with which they had already quarrelled. But the Conservative Government has had bad luck from the outset. Trade had begun to decline; and a succession of bad seasons has been ruinous to agriculture. Two wars have been undertaken: one of which was unauthorized, and the other unpopular. One was marked by a grave military disaster, the other was followed and renewed by a political catastrophe. The expenditure entailed on the country by the complications in Europe, and the policy adopted by the Government, have thrown finance into confusion, and turned a surplus into a deficit. Legislation has been obstructed by an unscrupulous minority in the House of Commons, interrupted by recurring crises in foreign affairs, and emasculated by a too susceptible fear of "harassed interests." Above all, though Mr. Disraeli had declared his desire to see a little more energy in foreign affairs, no one could foresee in 1874 that the author of *Tancred* would be called upon to deal with the Eastern Question, or that in the execution of his long-matured Asiatic designs he would be able successively to overcome and discard the trusted caution and common-sense of Lord Derby, and the simple straightforwardness of Lord Carnarvon, and to magnetise and quell the sturdy independence of Lord Salisbury himself. As little was it foreseen how completely the most powerful and independent Press in Europe could show itself incapable of discharging its accredited function of recording and interpreting the drift of national opinion. The London Press, with few exceptions, has assumed for the last four years that the voice of London and its neighbourhood was the voice of the country at large. It must be confessed that it has accurately interpreted the sentiments of the class which still holds undisputed sway in the wealthier metropolitan constituencies, and in the populous suburban districts; and it is therefore entitled to all the authority of a well-informed local press. But beyond the limits of the metropolis and its influ-

ence, the London Press has been singularly misinformed and misleading: this fact alone almost serves to explain the surprise with which the results of the General Election have been received in the South of England and throughout the continent of Europe. It is quite possible that the Government itself was better informed, as it is certain that the leaders of the Opposition were. But London, and especially Pall Mall, which, of course, is nothing if not intelligent, is now surprised and indignant because its intelligence has been so little able to read the signs of the times.

The mandate which Parliament virtually received from the constituencies in 1874 was to do as little as possible, and to do it well; but the Conservative majority was content to pay more attention to the first half of the injunction than to the second. An attempt to do something and to do it very badly was frustrated in the very first session, when the opposition to the reactionary Endowed Schools Bill showed that very little was needed to reunite the divided sections of the Liberal party. The Artisans' Dwelling Act, for which much credit has been taken, was in reality a Liberal measure adopted by the Government, and not improved by the change of hands through which it passed. The Agricultural Holdings Act was a very excellent measure, only on the assumption that the purpose of legislation is not to determine what things are right and what things are wrong, to enforce the one and forbid the other, but to make suggestions of what good people may do if they choose, coupled with the admission that if they do not choose "it's of no consequence," as Mr. Toots says. Landlords all over the country proceeded to "contract themselves out of the Act," as they had power to do, and so little effect has it had that a few months ago a great landowner in Berkshire acknowledged that he did not know whether his tenants had been placed under it or not, and that not only was his legal adviser equally ignorant, but he actually reported in the first instance that they were not, when as a matter of fact they were. Invertebrate legislation of this kind certainly fulfils the injunction to do nothing, though it can hardly be said to do it well. But, in truth, the Conservative Government and party scarcely claim to be judged on their achievements in domestic legislation. The Imperial interests of England cannot be set in the balance against "some bill about water," as Lord Beaconsfield described the measure which drowned Mr. Cross and his reputation, some bill about land, some bill about the dwellings of the poor, some bill for making a sanitary question of a religious grievance, some bill about anything which affects the lives, fortunes, rights and comforts of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Foreign policy, "imperium et libertas," "peace with honour," "a scientific frontier," the government of the world by "sovereigns and statesmen," the defiance of Russia with a phrase and a title, the consolidation of Turkey by amputation and advice, the maintenance of the "influence, not to say ascendency of England in the councils of Europe":—these were the mottoes which the Conservatives inscribed on their banner, these were the words if not the deeds by which they claimed to be judged and approved.

The constituencies judged, and condemned. The case was abundantly argued, the issue distinctly challenged, and it is quite impossible to mistake the meaning of the verdict rendered. Its wisdom is another question; but those who dispute the competence of the judges because the case has gone against them would probably be among the first to uphold it if their own views had prevailed. Lord Beaconsfield, secure of the applause of the stalls, played, as he thought, to the gallery, and the gallery has hissed him off the stage. Why is this? Not perhaps because the broad outlines of the

foreign policy which has been pursued were disapproved, so much as because that policy has been conducted after a fashion which revolted the conscience of the nation. Englishmen at large have an inborn sympathy with freedom and good government; they like straightforward dealing; they are proud of the stainless honour of their public men; and they expect that when Ministers are questioned on delicate and important matters of policy they should either speak the truth in words that cannot mislead, or decline to speak at all, if the public welfare requires that they should be silent. Above all they resent being committed without their knowledge or consent to an adventurous and fantastic policy, fully conceived by its author, but only revealed bit by bit to an astonished Parliament and a bewildered nation, by no means reconciled as yet to compulsory "education" of the kind. It is no longer necessary to consider whether the general policy pursued by Lord Beaconsfield and such of his colleagues as really knew what he was about, was wise or unwise. The constituencies have judged that so far as it was wise it will not be reversed; but they have made up their minds to have nothing more to do with its cynical spirit and its audacious methods. The nation which sympathised with Poland, with Italy, with Greece, refuses to have its weight thrown into the scale of tyranny and oppression. The people of England are not unmindful of the power and interests of England, but they still retain some old-fashioned regard for truth and justice, some traditional respect for the authority of Parliament. When they had girded themselves up for the stern necessity of war, because their rulers had told them that Russia must be withstood in the interests both of the empire and of freedom, they were shocked to find that a secret surrender had been made of points which the Government stood publicly pledged to contest. Still more shocked were they at the language used by Lord Salisbury to discredit a document which ultimately turned out to be authentic in all but a few trivial formalities. Misleading language used on such an occasion is not the less a grave fault, because it is such an egregious blunder. It destroys the general credit of the speaker, it shakes public confidence in the Government of which he is a member, it rankles in the public mind long after serious blunders in policy would be forgotten, and it is therefore certain to meet with heavy punishment in the end. Nor have the constituencies forgotten the way in which Parliament was treated on other occasions: how both Houses of Parliament, as well as the country at large, were studiously kept in the dark, not to say misled, in regard to the change in the recognised policy of dealing with Afghanistan which dated from Lord Lytton's appointment as Viceroy; how Lord Derby declared that he had resigned in consequence of certain undisclosed schemes which had been sanctioned by the Cabinet, and was compared to Titus Oates by the author and denier of the Secret Convention; how, in 1878, Parliament was allowed to separate for the Easter recess with an assurance from Sir Stafford Northcote "that nothing whatever has occurred which should give occasion for increased anxiety . . . . nor in any way diminish the hope we entertain of a satisfactory arrangement being arrived at of the difficulties in which we undoubtedly are placed;" and how the very next morning it was announced that orders had been received by the Indian Government to despatch a force of about 7,000 native troops to Malta. Action of this kind behind the back of Parliament, repeated, defended, and even boasted of by indiscreet supporters of the Ministry, shocked the common-sense and shook the confidence of the nation. It might be quite right to withstand the designs of Russia, it might even be necessary to bolster up Turkey in the process, it might be

expedient to exhibit the power of India in Afghanistan, even in defiance of a policy sanctioned by all the most experienced and trusted of Indian statesmen. But if all this was necessary, still more necessary was it that Parliament should be consulted, and that the wishes of the country should at least be taken into account. But the voice of the country was inaudible in London, or rather, the voice of the loudest shouters in London and the neighbourhood took its place. Mr. Gladstone knew better all along. He it was who first discerned and pointed out the merely local character of the London Press, and he was laughed at for his pains. He never faltered in his conviction that the people of England at large had not abandoned their sympathy with the desolate and oppressed. He spoke not in the wilderness, but on the housetops, and his words, inspired with truth and justice, spread like a consuming fire throughout the land. There is no need to defend or endorse all that Mr. Gladstone has said; but even on this point it is as well to clear our minds of cant, as Dr. Johnson used to say. Is noble sentiment always to be derided, and only ignoble sentiment to be applauded? When he spoke mockingly of the Bulgarian atrocities, was Lord Beaconsfield more wise than Mr. Gladstone because he was less humane? Mr. Gladstone has been upbraided for his indiscreet reference to Austria. Was it much more politic of Lord Beaconsfield to utter at the Mansion House a boastful defiance unmistakably aimed at Russia at a moment when he had in his pocket a despatch describing the Emperor of Russia's passionate desire for peace? It is a very laudable rule for statesmen to give no needless offence to their neighbours, but it is one that should be equally regarded by all; and if the end justifies the means in one case, the same plea cannot be disallowed in another.

There are two or three remarks currently made on the character of the late elections, concerning which it is quite as necessary to clear our minds of cant as it is in regard to the great fundamental questions at issue between the two parties. In the first place, it is said that the intelligence and political sagacity of the country, as represented in the city of London, in Westminster, and in the home counties, have been on the side of the Conservatives, while only numbers have supported the Liberals. Now there is certainly no abstract or irrefragable reason for thinking that the influence of commerce and the Stock Exchange in the City, of wealth, privilege, and aristocratic nonchalance in Westminster, even of respectable and well-to-do villadom in the suburban counties, is any more favourable to the growth of political intelligence, than the aggregate of the influences that have manifestly been at work in other parts of the kingdom. The pretence is really preposterous. If the intelligence of the constituencies is to be gauged by that of their representatives, a mere comparison of the two sides of the House of Commons settles the question at once. Indeed the plea of the defeated party on this score is at once refuted by the contradictory explanation offered of its defeat in the same quarters, when it is urged that the advocates of the Government were overmatched in the great controversy by the intellectual superiority and the greater political weight of their adversaries. The fact is that Imperialism, as understood by Lord Beaconsfield, and as interpreted by his too candid followers, has never taken any real hold of the country at large. Its influence has extended just as far as that of the London Press, and no farther: and of the London Press it may be said that its influence, political and intellectual, in any place, varies inversely as the distance of that place from London. This is a fact not hitherto sufficiently considered, and its true significance, long ago discerned by Mr. Gladstone, has only lately been made generally manifest.

As a general rule it may be said that wherever the London papers are delivered before the usual breakfast hour of busy men, the local press is overpowered, is feeble in tone, and more or less provincial in character; but beyond those limits, as in Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the west of England, the local press is vigorous, independent, and influential. Moreover it is another fact of no slight political importance that, whereas the people of Manchester or Newcastle, of Edinburgh or Glasgow, are kept perfectly well informed of the drift of public opinion in London, through the letters of responsible and intelligent correspondents, people in London know as little of what is going on in the more distant provinces and centres of political influence as they would know of the weather in the north if the daily weather-chart were a blank beyond the line of the Trent. It seems to us that if the London Press, under existing conditions, is to recover its position as an exponent of national opinion, it will have to recognise this independent political life of the provinces, and to take measures for recording and interpreting it. A daily telegram from Paris is hardly more necessary to London readers than an occasional letter from some able, independent, and well-informed provincial correspondent, who makes it his business to know and record what is really the state of political opinion in his neighbourhood. If information of this kind had been readily accessible in London, we could never have believed that Mr. Gladstone's eloquence and energy were being thrown away in the north. We should have estimated at their true relative value Lord Beaconsfield's triumphs in London, and we should have known that such intelligence as is to be found in the centre and north of England repudiated his flashy policy and profoundly mistrusted his mysterious schemes of adventure. Even if we had only learnt that the brute force of numbers was against the Government, yet the fact was one of capital importance in estimating the general drift of public opinion. Numbers, after all, where political power depends on the popular vote, must prevail in the long run, and to dispute their right is to condemn not a party, but the constitution itself. In a country of free debate, however, the reasonable presumption is that wisdom and judgment are to be found on the side of the majority, and no serious politician will question the importance of knowing what the opinion of the majority is, even if he does not agree with it. It is the fashion to complain of the ballot as it is worked in this country, because it makes it impossible to ascertain how particular classes have voted in any given constituency. It is, perhaps, a little more important to know the character of political opinion in whole districts and communities, and yet, though no ballot-box shrouds it save for a single moment, when it is fully formed and matured, we are content to remain in complete and voluntary ignorance of its open formation and growth. It was not very likely that Mr. Gladstone, whose whole inspiration is drawn from his intimate sympathy and contact with the mind and heart of the people, should have been as ill-informed and as misguided as the majority of his Metropolitan critics. He was sneered at for saying that the country was with him, and the country has refuted the sneer. He himself has defined the function of the political speaker to be that of giving back in a stream what he receives as a vapour. If the vapour had not been there, not even the untiring oratory of Mr. Gladstone could have poured forth so copious a stream; and he has once more given proof of his unrivalled insight into the popular temper, in discerning that the pure vapour of the provinces, the cool sea-fret of the north, would furnish forth a stream clearer and more abundant than London fog.

Next it is said that the Opposition

had no policy of its own, and was content to go to the country on the mere cry of turning out the Government. This is precisely what is done in the House of Commons by a vote of want of confidence. It is an indictment against the whole policy and spirit of the party in power, and it is only the rarest because it is the boldest and most hazardous form of attack. If it fails the stigma of censure and want of confidence inevitably attaches to those who make it. If it succeeds, its success is a proof that the confidence of the country has been transferred to the party in Opposition, and that therefore they were justified in challenging a direct trial of strength. If the whole effort of the Opposition has been directed to the overthrow of the Government, that is only a proof that the Government has itself to thank for the simplicity of the issue presented to the country. Lord Beaconsfield's own manifesto, issued on the eve of the dissolution, was a distinct invitation to the country to give him a vote of confidence in a form as vague and as comprehensive as a blank cheque would have been. The country refused six years ago to sign Mr. Gladstone's blank cheque, even when it was manifestly and ostentatiously drawn in its own favour, and it was not very likely, on the face of things, that Lord Beaconsfield's audacious draft on the national confidence would meet with a more ready acceptance. If anything definite could be extracted from its inflated and mysterious language, there were but two points on which Lord Beaconsfield even affected to claim the confidence and sanction of his countrymen. One was the attitude of the Government towards Home Rule, which was suddenly discovered to be an agitation more mischievous than pestilence or famine; the other was the critical condition of Europe, whose impending storms, Lord Beaconsfield, fortified by an overwhelming *plēbiscite*, was to dissipate with a *Quos ego*. But the British public, unintelligent, impulsive, inarticulate as it may be, was not quite foolish enough to believe in the serious statesmanship of a Minister who spoke of Home Rule as he did within a year or two of making a leading Home Ruler Lord-Lieutenant of an Irish county, and dwelt with mysterious solemnity on the critical relations of England in Europe a few days after his Government had deliberately sanctioned reductions in the military and naval expenditure. Even Lord Beaconsfield's own colleagues showed either their total ignorance of his meaning, as might easily be, or their absolute contempt for his judgment. Sir Michael Hicks Beach assured his constituents that the time of European turmoil was over, and that the Government would at last be able to devote its attention to real and salutary domestic legislation; and Sir Stafford Northcote told the same tale at Hackney the very day after Lord Beaconsfield had repeated and enforced the warnings of his manifesto in the House of Lords. But in truth it is now quite clear that however serious the European situation may have been, the constituencies had long ago made up their minds that Lord Beaconsfield could not be trusted to deal with it. They had seen his schemes fail one by one, and his boasted policy collapse for sheer want of energy and serious purpose. The Treaty of Berlin was fulfilled so far as it was, not because Lord Beaconsfield willed it, but because the march of events, which the Government did little to guide and nothing to control, made for a sort of spontaneous settlement. The boasted triumph of securing for Turkey the crests of the Balkans proved a complete fiasco; Greece was cajoled and baffled, and no serious effort was made by England to carry out the suggestions made at the Congress; the scientific frontier was still untraced, and people were puzzled by hearing one day that it would be extended to Herat, another that it would stop short of Candahar, a third that it really existed and was to be found in the Treaty of Gandamak.

The Anglo-Turkish Convention was left in hopeless abeyance, and not even the menace of the British fleet was of any avail to overcome the obstinacy of the unspeakable Turk. Such being the state of things—words everywhere, deeds nowhere, new schemes hinted at one day, withdrawn another and revived a third—was it so very wonderful that the country determined once for all to put an end to a policy of surprise and retreat, of fantasy and failure? The last Liberal Government was condemned for its domestic meddlesomeness, the Conservative Government has been similarly condemned for its restlessness in foreign affairs. "A little more energy in foreign affairs" has never been understood by reasonable Englishmen to mean in the East the dreams of Tancred or the schemes of Fakredeen, and in Europe the intrigues of Vivian Grey.

These, it appears to us, were the faults for which the Conservative Government and policy were condemned; it remains to consider briefly the nature and effects of the judgment rendered. Minute political philosophers profess to have discovered that the Liberal victory, overwhelming as it has been, is secured by a very small aggregate of votes distributed in insignificant majorities over a large number of constituencies. The fact is true, no doubt, but the just inference to be drawn from it is that the contest has been everywhere severe and well-sustained, and that the victory remains, as it should do, with the majority brought to the polls in each constituency. Here again the indictment, if it has any weight at all, must be preferred, not against the victorious party, but against the constitution itself. It is moreover a suicidal argument to use, since an application of precisely the same arithmetical principles would show that the Conservatives had not been entitled to any majority at all in 1874. In a hardly-fought electoral contest, it must inevitably happen that some seats are won by a very small preponderance of votes, but the constitution accepts a majority, however small, and there is no appeal against its voice. The aggregate Conservative vote has largely increased since 1874, and therefore the fact of its being outnumbered, not in one place, but in scores, not in one district, but in all parts of the country, not in boroughs only, but in counties too, is a proof that the Liberals are once more re-united and determined, that their discipline is restored, and their organisation improved. To inquire how the representation would be affected by an arbitary re-distribution of local majorities is mere political trifling, very entertaining, no doubt, for people who have nothing better to do, but hardly calculated to inspire respect for the intelligence or seriousness of those who indulge in it. If a single vote has determined the election in some cases, and if the weight of the verdict is disputed on that account, it seems not amiss to reply in language which might sound profane if it were not sanctioned by the authority of a great seventeenth century writer — Selden, to wit: "They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General Councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost." If we elect to abide by the decision of a majority, the vote of the one man who makes it is as good as that of a thousand. But the whole matter may, and ought to be, looked at in quite another way. There is no part of the country which has not contributed its share to the Liberal majority. Local circumstances, sectional interests, personal rivalries, and the like, will account for the change here and there; but these causes are quite as likely to work in one direction as another, and it is antecedently probable that their effects in the aggregate would be pretty evenly balanced. The fact remains that England, boroughs and counties alike, has cast an overwhelm-

ing vote on the Liberal side, that Scotland, Liberal even in the midst of reaction, is now more Liberal than ever, and that Wales now sends only two Conservatives to Parliament. The case of Ireland is more complicated, but it offers little consolation to the Conservatives. This fact can have but one signification: the Government of Lord Beaconsfield is condemned, and the country has ceased to trust it. Whether right or wrong, this is the verdict rendered, and whether for good or evil, the die is irrevocably cast.

The battle has been fought and the victory is won; what its effects will be still remain to be seen. We have purposely abstained from entering into the broad questions of policy involved in Lord Beaconsfield's conduct of affairs, partly because the time has not yet come for judging them impartially, partly because both parties are agreed that the engagements to which the country stands committed must be equally respected by both. For similar reasons we refrain from discussing the probable policy of the incoming Administration. We are perhaps entering on an epoch of what is called emotional statesmanship and sentimental policy; but the emotion will at least be generous, the sentiment will be that of the nation at large, and not of a clique or a class, and the policy will be straightforward, outspoken, and based on the declared wishes of the people. As for intelligence and political sagacity, perhaps the Liberal benches will furnish as much as the late Conservative majority. The nation has deliberately chosen its rulers, and all men who love their country must hope that it has not chosen amiss. If the Imperial glitter of Lord Beaconsfield's policy had found favour with the people, those who deplored its methods and repudiated its aims would sorrowfully enough have accepted the decision, and not despaired of their country's future. The nation has decided otherwise with an emphasis not to be mistaken; it does not follow that the millennium is at hand, or that the new Liberal Government will prove less fallible than its predecessors. But sincere as may be the regrets of those who are now disappointed at the nation's decision, ill as they may think of the destiny the country has chosen for itself, it is a libel on the whole history of the English people, a scandal to the constitution itself, to maintain that the nation at large, enfranchised by the party it has now condemned, is either so ignorant, so stupid, so fickle, or so corrupt that it cannot any longer be trusted to choose its own rulers with sagacity and to regulate its own affairs with prudence. We do not say that the nation has judged aright; but we do say that it has a right to judge, and that it behoves all reasonable men to accept its judgment and respect it.

James R. Thursfield.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1880.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

This time Sir William did not get better as he had done before. His third fainting-fit proved the beginning of an illness at which the village doctor looked very grave. It was still but a very short time since he had come down from London, relieved at the end of the session, to enjoy his well-earned leisure, with everything prosperous around him, nothing but the little vexation of Paul's vagaries to give him a prick now and then, a reminder that he too was subject to the ills of mortality. What a happy house it had been to which the tired statesman had come home! When he had taken his seat by the side of Alice in the little pony-carriage there had been nothing but assured peace and comfort in his mind. Paul: —yes—Paul had been a vexation; but no more. Now all that brightness was overcast; the happy children in their holiday freedom were hushed in their own corner of the house, no longer allowed to roam through it wherever they pleased. Lady Markham, with all her pretty gowns, her lace and ornaments put away, lived in her husband's sick-room, or came down stairs now and then with an anxious smile, "like some one coming to call," the little girls said. Alice had become not Alice, but a sort of emissary between the outside world and that little hidden world up stairs in which the life of the house seemed concentrated. As for Sir William, he lay between life and death. First one, then another great London physician had come down to see him—but all that they could suggest had done him little or no good. All over the county messengers came every day for news of him; the head of the government, and even the Queen herself, and all the leading members of the party sent telegrams of inquiry; and there were already flutters of expectation in the town he represented as to the chances of the Liberal interest, "should anything happen." Even into Lady Markham's mind, as she sat in the silent room, often darkened and always quiet, trying hard to keep herself from thinking, there would come thoughts, dreary previsions of change, floating like clouds across her mental firmament, against her will, in spite of all her precautions —visions of darkness and blackness and solitude which she tried in vain to shut out. Her husband lying so still under the high canopies of the bed, from which all curtains and everything that could obstruct the free circulation of air had been drawn aside, capable of no independent action, but still the centre of every thought and plan—was it possible to imagine him absent altogether, swept away out of the very life in which he had been the chief actor! These thoughts did not come by any will of hers, but drifted gloomily across her mind as she sat silent, sometimes trying to read, mechanically going over

page after page, but knowing nothing of the meaning of the words that were under her eyes. To realise the death of the sufferer whom one is nursing is, save when death is too close to be any longer ignored, not only a shock, but a wrong, a guilt, a horror. Is it not like signing his sentence, agreeing that he is to die? Lady Markham felt as if she had consented to the worst that could happen when these visions of the future drifted across her mind.

Meanwhile who can describe the sudden dreariness of the house upon which in full sunshine of youth and enjoyment this blight came? The boys wished themselves at school—could there be any stronger evidence of the gloom around them?—the girls grew sad and cross, and cried for nothing at all. Fairfax lingered on, not knowing what to do, afraid to trouble the anxious ladies even by proposing to go away, obliterating himself as much as he could, though doing everything that Paul, had he been there, would have been expected to do. Paul did not come till a week after, though he was written to every day—but in that week a great many things had happened. For one thing Lady Markham had seen and spoken with the stranger who was living at the Markham Arms in the village, and who had introduced himself to the children as a relation. She had heard nothing of Mr. Gus except that one mention of him by little Bell on the night of the return, and that had made no great impression on her mind. It had been immediately before the recurrence of Sir William's faint, which had naturally occupied all her thoughts, and how could it be supposed that Lady Markham would remember a thing of such small importance? It surprised her much to meet in the hall that strange little figure in light, loose clothes, standing hat in hand, as she went from one room to another. Sir William then had been but a few days ill, and Lady Markham had hitherto resolutely kept herself from all those drifting shadows of fear. It was one of the days when she had come to "make a call" on her children. Sir William was asleep, and she persuaded herself that he was better, she had come down, as she said, to tell them the good news; but her smile as she told it was so tremulous, that little Bell, whose nerves had got entirely out of order, began to cry. And then they all cried together for a minute, and were a little eased by it. Alice protested that she was crying for joy because papa was better, and that it was very silly, but she could not help it; and Lady Markham had all the brightness of tears in her eyes as she came out into the hall on her way back to the sick-room; and lo, there before her in the hall, stood the little gentleman, bowing, with his hat in his hand.

"I think you must have heard of me, Lady Markham," he said.

She looked at him, with a kind of horror that a stranger should be able to find and detain her—she who ought to be by her husband's bedside. In her capacity of nurse it seemed almost as great a crime to intercept her as it would be to disturb Sir William; but she was too courteous to express her horror.

"I do not think so," she said, with a conciliatory smile which was intended to take off any edge of offence that might be found in her profession of ignorance. Then she looked at the card which he handed to her. "Perhaps this ought to be given to Brown. Ah! but now I remember. You are related to some kind people, the Lennys, who were here."

"Have the Lennys been here?" said Mr. Gus, with unfeigned surprise. "Yes, I am a relation of theirs also; but in the meantime there is a much nearer relationship."

"I am sure Mr. Gaveston," said Lady Markham, with a smile, by which she begged pardon for what she was saying, "that you will not think it rude if I leave you now. I don't like to be long away from Sir William. When he wakes he may miss me."

"Lady Markham," said Mr. Gus, "I wish you would let me speak to you. I do wish it indeed. It would be so much easier afterwards——"

She looked at him with genuine surprise, then with a glance round her up the great staircase, where she wished to go, and round the open doors by which no one came for her deliverance, she yielded unwillingly. "I fear I can only give you a few minutes," she said, and led the way into the library. She had done so without for the moment thinking that her husband's room was scarcely a place in which, at this moment, to discourse placidly with a stranger on subjects of which she was ignorant. It was so full of him. His books, his papers, all arranged as if he had that moment left them; his chair at its usual angle, as if he were seated in it unseen; everything marked with the more than good order, the precision and formal regularity of all Sir William's habits. The things which mark the little foibles of character, the innocent weaknesses of habit, are those which go most to the heart when death is threatening a member of a household. The sight of all these little *fads,* which sometimes annoyed her, and sometimes made her laugh when all was well, gave Lady Markham a shock of sudden pain and sudden *attendrissement.* Her heart had been soft enough before to her husband; it melted now in a suffusion of tender love and grief. Her eyes filled. Might it be that he never should sit at that table again?

"I am sure," she said, making once more the same instinctive appeal to the sympathy of the stranger, "that you will not detain me longer than you can help, for my husband is very ill. I cannot help being very anxious——" She could not say any more.

"I am very sorry, Lady Markham—but that is the very thing that makes it so important. May I ask if it is possible you have never heard of me? Never even *heard* of me!—that is the strangest thing of all."

In her surprise she managed better to get rid of her tears. She gave a startled glance at him, and then at the card she still held in her hand. "I cannot quite say that—for Mrs. Lenny and the Colonel both spoke—I cannot say of you—but of a family called Gaveston whom Sir William had known. You are the son, I presume, of an old friend? My husband, Mr. Gaveston," said Lady Markham, with warmth, "is not a man to be indifferent to old friends. You may be sure he would have been glad to see you, and done his best to make Markham pleasant to you:—but the circumstances—explain——"

"Then," said her strange companion with a certain air of sternness which changed the character of his face, "that is all you know?"

She looked at the card again. How was it she had not noticed the second name before? I see you have Markham in your name," she said; "I had not noticed. Is there then some distant relationship? But Mrs. Lenny never claimed to be a relation: or perhaps—I see! you are Sir William's godson," Lady Markham said, with a smile which was somewhat forced and uncomfortable. She kept her eyes upon him, uneasy, not knowing what might come next, vaguely foreseeing something which must wound her.

Mr. Gus's brown countenance grew red—he gave forth a sharp and angry laugh. "His *god*son," he said; "and that is all you know?"

Lady Markham grew far more red than he had done. Her beautiful face became crimson. The heat of shame and distress upon it seemed to get into her eyes. What was this suspicion that was flung into her mind like a firebrand? and in this place where her husband's blameless life had been passed, and at this moment when he was ill, perhaps approaching the end of all things! "Mr. Gaveston," she said, trembling, "I cannot, I cannot hear any more. It is not to me you ought to come, and at such a time! Oh, if you have been put in any false position—if you have been subjected to humiliation, by anything my husband

has done——" Her voice was choked by the growing heat and pain of her agitation; even to have such a horrible thought suggested to her now seemed cruelty incredible. It was wrong on her part to allow it to cross the threshold of a mind which was sacred to *him*. "Oh," she cried, wringing her hands, "if you have had anything to suffer, I am sorry for you, with all my heart! but I cannot hear any more now—do not ask me to hear any more now! Another time, anything we can do for you, any amends that can be made to you—but oh, for God's sake, think of the state he is lying in, and say no more now!"

Mr. Gus listened with wonder, irritation, and dismay. That she should be excited was natural, but with respect to their meaning, her words were like raving to him. He could not tell what she meant. Do anything for him, make him amends!—was the woman mad? He only stared at her blankly, and did not make any reply.

Then she held out her hand to him, trying to smile, with her eyes full of tears. "It shall not do you any harm eventually," she said, "your kindness now. Thank you for not insisting now. I have not left—Sir William for so long a time since he was ill."

She made a pause before her husband's name. If it were possible that there might be a link between him and this stranger—a link as strong as ——! It made her heart sick to think upon it; but she would not think upon it. It flashed across her mind only, but was not permitted to stay there: and half because of real anxiety to get back to the sick room, half from a still greater eagerness to get rid of her visitor, she made a step towards the door.

"If you will let me say so," said Mr. Gus, "you oughtn't to shut yourself up in a sick-room. You may think me an enemy, but I'm no enemy. I wish you all well. I like the children. I think I could be very fond, if she'd let me, of Alice, and I admire you——"

"Sir!" Lady Markham said. She turned her astonished eyes upon him with a blaze in them which would have frightened most men; then opened the door with great stateliness and dignity, ignoring the attempt he made to do it for her. "I must bid you good morning," she said, making him a curtsey worthy of a queen—then walked across the hall with the same dignity; but as soon as she was out of sight, flew up stairs, and, before going to her husband, went to her own room for a time to compose herself. She felt herself outraged, insulted—a mingled sense of rage and wonder had taken possession of her gentle soul. Who was this man, and what could he mean by his claim upon her, his impudent expressions of interest in the family, as if he belonged to the family? Was it not bad enough to put a stigma upon her husband at the moment when he was dying, and when all her thoughts were full of the tenderest veneration for him, and recollection of all his goodness! To throw this shadow of the sins of his youth, even vaguely, upon Sir William's honourable, beautiful age, was something like a crime. It was like desecration of the holiest sanctuary. Lady Markham could not but feel indignant that any man should seize this moment to put forth such a claim—and to make it to *her*, disturbing her ideal, introducing doubt and shame into her love, just at the moment when all her tenderness was most wanted! it was cruel. And then, as if that was not enough, to assume familiarity, to speak of her child as Alice, this stranger, this ——! Delicate woman as she was, Lady Markham, in her mind, applied as hard a word to Mr. Gus as the severest of plainspoken men could have used. She seemed to see far, far back in the mists of distance, a young man falling into temptation and sin, and some deceitful girl—must it not have been a deceitful girl?—working upon his innocence. This is how, when the heart is sore, such blame is apportioned. He it was who must have been

seduced and deluded. How long ago? some fifty years ago, for the man looked as old as Sir William. When this occurred to her, her heart gave a leap of joy. Perhaps the story was all a lie—a fiction. He did look almost as old as Sir William; how could it be possible? It must be a lie!

When she came as far as this she bathed her eyes and composed herself, and went back to her husband's room. He was still asleep, and Lady Markham took her usual place where she could watch him without disturbing him, and took her knitting which helped to wile away the long hours of her vigil. If the knitting could but have occupied her mind as it did her hands! but in the quiet all her thoughts came back; her mind became a court of justice, in which the arguments on each side were pleaded before a most anxious, yet, alas, too clear-sighted judge. This stranger, who figured as the accuser, was arraigned before her, and examined in every point of view. He was strange; he was not like the men whom Lady Markham was used to see; but he did not look like an impostor. She tried to herself to prove him so, but she could not do it. He was not like an impostor. In his curious foreignness and presumption, he yet had the air of a true man. But then, she said to herself, how ignorant, how foolish he must be, how incapable of any just thought or feeling of shame. To come to *her!* If he had indeed a claim upon Sir William, there were other ways of making that claim; but that he should come to her—Sir William's wife—and oh, at such a time! This was the refrain of her thoughts to which she came back and back. As she sat there in the darkened room, her fingers busy with her knitting, her ears intent to hear the slightest movement the sleeper made, this was how her mind was employed. Perhaps when they had gone through all these stages, her thoughts came back with a still more exquisite tenderness to the sick man lying there, she thought, so unconscious of this old, old sin of his which had come back to find him out. How young he must have been at the time, poor boy!—younger than Paul—and away from all his friends, no one to think of him as Paul had, to pray for him—a youth tossed into the world to sink or to swim. Lady Markham's heart melted with sympathy. And to make up for that youthful folly, in which perhaps he was sinned against as well as sinning, what a life of virtue and truth he had led ever since. She cast her thoughts back upon the past with a glow of tender approval and praise. Who could doubt his goodness? He had done his duty in everything that had been given him to do. He had served his country, he had served his parish, both alike, well; and he had been the Providence of all the poor people dependent upon him. She went over all that part of his career which she had shared, with tears of melancholy happiness coming to her eyes. Nothing there that any one could blame: oh, far from that! everything to be praised. No man had been more good, more kind, more spotless; no one who had trusted in him had ever been disappointed. And what a husband he had been: what a father he had been! If this were true, if he had done wrong in his youth, had he not amply proved that it was indeed but a folly of youth, a temporary aberration—nothing more. Lady Markham felt that she was a traitor to her husband to sit here by his sick-bed and allow herself to think that he had ever been wicked. Oh, no, he could not have been wicked! it was not possible. She went softly to his bedside to look at him while he slept. Though he was sleeping quietly enough, there was a cloud of trouble on his face. Was it perhaps a reflection from the doubt she had entertained of him, from the floating shadows of old evil that had been blown up like clouds upon his waning sky?

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Gus was much startled by the change in Lady Markham's manner, by her sudden withdrawal and altered looks. Had he offended her? He did not know how. He had been puzzled, much puzzled, by all she had said. She had professed to be sorry for him. Why? Of all who were concerned, Gus felt that he himself was the one whom it was not needful to be sorry for. The others might have some cause for complaint; but nothing could affect him—his position was sure. And it was very mysterious to him what Lady Markham could mean when she professed to be ready to make him amends—for what? Gus could afford to laugh, though, indeed, he was very much surprised. But happily the nature of the mistake which Lady Markham had made, and the cause of her indignation were things he never guessed at. They did not occur to him. His position had never been in the least degree equivocal in any way. He had known exactly, and everybody around him had known exactly, what it was. Though he had been adopted as his uncle's heir, he had never been kept in the dark—why should he?—as to whose son he was. And when the poor old planter fell into trouble, and the estate of which Gus was to be the heir diminished day by day, "It does matter for Gus," the old man had said; "you must go back to your own family when I am gone; there's plenty there for you, if there is not much here." Gus had known all about Markham all his life. An old pencil-drawing of the house, feeble enough, yet recognisable still, had been hanging in his room since ever he could remember. It had belonged to his poor young mother, and since the time he had been able to speak he had known it as home. The idea of considering "the second family" had only dawned upon him when he began to plan his voyage "home," after his uncle's death. He had heard there were children, and consequently one of his great packing-cases contained many things which children would be likely to value. It gave Gus pleasure to think of little sisters and brothers to whom he would be more like an uncle than a brother. He was fond of children, and he had a very comfortable simple confidence in himself. It had never occurred to him that they might not "get on." It was true that to hear of Paul gave him at first a certain twinge; but he thought it impossible, quite impossible, that Sir William could have let his son grow up to manhood without informing him of the circumstances. Surely it was impossible! There might be reasons why Lady Markham need not be told—it might make her jealous, it might be disappointing and vexatious to her—but he would not permit himself to believe that Paul had been left in ignorance. And Alice, who was grown up, it seemed certain to him that she, too, must know something. He had been greatly moved by the sight of Alice. The young ladies out in Barbadoes, he thought, were not like that, nor did he in Barbadoes see many young ladies; and this dainty, well-trained, well-bred English girl was a wonder and delight to him. Why should he not say that he was fond of Alice? It was not only natural, but desirable that he should be so. He walked out after Lady Markham left him with a slight sense of discomfiture; he could not tell why, but yet a smile at the "flurry" into which she had allowed herself to be thrown. Women were subject to "flurries" for next to no cause, he was aware. It was foolish of her, but yet she was a woman to whom a good deal might be pardoned. And he did not feel angry, only astonished, and half discomfited, and a little amused. It was strange—he could not tell what she meant—but yet in time, no doubt, all would be amicably settled, and they would "get on," however huffy she might be for the moment. Gus knew himself very well, and he knew that

in general he was a person with whom it was easy to get on.

But he was a little disappointed to go away—after the hopes he had formed of being at once received into the bosom of the family, acknowledged by Sir William, and made known to the others—without any advance at all. He had spoken to Alice when he met her with the children, and had got "fond of her" on the spot: and he would have liked to have had her brought to him, and to have made himself known in his real character to all the girls and boys. But however, it must all come right sooner or later, he said to himself; and no doubt Lady Markham, with her husband sick on her hands, and her son, as all the village believed, giving her a great deal of anxiety, might be forgiven if she could not take the trouble to occupy herself about anything else. Gus went away without meeting any one, and when he had got out in front of the house, turned round to look at it, as he was in the custom of doing. It was a dull day, drizzly and overcast. This made the house look very like that woolly pencil-drawing, which had always hung at the head of his bed, and always been called home.

As he stood there some one came from behind the wing where the gate of the flower-garden was, and approached him slowly. Gus had not been quite able to make out who Fairfax was. He was "no relation," and there did not even seem to be any special understanding between him and Alice, which was the first idea that had come into the stranger's head. He had spoken to Fairfax two or three times when he had met him with the children, and Gus, who was full of the frankest and simplest curiosity, waited for him as soon as he perceived him. "We are going the same way, and I hope you don't dislike company," he said. To tell the truth, Fairfax had no particular liking for company at that moment. It seemed to him that he was in a very awkward position in this house where dangerous sickness had come in and taken possession; but how to act, how to disembarrass them of his constant presence, without depriving them of his services, which, with natural self-regard he thought perhaps more valuable than they really were, he did not know. The quaint "little gentleman," about whom all the children chattered, seemed for the first moment somewhat of a bore to Fairfax; but after a moment's hesitation he accepted him with his usual good-nature, and joined him without any apparent reluctance. Mr. Gus was very glad of the opportunity of examining at his leisure this visitor whose connection with the family he did not understand.

"I have been asking for the old gentleman," he said. "I have seen Lady Markham. You know them a great deal better than I do, no doubt, though I am—a relation."

"I do not know them very well," said Fairfax. "Indeed, I find myself in a very awkward position. I came here by chance because Sir William fell ill when I was with them, and I was of some use for the moment. That made me come on with them, without any intention of staying. And here I am, a stranger, or almost a stranger, in a house where there is dangerous illness. It is very embarrassing; I don't know what to do."

He had thought Gus a bore one minute, and the next opened all his mind to him. This was characteristic of the young man; but yet in his carelessness and easy impulse there was a certain sudden sense that the support of a third person somehow connected with the Markham family might give him some countenance.

"Then you don't know them—much?" said Mr. Gus, half-satisfied, half-contemptuous. "I couldn't make you out, to tell the truth. Nobody but an old friend or a connection—or some one who was likely to become a connection"—he added, giving Fairfax a keen sidelong glance, "seemed the right sort of person to be here."

Fairfax felt uneasy under that look.

He blushed, he could scarcely tell why. "I can't be said to be more than a chance acquaintance," he said. "It was a lucky chance for me. I have known Markham for a long time. I've known *him* pretty well; but it was a mere chance which brought Sir William to me when they were looking for Markham; and then, by another chance, I was calling when he was taken ill. That's all. I feel as if I were of a little use, and that makes me hesitate; but I know I have no right to be here."

"Who's Markham? The—son, I suppose?"

"Yes, the eldest son. I suppose you know him as Paul. Of course," said Fairfax, with hesitation, "he ought to be here; but there are some family misunderstandings. He doesn't know, of course, how serious it is."

"Wild?" said Mr. Gus, with his little, precise air.

"Oh—I don't quite know what you mean by wild. Viewy he is, certainly."

"Viewy? Now I don't know what you mean by viewy. It is not a word that has got as far as the tropics, I suppose."

Fairfax paused to give a look of increased interest at the "little gentleman." He began to be amused, and it was easy—very easy—to lead him from his own affairs into the consideration of some one else's. "Paul," he said—"I have got into the way of calling him Paul since I have been here, as they all do—goes wrong by the head, not in any other way. We have been dabbling in—what shall I call it?—socialism, communism, in a way—the whole set of us: and he is more in earnest than the rest; he is giving himself up to it."

"Socialism — communism!" cried Mr. Gus; he was horrified in his simplicity. "Why that's revolution, that's bloodshed and murder!" he cried.

"Oh, no; we're not of the bloody kind—we're not red," said Fairfax, laughing. "It's the communism that is going to form an ideal society—not fire and flame and barricades."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Gus, not listening to this explanation, "that this young Markham—Paul, this Lady Markham's son—is one of those villains that want to assassinate all the kings, and plunge all Europe into trouble? Good God! what a lucky thing I came here!"

"No, no, I tell you," said Fairfax. "On the contrary, what Paul wants is to turn his back upon kings and aristocracies, to give up civilisation altogether, for that matter, and found a new world in the backwoods. We've all played with the notion. It sounds fine; and then there's one eloquent fellow—a real orator, mind you—who makes it look like the grandest thing in the world to do. I believe he thinks it is, and so does Paul. He's gone wrong in his head on the subject; that is all that is wrong with him. But there is this difference," said Fairfax reflectively, "from going wrong that way and—other ways. If you prove yourself an ass in the common form, you're sorry and ashamed of yourself, and glad to make it up with your people at home; but when it's this sort of thing you stand on your high principles and will not give in. That's one difference between being viewy and—the other. Paul can't make up his mind to give in; and then probably he thinks they are making the very most of his father's illness in order to work upon his feelings. Well! he ought to know better," cried Fairfax, with a flush of indignation; "Lady Markham is not the sort of person to be suspected in that way; but you know the kind of ideas that are general. He makes himself fancy so, I suppose."

"He seems a nice sort of young fellow to come into this fine property," said Gus, with another sidelong, inquisitive look at Fairfax. There was an air of keen curiosity, and at the same time of sarcastic enjoyment, on his face.

"That is the strange thing about it," said Fairfax, reflectively stroking the visionary moustache which very

lightly adorned his lip. "Paul is a very queer fellow. He is against the idea of property. He thinks it should all be re-divided and every man have his share. And, what's stranger still," he added, with an exclamation, "he's the fellow to do it if he had the chance. There is nothing sham about him. He would strip himself of everything as easily as I would throw off a coat."

"Against the idea of property!" said little Gus, with a very odd expression. He gave a long whistle of surprise and apparent discomfiture. "He must be a very queer fellow indeed," he said, with an air of something like disappointment. Why should he have been disappointed? But this was what no one, however intimately acquainted with the circumstances, could have told.

"Yes, he is a very queer fellow. He has a great deal in him. One thing that makes me a little uncomfortable," continued Fairfax, unconsciously falling more and more into a confidential tone, "is that I don't know how he may take my being here."

"How should he take it? you are his friend, you said?"

"Ye-es; oh, we've always been very good friends, and one time and another have seen a great deal of each other. Still, you may like a fellow well enough among men, and not care to see him domesticated, you know, in your home. Besides, he might think I had put myself in the way on purpose to curry favour when Sir William was ill—or—I don't know what he might think. It seems shabby somehow to be living with your friend's people when your friend isn't there."

"Especially if he ought to be there, and you are doing his work."

"Perhaps," Fairfax said; and they walked down to the end of the avenue in silence. Mr. Gus had got a great deal to think of from this interview. A new light had come into his mind—and somehow, strangely, it was not at first an entirely agreeable light. He went along for some way without saying anything, going out of the great gates, and into the high road, which was so quiet. A country cart lumbering past now and then, or a farmer's gig, the sharp trot of a horse carrying a groom from some other great house to inquire after Sir William, gave a little more movement to the rural stillness, increasing the cheerfulness, though the occasion was of the saddest; and as they approached the village, a woman came out from a cottage door, and, making her homely curtsey, asked the same question.

"My lady will be in a sad way," this humble inquirer said. It was of my lady more than of Sir William that the rustic neighbours thought.

"My lady's a great person hereabout," said Mr. Gus, with a look that was half spiteful. "I wonder how she will like it when the property goes away from her. She will not take it so easily as Paul."

"No," said Fairfax, rousing up in defence, "it is not likely she would take it easily; she has all her children to think of. It is to be hoped Paul will have sense enough to provide for the children before he lets it go out of his hands."

"Ah!" This again seemed to be a new light to Gus. "Your Lady Markham would have nothing to say to me," he said, after a pause. "She sent me off fast enough. She neither knows who I am, nor wants to know. Perhaps it would be better both for her and the children if she had been a little more civil."

It was Fairfax's turn to look at him now, which he did with quite a new curiosity. He could not understand in what possible way it might be to Lady Markham's advantage to be civil to the little gentleman whom no one knew anything about; then it occurred to him suddenly that the uncles who appear mysteriously from far countries with heaps of money to bestow, and who present themselves *incognito*

to test their families, are not strictly confined to novels and the stage. Now and then such a thing has happened, or has been said to happen, in real life. Could this be an instance? He was puzzled and he was amused by the idea. Mr. Gus did not look like the possessor of a colossal fortune looking for an heir; nor, though Lady Markham thought him nearly as old-looking as Sir William, did he seem to Fairfax old enough to adopt a simply beneficent *rôle*. Still, there seemed no other way to account for this half threat. It was all Fairfax could do to restrain his inclination to laugh; but he did so, and exerted himself at once to restore Lady Markham to his companion's good opinion.

"You must remember," he said—"and all we have been saying proves how much both you and I are convinced of it—that Sir William is very ill. His wife's mind is entirely occupied with him, and she is anxious about Paul. Indeed, can any one doubt that she has a great many anxieties very overwhelming to a woman who has been taken care of all her life? Fancy, should anything happen to Sir William, what a charge upon her shoulders! The wonder to me is that she can see any one; indeed she does not see any one. And if she does not know, as you say, who you are——"

"No," said Mr. Gus. Something which sounded half like a chuckle of satisfaction, and half a note of offence, was in his voice. He was like a mischievous school-boy delighted with the effect of a mystification, yet at the same time angry that he had not been found out. "She knows nothing about me," he said, with a half-laugh. Just then they had reached the Markham Arms, into which Fairfax followed him without thinking. They went into the little parlour, which was somewhat gloomy on this dull day, and green with the shadow of the honeysuckle which hung so delightfully over the window when the sun was shining, but darkened the room now with its wreaths of obtrusive foliage, glistening in the soft summer drizzle. "Come in, come in," said Mr. Gus, pushing the chair, which was miscalled easy, towards his visitor, and shivering slightly; "nobody knows anything about me here: and if this is what you call summer, I wish I had never left Barbadoes. I can tell you, Mr. Fairfax, it was not a reception like this I looked for when I came here."

"Probably," said Fairfax, hitting the mark at a venture, "it is only Sir William himself who is acquainted with all the family relations—and as he is ill and disabled, of course he does not even know that you are here."

"He does know that I am here," cried the little gentleman, bursting with his grievance. It had come to that pitch that he could not keep silence any longer, and shut this all up in his own breast. "I wrote to let him know I had come. I should think he did know about his relations; and I—I can tell you, I'm a much nearer relation than any one here is aware."

Fairfax received this intimation quite calmly; he was not excited. Indeed it did not convey to him any kind of emotion. What did it matter? Uncle or distant cousin, it was of very little consequence. He said, placidly—

"The village looks very pretty from this window. Are you comfortable here?"

"Comfortable!" echoed Gus. "Do you think I came all this way across the sea to shut myself up in a village public-house? I didn't even know what a village public house was. I knew that house up there, and had known it all my life. I've got a drawing of it I'll show you, as like as anything ever was. Do you suppose I thought I would ever be sent away from there? I—oh, but you don't know, you can't suppose, how near a relation I am."

Fairfax thought the little man must be a monomaniac on this subject of his relationship to the Markhams. He thought it was but another instance of

the wonderful way in which people worship family and descent. He himself having none of these things had marked often, with the keenness of a man who is beyond the temptation, the exaggerated importance which most people gave to them. Sir William Markham, it might be said, was a man whom it was worth while to be related to; but it did not matter what poor bit of a squire it was, Fairfax thought; a man who could boast himself the cousin of Hodge of Claypits was socially a better man than the best man who was related to nobody. What a strange thing this kind of test was! To belong to a famous historical family, or to be connected with people of eminent acquirements, he could understand that there might be a pride in that; but the poorest little common-place family that had vegetated at one place for a century or two! He did not make any answer to Mr. Gus, but smiled at him, and yet compassionated him—this poor little fellow who had come over here from the tropics with his head full of the glory of the Markhams, and now had nothing better to do than to sit in this little inn parlour and brag of his relationship to them; it was very pitiful, and yet it was ludicrous too.

"I wonder," he said suddenly, "whether they could put me up here? I want to go, and yet I don't want to be away, if you can understand that. If anything were to happen, and Markham not here——"

"I should be here," said Gus. "I tell you you haven't the least idea how near a relation I am. Lady Markham may be as high and mighty as she likes, but it would be better for her if she were a little civil. She doesn't know the power that a man may have whom she chooses to slight. And I can tell you my papers are all in order. There are no registers wanting or certificates, or anything to be put a question upon; uncle took care of that. Though he adopted me, and had the intention of making me his heir (if he had left anything to be heir to), he always took the greatest care of all my papers. And he used to say to me, 'Look here, Gus, if anything should happen to me, here's what will set you up, my boy.' I never thought much about it so long as he was living, I thought things were going better than they were; and when the smash came I took a little time to pick myself up. Then I thought I'd do what he always advised—I'd come home. But if any one had told me I was to be living *here*, in a bit of a tavern, and nobody knowing who I am, I should not have believed a word."

"It is very unfortunate," said Fairfax; "but of course it is because of Sir William's illness—that could not have been foreseen."

"No, to be sure it could not have been foreseen," Gus said; then roused himself again in the might of his injury. "But if you could guess, if you could so much as imagine, who I really am——"

Fairfax looked at him with curiosity. It was strange to see the vehemence in his face: but Gus was now carried beyond self-control. He could not help letting himself out, getting the relief of disclosure. He leant across the little shining mahogany table and whispered a few words into Fairfax's ear.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WHAT does the doctor say?"

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax! worse, far worse than nothing! He looks at us as if his heart would break. He has known us all our lives. He steals out through the garden not to see me. But I know what he means, I know very well what he means," Alice said with irrestrainable tears.

"But the other one from London—Sir Thomas: he is coming?"

"This afternoon: but it will not do any good. Mr. Fairfax, will you telegraph once more to Paul? I don't think he believes us. Tell him that papa——"

"Don't say any more, Miss Markham; I understand. But one moment," said Fairfax; "Paul will not like to find me here. No, there is no reason why—we have never quarrelled. But he will not like to find me here."

"You have been very kind, very good to us, Mr. Fairfax; you have stayed and helped us when there was no one else; you have always been a —comfort. But then it must have been very, very dismal and gloomy for you to be in a house where there was nothing but trouble," Alice said.

Her pretty eyes were swimming in tears. It gave her a little pang to think that perhaps this visitor, though he had been so kind, had been staying out of mere civility, and thinking it hard. It was not out of any other feeling in her mind that she was aware of; but to think that Fairfax had been longing to get away perhaps, feeling the tedium of his stay, gave her a sharp little shock of pain.

"Do not speak so—pray do not speak so," said Fairfax, distressed. "That is not the reason. But I think I will go to the village. There I can be at hand whatever is wanted. You will know that I am ready by night or day—but I have no right to be here."

Alice looked at him, scarcely seeing him through the great tears with which her eyes were brimming over. She put out her hand with a tremulous gesture of appeal.

"Then you think," she said, in a voice which was scarcely louder than a whisper, "you think — it is very near?"

Fairfax felt that he could not explain himself. In the very presence of death could any one pause to think that Paul might find a visitor intrusive, or that the visitor himself might be conscious of a false position?

"No," he said, "no: how can I tell? I have not seen him. I could not be a judge. It is on Paul's account; but I shall be at the village—always at hand whatever you may want."

This reassured her a little, and the glimmer of a feeble smile came on her face. She gave him her trembling hand for a moment. He had been very "kind." It was not a word which expressed his devotion, but Alice did not know what other to use: very—very kind.

"The house will seem more empty still if you go. It looks so lonely," said Alice; "like what it used to be when they were away in town and we left behind. Oh, if that were all! Paul ought to have been here all the time, and you have taken his place. It is unjust that you should go when he comes."

"I shall not go," said Fairfax softly. He had held her hand in his for a moment—only for a moment. Alice, in her grief, was soothed by his sympathy; but Fairfax, on the other hand, was very well aware that he must take no advantage of that sympathy. He would have liked to kiss the trembling hand in an effusion of tender pity, and if it had been Lady Markham he might have done so; but it was Alice, and he dared not. He held himself aloof by main strength, keeping himself from even a word more. There was almost a little chill in it to the girl, whose heart was full of trouble and pain, and whose tearful eyes appealed unconsciously to that "kindness" in which she had such confidence. To be deserted by any one at such a moment would have seemed hard to her. The house was oppressed by the slow rolling-up of this cloud, which was about to overcloud all their life.

Lady Markham now scarcely left the sick-room at all. When they warned her that she would exhaust herself, that she would not be able to bear the strain, she would shake her head with a woeful sort of smile. She was not of the kind that breaks down. She was sure of herself so long as she should be wanted, and afterwards, what did it matter? Now and then she would come out and take a turn or two along the corridor, rather because of the restlessness of anguish that would take possession of

her than from any desire to "change the air," as the nurse said. And when she was out of the room Sir William's worn eyes would watch the door. "Don't leave me alone," he said to her in his feeble voice. He had grown very feeble now. For by far the greater part of the time he was occupied entirely with his bodily sufferings; but now and then it would occur to him that there was something in his pocket-book, something that would give a great deal of trouble—and that there was somebody who wanted to see him and to force an explanation. How was he able, in his weak state, to give any explanation? He had entreated his wife at first not to allow him to be disturbed, and now, as everything grew dimmer, he could not bear that she should leave him. There was protection in her presence. At times it occurred to him that his enemy was lurking outside, and that all his attendants could do was to keep the intruder at bay. Now and then he would hear a step in the corridor, which no doubt was *his*; but the nurses were all faithful, and the dangerous visitor was never let in. At these moments Sir William turned his feeble head to look for his wife. She would protect him. As he went further and further, deeper and deeper, into the valley of the shadow, he forgot even what the danger was; but the idea haunted him still. All this time he had never asked for Paul. He had not wished to see any one, only to have his room well watched and guarded, and nobody allowed to disturb him. When the doctors came there was always a thrill of alarm in his mind—not for his own condition, as might have been supposed, but lest in their train or under some disguise the man who was his enemy might get admission. And thus, without any alarm in respect to himself, without any personal uneasiness about what was coming, he descended gradually the fatal slope. The thought of death never occurred to him at all. No solemn alarm was his, not even any consciousness of what might be coming. He never breathed a word as to what he wished to be done, or gave any directions. In short, he did not apparently think much of his illness. The idea of a dangerous and disagreeable visitor who would go away again if no notice was taken of him, and of whom it was expedient to take no notice, was the master idea in his mind, and with all the strength he had he kept this danger secret—it was all the exertion of which he was now capable.

And to be a visitor in the house at such a melancholy moment was most embarrassing. There are some people who have a special knack of mixing themselves up in the affairs of others, and Fairfax was one of these. He was himself strangely isolated and alone in the world, and it seemed to him that he had never found so much interest in anything as in this family story into the midst of which he had been so suddenly thrown. Almost before he had become acquainted with them, circumstances had made him useful, and for the moment necessary, to them. He was an intruder, yet he was doing the work of a son. And then in those long summer evenings which Lady Markham spent in her husband's sick-room, what a strange charmed life the young man had drifted into! When the children went to bed, Alice would leave the great drawing-room blazing with lights, for that smaller room at the end which was Lady Markham's sanctuary, and which was scarcely lighted at all, and there the two young people would sit alone, waiting for Lady Markham's appearance or for news from the sick-room, with only one dim lamp burning, and the summer moonlight coming in through the little golden-tinted panes of the great Elizabethan window. Sometimes they scarcely said anything to each other, the anxiety which was the very atmosphere of the house hushing them into watchfulness and listening which forbade speech; but sometimes,

on the other hand, they would talk in half-whispers, making to each other without knowing it, many disclosures both of their young lives and characters, which advanced them altogether beyond that knowledge of each other which ordinary acquaintances possess.

Nothing like love, it need not be said, was in those bits of intercourse, broken sometimes by a hasty summons from the sick-room to Alice, or a hurried commission to Fairfax—a telegram that had to be answered, or something that it was necessary to explain to the doctor. In the intervals of these duties, which seemed as natural to the one as to the other, the girl and the young man would talk or would be silent, somehow pleased and soothed mutually by each other's presence, though neither was conscious of thinking of the other. Alice at least was not conscious. She felt that it was "a comfort" that he should be there, so sympathetic, so kind, ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice; and she had come to be able to say to him "Go" or "Come" without hesitation, and to take for granted his willing service. But it was scarcely to be expected that Fairfax should be unconscious of the strangeness of the union which was invisibly forming itself between them. At first a certain amusement had mixed with the natural surprise of suddenly finding himself in circumstances so strange; but it must be allowed that by degrees Fairfax came to think Sir William's illness a fortunate chance, and so long as imminent danger was not thought of, had no objection to its continuance.

But things had become more grave from day to day. Sir William, without doubt, seemed going to die, and Paul did not come, and the stranger's services became more and more necessary, yet more and more incongruous with the circumstances of the house. The whole came to a climax when Gus whispered that revelation across the table in the inn parlour. The excitement and distress with which Fairfax received it is not to be described. Could it be true? Certainly Gus was absolutely convinced of its truth, and unaware of any possibility of denial. Fairfax asked himself, with a perplexity more serious than he had ever known in his life before, what he ought to do. Was it his duty to say something or to say nothing? to warn them of the extraordinary blow that was coming, or to hold his peace and merely look on? When he went back up the peaceful avenue into the house which he was beginning to call home—the house over which one dread cloud was hanging, but which had no prevision of the other calamity—he felt as if he himself were a traitor conniving at its destruction. But to whom could he speak? Not to Lady Markham who had so much to bear—and Alice—to tell such a tale to Alice was impossible. It was then that he determined at any cost that Paul must come, and he himself go away. That Paul would not tolerate his presence in the house he was aware, instinctively feeling that neither could he, in Paul's place, have borne it. And to go away was not so easy as it once might have been; but there seemed no longer any question what his duty was. He put up some of his things in a bag, and himself carried them with him down the avenue, not able to feel otherwise than sadly heavy and sore about the heart. He could not abandon the ladies; but he could not stay there any longer with that secret in his possession. His telegram to Paul was in a different tone from those which the ladies sent.

"The doctors give scarcely any hope," he said. "Come instantly. I cannot but feel myself an intruder at such a moment; but I will not leave till you come."

Then he went sadly with his bag to the Markham Arms. Was it right? Was it wrong? It even glanced across his mind that to establish himself there by the side of Gus might

seem to the Markhams like taking their enemy's side against them. But what else could he do? He would neither intrude upon them nor abandon them.

Fairfax calculated justly. Paul, who had resisted his mother's appeals and his sister's entreaties, obeyed at once the imperative message of the man who threw the light of outside opinion and common necessity upon the situation. He arrived that night, just after the great London physician, who had come down to pronounce upon Sir William's condition, had been driven to the railway. Paul had no carriage sent for him, and had said to himself that it was all an exaggeration and piece of folly, since some one from Markham was evidently dining out. There were, however, all the signs of melancholy excitement which usually follow such a visit visible in the hall and about the house when he reached it. Brown and one of his subordinates were standing talking in low tones on the great steps, shaking their heads as they conversed. Mr. Brown himself had managed to change his usually cheerful countenance into the semblance of that which is characteristic of an undertaker's mute.

"I knew how it would be the moment I set eyes upon him," Mr. Brown was saying. "Death was in his face, if it ever was in a man's."

Paul sprang from the lumbering old fly which he had found at the station with a mixture of eagerness and incredulity.

"How is my father?" he said.

"Oh, sir, you're come none too soon," said Brown. "Sir William is as bad as bad can be." And then Alice, hearing something, she did not know what, rushed out. Every sound was full of terror in the oppressed house. She flung herself upon her brother and wept. There was no need to say anything; and Paul who had been lingering, thinking they did not mean what they said, believing it to be a device to get him seduced into that dangerous stronghold of his enemy's house, was overcome too.

"Why did not I hear before?" he said. But nobody bid him remember that he had been told a dozen times before.

Sir William was very ill that night. He began to wander, and said things in his confused and broken utterance which were very mysterious to the listeners. But as none of them had any clue to what these wanderings meant, they did not add, as they might have done, to the misery of the night. There was no rest for any one during those tedious hours. The children and the inferior servants went to bed as usual, but the elder ones, and those domestics who had been long in the family, could not rest any more than could those individually concerned; the excitement of that gloomy expectation got into their veins. Mrs. Fry was up and down all night, and Brown lay on a sofa in the housekeeper's room, from which he appeared at intervals looking very wretched and troubled, with that air of half-fearing, half-hoping the worst, which gets into the faces of those who stand about the outer chamber where Death has showed his face. Nothing however "happened" that night. The day began again, and life, galvanised into a haggard copy of itself, with all the meals put upon the table as usual. The chief figure in this new day, in this renewed vigil, was Paul, who, always important in the house, was now doubly important as so soon to be master of all. The servants were all very careful of him that he should not be troubled; messages and commissions which the day before would have been handed unceremoniously to Fairfax, were now managed by Brown himself as best he could rather than trouble Mr. Paul; and even Mrs. Fry was more anxious that he should lie down and rest, than even that Alice, her favourite, should be spared.

"It will all come upon him *after*," the housekeeper said.

As for Paul himself, the effect upon him was very great. Perhaps it was because of the profound dissatisfaction in his mind with all his own plans, that he had so long resisted the call to come home. Since his father had left Oxford, Paul had gone through many chapters of experience. Every day had made him more discontented with his future associates, more secretly appalled by the idea that the rest of his life was to be spent entirely among them. He had left his rooms in college, and gone into some very homely ones not far from Spears's, by way of accustoming himself to his new life. This was a thing he had long intended to do, and he had been angry with himself for his weak-minded regard for personal comfort. But unfortunately his enthusiasm had begun to sink into disgust before he took this step, and his loathing for the little mean rooms, the narrow street full of crowding children and evil odours was intense. That he had forced himself to remain, notwithstanding this loathing, was perhaps all the worse for his plans. He would not yield to his own disgust, but it inspired him with a secret horror and opposition far more important than this mere dislike of his surroundings. He saw that none of the others minded those things, which made his existence miserable. Even Spears, whose perceptions in some respects were delicate, did not smell the smell, nor perceive the squalor. He thought Paul's new lodgings very handsome; he called him Paul without any longer even the apologetic smile which at first accompanied that familiarity, as a matter of course. And Janet gave him no peace. She called him out with little beckonings and signs. She was always in the way when he came or went. She took the charge of him, telling him what he ought to do and what not to do, with an attempt at that petty tyranny which a woman who is loved may exercise with impunity, but which becomes intolerable in any other.

It was thus with a kind of fierce determination to remain faithful to his convictions that Paul had set himself like a rock against all the appeals from home. His convictions! These convictions gradually resolved themselves into a conviction of the utter unendurableness of life under the conditions which he had chosen, as day by day went on. Nothing, he had resolved, should make him yield, or own himself mistaken— nothing would induce him to give up the cause to which he had pledged himself. But now that at last he had been driven out of that stronghold, and forced to leave the surroundings he hated, and come back to those that were natural to him, Paul's mind was in a chaos indescribable. After the first burst of penitence and remorse, there had stolen on him a sense of well-being, a charm of association which he strove to struggle against, but in vain. He was grieved, deeply grieved for his father; but is it possible that in the mind of a young heir, aware of all the incalculable differences in his own life which the end of his father's must make, there should not be a quivering excitement of the future mingling with the sorrow of the present, however sincere? When he went out in the morning, after the feverishness of that agitated night, to feel the fresh air in his face, and saw around him all the spreading woods, all the wealthy and noble grace of the old house, which an hour or moment might make his own, a strange convulsion shook his being. Was not he pledged to give all up, to relinquish everything—to share whatever he had with his brother, and leave all belonging to him? The question brought a deadly faintness over him. While he stood under the trees looking at his home, he seemed to see the keen eyes of the Scotsman, Fraser, inspecting the place, and Short jotting down calculations on a bit of paper as to what would be the value of the materials, and how many villas semi-detached might be built on the site—while Spears, perhaps, patted him on the shoulder, and bid him remember

that even if he had not given it up, this could not have lasted,—"the country would not stand it long." He seemed to see and hear them discussing his fate; and Janet, standing at the door, making signs to him with her hand. What had he to do here? It was to that society he belonged. Nevertheless, Paul's heart quivered with a strange excitement when he thought that to-morrow—perhaps this very night!—And then he bethought himself of the darkened room up stairs, and his mother's lingering watch; and his heart contracted with a sudden pang.

Next evening it was apparent that the end was at hand. Just as the sun went down, when the soft greyness of the summer twilight began to steal into the air, the children were sent for into Sir William's room. They thronged in with pale faces and wide open eyes, having been bidden not to cry—not to disturb the quiet of the death chamber. The windows were all open, the sky appearing in wistful stretches of clearness; but near the bed, in the shadow, a shaded lamp burned solemnly, and the window beyond showed gleams of lurid colour in the western sky, barred by strong black lines of cloud. These black lines of cloud, and the mysterious shining of the lamp, gave a strange air of solemnity to the room, all filled already by the awe and wonder of death. A sob of mingled grief and terror burst from little Marie, as grasping her sister's hand convulsively, she followed Alice to her father's bedside. Was it he that lay there, propped up with cushions, breathing so hard and painfully? The boys stood at the foot of the bed. Their hearts were full of that dreary anguish of the unaccustomed and unknown, which gives additional depth to every sorrow of early youth. Alice, who had taken her place close to the head of the bed had lost this. She knew all about it, poor child—what to do for him; what was coming; all that should be administered to him. She was as pale as those pale stretches of sky, and like them in the clear pathetic wistfulness of her face; but she had something to do, and she was not afraid.

"William—are you able to say anything to the children?" said Lady Markham. "They have all come—to see you—to ask how you are——" She could not say, "to bid you farewell;" that was not possible. Her voice was quite steady and calm. The time was coming when she would be able to weep, but not now.

He opened his eyes and looked at them with a faint smile. He had always been good to the children. At his most busy moment they had never been afraid of him. Little Bell held her breath, opening her eyes wider and wider to keep down that passion of tears which was coming, while Marie clung to her, trying to imitate her, but with the tears already come, and making blinding reflections of the solemn lamp and the evening light.

"Ah, yes, the children," Sir William said. "I have not seen them since Sunday. They have been very good—and kind; they have not—made any noise. Who is that? I thought—I heard—some one—"

"Nobody, papa," said Alice—"nobody—except all of us."

"Ah! all of you," he said, and gave one of those panting, hard-drawn breaths which were so terrible to hear.

The door was open, like the windows, to give all the air possible. The servants were standing about the stairs and in the passages. Everybody knew that the last act was about to be performed solemnly, and the master of the house on the eve of his going away. Most of the women were crying. Even when it is nothing to you, what event is there that can be so much as this final going — this departure into the unseen? There was a general hush of awe and excitement. And how it was that amidst them all that stranger managed to get entrance, to walk up stairs, to thread through the mournful

group, no one ever knew. His step was audible, even among that agitated company, as he came along the corridor. They all heard it, with a certain sense of alarm. Was it the doctor coming back again with something new he had thought of, or was it——

"Ah, all of you," Sir William said; and as he spoke the words the new-comer came in at the door. He walked up to the foot of the bed, no one molesting him. They were all struck dumb with surprise; and what could they have done, when a momentary tumult or scuffle would have killed the sufferer at once? For the moment every eye was turned from Sir William, and directed to Mr. Gus in his light clothes, with his little brown face, so distinct from all the others. He came up close to the foot of the bed.

"Yes, all of us—now I am here," he said. "I am very sorry to disturb you at such a time; but, Sir William Markham, you'll have to own me before you die."

Paul made a hasty step towards him, and put a hand upon his shoulder.

"Don't you see," he said. "Go away, for God's sake. Whatever you want I'll attend to you after."

"I'll not go away," said Gus. "I must stand for my rights, even if he is dying. Sir William Markham, it's your own doing. I have given you warning. You'll have to own me before you die."

Paul, beside himself, seized the stranger by the shoulders; but Gus, though he was small, was strong.

"Don't make a scuffle," he said, in a low tone; "I won't go, but I'll make no disturbance. He's going to speak. Be still, you, and listen what he says."

Sir William signed impatiently to his attendants on each side—Alice and her mother—to raise him. He looked round him, feebly peering into the waning light.

"They are beginning to fight—over my bed," he said, with a quiver in his voice.

"No," said Gus, getting free from Paul's restraining grasp. He made no noise, but he was supple and strong, and slid out of the other's hands. "No, there shall be no fighting; I have more respect — but own me, father, before you die. I'll take care of them. I'll do no one any harm, I swear before God; but own me before you die."

They all stood and listened, gazing, forgetting even the man who was dying. The very children forgot him, and turned to the well-known countenance of the little gentleman. Then there came a gasp, a sob, a great quiver in the bed. Sir William flung out his emaciated arms with a gesture of despair.

"I said I was not to be disturbed," he said, and fell back, never to be disturbed any more.

To be continued.

HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT.

"The stranger that descends Ohio's stream,
Charmed with the beauteous prospects that arise,
Marks the soft isles that 'neath the glittering beam
Dance with the wave and mingle with the skies,
Sees also one that now in ruin lies,
Which erst, like faery queen towered o'er the rest,
In every native charm by culture dressed.
There rose the seat, where once in pride of life,
My eye could mark the queenly rivers flow,
In summer's calmness, or in winter's strife,
Swollen with rains or battling with the snow.
Never again my heart such joy shall know.
Havoc and ruin, rampant war, have passed
Over that isle with their destroying blast."

Lines written by Mrs. Blennerhassett at Montreal, 1819.

At some period within the last ten years there appeared in one of the leading American magazines an article under this heading—"And who was Blennerhassett?" That there was cause for giving a biographical sketch such a title is suggestive that the name is more or less familiar to the ears of the American people, but that the reasons for that familiarity are but little or vaguely known. Such is indeed the case. Romance and misfortune combined have caused to linger on the page of American history a name whose owner had perhaps no other claim to immortality than that of presenting as sad an individual story as the most inveterate lovers of true romance could desire.

As the traveller of to-day, surrounded by all the luxuries of a modern Transatlantic steamboat, glides down the waters of *la belle rivière*, he will find much to interest him, whether his mind prefers to occupy itself with the stirring surroundings of the present, or to revert in fancy to the warlike and often hideous dramas of the last century which have ever rendered these scenes, as the stage upon which they were acted, peculiarly dear to the student of American history.

By the banks of the Monongahela, where the famous Pittsburg — the Birmingham of America—belches forth into the night its clouds of flame and smoke, and where a dense population, with its rampant communism, sends from time to time a wave of fear surging throughout the whole social fabric of the continent, not much more than a century ago stood Fort Du Quesne—a solitary outpost among the forests—the *ultima Thule* of the soldiers of George III.'s younger days, and the military centre of that great debatable land for which the two most powerful nations on earth so long contended. Du Quesne! a name that at that time must have been familiar to all alike—to the frontiersman of Virginia and Pennsylvania, who from behind the great natural ramparts of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies defied the savage and formed the van of civilisation, and to the fashionable twaddler of St. James's or Versailles.

It was not far from here, where the Monongahela pours its waters into the Ohio, that the forty-fourth and forty-eighth regiments were cut to pieces by a handful of French and Indians, while the ill-fated Braddock, their leader, mad with rage and shame, and trying to form his panic-stricken and

pipe-clayed red-coats as if they were on the open plains of Flanders, was shot dead by an exasperated Virginia militiaman.

Here too was the ground of Washington's early training, both military and diplomatic; here, through many campaigns, and amid almost continuous disasters and difficulties, he and many other American officers not only gained that experience in war that, on a greater scale, in after years was to stand them in such good stead, but lost, in common with the majority of their countrymen, that profound belief in the invincibility of the king's regulars which paved the way, when the occasion demanded it, to the War of Independence.

Many miles lower down the Ohio river widens, and lying in its midst is a stretch of land several hundred acres in extent that is pointed out to the stranger as "Blennerhassett's isle." With this spot of earth is inseparably connected the misfortunes of that mysterious man whose name, in spite of all its owner's efforts to the contrary, was forced into the political records of his adopted country.

Harman Blennerhassett, the son of an Irish gentleman of good family, was born in the year 1767, and having been educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Dublin, was, in 1790, called to the Irish bar.

We hear of him at that period as a well-educated, cultured youth of a retiring disposition, possessing to a great extent the polished manners of an age that has passed away. The inheritor, upon the death of his father, which took place about this time, of good estates both real and personal, we find him, in preference to entering upon the duties of his profession, travelling on the Continent of Europe, and occupying himself with the study of modern languages and science. That these would ever have been turned to great account we are inclined to doubt, and in spite of the quaint and fulsome admiration of his American biographers, it is impossible not to picture to oneself an unambitious and somewhat indolent man, whose lines were thrown in easy places, and who, but for the mournful romance of an accidental interview, would possibly have spent his life, beloved by a wide circle of friends, and an ornament to the society in which he moved; but would have suffered the same oblivion that has overtaken thousands as cultivated, as rich, as meritorious, and as well-born as he.

It is somewhat inconsistent with the rest of Blennerhassett's character, to find him an ardent admirer of republicanism, with decidedly national Irish feelings, and a consequent dislike of the English government. But there the incongruity ceases, for, rather than face the odium of holding opinions opposed to those of most of his class, he chooses the somewhat negative course of removing himself from all possibility of party strife, and forms the resolution, aided by a romantic turn of mind, of emigrating to America, whose institutions he ardently admired.

About this time, while on a visit to his sister in England (Lady Kinsale), he became engaged to a Miss Agnew, daughter of the Governor of the Isle of Man. This young lady he delighted with the glowing sketches of Western forests which fancy was so frequently spreading before his mind, and she eventually succumbed to this pictured Arcadia of the future. That the lady in question had more than her share of accomplishments and good qualities history is unanimous, and that she combined with these that happy knack, so common among English gentlewomen, of adapting herself to all kinds of circumstances, she afterwards most undeniably proved.

Filled with rosy visions of the future, in which neither personal aggrandisement nor ambition had any place, and impatiently looking forward to the Arcadian life he was about to enter upon, Blennerhassett, now married, made such preparations for his departure as were calculated to render that life as luxurious as

circumstances would admit of. It was evident that a shanty in a clearing was no part of his scheme, but that —as regards things material, at any rate—his ideas affected what writers on early colonial matters are pleased to call the "baronial style." An extensive library was purchased, scientific and astronomical instruments, in which pursuits he specially delighted, were packed on board; great quantities of costly furniture, pictures, and plate —everything, in fact, that a studiously inclined man of that day with refined and luxurious tastes could well require, not to speak of a numerous assortment of agricultural implements, was collected. In the meanwhile he had disposed of his estates to his cousin, Baron Ventry.

In the winter of 1797 the young couple crossed the Atlantic without mishap, and remained till the opening of spring among friends and acquaintances in the eastern cities. The richness, the beauty, and the fertility of the Ohio valley, as yet but very partially settled, were at that time the talk of all men. It was the "west" of those days, and the region to which people of all classes from the Eastern States, who did not shrink from backwoods life, and wished to improve their fortunes, were resorting. The Blennerhassetts caught the fever, though it is needless to add that the disease with them took a romantic, and not a worldly form. At the opening of spring, bidding adieu to their many friends in the eastern cities, and laden with their household gods, they turned their faces westwards; and arriving at Pittsburg, at that time an insignificant village, embarked with their effects in one of the large bateaux—then the sole means of transport on the waters of the Ohio—and floated down to Marietta, a small village settlement in the forests, some hundred miles or so below. We can well imagine the astonishment of the good people of this frontier village at the disembarkation of such a cargo in those early days, when the ordinary luxuries and refinements of life were exclusively confined to the older eastern settlements and cities.

At Marietta, the Blennerhassetts fixed their head-quarters for such time as they should spend in selecting a site for their future home; and it would be as well now to take a glance at the population among whom they had cast their lot. Here, on the eastern shore of the river, lay the state of Virginia—not the Virginia of tradition, with its tobacco plantations and households of slaves, but that elevated and mountainous portion of the state which is now known as West Virginia—settled at that time partly by sons of eastern planters, driven thither by the constant division of property; partly by Scotch, Irish, and Germans, who had pushed over from the Shenandoah valley; and partly, doubtless, by soldiers of the French and Indian wars, or their sons, who had received grants of land on their dismissal from the service.

Coming from up the river, too, were other kinds of settlers: rigid New England farmers, Quakers and Dutch from Pennsylvania, Harvard graduates, ex-officers, and soldiers of the revolutionary war, scattered for the most part along the western bank —in what was some half-dozen years later formed into the state of Ohio—but all apparently living in simple backwoods style, necessitating a certain amount of equality unknown in the eastern settlements.

The fertile and romantic island lying some few miles from Marietta, which still bears his ill-fated name, was chosen by Blennerhassett as a spot well calculated to supply that ideal life of which his fancy had so long been enamoured; and he finally concluded the purchase of a portion of the island, consisting of about two hundred acres, for the sum of one thousand pounds, which, taking into consideration time, place, and the uncleared nature of the land, was doubtless an excellent bargain for the gentleman from whom he purchased.

The primary expense, however, was little to Blennerhassett, for he immediately began to change the face of that nameless and remote island to an extent that was the daily wonder of the entire country side. He not only purchased a considerable number of negroes, but hired every ablebodied man in the neighbourhood who was able and willing to work. Money had hitherto, as in all frontier countries, been scarce; it now circulated freely within a comparatively small radius. Thousands of pounds were spent in bringing about a transformation which in a few months was the wonder of the whole western country. The backwoods character of the island soon vanished before the magic touch of taste, backed by a lavish expenditure of money. The settlers flocked round this dilettante and aristocratic pioneer: his prominent republicanism and genial manners won all hearts; though the deep-rooted ideas of fraternity and equality in which most of his simple-living neighbours had been reared must have received a severe shock when they watched these splendours rising in their midst. It is scarcely needful for history to tell us that Blennerhassett during all this time was repeatedly the victim of impositions. Human nature has been the same through all ages, and has ever been specially irresistible upon the outposts of Anglo Saxon civilisation in all quarters of the world. We can readily picture the wondering contempt and the cynical smile with which the horny-handed sons of the forest, whose ideas were bounded by things material, would gaze on the operations at the island, and the pleasure, on the other hand, with which those who had migrated from the eastern cities and plantations would regard the gleam of civilisation suddenly breaking in their midst.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was even more popular among her new neighbours than her lord. While a skilled linguist, and possessed to a remarkable degree of the accomplishments considered requisite for well-born young ladies of those days, she was both frank and unaffected in her manners, and seems instinctively to have possessed that rare gift—so valuable among such social surroundings—of winning the hearts of all, without exciting that assumption of envy or jealousy by superiority which rankles so grievously in the breast of rural republicanism. To all this we are told she added a face and form of wondrous beauty, and physical powers of endurance that astonished all with whom she came in contact. She would ride miles through the forests on charitable or social errands; and at this moment there lies before us the copy of an old engraving representing her attired in a long riding-habit, which, we are told, was always of scarlet cloth, with an ostrich feather floating from a broad-brimmed hat, and mounted on a blood horse cantering along beneath the tall forest trees, followed by a negro groom in livery.

The mansion upon the island, judging from the old engravings, must have been a spacious one—and for the time and place the interior fittings must have been princely. To imitate as nearly as possible the form and fashion of an English country house seems to have been Blennerhassett's aim, and no expense was spared. Trees were felled, and their stumps torn up by the roots; the holes were filled up, and the inequalities of the ground levelled off. Terraces were shaped, and lawns laid down, to where long rows of willows dipped their branches into the waters of the Ohio.

Beneath the tasteful hand of the lady of this enchanted castle beds gay with flowers sprang into life: apples and peaches, quinces and apricots, flourished in spacious gardens: the natural trees of the forest, isolated from their companions, and left in groups or single, threw long shadows upon the velvet turf; while beneath them bloomed vast shrubberies brought from distant lands.

Within, according to contemporary chronicles, all was gorgeous. Corniced ceilings and gilded mouldings met the

eye everywhere in the lower rooms of the mansion. Massive and costly furniture from England stood on rich carpets and polished oaken floors. Valuable paintings lined the walls, mahogany sideboards groaned beneath massive silver plate, and valuable ornaments were scattered about the house with the effect that only a woman of taste can exercise.

The Blennerhassetts realised their ideal to the full. Several years of peaceful, if somewhat lotus-eating happiness, passed over their heads. Mrs. Blennerhassett was the queen of the Ohio valley, her husband occupied himself between the cultivation and the adornment of his island, and the prosecution of his scientific studies. Astronomy was a passion with him, and an observatory with a powerful telescope was fitted up upon the roof of the house. He must have been, oddly enough, but an indifferent sportsman, as tradition represents his servant holding the gun and Blennerhassett pulling the trigger! Little interest in English affairs seems to have been taken by the happy couple, children were born to them and the years rolled placidly and uneventfully by. The battle of Aboukir was fought and won, the Irish troubles were over, and the Union was an accepted fact. Emmet, the father of Blennerhassett's most intimate friend, had died for the cause, and Nelson was waiting to fight the battle of Trafalgar. The golden tints of the autumn of 1805 were shining on the broad bosom of the Ohio, and its sunny haze was resting on that most festive season of the Western year, when the destroyer came.

One bright afternoon, when Blennerhassett happened to be away at Marietta on business, a little boat moved slowly up to the landing-place of the island, and there stepped from it, accompanied by a lady, a gentleman of striking personal appearance. As if attracted solely by curiosity and by a wish to see the famous island, they strolled over the lawn and through the shrubberies at a respectful distance from the house. Mrs. Blennerhassett, on catching sight of them, in accordance with the hospitable ideas of the country, sent a servant to invite them to the house. The stranger, feigning reluctance, on the score of his visit being only one of curiosity, made a show of refusal, but sent back his card, upon which Mrs. Blennerhassett read the then famous name of Aaron Burr, ex-Vice-President of the United States. Such a visitor could not be permitted to go away, and the crafty statesman thus obtained his first *entrée* to the domestic circle which he was destined to ruin, under the guise of chance, and with his companion (a Mrs. Shaw) spent the whole of that evening at the island, where the charm of his manner and conversation completely won over his hostess. Having made this impression, Burr again embarked and proceeded down the river on the business which then occupied his attention.

To enter fully into the schemes and aspirations of this clever and unscrupulous man would be here impossible; but Blennerhassett's misfortunes being so inseparably connected with his name, it is necessary to state that Burr's object in travelling through the West was to sound the people of those districts as to the feasibility of a private expedition against Mexico, in the event of a war breaking out between that country and the United States, as at the time seemed likely. To enlist the sympathies of the most influential men was of course advisable, and the fame of Blennerhassett had long ago reached the eastern cities. His wealth was supposed to be considerable, his talents were supposed to be great, his co-operation was therefore regarded by Burr as specially desirable.

A few weeks after his visit, the ex-Vice President wrote a crafty and insinuating letter to Blennerhassett, in which he represented the latter as hiding his talents under a bushel, adding what were perhaps the more powerful arguments of his increasing family, and the stationary, or depreciating, state of his financial affairs. Burr urged that he was doing nothing

towards the improvement of his fortunes or the future advancement of his children, but rather the contrary; and finally suggested vaguely several ways by which he might enrich himself. The wily statesman left his words to work their effect on the mind of his victim in the solitude of his forest home. This strategy was successful; and resulted in frequent communications and a close personal intercourse between the two men. Burr and his daughter, Mrs. Alston (wife of the governor of South Carolina), paid a long visit at the island, during which the minds of the Blennerhassetts were fired by glowing accounts of princely territories in the remoter regions of the far West. Blennerhassett, unpractical to the core, and probably but imperfectly acquainted with the resources and politics of the country of his adoption, drank in eagerly the poison of Burr's wild and audacious schemes. He grew gradually more and more indifferent to the surroundings which for eight happy years had been his delight, and listened spell-bound while this arch plotter unfolded his secret plans, which were nothing less than a private expedition against Mexico. Blennerhassett was given to understand that this was secretly favoured by the Government—a deception practised to assuage any scruples he might have on the score of loyalty. His wife, contrary to what might have been expected, appears to have been carried away by Burr's eloquence, and to have enlisted her entire sympathies in her husband's splendid dreams. The ideal neutrality as regards the world on which their lives had hitherto been based collapsed as it were in a moment. Their beloved sylvan solitudes became as nothing to them. The bright waters of the river that swept past their lawns were now looked upon merely as a means of transport to that distant elysium which Burr had taught them to believe was the object of his designs; an ill-regulated and feverish eagerness to be up and doing seized upon their minds. The charm of life and home had fled, and they might have lamented in the lines of Wordsworth written about that very year:—

> "It is not now as it has been of yore;—
> Turn wheresoe'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more!"

About this time took place the annual training of the militia of West Virginia and the Ohio valley; and Burr, by powerful orations, though in guarded terms, won over several hundred youths of the more adventurous description as recruits, not one of whom, so craftily had he gone to work, had any idea of treachery or illegality. To what height the ideas and ambitions of Burr himself had soared is a matter more or less of conjecture, but it is supposed that dreams of Empire itself were constantly in his thoughts; that negotiations were carried on by him with the British Fleet is a matter of history. The relations between the United States and Spain were delicate, owing to the refusal of compensation by Spain for spoliation in a former war, and the delayed settlement of the boundaries of Louisiana, purchased from the French three years previously. The declaration of war was prevented only by the fact that Napoleon supported Spain. Mexican agents, however, had been in the Eastern cities, and represented a people ready to receive an invader with open arms. But as the United States Government had no longer any intention of hazarding a war, ordinary prudence demanded peace. The cords with which a common danger and an ultimate triumph had bound together the different sections of the Union twenty years before were now somewhat loosened by diverging interests. No foreign ally was at hand, and three powerful nations could by a false move be converted into enemies—for Great Britain had commenced those aggravations which led to the war of 1812. At such a time Thomas Jefferson, then in the presidential chair, viewed with peculiar anxiety the rumours of independent action and private expeditions that reached him

from the West. "Ten thousand men were to rendezvous at New Orleans. A naval force was to co-operate, and under the command of Burr, who was an experienced soldier, the troops were to push forward for the long dreamed-of halls of Montezuma." That great preparations were being made upon the Ohio for the descent of the Mississippi by armed forces, and other rumours of a disquieting nature were circulated.

A man named Graham was appointed secretly to investigate the truth of these reports, and was empowered to call out both civil and military aid in the Western provinces if necessary; and a proclamation was issued, calling on all good citizens to aid in the apprehension of such endangerers of the Commonwealth who might be agitating within their knowledge.

What were Blennerhassett's definite ideas of his part in the forthcoming expedition it is difficult to extract. Two things are certain—that he was grossly imposed upon by Burr, and that he had not the most remote notion of placing himself in antagonism to the Government. The screen used to hide the purposes for which the expedition was intended was the settlement of a a tract of land of 800,000 acres that had been purchased by Burr and himself upon the Red River. The purchase-money was 40,000 dollars, and by parcelling it into hundred acre farms the presumption was that their individual fortunes would be rapidly augmented. This was probably the real object for which Blennerhassett renounced his present security; his ruin may be traced to the blind confidence and admiration with which he regarded Burr, who, while making use of him under the guise of association in a legal and praiseworthy speculation, was writing cipher despatches to some of his friends in power whom he thought would fall in with his ambitions, the unexpected revelation of which, however, disclosed his audacious schemes, and was the immediate cause of the proclamation before alluded to.

Preparations had been commenced for the expedition two or three months before. Bateaux and stores, ammunition, arms, and whisky had been contracted for on Blennerhassett's security, and collected in the neighbourhood of the island. Burr had gone forward to Kentucky to beat up for recruits, and was shortly afterwards followed by his son-in-law, Governor Alston, of South Carolina, and by Blennerhassett, whose wife remained at the island in charge of affairs.

Rumours continued to circulate as the Government and the people became alarmed. Mrs. Blennerhassett sent to Kentucky for her husband, telling him that his affairs were in danger, and urging him to hasten home. On his homeward journey, at the house of Colonel Lewis, of old frontier fame, he met with a friend, Mr. Mercer, in answer to whose anxious cautions he still displayed himself utterly ignorant of any illegal intentions, horrified at the idea of opposing the Government, for which he had such veneration, and sincerely believing that Western colonisation was their one object. Burr soon joined him at the island, but stayed only a short time, leaving Blennerhassett to superintend the construction of the boats and collection of the stores, while he himself went back again to Kentucky. Here he was at once arrested on a charge of treasonable practices, and a design to attack the Spanish dominions, and thereby endanger the peace of the United States. The arrest, however, was premature, for want of evidence, and Burr was discharged.

In the meantime Mr. Graham, the President's secret agent, had arrived at Marietta. He saw at a glance that Blennerhassett was deceived both as to his partner's character and the object of the expedition on foot. He urged him to abandon it, representing that collections of armed men on the Ohio would be treated as illegal—but to no purpose. The militia of Wood county, Virginia, were then ordered out, with instructions to take posses-

sion of all boats and stores of a suspicious character; and for several days the banks of the river were guarded.

Early in December one of Burr's captains, Tyler, of New York, had landed at the island with a small body of men, and found Blennerhassett brooding over the words of Graham, and half-disposed to abandon the enterprise. His wife, however, was, strange to say, enthusiastic on the subject, and his fears were overcome. Blennerhassett's friend, Mr. Mercer, also paid him a visit about this time, with the intention of negotiating for the purchase of the island, but did not feel justified in giving the price that was asked. A day or two later some young men from Belpré, of Blennerhassett's party, attempted to bring down to the island, on the now guarded river, fifteen bateaux that had been prepared and loaded. Fourteen of these were seized by the militia, the remaining one, with the members of the expedition, reaching the island in safety.

Two days after this, Blennerhassett, hearing of the active intentions of the Virginian militia under Colonel Phelps, a personal acquaintance of his own, deemed it prudent to depart with his armament under cover of night, leaving his wife and two little boys to follow. The next morning Colonel Phelps and party arrived, and found Blennerhassett gone, and Mrs. Blennerhassett absent at Marietta, searching for her private boat, which had been seized among the others. Crossing the country, the militia attempted to cut off Blennerhassett and his flotilla at the mouth of the great Kanawha, and arriving there before them, they posted a watch on the river bank. These gentry, however, are related to have spent too jovial an evening, with somniferous results. In the meantime Blennerhassett and his party slipped by unobserved. Lower down the river, Burr, with several more boats, joined them, and in spite of the vigilance of the Kentucky militia, which had been ordered out for their arrest, they floated down the river into the Mississippi, and anchored at Bayou Pierre.

The day after Blennerhassett's departure from the island, a party of young men from Pittsburg, described as the sons of gentlemen, were captured, on their way thither to join him, by the Virginia militia. It is related that they ridiculed these rustic warriors to such an extent that justices of the peace were sent for, by whom these young bloods were arraigned but finally acquitted of any hostile intentions towards the Government. During the trial, which took place at the island, the discipline of the militia gave way. Blennerhassett's cellars were emptied; drunkenness ensued, which terminated in immense destruction to the premises; fences were torn down and burnt, shrubberies trampled under foot. In the midst of this destruction the unfortunate lady of the mansion returned from her fruitless errand to Marietta, the authorities having refused to deliver up the family boat. One can picture with what despair she looked upon the scene that met her eyes. The paradise that she had framed out of the wild woods, a desolation, the grounds that for years had been her pride and delight, a ruin!

The all-absorbing interests of the expedition seem however to have blunted her mortification; and it was not till after years, when the full measure of her bitter cup had been meted out, that this intrepid woman gave full scope to her regrets. Her situation was distressing; the ice upon the Ohio was fast accumulating, and her husband was already far away with a damaged name. The young men before alluded to came however to the rescue, and fitted up their boat for the lady's reception as well as circumstances would permit, during which time Colonel Phelps returned, horrified and distressed at the ruin wrought in his absence by the undisciplined boors under his command. Every assistance in his power he rendered to Mrs. Blennerhassett and her escort, and on a cold winter morning, with such

furniture as she could carry, the boat pushed off from the island, and she looked her last on that happy home that had so long owned her for its mistress.

At Bayou Pierre on the Mississippi, she and her children rejoined her husband, whose situation was growing critical. Even the audacious Burr was dismayed. The President's proclamation, and the vigilance of the state forces gathered along the shores of the river, rendered further action madness. Blennerhassett was sincerely to be pitied. For Burr he had abandoned everything; and had staked a great part of his remaining fortune. In the dead of night a hole was made in the side of the boat carrying the arms, and they were silently sunk in the waters of the river.

A short distance below Bayou Pierre, Burr and Blennerhassett were visited by the Attorney-General of the Mississippi territories and placed under arrest, but acquitted for want of evidence. Burr, having good reason to suspect a re-arrest, escaped, and travelled for many days through the then almost pathless woods of the south-west; but owing to the fame of his name, and the universal knowledge of his situation, even though disguised in the coarsest garb, he was re-arrested by the rural authorities on the strength of fresh charges and was carried for several hundred miles to Richmond for trial. Blennerhassett, imagining he had nothing further to fear, left Natchez in June for a visit to the island, but was rearrested on his way at Lexington, Kentucky, on instructions issued from Richmond a month previously, and was thrown into prison. He proceeded ultimately under guard to Richmond, where the month of August saw him in company with Burr and five others brought to trial for high treason. His wife in the meantime remained at Natchez writing letters full of hope and courage.

It was a great trial. All the legal luminaries of the state were pitted against each other, among them Henry Clay, Randolph, and Wirt (the biographer of Patrick Henry): an ex-vice-president of the United States was at the bar, while Blennerhassett occupied the second place in public interest. The termination of the trial was the acquittal of Burr and his whole party.

Blennerhassett, still further embarrassed with the expenses of his defence, was in the depths of despair. Burr, to whom he had loyally adhered through all this time, now left him to his fate, and Alston turned a deaf ear to his appeals. The island was ruined as a home; his effects had been seized by creditors, and the land itself was attached at the suit of one Miller, and used for the cultivation of flax. Two or three years later the mansion itself which, robbed of its attractions had been merely used for the occupation of the tenant, was accidentally set on fire by some of the plantation negroes, and burnt to the ground. This must certainly have been the last drop in the cup of these unfortunate people.

Blennerhassett had before this embarked the small remainder of his fortune in a cotton plantation in Mississippi—an industry offering at that time great inducements. Here with questionable enthusiasm he devoted himself to his scientific pursuits, while his brave wife rode round the plantation and superintended the overseer and slaves, neglecting at the same time, we are told, not one of her many household duties.

One more blow was yet to come. In 1812 war with Great Britain was declared, the cotton industry collapsed, and for several cheerless years it was little more than poverty for the Blennerhassetts. In 1819, the acting governor of Canada, who had been in early life a friend of Blennerhassett's, sent a ray of hope to that humble abode in the forest of Mississippi in the shape of an offer of a seat in one of the provincial courts of Montreal. Blennerhassett at once disposed of his cotton plantation and the wreck of the island, and hastened with his family to Canada. But, alas! the governor

had been suddenly recalled to England; the appointment had passed out of his hands. The sum Blennerhassett had raised by the sale of the remainder of his property barely sufficed to pay his old debts, and destitution stared him in the face. One last resource remained: he would return to the old country and prosecute a reversionary claim which in his affluent days he had not thought worthy of attention. Through the influence of friends also, he hoped to get a Government appointment which would better enable him to prosecute this claim.

Once more we must picture this unhappy man, after an absence of five-and-twenty years, gazing at the well-known shores which he had left in the enthusiasm of youth, with an ample fortune, an honoured name, and every prospect of an unclouded future. This, perhaps the saddest part of the story, is made doubly sad by the presence of the brave and much-enduring lady who had shared in his fall, and the group of children whose future was so gloomy. The lot of the "returned emigrant," more likely in those days than in these, was his. He found his old friends dead, scattered, forgetful, or indifferent, and himself to all intents and purposes an alien on his native shores.

He made one effort, however, and wrote to his old friend Lord Anglesea, then head of the Ordnance Department, applying for a situation, and pressing a patent for an "invention," of what nature we are not told. He was answered by a secretary in the usual official manner, and his patent was referred for presentation to the proper channel.

Removing to Guernsey with his family, Blennerhassett contrived to exist till the year 1831, when he ended his sad career, dying in the arms of his wife, in the sixty-third year of his age.

For eleven long years Mrs. Blennerhassett struggled with both hands and head to support her family, till age creeping upon her she resolved to visit New York and attempt to get some compensation for her property destroyed by United States troops. She arrived in that city in 1842 with an invalid son. Most of the actors in that drama, the recollection of which she wished to revive, had passed away, and the scenes in which it had been acted had long ago been stripped by civilisation of the charms that had endeared them to her youth.

Burr had died in a miserable lodging and alone. His daughter, Mrs. Alston, who had shown a noble devotion to him in his hours of trial, had embarked on a sea voyage thirty years before, and had never since been heard of. Emmet, Blennerhassett's old friend, however, still lived, and together with Henry Clay, who in his youth had been an honoured guest at the island on the Ohio, beheld with deep sympathy this lone and poverty-stricken widow—the once lovely Mrs. Blennerhassett.

It is needless to say that these gentlemen took her cause in hand. In the memorial presented by Clay to Congress occur these words: — "Mrs. Blennerhassett is now in this city residing in very humble circumstances, bestowing her cares on a son, who, by long poverty and sickness, is reduced to utter imbecility both of body and mind. In her present destitute situation the smallest amount of relief would be thankfully received by her. Her condition is one of absolute want, and she has but a short time left to enjoy any better fortune in this world." The plea would doubtless have been allowed had not death come to the relief of the poor forlorn woman.

Mrs. Blennerhassett breathed her last in a poor lodging in New York, attended only by some Irish sisters of charity, at whose expense her remains were laid in one of the public cemeteries of that vast city, in which, nearly half a century before, she had been welcomed in the first flush of youth and beauty an honoured guest and bride.

ARTHUR GRANVILLE BRADLEY.

Virginia, March, 1880.

THE SCULPTURES ON THE FAÇADE OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

The news that the façade of St. Mark's church in Venice was to be subjected to restoration has called forth more general indignation in England than elsewhere. Although it is probable that the protest of England will in the end be respected by Italy, the right to offer such opposition has been warmly disputed there. But those who do so forget that, in a case like this, much higher interests than mere local feeling or national patriotism come into consideration. Not only Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, but even Romans, Florentines, and Neapolitans, must admit that none of the great architects of their national past were concerned with the plans and ideas on which St. Mark's, and its façade in particular, was constructed. In Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, a work now become classical, and justly prized as an ornament to the art-literature of England, a comprehensive chapter is devoted to St. Mark's. It is true the author himself says, "that he found it quite impossible to do it the slightest justice by any kind of portraiture." Still, there is no doubt that, so far as regards the architectural forms, he has described all that is essential with striking fidelity, and, in so doing, has unquestionably attained the end, at which all art-criticism which seeks to give a clear exposition of the facts must be content to stop short—the end, that is to say, of serving as a guide to the study, the proper understanding, and the enjoyment, of the originals.

In the following attempt to investigate the principal or west façade, as well as the north and south lateral façades, of St. Mark's, it must be understood that no remarks will be made on the architectural construction and decoration of the church, although it would not be impossible to enter upon such a discussion of this unique monument from fresh and altered points of view. To many among those who are accustomed to look on it as a superlative work of art, or, it may be, as one of the "seven wonders of the world," this course may appear strange. We may even seem to be straying from the subject altogether in thus ignoring architecture when proposing to discuss this wonder of architecture. In deprecation of such a charge, I beg to remark beforehand that it is only a lacuna in the art-literature relating to St. Mark's which it is here attempted to supply.

If the façades of St. Mark's should cease to be what they now are, whether in consequence of unskilful restoration, which it is possible to avoid, or of the very relative power of resistance possessed by the foundations, which are now known to be entirely artificial —it would be an irreparable loss to the history of architecture; a loss, that is to say, irreparable as a whole, though not irreparable so far as the details are concerned. If St. Mark's were to survive only in descriptions, and all representations of it were to perish, we should still be able to affirm that wall-decorations similar to those in the church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, and the Kubbet es-Sakra in Jerusalem, were also in St. Mark's; that a disposition of the pillars like that at San Vitale in Ravenna obtained similarly there; that the capitals of the old Byzantine churches of Sergius and Bacchus in Constantinople, and Hagios Demetrios in Saloniki, occurred also in Venice, and that friezes and ornaments similar to those of the Trilithon Temple of Baalbek,

and the Triumphal Arch of Saloniki, were formerly to be admired on St. Mark's. The archæologist would in that case have to deal with a problem the solution of which would not present greater difficulty than, for example, the reconstruction of Constantine's church of St. Peter, which was pulled down by the architects of the Renaissance. But if, after having thus reconstructed the shell of the edifice, some one were to ask further what examples of sculptural art, be it in East or West, would give us a clear conception of the Byzantine statues and reliefs with which the façades of St. Mark's were covered in such profusion, scarcely any one would be in a position to give a satisfactory answer to the question.

When the Venetians built St. Mark's, they obtained both their workmen and their materials from the Byzantine empire. In so doing, they followed, consciously or unconsciously, the example of Theodoric, king of the Goths, who, when building his palace and churches at Ravenna, procured the advice and assistance of Byzantines. When, however, the Venetians took this step, towards the end of the tenth century, they took it alone. It did not occur to either Genoa or Pisa, the two rivals of the fast rising city of commerce, to bring the art-treasures of the East as a prize to their shores; and if they did conceive the idea afterwards, it was then too late. We read indeed in a MS. of the British Museum (Lansd. 720) that the people of Pisa had the choir in their cathedral embellished with marbles from various regions of the East, but, to judge from the portions still preserved there, this can have been but a scanty harvest. The further the sovereignty of Islam stretched, and the more the Greeks were driven from their venerable churches (which, in the larger cities, remained on, often for centuries, in their own possession), the rarer did the Byzantine sculptures inevitably become. Byzantine sculptures do not share with those of Greece and Rome the good fortune of being preserved beneath the sheltering mantle of the earth for the excavations and discoveries of the directors of European museums. Wherever the Turks set foot, there the monuments of sculpture containing figures suffered destruction or disfigurement. Jerome says somewhere that nearly all other cities were stript to enhance the splendour of Constantinople. And yet what remains there, at the present day, of the forest of statues with which the Christian Emperors adorned their capital? It is only with difficulty, and after a long search, that a few mournful remnants are discovered. Our writers on the history of Art find themselves compelled to pass over the subject of the Byzantine sculptures in silence, or, what is still worse, to seek consolation for the loss of the monuments by asserting that they were of very insignificant value. The Venetians of the eleventh century were clearly of a different opinion, and we do not think it incumbent on us to blame them for having built some half a hundred most important Byzantine sculptured reliefs into the walls of their church.

Circumstances naturally made it easy for the Venetians to lay the ruins of the Byzantine East under contribution for this purpose, and we doubt not they spared no trouble to obtain all that was best of its kind; but at the present day it may well task our powers to discover from what churches or palaces, in this or the other land, all these relics of the past originally came. In truth, the architects of the façade of St. Mark's have created a museum of Byzantine sculpture which stands forth unique in the world; and as, in visiting any museum, we not only demand to see the works of art, but wish to be informed what they represent, what artists produced them, from what schools, cities, or countries they come, so, standing before the façade of St. Mark's, we cannot avoid asking similar questions.

A slight examination of the reliefs on the façade is sufficient to show that they contain examples of the styles of eight different centuries, beginning with the fourth. Several of them have inscriptions, but unhappily none with the names of the artists. Nor do the numerous descriptions of St. Mark's which have been published give any clue whatever to the origin of the reliefs. Indeed, they scarcely even mention them. F. Sansovino, in his *Venetia città nobilissima*, only says that, in the middle of the eleventh century, Selvo, the thirtieth Doge, first covered the walls of the church with an incrustation of *finissimi marmi*, and had many columns conveyed thither from Athens, various islands of Greece, and the Morea. A more detailed account of a single piece of Byzantine sculpture in St. Mark's is given in the *Cronica Veneta*, published in the year 1736, where we read that "at the side of the altar, in a side wall of the chapel of St. Zeno, is the marble relief of the Madonna with the Infant Christ, a bas-relief executed *alla Greca*, and underneath it a similar work in marble, representing an angel. The inscription on it declares that it was discovered by the Emperor Michael Palaiologus (1260-1283), and that the stone is alleged to be the same out of which Moses made the water flow. This stone was discovered by the aforesaid Emperor, and brought, as the inscription on it asserts, to Constantinople, from whence the Doge Vitale Michel brought it to Venice." We see from this that after the completion of the interior the Venetians continued to collect Oriental reliefs for the adornment of the church. The same chronicle further tells us that the altar-table of this chapel of St. Zeno consisted of a stone on which Christ stood when He preached in Tyre or Sidon. Such traditions as this, and that of the stone of Moses, may be taken for what they are worth; they give us no information as to the origin of the monuments. We may, however, assume for certain that these traditions have a high antiquity, that they were accepted as true in the East, and were disseminated with enthusiasm. How greatly the possession of such treasures excited the envy and jealousy of others is proved by a thousand tales regarding the abduction of relics. Nothing was more natural under such circumstances than that bold and crafty Venetian sailors should, least of all, be able to withstand the temptation of undertaking piratical expeditions, for the benefit of their city and its churches. How could they have the slightest scruple in carrying off sculptures from the East for the adornment of St. Mark's when they did not hesitate to carry off the body of the Evangelist himself, not by agreement or purchase, but by a simple act of robbery? So writes, as late as the eighteenth century, Flaminio Corner, an author of a distinctly clerical bias, who collected legends relating to Venetian relics. He says:—"The most illustrious fathers of the Church and authors of Venice declare unanimously that the holy evangelist Mark was brought from Alexandria to Venice. Indisputable evidence of this fact is given by the French monk Bernhard, who, in describing a journey that he undertook in the year 870, to the Holy Land, mentions the city of Alexandria, and in connection with it relates that outside the city, in the vicinity of the East Gate, there is a monastery, dedicated to St. Mark, whose body the Venetians had stolen and carried off."

When we remember that the Venetian fleet had conquered Tyre in 1124, that their architects in the following year completed the magnificent basilica of St. Paulinus there, and that their priests officiated in three churches of Tyre, we have no reason to doubt that, in their final retreat from that city, seventy-seven years later, they carried home with them whatever they could manage to save. The passage already cited from the *Cronica Veneta* refers to one such acquisition from

Sidon. On the south façade of St. Mark's are three pieces of sculpture, which are said to have come from Ptolemais or Akka, and thus also belong to Phœnicia as well. Of these we shall have to speak further on.

Such unfortunately are the only cases in which we have any definite information as to the origin of the sculptures. When, however, we consider that, at the time of the building of the façade, Venice was the most powerful state in the East, we may safely assume that marble sculptures would find their way thither, not only from Phœnicia, the Morea, and the Greek islands, whence we know that columns were obtained, but also from Asia Minor and Macedonia, and especially from Constantinople. In the year 1204 Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Venetians and of Count Baldwin of Flanders, and subsequently the fourth part of the whole Levant was adjudged to the sceptre of the Doges. Immediately after the acquisition of Constantinople (on which occasion, according to the Byzantine writers, a most relentless pillage was carried on by the Latins), the Doge Dandolo conveyed the four bronze horses, which are still standing in front of St. Mark's, from Constantinople to Venice. Admirable as works of art, these horses are no less interesting on account of their history. For a long time they were pronounced to be the work of the Greek sculptor Lysippus; though the latest researches ascribe them, on far stronger grounds, to the Roman period of art. When in Constantinople, they are supposed to have stood on four pillars in front of Sta. Sophia, but this (as Salzenberg has shown) is impossible, the pillars being too small to act as bases for them. A Florentine monk, writing about Constantinople in 1422, gives a somewhat different account. He says that the base of the monument was formed of four porphyry pillars, but that it stood near the statue of Constantine, and therefore at some distance from the church of St. Sophia. In two still older and thoroughly reliable informants we find a statement that "the figures of the four gilded horses were set up above the Hippodrome." So says an anonymous topographer of the middle of the eleventh century, and so also says Georgius Codinus, who wrote from older sources of information, probably before the fall of the Byzantine empire. These writers concur in stating that the group was brought from the island of Chios in the reign of Theodosius the younger, that is to say, in the beginning of the fifth century, thus contradicting the general belief diffused throughout the West, that it was brought from Rome by Constantine, after having successively adorned the triumphal arches of Nero and of Trajan. After standing for eight or nine centuries on the Golden Horn, the horses remained undisturbed for another five hundred years in their station above the principal entrance of St. Mark's. The oldest representation of the façade—a Byzantine mosaic incorporated in the church itself—shows them there in exactly the same position as does the view of the façade in the celebrated picture by Gentile Bellini, painted in 1496, and the numerous paintings by Antonio Canale and his nephew Bellotto, of the eighteenth century. On extraordinary festivals, the Venetians may very likely have taken them down from their lofty position, and set them up before the Doge's palace on gaily decorated pedestals. In fact, we find them so placed in a large picture by Antonio Canale, in the Royal Collection at Windsor, which the artist has dated by inscribing on the pedestal of one of the horses, "In the year 1332 after the foundation of the city," *i.e.*, of Venice. Bonaparte had them brought to Paris in 1797, and they remained in the Place du Carrousel until 1814, when they were conveyed by the Emperor Francis back to their old position in Venice.

The belief of the mediæval

Venetians, that these horses were masterpieces of Greek art in its best days, was not without its consequences in the history of art. During the middle of the fifteenth century, when the classic authors were eagerly studied over all Italy, the Venetians were the first to conceive the idea of honouring their greatest generals with bronze statues in imitation of the antique; and since their own artists were unable to undertake the execution of such great works, the Republic called in the aid of the foremost artists of Florence. Such was the origin of the bronze equestrian statues of Gattamelata by Donatello, and of Colleoni by Verrocchio—the first equestrian figures of modern times, and the only ones belonging to the fifteenth century. The inspiration for these noble statues was no doubt derived from the horses of St. Mark; and thus it has come to pass that a group which was intended merely to decorate the church, has in course of time acquired a special and important historical significance.

But the importance of every work of art is at best but relative, and to arrive at a correct understanding and just appreciation of it is only possible when we have works of the same age at hand for comparison. To do full justice to the Byzantine sculptures on the façade of St. Mark's, we must first inquire into their history. And since the printed chronicles and descriptions of Venice afford us no information, we are compelled to have recourse to the archives of the Republic. A French nobleman, in the diary of his Italian journey, which has been preserved among the manuscripts of the British Museum, writing immediately after the great fire at the Doge's palace in the year 1577, says:—"Tous les papiers de la seigneurie, tous les registres, et comptes, publics et particuliers, avec les papiers des notaires (qui avaient tous là dedans leurs estudes) et infinis aultres offices, comme procureurs et advocats, furent brûlés, sans que chose aulcune en soit restée." This, however, may be an exaggeration, for the archives of the Doge's palace still contain documents which are not only numerous, but of great age. Nevertheless I must confess to having searched through them in vain for any information relating to the origin of the reliefs. One chronicler, indeed, who might have given us the information from documentary evidence, contents himself with the following disappointing remark:—"If I wished to give the sources of the different reliefs with which St. Mark's is adorned, I should be obliged to relate the history of all the expeditions ever undertaken by the Venetians." The tradition of the modern East on this subject is remarkable. Whenever I have visited ruins, even of the wretchedest description, on the sites of any celebrated old Byzantine buildings, whether in Turkey, Asia Minor, or Syria, on my asking the natives whether any fragments of sculpture existed in the neighbourhood, the same answer was invariably returned, "All the marbles have been carried off by the Venetians."

Unfortunately it is only in isolated cases that we can now hazard any definite conjectures as to the origin of these treasures. Beneath the balustrade which protects the four horses there are five bas-reliefs, placed between the seven arches of the façade. Unequal in size, they are also unequal in artistic value; and their subjects are so different as to show plainly that it is only by chance that they have been placed together. Still, in some cases, they form pendants. Those, for instance, at the extreme north and south ends of the façade represent two of the Labours of Hercules. In the one we see the hero in a mantle hanging down upon his back; while on his left shoulder lies the Erymanthian wild boar, which he is firmly grasping, with both hands held up over his head. In the second, his attitude is the same, but he carries the hind of Diana. That these two

mythological representations were not originally designed for the façade of a church is self-evident. Out of the Twelve Labours of Hercules, the third and fourth, following the customary computation, have here been selected, and we may assume for certain that the tablets originally belonged to a complete series of the deeds of the hero. The remaining pieces, however, are not to be found in Venice; and from this we may conclude that the Venetians were probably not able to get possession of the entire cycle. Representations of the Labours of Hercules are not uncommon among the monuments of Greek and Roman art. But what lends a special and peculiar importance to the two tablets in question is the style in which they are executed. The firm drawing of the outlines, the very flat modelling, and the quick movement of the figure, at once betray the hand of a Byzantine artist. The drawing is so correct, and the composition of the figure so skilful, that it is impossible to assign them to a time later than the fourth or fifth century after Christ—the age of Constantine and Theodosius, when the traditions of antiquity were still held in honour in the erection of public monuments. We are not afraid of being accused of exaggeration when we maintain that no city of the East, no museum in Europe, possesses Byzantine marble-reliefs so exquisite in conception and execution as these. We can, indeed, only compare them in this respect to the best mosaics ever executed by the artists of the capital on the Golden Horn, and are therefore inclined to believe that both reliefs owe their origin to Constantinople. If this inference is correct, we may possibly also succeed in pointing out the monument to which they originally belonged. An old Byzantine writer, Hesychius of Miletus, mentions, in the fragment of a work on the origin of Byzantium, that one of the towers in the walls of Constantinople was called the Tower of Hercules, the "walls" being doubtless those built by Constantine and Theodosius. Later writers speak still more clearly of the so-called Tower of Hercules. Thus Manuel Chrysolarus, in his comparison of the old and new Rome:—"Who can sufficiently admire the Golden Gate, and the marble towers on it, with the contests of Hercules, of the best and most admirable art?" There can be no doubt that the Golden Gate here mentioned now forms a part of the walls of a Turkish fortress, Jedikule, the so-called castle of the Seven Towers; but, unfortunately, nothing is now visible of the reliefs which once adorned it. If the Venetians carried off two of the Labours of Hercules, it would seem that the remaining ones were still to be seen on the spot in the middle of the seventeenth century; for Bulialdus, in his Commentary on Johannes Ducas's *History of the Fall of the Byzantine Empire*, says, without taking any notice of their incompleteness:—"It is still possible to observe the Labours of Hercules, hewn out of marble, which adorned the Golden Gate. They were, however," he adds, "together with the whole circuit of the wall, so plastered over with whitewash when I saw them in the year 1647 that the beauty of the sculpture was lost to the eye."

Two other reliefs, depicting subjects from the ancient mythology, and belonging to the Byzantine epoch of art, are to be found on the south façade of St. Mark's. First, there is a woman standing upright, enveloped in a long tunic, and bearing a crown on her head. A palm-branch is visible in her left hand, while her right, which is stretched out in front of her, holds a wreath. The emblems of the wreath and palm point to a Victory, while the crown is the distinctive mark of the tutelar goddess of a city. The figures of Victory of classic antiquity are winged, and are not so composed and dignified in their bearing as this Byzantine woman, whose solemn step recalls the archaic

Greek representations of Pallas Promachos. The figure can scarcely have served for any other purpose, whether in Constantinople or any other capital of the East, than to adorn a triumphal arch. Thus there are still to be found on the gate of the Kynégos, in the vicinity of the Blachernæ, in Constantinople, two large and magnificent marble reliefs, representing winged figures of Victory. The crowned figure on St. Mark's was doubtless intended as a personification of the city, whose triumphal arch it adorned; and the wreath and the palm must bear reference to the victorious Emperor, whose exclusive right it was to ride through the arch. Secondly, on the same wall of the south façade is a relief representing the sun-god in a chariot drawn by three griffins, and in all probability dating from the ninth or tenth century.

The Venetians of the middle ages, when decorating their church, had no religious scruple in admitting the mythological subjects just described; for although Christianity became paramount in the Byzantine empire, and the statues of the gods were given up to destruction, partly at the behest of the Emperors and the Church, partly through the fanaticism of the populace, it was impossible altogether to destroy the prevailing pagan traditions. In the East as in the West, though the belief in the gods was extirpated, the heroic legends were preserved by general consent; for the deeds of a Hercules could very well live on in the mouths of the people without causing any detriment to the belief in the Gospels. On the other hand, the worship of Aphrodite, Hera, or Athene, could not subsist side by side with that of the Virgin, although the Parthenon at Athens was, at an early date, consecrated as a temple to the Virgin. But along with the dispeopling of Olympus there lived on, deep in the hearts of the people, a feeling of the glory of the statues of the gods. Thus it is not surprising that at this time, even in depicting scenes from the Biblical narrative, female figures of an antique type should appear as representations of cities. Indeed, they may have occurred more frequently in this connection than in the historical delineations of ancient art itself. Suppose, for example, that a Byzantine artist desired to depict, either in mosaic or wall-painting, a simple scene like the Flight into Egypt; he would not merely represent the Virgin riding upon an ass, with the Babe in her arms, and Joseph walking by her side, in accordance with the treatment adopted in the West, but opposite the Virgin he would place an antique figure with a crown and regal symbols, bending forward in devotion from the gate of a city. This figure is apparently the personification of the kingdom of Egypt, and there was no thought of its being meant to represent a heathen divinity; for other Byzantine representations of the entry of the Holy Family into the cities of Egypt exist, in which the statues of the gods, ranged along the streets, are shown falling to the ground on the approach of the Infant Christ.

In Old Testament scenes, also, such as Joshua's battles, the beleaguered city is represented not simply by buildings and high walls, but, in addition, by a female figure seated near the city, clad in antique costume, and with the mural crown upon her head. So noble and dignified are these figures that they might easily be mistaken for Olympian goddesses, if the names of Jericho, Ai, Gibeon, &c., added to them, did not make it certain that they are meant to be personifications of the respective cities. This is further evidenced by the expression of their countenances, and by their whole bearing, in which the artist has expressed with great skill the issue of the battle, and the fortunes of the city. Such representations of divinities typifying cities, in conjunction with historical occurrences, are extremely rare among the monuments

of pagan antiquity, and are hardly ever met with in the monuments of the earliest Greek art. One exception to the rule is to be found on the celebrated vase of Darius, in the Naples Museum, in which the Persian king is represented holding a council of war, and receiving tribute from the provinces, typified by female figures. Such a mode of representation is also entirely foreign to the older Christian painting and sculpture of Italy. It occurs in no relief, in no mosaic or wall-painting, and in no illumination of Italian art, during the first ten centuries of our era. Byzantine art, on the other hand, not only permits, but makes frequent use of semi-pagan personifications of victories or divinities typifying cities; and they form, in fact, one of the most interesting phenomena of the history of art, in the transition from the antique to the Christian world.

Among the Byzantine sculptures in the outer walls of St. Mark's, there still remain two which represent not Christian, but mythological subjects. These mythological groups consist each of four medallions. The scenes depicted in them are partly taken from the models of classic antiquity, such as Amor riding upon a lion, and playing the flute; two eagles, one fighting with a snake, the other seated upon a hare; or a griffin attacking a deer. Others indicate an Asiatic influence, such as the curious group of four lions, placed two and two, facing one another, and with one head in common. Another of these medallions shows a boy with a drawn sword, fighting a lion; another, a gazelle, ridden by a naked man, with a sword in his hand. The meaning of these representations is very obscure, and they probably refer to popular traditions now fallen into oblivion.

The sculptures referring to Christian belief are, as might be expected, more numerous than the mythological representations on the façade of St. Mark's, and although the subjects they contain are not, in the majority of cases, of an unusual character, they nevertheless require very careful consideration, being almost the only examples preserved to us of an art the monuments of which are rarely to be met with elsewhere. The principal doorway is ornamented by two bas-reliefs let into the wall, one on each side, and at first sight exactly alike. Each shows a knight, clad in a Byzantine coat-of-mail, and seated upon a kind of throne, with a sword across his lap, which he is in the act of drawing out of the scabbard. They are St. Demetrius, pro-consul and martyr of Saloniki, and St. George, the canonised slayer of the dragon, who suffered martyrdom in Nicomedia. These are still among the saints most revered in the Christian East. Two of the most beautiful churches in Saloniki, now converted into mosques, are dedicated to them, and are two of the noblest specimens of architecture in the Levant. The mosaics in the cupola of St. George's, representing sacred and fantastic subjects, and the magnificent incrustations of rare marbles in St. Demetrius, are unique and incomparable of their kind. In the latter church there is a sepulchral monument, erected by a Venetian sculptor, in the year 1480, to a Greek, Lucas Ospandonnes. The Venetians had, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, purchased the principality of Saloniki from Andronikos Palaiologos, the brother of the Emperor John VI.; but even before the first taking of the city by the Turks, under the Sultan Bajasid, they were at home there, and thus the two reliefs in question very possibly belonged to churches of Thessalonica built in the fifth century. In fact, they bear evident traces of having been executed in that century, the most flourishing period of Byzantine art. The Latin characters in which the names of the saints are now inscribed on the marble must not lead us into error as to the reliefs themselves; for these letters are cut into the marble, while Byzantine inscriptions were raised in relief on the surface. What is most surprising

in the figures of these knights is the spirit in which they are conceived. We are accustomed to see St. George bounding forward on his horse, and piercing the dragon's body with his spear. Raphael has thus portrayed him in his charming little picture in the Hermitage Gallery of St. Petersburg, thus following Donatello, by whom the subject was similarly treated in a relief at Or San Michele, Florence. But in the Byzantine relief at St. Mark's the knight is seated all but motionless upon his throne—the very antithesis of the eager enthusiasm common to all the representations of the saint in Western art. Without rising from his seat, he draws his sword so hesitatingly that we are inclined to doubt whether irresolution be intended, or indeed whether he is not rather returning the sword into the scabbard. However this may be, it is certain that, in whatever part of the Byzantine world St. George was represented, he was looked upon as in glory, sitting in sacred calm upon his throne, with his hand on the handle of his sword, which can no longer be unsheathed with any propriety in heaven. The same remarks may be applied to the figure of Demetrius; but, in the representations of this saint, the conception which we see on the façade of St. Mark's is not the only one to be met with. In the narthex of the monastery church of Cheropotamos, at Mount Athos, he is represented as at St. Mark's, with youthful features and without a beard, in a standing posture, and dressed in the long official robes of a baron of the Byzantine empire, while his right hand grasps a cross as symbol of the faith. According to a modern inscription affixed to it, this relief does not come from the celebrated church of Demetrius at Saloniki, but from Constantinople; and, like that of St. Mark's, it is a production of the fifth century.

Of Byzantine reliefs containing single figures, there are to be found on the principal façade of St. Mark's only a Madonna and a figure of the archangel Michael. These too, both in execution and conception, have a character entirely their own, and diverse from Western art. Whether we go to the painting of Cimabue at Santa Croce, in Florence; or to the two world-renowned pictures of the archangel, by Raphael, in the Salon Carré of the Louvre; or to the equally popular painting by Guido, in the church of the Capuchins at Rome, Michael is always the same mighty hero, with foot advanced, trampling beneath him the dragon of the ancient mythology, transfixed in head or neck by the spear. In the Byzantine relief of St. Mark's, on the contrary, the archangel stands before us in solemn repose, as though awaiting the command of his Lord. Two mighty wings are visible on his shoulders; his right hand grasps a globe with a cross upon it, the symbol of the earth; his left a sceptre, or rather herald's staff, such as we find borne by the messengers of princes as early as Homer.

No less interesting, even though unimportant from an artistic point of view, is the figure of the Madonna, which probably dates from about the sixth century. She is not associated with the infant Christ, but stands alone, upright, and stretching out both her arms in prayer, in the act of offering up intercession for those who commend themselves to her protection. This conception is entirely in accordance with the fresco paintings of the early Christian catacombs. In these, however, the female figure had, at least before the age of Constantine, quite a different significance from that which it has since assumed. It is not commonly known that, among something like three hundred wall-paintings of the Christian art of the second and third centuries in the catacombs of Rome and Naples, only four or five representations of the Madonna occur, always in

combination with two, three, or four magi worshipping the Infant Christ, and not in any single instance distinguished by a nimbus. On the other hand, the same series of pictures contains about thirty single representations of women in exactly the same attitude as that at St. Mark's — and these admittedly not pictures of the Madonna, but either portraits of dead ladies or personifications of the Church. It is only in later centuries that the same figure in Byzantine art has come to be explained as a Madonna; and this is one example out of many of the way in which the oldest conceptions of Christian art lived on among the Byzantines long after they had disappeared from Western art.

Among the single figures of the south façade, the most prominent are the four Evangelists, of almost life size. They are apparently productions of the Byzantine art of the fifth century. In their conception and execution there is nothing extraordinary. The Evangelists are continually occurring in Byzantine art, especially in illuminated manuscripts. But if we compare these with the reliefs, it is at once evident that from an artistic point of view the latter are far superior to all other representations of the same subject. Nothing can be more natural than the solemn deliberation with which these holy men are here writing down their narratives. The parchment roll or book in which they write, lies, in Oriental fashion, upon their knees. John is not, as in Western representations, a youth, but an old man with a long beard; for, according to the tradition of the Church, he wrote his Gospel in extreme old age, and the Apocalypse in his earlier years; and accordingly, in the representation on St. Mark's, he is writing his Gospel on a roll on his right knee, while a closed book, evidently the Apocalypse, lies upon his left. In later Byzantine miniatures the same idea is expressed, less skilfully, but with more directness, by placing him in the foreground as an old man, busied with the composition of his Gospel, while in the background he is depicted with the Apocalypse in his hand.

There can be no doubt as to the date of these figures of the Evangelists, since we possess works of precisely the same character and style of execution, and of unquestionable date, in the Byzantine ivories in the chair of Maximian at Ravenna—the same Bishop Maximian whose portrait is preserved in the celebrated mosaic in the church of San Vitale at Ravenna. When that church was consecrated by Maximian in the year 547, the mosaics of the choir, in which the four Evangelists occur, were already completed. If, however, we compare these celebrated and much admired mosaics with the reliefs on St. Mark's, which are passed over with such indifference by our savants and connoisseurs, it cannot be denied that the latter are in every respect entitled to the preference, and we may conclude that at that time, in Byzantium at any rate, sculpture stood at least upon the same level as mosaic. At all events, the mosaic-workers of San Vitale would have done well to work on such plastic models as the Venetians possess the credit of having rescued from Constantinople.

It still remains for us to describe the reliefs in which entire compositions are depicted. We may first mention some fragments belonging to the attica of an early Christian sarcophagus, which are let into the wall above one of the doorways of the principal façade. They contain eleven different subjects from the New Testament; such as the Annunciation of the Angels to the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Miracle at Cana, and Christ between the Apostles Paul and Peter. We find an abundance of similar reliefs in the museums of the Papal palaces at Rome,

brought from the atria of the oldest basilicas, and, generally speaking, not inferior in artistic value to the fragments on St. Mark's. But, notwithstanding, we must look on those of St. Mark's as unique, because they are Greek work, and of a kind of which little or nothing else has survived destruction. The great care bestowed on an operation so difficult and laborious as the carving of a great number of small figures, disconnected from the background, would imply that the sarcophagus from which the fragments were taken belonged to the tomb of some great personage—a prince, perhaps even an emperor. The Latin Crusaders of 1204—and the Venetians were probably no exceptions—are accused[1] of breaking open the tombs of saints, emperors, and empresses, and carrying off their clothes, if they contained any gold or silver, and of using the marble sarcophagi as mangers for their horses. The imperial sarcophagi, which supplied the sculptures above enumerated, lay at that time close to the Church of the Apostles in Byzantium, founded by Constantine in the Herôon built by Justinian's wife, Theodora. This church is now completely obliterated, and its site covered by the mosque of Mehemmedieh, the sole remains of this St. Denys of the Byzantine emperors being a few clumsy sarcophagi, still to be found in the court of the Serail, and shown, we know not with what justice, as those of Constantine, Helena, and Julian the Apostate.

All that is known at the present day of Byzantine art after the seventh century presents it to us in an unfavourable light, and the late Byzantine sculptures in the façade of St. Mark's confirm us in this judgment. We shall therefore here refer to only two of them, which merit attention on account of the peculiarity of their subjects. They are in the south wall. In the centre of one of them is represented a throne—the heavenly throne of Christ, although Christ Himself is not represented as occupying it; but on the throne are set three symbols typifying His person, viz., a cross with six arms, a medallion containing the figure of a lamb, and a crown. On each side of the throne, and looking up to it, stand six lambs, and behind them, closing in the composition, are two palm-trees and four vases. As to the meaning of these symbols, all doubt is removed by the Greek inscription beneath the relief. The lambs are the "holy apostles"; the lamb upon the throne is "the holy Lamb." Such representations are by no means uncommon among the oldest mosaics in the apses of the churches at Ravenna and Rome, which also show that the palm-trees are no idle accessory, but signify Paradise. Further search, however, discloses some essential points of difference between the Byzantine and the Latin works. Thus at Rome, in SS. Cosma e Damiano, the Lamb of God stands in the midst of the lambs which typify the apostles, on a hill from which flow the four streams of Paradise, while here He is represented only on a small medallion. On the other hand, the throne of God, which is entirely wanting in the Latin representations, here forms the principal and central point of the composition, and indeed supplies the title for the entire piece, which in the Byzantine terminology is called *Hetoimasia tou tronou*, "the preparation of the throne," that is, of the Day of Judgment. The same representation frequently occurs in Byzantine illuminations, the throne being sometimes given by itself without any additional emblem. In this we may recognise the oldest form of the symbol, and the original conception thus becomes more clearly evident. In conformity with the metaphorical language of the Bible, the throne of a king or emperor is used as the symbol of the sovereignty and power of God, but there is no material sign to express the personality of the invisible God.

[1] Cotelerius.

A turning-point at length came, even in Constantinople, when these symbols of primitive Christian art were abandoned. Thus we read in a resolution passed in a Council of the year 692 that "a lamb has been employed as the symbol of grace to signify Christ our Lord, the true Lamb according to the Scriptures. We honour these old types and images, which have been bequeathed to the Church as the likenesses and symbols of the reality; but we prefer the truth yet more, as it is displayed to us in the fulfilling of the Law. Wherefore, that every one may have this fulfilment plainly before his eyes, we enjoin that for the future, instead of the lamb of earlier art, Christ, the Lamb who bears the sins of the world, be represented in His human form." This decree, so important for the history of art, gives us a reliable clue to the date of the relief above described, which, it is evident, must have been executed before the end of the seventh century.

Another reproduction of a wall-painting or mosaic is to be found in the second relief on the same wall. Here, as usual in historical representations of primitive Christian art, two different scenes are combined in the same composition. On the left is Abraham, leading the boy Isaac by the hand. Isaac carries on his back the wood for the sacrifice; Abraham holds in his left hand a great vessel, in the shape of a bowl, and doubtless representing the patriarchal tinder-box, for the Fathers and theologians of the Church speculated much as to how Abraham kindled the sacrificial fire on Moriah. In the second scene Isaac is lying bound upon the earth before a burning altar, while Abraham, standing behind him, lays his left hand upon Isaac's head, and with face averted lifts the knife in his right hand, ready to deliver the fatal blow. Behind him stands a lofty tree, with a lamb below it, and amid the branches of the tree appears a hand, the usual symbol of the Voice of God, on which Abraham bends his gaze. This recalls the similar representations of the subject at San Vitale in Ravenna. There the hand appears in the clouds, in place of the cherub of Western iconography. In the pictures of the Roman catacombs neither of these representations is employed. In fact, in the earliest representations in the catacombs, it is evident that human sacrifice is, of set purpose, only indirectly indicated, since Isaac is shown standing near his father with the wood on his back, while Abraham points calmly with his hand to the altar standing before them.

On the north side of St. Mark's, near the entrance to the courtyard of the Doge's palace, is a relief executed in porphyry. It represents four Oriental princes, embracing one another in couples. These have given rise to the most various explanations, and are pointed out as objects of peculiar interest. Guides and guide-books alike direct attention to them, and few visitors to the City of the Lagunes can have passed them by without notice. Why they should be thought worthy of such special attention (being, as they are, of very inferior artistic value) it would be difficult to explain. Perhaps it is because they are close to a door through which people are continually passing, and are thus easily seen. They were brought from Ptolemais. The crowns of the emperors show indentations, which possibly once contained costly jewels. The embraces appear to us to symbolise a sort of solemn reconciliation, hardly a joint sovereignty, as Burckhardt and other interpreters would have us believe. For assuredly neither the artists of Italy nor of Byzantium would have satisfied their princely patrons if they had attempted to express association in sovereignty by this act of tenderness.

The decorations of the upper portions of the façade were completed as late as the fourteenth century, since

the ornaments of that part are in the Gothic style, and Byzantine sculptures are wholly wanting. Of the building of the lower portion of the façade, no one has yet ascertained the exact date, and Mr. Ruskin says that "it is very difficult to speak with confidence respecting the date of any part of the exterior of St. Mark's," but that "it will be enough for the reader to remember that the earliest parts of the building belong to the eleventh, twelfth, and first part of the thirteenth century; the Gothic portions to the fourteenth." That is to say, the Venetians must have been at work at the façade during fully three hundred years. We must beg the reader's indulgence for briefly mentioning the arguments by which this conclusion is arrived at. The topographers and historians of Venice inform us that St. Mark's was consecrated under the Doge Vitale Falieri. Now as his reign falls within the years 1084 and 1096, an approximately exact date is at once found sufficiently near for the art student. Every visitor to St. Mark's knows that six doors now lead into the entrance-hall, or narthex (formerly there were eight), whilst seven lead into the interior, and it has been for long remarked that the façade inclosing the entrance-hall does not at all harmonise with the plan of the church. In the time of Ridolfi[1] a Latin verse indicating the year 1071 as the date of completion stood inscribed over the principal entrance of the church. But as this inscription can only refer to the church, and not to the façade and entrance-hall, we are still left in uncertainty as to the date of the latter. Now Mr. Ruskin assumes that the façade now in front of the entrance-hall was, at least in its commencement, contemporaneous with the building of the church, a supposition which appears to be founded principally on the style of the mosaics on the façade, the date of which is not given by any inscription, which resemble nothing else in Italy, and can, in short, only be properly estimated by comparing them with similar monuments of the East, which Mr. Ruskin admits that he has never seen. Under these circumstances the only proper course will be to base the decision on documents, whether it be contracts or accounts relating to the building, or inscriptions recording the names of the architects. The former are lost, but the latter have happily to some extent been preserved. On the second door of the entrance-hall there formerly stood—so I find in the archives of Venice—the following inscription: "MCCC Magister Bertucius Aurifex Venetus me fecit." It was thus in the year 1300 that the building of the lower portion of the entrance-hall was begun. The builder was a Venetian, at once an architect and a goldsmith, the latter more than the former. This need not surprise us, for during the middle ages and the Renaissance the goldsmiths stood on exactly the same footing as the masters of the other fine arts. To give only one of the most striking instances; the far-famed painter of Bologna, Francesco Francia, prefers, in his pictures, to designate himself as "artificer in gold" (*aurifex*), while in his goldsmith's work he calls himself "painter." If we look more closely at Bertucius's door at St. Mark's, the first thing that strikes us is how few figures are employed in it by way of ornament. The fine ornament surrounding the archivolt reminds us, in fact, much more of filigree-work. This fact affords a basis for settling the date of the façade. It lies in the very nature of things that the separate doors were not built at times remote from one another. Bertucius's door stands to the left of the principal entrance, while that on the right resembles it so closely that the one might be mistaken for the other, and therefore may also have been his work. The upper part of the principal doorway, with its rich ornamentation, is indeed the only one

[1] *Le Maraviglie dell' Arte* (1648).

which, on different grounds, may be assigned to a more recent rather than an older date. To sum up our argument: the façade is in all its essential parts a work of the fourteenth century. The figurative ornamentation of the principal entrance is the work, probably, not of Byzantine, but of native artists, and belongs, without the least doubt, to the beginning of the same century.

These sculptures deserve our thorough attention in more than one respect—not least because they represent the earliest efforts of Venetian sculpture. Venetian plastic art during the fourteenth century is almost wholly unknown outside the city; but any one who is intimately acquainted with the monuments in the churches of Venice cannot for a moment doubt that it was far superior to the painting of the same date, and that the great Venetian painters of the fifteenth century had more to learn from the sculptors than from the painters of their native state. It has been said that the first great master of Italian sculpture, Andrea Pisano, was the author of the oldest non-Byzantine sculptures on the façade of St. Mark's; but this would be to do them too much honour. In admiring them it has hitherto unhappily been the fashion to stop short at a general survey, and we ask in vain why it is that the sculptures of the principal façade have never yet been separately described and explained. No other reason suggests itself for this than the extraordinary variety of invention and the great wealth of composition which they display. The visitors to Venice are—not too idle or too superficial perhaps—but, let us say, too busy, to spend their time in the examination of the details of such complicated compositions. And yet these compositions are, before all things, to the last degree remarkable in their details; still more so even than in their artistic finish. Design and modelling may have been brought to an equal or greater degree of finish; but the subjects here handled by Venetian artists are simply unique of their kind.

The three semicircular archivolts of the principal doorway, one within the other, are ornamented on the inner, as well as the outer surfaces, with compositions containing figures. The large external arch is adorned with rich foliage and roses, in the taste of the best Ægypto-Arabian ornamentation, and, as usual in early Christian monuments, proceeding from two vases. The spaces are filled up with eight holy men looking upwards to Christ, a beardless youth, at the summit of the arch. At the crown of the same arch is a medallion, with the Lamb of God, held by two angels; and below it on each side are twelve very remarkable representations of the handicrafts of Venice. First come the shipbuilders, then follow the vintners, occupied in drawing liquor from the vats. Then the bakehouse and the shambles, matched on the opposite side by a dairy, and by masons and shoemakers. These are followed by the hairdressers, and here we can see the dandies of ancient Venice having their hair pressed with curling-irons. Next come coopers, carpenters, smiths, and finally fishermen, who are placed opposite the shipbuilders. The meaning of the figures on the outer side of the smaller internal archivolt is more enigmatical. At the apex is seated a woman in antique costume, with her feet crosswise upon the ground. In each hand she holds a medallion, and beside her stand or sit sixteen women with loose-flowing hair, the majority having scrolls in their hands, which once probably bore their names. These are undoubtedly personifications of virtues. Here, for instance, is a youthful woman with flowing locks, tearing open the jaws of a lion with her hands, and representing Strength. There is Justice, holding a pair of scales in her right hand. A third is Love, with a crown upon her head.

The inner side of the arch is filled by twelve representations of the months, in the style then in vogue for ornamenting illuminated manuscripts and calendars, and showing how people for the most part employed themselves in Venice during the different seasons.

To the figures on the inmost archivolt, no religious or theological signification can be attached; but it is perhaps precisely on this account that they are so very interesting. A cock is sitting upon a vine, pecking a bunch of grapes, while a fox looks up longingly from below; a wolf is seen pursuing a lamb, and an eagle clutches a hare. Round these scenes runs a band of foliage, issuing from a woman reclining on the ground, and offering her breast to a serpent and a man. "Mater terra" is the explanation of this enigmatical figure, which we find in several Italian manuscripts of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries; and we may therefore conclude that this representation—possibly borrowed from the Northern, in no case from the ancient classic, mythology—had already found its way elsewhere into Italy. How proud the citizens of Venice formerly were of the adornment of the façade of their church is clearly proved by the fact that they placed a view of it in mosaic above one of the side-doors of the principal entrance. This is the sole Byzantine mosaic still remaining there, although at one time the whole of the lunettes were ornamented with them.

The high opinion of the Byzantine reliefs of the façade entertained even by the foremost masters of the Renaissance is proved by Gentile Bellini's great picture still preserved in Venice, which represents the procession, with the relics of the cross, in the square of St. Mark's, and in which the whole width of the background is occupied by the façade of the church, reproduced in every detail with marvellous precision.

In this picture not a single one of the numerous Byzantine reliefs is left out, but each is faithfully reproduced in the style of the original, with the best result. The later architectural painters were content to reproduce the general effect of the scene, and not one of them (not even Antonio Canale or Belotto) can vie in this respect with the great Early Venetian master.

If the restoration to which it is proposed to subject the façade of St. Mark's is to end in a really favourable result, and one that shall harmonise with the past of the building, it must unquestionably do more than merely seek to preserve it as it exists at present. To refer to only one point; in the time of Bellini the sculptures on the arches of the principal entrance were gilt, whereas at the present day they are almost blackened by dust and soot. Fresh gilding would assuredly be beneficial if these figures are to be clearly recognised and enjoyed with the naked eye. Our business, however, is with the Byzantine sculptures; and as far as they are concerned, no greater service could be done to art than by ceasing to expose the originals—which, as we have explained, have scarcely anything resembling them at the present day—to the influence of the weather, and replacing them by good copies; while the originals, which in their present position can hardly be enjoyed at all, might be brought together in a museum, where they would at any rate be preserved in security from the risk of further deterioration.

Jean Paul Richter.

SOME THOUGHTS ON SHELLEY.

When the sea gave up its dead, all of Shelley's body that was rescued from flood and fire was laid where the rise of the ground ends in a dark nook of the Aurelian wall. So deep is that resting-place in shadow that the violets blossom later there than on "the slope of green access" where, seen from Shelley's grave, the flowers grow over the dust of Adonais. It is well that both were buried in Italy rather than in England, for, though no Italian could have written their poetry, yet it was,—in all things else different,—of that spirit which Italy awakens in Englishmen who love her, rather than of the purely English spirit. The Italian air, the sentiment of Italy, fled and dreamed through their poems, but most through those of Shelley. It was but fitting, then, that Shelley, whose fame was England's, should be buried in the city which is the heart of Italy. But he was born far away from this peaceful and melancholy spot, and grew up to manhood under the grey skies of England, until its Universities, its Church, its Society, its Law and its dominant policy became inhospitable to him, nay, even his own father cast him out. They all had, in the opinion of sober men of that time, good cause to make him a stranger, for he attacked them all, and it would be neither wise nor true, nor grateful to Shelley himself, were he to be put forward as a genius unjustly treated, or as one who deserved or asked for pity. Those who separate themselves from society, and war against its dearest maxims, if they are as resolute in their choice, and as firm in their beliefs as Shelley, count the cost, and do not or rarely complain when the penalty is exacted. He was exiled, and it was no wonder. The opinion of the world did not trouble him, nor was that a wonder. But as this exile is the most prominent fact of his life, its influence is sure to underlie his work. One of the questions that any one who writes of Shelley has to ask, is, How did this exile from the Education, Law, Religion, and Society of his country, and from the soil of his country itself, affect his poetry?

It had a very great influence, partly for good and partly for evil. The good it did is clear. It deepened his individuality and the power which issued from that source. It set him free from the poetic conventions to which his art might have yielded too much obedience in England—a good which the obscurity of Keats also procured for him—it prevented him from being worried too much by the blind worms of criticism, it enabled him to develop himself more freely, and it placed him in contact with a natural scenery, fuller and sunnier than he could ever have had in England, in which his love of beauty found so happy and healthy a food that it came to perfect flower. In Italy also, where impulse even more than reason urges intelligence and inspires genius, lyrical poetry, which is born of impulse, is more natural and easy, though not better, than elsewhere, and the very inmost spirit of Shelley, deeper than his metaphysics or his love of Man and inspiring both, deeper even than any personal passion, was the lyrical longing of his whole body, soul, and spirit—"O that I had wings like a dove; then would I flee away, and be at rest."

But the good this exile did his art was largely counterbalanced by its harm. Shelley's individuality, un-

checked by that of others, grew too great, and tended not only to isolate him from men, but to prevent his art from becoming conversant enough with human life. The absence of critical sympathy of a good kind, such as that which flows from one poet to another in a large society, left some of his work, as it left some of Keats', more formless, more intemperate, more impalpable, more careless, more apart from the realities of life, than it ought to have been in the most poetical of poets since the days of Elizabeth. Even in his lyric work, the impassioned impulse would have failed less often to fulfil its form perfectly; there would not have been so many fragments thrown aside for want of patience or power to complete them, had he been less personal, less subject to individual freakishness, more subject to the unexpressed criticism which floats, as it were, in the air of a large literary society, and constrains the art of the poet into measured act and power. And as to Nature, we should perhaps have had, with his genius, a much wider and less ideal representation of her, had he not been so enthralled by the vastness and homelessness of Swiss, and by the ideality of Italian scenery. Even when he did write in England itself, the recollected love of Switzerland and the Rhine mingled with the impressions he received from the Thames, and produced a scenery, as in certain passages in *Alastor* and the *Revolt of Islam*, which is not directly studied from anything in heaven or earth. It is none the worse for that, but it is not Nature, it is Art.

These are general considerations, but there were some more particular results, partly good and partly evil, of this separation of Shelley from the ordinary religious and political views of English society.

A good deal of his poetry became polemical, and polemical, like satiric poetry, is apart from pure art. It attacks evil directly, and the poet, his mind being then fixed not on the beautiful but on the base, writes prosaically. Or it embodies a creed in verse, and, being concerned with doctrine, becomes dull. In both cases the poet misses, as Shelley did, that inspiration of the beautiful which arises from the seeing of truth, not from the seeing of a lie; from the love of true ideas, not from their intellectual perception. The verses, for example, in the *Ode to Liberty*, which directly attack kingcraft and priestcraft, however gladly one would see their sentiments in prose, are inferior as poetry to all the rest; and it is the same throughout all Shelley's poetry of direct attack on evil. This polemical element in the *Revolt of Islam*, and the endeavour to lay down in it his revolutionary creed, are additional causes of the wastes of prosaic poetry which make it so unreadable. The very splendour and passion of the passages devoted to Nature and Love contrast so sharply, like burning spaces of sunlight on a grey sea, with wearisome whole, that they lose half their value, and disturb, like so much else, the unity of the poem. The same things seem true of *Rosalind and Helen*, and of those political poems which are direct attacks on abuses in England. On the other hand, when Shelley wrote on these evils indirectly inspired by the opposing truths, concerned with their beauty, and borne upwards by delight in them, his work entered the realm of art, and his poetry became magnificent. There is no finer example of this than *Prometheus Unbound*. The subject is at root the same as that of the Revolt of Islam, the things opposed are the same, the doctrine is the same, but the whole method of approaching his idea and fulfilling its form is changed, and all the questions are brought into that artistic representation which stirs around them inspiring and enduring emotion.

The good Shelley did in this way was very great. At a time when England, still influenced by its abhorrence of the Reign of Terror, by its

fear of France and Napoleon, was most dead to the political ideas that had taken form in 1789, Shelley gave voice, through art, to these ideas, and encouraged that hope of a golden age which, however vague, does so much for human progress. He threw around these things imaginative emotion, and added all its power to the struggle for freedom.

Still greater is the unrecognised work he did in the same way for theology in England. That theology was no better than all theology had become under the influence of the imperial and feudal ideas of Europe. Its notion of God, and of man in relation to God, partly Hebraic, and therefore sacerdotal and sacrificial, partly deeply dyed with asceticism and other elements derived from the Oriental notion of the evil of matter, was further modified by the political views of the Roman Empire, transferred to God by the Roman Church. And when the universal ideas regarding mankind, and a return to nature, were put forth by France, they clashed instantly with this limited, sacerdotal, ascetic, aristocratic, and feudal theology. The sovereign right of God, because He was omnipotent, to destroy the greater part of His subjects, the right of a caste of priests to impose their doctrines on all, and to exile from religion all who did not agree with them; the view that whatever God was represented to do was right, though it might directly contradict the nature, the conscience, and the heart of Man; these, and other related views had been brought to the bar of humanity, and condemned from the intellectual point of view by a whole tribe of thinkers. But if a veteran theology is to be disarmed and slain, it needs to be brought not only into the arena of thought and argument, but into the arena of poetic emotion. A great part of that latter work was done in England by Shelley. He indirectly made, as time went on, an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning Man, that His character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destiny He willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as Himself. There are more clergymen, and more religious laymen than we imagine, who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when they were young, their wider and better views of God. Many men, also, who were quite careless of religion, yet cared for poetry, were led, and are still led, to think concerning the grounds of a true worship, by the moral enthusiasm which Shelley applied to theology. He made emotion burn around it, and we owe to him a great deal of its nearer advance to the teaching of Christ. But we owe it, not to those portions of his poetry which denounced what was false and evil, but to those which represented and revealed, in delight in its beauty, what was good and true. Had he remained in England, I do not think he would have worked on this matter in the ideal way of *Prometheus Unbound*, because continual contact with the reigning theology would have driven his easily wrought anger into direct violence. In Italy, in exile, it was different. The polemical temper in which he wrote the *Revolt of Islam* changed into the poetical temper in which he wrote *Prometheus Unbound.*

Connected with this, but not with his exile, is the question, in what way his belief as to a Source of Nature influenced his art. He was not an atheist or a materialist. If he may be said to have occupied any theoretical position, it was that of an Ideal Pantheist; the position which, with regard to Nature, a modern poet who cares for the subject, naturally—whatever may be his personal view—adopts in the realm of his art. Wordsworth, a plain Christian at home, wrote about Nature as a Pantheist: the artist loves to conceive of the Universe, not as dead, but as alive. Into that belief Shelley, in hours of inspiration, continually rose, and his work

is seldom more impassioned and beautiful than in the passages where he feels and believes in this manner. The finest example is towards the close of the *Adonais*. In his mind, however, the living spirit which, in its living, made the Universe, was not conceived of as Thought, as Wordsworth conceived it, but as Love operating into Beauty; and there is a passage on this idea in the fragment of the *Coliseum*, which is as beautiful in prose as that in *Adonais* is in verse. But it is only in higher poetic hours that Shelley seems or cares to realise this belief. In the quieter realms of poetry, in daily life, he confessed no such creed plainly; he had little or no belief in a thinking or loving existence behind the phenomenal universe. It is infinitely improbable, he says, that the cause of mind is similar to mind. Nothing can be more characteristic of him—and he has the same temper in other matters—than that he should have a faith with regard to a Source of Nature, into which he could soar when he pleased, in which he could live for a time, but which he did not choose to live in, to define, or to realise, continuously. When, in the *Prometheus Unbound*, he is forced, as it were, to realise a central cause, he creates Demogorgon, the dullest of all his impersonations. It is scarcely an impersonation. Once he calls it a "living spirit," but it has neither form nor outline in his mind. He keeps it before him as an "awful Shape."

The truth is, the indefinite was a beloved element of his life. "Lift not the painted veil," he cries, "which those who live call Life." His worst pain was when he thought he had lifted it, and seemed to know the reality. But he did not always believe that he had done so, or he preferred to deny his conclusion. Not as a thinker in prose, but as a poet, he frequently loved the vague with an intensity which raised it almost into an object of worship. The speech of the Third Spirit, in the *Ode to Heaven*, is a wonderful instance of what I may call the rapture in indefiniteness. But this rapture had its other side, and when he was depressed by ill-health, the sense of a voiceless, boundless abyss, which for ever held its secret, and in which he floated, deepened his depression. The horror of a homeless and centreless heart which then beset him, is passionately expressed in the *Cenci*. Beatrice is speaking—

> "Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts, if there should be
> No God, no Heaven, no Earth, in the void world;
> The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world."

But, on the whole, whether it brought him pain or joy, he preferred to be without a fixed belief with regard to a source of Nature. Could he have done otherwise, could he have given continuous substance in his thoughts to the great conception of ideal Pantheism in which Wordsworth rested, Shelley's whole work on Nature and his description of her would have been more direct, palpable, and homely. He would have loved Nature more, and made us love it more.

The result of all this is that a great deal of his poetry of Nature has no ground in thought, and consequently wants power. It is not that he could not have had this foundation and its strength. Both are his when he chooses. But, for the most part, he did not choose. Such was his temperament that he liked better to live with Nature and be without a centre for her. He would be

> Dizzy, lost—but unbewailing.

But I am not sure whether the love of the undefined did not, in the first instance, arise out of his love of the constantly changing, and that itself out of the very character of his intellect, and the temper of his heart. His intellect, incessantly shaken into movement by his imagination, con-

tinually threw into new shapes the constant ideas he possessed. His heart, out of which are the issues of imagination, loved deeply a few great conceptions, but wearied almost immediately of any special form in which he embodied them, and changed it for another. In the matter of human love, he was uncontent with all the earthly images he formed of the ideal he had loved and continued to love in his own soul, and he could not but tend to change the images. In the ordinary life of feeling, the moment any emotion arose in his heart, a hundred others came rushing from every quarter into the original feeling, and mingled with it, and changed its outward expression. Sometimes they all clamoured for expression, and we see that Shelley often tried to answer their call. It is when he does this that he is most obscure — obscure through abundance of feelings and their forms. His intellect, heart, and imagination were in a kind of Heraclitean flux, perpetually evolving fresh images, and the new, in swift succession, clouding the old; and then, impatient weariness of rest or of any one thing whatever, driving forward within him this incessant movement, he sank, at last and for the time, exhausted—"As summer clouds disburthened of their rain."

There is no need to illustrate this from his poetry. The huddling rush of images, the changeful crowd of thoughts are found on almost every page. It is often only the oneness of the larger underlying emotion or idea which makes the work clear. We strive to grasp a Proteus as we read. In an instant the thought or the feeling Shelley is expressing becomes impalpable, vanishes, reappears in another form, and then in a multitude of other forms, each in turn eluding the grasp of the intellect, until at last we seize the god himself, and know what Shelley meant, or Shelley felt. In all this he resembles, at a great distance, Shakspere; and has, at that distance, and in this aspect of his art, a strength and a weakness similar to, but not identical with, that which Shakspere possessed, — the strength of changeful activity of imagination, the weakness of being unable, through eagerness, to omit, to select, to coordinate his images. Yet, at his highest, when the full force of genius is urged by full and dominant emotion, what poetry it is! How magnificent is the impassioned unity of the whole in spite of the diversity of the parts! But this lofty height is reached in only a few of Shelley's lyrics, and in a few passages in his longer poems.

At almost every point, the scenery of the sky he drew so fondly images this temper of Shelley's mind, this incessant building and unbuilding, this cloud-changefulness of his imagination.

> "I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
> And out of the caverns of rain,
> Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
> I arise and unbuild it again."

That is a picture of Shelley himself at work on a feeling or on a thought. "I change, but I cannot die."

I might illustrate this love of "the changing" from the history of his life, of his affections, of his theories; from his varied nature, and way of work, as the prose thinker and the poet; from the variety of the subjects on which he wrote, and which he half attempted—for he naturally fell into the fragmentary—from the eagerness with which he searched for new thought, new experiences of feeling, new literatures, even from his love of the strange and sometimes of the horrible; from that uncontent he had in the doctrines of others, until he had added to them, as he did to Plato's doctrine of Love, something of his own in order to make them new,—were there any necessity to enlarge on that which stands so clear. In all these things, what was said of Shelley's movements to and fro in the house at Lerici is true of his movement through the house of thought or

of feeling. "Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where." But it remains to be said, that all through this secondary changefulness, he held fast to certain primary ideas of life, of morality, and of his art, which no one who cares for him can fail to discover.

There was, then, in Shelley this love of indefiniteness, and this love of changefulness. Which of the two was the cause of the other I cannot tell, but I am inclined to think that the latter was the first. It is better, however, to keep them both equally in view in the study of Shelley's art, and they are both well illustrated in his poetry of Nature.

I have said that his love of the indefinite with regard to a source of Nature weakened his work on Nature. His love of changefulness also weakened it by luring the imagination away from a direct sight of the thing into the sight of a multitude of images suggested by the thing.

But in the case of those who have great genius, that which enfeebles one part of their work often gives strength to another, and in three several ways these elements in Shelley's mind made his work on Nature of great value.

1. His love of that which is indefinite and changeful made him enjoy and describe better than any other English poet that scenery of the clouds and sky which is indefinite owing to infinite change of appearance. The incessant forming and unforming of the vapours which he describes in the last verse of *The Cloud*, is that which he most cared to paint. Wordsworth often draws, and with great force, the aspect of the sky, and twice with great elaboration in the *Excursion;* but it is only a momentary aspect, and it is mixed up with illustrations taken from the works of men, with the landscape of the earth below where men are moving, with his own feelings about the scene, and with moral or imaginative lessons. Shelley, when he is at work on the sky, troubles it with none of these human matters, and he describes not only the momentary aspect, but also the change and progress of the sunset or the storm. And he does this with the greatest care, and with a characteristic attention to those delicate tones and half-tones of colour which resemble the subtle imaginations and feelings he liked to discover in human Nature, and to which he gave form in poetry.

In his very first poem, in *Queen Mab* (Part II.), there is one of these studies of Sunset. It is splendidly eclipsed by that in the beginning of *Julian and Maddalo*, where the Euganean Hills are lifted away from the earth and made a portion of the scenery of the sky. A special moment of sunset, with the moon and the evening-star in a sky reddened with tempest, is given in *Hellas*, but here, being in a drama, it is mingled with the fate of an empire. The Dawns are drawn with the same care as the sunsets, but with less passion. There are many of them, but the most beautiful perhaps is that in the beginning of the second act of the *Prometheus.* The changes of colour, as the light increases in the spaces of pure sky and in the clouds, are watched and described with precise truth; the slow progress of the dawn, during a long time, is noted down line by line, and all the movement of the mists and of the clouds "shepherded by the slow unwilling wind." Nor is that minuteness of observation wanting which is the proof of careful love. Shelley's imaginative study of beauty is revealed in the way the growth of the dawn is set before us by the waxing and waning of the light of the star, as the vapours rise and melt before the morn.

The Storms are even better than the sunsets and dawns. The finest is at the beginning of the *Revolt of Islam.* It might be a description of one of Turner's storm-skies. The long trains of tremulous mist that precede the tempest, the cleft in the storm-clouds, and seen through it, high above, the space of blue sky fretted with fair clouds, the pallid semicircle of the

moon with mist on its upper horn, the flying rack of clouds below the serene spot—all are as Turner saw them; but painting cannot give what Shelley gives—the growth and changes of the storm.

There is another description at the beginning of the eleventh canto of the same poem, in which the vast wall of blue cloud before which grey mists are flying is cloven by the wind, and the sunbeams, like a river of fire flowing between lofty banks, pour through the chasm across the sea, while the shattered vapours which the coming storm has driven forth to make the opening, are tossed, all crimson, into the sky. This is a favourite picture of Shelley's. In the *Vision of the Sea* it is transferred from sunset to sunrise. The fierce wind coming from the west rushes like a flooded river upon the dense clouds which are piled in the east, and rends them asunder, and through the gorge thus cleft

> "the beams of the sunrise flow in,
> Unimpeded, keen, golden and crystalline,
> Banded armies of light and air."

The description is a little over-wrought, but criticism has no voice when it thinks that no other poet has ever attempted to render, with the same absolute loss of himself, the successive changes, minute by minute, of such an hour of tempest and of sunrise. We are alone with Nature; I might even say, We see Nature alone with herself. Still greater, more poetic, less sensational, is the approach of the gale in the *Ode to the West Wind,* where the wind itself is the river on which the forest of the sky shakes down its foliage of clouds, and these are tossed upwards like a Mænad's "uplifted hair," or trail downwards, like the "locks" of Typhon, the vanguard of the tempest. In gathered mass behind, the congregated might of vapours is rising to vault the heaven like a sepulchral dome. Nothing can be closer than the absolute truth to the working of the clouds that fly before the main body of a storm, which is here kept in the midst of these daring comparisons of the imagination.

The same delight in the indefinite and changeful aspects of Nature appears in Shelley's power of describing vast landscapes, such as that seen at noontide from the Euganean Hills, or that which the poet in *Alastor* looks upon from the edge of the mountain precipice. Both swim in the kind of light that makes all objects undefined, deep noon, and sunset light.

Kindred to this is Shelley's pleasure in the intricate, changeful, and incessant weaving and unweaving of nature's life in a great forest. In the *Recollection* it is the Pisan Pineta he describes, and that is a painting directly after Nature. But he has his own ideal forest, of which he tells in *Alastor,* in *Rosalind and Helen,* in the *Triumph of Life,* and again and again in the *Prometheus.* It is no narrow wood, but a universe of forest; full of all trees and flowers, in which are streams, and pools, and lakes, and lawny glades, and hills, and caverns; and in whose multitudinous scenery Shelley's imagination could lose and find itself without an end. The special love of caverns, with their dim recesses, adds another characteristic touch. These then,—the scenery of the sky, of the forest, of the vast plain,—are the aspects of nature Shelley loved the most, and out of the weakness that elsewhere made him too indefinite, and too uncertain through desire of change, for Wordsworth's special kind of descriptive power, arose the force with which he realised them.

2. Again, just because Shelley had no wish to conceive of Nature as involved in one definite thought, he had the power of conceiving the life of separate things in Nature with astonishing individuality. When he wrote of the Cloud, or of Arethusa, or of the Moon, or of the Earth, as distinct existences, he was not led away from their solitary personality by any universal existence in which they were merged, or by the necessity of adding

to these any tinge of humanity, any elements of thought or love, such as the Pantheist is almost sure to add. His imagination was free to realise pure Nature, and the power by which he does this, as well as the work done, are quite unique in modern poetry. Theology, with its one Creator of the Universe; Pantheism, with its "one spirit's plastic stress;" Science, with its one Energy, forbid the modern poet, whose mind is settled into any one of these three views, to see anything in Nature as having a separate life of its own. He cannot, as a Greek could do, divide the life of the Air from that of the Earth, of the cloud from that of the stream. But Shelley, able to loosen himself from all these modern conceptions which unite the various universe, could and did, when he pleased, divide and subdivide the life of Nature in the same way as a Greek—and this is the cause why even in the midst of wholly modern imagery and a modern manner, one is conscious of a Greek note in many passages of his poetry of Nature. The following little poem on the Dawn might be conceived by a primitive Aryan. It is a Nature myth:—

"The pale stars are gone!
For the sun, their swift shepherd,
To their folds them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond his blue dwelling
As fawns flee the leopard."

But Shelley's conceptions of the life of these natural things are less human than even the Homeric Greek or early Indian poet would have made them. They described the work of Nature in terms of human act. Shelley's spirits of the Earth and Moon are utterly apart from our world of thought and from our life. Of this class of poems *The Cloud* is the most perfect example. It describes the life of the Cloud as it might have been a million years before man came on earth. The "sanguine Sunrise" and the "orbed Maiden," the moon, who are the playmates of the cloud, are pure elemental beings.

The same observation is true if we take a poem on a living thing in Nature, like *The Skylark*, into which human sentiment is introduced. The sentiment belongs to Shelley, not to the lark. The bird has joy, but it is not our joy. It is "unbodied joy," nor "can we come near it." Wordsworth's *Skylark* is truer, perhaps, to the every-day life of the bird, and the poet remembers, because he loves his own home, that the singer will return to its nest; but Shelley sees and hears the bird who, in its hour of inspired singing, will not recollect that it has a home. Wordsworth humanises the whole spirit of "the pilgrim of the sky"—"True to the kindred points of heaven and home." Shelley never brings the bird into contact with us at all. It is left in the sky, singing; it will never leave the sky. It is the archetype of the lark we seem to listen to, and yet we cannot conceive it, we have no power—"What thou art we know not." The flowers in the *Sensitive Plant* have the same apartness from humanity, and are wholly different beings and in a different world from the Daisy or the Celandine of Wordsworth. It is only the Sensitive Plant, and that is Shelley himself, which has an inner sympathy with the Lady of the garden.

Shelley, then, could isolate and perceive distinct existences in Nature as if he were himself one of these existences. It was a strange power, and we naturally cannot love with a human love things so represented. In Wordsworth's poems we touch the human heart of flowers and birds. In Shelley's we touch "Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses." Yet it is quite possible, though we cannot feel affection for Shelley's Cloud or Bird, that they are both truer to the actual fact of things than Wordsworth made his birds and clouds. Strip off the imaginative clothing from *The Cloud*, and Science will support every word of it. Let the Skylark sing, let the flowers grow, for their own joy alone. In truth, what sympathy have they, what sympathy has Nature with Man? We

may not like to think of Nature in this way; we are left quite cold by *The Cloud*, and by the spirits of the Earth and Moon in the *Prometheus;* and if we are not left as cold by *The Skylark*, it is because we are made to think of our own sorrow, not because we care for the bird. But whether we like or no to see Nature in this fashion, we should be grateful for these unique representations, and to the poet who was able to make them. In this matter also Shelley's want of a central and uniting Thought in Nature made his strength.

The other side of Shelley's relation to Nature is a remarkable contrast to this statement. When he was absorbed in his own being, and writing poems which concerned himself alone, he makes Nature the mere image of his own feelings, the creature of his mood. In his "life alone doth Nature live." This was the natural result, at these times, of his intellectual rejection of such Pantheism as enabled Wordsworth always to distinguish between himself and the Nature he perceived. The Nature Wordsworth saw we can love well, because it is not ourselves—never a reflection of ourselves. The Nature such as Shelley saw in *Alastor* is not easy to love, because it is ourselves in other form. For this reason also we are not able to love Nature, when thus represented by Shelley, so well as we love her in Wordsworth.

Shelley's love of the undefined and changing is still further illustrated by the fact that we see Nature in his poetry in these three ways—on all of which I have dwelt. We sometimes look on her as the ideal Pantheist beholds her; we look on her again as the mere reflection of the poet's moods; we look on her often as she may be in herself, apart from theories about her, apart from man.

3. Lastly, on this subject, the vagueness and changefulness of Shelley's feeling and view of Nature, except in the instances mentioned, the dreams and shadows of it in his poetry that incessantly form and dissolve like the upper clouds of the sky, each fleeting while its successor is being born, and few living long enough to be outlined, are the only images we possess in art, save perhaps in music, of the many hours we ourselves pass with Nature when we neither think nor feel, but drift and dream incessantly from one impression to another, enjoying, but never defining our enjoyment, receiving moment by moment, but never caring to say to any single impression, "Stay and keep me company." In this thing also, Shelley's weakness made his power.

This want of definite belief and of its force belongs also to his conception of the ideal state of mankind. He does not see quite clearly what he desires for man, and describes the golden age chiefly by negatives of wrong. At times he rises into a passionate realisation of his Utopia, as he rises into Pantheism, but he cannot long remain in it. The high-wrought prophecy, too weak to keep the height it has gained, sinks down again and again into an abyss of seeming hopelessness. The last stanza of the *Ode to Liberty* is the type of many an hour of his life, and of the close of many a poem. But he never let hopelessness or depression master him. Shelley is full of resurrection power, and the fall from the peak of prophecy is more the result of reaction after impassioned excitement, than the result of any unbelief in his hopes for men, or in that on which they were grounded.

These hopes, that belief, had their strong foundation. There was one thing at least that Shelley grasped and realised with force in poetry—the moralities of the heart in their relation to the progress of Mankind. Love and its eternity; mercy, forgiveness, and endurance, as forms of love; joy and freedom, justice and truth as the results of love; the sovereign right of Love to be the ruler of the Universe, and the certainty of its victory,—these were the deepest realities, the only absolute certainty, the only centre in Shelley's mind; and whenever, in behalf of the whole Race, he speaks of

them, and of the duties and hopes that follow from them, strength is then instinctive and vital in his imagination. Neither now nor hereafter can men lose this powerful and profound impression. It is Shelley's great contribution to the progress of humanity.

But he could not combine with this large view and this large sympathy with the interests of Man, personal sympathy with personal human life. That is absent from his poetry, and his want of it was confirmed by his exile. Confined to a small circle of which he was the centre, among foreigners, feeling himself repudiated by the society of his own country, and incapable of such quiet association with the lives of men and women as Wordsworth loved and enjoyed, it is no wonder that large spaces of human life are entirely unreflected and unidealised in his poetry. The common human heart was not his theme, nor did he care to write of it. And, so far, he is less universal than Wordsworth, and less the great poet. But on the other hand he did two things, in his work on human nature, that Wordsworth could not do. First, he realised in song, so far as it was possible, the impalpable dreams of the poetic temperament, those which, when they arise in happiness, he expresses in the little poem, *On a poet's lips I slept*, and others also less joyous—the lonely wanderings of regretful thought, the imagination in its hours of childlike play with images, the moments when we are on the edge where emotion and thought incessantly change into one another, the visions of Nature which we compose but which are not Nature, the sorrows and depressions which have no name and to which we allot no cause, the depths of passionate fancy when we have not only no relation to mankind, but hate to feel that relation. Of all this Wordsworth gives us nothing; and though what he does give us is of more use and worth to us as men who have to do with men, yet Shelley's work in this is dear to our personal life, and has in fact as much to do with one realm of humanity as the sorrow of Michael, or the daily life of the dalesmen have with another. English poetry needed the expression of these things; Shelley's expression of them is unique, but I doubt whether he would ever have expressed them in so complete a way had he not been thrown into isolation.

Secondly, there is an element almost altogether wanting in Wordsworth, the absence of which forbids us to class him as a poet who has touched all the important sides of human life—the element of passionate love. A few of his poems, such as *Barbara*, or in another kind, *Laodameia*, solemnly glide into it and retreat, but on the whole, this, the most universal subject of lyric poetry, was not felt by Wordsworth. It was felt by Shelley, but not quite naturally, not as Burns, or even Byron felt it. Love, in his poetry, sometimes dies into dreams, sometimes likes its imagery better than itself. It is troubled with a philosophy; it seems now and again to be even bored, if I may be allowed the word, by its own ideality. As Shelley soared but rarely into definite Pantheism, so he rose but rarely into definite passion, nor does he often care to realise it. It was frequently his deliberate choice to celebrate the love which did not "deal with flesh and blood," and as frequently, when he writes directly of love, he prefers to touch the lip of the cup, but not to drink, lest in the reality he should lose the charm of indefiniteness, of ignorance, of pursuit. Of course he was therefore fickle.

For this very reason, however, two realms in this aspect of his art belong to him. Neither of them is the realm of joyous passion, but one is the realm of its ideal approaches, and the other the realm of its ideal regret. No one has expressed so well the hopes, and fears, and fancies, and dreams, which the heart creates for its own pleasure and sorrow, when it plays with love which it realises within itself, but which it never means to realise without; and this is a realm which is so

much lived in by many that they ought to be grateful to Shelley for his expression of it. No one else has done it, and it is perfectly done.

But still more perfect, and perhaps more beautiful than any other work of his, are the poems written in the realm of ideal Regret. Whenever he came close to earthly love, touched it, and then of his own will passed it by, it became, as he looked back upon it, ideal, and a part of that indefinite world he loved. The ineffable regret of having lost that which one did not choose to take, is most marvellously, most passionately expressed by Shelley. Song after song records it. The music changes from air to air, but the theme is the same, and so is the character of the music. And, like all the rest of his work, it is unique.

But in this matter, a change passed over Shelley before he died. It is impossible not to feel that the poems written for Mrs. Williams, a whole chain of which exist, are different from the other love poems. They have the same imaginative qualities as the previous songs, and they belong also to the two realms of which I have written above, but there is a new note in them, the beginning of the unmistakable directness of passion. It is, of course, modified by the circumstances, but there it is. And it is from the threshold of this actual world that he looks back on *Epipsychidion* and feels that it belonged to "a part of him that was already dead." The philosophy which made Emilia the shadow of a spiritual Beauty is conspicuous by its total absence from all these later love poems. Moreover, they are not, like the others, all written in the same atmosphere. The atmosphere of ideal love, however varied its cloud-imagery, is always the same thin ether. But these poems breathe in the changing atmosphere of the Earth, and they one and all possess reality. Every one feels that *Ariel to Miranda*, *The Invitation*, *The Recollection*, have the variety of true passion. But none of them reach the natural joy of Burns in passionate love. Two exceptions, however, exist, both dating from this time, and both written away from his own life—the *Bridal Song*, and the song *To Night*. These seem to prove that, had Shelley lived, we might have had from him vivid, fresh, and natural songs of passion.

Had he lived! Had not the sea been too envious, what might we not have possessed and loved! It were too curious perhaps to speculate, but Shelley seems to have been recovering the power of working on subjects beyond himself, in the quiet of those last days at Lerici. He was always capable of rising again, and the extreme clearness and positive element of his intellect acted, like a sharp physician, on his passion-haunted heart and freed it, when it was out-wearied with its own feeling, from self-slavery.

While still at Pisa, at the beginning of 1822, Shelley set to work on a Drama, *Charles I.*, the motive of which was to be the ruin of the king through pride and its weakness, the same motive as *Coriolanus*. It was to be "the birth of severe and high feelings," but severe feeling was not then the temper of his mind, nor could he at that time lose himself enough to create an external world. He laid the play aside, saying that he had not sufficient interest in English history to continue it. Yet it is plain, even from the fragments we possess, how great was the effort Shelley then made to realise, even more than in the *Cenci*, other characters than his own. There is not a trace in it of his own self. It is full of steady power, power more at its ease than in the *Cenci*, and it is quite plain that it cannot be said of the artist who did this piece of work that he had exhausted his vein.

It becomes still more clear that Shelley would have done far more for us when we consider the *Triumph of Life*, to write which he threw aside *Charles I.* It is the gravest poem he ever wrote, and it has a deep interest for this generation. Its personal value as a revelation of his view of life, of the change of some of his views on moral matters and of his retention of

youthful theories can scarcely be overestimated, but to analyse it here would take up too much space. It is enough to say here that its interest for humanity is as great as its personal interest. Had he lived then, he would have once more appeared as the Singer of Man and in the cause of men. But the swift wind and the mysterious sea, the things he loved, slew their lover—a common fate—and we hear no more his singing. His work was done, and its twofold nature, as the Poet of Man, and the Poet of his own lonely heart, may well be imaged by the Sea that received him into its breast, for while its central depths know only solitude, over its suiface are always passing to and fro the life and fortunes of Humanity.

Stopford A. Brooke.

HER LAST LETTER.

'Tis but a line, a hurried scrawl,
And little seem the words to say,
Yet hold me in reproachful thrall:
"You quarrelled with me yesterday;
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are few,
And yet they pierce my soul with pain;
Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are true;
Thoy haunt me with prophetic strain:
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

We quarrelled, and for what? a word,
A foolish speech that jarred the ear,
And thus in wrath our pulses stirr'd;
Then came her letter: "Dear, my dear,
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Few words! half mirth, and half regret,
The last her hand should ever write—
Sad words! learned long ago, and yet
Fresh with new pain to ear and sight:
"To-morrow you'll be sad!"

Blanche Lindsay.

A LEARNED LADY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Those who are interested in the study of human character must always linger over the records of the sixteenth century, must always feel an irresistible attraction in the lives of those who first had the problem set before them of the reconciliation of the contending claims of the conscience and the intellect. The intellectual movement of the Renaissance revived the buried culture of antiquity, and created a desire for clearly-defined personality which, as it grew, tended to regard morality as an obstacle to free self-development. Against this the Reformation movement asserted the dignity of the individual conscience, and in the interest of the sincerity of the religious life limited the sphere of free inquiry, and fettered the child-like curiosity which had been the charm and the power of the Renaissance. The few who attempted to co-ordinate these two impulses will always be marked characters in the history of thought. More, Erasmus, and Hutten will always be objects of curiosity and interest. But many who occupied no prominent position, and who left no lasting results behind them, are equally deserving of attention. Those especially who, in Italy, were deeply penetrated with culture, yet felt the piercing power of the new religious impulse, have been too generally disregarded. The absorbing interest of the great religious conflict of the sixteenth century has drawn all eyes upon the battle in which such mighty interests were at stake. When Europe was marshalled into two great camps, and the aspirations of national life ranged themselves on either side, those who looked upon the problem as an individual problem, and sought to reconcile for themselves the antagonism which they felt, were disregarded at the time and have since been neglected. Yet it is worth while to recall, where it is possible, these forgotten lives, discover the spirit which they breathe, and listen to these voices crying in the wilderness, where their accents were scattered by the unheeding winds.

Such a one was Olympia Fulvia Morata, who was born at Ferrara in 1528, whose life we purpose to trace from her letters, and leave it to speak its own lesson.

No city tells so distinctly the story of the rise of an Italian princely family as does Ferrara, which lies about forty miles south of Venice, not far from the coast of the Adriatic Sea. Though still an important city, it is sorely shrunk from its ancient grandeur, and the grass grows thick in its broad and deserted streets. We soon see the reason for the breadth and straightness of the principal streets, for all converge towards a huge fortress that rises threatening and majestic in the city's centre. It is a colossal red-brick building in Gothic style, with four massive towers at the four corners, walls of vast thickness, balconies high up on every side, and small windows—a place meant for defence against every foe. Round it is a deep moat, across which the entrance in old days was by a drawbridge. It was the castle of the lords of Este, who made themselves masters of Ferrara, and left this substantial token of the way they held it. No chance for the citizens to make a commotion; from every side the castle could pour forth its soldiers, who would scour the streets. No chance of plotting in secret; the castle seemed a spy set over the whole city. No hopes of seizing it by surprise; its moat and

drawbridge on all four sides made it too secure. No hopes of reducing it by siege; its spacious court-yards were well supplied with stores, and gave ample room for every kind of sport. From their mighty castle the lords of Este kept the Ferrarese in subjection, and ruled them with a magnificent and generous rule.

The ruling families which made themselves masters of the Italian cities might have many political faults, but they were always representative of the aspirations of the citizens whom they ruled. They kept down all patriotic sentiment which had its root in the municipal traditions of the past, but they were at one with their subjects in the desire for the glory of their city in the present. When the New Learning arose in Italy, and men returned to the study of classical antiquity, the whole life of the Italians became absorbed in the pursuit. Universities teemed with scholars, and every city was anxious that it should number amongst its citizens artists and men of learning who might spread the influence and increase the glory of their city. But the Italian universities had their roots in the feeling of municipal freedom, and under the baneful patronage of princes the art and learning of Italy put forth its dying splendour while it lost its vital principle. Universities flourished, and scholars increased; but the universities lost their hold upon the popular life, and the scholars wrote elegant nothings, and ceased to be leaders of their fellow-men.

Among the cities where art and literature were munificently encouraged, Ferrara, under its Este lords, might claim a chief place. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the court of Duke Alfonso was gay and brilliant. Dosso-Dossi, Bellini, and Titian were all employed to paint him pictures, and it was a current saying, "Ferrara has as many poets as its country has frogs." Chiefest amongst those was Ludovico Ariosto, whose *Orlando Furioso* remains the most perfect satire on the downfall of the Middle Ages, the most splendid interpretation of the inquiring, polished, humorous spirit of the new age which had arisen in its stead. The beliefs and sentiments of the Middle Ages melted away when touched by the poet's magic wand amid a burst of inextinguishable laughter; the monstrous, deformed, inhuman Caliban of the past disappeared before the gentle, sprightly Ariel of the present. But Ariosto pointed to the glories of a future which Italy was not to possess. He died in 1533, and Duke Alfonso in the following year. It was not long before a new spirit took possession of Ferrara—the spirit of theology, which Ariosto, when he wrote, had imagined for ever laid to rest.

Duke Alfonso was succeeded by his son, Ercole II., who had married Renée of France, daughter of King Louis XII. and Anne of Britanny. Renée had been brought up in the French court with her cousin Margaret, who became Queen of Navarre, and the two girls had together become imbued with the new religious spirit that was seething in Northern Europe. At first it was doubtful how far the new spirit might prevail, either in the Roman Church or in the affairs of each national Church, and Renée and Margaret had no feeling of rebellion against existing authority in the religious speculations in which they indulged in common. When Renée went to Ferrara in 1527, she carried her new opinions with her; but the spirit of Italian culture was much too tolerant to heed what opinions any one chose to entertain. Renée was skilled in philosophy, geometry, astronomy, and was fond of learned men. She gathered round her many of the new school of religious thought. When the spirit of repression rose in France and drove many French theologians to quit their native land, they took refuge for a time at Ferrara. There came the first poet of modern France, Clément Marot; there for a time came Calvin before he settled in Geneva, and till his death he continued

in correspondence with Duchess Renée; there came Languet, the historian. Moreover from various parts of Italy the new theologians gathered round Renée's court, M. A. Flaminio, Aonio Paleario, Peter Martyr Vermigli, Celio Calcagnini, and Celio Curione.

The new opinions gained adherents in Ferrara, amongst others a professor in the University, Pellegrino Morato. Morato was a native of Mantua, who had been summoned to Ferrara by Duke Alfonso to act as tutor to his younger sons, and had afterwards stayed as professor of classical literature in the university. In Ferrara he married a wife, and for a while basked in the full enjoyment of princely patronage. But it would seem that he ventured to write a book which entered with too much boldness into theological controversy. Duke Ercole II. did not wish to have the reputation of fostering heretics; if people chose to hold their tongues in public they might hold what opinions they liked; but he could not have his professors bringing him into disrepute. Morato was ordered to leave Ferrara, and taught at Venice, Vicenza, Cesena, and perhaps at other places. But his friends in Ferrara did not forget him. One of his brother professors, who also agreed with him on questions of theology, Celio Calcagnini, when time had done away the effects of his rashness, and the hostility against him had subsided, prevailed on the Duke to recall him to Ferrara in 1539.

Morato was soon restored to high favour at the court, and when in 1540 Duchess Renée wanted a girl to share the studies of her eldest daughter Anna, his daughter Olympia was chosen for that purpose.

So at the age of twelve Olympia Morata left her home for the court of Ferrara. She was two years older than Anna of Este, whose companion she was to be. She had been carefully instructed in all the learning of the age; had gained a considerable knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, and was seriously engaged in the study of rhetoric, or the art of public speaking. How carefully she was educated we see from a letter of her father on the subject of pronunciation, addressed to her at this time. In our day we should consider this question as a very trivial one, and if a teacher were to urge it seriously upon scholars he would probably fail in awaking any enthusiasm. But in Italy artistic feeling prevailed on every point. The object of education was to enable every one to make the best of themselves. The importance for this purpose of manner, of voice, of mode of speaking, of turn of expression was keenly felt by all. Pellegrino Morato was doing nothing pedantic or affected when he wrote as follows to his daughter:—

"Pronunciation rather than action is the important point in speaking. The speaker ought to use his lips as the reins of his voice, by which he raises and drops it in turn; he ought to adorn each word before it leaves his palate. But he ought not to do this inelegantly by distorting his lips, puffing out his cheeks, or looking as if he were cracking nuts with his teeth. A lady, before she leaves her chamber, consults her mirror for her expression. The voice ought to do likewise. If it is rough or too sonorous the lips and teeth should be used as barriers to check it; if it is too thin the cheeks should be used to give it animation; if it is too shrill the lips should be drawn together to give it volume, so that the long words be not tripped up by the too delicate palate. Strive that your speech be made pleasant in the speaking. The seductive power of the Goddess of Persuasion, the suavity of Pericles, the bees on the lips of Plato, the chains of Hercules, the lyres of Orpheus and Amphion, the sweetness of Nestor, nay, the grace of Christ Himself was nothing else than a sweet, soothing, cheerful, soft speech, not affected nor elaborate, but beautifully, delicately, and subtly harmonised. The greatest orator will change the sound not only in every sentence according to its sense, but in every word. I for my part would rather hold my tongue than speak harshly, inarticulately, or unpleasantly."

Such are some of the maxims contained in a long letter which deals in

detail with many practical points of pronunciation. It is full of references to classical authorities, and shows none of that condescension to an inferior intelligence which we should expect to find in a letter addressed to a child of twelve. That it was not the outpouring of a pedant we know from the statement with which it begins, that it was written at Olympia's special request, in answer to her own questions. Her father begins by saying that it was a difficult subject, "Yet I write because I neither can nor ought to deny you anything, seeing that you are my daughter, and are anxious not only to speak artistically, but to express your speech gracefully."

At the court of Ferrara Olympia Morata began her higher studies by attending the classes of the professors at the university, her own father, Celio Calcagnini, and especially two Germans, Chilianus and John Sinapius, who were doctors of medicine, but taught literature. To Chilianus Sinapius Olympia felt that she owed much, and like all who are really in earnest with knowledge, she expressed to him her deep sense of gratitude. "To my father," she says, "I owe the beginning of life; to you, my teacher, the beginning of living well. From you I learned to count as nothing the things which are commonly reckoned good, but looking up to virtue to reckon it as the one peculiar good of the soul which can never be lost." Under the teaching of Chilianus, Olympia rapidly advanced in her knowledge of Greek, and devoted herself to the study of Cicero. At the age of fourteen she wrote Latin letters, translated several of Boccaccio's stories into Latin, wrote observations on Homer, and several rhetorical compositions in praise of celebrated men of old times. She then turned her attention to the higher branches of learning, philosophy, and theology, and wrote dialogues in Greek and Latin in the style of Plato and Cicero, dealing with philosophical and theological subjects. She was scarcely sixteen years old when she was requested to give lectures in the University of Ferrara, in which she commented on the Paradoxes of Cicero, and discussed the philosophical problems which that book contains. There was nothing extraordinary in a lady lecturing in Italy at that day. There was no notion of rivalry between the sexes, any more than between classes in the state. All were at liberty to do their best, and they had an audience sufficiently critical to take whatever was said at its real worth. Olympia's real knowledge and gracefulness in speaking won for her lectures both respect and attention. She might long have taught at Ferrara if religious difficulties had not again arisen.

While Olympia Morata had been quietly educating herself at Ferrara the great religious conflict had been more and more agitating Europe; the gulf between the opposite parties of Catholics and Protestants had been widening, and the political issues of the religious controversy had become more clearly marked. The Papacy had been forced to quit the attitude of easy tolerance which, under the impulse of the New Learning, it had so long assumed, and the Inquisition was again set in motion to purge Italy of heretics. France also had become decidedly and pronouncedly Catholic, and the Pope and King of France alike looked with suspicion on the court of Ferrara and the freedom of opinion which was there encouraged or tolerated by the Duchess. Accordingly her nephew, the French king, joined with the Pope in urging the Duke of Ferrara to look more closely after the orthodoxy of his wife, and to purge his court from heretics. Ercole II. did not wish to have the reputation of favouring heresy, which would be a hindrance to his political projects. He therefore restrained his wife's liberty, took the education of his children into his own hands, made many changes in his court, and ordered inquisition to be made into the Lutherans at Ferrara. Olympia was driven from the court,

was looked upon with great suspicion from her openness of speech, and was abandoned even by her patron, the Duchess Renée, who thought it wise to bow before the storm. Olympia, at the age of nineteen, was suddenly deprived of the luxuries and of the leisure which a court life had secured her, and lived in poverty with her father, who was also deprived of his endowments, and was in failing health. For some months she had to nurse him in his last illness, harassed by the feeling of living in an atmosphere of perpetual suspicion, so that she dared not even be seen reading her Bible. Her father died within a year, and left Olympia, who was not yet twenty, to take care of an invalid mother and look after the education of three sisters and a brother, who were all younger than herself.

It was a hard situation for a girl of Olympia's age. She was abandoned by every one, reduced to poverty, harassed by the feeling that all her actions were spied, and that an imprudence on her part would bring down punishment not only on herself, but on her helpless mother and sisters. She had come to this all at once, from living in the luxury of a court, being petted by princes and princesses, and having a crowd of listeners to her lectures on philosophy. But she had not been effeminated by her courtly life, nor had her practical capacity been weakened by her learning. Knowledge had only given her a keener insight into the things needful for life. Culture had only brought her that true refinement of soul which has its riches in itself and is independent of outward things. Knowledge and culture in her case only gave greater fulness of meaning to a deep religious feeling. "I do not regret," she writes, "the short-lived fugitive pleasures which I have lost. God has kindled in me a desire to dwell in that heavenly home in which it is more pleasant to abide for one day than a thousand years in the courts of princes."

Olympia did not suffer the miseries of this position more than two years. A young German doctor who was studying medicine at Ferrara, Andrea Grunthler, loved her in spite of her poverty. As she says, "He was not deterred either by the hatred of the Duke or by my misery from marrying me." He was a man of good birth, of considerable attainments, and was possessed of sufficient private property to maintain a wife. "If I had continued in the Duke's favour," says Olympia, "if he had given me wealth, he could not have placed me in a better position than that in which, poor and bereft of all, I have been placed by God." The young couple were glad to leave Ferrara, and Grunthler went soon after his marriage to arrange for a home in Germany.

It might be thought that such an educated lady as Olympia was superior to anything so commonplace as falling deeply in love; but the following extracts from one of her letters to her husband during his absence will prove the contrary:—

"I greatly grieve that you are away from me, and will be away so long; for nothing more grievous or more painful could befall me. I am always afraid lest some mishap or illness should overtake you. I know my fears outstrip the reality; but, as the poet says—

'Love is full of anxious fear.'

Let me know, I beseech you, how you fare, for I swear that nothing could be dearer or more delightful than you, and I know that you know it. I wish, dear husband, that you were with me, so that I could show you more clearly how great is my love for you. You would not believe me if I were to tell you how I long for you; nothing is so hard or difficult that I would not willingly do it to give you pleasure, yet I could bear anything for your sake more easily than your absence. I beseech you to strive with all your might that this summer we may be together in your home. If you love me as I do you, I know that you will manage it. But, not to trouble you, I will say no more, nor did I touch the subject to reproach you, but only to admonish you of your duty, although I know that you are as anxious as myself."

Olympia did not long pine in her husband's absence. Her old tutor, John Sinapius, who had returned to Germany as a physician, recommended Grunthler to Ferdinand of Austria. One of the king's counsellors, George Herman of Guttenberg, welcomed Grunthler and his wife on their arrival in Germany early in 1550. Herman himself had need of medical advice, and they stayed some time with him near Augsburg. When he was cured they settled in Augsburg. Olympia left her mother and sisters in Ferrara, but brought with her her brother, of the age of eight, that she might relieve her family by taking charge of his education. Grunthler refused a lucrative post at Linz, which Herman offered him from Ferdinand of Austria; for he did not choose to go to any city where he could not openly express his religious convictions. In 1557 they removed to Schweinfurt, Grunthler's native place, then an important city lying between Würzburg and Coburg. Here Olympia enjoyed a little rest, and set herself to the work of turning the Psalms of David into Greek verse. She also wrote several Latin dialogues dealing with moral and religious questions. "If you ask what I am doing," she writes, "I bury myself in literature, and often spend the whole day in reading; for there is no greater solace that I can find. My husband also is busy with his studies." Indeed Olympia was sorely to be pitied. Germany was a strange land, whose language she knew very imperfectly. Everything must have been strange and rude and primitive to a cultivated Italian lady. She had no literary society, few of the refinements or graces of life around her. Compared with the princely splendour of Ferrara, Schweinfurt must have seemed a semi-barbarous place.

Yet amid these uncongenial surroundings Olympia did not shut herself up in herself or her own pursuits, but was eager to help others. She writes to a young man, a pupil of her husband's, to comfort him amid the political disturbances of the time, which he was afraid might interrupt his studies. Listen to her wise advice, which all students might well lay to heart:—

"Do not trouble yourself too much for fear lest these sad times interupt your studies: you will not lose much by that, for there is as much good in securing what you have acquired as in acquiring something new. Even if you go to war you can find time to read some one book without a teacher; for everything cannot be got from teachers, they can only point the way to the fountains. I advise you, therefore, to read some one book, to read it again and again, and weigh its meaning, for it is better to know one thing well than many things moderately."

She bestirred herself also to have some of Luther's writings translated into Italian, and deplored her own ignorance of German, which prevented her from doing such a work herself. Moreover, her heart was moved within her at the behaviour of a German preacher in Schweinfurt, who, in spite of his office, did not always observe the rule of temperance. She writes to him:—

"I have often wished for an opportunity of talking with you, but as I have never been able to find one, I determined to tell you in a letter what I wished to say face to face; for the precept of Christ, which all ought to obey, does not suffer me any longer to delay. Since I find that you ofttimes act amiss I am driven to admonish you, if I would obey Christ. You ought, therefore, if you consider rightly, in no way to be angry with me for thinking that you ought to be admonished for your excessive self-indulgence, which is opposed both to your ministerial office and to your grey hairs. Even men who make no professions of religion agree that intemperance is disgraceful to an educated man; more disgraceful to a Christian, whose purity of life ought to lead others to God; most disgraceful to a minister who shows others the way and does not follow it himself."

It is sufficiently remarkable that a lady not yet twenty-five years old should have felt herself called upon to write on such a subject to an old man;

still more remarkable that she should have done it with such simplicity and tact. The letter is a proof that only the wise can be genuinely simple.

The tranquillity of Olympia's life was soon to come to an end, and the fruits of her labours were ruthlessly destroyed. The religious question had convulsed Germany. Catholic and Protestant states watched one another with growing hostility. The Emperor Charles V. waited his time, and at last struck a blow against the Protestants which he hoped would be decisive. But the French king, in spite of his Catholicism, did not wish that there should be a powerful ruler over a united Germany; the German princes were afraid lest, after his success, Charles V.'s hand should weigh too heavily upon them. Charles V. was forced to give way before an alliance between France and his turbulent vassals in Germany. Then confusion grew greater as adventurous spirits pressed on to see what sport could be gained by fishing in troubled waters. Amongst others who were wishing to try their fortunes, the erratic Albert Alcibiades of Brandenburg wished to better himself at the expense of the prince bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg. In 1553 he entered Franconia and stationed in Schweinfurt part of his troops who inflicted on the citizens all the miseries of military licence and exacted from them large contributions in money. Moreover Albert's foes besieged his army in Schweinfurt, and the luckless citizens, after being pillaged by their unwelcome guests, had to undergo all the horrors of a siege. Their provisions were at a low ebb, and the crowding within the city walls of the soldiers in addition to the citizens soon produced a plague; half the citizens died, many more went mad with horror. Grunthler was stricken with plague, and nothing could be done for him, as all the medicine in the city was long since exhausted; but Olympia's careful nursing managed to rescue him almost miraculously from the very jaws of death.

He was scarcely restored to health before the besieging troops were reinforced and the siege was actively pressed; day and night bombs were hurled into the city, and for days Olympia and her husband were driven to lurk for safety in their wine cellar. At last Albert saw that he could hold out no longer; he took advantage of the darkness of night to elude the besiegers and march with his forces out of Schweinfurt. But the army of defence was as lawless as the army of invasion, and was anxious only for booty. The luckless citizens of Schweinfurt were punished for having had an army quartered on them so long, and their city was given up to pillage. The brutal soldiers rushed in and set it on fire. Olympia and her husband received a warning to flee if they wished to escape being burned to death. Penniless they fled, but even so were stopped and stripped of their clothes: Olympia made her escape clad only in her linen smock. Exhausted with hunger and terror, Olympia and her husband managed to drag themselves fifteen miles, to the little town of Hamelburg. The burghers were afraid to admit them within their walls, but at length Olympia was allowed to enter, looking, as she says, like a queen of beggars, barefoot, with dishevelled hair, clad in some rags which she had borrowed on the way. Fatigue and excitement brought on a low fever, but in spite of her illness the folks of Hamelburg were too afraid to allow her to stay more than four days. At the next town which they reached Grunthler was imprisoned by an officer of the Bishop of Würzburg, who said that he had orders to kill all refugees from Schweinfurt. Luckily he was prevailed upon to wait a few days till application could be made to the Bishop, who ordered Grunthler's release. They managed to crawl away to Rineck, where the Count received them kindly and sent them on to the Count of Erbach, who was a Protestant. He and his wife did what they could to repair their losses, and by his

influence obtained for Grunthler a post in the University of Heidelberg.

There Olympia settled in the middle of 1554. She had indeed been driven from place to place since she quitted her native land. All her books and papers had been destroyed at Schweinfurt, except a very few, which a friend afterwards bought back from a soldier who happened to have carried them away. She and her husband had no money except what was given by the kindness of friends, and they had to practise rigid economy. Even so Olympia's kindliness made her seek for a refugee from Schweinfurt as a servant, that she might be useful to some one who had suffered the same miseries as herself. Her learning had not made her neglect the duties of a good housewife; her letters about servants and expenses show the utmost carefulness and capacity for household management.

Olympia's health had greatly suffered from her privations, and she was for some time incapable of much exertion. Yet she renewed her intercourse with men of letters, resumed her studies, and tried as she was able to replace her writings which had been destroyed at Schweinfurt. She also strove to form another library—a difficult undertaking in those days, when books were luxuries. It is pleasant to find that in this she was aided by the liberality of the great Basel printers, foremost among whom were Froben and Izingrin, who joined together to send her a handsome present of books. She went on with the education of her brother, and also took the daughter of her old teacher, John Sinapius, to be educated in her house.

But rest and peace were not long to be Olympia's portion. Again misfortune overtook her and her husband. A plague broke out in Heidelberg, and the majority of the students and inhabitants fled from the city. Grunthler could not afford to go, and Olympia again had to endure a scene of misery. Luckily they escaped the plague, but Olympia's fever returned with such violence that her strength was entirely exhausted and death came daily nearer to her. A few days before her death she wrote to her old friend Celio Curione, who was himself recovering from a serious illness:—

"How tender-hearted are they who are joined together in true Christian friendship, dear Celio, you may judge when I tell you that your letter moved me to tears. For when I read that you had been saved almost from the jaws of death I wept for joy. For I see how God protects you that you may long be able to serve His Church. As to myself, dear Celio, know that I have lost all hope of longer life. I have tried all that medicine can do without avail. Daily, even hourly, my friends expect nothing but my departure, and I think this will be the last letter you will receive from me. My body and my strength are both exhausted; I have no relish for food; day and night phlegm threatens to suffocate me. The fever is raging and incessant; pains in my whole body deprive me of sleep. Nothing is left for me but to breathe out my soul. But I still have a spirit within me which is mindful of all my friends and all their kindness. So I wished to thank you for your books, and to thank most warmly all those good men who sent me so many beautiful presents. I think that I shall soon die: I commend to your care the Church, that whatever you do may be for her profit. Farewell, most excellent Celio, and when you hear the news of my death do not grieve, for I know that my life will only begin after death, and I wish to be dissolved and be with Christ."

This letter did not reach its destination till Olympia was in her grave. It was inclosed to Curione by her widowed husband, who gives the following description of her death:—

"When she was almost dying, waking a little out of sleep, I saw her look pleased and smile softly. I went nearer and asked why she smiled so sweetly. 'I saw just now,' she said, 'a quiet place filled with the fairest and clearest light.' When she could speak no more through weakness, 'Courage,' I said, 'dear wife; in that fair light you will dwell.' Again she smiled and nodded her head. A little while afterwards she said, 'I am quite happy.' When next she spoke her eyes were already dim. 'I can scarcely see you any longer,' she

said, 'but everything seems to me full of the most beautiful flowers.' They were her last words. Soon after, as if overcome by sweet sleep, she breathed forth her soul. For many days she had repeated that she wished for nothing but to be dissolved and be with Christ, whose great mercies towards herself she never ceased to speak of when the disease allowed, saying that He had illumined her with the knowledge of His word, had weaned her mind from the pleasures of this world, had kindled in her the longing for eternal life ; nor did she hesitate in all she said to call herself a child of God. She bore nothing worse than if any one, for the sake of consoling her, said that she would recover from her illness. For she said that God had allotted her a short term of life, but full of labour and sorrow, and she did not wish again to return from the goal to the starting-point. She was asked by a pious man if she had anything on her mind that troubled her. 'For all these seven years,' she said, 'the devil has never ceased to try by all means to draw me from the faith; but now, as though he had shot all his darts, he nowhere appears. I feel nothing else in my mind except entire quiet and the peace of Christ.' It would be long to tell you all that she said, to the admiration of us who heard her. She died on October 26, 1555, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the twenty-ninth year of her age and the fifth year of her married life."

Such scraps of her literary remains as could be found were edited by her friend Celio Curione, and were published at Basel in 1562. They were characteristically dedicated to Queen Elizabeth of England, as being the most learned lady of her age.

In literature Olympia Morata is little more than a name. Yet the record of her simple life of self-devotion to the cause of truth and intellectual freedom is more precious than a library full of her writings. In her intellectual character we can clearly see the meeting of the two great movements that produced modern thought—the Renaissance and the Reformation. To the culture which came from the study of classical antiquity she added the seriousness and sincerity of the new religious life. She showed an example—rare in any age, most rare in the age in which she lived—of a religion that was free from fanaticism, from affectation, from intolerance, from desire for controversy. Culture gave her genuineness and breadth of view, depth of insight to distinguish what was real from what was seeming, strengthened her to turn her convictions into the stuff of which her life was built. Listen to her words on the weary disputations with which her time was vexed :—"About the sacraments I know that there is amongst Christians a great controversy, which would easily have been settled long ago if men had taken as their counsellor, not their own vanity, but Christ's glory and the good of His Church, which is advanced by concord."

But the spirit of freedom, of sincerity, of simplicity, of broad-mindedness, of culture, which animated Olympia had no place in the turbulent times in which her lot was cast. Her fate in life was a symbol of the fate that befell the spirit which she expressed. Driven out of Italy, where free inquiry was checked by stern repression exercised in the name of orthodoxy, it could find no abiding-place beyond the Alps. The bitterness of polemics, the anarchy of self-seeking licence, the turbulence of struggles in which politics and religion were strangely interwoven—all these causes combined to trample down the "sweet reasonableness" of Christian culture. The savageness of the religious conflict of the sixteenth century destroyed the spirit of free inquiry in the Renaissance, and narrowed the Reformation into dogmatical polemics.

M. Creighton.

A LOST POEM BY EDMUND SPENSER.

From the well-known letters which passed between Edmund Spenser and Gabriel Harvey "touching the Earthquake in Aprill last and our English refourmed Versifying" we learn that the first draught of the *Faerie Queene* and most likely some of the initial cantos, were in existence at least as early as 1579. The first three books, however, were not published till 1589, and the second three, which make up all now extant of the poem as a consecutive work, not till 1596. The edition of this latter year, which is the second edition of the first three books and the first edition of the last three, contains the whole of the poem printed during the poet's lifetime. Spenser himself seems to have remained in London for the express purpose of seeing it through the press, and the volume represents the final form in which the author gave his great work to the world. To the previous instalment of three books had been annexed a letter from the author to Sir Walter Raleigh, "expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke," his "whole intention" being "to pourtraict in Arthure before he was king the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private morall vertues as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person after that hee came to be king." Then, after explaining that the method of a "poet historical" differs from that of the historiographer, he proceeds:—

"The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept the annuall feaste XII dayes; uppon which XII severall dayes, the occasions of the XII severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by XII severall knights, are in these XII books severally handled and discoursed." Whether these passages are to be understood as implying a definite intention on Spenser's part at the time to complete even "these XII books," may well be a matter of question. When in the same letter he asserts the distinction between the poet and the historian in so marked a manner, and declares that "a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all," it is clear that he does not mean to bind himself by any very stringent obligations. He gives a sketch of his general plan rather as an indication of the frame of mind in which he wishes what he has written to be read, than as a definite promise as to what he will write in future. This preliminary vindication of his right to begin where he pleases and how he pleases is, indeed, something more than an assertion of the poet's prescriptive privileges. It is a plea on behalf of the peculiarities of Spenser's own individual genius. His conception of an Epos is essentially different from that of other epic writers. Homer gives us a helmet of antique gold embossed with shapes of gods and men, but the form and outline of the helmet is his first care. Spenser gives us a queenly necklace of pearls, strung on a silken thread. The thread is hidden: the worth of the work lies in the quantity and quality of the pearls. But whatever may have been Spenser's wishes and intentions when he published his first three books in 1590, he was no longer of the same mind when he

published his six books in 1596. The letter to Sir Walter Raleigh containing the manifesto of his design is altogether suppressed. There is no hint throughout the volume that the author considered his work unfinished, or had any intention of adding to it.[1] The poem is committed to the world as ended if not consummated, and a careful survey of the internal evidence discloses no promise of any contemplated completion. Had Spenser really meant to finish the *Faerie Queene* on the scheme he originally sketched out, it would be very difficult to account for such an omission, an omission which, as Spenser superintended the production of the volume, cannot well have been other than intentional. It is true that there is no attempt to round the various parts of the poem into a connected whole. Such a task would have been impossible. This *Faerie Queene* is not a cathedral of Beauvais, where the colossal choir among its disproportionate surroundings records the fate of over-sanguine ambitions: it is rather one of Hausmann's Boulevards, which comes to an end at a street-corner, not because it could not be continued in exactly the same style for any number of leagues further, but simply because it is not wanted. And, in fact, Spenser must have felt that the world wanted no more *Faerie Queene.* In 1579 the conception of the poem was an inspiration. In 1596 its continuation would have been an anachronism. The work is the first great outcome of a literary revolution which had already culminated. When the *Faerie Queene* was commenced, Sidney had not yet written his *Arcadia.* When the six books were published, Shakespeare had produced *Hamlet.*

Up to the present time, however, the opinion that Spenser intended to complete the *Faerie Queene* has almost universally prevailed, and it has been corroborated by evidence which at first sight would seem to be conclusive. In 1609, ten years after Spenser's death, appeared the first collected edition of his works in folio. In this volume, for the first time, is printed the very striking and significant poem which in this and all subsequent editions follows on at the end of the *Faerie Queene* under the heading: "Two cantos of Mutabilitie: which both for forme and matter, appeare to be parcell of some following booke of the *Faerie Queene,* under the legend of constancie." The editor, if indeed the volume had any other editor than Matthew Lownes the printer, prints the poem accordingly as if it were the sixth and seventh cantos of some lost book of the *Faerie Queene,* with a fragment of an eighth. Now supposing the editor to have been simply an honest blunderer, the palpable inference from this heading is that in some way or other he had become possessed of this poem, and finding it written in the same metre and style as the *Faerie Queene,* had come to the conclusion that it probably formed part of that poem; and thereupon, arbitrarily, if not allegorically, placed his sixes and sevens at the head of the cantos. The very phrase, "*appeare* to be," is absolutely conclusive against his having any authoritative information on the subject. If, however, it is justifiable to hint a doubt as to Matthew Lownes, or whoever the real culprit may have been, being quite so scrupulously conscientious as all of Spenser's later editors, it may be surmised that if he were fortunate enough by any means to "acquire" a poem undoubtedly by Spenser, which it might be possible to palm off as a part of the *Faerie Queene* supposed to be irrecoverably lost, he would hardly scruple to suppress any tell-tale introductory verse or verses it might have possessed in MS., with a view to rendering his new book more irresistibly tempting to the British public.

[1] Unless, indeed, we except the half-line [*F. Q.* VI. 5. ii. 9]—

"When time shall be to tell the same,"

to which Mr. Hales has drawn attention. The utmost, however, that this passage renders probable, for it proves nothing, is that at the time it was written Spenser intended to recount the antecedents of the "salvage man," a very different thing to completing the *Faerie Queene.*

But however this may be, there can be no doubt on the mind of any careful reader that these two cantos have no real connection whatever with the *Faerie Queene*. They form, in fact, a complete and highly-finished poem, with a distinct beginning, middle, and end of its own, and, though similar in form to the *Faerie Queene*, utterly different from it in matter and in aim. The suggested title, as a title of any book of the *Faerie Queene*, is simply out of the question. It is by no means clear what Spenser considered "the twelve private morall vertues as Aristotle hath devised;" but, at all events, "Constancie" is not among them as distinguished from Fortitude. This, however, is simply an editorial blunder, though it is one into which no editor could have fallen had the cantos really formed part of the *Faerie Queene*. Lengthy and fantastic as are some of Spenser's digressions, there is no single canto, much less two consecutive cantos, of the *Faerie Queene* entirely destitute as these cantos are of any reference to the business or to any one character of the poem. Here is no knight nor damsel, prince nor archimage, no sight nor sound of the Arthurian faery-land; only gods, and Titans, and personified phenomena of the universe holding high palaver in the celestial spaces. But a brief analysis of the poem itself will most clearly show its absolute independence of the *Faerie Queene*.

Mutability, then, or Change—for Spenser uses both names indifferently—is a daughter of the Titans, who aspires to gain rule and dominion as a goddess. She first manifests her power on earth by destroying old order, cursing those who were created blessed, and breaking all laws of nature, justice, and policy. Having thus brought all things on earth into subjection to her tyranny, she next attempts the empire of heaven. She climbs through the regions of the air and fire to the circle of the moon, and endeavours to hurl the moon-goddess from her throne. Cynthia withstands her, and the Titaness raises her golden wand to strike her. An eclipse darkens the world, and the gods in terror fly to the palace of Jove to implore succour. Jove thereon despatches Mercury to the circle of the moon to summon the intruding Titaness before his own tribunal. She replies defiantly that she cares nought for the messenger nor the sender of the message, but seeks dominion over all the gods. The gods assemble, and while they are discussing the situation, Mutability suddenly appears before them to assert her claims in person. Jove, undismayed, commands her to speak. "I am a daughter," she answers, "by the mother's side of Earth, the child of Chaos; but by the father's side of Titan, whose sons thou hast wrongfully defrauded of the rule of heaven, which is their birthright." Jove seizes his burning levin-brand to strike the blasphemous usurper:

> "But when he looked on her lovely face,
> In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
> That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
> Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare,
> He staid his hand;"

and tells her, "in milder wise," that it is granted to none to challenge the title of the gods. The Titaness refuses to accept Jove's decision, but appeals from him to the great father of gods and men, the God of Nature. The time and place are appointed for the hearing of the appeal; the place—evidently out of celestial consideration for the poet-reporter—being Arlo Hill, near Kilcolman Castle, Doneraile, County Cork, Munster, Ireland. Here is interposed a long topographical allegory to account for the presence of thieves and wolves in that part of the world, interesting mainly as fixing the date of the poem certainly later than the beginning of 1592, and probably later than the return of Spenser to Ireland in 1597. With this digression the first canto ends. The second tells us how the gods and all other creatures assemble on Arlo Hill.

"Then forth issewed, great goddess, great dame Nature,
With goodly port and gracious majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Than any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For with a veile that wimpled everywhere
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare."

Mutability pleads her cause, and she pleads well:

"To thee, O greatest Goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant, loe, I lowely fly,
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,
Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious injurie
Which any of thy creatures do to other,
Oppressing them with power unequally,
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each as brother unto brother.

* * * * *

"Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse, by what right
These gods do claime the world's whole soverainty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods' owne principality,
Which Jove usurps unjustly, that to be
My heritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,
From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent as is well knowen to thee.

"Yet mauger Jove and all his gods beside
I do possesse the world's most regiment,
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every part's inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent."

Earth, water, air, fire are all, she asserts, subject to change, and consequently her own by right. When she has thus opened her case, she calls as witnesses to substantiate her claim the four seasons of the year, the months, day and night, the hours, then life, and lastly death.

"When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse:
'Lo, mighty mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign and bear the greatest sway?"

The appellant's case concluded, Jove, the respondent, makes reply. True it is, he admits, that all things are changed by time. But who is it, he asks

"That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all and makes them changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.'

Mutability then replies—

"The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and sway'd
Ye may attribute to your selves as kings,
And say they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be
Mov'd by your might and order'd by your ayde;
Yet what if I can prove that even yee
Your selves are likewise chang'd and subject unto mee?"

She then challenges them all in turn: Cynthia, Mercury, Mars, Saturn, and lastly Jove himself and the starry sky, declaring that all of them are moved, and consequently are subject to herself.

"Then, since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse,
What then should let but I aloft should reare,
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, O thou greatest Goddesse, trew,
According as thyself doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew:
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

"So having ended, silence long ensewed,
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixed the ground still viewed.
Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraine place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake and gave her doome in speeches few.

"'I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And changed be: yet, BEING RIGHTLY WAY'D,
THEY ARE NOT CHANGED FROM THEIR FIRST ESTATE;
BUT BY THEIR CHANGE THEIR BEING DO DILATE,
AND TURNING TO THEMSELVES AT LENGTH AGAINE
DO WORKE THEIR OWN PERFECTION SO BY FATE
THAT OVER THEM CHANGE DOTH NOT RULE AND RAIGNE,
BUT THEY RAIGNE OVER CHANGE, AND DO THEIR STATES MAINTAINE.

"'Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from henceforth none no more change shall see.'
So was the Titaness put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see,
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Nature's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist."

To this magnificent close of the poem Spenser appends two stanzas by way of L'Envoy:—

"When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutabilitie and well it way,
Meseemes that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heavn's rule, yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway;
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away,
Whose flowring pride so fading and so fickle
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

'Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
For all that moveth doth in Change delight,
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally,
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O, that great Sabaoth God grant me that Sabaoth's sight!'

It might well appear incredible that any editor of Spenser could in cold blood obtrude these two stanzas on the attention of his readers as the fragmentary commencement of an eighth canto, "unperfite," of a purely supposititious book of the *Faerie Queene*. Incredible as it may seem, however, this feat has been performed by every editor from the days of Matthew Lownes onward to our own, and not a single one, so far as I know, has ever vouchsafed the slightest hint as to their real character and significance. In contemplating such a display of devoted intrepidity in following their leader, it is impossible not to recognise some truth in the boast that the editors of our great poets will go anywhere and do anything.

The poem itself, however, demands more attention than its editors. Spenser's system of the universe, it will be observed, is the popular one of his time. The earth is

"In the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,"

[*F. Q.* v. 2, 35] surrounded by the "regions" of the air and the fire, through which the Titaness passes before she arrives at the "circle" of the moon. The planets, among which the sun still retains the middle place, are ranged in the old order, except that Jupiter, for the sake of the allegorical proprieties, usurps yet once again the dominion of Saturn, and holds the last and highest rank. Beyond the circles of the planets is only the crystal sphere of Anaximenes, "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." But Spenser knows something of the problems which perturb the souls of his astronomical contemporaries. Mercury is "of late far out of order gone." "Mars, that valiant man, is changed most." The starry sky remains still, "yet do the starres and signes therein still move; and even itselfe is mov'd, as wizards saine."

One of the "wizards" referred to is no doubt "the learned Ptolomœe," who tells us "that inasmuch as the stars maintain their relative distances we may justly call them fixed, yet inasmuch as the whole sphere to which

they are nailed is in motion, the word 'fixed' is but little appropriate;" but it is most likely that Spenser here refers more particularly to his own lines, prefixed to the fifth book of the *Faerie Queene*, in which he speaks at large of the phenomena connected with the precession of the equinoxes. In these introductory lines too he remarks that "most is Mars amisse of all the rest," which is exactly paralleled by the sneer of Mutability at the unsteadfastness of "that valiant man." The notices of Saturn, however, in the two passages do not agree, and nothing at all is said of Mercury in the one from the *Faerie Queene*, circumstances tending to show that the cantos of Mutability were written at a later date.

It was not till after Spenser's death that the real epoch of astronomical discovery commenced. Copernicus, indeed, more than half a century before had restored the sun to "his imperial throne, the guide and ruler of the family of planets revolving around him;" but the enunciation of his theory awakened only a dull and feeble response in the world of science until the invention of the telescope rendered its ultimate adoption inevitable. That the leaders of Catholic and Protestant theology alike should denounce the new doctrine was of course to be expected, but it should be remembered that among its bitterest opponents were also Tycho Brahe, the real founder of practical astronomy, and Francis Bacon, the reputed restorer of philosophic method. At the time Spenser wrote, Kepler, already an astronomer, had not yet undertaken his memorable researches with regard to the path of Mars: Galileo, already in correspondence with Kepler, and smarting under his first experiences of persecution, had not yet learnt to whisper even to himself, "*E pur si muove.*" William Gilbert, indeed, had accepted the new teaching, but Spenser did not live to see the publication of his work *De Magnete* in 1600. It would have been a marvel indeed had Spenser accepted the theory, though perhaps a still greater marvel had he been absolutely unacquainted with its outlines. This poem of his, in fact, seems to me intended as an indirect refutation of certain doctrines held by one of the earliest adherents to the Copernican theory, the erratic and ill-fated Giordano Bruno of Nola. This philosopher, originally a Dominican, seems to have courted persecution and science with equal ardour and with equal success; and after enduring six years of misery in the Piombi at Venice, and two more in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome, finally expiated the crimes of free-thought and an aggressive temper at the stake on February 17, 1600. In the course of his many wanderings, Bruno had made some considerable stay in England, apparently in the suite of the French Ambassador Castelnau, and had there become acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated two of his works.

The doctrine, however, which Spenser seems to be here combating is perhaps most compendiously stated in his "*Trattato de la Causa, Principio et Uno,*" previously published in 1584, and dedicated to Castelnau. In the fifth dialogue in this work [p. 127, ed. Venice, 1584] he writes:

> "Wherefore in your ears will not sound ill the opinion of Heraclitus, who said that all things are ONE, the which by MUTABILITY hath in itself all things; and because all forms are in it, consequently all definitions agree with it, and so far contradictory propositions are true . . . ."

This notion of a universe which is itself Deity, maintaining its unity inviolate in the midst of an infinite multiplicity of phenomena in virtue of a mutability as infinite, is not one to commend itself to the piety and orthodoxy of Spenser's nature. All things in nature change, he admits, but change is not therefore an attribute of Deity. On the contrary, as his master Aristotle had taught, change is necessarily determined both at its beginning and its end, and cannot be eternal, consequently cannot be divine. God is God, says Bruno in effect, in virtue

of His infinite mutability. Not so, answers Spenser; God is God in virtue of His infinite stability. I grant you your infinite mutability, but to me the indestructibility of matter and of motion is the diviner fact. Heaven and nature move and are changed, but heaven and nature depend on the unmoved Mover of the Universe. Some day they will cease to move, but none the more will the First Mover cease to be. The plot, which by the way bears a vague generic resemblance to that of Bruno's *Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante*, reflects with accuracy the mental process by which Spenser arrived at his conclusions. When he describes Mutability citing before the tribunal of Nature the four elements of which all things are made, and the various times and seasons "which do the world in being hold," we cannot mistake the problem which has occupied his thoughts. It is indeed more intelligible in the form in which he presents it than it would have been in any scientific language known to the sixteenth century. Matter and motion, representing the fundamental categories of space and time in their objective aspects, are, he tells us, so far as the physical universe is concerned, inseparably and eternally connected. Matter without motion cannot exist any more than motion without matter. But matter cannot be in motion without Change. Is Change, then, the ultimate fact of the universe, or is there a generalisation beyond, wide enough to embrace all the phenomena of change? In the solemn judgment delivered by the veiled Goddess on the appeal of Mutability, Spenser announces that he has found this wider generalisation. Change, he declares, has a subjective existence only, and is not supreme in the universe. Whatever changes may take place in either Matter or Motion, both are in truth indestructible and objective. Transpose, translate, transform them as you may—

"Yet being rightly way'd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length againe
Do worke their own perfection so by fate
That over them Change doth not rule and raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their states maintaine."

It is startling to find thus fantastically tricked out in the garb of poetic Elizabethan allegory one of the latest doctrines of logical Victorian science. It is perhaps too much to credit Spenser with enunciating the theory that while every particle of matter is moved in every particle of time, the sum of all matter and of all motion remains immutable; but a strict analysis of this poem will show that its conclusions cannot be translated into the terminology of modern physics by any less extensive proposition. Whether the doctrine of the Indestructibility of Motion is identical with that of the Conservation of Energy is for others to determine. To me it seems practically undistinguishable, and if so, the phrase Indestructibility of Motion is clearly preferable, as at once co-ordinating the doctrine with its complementary one, the Indestructibility of Matter. At all events, Spenser has asserted the indestructibility of both in terms sufficiently explicit to entitle him to a high place amongst those who have given a voice to

"the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,"

the seers who have anticipated by the surmise of Genius the yet far-off deductions of Science. Surely, after being practically lost to the world for more than two centuries and a half, it is high time that these *Two Cantos of Mutabilitie* should at last be recognised not as a wholly incongruous and only half-intelligible appendage to the *Faerie Queene*, but as one of the noblest independent poems of the noblest age of English poetry.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

After having been the oracle of the anti-Russian party on the Continent, Professor Vambéry has delivered two remarkable lectures in London. The first of these turns on a comparison of the Mohammedan and Russian eras in Central Asia. Although we differ from the Professor's conclusions, we have no quarrel with his premises. He may justly say, *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* The whole case is contained in his admission that in the "Khanates, where formerly continuous warfare, troubles, and bloodshed were raging, now tranquillity and order, and, to a certain extent also, a love of law, begins gradually to spread, and the horror of despotism and tyranny, by which Central Asia was haunted during the time of Mullah Khan, Nasrullah Khan, and Khudayar Khan, has almost entirely disappeared."

The Mohammedan era in Central Asia might be epitomised by a single verse of the Psalms: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The Professor elsewhere tells a characteristic story of the males of an entire tribe having had their eyes gouged out, leaving only a single eye to one in fifty to enable them to lead the rest home. Bokhara was a hotbed of pitiless fanaticism. The prolonged agony of the Stoddart and Conolly families; the "black-well," reeking with filth and vermin, which wore out Colonel Stoddart before he was consigned to the executioner; and the Christian heroism with which Captain Conolly presented his throat to the knife, declaring that he would not deny his Saviour, cannot be effaced from the memory of that generation. Khiva was the Liverpool and Bristol of a system of man-hunting and man-stealing worse than that against which our fathers rose in insurrection, in proportion as the domestic and intellectual sensibilities of the cultivated and polite Persian are keener than those of the degraded negro. Sir Richmond Shakespear obtained just credit for rescuing two or three hundred Russian slaves and delivering them at Orenburgh, but I have not seen any acknowledgment to General Kauffman for returning as many thousands to their homes in Persia. The short description of the social and moral state of these remote Central Asian countries before the advent of the Russians, is that it was unmitigated Mohammedanism carried out to its first principles. Polygamy, slavery, contemptuous cruel intolerance had run riot. Conceive what Turkish administration would be unrestrained by Christian influence, and some idea may be formed of the then existing state of the Central Asian Khanates.

Professor Vambéry admits that Russia has laid the foundation of every other improvement by establishing security of person and property, producing thereby a law-abiding feeling. Whatever her deficiencies may be, Russia cannot help being the channel of European and Christian civilisation to these hitherto secluded and benighted countries. They have been reunited to the rest of the world, and their administration has been brought under an effective responsibility. As "the lowest Russian civilisation is a hundred times superior to nomadic existence," the Professor does not dispute the benefit to the large wandering population of the steppes; "but it is quite different with those who have settled down a long time ago, and have progressed in the direction of Moslem culture, for here the contact with Russia would produce, in the

beginning a standstill, afterwards a long sickening, and in the end an unconditional collapse." As Professor Vambéry freely admits the monstrous evils which have flowed from "Moslem culture" unmodified by contact with Christian influences, it is difficult to appreciate the force of this objection, and we can only attribute it to the fervid enthusiastic "orientalism" which restricted popular education in India to Sanskrit and Arabic long after an effective demand for instruction in English literature and science had arisen among the natives. I would suggest a more general view for the consideration of Professor Vambéry. The thirteen hundred years which have elapsed since the promulgation of the religion of Mahomet afford ample scope for a Baconian induction, and what is the result? Owing to its large infusion of human passion, Mohammedanism rapidly raises semi-barbarous communities to a low standard of civilisation, after which they invariably begin to deteriorate. It was so with the Bagdad caliphate. It was so even in the vaunted instance of the Spanish Moors, who owed their fall to their corruptions and divisions, contrasted with the united energy of the Christians. It is eminently so in the case of the Turks, whose virtue is entirely military, and their only idea of civil government is to ride booted and spurred on the backs of their subject populations until they can no longer endure the burden, and then to swoop down upon them with a terrible example like the Schian and Bulgarian massacres. Christian civilisation alone, which is based upon the restraint and purification of human passion, is capable of unlimited expansion, and has a future before it bounded only by perfection.

The Professor makes another strange objection to the Russian *régime*. "The domestic industry of Bokhara and Khokand has," he says, "greatly suffered by the preponderance of Russian imports, owing to the abolition of duty between Russia and Central Asia." "Central Asia has been inundated by bad and comparatively cheaper articles." If this be an evil, it is one we have inflicted on a much larger scale upon our Indian fellow-subjects, whose famous national industry we have almost annihilated by our cheap, and, if comparison of quality only be regarded, "bad" Manchester goods. The "evil" is also a progressive one, for the "inundation of cheap goods" will shortly be increased by the introduction of railways. Happily, both in Central Asia and India cheapness is an evil against which people can protect themselves; and, as neither Russians nor English give their manufactures without expecting equivalents for them, even the "domestic industry" of the importing country must be stimulated by the increased consumption.

It is fair to Russia to remark that she is still in the elementary stage of her dominion in Central Asia ("ten or fifteen years," as Professor Vambéry puts it), and that these indictments are rose-water compared with Burke's and Sheridan's denunciations of the conduct of our people during our *novitas imperii* in India. If this is the worst that an avowed antagonist of Russia has to say against her, it amounts to a real acquittal. Mr. Schuyler is an intelligent and impartial witness, and while there is abundant allusion in his book to difficulties like those which beset our early Anglo-Indian administrators, there is hardly any to abuse of power.[1]

The second lecture relates entirely to the Turkomans, and here also there is no dispute as to the facts. These truculent man-hunters must be repressed in the interest of our common humanity, and this might be done either by entirely subduing them, or by strengthening the hands of Persia to enable her to resist them. Their warlike character and inaccessible position make their entire subjugation a dif-

[1] *Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara, and Kuldja.* London, 1876.

ficult task even for the neighbouring power of Russia. Their repression is easily practicable provided England and Russia act together. Here we get to the core of the subject:—"In speaking of the support," Professor Vambéry says, "whether moral or material, of which Persia is so sadly wanting, it would certainly recommend itself that both European Powers interested in this part of Asia should act simultaneously, but I suppose everybody will agree with me that the time for self-deceit has already passed away. There cannot be any further illusion as to the purely humanitarian intentions of Russia. We all know that it is the decomposition and ruin, not the welfare or revival of the Mohammedan Governments, for which she is longing. Russia will never lend any well-meant assistance to Persia; this duty is incumbent solely upon England, as upon that European Power which, whilst anxiously shunning further territorial extension, is only bent upon securing her frontiers from outer attacks." It seems as if Professor Vambéry's visit to England had been timed to take part in the expected triumph at the general election of the high-handed adventurous policy of the late government, for, alluding to the contemplated alliance whereby we should have become practically conterminous with Russia on the long line of the Persian, as well as the Turkish frontier, he observes:—"Nasredden Shah and Mirza Hussein Khan ought to know that the vital interests of Iran can be only guarded through a strict alliance with England, with that England which is sure to prove at the present a better friend and a more efficacious ally than in former times, when British statesmen were not alive to the great part this country has to play in the East, where not only her national interests are at stake, but where she has to fulfil the noble duty of civilisation and humanity." "With the aid of strong garrisons posted at Merv, Mehmana, Astrabad, Kizil-Arvat, and Chat, the unruly Turkomans would be kept in order, and the feigned object of Russian aggression in this part of Central Asia would have been removed."

This last extravagance of the late policy was outdone by Sir Frederick Goldsmid, who, amid the cheers of the audience at the United Service Institution, remarked that "the Turkomans would form, in the hands of England, a most efficient body of cavalry." I had hoped that such cobwebs as these had been brushed away by the "Great General Election." The Worcestershire farmers laughed at a candidate who, in theatrical attitude, produced the utterly spurious will of Peter the Great, and read it to them word for word.

The question, then, must be met, Does Russia deserve to be put out of court in this summary manner as actuated only by selfish ambitious objects which she pursues under the mask of humanity? Is she so totally untrustworthy that no arrangement for mutual advantage can safely be made with her, and we must pursue our objects, even upon her own frontier, entirely independent of her, and in a sense hostile to her, as proposed by Professor Vambéry? We may not grudge the individual reputations made at the expense of Russia, of which Major Burnaby and Mr. Joseph Cowen are the latest examples, but the matter became serious when the policy of the empire was based by the late Government on hatred and distrust of Russia.

The charge may be formulated something in this way: 'Russia has made covert advances towards India, under various humanitarian and other pretences, until she has reached such a commanding position as requires that a firm stand against further encroachments should be made by Great Britain.'

Any person in the least familiar with Anglo-Indian history knows that this same accusation, of earth-hunger under philanthropic pretences, was pressed against our own Indian govern-

ment for three generations, and that Acts of Parliament were passed, and exceptional home administrative arrangements were made, expressly to check it, the last of which, after convulsing our political system, resulted in the establishment of the Board of Control. The destiny both of England and Russia has been determined in this respect by the general law that highly-organised, orderly communities must absorb the irregular lawless elements with which they are brought into contact. They have both acted according to their nature, which may be typified by the iron and clay of the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image. I wish we had nothing worse to apologise for than the recent acqusitions of Russia. Kuzzaks, Khirghiz, and Turkomans had for generations raided across the Russian border and carried off their human prey into slavery. The last and worst of these marauding states was Khiva. The expedition sent against it under Perowski was lost in the snow of the steppes, and, notwithstanding the elaborate preparations made for the one commanded by Kauffman, it was within an ace of being a failure also. Russia pledged herself to us not to retain possession of Khiva, but this cannot in reason be interpreted to mean that, after subduing the robber state, she ought to have retired from the exercise of any control over it, and, abandoning the fruits of her efforts and sacrifices, should have allowed the slave-hunts to be renewed. Major Burnaby, who found the Khan living in quiet possession, like our subsidiary Indian princes, without even a Russian resident at his capital, is a witness that the Russian pledge has been honourably redeemed.

The other portion of the indictment is, if anything, still more frivolous. If India is ever invaded, it will not be by way of Asia Minor or Central Asia. The altered conditions of modern warfare, which require that vast quantities of ammunition, food, forage, and other supplies should be stored on the road and conveyed to the front, are in themselves our greatest security. Russia's base of operations must be the Volga and Caspian; and the direct road to India, which is also comparatively free from desert, is by Asterabad, Mushed, Herat, and Candahar. Upon this Russia has not even commenced to effect a lodgment, the whole of it still forming part of the territories of Persia and Afghanistan. Viewed in reference to a possible invasion of India, the Russian military occupation of Central Asia, which even in time of peace is maintained with difficulty and at a heavy cost to the central government, is a positive cause of weakness and danger.

Even supposing the march of the Russian army from the Caspian to the Indus to be unmolested, conceive the contrast between its condition as its advanced column issued from the passes, and the concentrated, fully-equipped state of the Anglo-Indian army with which it would be encountered! Speaking of the recent disastrous Russian expedition against the Turkomans, Professor Vambéry remarks: "Admitting that the whole expedition numbered 20,000 men, there is no doubt that the column which penetrated as far as to Göktepe, greatly diminished by garrisons left on the road, and not less by maladies, scarcely consisted of more than of 3000 to 4000 combatants, who were easily outmatched by the two or three times larger Turkoman army." Substitute 1400 miles for 300, and a powerful British army at the end, backed by all the resources of India, for the Turkoman force which repulsed the Russians at Göktepe, and it will be apparent that, unless some entire change of circumstances takes place, the Russians cannot venture upon such an insane enterprise as the invasion of India. It may confidently be stated that, while India is loyal to us, we are safe from external attack. The defence of India really depends upon our having a firm hold upon the confidence and good will of the natives

obtained by consistent efforts to improve their material condition, to encourage sound education, and, more than all, to restore them to the administration of their own country in proportion as they show themselves qualified for it. This is a case in which it may be emphatically said, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

The argument, so far, has taken no account of the nations inhabiting the country intervening between Russia and India. The government of Persia is perhaps the worst in the world, except that of Turkey, and, unlike that of Turkey, its bad effects are in no degree compensated by the industry and domestic morality of a Christian population. The nation is melting away under the influence of insecurity and exaction, and the process is accelerated by the violent efforts made to resuscitate what was once a powerful army. But the essential point in connection with the subject before us is that, with its long line of conterminous open frontier, Persia is entirely at the mercy of Russia, and, in any real crisis, the power which commands the capital and the richest provinces of Persia, by means of the Tiflis railway and the Caspian, must carry the day over England, which can only give tardy help from the Persian Gulf.

The other intermediate country is Afghanistan, which is as large as France and Germany put together, is immensely strong in a military point of view, and, being conterminous with India, is more open to the formation of commercial and other friendly relations with us, and more dependent upon our support, than Persia. Afghanistan is of far more consequence to us than any other country in this quarter, as being our real barrier, thrown across our entire western land-frontier like a shield. The Afghans are Mohammedans, and the religious sentiment is strong upon them; but their Mohammedanism is modified by other elements of which sufficient account has not been taken in our recent dealings with them. Their character has never been studied as it was by Mountstuart Elphinstone, who was himself sent to form a barrier-treaty with them against the expected Napoleonic invasion, and I shall therefore quote largely from him. "All Afghans are equal." "We are content," said a leading chief to Elphinstone, "with discord; we are content with alarms; we are content with blood; but we will never be content with a master." "In India every movement originates with the Government or its agents, and the people absolutely go for nothing. The Afghans are a nation where the control of the Government is scarcely felt, and every one appears to follow his own inclinations undirected and unrestrained." "Throughout all the tribes the clannish attachment of the Afghans, unlike that of the Scotch Highlanders, is rather to the community than to the chief. The power of life and death is scarcely ever possessed by an Afghan Khan, and it is rarely that the personal interests of the Khan would lead a tribe to take any step inconsistent with its own honour or advantage." "In Afghanistan the internal government of the tribes answers its end so well, that the utmost disorders of the Royal Government never derange its operations nor disturb the lives of the people. A number of organised and highly-spirited republics are ready to defend their rugged country against a tyrant, and are able to defy the feeble efforts of a party in a civil war. Persia is in a state of decay after twenty years of entire tranquillity, while Afghanistan continues the progressive improvement which it has kept up during twelve years of civil warfare. New aqueducts are constantly made, and new lands brought into cultivation."

Elphinstone justly appreciated "the occupation and interest, the sense of independence and personal consequence which result from a popular government, however rudely formed, and the

courage, the intelligence, and the elevation of character which those occupations and that independence can never fail to inspire," and he even indulged in aspirations which may yet be realised in a more fortunate future. "We cannot but be struck with the vast superiority of the materials the Afghan institutions afford for the construction of a national constitution. Other Asiatic nations are better adapted to a bad than a good government. Ages must pass away before the slaves of India and China could be made capable of taking a share in the government of their country, but if a king, of sufficient genius to form the design of cordially uniting his subjects, should spring up among the Afghans, he would necessarily fall on a beautiful form of government as the only one by which he could possibly accomplish his design. An ordinary monarch might endeavour to reduce the tribes to obedience by force; but one Afghan king (Ahmed Shah) has already had the penetration to discover that it would require a less exertion to conquer all the neighbouring kingdoms than to subdue his own countrymen." Already "in most tribes the Khans can levy no taxes and can take no public measures without the consent of the elected mulliks, who are obliged in their turn to obtain the consent of their divisions." Such a monarch "would represent a people accustomed to respect their chiefs, but as much accustomed to debate on, and to approve or reject, the measures which those chiefs proposed. The militia of the tribes would constitute an army which would be invincible by a foreign invader, while the king would be without any force that could offer a moment's resistance to a general combination of his subjects."[1]

Not only are the Afghans stout soldiers and painstaking and skilled agriculturists, but their genius is also decidedly commercial, and the carrying trade between India and Central Asia is in their hands. They form a great encampment every year between the Indus and the Suleyman Mountains, where they leave their wives and children while they are absent, disposing of their produce and laying in their return investments in the interior of India. They had always before been respected, but, in the great want of carriage for this war, their camels were seized, which produced profound dismay and resentment. They profess to be descended from the lost tribes of Israel, and there is much curious evidence in support of the claim, besides their stubborn, industrious, mercantile character.

It may well be asked why we went so far afield to build up barriers to British India in Persia and Turcomania while we had one so perfect on all points ready to hand in Afghanistan. All we had to do was to leave the Afghans in quiet possession of their strong country, and to cultivate friendly relations with them. In the whole of Asia there was no other people so thoroughly national, so jealous of their independence, and so determined to defend it. All their stings were certain to be turned upon the intruder, whoever he might be. Afghanistan, backed by British India, was simply impregnable. This policy was first clearly perceived and acted upon by Lord William Bentinck, who arranged for opening the navigation of the Indus, and for the establishment of entrepôts at which the Afghans might exchange their staples for the manufactures of England and the produce of India. Captain Burnes' mission to Cabul was originally a commercial one, until its character was changed by an access of Russophobia, the curse of the last and present generation. Russia, which knows our infirmity, plays upon it, and lures us to our damage and disgrace. When the Russian craze is upon us we are neither to hold nor to bind. There had been unpleasant discussions between our Envoy and the Russian Ambassador at Teheran

[1] *Account of Caubul, and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India.* London, 1815.

about Herat, which the Russians wished to obtain for Persia, and a Russian attaché, a certain Captain Vickovich, suddenly appeared at Cabul. This was the immediate cause of the first Afghan war. Lord William Bentinck's pacific policy was thrown to the winds, and we must needs have a king of Afghanistan of our own. Forty years after this we had another unpleasantness with Russia about Turkey, and Russia again dangled a Cabul mission before us, and we again eagerly swallowed the bait. Even sober men shut their eyes to the awful experience of the preceding generation, and drew no inference from the significant fact that the Ameer was so apprehensive of evil consequences to General Stoltikoff and his mission from the feeling of his people against them, that he shut them up in a large house in the Bala Hissar, and they left Cabul knowing almost as little of it as when they arrived. The Russians must, I think, be pleased with the satisfaction they have obtained, without cost to themselves, for the senseless affront of flourishing a handful of Sepoys in their faces in the European arena.

Since the first establishment of our power in India it has been a popular saying there, that, if a native state once accepts a resident British agent, its independence is doomed. To the Afghans this was a portentous practical truth. They had vindicated their independence by the destruction of our envoy and of the army which supported him. After his restoration Dost Muhammad took the first opportunity of obtaining a treaty right not to have British officers stationed in his country; and he, as well as his son, Shere Ali, and his grandson, Yakoob Khan, always insisted that they knew their own people better than we did, and that they could not be responsible for the consequences of an envoy being forced upon them. Lord Northbrook averted the catastrophe for a time by his remonstrances; but, notwithstanding Shere Ali's pathetic appeals to the treaty, and to the promises he had received from every previous Governor-General, the new policy was ruthlessly carried out, and the same unjustifiable cause again produced the same lamentable result. Shere Ali considered himself a doomed man; and, having been insulted, rejected, and denounced by us, he could not, in the actual state of things, altogether reject the advances made to him by Russia.

This, however, is not a time for writing history, but for calling attention to the course of action required by the present position of affairs. It must now be admitted that the Afghans are an independent nation, and deserve to be so. In our first invasion of their country they destroyed our army. In this second invasion they have pushed us so hard that we shall be glad to retire as soon as some settlement has been made which will prevent our leaving anarchy and confusion behind us. It is time that we should hear no more of "punitive expeditions," of burning villages, and destroying the fruit-trees upon which the subsistence of the population depends. We have throughout been in a constant state of siege, masters only of the ground we stood upon, not venturing to show ourselves outside our fortified positions without a sufficient escort, and unable to induce any portion of the country to accept governors from us. The main object of General Stewart's recent expedition from Candahar was to occupy Ghuznee, a place of great political and military importance, which, in the absence of such occupation, necessarily becomes a centre of opposition to us; yet, remembering the fate of the garrison left there in the previous war, he passed on to Cabul, leaving Ghuznee to be reoccupied by the forces in arms against us. Our position in Afghanistan is false and wrong to a degree which makes us blush for our profession of being the leading constitutional nation, to whom it especially belongs

to protect national independence and cherish the germs of constitutional liberty throughout the world. It can only be compared to the position of the First Napoleon in Spain. Like him, we assured the people by proclamation that our quarrel was not with them, but with their king. Like him, we were met at once by a popular national resistance; and although the Ameer Shere Ali, who, according to our proclamation, was the sole offender, had died of disappointment and worry, we denounced this resistance as "insurrection," and tried to put it down by executions. To this day every fresh gathering of the national forces against us is an "outbreak," the combinations of the national leaders are "factions," military success achieved against our posts is "massacre," and the cutting off of stragglers and foragers is "murder."[1]

In one respect we have outdone Bonaparte. He, at least, maintained the integrity of Spain, but we first cut off a monstrous cantle of Afghanistan, under the name of a "scientific frontier," and then severed a good third of the country, including the former capital and the second city in the kingdom, Candahar. This was a vital blow to the integrity of Afghanistan, for, on a smaller scale, Candahar is to that country what Bengal is to British India. More than one third of the revenue of Afghanistan is derived from the rich open province of Candahar, and, by cutting this off, we should render the orderly administration of the more warlike and mountainous districts almost impossible. Last, and most galling of all, our political agent officially announced to the assembled chiefs a scheme for the dismemberment of their country which had been determined upon by Lord Lytton. The districts previously ceded under the treaty of Gundamuck, together with Candahar, the native district of the Barukzyes and other Duranis, were to be finally separated from the Durani Empire; the disposal of Herat was to be subsequently arranged, and so forth. I must have altogether failed in conveying a just impression of the Afghan character if any further description is required of the feelings with which this communication was received. It was as if the dismemberment of Kent and Sussex on one side, and Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall on the other, with a prospective arrangement for cutting off the seven northern counties, had been announced to an assembly of Englishmen. No wonder that the tribal resistance, which means the resistance of the entire body of the people except those who are restrained by the presence of our troops in the towns actually occupied by them, broke out afresh on a more general scale than ever. No wonder that the chiefs who had met Mr. Lepel Griffin at Cabul protested that they were unable to fulfil their engagements, because their clans had escaped from their guidance. We began by saying that our quarrel was only with the Ameer; in its next gradation we found ourselves opposed to the chiefs; and now we are face to face in deadly hostility with the entire people.

What then are we to do? We ought to return to the policy of Bentinck, Canning, Mayo, Lawrence, Northbrook; to withdraw from Afghanistan as soon as the majority of the chiefs and people have accepted Abdulrahman, or some other native ruler; and to confine ourselves, after that, to cultivating friendly relations with them. Our railways should be completed to the mouths of the passes, not for the conveyance of troops and military stores, but to facilitate an active trade with Afghanistan and the countries beyond, which would soon become a mutually beneficial bond of union. Left alone, Afghanistan would soon become the cheapest of national barriers; whereas it is plain from the experience of the former and present wars, that a

[1] One is reminded of the picture in *Punch*, in which a small special constable is represented as holding out his staff towards a big navvy, and saying, "Remember, if you kill me, it's murder; but if I kill you it's nothing."

meddlesome intrusive policy requires sacrifices which would break down any system of finance.

As between us and Russia this is eminently a time for resuming the true policy of "the broad neutral zone." Both England and Russia should retire within their respective frontiers, ceasing to make the intermediate region the cockpit of Asia, but getting as much good out of it as they can by peaceful commerce. Both they and we have enough on our hands, external and internal, to dispose us to accept this settlement. But the sore will inevitably break out again, in this or some other quarter, if its core remains unextracted. The present state of feeling between England and Russia is a scandal to our common Christianity. So far from there being any real cause of difference between them, every reason exists for a mutual good understanding. Speaking generally, Russia is charged with the civilisation of Northern, and England with that of Southern Asia, and both would be aided in their respective missions in a thousand ways, if confidence and mutual help were substituted for antagonism, jealousy, and mutual suspicion. The present state of feeling is in the highest degree injurious to both nations; to the intermediate countries it is simply destructive, for they are ground between two millstones; and there can be no settlement of the peace of the world until this strife is composed. The Turkoman, Armenian, Montenegrin, and Greek difficulties would all disappear if England and Russia acted in unison. Nay, when the fulness of time comes, England and Russia, which together would be all-powerful upon the Hellespont and Bosporus, might take the lead in substituting a civilised European government for the semi-barbarous, unimprovable muddle at Constantinople.

There are other beneficent consequences of a less direct kind which would flow from a good understanding between the two countries. It would lay a foundation for a general disarmament. It would render free-trade possible, and even probable, on the European, as well as the Asiatic frontier of Russia. It would strengthen the constitutional party in Russia if, instead of secretly rejoicing at her social and political difficulties, we threw our influence into the scale of liberty with order. Governments and nations cannot be scolded or threatened into wisdom, and no nation is ever really injured by acting justly and generously to its neighbours. Lastly, we may suffer more severely in the far East than we have on the confines of Europe and Asia, if China is encouraged by our divisions in the attitude it has taken up against all European nations. In the presence of threatening clouds of Heathendom, Christendom ought to close her ranks.

C. E. TREVELYAN.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1880.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The news of Sir William Markham's death made a great sensation in the neighbourhood. It was as if a great house had fallen to the ground, a great tree been riven up by the roots. There are some people whom no one expects ever to die, and he was one of them. There seemed so much for him to do in the world. He was so full of occupation, so well qualified to do it, so precise and orderly in all his ways, every moment of his time filled up, he did not seem to have leisure for all the troublesome preliminaries of dying. But as it happened, he had found the time for them, as we all do, and everybody was astonished. It was whispered in the county that there had been "a very strange scene at the deathbed," and everybody concluded that this was somehow connected with the heir, it being well known that Paul had only appeared the day before his father's death. Some vague rumours on this score flew about in the days which elapsed before the funeral, but nobody could tell the rights of the story, and it had already begun to fade before the great pomp and ceremonial of the funeral day. This was to be a very great day at Markham Royal. In the Markham Arms all the stables were getting cleared out, in preparation for the horses of the gentry who would collect from far and near to pay honour to the last scene in which the member for the county would ever play any part; and all the village was roused in expectation. No doubt it was a very solemn and sad ceremonial, and Markham Royal knew that it had lost its best friend; but, notwithstanding, any kind of excitement is pleasant in the country, and they liked this well enough in default of better. The little gentleman too, who was living at the Markham Arms, was a great diversion to the village. He gave himself the air of superintending everything that was done at the Markham burying place. He went about it solemnly—as if it could by any possibility be his business—and he put on all the semblance of one who has lost a near relation. He put away his light clothes, and appeared in black, with a hat-band which almost covered his tall hat. The village people felt it very natural that the little gentleman should be proud of his relationship to the Markhams, and should take such a good opportunity of showing it; but those who knew about such matters laughed a little at the size of his hatband. "If he had been a son it could not have been larger. Sir Paul himself could not do more," Mr. Remnant, the draper, said.

It happened that Dolly Stainforth was early astir on the funeral morning. She thought it right to get all her parish work over at an early hour, for the village would be full of "company," and indeed Dolly was aware that even in the rectory itself there would be a great many people to

luncheon, and that her father's stables would be as full of horses as those of the Markham Arms. She was full of excitement and grief herself, partly for Sir William whom she had known all her life, but still more for Alice and Lady Markham, for whom the girl grieved as if their grief had been her own. She had put on a black frock to be so far in sympathy with her friends, and before the dew was off the flowers, had gathered all she could find in the rectory garden, and made them into wreaths and crosses. This is an occupation which soothes the sympathetic mourner. She stood under the shadow of a little *bosquet* on the slope of the rectory garden which looked towards the churchyard, and worked silently at this labour of love, a tear now and then falling upon the roses still wet with morning dew. From where she stood she could see the preparations in the great Markham burying place, the sexton superintending the place prepared in which Sir William was to lie with his father, the lych-gate under which the procession would pause as they entered, and the path by which they would sweep round to the church. That which was about to happen so soon seemed already to be happening before her eyes. The tears streamed down Dolly's fresh morning cheeks. To die, to be put away under the cold turf, to leave the warm precints of the cheerful day, seems terrible indeed to a creature so young as she was, so full of life, and on a summer morning all brimming over with melody and beauty. When she shook the tears off her eyelashes she saw a solitary figure coming through the churchyard, pausing for a moment to look at the grave, then turning towards the gate which led into the rectory garden. Dolly put the wreath she was making on her arm, and hastened to meet him. Her heart beat; it was full of sorrow and pity, and yet of excitement too. She went to him with the tears once more streaming from her pretty eyes. "Oh Paul!" she said, putting her hand into his, and able to say no more. Of late she had begun to call him Mr. Markham, feeling shy of her old playfellow and of herself, but she could not stand upon her dignity now. She would have liked to throw her arms round his neck, to console him, to have called him dear Paul. In his trouble it seemed impossible to do too much for him. And Paul on his side took the little hand in both his, and held it fast. The tears rose to his eyes too. He was very grown-up, very tall and solemn, and his mind was full of many a serious thought—but when he had little Dolly by the hand the softest influence of which he was susceptible came over him. "Thank you, Dolly," he said, with quivering lips.

"How are they?" said the little girl, coming very close to his side, and looking up at him with her wet eyes.

"Oh, how can they be?" said Paul; "my mother is worn out, she cannot feel it yet: and Alice is with her night and day."

"Will they come?" said Dolly, with a sob in her voice.

"I fear so; it is too much for them. But I am afraid they will come, whatever I may say."

"Oh, don't you think it is best? Then they will feel that they have not left him, not for a moment, nor failed him, as long as there was anything to do."

"But that makes it all the worse when there is nothing to do. I fear for my mother."

"She has got you, Paul—and the children."

"Yes, me; and I did not come till the last. Did you hear that, Dolly?—that I wasted all the time when he was dying, and was only here the last day?"

"Dear Paul," said Dolly, giving him her hand again, "you did not mean it. Do you think he does not know now? Oh, you may be sure he understands!" she cried, with that confidence in the advancement of the dead above all petty frailties which is so touching and so universal.

"I hope so," Paul said, with quivering lips; and as he stood here, with this soft hand clasping his, and this familiar, almost childish, voice consoling him, Paul felt as if he had awakened out of a dream. This was the place he belonged to, not the squalid dream to which he had given himself. Standing under those beautiful trees, with this soft, fair innocent creature comprehending and consoling him, there suddenly flashed before his eyes a vision of the narrow street, the lamp-post, the children shouting and fighting, and another creature, who did not at all understand him, standing close by him, pressing her advice upon him, looking up at him with eager eyes. A sudden horror seized him even while he felt the softness of Dolly's consoling touch and voice. It quickened the beating of his heart and brought a faintness of terror like a film over his eyes.

"Come and sit down," said Dolly, alarmed. "You are so pale. Oh, Paul, sit down, and I will run and bring you something. You have been shutting yourself up too much; you have been making yourself ill. Oh, Paul! you must not reproach yourself. You must remember how much there is to do."

"Do not leave me, Dolly. I am going to speak to the rector. I am not ill—it was only a sudden recollection that came over me. I have not been so good a son as I ought to have been."

"Oh, Paul! he sees now—he sees that you never meant it," Dolly said. "Do you think *they* are like us, thinking only of the outside? And you have your mother to think of now."

"And so I will," he said, with a softening rush of tears to his eyes. "Come in with me, Dolly."

Dolly was used to comforting people who were in trouble. She did not take away her hand, but went in with him very quietly, like a child, leading the young man who was so deeply moved. Her own heart was in a great flutter and commotion, but she kept very still, and led him to her father's study and opened the door for him. "Here is Paul, papa," she said, as if Paul had been a boy again, coming with an exercise, or to be scolded for some folly he had done. But afterwards Dolly went back to her wreaths with her heart beating very wildly. She was ashamed and angry with herself that it should be so on such a day—the morning of the funeral. But then it is so in nature, let us chide as we will. One day ends in weeping, and the next thrusts its recollection away with sunshine. Already the new springs of life were beginning to burst forth from the very edges of the grave.

When Paul went away after this last bit of melancholy business (he had come to tell the rector what the hymn was which his mother wished to be sung) he did not see Dolly again. She was putting all her flowers ready with which to cover the darkness of the coffin—a tender expedient which has everywhere suggested itself to humanity. He went away through the early sunshine, walking with a subdued and measured tread, as a man enters a church not to disturb the worshippers. In Paul's own mind there was a feeling like that of convalescence—the sense of something painful behind yet hopeful before—the faintness and weakness, yet renewal of life, which comes after an illness. There was no anguish in his grief, nor had there been after the first agony of self-reproach which he had experienced, when he perceived the cruelty of his lingering and reluctance to obey his mother's call. But that was over. He had at least done his duty at the last, and now the feeling in Paul's mind was more that of respectful compassion for his father now withdrawn out of all the happiness of his life, than of any sorer, more personal sentiment. The loss of him was not a thing against which his son's whole soul cried out as darkening heaven and earth to himself. The loss of a child has this effect upon a parent, but that of a parent seldom

so affects a child; yet he was sorry, with almost a compunctious sense of the happiness of living, for his father who had lost that—who had been obliged to give up wife and children, and his happy domestic life, and his property and influence, and the beautiful world and the daylight. At this thought his heart bled for Sir William; yet for himself beat softly with a sense of unbounded opening and expansion and new possibility. As he walked softly home, his step instinctively so sobered and gentle, his demeanour so subdued, the thoughts that possessed him were such as he had never experienced before. They possessed him indeed; they were not voluntary, not originated by any will of his, but swept through him as on the wings of the wind, or gently floated into him, filling every nook and corner. He was no longer the same being; the moody, viewy, rebellious young man who was about to emigrate with Spears, to join a little rude community of colonists and work with his hands for his daily bread, and sacrifice all his better knowledge, all the culture of a higher social caste, to rough equality and primitive justice—had died with Sir William. All that seemed to be years behind him. Sometimes his late associates appeared to him as if in a dream, as the discomforts of a past journey or the perils that we have overcome, flash upon us in sudden pictures. He saw Spears and Fraser and the rest for a moment gleaming out of the darkness, as he might have seen a precipice in the Alps on the edge of which for a moment he had hung. It was not that he had given them up; it was that in a moment they had become impossible. He walked on, subdued, in his strange convalescence, with a kind of content and resignation and sense of submission. A man newly out of a fever submits sweetly to all the immediate restraints that suit his weakness. He does not insist upon exercises or indulgences of which he feels incapable, but recognises, with a grateful sense of trouble over, the duty of submitting. This was how Paul felt. He was not glad, but there was in his veins a curious elation, expansion, a rising tide of new life. He had to cross the village street on his way home, and there all the people he met took off their hats or made their curtseys with a reverential respect that arose half out of respect for his new dignities, and half out of sympathy for the son who had lost his father. Just when his mind was soft and tender with the sight of this universal homage, there came up to him a strange little figure, all in solemn black.

"You are going home," said this unknown being. "I will walk with you and talk it over; and let us try if we cannot arrive at an understanding——"

Paul put up his hand with sudden impatience. "I can't speak to you to-day," he said hastily.

"Not to-day? the day of our father's funeral; that ought to be the most suitable day of all—and indeed it must be," the little gentleman said.

"Mr. Gaveston," said Paul, "if that is your name——"

"No, it is not my name," said Mr. Gus.

"I suppose you lay claim to ours, then? You have no right. But Mr. Markham Gaveston, or whatever you call yourself, you ought to see that this is not the moment. I will not refuse to examine your claims at a more appropriate time," said Paul, with lofty distance.

A slight redness came over Gus's brown face. He laughed angrily. "Yes, you will have to consider my claims," he said. And then, after a little hesitation, he went away. This disturbed the current of Paul's languid, yet intense, consciousness. He felt a horror of the man who had thus, he thought, intruded the recollection of his father's early errors to cloud the perfect honour and regret with which he was to be carried to his grave. The interruption hurt and wounded him.

Of course the fellow would have to be silenced—bought off at almost any price—rather than communicate to the world this stigma upon the dead. By and by, however, as he went on, the harshness of this jarring note floated away in the intense calm and peace of the sweet atmosphere of the morning which surrounded him. The country was more hushed than usual, as if in sympathy with what was to happen to-day. The very birds stirred softly among the trees, giving place, it might have been supposed, to that plaintive coo of the wood-pigeon "moaning for its mate," which is the very voice of the woods. A soft awe seemed over all the earth—an awe that to the young man seemed to concern as much his own life which was, as the other which was ending. The same awe crept into his own heart as he went towards his home, that temple of grief and mourning from which all the sunshine was shut out. There seemed to rise up within him a sudden sense of the responsibilities of the future, a sudden warmth of resolution which brought the tears to his eyes.

"I will be good," said the little princess, when she heard of the great kingdom that was coming to her; and Paul, though he was not a child to use that simple phraseology, felt the same. The follies of the past were all departed like clouds. He was the head of the family—the universal guardian. It lay with him to see that all were cared for, all kept from evil; the fortune of many was in his hands; power had come to him—real power, not visionary uncertain influence such as he had once thought the highest of possibilities. "I will be good"—this thought swelled up within him, filling his heart.

It was past mid-day when the procession set out; the whole county had come from all its corners to do honour to Sir William, and the parish sent forth a humble audience, scattered along all the roads, half-sad, half-amused by the sight of all the carriages and the company. When they caught a glimpse of my lady in her deep crape, the women cried: but dried their tears to count the number of those who followed, and felt a vague gratification in the honour done to the family. All the men who were employed on the estate, and the farmers, and even many people from Farboro', the market-town, swelled the procession. Such a great funeral had never been seen in the district. Lady Westland and her daughter, and Mrs. Booth, and the other ladies in the parish, assembled under the rectory trees, and watched the wonderful procession, not without much remark on the fact that Dolly had gone to the grave with the family, a thing which no one else had been asked to do. It was not the ladies on the lawn, however, who remarked the strange occurrence which surprised the lookers-on below, and which was so soon made comprehensible by what followed. When the procession left the church-door, the stranger who was living at the Markham Arms appeared all of a sudden, in the old-fashioned scarves and hat-bands of the deepest conventional woe, and placed himself behind the coffin, in a line with, or indeed a little in advance of, Paul. There was a great flutter among the professional conductors of the ceremony when this was observed. One of the attendants rushed to him, and took him by the arm, and remonstrated with anxious whispers.

"You can follow behind, my good gentleman—you can follow behind," the undertaker said; "but this is the chief mourner's place."

"It is my place," said the intruder aloud, "and I mean to keep it."

"Oh, don't you now, sir—don't you now make a business," cried the distressed official. "Keep out of Sir Paul's way!"

The stranger shook the man off with a sardonic grin which almost sent him into a fit, so appalling was it, and contrary to all the decorum of the occasion. And what more could any one do? They kept him out of the

line of the procession, but they could not prevent him from keeping up with, keeping close by Paul's side. Indeed Mr. Gus got close to the side of the grave, and made the responses louder than any one else, as if he were indeed the chief actor in the scene. And his appearance in all those trappings of woe, which no one else wore, pointed him doubly out to public notice. Indeed the undertaker approved of him for that; it was showing a right feeling—even though it was not from himself that Mr. Gus had procured that livery of mourning. It was he that lingered the longest when the mourners dispersed. This incident was very much discussed and talked of in the parish and among the gentlemen who had attended the funeral, during the rest of the day. But the wonder which it excited was light and trivial indeed in comparison with the wonders that were soon to follow. All day long the roads were almost gay (if it had not been wrong to use such an expression in the circumstances) with the carriages returning from the funeral, and the people in the roadside cottages felt themselves at liberty to enjoy the sight of them now that all was over, and Sir William safely laid in his last bed.

"And here's Sir Paul's 'ealth," was a toast that was many times repeated in the Markham Arms, and in all the little alehouses where the thirsty mourners refreshed themselves during the day; "and if he's as good a landlord and as good a master as his father, there won't be much to say again' him."

There were many, however, who, remembering all that had been said about him, the "bad company" he kept, and his long absences from home, shook their heads when they uttered their good wishes, and had no confidence in Sir Paul.

CHAPTER XXX.

The house had fallen into quiet after the gloomy excitement of the morning. All the guests save two or three had gone away, the shutters were opened, the rooms full once more of soft daylight, bright and warm. The event, great and terrible as it was, was over, and ordinary life again begun.

But there was still one piece of business to do. Sir William's will had to be read before the usual routine of existence could be begun again. This grand winding up of the affairs that were at an end, and setting in motion of those which were about to begin, took place in the library late in the afternoon, when all the strangers had departed. The family lawyer, Colonel Fleetwood, who was Lady Markham's brother, and old Mr. Markham of Edge, the head of the hostile branch, which had hoped to inherit everything before Sir William married and showed them their mistake—were the only individuals present along with Lady Markham, Paul, and Alice. There was nothing exciting about the reading of this will; no fear of eccentric dispositions, or of any arrangement different from the just and natural one. Besides, the family knew what it was before it was read. It was merely a part of the sad ceremonial which had to be gone through like the rest. Lady Markham had placed herself as far from the table as possible, with her face turned to the door. She could not bear, yet, to look straight at her husband's vacant place. Her brother stood behind her, leaning thoughtfully against her chair, and Alice was on a low seat by her side. The deep mourning of both the ladies made the paleness which grief and watching had brought more noticeable. Alice had begun to regain a little delicate colour, but her mother was still wan and worn. And they were very weary with the excitement of the gloomy day, and anxious to get away and conclude all these agitating ceremonials. Lady Markham kept her eyes on the door. Her loss was too recent to seem natural. What so likely as that he should come in suddenly, and wonder to see them all collected there?

—so much more likely, so much more natural than to believe that for ever he was gone away.

And in the quiet the lawyer began to read—nothing to rouse them, nothing they did not know; his voice, monotonous and calm, seemed to be reading another kind of dull burial service, unbeautiful, without any consolation in it, but full of the heavy, level cadence of ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Paul stirred, almost impatiently, from time to time, and changed his position; it affected his nerves. And sometimes Colonel Fleetwood would give forth a sigh, which meant impatience too; but the others did not move. Lady Markham's beautiful profile, marble pale, shone like a white cameo upon the dark background of the curtains. She was scarcely conscious what they were doing, submitting to this last duty of all.

When the door opened, which it did somewhat hastily, it startled the whole party. Lady Markham sat up in her chair and uttered a low cry. Paul turned round angrily. He turned to find fault with the servant who was thus interrupting a solemn conference; but when he saw who the intruder really was, the young man lost all patience.

"This fellow again!" he said under his breath; and he made one stride towards the door, where stood, closing it carefully behind him, while he faced the company, Mr. Gus in his black suit. He was no coward; he faced the young man, whom he had already exasperated, without flinching—putting up his hand with a deprecating, but not undignified, gesture. Paul, who had meant nothing less than to eject him forcibly, came to a sudden stop, and stood hesitating, uncertain, before the self-possessed little figure. What could he do? He was in his house, where discourtesy was a crime.

"Keep your temper, Paul Markham," said the little gentleman; "I mean you no harm. You and I can't help damaging each other; but for heaven's sake, this day, and before *them*, let's settle it with as little disturbance as we can."

"What does this mean?" said Colonel Fleetwood: while the lawyer rested his papers on the table, and looked on, across them, without putting them out of his hand.

"I can't tell what it means," cried Paul. "This is the second time this man has burst into our company, at the most solemn moment, when my father was dying——"

"Mr. Gaveston," said Lady Markham, in her trembling voice, "I have told you that anything we can do for you, any amends we can make—— But oh, would it not be better to choose another time—to come when we are alone—when there need be no exposure?"

"My Lady Markham," said Gus, advancing to the table, "I don't know what you mean, but you are under a great mistake. It is no fault of yours, and I am sorry for Paul. I might have been disposed to accept a compromise before I saw the place; but anyhow, compromise or not, I must establish my rights."

"This is the most extraordinary interruption of a family in their own house," said Colonel Fleetwood. "What does it mean? Isabel, you seem to know him; who is this man?"

"That is just what she does not know," said Gus, calmly; "and what I've come to tell you. Nothing can be more easy; I have all the evidence here, which your lawyer can examine at once. I wrote to my father when I arrived, but he took no notice. I am Sir Augustus Markham: Sir William Markham's eldest son—and heir."

Lady Markham rose up appalled—her lips falling apart, her eyes opened wide in alarm, her hands clasped together. Paul, whose head had been bent down, started, and raised it suddenly, as if he had not heard rightly.

"Good God!" cried Colonel Fleetwood.

Mr. Scrivener, the lawyer, put down his papers carefully on the table, and rose from his seat.

"The man must be out of his senses," he said.

Mr. Gus looked round upon them all with excitement, in which there was a gleam of triumph. "I am not out of my senses. With such a wrong done to me I might have been; but I never knew of it till lately. And, mind you, I don't blame *them* as if they knew it. If you are the lawyer, I have brought you all the papers, honest and above-board. There they are, my mother's certificates and mine. Ask anybody in the island of Barbadoes," cried Mr. Gus; "bless you, it was not done in a corner; it was never made a secret of. From the Governor to the meanest black there isn't one but knows it all as well as I."

He had thrust a packet of papers into Mr. Scrivener's hand, and now stood with one arm extended, like a speaker addressing with energetic, yet conciliatory warmth, a hostile assembly. But no one paid any attention to Mr. Gus. The interest had gone from him to the lawyer who was opening up with care and precaution the different papers. Colonel Fleetwood stood behind Mr. Scrivener eagerly reading them over his shoulder, chafing at his coolness. "Get on, can't you?" he cried, under his breath. They were enough to appal the inexperienced eye. To this astonished spectator looking on, the lines of the marriage certificate seemed to blaze as if written in fire. It was as if a bolt from heaven had fallen among them. The chief sufferers themselves were stunned by the shock of a sudden horror which they did not realise. What did it mean? A kind of pale light came over Lady Markham's face: she began to remember the Lennys and their eccentric visit. She put out her hand as one who has begun to grasp a possible clue.

At this moment of intense and painful bewilderment, a sudden chuckle burst into the quiet. It was poor old Mr. Markham, whose hopes had been disappointed, who had never forgiven Sir William Markham's children for being born. "Gad! I always felt sure there was a previous marriage," he said, mumbling with old toothless jaws. Only the stillness of such a pause would have made this senile voice of malice audible. Even the old man himself was abashed to hear how audible it was.

"A previous marriage!" Colonel Fleetwood went hurriedly to his sister, and took her by the shoulders in fierce excitement, as if she could be to blame. "What does this mean, Isabel?" he cried; "did you know of it? did you consent to it? does it mean, my God! that you have never been this man's wife at all?"

She turned upon him with a flash of energy and passion. "How dare you speak of my husband so—my husband who was honour itself and truth?" Then the poor lady covered her face with her hands. Her heart sank, her strength forsook her. Who could tell what hidden things might be revealed by the light of this sudden horrible illumination. "I can't tell you. I do not know! I do not know!"

"This will never do," said Mr. Scrivener hurriedly. "This is prejudging the case altogether. No one can imagine that with no more proof than these papers (which may be genuine or not, I can't say on the spur of the moment) we are going to believe a wild assertion which strikes at the honour of a family——"

"Look here," said Mr. Gus; his mouth began to get dry with excitement, he could scarcely get out the words. "Look here, there's nothing about the honour of the family. There's nothing to torment *her* about. Do you hear, you, whoever you are! My mother, Gussy Gaveston, died five and thirty years ago, when I was born. Poor little thing," cried the man who was her son, with a confusion of pathos and satisfaction, "it was the best thing she could do. She wasn't one to live and put other people to shame, not she. She was a bit of a girl, with no harm in her. The man she married was a young fellow of no account, no older than him there, Paul,

my young brother; but all the same she would have been Lady Markham had she lived; and I am her son that cost her her life, the only one of the first family, Sir William's eldest. That's easily seen when you look at us both," he added with a short laugh; "there can't be much doubt, can there, which is the eldest, I or he?"

Here again there was a strange pause. Colonel Fleetwood, who was the spectator who had his wits about him, turned round upon old Mr. Markham, who ventured to chuckle again in echo of poor Gus's harsh little laugh, which meant no mirth. "What the devil do you find to laugh at?" he said, his lip curling over his white teeth with rage, to which he could give vent no other way. But he was relieved of his worst fear, and he could not help turning with a certain interest to the intruder. Gus was not a noble figure in his old-fashioned long-tailed black coat, with his formal air; but there was not the least appearance of imposture about him. The serene air of satisfaction and self-importance which returned to his face when the excitement of his little speech subsided, his evident conviction that he was in his right place, and confidence in his position, contradicted to the eyes of the man of the world all suggestion of fraud. He might be deceived: but he himself believed in the rights he was claiming, and he was not claiming them in any cruel way.

As for Paul, since his first angry explanation he had not said a word. The young man looked like a man in a dream. He was standing leaning against the mantelpiece, every tinge of colour gone out of his face, listening, but hardly seeming to understand what was said. He had watched his mother's movements, his uncle's passionate appeal to her, but he had not stirred. As a matter of fact the confusion in his mind was such that nothing was clear to him. He felt as if he had fallen, and was still falling, from some great height into infinite space. His feet tingled, his head was light. The sounds around him seemed blurred and uncertain, as well as the faces. While he stood thus bewildered, two arms suddenly surrounded his, embracing it, clinging to him. Paul pressed these clinging hands mechanically to his side, and felt a certain melting, a softness of consolation and support. But whether it was Dolly whispering comfort to him in sight of his father's grave, or Alice bidding him take courage in the midst of a new confusing imbroglio of pain and excitement, he could scarcely have told. Then, however, voices more distinct came to him, voices quite steady and calm, in their ordinary tones.

"After this interruption it will be better to go no further," the lawyer said. "I can only say that I will consult with my clients, and meet Mr.——, this gentleman's solicitor, on the subject of the extraordinary claim he makes."

"If it is me you mean, I have no solicitor," said Mr. Gus, "and I don't see the need of one. What have you got to say against my papers? They are straightforward enough."

The lawyer was moved to impatience.

"It is ridiculous," he said, "to think that a matter of this importance—the succession to a great property—can be settled in such a summary way. There is a great deal more necessary before we get that length. Lady Markham, I don't think we need detain you longer."

But no one moved. Lady Markham had sunk into her chair too feeble to stand. Her eyes were fixed upon her son and daughter standing together. They seemed to have floated away from her on the top of this wave of strange invasion. She thought there was anger on Paul's pale stern face, but her heart was too faint to go to them, to take the part she ought to take. Did they think she was to blame? How was she to blame? She almost thought so herself as she looked pathetically across the room at her

children, who seemed to have forsaken her. Mr. Scrivener made a great rustling and scraping, tying up his papers, putting them together—these strange documents along with the others; for Gus had made no effort to retain them. The lawyer felt with a sinking of his heart that the last doubt of the reality of this claim was removed when the claimant allowed him to keep the certificates which proved his case. In such a matter only men who are absolutely honest put faith in others. "He is not afraid of any appeal to the registers," Mr. Scrivener said to himself. He made as much noise as he could over the tying up of these papers; but nobody moved to go. At last he took out his watch and examined it.

"Can any one tell me about the trains to town?" he said.

This took away all excuse from old Mr. Markham, who very unwillingly put himself in motion.

"I must go too," he said. "Can I put you down at the station?"

And then these two persons stood together for a minute or more comparing their watches, of which one was a little slow and the other a little fast.

"I think perhaps it will suit me better," the lawyer said, "to wait for the night train."

Then the other reluctantly took his leave.

"I am glad that anyhow it can make no difference to you," he said, pressing Lady Markham's hand; "that would have been worse, much worse, than anything that can happen to Paul."

The insult made her shrink and wince, and this pleased the revengeful old man who had never forgiven her marriage. Then he went to Mr. Gus with a great show of friendliness.

"We're relations, too," he said, "and I hope will be friends. Can I set you down anywhere?"

Mr. Gus looked at him with great severity and did not put out his hand.

"I can't help hurting them, more or less," he said, "for I've got to look after my own rights; but if you think I'll make friends with any one that takes pleasure in hurting them—— I am much obliged to you," Mr. Gus added with much state, "but I am at home, and I don't want to be set down anywhere."

These words, which were quite audible, sent a thrill of amazement through the room. Colonel Fleetwood and Mr. Scrivener looked at each other. Notwithstanding the ruin and calamity which surrounded them, a gleam of amusement went over the lawyer's face. Gus was moving about restlessly, hovering round the brother and sister who had not changed their position, like a big blue-bottle, moving in circles. He was not at all unlike a blue-bottle in his black coat. Mr. Scrivener went up to him, arresting him in one of his flights.

"I should think—" said the lawyer, "don't you agree with me?—that the family would prefer to be left alone after such an exciting and distressing day?"

"Eh! the family? Yes, that is quite my opinion. You outsiders ought to go, and leave us to settle matters between us," said Gus.

He scarcely looked at the lawyer, so intent was he upon Paul and Alice, who were still standing together, supporting each other. The little man was undisguisedly anxious to listen to what Alice was saying in her brother's ear.

"I am their adviser," said Mr. Scrivener. "I cannot leave till I have done all I can for them; but you, Mr.—— "

"Sir Augustus, if you please," said the little gentleman, drawing himself up. "If you are their adviser, I, sir, am their brother. You seem to forget that. The family is not complete without me. Leave them to me, and there is no fear but everything will come straight."

Mr. Scrivener looked at this strange personage with a kind of consterna-

tion. He was half afraid of him, half amused by him. The genuineness of him filled the lawyer with dismay. He could not entertain a hope that a being so true was false in his pretensions. Besides, there were various things known perhaps only to Mr. Scrivener himself which gave these pretensions additional weight. He shook his head when Colonel Fleetwood, coming up to him on the other side, whispered to him an entreaty to "get the fellow to go." How was he to get the fellow to go? He had not only right, but kindness and the best of intentions on his side.

"My dear sir," he said, perplexed, "you must see, if you think, that your claim, even if true, cannot be accepted in a moment as you seem to expect. We must have time to investigate; any one may call himself Sir William Markham's son."

"But no one except myself can prove it," said Gus, promptly; "and, my dear sir, to use your own words, you had better leave my family to me, as I tell you. I know better than any one else how to manage them. Are they not my own flesh and blood?"

"That may or may not be," said the lawyer, at the end of his reasoning.

It was easy to say "get him to go away," but unless he ejected him by sheer force, he did not see how it was to be done. As for Mr. Gus, he himself saw that the time was come for some further step. First he buttoned his coat as preparing for action, and put down his hat, with its huge hat-band, upon the table. Then he hesitated for a moment between Lady Markham and the young people; finally he said to himself reflectively, almost sadly, "What claim have I upon her?" He moved a step towards Paul and Alice, and cleared his throat.

And it was now that Providence interposed to help the stranger. Just as he had made up his mind to address the young man whom he had superseded, there came a sound of footsteps at the door. It was opened a very little, timidly, and through the chink Bell's little soft voice (she was always the spokeswoman) was heard with a little sobbing catch in it, pleading—

"May we come in now, mamma?"

The children thought everybody was gone. They had been huddled up, out of the way, it seemed, for weeks. They were longing for their natural lives, for their mother, for some way out of the strangeness and desolation of this unnatural life they had been leading. They were all in the doorway, treading upon each other's heels in their eagerness, but subdued by the influences about which took the courage out of them. It seemed to Mr. Gus an interposition of Providence on his behalf. He went quickly to the door and opened to them, then returned, leading one of the little girls in each hand.

"I told you I was a relation," he said very gravely and kindly, with a certain dignity which now and then took away all that was ridiculous in him. "I am your brother, though you would not think it; your poor dear father who is gone was my father too. He was my father when he was not much older than Paul. I should like to be very fond of you all if you would let me. I would not hurt one of you for the world. Will you give me a kiss, because I am your brother, Bell and Marie?"

The children looked at him curiously with their big eyes, which they had made so much larger with crying. They looked pale and fragile in their black frocks, with their anxious little faces turned up to him.

"Our brother!" they both said in a breath, wondering; but they did not shrink from the kiss he gave, turning with a quivering of real emotion from one to another.

"Yes, my dears," he said, "and a good brother I'll be to you, so help me God!" the little gentleman's brown face got puckered and tremulous, as if he would cry. "I don't want to harm anybody," he said. "I'll

take care of the boys as if they were my own. I'll do anything for Paul that he'll let me, though I can't give up my rights to him; and I'll be fond of you all if you let me," cried Mr. Gus, dropping the hands of the children, and holding out his own to the colder, more difficult, audience round him. They all stood looking at him, with keen wonder, opposition, almost hatred. Was it possible they could feel otherwise to the stranger who thus had fallen among them, taking everything that they thought was theirs out of their hands?

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was late, quite late, when Mr. Gus was "got to go away." And it might have proved impossible altogether, but for some one who came for him and would not be denied. Mr. Scrivener was sitting alone with him in the library, from which all the others had gone, when this unknown summons arrived. The lawyer had done all he could to convince him that it was impossible he could remain; but Gus could not see the impossibility. He was hurt that they should wish him to go away, and still more hurt when the lawyer suggested that, in case of his claims being proved, Lady Markham would evacuate the house and leave it to him.

"What would she do that for?" Gus cried. "Did I come here to be left in a great desert all by myself? I won't let them go away."

Between these two determinations the lawyer did not know what to do. He was half-exasperated, half-amused, most reluctant to offend a personage who would have everything in his power as respected the little Markhams, and might make life so much happier, or more bitter, to all of them. He would not offend him for their sake, but neither could he let him take up his abode in the house and thus forestal all future settlement of the question. When the messenger came Mr. Scrivener was very grateful. It left him at liberty to speak with the others whose interests were much closer to his heart. To his surprise the person who came for Gus immediately addressed to him the most anxious questions about Lady Markham and Alice.

"I daren't ask to see them," this stranger said, who was half hidden in the obscurity of the night. "Will you tell them Edward Fairfax sends his—what do you call it?" said the young man—"duty, the poor people say: my most respectful duty. I stayed for to-day. I should have liked to help to carry him, but I did not feel I had any right." His eyes glimmered in the twilight as eyes shine only through tears. "I helped to nurse him," he said in explanation, "poor old gentleman."

At this moment Gus, helped very obsequiously by Brown, who had got scent of something extraordinary in the air, as servants do, was getting himself into his overcoat.

"Have you anything to do with *him?*" the lawyer replied.

"No further than being in the inn with him. And I thought from what he said they might have a difficulty in getting him away. So I came to fetch him; but not entirely for that either," Fairfax said.

"Then you never did them a better service," said the lawyer, "than to-night."

"I don't think there is any harm in him," Fairfax said.

The lawyer shook his head. There might be no harm in him; but what harm was coming because of him! He said nothing, and Gus came out, buttoned up to the throat.

"You'll not go, I hope, till it is all settled," he said.

"Settled—it may not be settled for years!" cried the lawyer, testily. And then he turned to the other, who might be a confederate for anything he knew, standing out in the darkness, "What name am I to tell Lady Markham—Fairfax? Keep him away

as long as you can," he whispered; "he will be the death of them." He thought afterwards that he was in some degree committing himself as allowing that Gus possessed the power of doing harm, which it would have been better policy altogether to deny.

Thus it was not till nightfall that the lawyer was able to communicate to his clients his real opinion. All the exhaustion and desire of repose which generally follows such a period of domestic distress had been made an end of by this extraordinary new event. Lady Markham was sitting in her favourite room, wrapped in a shawl, talking low with her brother and Alice, when Mr. Scrivener came in. He told them how it was that he had got free, and gave them the message Fairfax had sent. But it is to be feared that the devotion and delicacy of it suffered in transmission. It was his regards or his respects, and not his duty, which the lawyer gave. What could the word matter? But he reported the rest more or less faithfully. "He thought there would be a difficulty in getting rid of our little friend," Mr. Scrivener said, "and therefore he came. It was considerate."

"Yes, it was very considerate," Lady Markham said; but, unreasonably, the ladies were both disappointed and vexed, they could not tell why, that their friend should thus make himself appear the supporter of their enemy. Their hearts chilled to to him in spite of themselves. Paul had gone out; he was not able to bear any more of it; he could not rest. "Forgive my boy, Mr. Scrivener," his mother said; "he never was patient, and think of all he has lost."

"Mr. Paul," said the lawyer coldly, "might have endured the restraint for one evening, seeing I have waited on purpose to be of use to him."

The hearts of all three sank to their shoes when Mr. Scrivener, who was his adviser, his supporter, the chief prop he had to trust to—who had called the young man Sir Paul all the morning—thus changed his title. Lady Markham put out her hand and grasped his arm.

"You have given it up, then!" she said. "You have given it up! There is no more hope!"

And though he would not allow this, all that Mr. Scrivener had to say was the reverse of hopeful. He was aware of Sir William's residence in Barbadoes, which his wife had never heard of until the Lennys had betrayed it to her, and of many other little matters which sustained and gave consistence to the story of Gus. They sat together till late, going over everything, and before they separated it was tacitly concluded among them that all was over, that there was no more hope. The lawyer still spoke of inquiries, of sending a messenger to Barbadoes, and making various attempts to defend Paul's position. After all, it resolved itself into a question of Paul. Lady Markham could not be touched one way or another, and the fortunes of the children were secured. But Paul—how was Paul to bear this alteration in everything, this ruin of his life?

"It is all over now," Lady Markham said to her daughter, as after this long and terrible day they went up stairs together. "Whatever might have been, it is past hoping now. He will go with those people, and I shall never see my boy more."

What could Alice say? She cried, which seemed the only thing possible. There was no use in tears, but there is sometimes relief when no other outlet is possible. They wept together, thankful that at least there were two of them to mingle their tears. And Paul had not come in. He was wandering about the woods in the moonlight, not caring for anything, his head light and his feet heavy. He had fallen, fallen, he scarcely knew where or when. Instead of the subdued and sad happiness of the morning, a sense of wounding and bruising and miserable downfall was in him and

about him. He did not know where he was going, though he was acquainted with every glade and tangled alley of those familiar woods. Once (it was now September) he was seized by the gamekeepers, who thought him a poacher, and whose alarmed apologies and excuses when they discovered that it was Sir Paul, gave him a momentary sensation of self-disgust as if it were he who was the impostor. "I am not Sir Paul," was on his lips to say, but he did not seem to care enough for life to say it. One delusion more or less, what did it matter?

He walked and walked, till he was footsore with fatigue. He went past the Markham Arms in the dark, and saw his supplanter through the inn window talking—to whom?—to Fairfax. What had Fairfax to do with it? Was it a scheme invented by Fairfax to humble him? Then the unhappy young fellow strayed to his father's grave, all heaped up and covered with the flowers that shone pale in the moonlight, quite detached from the surrounding graves and upturned earth. He sat down there, all alone in the silence of the world, and noticed, in spite of himself, how the night air moved the leaves and grasses, and how the moonlight slowly climbed the great slope of the skies. When the church tower came for a little while between him and the light, he shivered. He dropped his head into his hands and thought he slept. The night grew tedious to him, the darkness unendurable. He went away to the woods again, with a vague sense that to be taken for a poacher, or even shot by chance round the bole of a tree, would be the best thing that could happen. Neither Sir Paul nor any one—not even a poacher: what was he? A semblance, a shadow, a vain show—not the same as he who had walked with his face to heaven in the morning, and everything expanding, opening out around him. In a moment they had all collapsed like a house of cards. He did not want to go home; home! it was not home—nor to see his mother, nor to talk to any one. The hoot of the owl, the incomprehensible stirring of the woods were more congenial to him than human voices. What could they talk about? Nothing but this on which there was nothing to say. Supplanted! Yes, he was supplanted, turned out of his natural place by a stranger. And what could he do? He could not fight for his inheritance, which would have been a kind of consolation—unless indeed it were a law-fight in the courts, where there would be swearing and counter-swearing, and all the dead father's life raked up, and perhaps shameful stories told of the old man who had to-day been laid in his grave with so much honour. This was the only way in which in these days a man could fight.

But it was only now and then, by intervals, that Paul's thoughts took any form so definite. He did not want to think. There was in him a vague and general sense of destruction—ruin, downfall, and humiliation which he could not endure. But, strangely enough, in all this he never thought of the plans which so short a while ago he had considered as shaping his life. He did not think that now he could go back to them, and, free from all encumbrances of duty, pursue the way he had chosen. The truth was, he did not think of them at all. In the morning Spears and his colleagues had come to his mind as something from which he had escaped, but at night he did not think of them at all. They were altogether wiped out of his mind and obliterated by the loss of that which he had never possessed.

When he went home all the lights in the great house seemed extinguished save one candle which flickered in the hall window, and the light in his mother's room, which shone out like a star into the summer darkness. It was Alice who came noiseless, before he could knock, and opened the great door.

"Mamma cannot sleep till she has

seen you," said the girl. "Oh, Paul, we must think of her now. I sent all the servants to bed. I have been watching for you at the window. I could not bear Brown and the rest to think there was anything wrong."

"But they must soon know that everything is wrong. It is not a thing that can be hid."

"Perhaps it may be hid, Paul. It may turn out it is all a delusion—or an imposture."

"Let us go to my mother's room," said Paul.

He said nothing as he went up the stairs, but when he got to the landing he turned round upon the pale girl beside him carrying the light, whose white face illuminated by her candle made a luminous point in the gloom. He turned round to her all at once in the blackness of the great vacant place.

"It is no imposture, it is true. Whether we can bear it or not, it is true!"

"God will help us to bear it, Paul; if you will not desert us—if you will stay by us——"

"Desert you—was there ever any question of deserting you?" he said. He looked at his sister with a half-complaining curiosity and surprise, and shrugged his shoulders, so foolish did it sound to him. Then he took the candle from her hand, almost rudely, and walked before her to their mother's room. "You women never understand," he said.

CHAPTER XXXII.

After this a sudden veil and silence fell upon Markham. Nothing could be more natural than that this should be the case. Paul went to town with his uncle Fleetwood and the family lawyer, and shortly after the boys went back to school, and perfect silence fell upon the mourning house. The woods began to be touched by that finger of autumn which is chill rather than fiery, notwithstanding Mr. Tennyson—a yellow flag hung out here and there to warn the summer world, still in full brightness, of what was coming; but no crack of gun was to be heard among the covers. The county persistently and devotedly came to call, but Lady Markham was not yet able to see visitors. She was visible at church and sometimes driving, but never otherwise, which was all quite natural too, seeing that she was a woman who had always been a tender wife. No whisper of any complication, of anything that made grief harder to bear had escaped from the house. Or so at least they thought who lived an anxious life there, not knowing what was to happen. But nevertheless by some strange magnetism in the air it was known from one end to another of the county that there was something mysterious going on. The servants had felt it in the air almost before the family themselves knew. When Brown helped "the little furrin gentleman" on with his coat on the evening of the funeral day do you think he did not know that this was his future master? The knowledge breathed even about the cottages and into the village, where generally the rustic public was obtuse enough in mastering any new fact. The young master who had been Sir Paul for one brief day sank into Mr. Paul again, nobody knowing how, and what was still more wonderful, nobody asking why. Among the higher classes there was more distinct curiosity, and many floating rumours. That there was a new claimant everybody was aware; and that there was to be a great trial unfolding all the secrets of the family for generations and showing a great many respectable personages to the world in an entirely new light, most people hoped. It was generally divined and understood that the odd little foreigner (as everybody thought him) who had made himself conspicuous at the funeral, and whom many people had met walking about the roads, was the new heir. But how he came by his claim few people

understood. Sir William was not the man to be the hero of any doubtful story, or to leave any uncertainty upon the succession to his property. This was just the one evil which no one, not even his political enemies, could think him capable of; therefore the imagination of his county neighbours threw itself further back upon his two brothers who had preceded him. Of these Sir Paul was known to have borne no spotless reputation in his youth, and even Sir Harry might have had antecedents that would not bear looking into. From one or other of these, the county concluded, and not through Sir William, this family misfortune must have come.

One morning during this interval, when Paul was absent and all the doings of the household at Markham were mysteriously hidden from the world, a visitor came up the avenue who was not of the usual kind. She seemed for some time very doubtful whether to go to the great door, or to seek an entrance in a more humble way. She was a tall and slim young woman, dressed in a black alpaca gown, with a black hat and feather, and a shawl over her arm, a nondescript sort of person, not altogether a lady, yet whom Charles, the footman, contemplated more or less respectfully, not feeling equal to the impertinence of bidding her go round to the servants' door; for how could any one tell, he said? there were governesses and that sort that stood a deal more on their dignity than the ladies themselves. Mrs. Fry, who happened to see her from a window in the wing where she was superintending the great autumn cleaning in the nursery, concluded that it was some one come about the ladysmaid's place, for Alice's maid was going to be married. "But if you get it," said Mrs. Fry mentally, "I can tell you it's not long you'll go trolloping about with that long feather, nor wear a bit of a hat stuck on the top of your head." While, however, Mrs. Fry was forming this rapid estimate of her, Charles looked at the young person with hesitating respect, and behaved with polite condescension, coming forward as she approached. When she asked if she could see Lady Markham, Charles shook his head. "My lady don't see nobody," he replied with an ease of language which was the first symptom he showed of feeling himself on an equality with the visitor. It was the tone of her voice which had produced this effect. Charles knew that this was not how a lady spoke.

"But she'll see me, if she knows who I am," said the girl. "I know she'll see me if you'll be so kind as to take up my name. Say Miss Janet Spears—as she saw in Oxford—"

"If you've come about the ladysmaid's place," said Charles, "there's our housekeeper, Mrs. Fry, she'll see you."

"I haven't come about no ladysmaid's place. You had better take up my name, or it will be the worse for you after," cried the girl angrily. She gave him such a look that Charles shook in his shoes. He begged her pardon humbly, and went off to seek Brown, leaving her standing at the door.

Then Brown came and inspected her from the further side of the hall. "I don't know why you should bother me, or me go and bother my lady," said Brown, not satisfied with the inspection; "take her to Missis Fry."

"But she won't go. It's my lady she wants, and just you look at her, what she wants she'll have, that's sure; she says it'll be the worse for us after."

"What name did you say?" asked Brown. "I'll tell Mrs. Martin, and she can do as she thinks proper." Mrs. Martin was Lady Markham's own maid. Thus it was through a great many hands that the name of Janet Spears reached Lady Markham's seclusion. Charles was very triumphant when the message reached him that the young person was to go upstairs. "I told you," he said to Mr. Brown. But Brown on his part was satisfied to know that it was only "a

young person" not a lady, whom his mistress admitted. His usual discrimination had not deserted him. As for Janet, the great staircase overawed her more than even the exterior of the house; the size and the grandeur took away her breath; and though she felt no respect for Charles, the air as of a dignified clergyman with which Mr. Brown stepped out before her, to guide her to Lady Markham's room, not deigning to say anything, impressed her more than words could tell. No clergyman she had ever encountered had been half so imposing; though Janet from a general desire to better herself in the world, and determination not to lower herself to the level of her father's companions, had always been a good churchwoman and eschewed Dissenters. But Mr. Brown, it may well be believed, in the gloss of his black clothes and the perfection of his linen, was not to be compared with a hardworking parish priest exposed to all weathers. By the time she had reached Lady Markham's door her breath was coming quick with fright and excitement. Lady Markham herself had made no such strong impression. Her dress had not been what Janet thought suitable for a great lady. She had felt a natural scorn for a woman who, having silks and satins at her command, could come out in simple stuff no better than her own. Mrs. Martin, however, had a black silk which "could have stood alone," and everything combined to dazzle the rash visitor. Now that she had got so far her knees began to tremble beneath her. Lady Markham was standing awaiting her, in deep mourning, looking a very different person from the beautiful woman whom Janet had seen standing in the sunshine in her father's shop. She made a step forward to receive her visitor, a movement of anxiety and eagerness; then waited till the door was shut upon her attendant. "You have come—from your father?" she said.

"No, my lady." Now that it had come to the point Janet felt an unusual shyness come over her. She cast down her eyes and twisted her fingers round the handle of the umbrella she carried. "My father was away: I had a day to spare: and I thought I'd come and ask you——"

"Do not be afraid. Tell me what it is you want; is it—" Lady Markham hesitated more than Janet did. Was it something about Paul? What could it be but about Paul? but she would not say anything to open that subject again.

"It is about Mr. Paul, my lady. There isn't any reason for me to hesitate. It was you that first put it into my head——"

Now it was Lady Markham's turn to droop. "I am very sorry," she said involuntarily. "I was—misled——"

"Oh, I don't know as there's anything to be sorry about. Mr. Paul—I suppose he is Sir Paul, now?"

As Janet's gaze, no longer shy, dwelt pointedly on her dress by way of justifying the question, Lady Markham shrank back a little. "It is not—quite settled," she said faintly; "there are some—unexpected difficulties."

"Oh!" Janet's eyes grew round as her exclamation, an expression of surprise and profound disappointment went over her face. "Will he not be a baronet then, after all?" she said.

"These are family matters which I have not entered into with any one," said Lady Markham, recovering herself. "I cannot discuss them now—unless——" here her voice faltered, "you have any right——"

"I should think a girl just had a right where all her prospects are concerned," said Janet. "It was that brought me here. I wanted you to know, my lady, that I've advised Mr. Paul against it—against the emigration plan. If he goes it won't be to please me. I don't want him to go. I don't want to go myself—and that's what I've come here for. If so be," said Janet, speaking deliberately, "as anything is to come of it between him

and me, I should be a deal happier and a deal better pleased to stay on at home; and I thought if you knew that you'd give up opposing. I've said it to him as plain as words can say. And if he will go, it will be your blame and not mine. It will be because he thinks you've set your face so against it, that *that's* the only way."

Lady Markham trembled so much that she could not stand. She sank down upon a chair. "Pardon me," she said, involuntarily, "I have not been well."

"Oh don't mention it, my lady," said Janet, taking a chair too. "I was just a going to ask you if you wouldn't sit down and make yourself comfortable." She had got over her shyness; but that which liberated her threw Lady Markham into painful agitation. It seemed to her that she had the fate of her son thrown back into her hands. If she withdrew all opposition to this marriage, would he indeed give up his wild ideas and stay at home? If she opposed it, would he persevere? and how could she oppose anything he had set his heart upon after all he had to renounce on his side, poor boy? She did not know how to reply or how to face such a dilemma. To help to make this woman Paul's wife—or to lose Paul altogether—what a choice it was to make! Her voice was choked by the fluttering of her heart.

"My son," she said, faintly, "has never spoken to me on the subject."

"It is not likely," said Janet, "when he knows he would meet with nothing but opposition. For my part I'm willing, very willing, to stay at home. I never went in with the emigration plan. Father is a good man, and very steady, and has been a good father to us; but whenever it comes to planning, there's no telling the nonsense he's got in his head."

"Does your father know that you have come to see me?" Lady Markham said. With Spears himself she had some standing-ground. She knew how to talk to the demagogue, understood him, and he her; but the young woman she did not understand. Paul's mother, notwithstanding all her experience, was half afraid of this creature, so straightforward, so free of prejudice, so—sensible. Yes, it was sense, no doubt. Janet did not want to go away. She had no faith in her father, nor in the man who was going, she hoped, to be her husband. Lady Markham, herself capable of enthusiasm and devotion, and who could so well, in her maturity, have understood the folly of a girl ready to follow to the end of the world for love, was almost afraid of Janet. She was cowed by her steady look, the bargain she evidently wished to make. She took refuge, as it were, in Spears, mentally appealing to him in her heart.

"No," said Janet, "no one knows. He is away from home on one of his speechifyings. Don't think I hold with that, my lady. England's good enough for me, and things as they are; and if so be as you will make up your mind not to go against us, Mr. Paul shall never go to foreign parts through me. But he is Sir Paul, ain't he?" the young woman said.

"I will do nothing—to make my son unhappy," said Lady Markham. How could she help but sigh to think that this was the woman that could make him happy? "He is not at home," she added with a tone of relief.

"But he is Sir Paul? What is the good of deceiving me, when I can hear from any one—the gentleman down stairs, or any one."

"Is there a gentleman down stairs?" Lady Markham thought some one must have come bringing news, perhaps, while she was shut up here.

Janet blushed crimson. Now she had indeed made a mistake. She avoided all reply which might have led to the discovery that Brown was the gentleman she meant; but this glaring error made her humbler.

"You are very kind, my lady, to speak so reasonable," she said. "And if you like to tell Mr. Paul that I'm as set against emigration as you are—

I am not one that will be put upon," said Janet; "but if we're both to be the same, you and me, both Lady Markhams," here she paused a moment to draw a long breath, half overcome by the thought which in this scene became so dazzlingly real and possible, "I think it would be a real good thing if we could be friends."

This thought, which fluttered Janet made Lady Markham faint. The blood seemed to ebb away from her heart as she heard these words. She could not make any reply. It was true enough what the girl said, and if she should ever be Paul's wife, no doubt his mother would be bound to be her friend. But she could not speak in reply. There was a pause. And Janet looked round the richly-furnished, luxurious room, which was not indeed by any means so fine as she would have thought natural, with much curiosity and interest. The sight of all its comforts revealed to her the very necessities they were intended to supply, and which had no existence in her primitive state. Janet was not unreasonable. She was content with the acquiescence she had elicited. Lady Markham had not resisted her nor denounced her, as it was quite on the cards that she might have done. "You have a very grand house, and a beautiful place here, my lady," she said. Lady Markham, more than ever subdued, made a faint sound of assent in reply. "I should like to see over it," Janet said.

"Miss—Spears!"

"Oh, I don't mind, if you would rather not! Some people don't like them that is to come after them. I have said all I came to say, my lady. So perhaps I had better just say good-bye."

And Janet rose and put forth a moist hand in a black glove. She had got these black gloves and the hat out of compliment to the family. Never had a friendly and hospitable woman been in a greater difficulty. "I am not seeing any one," Lady Markham faltered; "but—should you not like some refreshment before you go?"

Janet paused. She would have liked to have eaten in such a house. What they eat there must be different from the common fare with which she was acquainted, and a man in livery to wait behind her chair was an idea which thrilled her soul; but when Lady Markham rang the bell, and ordered Mrs. Martin to have a tray brought up stairs, she started in high offence. "No, my lady; if I'm not good enough to take my meals with you, I'll have nothing in this house," she cried, and flounced indignant out of the room. This was the summary end of the first visit paid to Markham by Janet Spears.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DECLINE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY SYSTEM.

Among the questions most canvassed by those who are connected with university education in its various forms in this country, that of the relative merits of the English and German systems holds a prominent position. On few questions are bolder assertions made than on this, and that by those who have either no acquaintance at all, or at most a merely superficial one, with the working of the Continental system in its own home. The experience gained by a prolonged residence as a student at one of the most celebrated of the smaller German universities—as yet little frequented by Englishmen or Americans, and exhibiting the old system in its purest form—combined with that intercourse with the teachers which the standing afforded by a regular position in an English university renders possible, emboldens the writer to think that some of the impressions collected during such period of residence may prove not uninstructive to the general reader.

It will doubtless astonish many of those who look with dismay on the present state of transition at Oxford and Cambridge to be told that the German universities are passing through a similar period of change. Yet this is certainly true. Just at present, by virtue of recent legislation, they are being brought much more under the complete control of the central government than has hitherto been the case. The general impression in England seems to be that their position has always been that of immediate subordination to the state. This is simply not true, except in so far as they have been so regulated from without as to constitute a mere basis for one stage of the system of graduated education which is carried to perfection throughout Germany. Within many of the smaller universities, until last year, there existed a kind of academic jurisdiction not altogether dissimilar to that of the University of Oxford. A sort of proctorial power was exercised by the bedells, and as a rule students were amenable only to the university courts for offences committed within the town. University prisons existed, and in some cases a tribunal similar to that known as the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford regulated the question of debts incurred by students. Moreover a few universities still hold their own lands.

By an ordinance which came into force in October last, these privileges were in most cases withdrawn, and the academical statutes revised by government authority. The change may or may not be considered a disadvantage by political theorists, but of one thing there is no doubt—its effect on the students. In Germany, where the facilities of migration from one university to another are very great, a slight cause for dissatisfaction in the regulation of a particular one will produce a startling diminution in its numbers. This has certainly come about in some universities affected by the change of last year, and in one instance the result was the immediate diminution by one-fifth of the total number of students. This was no doubt partly owing to other causes—some hereafter to be mentioned—but certainly many migrations took place to places still possessed of privileges. Singularly enough, Berlin still falls under the latter head. The university jurisdiction has there been retained, probably more as facilitating police regulation than for any other reason. Foreigners, for example, on matriculating there, are required to surrender their passports, in return for which

they obtain the matriculation card: this must always be carried on the person like the passport, for which it must be again exchanged on ex-matriculation.

The centralizing tendencies of the empire, coupled with the consolidations which preceded and have ensued on its establishment, have naturally commended themselves to the present generation, which is reaping the advantages of the old spirit persisting under the new law. The rivalry of petty states, though disastrous enough in its consequences in some directions, yet made amends to some extent for the early extinction of that independent spirit of corporation to which we owe so much in England. The sense of a loss in this respect is shown by the attempts at present in progress to re-establish in the German towns the trade-guilds of the middle ages. The government is everywhere employing artificial means to breathe life into the dry bones which still remain to testify to the former glories of the corporations. The attempt must fail, because it is made from without, and is not a development from within. It is an anachronism, but it is the result of a correct appreciation of the advantages which have been lost, and of the means by which those advantages were gained. What will be the result when centralization has swept away the last traces of the old system is a question which other nations besides Germany may take to heart.

Even as the petty states of Greece, through that same pettiness, produced politicians and heroes numberless, and even as the ancient genius died away under a more regular, but a more levelling rule; so, in the last agonies of the central government, when the dislocation of the Holy Roman Empire was complete, did the little German principalities bring forth their galaxy of literary glory; and even so is the spirit which produced this glory dying away under the enervating influence of imperial bureaucracy. Among the more thoughtful of those who once rejoiced in the perfect order of the new state, there are not wanting some who are beginning to perceive that they cannot serve two masters; they cannot bring back the times when every *Landesuniversität* was the pride and the special care of the few little states which supplied its students, and when professors still clung to their own university, happy to confer upon it the glory of their name, even at the expense of their own interests. Such a system is plainly incompatible with that which has Berlin for its corner-stone, and which apparently makes the collection there of literary ability from all parts of the empire its main end and aim. Already, says a recent German writer, the sciences have discovered that they must betake themselves to new homes, other than their state-appointed seats, if they would enjoy that liberty which is their very life. Nor have they been slow in making the change.

Another result of centralization, closely connected with that last mentioned, is the destruction of the old idealism which in the past made German student-life so lively and energetic a thing.

> O alte Burschenherrlichkeit, wohin bist du verschwunden?

are the first words of a song which resounds throughout Germany, in the last week of each *semester*, at the solemn *Commers* and leave-takings of the *Burschenschaften*. It is impossible to hear the song in such an assembly, sung, as it still is, with great energy and vigour, and then to look round on the surroundings, without feeling that much of the old enthusiasm has vanished for ever. It was no doubt to a great extent rebellious and foolish in its tendencies, but it preserved, or at least managed for a time to take the place of the feeling of attachment to a particular university, which is now so utterly lacking in the ever changing ranks of the students.

The nature and basis of the system of *Corps* and *Burschenschaften,* as they exist at the present day, is so little known in this country, where they are generally classed together as societies for the propagation of duelling, that some slight account of them may not be out of place here. Whoever will take the trouble to turn over the pages of the *Calendar for German Universities,* which is published at the beginning of every *semester,* will find, before the names of the professors, who represent what is comparatively an ephemeral and transitory branch of the university, the names of several Corps—usually denoting the part of the country from which their members are supposed to be drawn—then those of one or two *Burschenschaften*—national names like Germania, Teutonia or Arminia—and lastly a list of academic societies of more or less importance. Students who belong to none of these are known as "camels" or "savages."

Of all these the *Corps* are far the oldest in origin, dating from the sixteenth century. Originally known as "orders" and afterwards as *Landsmannschaften,* they bear witness by their names to the former local and representative character of each university. They are and always have been aristocratic in character, and devoted to duelling, which is carried on among them with more ferocity and less precaution than among the *Burschenschaften,* which are usually classed with them. The confusion of these societies in the minds of our countrymen has been materially aided by the careless observations of casual visitors to the German universities. Yet a very small amount of investigation, of intercourse with the present, or still better, with the past members, would suffice to convince the most superficial observer that a really deep historic interest attaches to some of these associations—an interest relating to a period of Continental history remarkable for its political lessons, but far too recent to be yet appreciated.

The German *Burschenschaft,* one and undivided, had its origin in the excited feelings of the men who, hot from the field of battle, streamed back to the universities after the termination of the wars of liberation, with the enthusiasm roused by those wars still fresh in their breasts. They had, they thought, accomplished a great task; they hoped to inaugurate a still greater—the freeing of all Europe from the despotisms which they considered to have been re-established at the Congress of Vienna. More than suspected by their rulers of holding the most anarchical opinions, regarded indeed much in the same light as the social democrats of the present day, the members of the *Burschenschaft* cherished the idea of making the universities nurseries of political and intellectual liberty. The means they adopted were questionable. The great demonstration at the *Wartburgsfest* of 1817 produced no very favourable results, and three years later the murder of Kotzebue by Sand—the mere act of an isolated fanatic—seemed conclusively to prove the pernicious character of the principles of the society. From that time forward a struggle against government began, which lasted for some forty years. The result soon showed itself in the separation of the one *Burschenschaft* into two main divisions, the more moderate "Arminia" and the fiercely revolutionary "Germania." The members of the latter quickly put themselves in communication with the kindred spirits in France, and with their assistance the *Burschenschaften* played a conspicuous part in all the commotions in Germany from 1820 to 1848. The suppressive measures taken by the governments were most stringent. The societies were suppressed at all Prussian universities, but as a natural consequence increased in numbers at those belonging to smaller states. After the wretched attempts at revolution in 1830, thirty-nine students were condemned to death by Prussian tribunals. Yet persecution merely

seemed to increase the vigour of the association, and in the revolution of 1848 a principal part was taken by the *Burschenschaften*. In Vienna in particular, headed by their tipsy teachers, they held sway for weeks, and here and there gray-headed professors may still be found who made their reputation as orators in the Frankfort Parliament. Even so late as 1858, as the writer was assured by an old Arminian, it was usual for members of that society on crossing the frontier of the tiny duchy in which their university was situated, to draw a black silk covering over their uniform cap of black, red, and gold, the only means of avoiding immediate arrest. Nay, even last autumn a branch of the same *Burschenschaft*, which had allowed its members to frequent political meetings, was officially suppressed by the Austro-Hungarian government.

With the cessation of these stringent measures the political meaning of the *Burschenschaften* in Germany has died out. It survives in their songs, mostly composed many years ago; and undoubtedly, in case of new commotions such as those which arose at the beginning of this century, it might still be revived; but the possibility of this is growing less every year. One main advantage of its continuance was the attention it secured for those necessary bodily exercises which are at present so neglected in Germany. To many it will no doubt seem absurd to be told that the duelling-system arose out of the desire to furnish gymnastic exercise in a profitable form, and indeed we know that the practice in its more deadly shape is at least many scores of years old. Yet it is certain that the *Burschenschaften* adopted it—in the words of one of their original statutes—as a means of training the body for the service of the Fatherland. No doubt it also commended itself as a means of defence against the bitterly hostile *corps*, who were so to speak under the particular protection of government, on account of their aristocratic composition and proclivities. In accordance with this origin of schläger-fighting—originally, it may be remarked, rapier-play—is the fact that until within the last twenty years no member of the *Burschenschaften* was really expected or compelled to fight, except under provocation, and that the mere match-duelling common among the corps is little favoured by the rival societies, which in all such cases at least provide efficient protection against deadly wounds. Another statute of the Arminia contains stringent rules against immoral conduct on the part of its members. The hard drinking so often spoken of did and does no doubt go on, but it is rarely, if ever, compulsory.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration there is no doubt that in many respects the loss of influence of the *Burschenschaften* is to be regretted. That the constant sacrifices of time required by them from their members are prejudicial to hard work is probably truer of their present constitution than of their former state, when the living energy within them needed no continual outward demonstrations to preserve its vigour. Certainly among the men of scientific and literary fame whom Germany can boast, many have been members of *Burschenschaften*, or even of *corps*, which are universally regarded as still more destructive to industry. To take what presents itself at once as a rough-and-ready means of estimation; about one-fifth of the students at smaller universities belong to *corps* and *Burschenschaften* together—at Göttingen a much larger fraction—and about the same proportion of those who attend the more frequented lectures, with exception of theological ones, consists of members of those societies. Still it is pretty evident that the whole system is rapidly dying out; *corps* and *Burschenschaften* alike are dwindling, and in Berlin especially there exists merely a wreck of the old glories—the once celebrated corps of the "Markers" for example is completely extinct. In place

of the old societies, it is true, have arisen a variety of unions. Singing societies, theological, philological, and historical unions, all more or less lay claim to a share in the preservation of a kind of *esprit de corps*, but these are but feeble growths, and certainly in one respect, that of athletic training, can make no pretension to competition with their predecessors. The wrestling unions, the original aim of which is supposed to be gymnastic exercises, produce no very striking results. On the other hand the peculiar character of schläger-fighting, entirely different from the small-sword play with which we in this country are best acquainted, demands as a *sine quâ non* a considerable amount of physical strength. Hence the stalwart figure and manly appearance of the *corps*-students as compared with their fellows, which all visitors to German universities have noticed.

Much of the decay of this antiquated system is due to the substitution of a new form of excitement by German militarism. As a rule, one entire year of the student's period of residence at the university is claimed by the so-called "volunteer" arrangement. During this year, which may be gone through at any time between the ages of twenty and twenty-four, and which is reckoned in the university course, the student lives at his own expense, in his own lodgings—in which he is nevertheless subject to the same rules as to hours and the like as if actually in barracks—pays for his own uniform, and as a rule is completely unable to attend lectures or to accomplish any serious amount of work—the hours of service occupying the very parts of the day which can be best devoted to those ends. Thus the university course is at least reduced from four years to three, while in some cases a man may be called up at the beginning of the year, kept on service for some days, dismissed for a year as incapable, subjected again at the end of that period to the same trial with the same result, and finally, as in a case which came within the writer's knowledge, accepted as manageable material on the third occasion. The ruinous results of this to regular study are apparent. Yet so advantageous is it found to reckon the time of service in the university course, that the astonishing diminution of numbers last year at Heidelberg is said to have been due mainly to the fact that no regiment was stationed there, and that therefore the students could not easily serve during their years of study. In no other German university has this particular been neglected by the government. It may be mentioned by the way that another possible cause of the decay of Heidelberg is the introduction of an extravagant credit system not dissimilar to that of our English university towns. In point of fact, a general exodus has taken place of those who either felt themselves or were considered by their parents unable to live in a style suitable to the Anglo-American society of the place. The tales told by some of these unfortunates would excite the surprise and horror of those enthusiasts among us who believe in the ideal German student of thirty years ago as an existing institution.

Yet in some places he certainly does exist. The wonder is that, considering the disadvantages mentioned, and those still to be noticed, such good men are ever sent forth in these days by the German universities. Cut short in their time of study by the system of army-service, with all *esprit de corps* crushed out by the paternal government of the Empire, with the least possible encouragement from, or intercourse with, their teachers, they yet display in their studies an amount of steady perseverance which we can scarcely ever hope to rival in this country. The food on which many live is certainly not of a character to supply much stamina for hard workers; the students' ordinaries at many small universities—even at Berlin—provide dinners at $7\frac{1}{4}d.$, and, though cheap in itself, the food is necessarily

of inferior quality. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the fact of the power of close application remains.

The intercourse of students and professors is, as we have already hinted, of the slightest description. The mystery seems to be how any advantage is gained by the hearers from the ordinary professorial lectures. Indeed it may be safely stated that without very large private reading, on which they form a kind of running commentary, the lectures would utterly fail. The students are expected to be in the class-room punctually at the hour of lecture—which in summer is occasionally as early as 6 A.M.—but work is not supposed to begin till a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes later. At the expiration of that time the lecturer hurries into the room, walks straight to the reading-desk, spreads out his papers, and begins—"*Meine Herren.*" Impressive the lectures certainly are, as far as gesticulation and elevation of the voice can make them so; but, especially in the case of young professors, the whole proceeding conveys an impression of perfunctoriness which is probably not ill-based. An exception must be made, in favour of the *privatissima*, or lectures without ceremony, which are extremely few in number; and also of the so-called "seminaries," which are much less attended than they deserve to be, and in which an attempt is made to do the kind of work performed by college tutors in English universities. Personal intercourse there is, and can be, virtually none. Professors who would entertain are usually too poor—indeed their social qualities are often, from causes to be now mentioned, the reason of their poverty; while those who are rich enough are generally too much wrapped up in their pursuits to go outside their own circle and take their not very polished pupils by the hand. The writer had the rare good fortune to attend—as sole hearer, be it observed—the lectures of a professor who showed real enthusiasm for his particular subject. He was one of the oldest of the teaching staff, and thoroughly attached to the university, in which he had spent some half-century or more. He went so far as to increase his lecture-hours from four to seven a week, and even worked during a part of the Christmas vacation; but such an instance never, to the writer's knowledge, occurred elsewhere in the university, and other professors seemed horrified to hear of such irregularities. It may be mentioned for the benefit of those who believe that the well-paid Berlin professorate is fairly representative of the status of teachers everywhere, that this man, whose reputation in one somewhat minute branch of study is European, was living, with his family, on something under 120*l.* a year. His whole career had been a failure, because his one great book had been made up of a mass of erudition brought forward to support a false theory; and, disheartened by this, he had committed the most heinous crime which can be charged on a German professor—he had written no more. "*Hat nichts geschrieben,*" is the remark which more surely than any other proclaims a man's inferiority, be his intellectual powers and his capacity for teaching never so great.

And herein may be said to lie one great cause of the perfunctoriness of tuition just spoken of. Since the consolidation of the empire the tendency to draw the best men from the smaller universities to Berlin has been ever growing stronger. To obtain the glory and the high pay of a professorship at the latter place, or, failing this, at Bonn or Leipzig, is the aim of every young professor and *privat-docent* throughout Germany, and the means to this end all know to be literary activity. Hence posts in provincial universities have come to be regarded as a mere institution for furnishing subsidies during the period which must elapse before the translation to a higher sphere—burdened, it is true,

with certain lecturing duties, which are to be got over as soon as possible, or at least absolutely postponed to the imperative duty of writing. It used to be asserted in this country that the success of a continental professor was estimated by the number of his pupils. This, at the present day, is simply not the case. It is estimated by the quantity and quality of his literary productions. Hence a young teacher who has just taken his degree will start at once writing as many as two or three short works in the course of a *semester*—often of a kind which in England would be classed as magazine articles, frequently mere criticisms of the writings of others. The amount of theory, more or less supported by facts, which is thus produced, is almost incredible; and when we consider the immense encouragement afforded to unripe speculation by the requirement of a dissertation containing an original theory, for every doctor's diploma conferred in Germany it is yet difficult to understand how such wild ideas as that lately put forward by Treitschke in Berlin can arise. In no country of Europe, probably, save Germany, could a public teacher be found to maintain, in the face of masses of historical evidence to the contrary, that non-performance of the duties of citizenship could be justly charged against the Jewish populations scattered over Europe. In no other country would such a piece of pandering to a popular prejudice of the day have been thought worthy of the elaborate reply vouchsafed to it. The mere fact that eighty German professors are of Jewish birth might have deterred the assailant from such an attack. "When we first had a Parliament," said a well-known German physician to the writer, "about half the members we elected were professors. They talked excellently, and we all thought they were the proper men to represent us; but an attention to facts was required which the *Herren Professoren* thought beneath them, and there are not so many professors in Parliament now."

Write, then, the professors must, or they cannot live. Hence arises their abstinence from ordinary social enjoyments, save at Berlin, and in isolated cases at the smaller universities. Popularity in society may indeed almost be said to be a ruinous quality; for a man who is detained by it in a subordinate post at a provincial university is really often unable to live on his stipend. An instance within the scope of the writer's knowledge is that of a professor of fine art and archæology, curator of a university museum, a man who has lectured ably for some score of years, and is at the present moment in receipt of about 45*l.* a year from all academic sources. He is not even a member of the university senate, younger men having been from time to time raised over his head into the ranks of the ordinary professors, who are alone entitled to a seat in the governing body—and all because *er hat nichts geschrieben.* He can hope for no advancement and no recognition of his services until he complies with that grinding decree. Let us take another case—that of a professor well known in this country, and a prolific author, who assured the writer that he intended to marry on the salary he was then receiving—about 130*l.* a year; this, however, he should increase by writing. "And what," it was asked, "will the whole amount to?" "Possibly 160*l.*," was the reply. Yet for this miserable sum, insufficient even in the cheapest university town of Germany, he was then working in a way which must permanently injure his health. But even his position was more honourable than that of many of his colleagues, who are forced by absolute need into those marriages for money which are so common in Germany. The learned man occupies in the eyes of the ladies of Germany a position equal, if not superior, to that of the all-fascinating officer, and examples of marriages such as those

just alluded to, instructive perhaps, but scarcely edifying, are only too frequent. How the *privat-docenten*, or private teachers authorised by the university, manage to live is a mystery. Many of them of course have private resources, and the answer to the question, why such and such a person is not a professor, frequently is, "He is not rich enough!"

At Berlin or at Leipzig, on the other hand, the professor finds himself comfortably salaried, and at liberty to pay more attention to his lectures. Hence students and teachers alike are drawn more and more to the central universities—the former because they can there hear better lectures, the latter because they there obtain better pay and more opportunities of delivering those lectures, increasing their own incomes yet more by this means. Into the sphere of this attraction the younger professors are being rapidly drawn, and a superficial style of work is consequently produced which is merely intended for momentary success. This cannot fail to strike any one who will take the trouble to compare the standard German works of the present day on any well-worn classical or historical subject with those written some forty years ago. Some half-dozen instances might be quoted in which the new works represent mere *rechauffés* of the older ones, interlarded with matter of the most irrelevant kind.

Yet there are some men—in some cases men of great reputation—who cling to their own universities. Many of them, born in the territory to which the university did or does belong, have enjoyed there a kind of scholarship in virtue of this accident of birth, and are firmly attached to the place in which they have grown up. It will astonish many to know that something as nearly akin to our own old system of close scholarships as the difference of conditions will allow, still exists at several German universities. These scholarships, usually consisting in payment for the mid-day meal and other small privileges, are conferred—absolutely without examination—on natives of the restricted territory which the university theoretically represents. But perhaps a still stronger motive for professors to remain at their posts than this peculiar connection with their university, is the knowledge that, their reputation once achieved, they will be more conspicuous as heads of a school which may possibly shed lustre over their own little academy, than when lost in the blaze of glory surrounding the Berlin professorate.

The decay of the system then in its old form is the necessary consequence of the extinction of the conditions under which it grew up. As the empire becomes more and more consolidated, the local spirit which once animated the smaller universities—and which is not altogether dissimilar to the rivalry existing, especially at Cambridge, between our own colleges—must die rapidly out, hastened to its end no doubt by that easiness of communication between separate and distant provinces the want of which had so much to do in former days with keeping men at home. The necessity for local universities is fast disappearing, and when that necessity is completely extinct, the universities must either vanish or continue to exist in a widely different form from the present. It may seem strange to English ears to hear the destruction of universities spoken of thus coolly, but such speculations receive ample justification from the historical fact of the total extinction of some five-and-twenty such foundations—some of them among the oldest in Germany, and including the world-famed academy of Wittenberg—during the commotions at the beginning of this century. In 1789 there existed not less than five-and-forty universities; in 1815 the number was reduced to something under twenty. It may be urged that Strassburg offers a proof of the vitality of the system. But the re-foundation in that place took place under peculiar circumstances; the full effect of the

attraction to Berlin had scarcely been felt nine years ago, and the establishment was accompanied with an amount of enthusiasm which rendered the success of the place, temporarily at least, a certainty. It was regarded as a kind of trophy of the assertion of rights against French occupation, and as stamping the German dominion on the recovered territory for evermore. Recent foundations or re-foundations in Austro-Hungary, where local spirit is still very strong and communication not so easy, are a much surer proof of the vitality of the system, at least in that country. But in Germany it is a recognised fact that the universities no longer possess the monopoly of intellect they were once supposed to possess, and the tendency to create external centres will no doubt increase, as it has done in England.

A few words may be said in conclusion as to the general effect of the German system on society at large. One of the chief boasts of that system is the so-called *Lernfreiheit* which it allows—the absolute liberty, that is, granted to the student of choosing his university and the teachers whose lectures he will attend at it. Yet with all this the average German student is lacking to a most remarkable degree in that self-reliance and independence which are somehow acquired by the junior members of our own universities, kept under tutelage as they are supposed to be. Never throughout his course of study does the German lad obtain an opportunity of fairly measuring himself with his contemporaries. These remarks are not intended to exalt any exaggerated system of competitive examinations, but simply to indicate what the result of the utter want of them is. Take, for example, the career of a German student of law at the Gymnasium, raised from class to class as his work reaches a certain standard of efficiency, but with only a chance once a year of proving that efficiency. He is transferred to the university by a pass examination; may enjoy a scholarship of the kind already described, equally without competition; and at the end of four years, absolutely without intermediate examination, completes his course and becomes, by a series of pass examinations, a Referendar, and candidate for that government employment which is seldom long in coming. From beginning to end of his career he has hardly once had to think for himself. It is the result of some such nursing as this which has reduced the business capabilities of Germans generally to so low an ebb. This they themselves freely acknowledge; indeed, it would be hard to deny it, in face of the proof given by the recent usury laws of the extent to which the lower middle classes are capable of being victimised. Those laws, directed against the Jews, will probably meet with the usual success accorded to such measures; but the evil which they were devised to meet had become so glaring that the interference of government in some form or other was necessary, were it only to satisfy public opinion by a show of activity.

Of the effects produced in the ordinary intercourse of society by the peculiar one-sided culture of educated Germany, disseminated as it is through all classes, others have spoken, and this is not the place to speak. The object of these remarks has been to show the destructive change at present going on in a system which has long been held up to us as arrived at a perfection of development which rendered it a safe model for the educational organisations of all countries.

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

A MONTH IN AUVERGNE.

I.

LIFE AT CLERMONT-FERRAND.

No sooner does the English traveller quit the regular Swiss line than he loses the society of his country people and the *confort* with which they contrive to surround themselves whereever they go. I journeyed to Clermont-Ferrand, the capital of Auvergne, from Dijon, by way of Moulins, in August last, and from that date till I returned to my starting-place, *viâ* St.-Étienne and Lyons, a month later, my *entourage* was as French as French could be. Instead of travelling in company of rosy English girls in ulsters and bustling *patres familiarum*, with their unmistakably English shoulders and brandy flasks, I had as companions pious French ladies, bound on a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial; happy schoolboys from Paris dropped by the way at little village stations, where delighted parents awaited them; monks, priests, and nuns in large numbers setting off on holiday excursions, and family parties bound to Vichy and Le Mont Dore. For French people do travel, and that largely, though we imagine the contrary, only it is ever among French-speaking folks and on French soil, instead of wandering after our insular fashion over the remotest corners of the globe. No wonder at this exclusiveness on the part of our French friends, seeing how vast a variety is offered them in their own glorious land, once, however, described to me by an American tourist as "a flat, uninteresting country, leading to Switzerland."

Most travellers do their travelling so hurriedly as to see nothing at all, but my own plan may seem to err on the other side, for if I like a place, I never feel inclined to leave it, and thus am sometimes obliged to cut short the rest of my itinerary. A month, however, with agreeable and instructed acquaintances is the least possible to be accorded to such a town as Clermont-Ferrand, especially in the sudden burst of blazing hot weather that greeted my arrival, and which was quite enough to keep the hardiest tourist indoors during the greater part of the day. For this overpowering sunshine, however, the country was but too grateful, the cold and wet weather of early summer having greatly retarded agricultural processes throughout every part of France, as with us, during the year 1879.

I arrived at Clermont on the 6th of August, heated and dusty enough, to find kind French friends awaiting me at the station, and two pretty rooms engaged for me close to their own flat. As it is always better, however, to get over unpleasant topics at once, I will, for once and for all, state that I advise no one else to follow my example in this matter of taking lodgings; and that, indeed, I can hold out to future travellers little hopes of getting their beloved *confort* in Auvergne. In Brittany and Franche-Comté all shortcomings are made up for by the charming courtesy, *bonhomie*, and honesty of the people. I am obliged, much against my will, to confess that the character of the Auvergnat—at least that phase of it with which tourists come in contact—is the least amiable and pleasant to be found in all France. Auvergne, indeed, is a country to paint and admire, but not a country to love. It is unique, weird, picturesque, astounding, but it is disagreeable; the only corner of my beloved France in which I shall never again willingly set foot. Even French people express themselves freely on this subject, and say that the inso-

lence and greediness of the Auvergnat are proverbial. People are incivil in season and out of season. They impose on you, it may be with a good grace, or it may be with a bad grace, but they always impose on you. You may take it for granted that there are only two places in Auvergne where you are not cheated, namely, at the post-office when buying your stamps, and at the railway station when paying for your ticket. There is no conscience to be found elsewhere, and from the moment the stranger arrives till his departure he must make up his mind to being, as the French call it, *écorché*. Such a state of things strikes the English traveller all the more who has had ample experience in other parts of France; the Jura, for instance, where, as a rule, you feel as if you ought to go over your landlord's bill in his interest rather than your own, adding a franc here and fifty centimes there, so much against mine host's own advantage does the reckoning appear.

Now, it is exactly the reverse in Auvergne, and you may take it for granted that, till you are safely seated in the railway carriage, and the *train moves off,* you are not safe from being "skinned." If the process were carried on amiably and smilingly, it might be more endurable, as in Italy, where cheating on a small scale is done so agreeably that the most hard-hearted traveller submits. But in Auvergne it is not so. The extortion is done so roughly and so ill-humouredly that you are glad to get out of such hands at any cost.

There yet remains something to say on the other side, as would only be expected. The character of the country folks in Auvergne, the peasant of the "splendid Limagne," as Georges Sand calls it, or the hardy mountaineer, have great qualities; they are sober, thrifty, laborious, and ardent lovers of their *patrie*, in other words, of Auvergne. They form a constant contingent of hardy labourers, artisans, notably stonemasons, woodcutters, builders, not only supplying the labour-market of Paris, but of remote regions, even going to Corsica. Employers on a large scale send for them; they do their work unflaggingly, unweariedly; and, when they have amassed sufficient capital wherewith to purchase a bit of land, they return to their beloved Auvergne, there to lay the foundations of a patrimonial estate on a small scale, and to found a family. It is chiefly with the townsfolk I am concerned here, and notably that class with which the English traveller comes in contact—the hotel-keeper, job-master, shopkeeper, &c., in fact all those whose interests are affected by the vast influx of travellers which dates from the last twenty years or so. For it must be remembered that such fashionable and crowded health resorts as Royat, the Mont Dore, and Le Bourboule, have only come into vogue within that time. The tourist naturally demoralises, raising the price of everything, creating habits of extortion, and gradually transforming the character of the people. Thus has it become, alas! in Switzerland, and thus is it in Auvergne.

I reached Clermont-Ferrand on the 6th of August, 1879, and till the first week in September, when I went away, enjoyed almost unbroken tropical weather. We were, indeed, grilled, wasted, baked on our volcano, few days admitting the possibility of an excursion. A few weeks later, viz. about the middle of September, a great and sudden change set in all over Auvergne snow fell a foot thick on the Puy de Dôme, the great hydropathic establishments were closed, and, in fact, winter had set in throughout the country. Auvergne possesses the most variable climate of all France. "Summer," says Madame Georges Sand, "only lasts two months, and spring is horrible." August is said to be the only reliable month of the year, and then the heat is often insupportable. Even during the tropic heats I speak of, large patches of snow lay on the slopes of the Mont Dore; yet these mountains are inconsiderable as far as

elevation goes, the highest point, viz. the Puy de Sancy—the highest summit of all France—being less than half the altitude of Mont Blanc.

Clermont-Ferrand is unique. Encircled by pleasant green hills and purple volcanic ranges, with leisurely breathing space around its dark gray cathedral towering high above gloomy piles of sombre masonry, this sombre city wears perpetual mourning amid a bright and glowing landscape. The *pierre de Volvic*, or gray lava of which it is built, has, however, for artistic eyes, a strange fascination, whether seen from near or afar. Not on the most dazzling midsummer day are the eyes of the tourist blinded by glare here, and the harmonious grays of the building stone is relieved everywhere by that picturesque window-gardening so well understood in France.

Nowhere is the art carried to greater perfection than at Clermont, where the humblest attic-dormer is turned into a flowery nook, and where, with two or three bits of wood nailed together, the poorest contrive to transform his *grenier* window into a bower of blossoms and greenery, delighting all eyes. This passion for flowers vanquishes all difficulties, small and great. The wayside cobbler, whose tenement is a mere shed, contrives by means of a trellised bean or convolvulus, and, may be, a pot or two of carnation, to brighten and beautify his wretched dwelling; the small shopkeeper turns the angle of his doorway into a rockery, twines his climbing plants around his wooden lattice, and, once there, they go on blooming all the summer.

Above, on the airiest perch, below, on the street pavement, midway making of each balcony, a garden terrace, are to be found flowers and foliage, the glorious roseate oleander and creamy, large-blossomed magnolia, being the favorites of richer flower-lovers. There are streets in Clermont which positively remind you of river-banks in Algeria, so unbroken is the flush of rose-pink afforded by oleanders in rich bloom. The plants are, of course, in pots, and are only put out of doors at the beginning of the summer.

Clermont is one vast camp. Its streets swarm with soldiery; from morning till night you hear military bands at practice, and the tramp of cavalry; on every side you see huge brand-new barracks. At every other door you find an *ordonnance*, or officer's servant, seated there, awaiting orders. Although much animation is thereby lent to these handsome streets, it is painful to be reminded so forcibly of the dominating wish of France to figure as a great military power.

Clermont-Ferrand would be an agreeable abiding-place enough, were it better kept, and were the people honest and civil. You can make the entire circuit of its wide streets under avenues affording coolness and shade in the hottest day of the year; it has as picturesque and noble an environment of sunny green hill and far-off mountain as any town in France; it possesses antique street-fountains of genuine artistic worth, a cathedral and churches quite unique in artistic interest, and charming pleasure-gardens; yet, in spite of these advantages, the stranger's first impression is not favourable.

The state of the gutters is filthy. Notwithstanding the abundance of delicious water to be had at every street corner, no French town of its size have I seen with such objectionable gutters. Everything in the shape of refuse goes indeed to the gutter. The gutter is the sewer, the rag-bag, the waste-paper basket, the cinder receptacle, the sink of the inhabitants, especially of the quiet suburban streets. Dirty water, torn-up letters, sardine tins, filth of the most offensive kind, dead kittens, old shoes and clothes, with kitchen refuse—all these go to the gutter, and the wonder is that typhoid fever does not ravage the population. So much for the hygienic aspect of these well-built, animated streets, where all day long you hear the soldiers practising horn and clarionet, or the drum beating a recall, and where the red popula-

tion is the rule and the black the exception.

Now for the attractions of Clermont, and their name is legion. Its noble cathedral and Romanesque church of Notre Dame du Port, both built of the grey Volvic stone, or lava, its antique fountains, are its chief adornments, whilst at this day, as hundreds of years ago, its petrifying fountains of St.-Alyre remain among the greatest natural curiosity of Auvergne.

In an edifying and highly entertaining work, which all visitors to Clermont should put in their trunks, viz. *Les Grands Jours d'Auvergne*, by the famous Abbé Fléchier, published in 1665, is an apt description of this curious phenomenon. We may be pardoned for quoting a few sentences:—

> "Nous entrâmes dans un jardin où l'on nous fit voir des grottes de voûtes de rocher, des cabinets et cent autres choses qui fait en ce lieu une fontaine qui change tout ce qu'elle arrose en pierre. Elle a fait, en coulant, un pont d'une grandeur fort considérable qu'elle augmente tous les jours ; on disait que cette petite source coule par-dessus, pour y travailler, ce qu'elle promet de le rendre encore plus grand si l'on ne la détourne. Les feuilles et les bâtons qui tombent par hasard, ou qu'on jette exprès dans cette eau, durcissent insensiblement, et se couvrent d'une écorce assez forte qui se forme d'un limon subtil qu'elle entraîne, et qui ne parait point dans son cours, qui s'épaissait pourtant sur les matières solides qu'elle rencontre. Pline parle d'une rivière des Ciconiens qui avait la même vertu, dont Ovide avait dit devant lui, peut-être un peu poétiquement, qu'elle faisait des marbres de tout ce qu'elle touchait, et transformait les corps de ceux qui enbuvaient en pierres dures. Si nous étions au siècle des métamorphoses, nous trouverions bien les noms de quelques nymphes dont les cœurs auraient été inflexibles à leurs amants qui auraient mérité d'être changées en froides fontaines."

Precisely the same phenomenon is seen now. These petrifications take place with great rapidity, and you have only to place your object—fruit, flowers, or whatever else you may elect—under the dripping water; in a few days it is incrusted with what looks like cream-coloured snow.

This water of St.-Alyre is said to have much the same qualities—ferruginous, alkaline, and saline—as those of Vichy. It affects the stranger oddly to find himself in this little world of petrifactions—animals, birds, plants, fruits, eggs, all turned into stone; whilst the perpetual drip, drip, drip of the waters on every side makes us hasten away, fearing lest we in our turn may be petrified also. Certainly, if ever I returned to Clermont, I should expect to find the automatic guardian of these petrifying springs transformed, like the Calender's brother in the *Arabian Nights*, to stone.

The church architecture of Auvergne deserves a book to itself, and it is useless for the uninitiated to attempt any description of it. Alike the archæologist, the artist, and the mere lover of the beautiful will find ample to reward him here. The characteristics of this Auvergnat style are solidity, sombreness, and magnificence; you may find in small towns, even in mere villages, glorious old churches towering above the place with all the majesty of a cathedral. Next to the church architecture, the stone fountains adorn the streets of Clermont, which are wide, handsomely built, and well planted with trees. From one end of the avenue-encircled city you look upon the vast plain of the Limagne, one of the richest and best cultivated regions of France; from the other, you see rising above the pretty Botanic Gardens the bold outline of Gergovia, birthplace of Vercingetorix, leader of united Gaul against Cæsar; southward stretch the long line of extinct volcanoes, above all towering the grandiose Puy de Dôme, greenest of green mountain peaks at this time of the year, a few weeks later to be veiled in snow for a winter often lasting seven months!

Close to the Botanic Gardens, famous for gay toilettes and flirtations, is an interesting little museum and fine public library. Here is also the beginning of an aquarium highly creditable to the town. A second geological museum has been bequeathed to Clermont by a scientific and philanthropic

townsman, M. Lecoq, and with this, students will do well to make themselves acquainted before making excursions in the place.

Having French acquaintances, the stranger will find life at Clermont agreeable enough; everything here is taken lightly, and music, the drama, whatever comes in the way of amusement, is largely seized upon. On further knowledge of the place, we find that it is the wives of the garrison officers who give what is called the tone to society, and this being the case, we cannot expect it to be a very serious one. Everything is taken with a light heart. French officers and their wives are obliged by virtue of their position to make the best of everything—to take things easy, in fact. Their existence would appear to be far from enviable. They are perpetually changing their quarters from one garrison town to another; they are compelled to make the most of scant means, and to keep up some kind of appearance. The wife of a French officer is compelled by the exigencies of society to pay formal visits to the wives of brother officers—a friend of my own here had eighty-six such visits on her mind when I arrived, and was paying them by weekly instalments of eight! Paying visits means wearing fine clothes, so that you often find a painful discrepancy between outward show and home comforts. A French officer's pay, say, is one hundred and fifty pounds a year; his wife brings him, perhaps, not more, the dowry exacted by French law, namely, one thousand pounds, producing an income of fifty pounds a year. On these scant means husband and wife, maid-of-all-work, and children, if children there be, have to be maintained, and this in a country where the enormous war indemnity is still being paid for by increased taxation, and where the cost of living is very high. But things are made the best of, and false pride is fortunately a plant of rare growth on French soil. The wife takes out the baby in the perambulator, and brings home the leg of mutton for dinner in a basket tied behind. The children must be minded night and day, and she does it, not because she likes it, but because there is no one else to take her place.

And here permit me to observe, in parentheses, that it is quite easy to understand the excitability and vivaciousness of the French character when you have followed the career of a French baby. It is amazing to think of the manner in which a French infant's nerves are acted on from morning till night. Nurseries, and in most cases nursemaids, being unknown, the baby is made the constant companion of its mother, and takes part in all that goes on. Its sops are taken with the family meals; on reception-day it is dressed up for visitors, of whom it grows naturally jealous. In fact, a French baby, being from the first accustomed to absorb its mother's attention, falls an early prey to jealousy if its privileges are entrenched upon. Certainly Frenchwomen make the most devoted mothers in the world, but at the same time they make their children the most exacting of human beings. May not the uncompromisingness of the French character be traced to these early influences?

Be this as it may, the most inevitable child-lover going, even Victor Hugo himself, who carries his child-worship to frenzy, would surely prefer the possibility of writing a letter, of a five minutes' talk, of a meal or a stroll at some time of the day, without the inevitable baby!

II.

OUR WALKS AND DRIVES.

It must not be supposed that a French officer receives his meagre pay for nothing. During the tropic heats I speak of, the regiments of artillery stationed at Clermont-Ferrand were drafted off for practice on the plains below the Puy de Dôme during the

meridian heats of the day. Only those soldiers who have been hardened by experiences of an African sun can stand such an ordeal with impunity. The French soldier laughs, sings, drinks, makes merry, and makes love, but a hard lot indeed is his!

The best, however, is made of everything, and whilst the officers are practising under the broiling sun at the Puy, several miles away, their wives talk to them by means of the telephone, or visit them in the waggonet placed at their disposal by the military authorities. My first excursion —to the Puy de Pariou—was thus made in company of my friend, a charming young lady, the wife of an artillery officer, and a very amusing day we had of it, in spite of the overpowering heat.

At eleven o'clock the commodious break, drawn by four horses, and driven by soldiers riding postilion-wise, was in readiness to pick up any one bound on business to the Puy. Upon this particular day, however, the great heat prevented all but the military surgeon and ourselves from undertaking the journey. This gentleman was obliged to go daily in case of accidents, which will occasionally happen during the practise despite all possible precaution. The burning, blazing heat of the drive I shall never forget; quite impossible to get even a glimpse of the scenery on either side; our white umbrellas were burning hot to the touch; we wanted not one but a dozen such screens between ourselves and the meridian sun. We were obliged, moreover, on account of the sharp ascent, to go at a snail's pace for the greater part of the way, our up-hill drive taking just double the time occupied in coming down. But at last we were there, that is to say, at the base of the Puy de Pariou, which is even more interesting than the Puy de Dôme itself on account of the perfect outline of its crater. We had, of course, come with the full intention of climbing to the top of that pleasant green cone, now bathed in ripest sunshine, and my friend, possessed of more enterprise, would have persisted in the attempt, but I drew back appalled. It was now one o'clock. There was not so much as a bush to give shadow, we must expose ourselves to the perpendicular rays of the sun for an hour and gain no shelter from it at the top. So, reluctantly enough, we gave it up, intending to try later in the day, when, however, we were prevented by another kind of danger, not this time sunstroke, but cannon-ball, the firing party then intercepting all passage to and from the Puy.

As my companion had come expressly to see her husband, an artillery captain at that moment practising with his regiment, we were obliged to wait till he should be at liberty, and contrived at last to find the shadow of a rock by the wayside from whence we could not see the firing, but were at least guaranteed from a stray ball. As the practising parties changed their position frequently, sentinels were stationed at intervals in order to intercept traffic in their line and to look after stragglers like ourselves.

The heat seemed intolerable to us as we thus rested by the wayside, but what must it have been to the unfortunate soldiers condemned to violent exercise under its meridian rays for hours?

It is amazing how such exposure can be endured by young, untried recruits; yet it is said that only such trials of strength and endurance can render the French army what it should and must be. At length the booming of artillery ceased, and the last puff of smoke died away, and we saw the firing parties hastening across the level ground towards us, the red and blue coated soldiery, the gleaming pieces of artillery, and the horses in full gallop, making a picturesque sight.

We waited patiently under the shadow of the rock, and were able, as the heat diminished, to enjoy the vast prospect around us—the entire line of the Dômes, sunny green covering the volcanic centres supposed to be active at the time the chains of the Alps

were being upheaved! Soon my friend's husband galloped up, hot, dusty, and tired, but gay, neat, and perfectly equipped, as a French officer is bound to be. He conducted us to the temporary quarters erected for himself and his brother officers and men, and clean, cool, monastic-like we found his tiny quarters, with just space enough however for a soldier's bed, arms, and writing table. Chairs and refreshments of various kinds were brought out, our host at once restoring himself by two enormous glasses of vermuth taken neat. This powerful restorative had the desired effect, and our captain, sunburnt and heated as he was, declared himself none the worse for his long exposure to the blazing sun. A long campaign in Algeria and Senegal had, he declared gaily, made him sun-proof.

We chatted for a time with himself and fellow-officers, then returned to Clermont, rattling downhill in most triumphant manner, our postilions and four horses having evidently an imposing look on the crowd. People made way for us whilst we made way for nobody, which I take it is a sign of acknowledged superiority. In fact, we represented the mighty army of France, to which civilians were in duty bound to bow.

After this amusing though fragmentary excursion, such intense heat set in at Clermont that all excursions became for the moment out of the question.

There was nothing to do but close shutters and curtains and stay indoors from nine o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was just possible to meet friends in the pleasant Botanic Gardens, to stroll as far as the little suburban town of Mont-Ferrand, or to drive to Royat. Many pleasant walks and drives I thus made with the captain's wife, her brother—a young medical student—the baby in perambulator and little maid, getting back to our seven o'clock dinner.

I will first mention our walk to Mont-Ferrand one Sunday afternoon. This ancient little town, so imposingly crowned by its fine church that from the railway it might be taken for some small cathedral city, is, like Clermont, lava-built and sombre to the eye. Formerly, a rival of Clermont itself, relics of its vanished splendour still remained to charm the sketcher—rich old Renaissance hotels, dilapidated it may be, yet both within and without abounding in massive sculptures and elaborate decorations; inner courts with winding stone staircases, having open embrasures, carved portals and pinnacles, each stately old dwelling-place still bearing its owner's arms and heraldic decorations over the principal entrance. These are now let off in tenements to the very poorest, and as you wander through the streets of Mont-Ferrand, do not fail to follow the first witchlike-looking old woman who beckons you within. She is certain to have some delightfully picturesque interior to show you, and will feel amply rewarded by the gift of a few sous. As she mouths and mumbles in the incomprehensible patois of the country, and is of weird aspect, you may hesitate; but follow boldly, and she will not fail to give you more than your money's worth.

At the time of which Fléchier wrote his entertaining and instructive volume before mentioned—*Grands Jours d'Auvergne*—Clermont and Mont-Ferrand appear to have been of almost equal importance, for he describes the site of a country-house placed midway between the two thus:—"We see from it in the distance two towns which seem there placed on purpose to do honour to this spot." Now, Mont-Ferrand is a mere suburban village.

On this Sunday afternoon all the world of Clermont, having attended mass in the morning, was out disporting itself. An annual fair was being held here, and we met streams of pedestrians and all kinds of cumbersome old vehicles bringing in peasants from remote districts. And as a background to this animated scene, to

rejoice our eyes, was the verdant belt of vineyard slopes encircling the town, and far around the great mountain range of Central France, to-day palest violet against a cool gray sky. We went, of course, several times to Royat, that brand-new spick and span little watering-place, where you see the most interesting invalidism in the world, where indeed people seem to flock rather to flirt and display their fine clothes than to cure themselves of any malady whatever. Royat reminds you of those wonderful Japanese pictures of Mr. Dillon which make us believe that life means only sitting in a beautiful garden under a parasol and spreading foliage. This is indeed the end and aim of existence at Rozat after drinking the water and taking the baths. The virtue of these waters was recognised by the Romans, but the foundation of the hydropathic establishment of Royat dates from 1854 only.[1]

I have certainly not heard of so many wonderful cures being effected at Royat as at Lourdes, but there is no doubt whatever that under judicious medical treatment these waters may do wonderful things! The expense of a Royat cure is considerable; and all the hotels are dear and crowded during the season. I explored Royat with my friend's brother, the young medical student, and excellent company I found him. Leaving the Japanese garden and its Watteau-like groups, we follow the rocky, tangled gorge along which the town is built to the end; meeting on our way countless subjects for the artist. For, besides the fine old architecture of church and fountains, there are here over-arching eves and quaint gables and Italian-like bits of rich gold vine climbing a saffron wall, flowers everywhere, and stately old peasant women spinning in their doorways.

The spindle and distaff may yet be seen here, also the lace-pillow; and the spinners and lace-makers in their high white caps and dark blue cotton gowns, with a background of sunny, vine-covered wall, and deep blue sky, each form a picture. You must follow this little ravine and foaming river, as far as you can, coming at last upon delicious glade-like spaces, bathed in ripest sunshine, with orchards and woods and hanging natural gardens on either side: all kinds of quiet beauty await you here. So much for Royat, which may one day become as familiar to English travellers as Aix-les-Bains or Baden-Baden. If indeed people will be able to travel at all fifty years hence! With the increasing charges of hotels everywhere, that question is worthy of consideration.

Of course no one visits Clermont without making the ascent of the Puy de Dôme. Let the weather be Tropic, Arctic or Scotch, to the top of that mountain you must go.

I was favoured both as to weather and company, the day chosen for our excursion being just perfect, and my companion, the young medical student before named, being gay, instructed, charming. At eight o'clock we started in an open carriage, taking our breakfast with us, and both disposed to make the most of our day's pleasure.

What a wonderful drive is that from the volcanic-built city to the base of the great volcanoes which emitted flame and fire before the first cavemen were making their flint instruments in Dordogne! The time we have to go over in our minds before arriving at the life of these extinct volcanoes takes one's breath away! It is supposed by some geologists that the great volcanic epoch of Central France was coeval with the formation of the Alps; and yet although the active period is lost in the past cycles of time, on every side we have traces of it; we might indeed from the scoria and cinders scattered about the base of the volcanoes imagine ourselves in the proximity of Mount Vesuvius.

[1] An admirable account of the different hydropathic resorts of Auvergne appeared in a series of letters contributed to the *Times*, September last.

On this uphill drive, we soon get a fine view of Clermont, with its grand old cathedral rising proudly and gloomily above the city. Winding slowly upward amid cornfields, vineyards, and rocky banks, we gradually obtain a clearer view of the Dôme country, and the majestic outline of the Puy de Dôme, with its twin dome, of which the proverb says—

> "Si Dôme était sur Dôme,
> On verrait les portes de Rome."

It is a tedious climb for the horses of upwards of two hours, each turn giving us finer views of the volcanic ranges before us—the distant plain of La Limagne, and far away the outlines of the dim Cévennes.

To my thinking these panoramic mountain ranges, to-day blue and vapoury as cloudland, are lovelier than Switzerland. On reaching the halting-place, we decided at once to mount; and all travellers here should follow our example, carrying their breakfast to the mountain top with them. By this arrangement the heat of the meridian sun and much extra fatigue is avoided. A superb climb we had, brilliant sunshine, cloudless sky, but a fresh, invigorating air.

The sides of the Puy are covered with a great variety of wild flowers, yellow foxgloves, the large yellow gentian, deliciously fragrant fringed dianthus of all shades, from the delicatest rose pink to the deepest rose colour, everywhere the air being sweet with them; then there are great varieties of exquisite little heaths and campanulas, and lovely little deep orange potentillas and hawkweeds. Nothing is more delightful than to stand below one of the sharp ridges of the Puy, rising boldly against the deep blue sky; and from lofty summit to base, you see fringes of exquisite flowers, their fragility and brightness contrasting strikingly with the rugged sombreness and severity of the mountain. All around us lie masses of scoriæ, reminding us that we are among the great extinct volcanoes of Central France. Looking down on the line of the Dômes below, we see clearly enough the shape of the original craters, that of the Puy de Pariou being conspicuous.

We bivouacked on a breezy hill-side, and breakfasted with excellent appetite; meantime, party after party of tourists kept arriving, and the broad summit soon wore the aspect of a vast pic-nic. The atmosphere was transparent enough for us to make out the different features of the wonderful panorama around us—the vast range of the Dômes, the Monts Dore and the Pic de Sancy towering above the rest; southward the Vélay and the Cévennes, eastward the Jura range, westward Clermont with its environment of vine-clad hills and villages, dotted here and there, farther westward still, the plain of Limagne. My companion told me that, when on this spot a few years back, he found among the Roman ruins Gallo-Roman coins, fragments of pottery, &c. Now nothing is to be obtained by the most persistent searcher. It is the geologist who will especially find interest and occupation here.

At the little restaurant attached to the state observatory, we saw a dozen or more superb St. Bernard dogs. These noble creatures enjoy entire indolence at this season of the year, but during the winter—which often lasts from September till April—they are occupied, as in Switzerland, with the rescue of snow-bound travellers.

Our descent after this halt was easy and pleasant enough, and we could now afford to look with a superior air on those ill-advised travellers who had first stayed to breakfast below, and were now toiling upward in the meridian heat of the day, hot and despairing.

"Is it much higher?" they asked of us, as we jauntily skipped down; and we were bound to shake our heads solemnly and answer in the affirmative. At every turn we were obliged to pause and admire the delicate beauty of the mountain-sides, velvety green, and fringed with the loveliest little crimson and rose-

coloured pinks, filling the air with fragrance.

On our arrival at the starting-place, we found many family groups breakfasting under the trees. Le Puy de Dôme is evidently a favourite excursion, not only to the rich, but of all classes, some making it bravely on foot from Clermont. The long vacation is the time for a general bestir throughout France; even the nuns go on pilgrimages, and the Capucin brothers obtain a holiday in order to visit their families!

III.

THE VILLE NOIRE AND OTHER TOWNS.

Auvergne still awaits the sympathetic artist whose pencil shall do for this part of France what has been already done for so many others. I will describe, for the benefit of sketchers in search of fresh fields, one or two of the unique little towns scattered so plentifully throughout the country, all full of charm for the mere seeker after the picturesque, and crowded with subjects for the sketcher.

Take the wondrous little black town of Limagne, for instance, the *Ville Noire* of Georges Sand's perfect little novelette called by that name. No one must visit Auvergne without reading her Auvergnat romances; the *Ville Noire* being, moreover, a gem of the first water.

Thiers, or the Ville Noire, is as curious a town as any in France, and may be visited from Clermont in a day, or even less, by all who do not carry their sketchbooks with them. It must also be described as one of the dirtiest and most inodorous towns, I should say, in the world.

The railway takes you there in an hour and a half, and you come upon it suddenly at the last. Never surely was a little town of knife-grinders nd scissors-makers so superbly situted! Its site is worthy of a Graada, or of a cathedral city at least. nstead, however, of cresting spires nd noble towers, these grand heights, commanding the vast Limagne, are crowned with modest little cottage *ornés* of retired or flourishing artisans; whilst sheer below—you might almost drop a plummet line from the upper town to the lower—are massed together busy workshops beside a rocky ravine, amid which curls and tosses an ink-black little river, turning thousands of mill-wheels as it goes. Georges Sand has well christened Thiers the Black Town, for it is as black as black can be, and its prevailing inkiness is all the more striking by its comparison with the velvety green and gold framework of vineyard and garden. The building materials, whatever may have been their original colour, are now besooted with the smoke of successive ages; the river rushes by Tartarean as these, whilst the toilers, alike men, women, and children, are begrimed with the dust of their smelting fires and grinding wheels. In the upper town, therefore, the stranger finds himself amid such warm blue skies and gold green luxuriance as call up a vision of the Homeric Islands of the Blest, whilst in the lower, he finds narrow little streets into which the sun cannot penetrate in the longest days of the year, veritable dens of Vulcan and the Cyclops.

We find just such luxuriant vineyards and glades anywhere in France; but where shall we find a place so matchlessly black, weird, and picturesque as this capital of knife-grinders?

Descending from the railway station and the hills, whence we have a vast prospect of the plain, the range of the Monts Dore, the Dômes, with Clermont-Ferrand below, and dozens of townlets and villages scattered amid the cornfields and vineyards, we may take any one of the score of little streets, steep as ladders placed against a wall, to the Ville Noire below. Each and every one of these precipitous descents conducts you from the open heavens and broad landscape warm with sunshine to subterranean, almost preternatural darkness, animated with the sound of a thousand hammers and mill-wheels.

All the streets are composed of workshops lighted only by the openings at which the workmen sit, and as they are exceedingly narrow, and the houses very high, it is little indeed of daylight the toilers ever get. The private dwellings and the workshop are generally combined, the dingy surroundings of the latter being relieved by a twining creeper, a caged bird, and in the background, all kinds of domesticities. Some of the upper windows of the larger factories are trelliced with scarlet-runners and ivy, few flowers being hardy enough to blossom in the sunless atmosphere; but at the topmost top of the higher houses, where flowers do just catch the sunshine, is a great display of roses and geraniums.

The gloomier and darker the workshops, however, the more picturesque they are, and I cannot understand why artists in black and white have not found out this little mine of wealth hidden in the inmost heart of Auvergne.

Down by the side of the tiny Tartarus foaming over its stony bed are the most curious workshops of all, little caverns indeed, horrible to dwell in, yet, as mere pictures, wonderfully fine in effect, the sombre blacks and grays of the background being relieved by the metallic lustre of the reflected fires and the scintillating sparks from the anvil. The workmen and workwomen who sit here all day long, polishing knife blades and making scissors, have a look of dogged laboriousness and resignation, combined with a dignity pathetic to contemplate, and lending a charm of sentiment to the picture. They are particularly suave in manner, and answer any questions put to them with great intelligence and urbanity. We denizens of the upper air feel amazed how human beings can live and breathe in this nether world, or how they can see to ply their trade in so murky an atmosphere. They must be to the "manner born."

When you get to the bottom of the ravine or gorge, you find in opposition to the coal-black workshops and river running by, light, sunshine, and greenery; an open space, with old women, children, cats and birds, all sunning themselves, and making charming little groups. I saw some lovely pictures of this brighter kind after getting into the open—here a spotless white cat perched on a bit of mellow wall beneath a burning blue sky, there a dignified old woman plying her bobbins or distaff—at every turn, scenes to remind you of the poetic descriptions in Georges Sand's novelette, from which I would fain make a quotation or two did space permit.

This little town of Thiers, with its outlying villages, employs no less than 20,000 hands of both sexes, 12,000 alone in the cutlery trade, the rest in tanning, paper-making, and the manufacture of knife and scissors sheaths.

In the wildest and most magnificent spots of the Jura, which I have elsewhere described, the little industrial centres mar the prevailing picturesqueness of their unsightly aspect. Thiers is fully as curious as its surroundings. Only dirt and foul smells detract from the traveller's enjoyment.

Riom is another charming little town of quite another kind within easy reach of Clermont. Here all is exquisite cleanliness, trimness, and elegance even. Why is it, however, that, irrespective of architecture and costume, French towns are so much more varied and animated than our own? There are not indeed one, but a dozen reasons. First of all, the almost daily markets, where the men in blue blouses and the women in mob caps, bearing wonderful cornucopias of fruit and vegetables on their heads, each and all, might have walked out of a Dutch canvas; then there is that quaint French window gardening and pavement gardening, before noticed, the streets literally blazing with oleanders, magnolias, and other tropical plants; and, lastly, there is the out-of-door existence here on a scale wholly unfamiliar to ourselves.

In the more favoured parts of France, all who can do so prefer to ply their trade out of doors from June to October. The *sabotier*, the cobbler, the seamstress, the lace-maker, the clear-starcher, may all be seen at work out of doors, whilst household groups generally, including the pussy-cats and the dogs, cluster before their dwellings as a matter of course, no one remaining indoors who can help it.

At Riom, the background to these cheery and pleasant pictures is enriched by some wondrously beautiful church and domestic architecture. The town itself, built of grey lava, wears the grateful Auvergnat sobriety to the eye. Besides a couple of splendid churches, a fine old clock tower, several magnificently sculptured stone houses of the Renaissance, are some quaint stone fountains—all to be seen and sketched. Riom, moreover, a townlet of 10,000 souls, possesses a charming little museum, a picture gallery, a public library, and a beautiful little pleasure ground for the public.

These are mere suggestions of what is to be seen in Auvergne. The heat and other causes prevented me from visiting the Mont Dore and Bourboule, but the letters in the *Times* before alluded to supply this deficiency on my part. Early in September, I travelled to Dijon by way of St.-Étienne and Lyons, in company of my medical student, Capucines, Dominicans, nuns of various orders, and priests, all apparently delighted to be on the move.

The first stage of this journey lay through wild, almost savage regions—a long, narrow ravine, with a river turning dozens of lonely mill-wheels on its headlong course, making silvery coruscations and miniature cascades wherever it met a stony barrier. These solitary factories, perched here and there amid the gloomiest solitudes, are yet relieved by signs of grace and domesticity. About the blackened walls and mill-wheels, is a bit of trelliced vine, flowers and creepers here and there, and children play beside some patient-faced mother as she washes the family linen in the stream. The abrupt crags, the frowning ravine threaded by the tossing, foaming river, the silvery white cascades, the scattered wooden tenements of these mountain knife-grinders and scissors-makers, the tiny flower-patches and vineyards breaking the gloom, all these form a series of pictures not to be forgotten. Halfway between Clermont and St.-Étienne, I took leave of my young friend, the medical student, he being bound by way of the Dombes to his home in the Jura. His train glided off in one direction, mine in another, and by midnight, I was once more at Dijon, by no means inclined ever to revisit Auvergne, in spite of its strangeness, its romance, and its great natural beauties !

M. Betham-Edwards.

THE ALBANIANS AND THE ALBANIAN QUESTION.

The Albania of political geographers is usually represented on maps as extending from the frontiers of Montenegro on the north, to the boundary of Greece and the waters of the Gulf of Arta on the south; bounded on the east by the mountains of the Pindus range and the broken chain which, rising to the eastward of Lake Ochrida, runs in a northerly direction through the districts of Dibra, Prisrend and Djakova, then curving to the north-west, terminates between Plava and Ipek; and limited on the west by the Adriatic and Ionian Seas. But the population of this region is wanting in homogeneity. Like the Ottoman Empire in miniature, it is peopled by an agglomeration of races having neither political nor religious unity, nor social cohesion. Ethnically, it is divided into three principal sections—the true Albanian, the Greek, and the Sclav, to which may be added as a fourth, but relatively insignificant, the Wallach. Religiously, it professes Christianity and Islamism; the Christians being further divided into two irreconcilable communities, viz., Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic. As if yet further to complete a state of disunion, already remarkable from a political point of view, the true Albanians, the Skipetars or Arnaouts, are themselves again cut up into two sections, the *Ghegs* of Upper, and the *Tosks*, of Lower Albania. The division line between these two sections is the Scombi, which has its rise in the mountains skirting the western shore of lake Ochrida, and discharges into the Adriatic to the south of Durazzo, after running a due westerly course.

It is in the territory comprised between the Adriatic and the Drin river (flowing in a northerly direction from Lake Ochrida), and the river Ergent on the south, and again the Drin on the north as it runs into the Adriatic in a westerly course, that the Skipetar race is to be found in its pure and comparatively unmixed condition. Northward of the Drin it merges into the Sclavonic element, and south of the Ergent it is gradually lost in the Greek race, with which—impartial observation justifies the assertion—it seems to have greater affinities than towards any of the other races by which it is surrounded. It is this affinity, which would appear to have been steadily developing since the period of the Crimean War, which will determine the ultimate fate of the Skipetar race, and will have to be kept in view by those aiming at a politically wise and ethnologically equitable division of the territory in Europe now under Ottoman domination, when the time shall have come for its Turkish masters to relinquish their rule to its long oppressed and rightful owners.

The difficulties, artificial and real, which have arisen in the attempted execution of the Thirteenth Protocol of the Berlin Congress and the twenty-eighth article of the Treaty relating to the concessions demanded of Turkey in favour of Greece and Montenegro, have for the moment given an importance to the Albanians which they hardly merit politically, and have added another to the many minor questions which make up the great aggregate known to the diplomatic world as the Eastern Question. For a parallel to the present social and political condition of Albania it is necessary to look back on Scotland in the days of Wallace. Broken up into

a number of tribal divisions and subdivisions, owning a mere nominal allegiance to the suzerain power; in some cases enjoying immunity from all tribute, and endowed with exceptional privileges; jealous of, and suspicious in their dealings with, their neighbours from whom they may also happen to differ both in religious profession and race; it is impossible to look upon the Albanians as forming a nationality which can be dealt with as a whole. It is even doubtful whether, having regard to the political circumstances of the day, they can ever form an autonomy such as that of Bulgaria or Servia. The fact that their language, interesting to the philologist, is unwritten, and that the two great divisions, the Ghegs and Tosks, speak dialects so distinct as to be almost mutually unintelligible, is an almost insuperable difficulty in the matter of internal administration. Exposed to the encroaching influences by which they are surrounded, it would appear that the idea of an Albanian autonomous nationality is among the things doomed not to be realised. The Northern Skipetar, with his untameable proud spirit, can hardly be expected to sit on equal terms in the same legislature with representatives from among the despised Christian tribes. With the hereditary instinct of freedom from all restraint strong upon him, how could he submit in a day his lawless will to laws inspired by more instructed, but despised, because tamer brains than his own? Even the Southern Tosk, though more tractable, is hardly a more hopeful instrument with which to make an essay in self-government than is the Gheg; and the Christians of pure Albanian blood, whether Roman Catholic or Greek Orthodox, are men with whom no one would care to trifle.

Having briefly glanced at the general characteristics of the Albanians, it will be interesting to examine in detail various sections, more particularly that directly affected by the cession of territory demanded by Montenegro, in virtue of the twenty-eighth article of the Berlin Treaty, and the subsequent convention amending that article, in consequence of the determined opposition of the Mussulmans of the districts of Gussinje and Plava to annexation to the principality. To apprehend rightly the situation as it now stands in Northern Albania it will be necessary first of all to cast a rapid glance at the part the Albanians have played in the contemporary history of the Turkish rule in Europe.

At the commencement of this century, the Turkish government made its first serious endeavours to centralise the administration in the hands of the ruling classes at Constantinople. This was to modify completely the old relations of the sovereign power with the local authorities, and more especially the feudal customs upon which the organisation of the empire had hitherto been based. The Mussulmans, attached to the old order of things, partly from tradition and partly from interest, revolted against this development of a central authority for reasons too numerous to detail here. The attempts to carry out the new system of recruiting for the army excited their animosity, and became in many provinces the occasion of formidable insurrections. This resistance to Turkish centralisation was nowhere more serious or brilliant than in Albania. Its leader in Middle and Lower Albania was the renowned Ali of Tepelen, a Tosk. He succeeded in bringing to submission the whole of the Christians of Epirus and the Tosks of Lower Albania; and in so doing diminished the old feudal power in furtherance of his own ends. Among the Ghegs of Upper Albania, the Mussulmans were always the bitter enemies of Ali, and his domination never extended north of the Scombi. Many Mussulman Ghegs were in the Turkish army, which finally broke

his power. The Christians of Upper Albania, especially the Miridites, on the other hand, furnished contingents to the forces of the great Pacha of Janina. After the defeat and assassination of Ali, the Gheg Pacha of Scutari, Mustafa Scodrali, became the most important among the opponents of innovations in European Turkey. But this resistance of the Mussulmans was everywhere put down, and though the Porte was unable to enforce in all its provinces the letter of the Hatti Cherif of Gulhané and the Hatti Humayoum of 1856, the Turks succeeded, by force and diplomacy, in effectually subduing the resistance of the indigenous element throughout the European provinces of the empire. True to their traditions, the Turks in Albania, as elsewhere, played off one faction against another, using the Ghegs against the Tosks under Ali Pacha; and again availing themselves of the help of the Tosks to subdue the Gheg insurrection under Mustafa Scodrali.

Having dealt with the Albanians as composed of two distinct sections, it is now the place to analyse more closely the composition of each one separately. Upper Albania comprises a large portion of the *pachaliks* of Prisrend and Monastir, and the whole of that of Scutari; this last being the one from which the augmentation of territory allotted to Montenegro will chiefly be abstracted. It is divided into districts (*Nahié*) and communes (*Bayrack*), which are called after the town or village in which resides the *Mudir* or sub-prefect. The numerous mountain tribes are not included in this organisation, and although dependent on Scutari, form districts apart, with their distinct laws and constitutions; and are called after the mountains in which they dwell, or by the names of the tribal chief from whom they claim descent. The *premier* tribe of the mountains in the pachalik of Scutari is that of the Hotti, after which come in their order those of the Clementi, the Gruda, the Castrati, the Skrieli, the Schiala, and the Scossi. The tribes of the second rank are the Slaca, the Tevali, the Riolla, and the Postrippa, whose territories include certain lowland villages.

Then come the tribes of the Dukadjini, on the left bank of the Drin; and after them the tribes of the Vassœvitch in the district of Gussinje, and those of Bielopolje. Outside of these tribes is the principality of the Miridites, the most remarkable of all, which, freed from all tribute in virtue of ancient privileges, is only bound to aid the Porte in time of war by sending an armed contingent into the field. In no portion of Albania are the *vendettas*, or blood-feuds of individual families or tribes, carried on with greater fury and disregard of life, or with such enduring persistance, as among these mountain tribes. Whether professing Islamism, or the milder tenets of either of the branches of Christianity, they all alike affect the code of honour which holds the principles of vindictiveness and revenge in estimation.

The population, especially in the districts and mountains of the pachalik of Scutari, is of very mixed origin and professions of faith, the Roman Catholic predominating, the Mussulman occupying the second place, while the adherents of the Greek rite are scattered and few in number. To the religious differences, more even than to those of race, is to be ascribed the opposition so pertinaciously offered to the annexation of any Albanian territory to Montenegro, which constitutes the kernel of the Montenegrin difficulty. The line originally laid down in the twenty-eighth article of the Treaty of Berlin wounded the susceptibilities of the Mussulmans, but spared the feelings of the Catholic mountaineers; the new line, adopted by the recent Convention, reverses the positions, and includes the whole or parts of tribes who are essentially Catholic, especially the Hotti, the Gruda, and

the Clementi, and who view with the greatest repugnance the project of annexation to the Orthodox principality. Notwithstanding, the Hotti are not believed to be of Albanian or Skipetar origin, but, according to their own traditions, of Sclavic descent, though it is said the Albanians claim them as of the true race. Nearly all are of the Catholic religion, receiving the ministrations of the Franciscan missionaries, who are to be found throughout Albania, but have among them some few Mussulmans, whose families embraced Islamism about seventy years ago in order to obtain certain favours from the native pachas. In recompense for this defection from their religion they were accorded the privilege of choosing the chief from among their number. This right, however, was suppressed in 1856, on account of an attempt at rebellion by the then holder of that dignity.

These Mussulmans, living in perfect harmony with the Catholics, have preserved intact the manners and habits of their ancestors; they pride themselves on their descent, and take part in the *vendettas* of the Christians of their tribe. In virtue of their position as the *premier* among the tribes they take the precedence in time of war, occupying in the line of battle the position of honour on the right, while to the Miridites is given post on the left of the line. So jealous are they of this privilege that in 1832 Hassan Nika, chief of the Hotti, the most influential and intelligent man among them, took part against the Grand Vizier, Mehemed Reschid Pacha, under the pretext that Scutari had sent troops against Montenegro without the assent of the Hotti. They appear to have well merited the honours they claim, for their intrepidity and ardour in combat were notable in the Venetian wars so far back as 1696; and it is recorded that in the last century an army of 15,000 Bosniacks which was marching to assist in the subjugation of Kara Mahmoud Pacha of Scutari, who had risen in rebellion against the Porte, was met in their mountain defiles and cut to pieces. Without describing minor conflicts, one which occurred in 1832, and which yet revives mournful recollections in Scutari, is worth recording.[1]

After the victory obtained by Reschid Pacha, over Mustafa Pacha, the native governor, who had risen in revolt against the Sultan, the imperial army entered Scutari. Mustafa had no other course open to him but to shut himself up in the fortress, and there maintain himself until he could either obtain a pardon or find some means of escape from his enemies. Although blockaded, he kept up communications with the town, and succeeded, thanks to his many friends, in persuading the mountaineers on a given day to descend from their fastnesses, and, in concert with the people of the town, attack the troops unexpectedly and make a last effort to disperse them. This proposition, communicated to the leaders of the Hotti, was greeted with enthusiasm, and they arranged with the other mountain tribes to be ready at the moment when the signal should be given from the town. The day, anticipated with impatience by the warlike mountaineers, at last arrived. At the signal agreed on, sixteen banners, at the head of which were carried those of the Hotti, were assembled in the Kiri plain, near the hill of Bardey. But what was their surprise, after waiting nearly the whole day, instead of being joined by the Scutari people, to find themselves attacked suddenly by two regiments of lancers supported by artillery and several regiments of infantry. After a desperate struggle the mountaineers retired, leaving fifty dead on the field of battle and fifteen prisoners. By order of the Grand Vizier these were decapitated immediately they were brought into camp. Among these unfortunates there were two of the Hotti, the rest belonged to other tribes. The

[1] Hecquard, Paris. *Haute Albanie.*

Hotti vowed vengeance on the men of Scutari who had brought this disgrace on the men of the mountains, and they reserved to themselves to chose the favourable moment, which was not long in coming.

At that era of political convulsion, when the Ottoman government found itself everywhere menaced with revolt, certain foreign emissaries found their way into Albania, whose population, made up so largely of Catholics and Orthodox Sclavs, gave cause to think that, wearied with suffering, they would readily throw themselves into the arms of any power which should offer them a better lot and protection against the injustice of the Turks. At this moment a certain Vukotich, having traversed Montenegro, arrived at Podgoritza under pretence of going into some speculation there. In his quality of a trader he went about the country without being in any way molested among the different Sclav communities of the district, and also found his way into the territory of the Hotti. Scattering money wherever he went, and aided by the influence of the priests, he succeeded in persuading the people that the hour had come to throw off the Turkish yoke and join Montenegro and Servia, assuring them of the support of the Sclav powers, and especially of Russia ; and promising the Catholics the free exercise of their faith. The Orthodox villages, together with the Hotti and Clementi, received these overtures favourably, and it was agreed that they should rise simultaneously as soon as Montenegro should give the signal, as it was on her immediate concurrence that this revolution was based. The comings and goings of Vukotich at last gave umbrage to the Turks, who had him watched, and finally gave order for his arrest. Warned in time, Vukotich made his way into Montenegro, from where he carried on his manœuvres. Promising the Vladika the assistance of all the mountain tribes, he induced him to begin the campaign by marching on Podgoritza. Seeing himself menaced, the governor sent for help to Scutari, where the Pacha quickly raised a body of about 1,500 Turks. Forgetful of the vengeance sworn by the Hotti, the Albanian Mussulmans went by land, so as to arrive the sooner to the aid of their co-religionists. They marched on, singing, with flags flying, and guns firing, until arrived at a defile leading through the territory of the Hotti which they could not avoid ; and here they were met by some thousand mountaineers in position on either side of the road, whose attitude left little doubt as to their intentions. Calling out to the Scutari Mussulmans to remember their treachery, Hassan Nika's clansmen at the head, the Hotti fell upon the surprised and panic-stricken band, which was almost entirely annihilated.

The Clementi are believed to have been originally founded by a Venetian, who gave his name to the tribe, which includes both Sclavs and Skipetars. They are Catholics, and have a Franciscan Mission ministering to their spiritual wants. Imbued with the instinct of brigandage this tribe often carried their forays far into the limits of Bulgaria, from whence they returned laden with cattle and other spoil. Successive attempts of the Turks to confine them within their own boundaries only resulted in disaster. In the end, fatigued and diminished in numbers by the unrelenting warfare carried on, a peace was made with the Turks, who agreed to demand no taxes of them, on condition of their furnishing a contingent in time of war.

The tribe of Gruda and Tusi is separated from the Hotti by the river Zem. About two-thirds of its numbers are Catholics and all are Sclavs. The Kuchi Drakalovici, together with the inhabitants of the remaining territory now demanded by Montenegro, are mostly of Sclavic origin, and profess the Roman Catholic religion. Between them and their Montenegrin

neighbours feuds have subsisted for centuries which no amount of bloodshed has been able to extinguish. Secure in their mountains, the Montenegrins have always been able to descend unawares on the dwellers in the lowlands, to drive off the cattle and carry away plunder.

Gussinje and Plava are peopled by Mussulmans and Orthodox, the former largely predominating. Between these the separation is more marked than in almost any part of Turkey, and the Mussulmans are noted for their ignorance, fanaticism, and pride. Passing by the tribes of the Vassœvitch and Bielopolje, and other minor clans, we come to those inhabiting the territory on the left bank of the Drin, the lesser tribes of the Puka and Halia, and the more important and now celebrated Miridites. The territory of the two former is the mountainous district formerly known as the Lower Dukadjini. The road which joins Prisrend and East Roumelia to Scutari crosses these mountains, but, like all things Turkish, is never repaired, and though much frequented is become a mere track. Nearly every year caravans are arrested sometimes for months owing to snow or the mountain torrents. The population is almost equally divided between Mussulman and Christian, and renowned for its bravery and skill. Almost always in alliance with the Miridites, responding in war time to the summons of their chief, they have adopted their manner of fighting. Like them they pay no tribute, but furnish one man for each house as a contingent in war.

The tribe of the Miridites is also called a Principality, from the name of Prink (Peter) borne by nearly all their chiefs, and which, confused with a title, has been translated, "prince." It is numerically the most numerous and homogeneous of all the Albanian tribes. It is shut in by inaccessible mountains, penetrable by only three narrow defiles. Its position is exceedingly strong, and the more important in that it commands the roads of Prisrend and Tirana, the only ones by which the Porte, when at war with Montenegro, can throw supplies and troops into Upper Albania. The Miridites are divided into five *bayracks*, the chief of which is Orosch, and the chief village thereof is the residence of the head of the tribe. The situation of the village is at the bottom of a gorge in the mountains, so deep that in midsummer the sun shines on it for but three hours in the day. The *bayrack* of Orosch, although the least numerous, has a great authority among the others; its standard takes precedence; and it is inhabited by the most turbulent and pillaging race in these mountains.

The lands of the *bayrack* of Fani becoming insufficient for the wants of its increasing population, some three hundred families quitted it in 1840 and settled themselves in the Gatchia mountains overlooking Djakova. Having first farmed lands from the Mussulmans, they ended by seizing them, and form to-day a colony of about 6,000 souls living by the cultivation of the land and stock-raising. Regarding themselves as still forming a portion of the Miridites, they have preserved the name of their *bayrack*; they furnish to its chief a man for each house in war time, and pay no tribute to the Porte.

The *bayrack* of Spatshi, running partly into the district of the Dukadjini, is cut by the Prisrend road, which the Miridites bar whenever they have any complants against the Ottoman authorities. In this case they arrest Mussulman travellers and caravans belonging to the town against which they have complaint, and retain them until they obtain satisfaction; but are always careful never to detain Catholics or their merchandise. The fourth *bayrack* is that of Kousnine, and the fifth that of Dibri; the latter commanding the defiles of Katshnieti and Tresciani, which give access to the plain of Zadrima.

The Miridites all profess the Catholic religion, and no Mussulman is ever permitted to settle in their mountains, where they practise the rites of their faith in perfect freedom. Cases of abjuration of their religion are unknown among them; for such the punishment is death. Understanding nothing of the true spirit of Christianity, but attaching great importance to its exterior observances, the Miridites are excessively fanatic. They observe strictly all the feasts and fasts of the Roman calendar, and never allow an insult to their religion to pass unpunished—as the Mussulmans have learnt at the expense of their mosques whenever they have been tempted to fire on a cross, or damage a Catholic building.

When they take the field they are always accompanied by a native almoner. The one who went with the contingent furnished to the Turkish army on the Danube in 1854 was distinguished for his courage and self-denial, and received the decoration of the Medjidié. Although adherents of the Latin rite, the Miridites communicate in two kinds, and in many of their churches we find the Greek cross and paintings in the Byzantine style. The existence of a community thus preserving its separate forms of religion and political autonomy in the midst of a population which embraced Islamism or Orthodoxy at a very early date, opens an interesting field for study; unfortunately as time goes on the old traditions become more and more falsified, and the absence of written documents destroys any hope that the past history of the race which inhabits this part, as well as other portions of Albania, can ever be anything but matter of speculation.

The functions of the Miridite Prince are hereditary, but much restricted, and depend greatly on the influence he is able personally to wield. Each district has its *bayracktar*, literally, standard-bearer, who commands it in war, and its elders who, under the presidency of the captain, administer justice and the general affairs of the community. Exception is, however, made in the case of killing, the right to avenge which rests with the family of the victim alone. The women enjoy great liberty, travelling frequently without escort and unmolested, and their honour is strictly regarded; indeed, in all the mountains of Albania, the best guarantee for safety when travelling is the presence of a woman with the party.

The political organisation of the Miridites is a species of aristocratic republic; the captain can take no decision without the consent or advice of the elders, whose post among the Miridites is hereditary, though with the other tribes elective; on very solemn or important occasions, the entire arm-bearing population, on whom the consequences of a decision must eventually fall, are called into council. The hereditary chief for generations back has borne the name of Doda; the present holder of the dignity being known to the outside world as "Bib Doda."

The Miridites with their allies the Puka and Halia clans, and the minor tribes of the mountains of Alessio and Mathia, are capable of putting into the field from twenty to twenty-two thousand fighting men, which under their system of organisation would represent a total population of about 120,000 souls — a figure agreeing with that given by the most trustworthy authorities. Partly from their greater numbers and partly from their greater solidarity, the Miridites have exercised a large and controlling influence over the Turkish rule in Upper Albania; an influence which though sometimes exercised in a high-handed and often arbitrary way, has on the whole been beneficial to the interests of the rest of the populations, even those differing in race and creed. Leaving the Miridites and coming south to the Scombi,

the Christian element in the population almost disappears, and the Mussulman Skipetar, the Arnaout, is found in his unmixed condition. The most important of the towns of this part of Albania are Durazzo, in the neighbourhood of which are extensive coal deposits yet untouched; Croija, Kavaja, Pekini and Elbassan on the right bank of the Scombi, and Tirana, near which there are also valuable coal deposits. Tirana is the town pointed out in the Albanian petition to the Congress at Berlin in 1878, praying for autonomy, as the one chosen for the future capital. Its central position, after the cessions of territory to Montenegro and Greece shall have been effected, seems to favour its pretensions, apart from the fact of its being also among the most populous of the towns of that part of Albania.

Having sketched, as fully as the limits of this article will permit, the general composition and characteristics of the population of Upper Albania, we come to the south of the Scombi, where we find a different condition of things existing, political, social, and religious. Though the Orthodox element is to be found north of the Scombi, its adherents are too free to exercise any influence. South of that river it constitutes nearly, if not quite, half the population, two-thirds of which are to be found in Epirus, or the country between the Ergent and the Gulf of Arta.[1] Throughout this region the language almost exclusively used in the administration and everyday affairs is the modern Greek. Albanian of the Tosk dialect is also in use by the Mussulman Albanians, but even to the north of the Vonitza is not exclusively spoken, except among themselves. The languages in the seaports, such as Avlona, is Greek and Italian. Though nominally continuing the old tribal divisions, which were less numerous than in Upper Albania, there does not exist in Epirus the clannish exclusiveness or particularism which we have seen to distinguish the northern part of the country. In this we notice the continued silent action of the influence which the ambitious policy of Ali Pacha impressed on the current of events in Lower Albania, imperceptibly but powerfully sustained and supported by the establishment on its southern border of the progressive and prospering kingdom of Greece. Among the Albanians of Epirus the notion of a separate political and national independence has made little or no progress. The idea originally emanated from Northern Albania, through a concurrence of circumstances which have not, and as far as can be judged from careful observation, cannot have, a parallel in the lower country; and it has been merely taken up there by a few interested parties at the instigation of the Porte, and of one of the greater European powers, with the view of restricting the concessions to Greece, to the territory east of the Pindus range. There is a remarkable agreement in the testimony borne by travellers in Epirus, both in former and the most modern times, as to the leaning towards the Greeks manifested in many ways by the Tosks. To what can this be owing but to the existence of race-affinities and to the power which Hellenism has shown in so marked a degree, of absorbing and assimilating to itself races as vigorous, but of lower civilisation. Herein may be discerned the ultimate future, at least of the Tosks. Free from the disintegrating influence which the continual wars and forays along the Montenegrin boundary have exercised on the character and condition of tho northern Albanians, the orthodox Greeks and Albanians and their Mussulman fellow-countrymen, in Epirus and Lower Albania generally, have

[1] Kiepert, *Ethnographie von Epirus*, and personal examination by the writer during a tour in 1879.

since the days of Ali Pacha and the establishment of the Greek kingdom lived in comparative harmony and peace. The influences of education have contributed in no small degree to this desirable result, and though the condition of the country at the present moment leaves very much to be desired, still it was, until the disturbance in its relations to the Porte was generated by the late Russo-Turkish war, in a state contrasting very favourably with that of the population bordering on Montenegro.

Looking then at the Albanian question, so called, not from a sentimental but from a practical point of view, the first question to suggest itself is—Is an Albanian autonomy practicable? and, if so, within what limits can it be trusted to exist without being a source of anxiety and possible complications in the future? Broken up and disunited among themselves as they are, it might be possible for even so freedom-loving or lawless a race (whichever the reader prefers) to adopt some such simple elementary form of confederation as might possibly survive the shocks to which it would be inevitably subjected. In spite of the lawlessness of the Albanian, there is a fund of loyalty at the bottom of his character, when his too suspicious mind is not worked on by outsiders (themselves not always animated by loyal or disinterested motives), which may enable him in time to sink some of his personal interests in the general welfare. Unfortunately two things are wanting to ensure this: first, the certainty that no noxious or flagitious influences will be brought to bear on him; secondly, the existence of educated Albanians who could become leaders of the people and guide them in difficult and dangerous crises. It follows then that the answer to the initial question is to be sought not in Albania or among the Albanians themselves, but around them, and among those who have to gain or to lose by their absorption or independence. The spirit of the hour is against their attaining the latter. It must be clear to the most ardent upholder of the Turk that the knell of the Ottoman power has struck, and with it is involved the lot, immediate and urgent, of its component parts. The Albanian, it is evident, can enjoy no immunity from his coming fate, which would seem to be that he will be ground between the upper and nether millstone; between the armed aggression of the Sclav, either Austrian or Russian, and the imperceptible but not less powerful action of Greek education and civilisation. Looking at the existing state of things in Albania, it appears then, in the absence of a combination of circumstances, which nothing on the political horizon justifies one in hoping for, that the Albanian populations are in a condition, politically and socially, which favours the solution hinted at. In reality there is no Albanian question which can be properly so called; it is in the Greek question or Hellenism, and the Montenegrin question or Sclavism, that the Albanian question consists. Incidentally, it is also an Italian question, but that phase is more properly an offshoot of the *Italia irredenta* agitation, and will have to be settled between Austria and Italy.

The absorption of the Albanian people by other races is not an event which can be regarded with unmixed feelings by the two great Western powers. Little interested themselves in Albania as it existed up to 1877 under Turkish rule, they will be compelled to exercise a vigilant watchfulness over its final partition, whenever that may come; and in proportion as the larger share of the Turkish Empire may fall to the Sclavs or the Hellenes, so will their interests be involved. It is difficult for the moralist to discern, through the mists with which diplomacy has surrounded the question, on what

principles of abstract political equity Montenegro is to be rewarded for the part she has played during the last twenty years and more in perpetuating disturbances along her frontier. It can only be, and is avowedly, on the ground of political expediency. This, however, is beside the question, which is no way affected by the views of the moralist. Englishmen and Frenchmen, and, let it also be said, some Germans, will regard with feelings of sympathetic interest the gradual welding together of the Hellenic and Albanian elements in Lower Albania and Epirus, and their affiliation to the kingdom of Greece. The advantages which such a solution of that portion of the Albanian question would confer would be numerous, and mutually beneficial to the already free and the newly emancipated. The union of the Greeks of Epirus to the kingdom cannot longer be prevented, that of all the Albanians in the Lower Albania may be delayed, but appears not the less destined to come to pass. The moral advantages of these additions to the kingdom of Greece would be incalculable. The over-wrought, feverish political life of Greece would receive a fresh and strengthening impulse. The sense of enhanced power would lend greater dignity and a sense of more real importance to the government of the country; while the addition to its population would enable it to carry out without embarrassment the financial obligations which now throw so severe a strain on its limited resources. Finally, in the addition of a brave, hardy, and loyal people to the military strength of the Hellenic kingdom, Englishmen could only see with deep satisfaction the reinforcement of a power which, from its geographical position, its love of freedom, and its instinctive leanings towards constitutional government and commercial industry, must ever be the advanced guard of our Western civilisation in the East.

C. L. FitzGerald.

PEASANT LIFE IN BENGAL.

VILLAGE life in Bengal has been hitherto a sealed book to Europeans. Travellers have described the mud cottages thatched with straw, half hidden by clumps of bamboos, plantains, or cocoa-nuts; the ryots cultivating the fields, or tending their cows, goats, and buffaloes; the miscellaneous minority of Brahmans, writers, money-lenders, doctors, astrologers, shopkeepers, weavers, blacksmiths, barbers, and scavengers; the women cooking the family meals, sweeping floors, husking rice, making cakes, or spinning cotton; the swarms of naked children making mud-pies or playing old-fashioned games; the trees where village gentry smoke and gossip, and religious mendicants go to and fro; the public tanks where the villagers bathe and pray; the temples where they make their offerings and worship the gods; and the colonnades where for unknown centuries the village boys have been taught Sanskrit grammar and verses by a line of Brahman pedagogues dating back to an unknown antiquity. Yet after a century of British rule, the inner life of these teeming populations, with all its joys and sorrows, is as little known to the English people as that of the old world which lies dead and buried beneath the mounds of Memphis or Nimroud.

Lal Behari Day's *Bengal Peasant Life* opens out this inner world.[1] He takes the reader, not only into a Bengali village, which is known by the high-sounding name of Kanchanpur, or "the golden city," but into the homestead of a Bengali family, and tells the annals of the household. The father is dead, and the family nominally consists of three brothers—Badan, Manik, and Gayaram. Badan is the eldest, and consequently the head of the family. He takes the entire charge of the family property:—the homestead, which pays a yearly ground-rent of one rupee, or two shillings sterling, to the zemindar; the twelve acres of arable land, which pay a yearly rent of forty rupees; the plough and pair of bullocks, and some three or four cows. He provides for all these payments, as well as for the wants of the household. He is married, and has a little daughter named Malati, who as yet is the only child in the family. His brother Manik is unmarried, for, being of a weak intellect, no man will give him a daughter in marriage. His youngest brother, Gayaram, is married, but has no children. Badan and Manik cultivate the fields, whilst Gayaram attends to the cows.

The supreme mistress of the household is the old widowed mother, Alanga. She is honoured and obeyed by her three sons, and exacts implicit obedience from her two daughters-in-law. Badan never takes any important step without consulting the old lady. His wife is most submissive to her on all occasions; but the young wife of Gayaram is sometimes restive, and returns a cross word to her mother-in-law. Such an act of rebellion is always regarded as a heinous crime in a Hindu household; and Gayaram does not fail to reproach his wife at night for her undutiful conduct, and occasionally to slap and cuff her in a way which makes her silent and sullen for a whole day afterwards.

The homestead is a four-sided inclosure of thick clay, with a yard in the centre. Badan occupies a large

[1] *Bengal Peasant Life*, by Lal Behari Day. Macmillan and Co., 1879. This book was originally published in two volumes under the title of *Govinda Samanta; or, the History of a Bengal Raiyat* (*Ryot*).

hut at the entrance; and his veranda, opening out into the yard, is the parlour or drawing-room of the family, where visitors sit on mats and smoke their hubble-bubbles.[1] On the opposite side is Gayaram's hut, and his veranda is the kitchen of the family. There is also a spare hut, a house for the cows, a tank, and other accessories.

The daily life of the family is a series of pictures of Arcadian simplicity. At daybreak, when the crows begin to caw, the whole household is astir. The two elder brothers are off to the fields, whilst Gayaram is seeing after the cows. The women are busy in the huts and courtyard. Sometimes the men come home to their mid-day meal, and sometimes it is carried to them in the fields. At sunset the labours of the day are brought to a close. A mat is spread in the courtyard, and the men sit down cross-legged and smoke their hubble-bubbles; and at such times it is the joy of Badan's life to listen to the childish prattle of his little daughter Malati. Occasionally the brothers pay visits to their neighbours, or neighbours drop in and join in the smoking. The conversation is nearly always the same—the weather, the bullocks, the crops, and the cows; the ploughing, harvesting, sowing, or irrigating. But money is ever the burden of the talk; rupees, annas, and pice; the zemindar's rent; the interest paid to the money-lender; the cost, loss, or profit of every transaction connected with the farm or household.

The whole family is religious; indeed all Hindus are religious. They may be everything that is good or bad, but they are never wanting in fear of the gods. They are constantly uttering the sacred names, and they offer a portion of every meal to the gods of the earth, water, and sky. They see deity in everything that exists, and omens of good or evil in everything that moves. If they meet a cow or a wedding, they rejoice over their good fortune; if they see a widow or a funeral, they are down-hearted at their ill-luck. They engage in no business, or journey, or transaction of any sort or kind, without a prayer to the goddess Lakshmi or an invocation to the elephant-headed Ganesha.

Every family or group of families has its own Purohita, or domestic Brahman, who performs endless ceremonies of propitiation, consecration, or purification at births, deaths, marriages, fasts, festivals, religious celebrations, and family incidents of every kind. In return the Purohita receives all the offerings of rice, fruits, and vegetables that are made to the gods, with occasional presents of a like character. Every year the Guru, or religious teacher of the sect or district, makes his appearance to receive a shilling fee from every household, and to confirm younger neophytes by whispering into their respective ears the name of the god that each one is to worship as his own individual deity. This name is known as the "seed prayer," and is to be uttered by the worshipper one hundred and eight times every day until the end of his earthly career.

One day at noon the three brothers —Badan, Manik, and Gayaram—were resting from their labours and smoking the eternal hubble-bubble, when the little girl, Malati, came up with their dinners, and brought the welcome news that Badan's wife had given birth to a son. No more work was done that afternoon, and the brothers hastened home and found the whole household in ecstasies of delight. The yard was filled with friends and neighbours, who came to congratulate the family; the old nurse was ever and anon coming to the door of the spare hut and showing the new-born baby with the utmost pride and satisfaction, whilst the grandmother, Alanga, was overflowing with joy as she gazed on the face of her little grandson. The goddess Shusti, the holy protectress of young children, was worshipped and propitiated with

[1] The Bengal tobacco pipe is fixed into a cocoa-nut of water; and all the smoke from the bowl is drawn through the water, and makes the bubbling noise which gives it the name of "hubble-bubble."

the most profound faith and devotion; and for days the homestead was a centre of attraction and rejoicing to the whole neighbourhood.[1] In due course the horoscope of the infant was cast by the village astrologer, and pronounced to be most auspicious. This little boy is the hero of the present story; his name is Govinda Samanta.

Badan, the happy father of Govinda, was a type of the Bengal ryots of fifty years ago. Neither he nor his father before him had ever learned to read or write; but he knew that his ignorance exposed him to many exactions of the zemindar which were contrary to the laws of the British government, and when Govinda was five years of age, he resolved that the lad should be sent to school. The old grandmother, Alanga, did not like the idea; she considered that education was all very well for Brahmans, writers, or money-lenders, but was out of place in the family of a ryot. Accordingly she was of opinion that her little grandson Govinda would be better employed in helping his uncle Gayaram to look after the cows. But Badan represented that a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic would be absolutely necessary for the protection of the rising generation; so the old lady gave way at last and permitted Govinda to go to school.

Govinda was not destined to learn Sanscrit from the Brahman schoolmaster in the temple colonnade. Badan selected a more humble school, where the master was well versed in accounts, and was content with a monthly fee of one anna, or three halfpence sterling, and a little daily dole of betel or tobacco. The all-important day arrived when Govinda was wrapped in the *dhuti*, or cloth, for the first time, to the supreme delight of his mother and grandmother. He was provided with a piece of chalk for writing letters and figures on the floor, and Alanga tied up a quantity of fried rice in a corner of his *dhuti* in case he should feel hungry. He then, like a good little boy, bowed himself down to the ground with the deepest respect before his grandmother, his mother, and his father, as well as his uncles and aunt, and received a benediction from each. He was then led to the school by his father Badan, and began a course of education with some twenty other boys. He first learned to chalk letters and figures on the floor, and was then promoted to the dignity of writing on palm-leaves. Henceforth he went to school every morning with a bundle of palm-leaves under his arm, an earthen ink-pot in his hand, and a reed pen behind his ear. Every evening he came home bespattered with ink to show the reality and ardour of his studies; and then his delight was to listen to the stories of all the old women round about respecting the never ending travels of four friends, and the horrible doings of ghosts and goblins of every shape and size.

Meanwhile Govinda's little sister Malati reached her eleventh year, and it became necessary to provide her with a husband. Her father Badan was a poor man, and would gladly have deferred the marriage, but his mother Alanga was very anxious on the subject, and all his neighbours would have cried shame upon him had he put it off any longer. Accordingly he arranged to borrow the necessary sum from a money-lender, who charged a monthly interest at the rate of seventy-five per cent per annum. He also engaged a professional matchmaker, who knew all the families round about and all their respective genealogies, in order to seek out a suitable husband in the neighbouring villages. At last, after several lengthy negotiations and many comparisons of horoscopes, a marriage was settled by the parents on either side between Malati, the daughter of Badan, and a young man named Madhava, who was the son of a rich landowner in a village some twenty miles off; and

[1] Other superstitious ideas and nursery incidents are told by Lal Behari Day, but the reader must be referred to the book under review for all details beyond the bare outline of the story.

after many more consultations of the heavenly bodies a fortunate day was finally fixed for the nuptial ceremonies.

Madhava was more than nineteen years of age, but he had no voice in the marriage. He was content to take the bride whom his parents had chosen without any courtship whatever; indeed, when a marriage is arranged amongst Bengalis, it is considered most improper for the bridegroom to see or speak to his bride until the wedding-day. As for Malati, she was too young to understand the meaning of marriage, and only knew that there was to be great ceremony and festivity, for some days.

During a whole fortnight before the wedding-day there was a din of preparations at both households, whilst the bride and bridegroom were subjects for mirth and jesting, congratulations, and compliments from all their kinsfolk and acquaintances. There was continual feasting, bands of music were playing, dresses, jewels, and ornaments were under preparation, and the happy pair were rubbed with turmeric and oil until they were as yellow as gold. To expatiate upon the trousseau of the bride is beyond the power of a European pen. No expense was spared by the father of the bridegroom. The wedding garments of Madhava were made of flowered silks and cloth of gold. His shoes, specially procured from Calcutta, were embroidered with silver. The diadem which is always worn by Bengali bridegrooms, and is sometimes of the flimsiest tinsel, was made up of the richest materials and costliest decorations.

At last the day arrived when the bridegroom was to go in grand procession to be married to his bride. At evening time Madhava was carried to Kanchanpur in a litter, accompanied by musicians and torches. The whole village was aroused by the music and the glare. Men, women, and children rushed into the road and cried out that the bridegroom was coming, whilst the jackals were so frightened at the flaming lights and sudden turmoil that they scampered off to the jungle with the most unearthly screams and yells.

All this while the assembly at Badan's house was on the tiptoe of expectation. The inner yard was covered with a canopy of canvas, and a seat was prepared in the midst for the reception of the bridegroom. Presently the marriage music was heard playing louder and louder, and the hearts of Badan and his old mother were beating with excitement. At last the procession reached the gate of the homestead, and Badan went out to welcome his future son-in-law. Madhava, as the hero of the night, was then conducted to the seat in the midst of the assembly. The yard was crowded with husbands and sons, talking incessantly, whilst the hubble-bubble went gaily round. The veranda of the big hut was crowded with wives and daughters, who were bundled together like bales of cotton, but were nevertheless as merry and talkative as the men, and full of jokes about the bride and bridegroom.

The marriage ceremony was next performed with all its endless details, which may be regarded with breathless interest by Bengali spectators, but have no significance to European eyes. They were brought to a close by the symbolic tying of the skirts of the bride with those of the bridegroom, the exchange of garlands between the happy pair, and the chanting recitations of Vaidik hymns by the officiating Brahmans. The marriage feast was then served up to the male visitors in the yard. A plantain leaf was placed on the ground before every guest to serve as a plate, and then there was a general distribution of boiled rice, boiled pulse, vegetable curry, fish curry, fish in tamarind, and the curds, which are always a favourite dish with Hindus. When the gentlemen had finished, the ladies were served, and the night was thus spent in feasting and frolic. Two days afterwards the bridegroom went back to his father's house, accompanied by the bride, but after a week or two

Malati returned to her old home, to remain there until she should be old enough to live with her husband.

After the marriage, the household at Kanchanpur returned to its old routine; but Malati's life underwent a change. Whilst at home, she was no longer allowed to go out with the cows, or to carry the dinner to her father and uncles, but she did more of the work of the house, and was initiated in the mysteries of cooking, and was not required to cover herself with a veil like her mother and aunt. At intervals, however, she paid flying visits to her husband in the house of his father; and on these occasions she was under more constraint, for she was treated as Madhava's wife, and was always obliged to cover her face with a veil.

Meanwhile Gayaram's young wife, Aduri, made some mischief in Badan's household. She was not only cross to her mother-in-law, but occasionally insubordinate to her husband. One night, when they were retiring to sleep on their mats, Gayaram accused her of having looked and smiled at a young religious mendicant whilst giving him a handful of rice. Aduri declared it was a lie; that she never looked on any man's face save his own, and that she never spoke to any man, not even to his elder brothers. Gayaram gave her a slap in the face, and she set up a loud screaming, and fell down upon the floor. The grandmother rushed in and tried to soothe her son, and begged him to use his wife more gently, and left them. But Aduri had lost her temper; she declared that, if she had smiled at the mendicant, there was no harm in it; and Gayaram was so angry at the impropriety that he gave her a good beating, and left her to sob and moan as much as she pleased, and went to sleep on his mat. Next morning he rose up early, and found that Aduri was fast asleep. Accordingly, he went out to the cows without saying a word.

When Aduri woke up, she set about her household duties as though nothing had occurred. The morning passed away, her husband and brothers-in-law returned home and took their dinners, and went out again into the fields, but nothing was said. That same afternoon she suddenly began to laugh boisterously, and jumped round the veranda, and seemed to be possessed by a demon. An exorcist was sent for, and he uttered his incantations, and began to harangue the demon; but the evil spirit set him at defiance, and refused to leave the woman. In this extremity the exorcist began to belabour the young wife with a bamboo in order to drive the demon out of her. This active treatment proved eminently successful. The demon left his victim and vanished from the household, and Aduri recovered her senses.

Soon after this Malati reached her twelfth year, and she went to live with her husband in his father's house. Madhava was kind and affectionate in every way, but his mother was a virago, and seemed to hate her young daughter-in-law. She blamed Malati for not sweeping the floor properly, and for bad cooking and confectionery. She declared that Malati was ill-bred, walked like a boy, had a voice like the hissing of a serpent, and smiled in a sneering and sarcastic way whenever anything was said to her. One night Malati did nothing but sob and weep; and Madhava found out that she had been slapped in the face because some milk had boiled over. He trembled very much when he heard the story, but at last he said that he would speak to his mother. Malati answered that nothing would cure her temper, and urged him to send the old lady away. Madhava was horrified at the idea; he never heard of any such atrocity, except among the European Sahibs, and he was not going to act like a Sahib, for it is deemed an enormous crime amongst Hindus for a son to live apart from his mother. Madhava tried to quiet his wife by saying that it was her fate; and as it had been ordained by the gods, it was impious and useless to resist their decrees.

Next day, however, Madhava went so far as to tell his mother that it did not look well for her to beat her daughter-in-law. But the old lady broke out in a fury. Madhava fled from the storm and escaped into the fields; but the old lady kept on walking to and fro, muttering to herself, cracking her knuckles, banging the doors, dashing about the brass pots, and behaving like a mad woman. For the rest of the day she would not say a word; but the night quieted her down, and next morning the household went on as usual. Some time afterwards Malati gave birth to a little boy; and henceforth she was treated more kindly by her mother-in-law.

Govinda Samanta was still a schoolboy at Kanchanpur when a great sorrow befell the household. His youngest uncle, Gayaram, was bitten by a cobra, and expired within a few hours; and his remains were burnt immediately afterwards with all the customary ceremonies. The grief of the grandmother, Alanga, was intense and piercing, but the poor young widow, Aduri, did nothing but shriek and scream, and then gave way to a despair bordering on mania. The days had gone by when a bereaved widow was compelled to burn herself with her dead husband on the funeral pile. Lord William Bentinck had abolished that abominable rite for ever. But, nevertheless, the life of a Hindu woman, who has lost her husband, is without hope of any kind. However young she may be, she is condemned to perpetual widowhood; to break up all her ornaments, to wear mean attire, and to be content with one meal a day. Even when kindly treated by the other women of the household, she is regarded as an evil omen, to be shut out from all weddings and merry-makings, and doomed to spend the remainder of her days as a hewer of wood and drawer of water.

The fortunes of Govinda were changed by the death of his uncle, for he was removed from school and required to look after the cows. Shortly afterwards a horrible crime was committed, which is still frequent in India. A little girl was missing, and the whole population turned out to seek for the lost child. Search was made in every homestead, grove, and garden, whilst numbers hastened to the tanks and dragged them in the expectation of finding the body. At last the corpse was found floating in a tank; and it was evident that the little girl had been lured away from the village, and stripped of all the finery and ornaments with which native parents bedizen their children, and then murdered and thrown into the tank.

The discovery was followed by a strange conflict between English law and Hindu ideas. According to the English law in India, the body of a murdered person is never to be burnt without the knowledge and sanction of the police. But Hindus are accustomed to burn their dead as soon as possible after they have ceased to live; and they consider it a calamity and a crime if a body remains unburnt after twenty-four hours. The question was referred to the zemindar, who was a bigoted Hindu, and consequently ordered the immediate burning. But to guard against unpleasant consequences, a bribe was given to the police constable of the village, and consequently no report of the murder was sent to the police authorities at the headquarters station.

Next day, the whole village set to work to discover the murderers. An old woman came forward and said that on the morning of the previous day she had seen the little girl walking away with a man and his sister belonging to the village. The people at once accepted her story, and ran off to the hut of the accused, arrested them both, and then dragged them to the house of the zemindar, kicking and cuffing them the whole of the way. The accused were subjected to torture and confessed their guilt, and then received another storm of blows. But nothing further could be done; neither the zemindar nor the constable dared to report that the body had been burnt without the knowledge

of the police. Accordingly, the murderers were turned out of the village with a shower of brickbats and old shoes,[1] and told that they would be hanged if ever they attempted to return.

About this time Govinda was married, and his grandmother resolved to surrender the headship of the household to his mother, the wife of Badan, and to devote the remainder of her days to religious duties and pilgrimages to holy places. The family were Vaishnavas, or worshippers of Vishnu as the supreme spirit through his incarnation as Krishna; and they belonged to the sect of Chaitanya, a Vaishnava preacher of the sixteenth century, who is greatly reverenced throughout Bengal, and is supposed by his followers to be a later incarnation of Krishna. Accordingly, the old lady prepared to go on a pilgrimage to certain holy places which had been rendered sacred by the presence of Chaitanya; and then to undertake a final journey to the famous temple of Jaganath, another form of Krishna, in the remote province of Orissa. Her daughter-in-law Aduri, the young widow of her lost son Gayaram, proposed to accompany her; and though Badan doubted the sincerity of Aduri's religious professions, he would not prevent her going, especially as she might prove of help to his mother on her toilsome journeys.

A Hindu pilgrimage is one of the saddest sights in humanity. The worshippers of Krishna often abandon themselves to a wild frenzy, and seem to lose their senses in orgiastic intoxication. The religious mendicants especially, who are supposed to lead lives of celibacy, and to devote themselves to mystical contemplation of the supreme spirit, will often impose upon credulous widows by their affected ecstasies, and make their religious pretensions a cloak for the vilest immoralities. At one of the places of pilgrimage, the two women beheld a group of these mendicants, singing, dancing, and vituperating like madmen. One of the most violent fixed his eyes on the younger widow, and then threw himself on the ground in violent convulsions. Aduri looked on with amazement; she knew the man well, and remembered having given him alms at their homestead at Kanchanpur. Presently he awoke from his trance, and declared that the god had appeared to him and announced that the widow was destined to become the most glorious member of his mendicant worshippers. It is needless to dwell upon the scene of imposture. Aduri made no resistance, and her mother-in-law was too bewildered and helpless to interfere. The poor deluded widow was hurried off by the mendicants, invested with the garb of their order, made to take the vows with the accompanying ceremonies, and was henceforth lost to her family. The old lady returned to Kanchanpur with the unwelcome story, and in spite of the sincerity of their faith in Vishnu and Krishna, the whole family lamented over the mysterious doom that had befallen the widow of Gayaram.

The old grandmother, Alanga, lived to carry out her pilgrimage to Jaganath, but was attacked by cholera on the road from Puri, and left to die without medicine or religious ceremonies; and to crown the horrors of her doom, her remains were not consumed on a funeral pile, but were left a prey to dogs and vultures. When the sad tidings reached Kanchanpur, the family celebrated her obsequies, but the manner of her death continued to be a great grief to the whole household.

Shortly afterwards Badan was gathered to his fathers, and burnt in the old solemn fashion which has been handed down from a remote antiquity. Govinda, the son, now became the head of the family,

[1] Throwing a shoe or a slipper is the most insulting mark of opprobrium in Asiatic eyes. It is an insult which no one is supposed to forgive. Accordingly, Hindus are thunderstruck when they see Europeans throwing old shoes and slippers after a newly married pair; and some Bengali editors have gravely taken Europeans to task for such vulgarity and superstition.

but began life with a serious drawback. Badan had left a debt due to the money-lender, and for this his son was responsible according to Hindu usages, which are more binding than laws; and Govinda had been compelled to increase this debt in order to perform the expensive ceremonies necessitated by the death of his grandmother and father.

But matters are rarely so bad that they cannot be worse. One day Govinda was taken aback by a demand from one of the servants of the zemindar for a contribution of five rupees towards the expenses of the coming marriage of the son of the zemindar. The demand was illegal, but it was one of those old native customs which had outlived the introduction of British rule. Govinda was utterly unable to pay, and was accordingly hurried off to the house of the zemindar to make his excuses in the presence of the great man.

Jaya Chand Raya was a Bengal zemindar of the old school, ignorant, rapacious, and unscrupulous, sticking at nothing in the way of forgery, chicanery, or downright fraud, if he could only screw money out of the timid ryots. His name was never pronounced by his tenants without execrations; whilst it was a common saying that tigers and cows were so terrified when they heard it that they drank water together out of the same tank.

The house of this Hindu grandee was a mansion of brick and mortar, the largest in the village. The gateway was a mass of solid masonry, with a huge door of teak wood, studded with large nails, and surmounted by the figure of a lion. Inside was a courtyard sixty feet square. On one side was a large hall; and on two other sides there were suites of rooms; the whole being known as the Cutcherry house, public part of the mansion, where the zemindar held his court and transacted business. There were two other quadrangles covering similar areas, built round with houses and covered verandas. One was known as the "outer house," contained the images of the gods, and was used only on religious festivals; the other was the "inner house," and comprised the women's apartments, or Zenana.

Govinda was ushered trembling through the lion gate into the Cutcherry hall, where he saw the zemindar sitting cross-legged on a carpet, leaning on a huge pillow, and looking as terrible as a lion couchant. Govinda crouched before him like the humblest slave, and pleaded that he was willing to pay, and only wanted time. He was told that, unless he was ready with his money within three days, he would be brought to the house with his hands tied for all men to see.

That night there was much exciting talk in the village of Kanchanpur. Some asked why the poor ryots should pay the marriage expenses of the zemindar's son. Others timidly remarked that the zemindar was rich and powerful, and had a band of club men in his pay. Manik declared that it would be cowardly to submit, and heaped much abuse upon the zemindar. But Govinda remarked that, if he failed to pay, the zemindar might ill-treat him, or imprison him, and perhaps set his house on fire; and it was plain that most of the villagers held the same opinion. Accordingly, he consulted his mother, and resolved to raise the money at any cost, but to tell the zemindar to his face that the demand was contrary to law.

The result was not satisfactory. The zemindar was so enraged that he struck Govinda with his slipper, and threatened to ruin him until the dogs and jackals howled over his miseries. A few nights afterwards the old homestead was set on fire, and Manik recognised one of the incendiaries as the head of the zemindar's club men. But Govinda could obtain no redress. Many of the zemindar's people swore that the offender was miles away on the night in question, whilst the village constable was the humble servant of the zemindar.

Govinda was soon a ruined man. The fire destroyed his receipts for rent,

and false demands were made against him, which led to the distraint of his crops and cattle, and the sale of all his remaining property to the highest bidder. He struggled on for a while as a labourer, and at last perished in the famine of 1873.

Such is the story of Govinda Samanta as told by an educated native gentleman of singular ability. It abounds in accurate descriptions and details, which will be found equally novel and interesting. In a word, it tells more of the realities of native life and character than can be found in all the voluminous lumber that the British government has ever published respecting the people of India. Above all, it shows the helplessness of the agricultural population of Bengal, and the utter want of political life in the village communities. At the period to which the story refers, the Bengal ryots were almost at the mercy of the zemindars. Prior to the year 1859 the Bengal zemindars were empowered by the late East India Company's regulations to imprison their ryots, and distrain their goods, for any arrears of rent, or even alleged arrears; and thus, to use the words of Lal Behari Day, a government calling itself Christian permitted the peaceful millions of Bengal to be ground to the dust by their native landlords. But Act X. of 1859 removed most of the old evils by prohibiting all arbitrary demands, and introducing new rules as regards receipts and the enhancement of rents, which have practically emancipated the ryots from the serfdom which they had inherited from their fathers.

It must however be admitted that the zemindars of the present day, especially those who have received an English education, are of a better type than Jaya Chand Raya. Indeed, there are some who take a real interest in the welfare of their ryots, and who would compare favourably with the landlords in more advanced countries. But the Bengal ryots are still too ignorant and timid to help themselves. They distrust one another; they are afraid of the zemindars; they are in still greater terror of the native police; and the activity of English officials alone protects them from oppression and crime.

The political and social elevation of the people of India is becoming one of the most important questions of the day; but the story of Govinda Samanta shows how little can be done until the masses begin to display more public spirit, and education is more widely disseminated. The main difficulty is to arouse the Hindu people from the torpor of ages, and during the present generation very much has been done in this direction. The good work began with the introduction of railways, telegraphs, and a cheap postage. Since then the disastrous famines and introduction of direct taxation have awakened the Hindu populations of the larger villages and towns to the course of public events in which their self-interest is largely concerned. But the great desideratum is a closer association between Europeans and natives, especially in the Residency capitals; and that can be only effected by the discovery of pursuits and measures in which both can have a common interest. Field sports and horse-races have had but a dubious success; whilst European conversaziones are almost as wearisome to native gentlemen as the performances of nautch girls and conjurors are to English visitors. The growing interest of educated natives in English politics may possibly lead to the desired result; and though at present it seems more likely to enable interested individuals to create political capital, it may tend in the long run to promote the well-being of both Great Britain and India.

J. Talboys Wheeler.

THE NORTHERN SHEPHERD.

There is something at once poetical and exceedingly prosaic in the word "shepherd" according to the point of view from which it is looked at. It brings to our minds the smock-frocked man on the Wiltshire downs, or on the sunny hills of Devon, with his kindly, but often not very intelligent, face, a cider-drinking, bacon-eating father of smock-frocked, bacon-eating children. There is the pretty pair, relique of the Dresden era, with their delicate flower-adorned crooks and garments, charming and useless. The black-bearded, swarthy man, whose like has watched flocks on Syrian or Arabian deserts for untold generations, is another type. And, lastly, we can see on old Greek vases, or on still more ancient sculpture, the figure of a man with god-like face and stately limbs, lying sunburnt and half naked by a fountain or river, playing on his pipes, or wooing some maiden, fair indeed, but scarcely more so than himself. The shepherds of the North of Scotland yield in grace and dignity to the last, but stand, we think, superior to the first; and we propose in this paper to give a short account of them, and of the wild land in which they live.

Of the deer, the grouse, and the salmon, greatly though we love them, we shall say little here. After the full and accurate accounts given of them by such writers as Scrope, St. John, and Colquhoun, little remains to be said; these men in their younger days had opportunities which are now, alas! wanting to us. They could follow, with little let or hindrance, the deer from Loch Inver to Dunrobin, or from Loch Shin to the Kyle of Tongue, and fish without question rivers which now let for a hundred pounds a month. They all, too, had the power of bringing vividly before their readers the scenes they were describing, and St. John is peculiarly successful in this art. We seem, as we read his charming pages, almost to smell the peat smoke of the shepherd's house into which he turns wet and tired after his long day on the hill. Our feet slip with his on the polished downlying stems of the rank heather, as breathless and panting he struggles up to cut off the wounded deer. We can almost hear the alarmed "whutter" of the old mallard as he hurriedly rises from the lonely mountain loch only to come down again. In their time wild Sutherland was still wilder; animals and birds which they came frequently across are extinct or very rare now. The weird old stories too, about the free-booters and poachers, the fierce wolves and enormous stags, the giants and the cave-dwelling spirits, were fresher then. It is hard to say what may be going on in the lonely hills of Sutherland in another hundred years.

When the bracken and the birches are beginning to feel the effects of the early autumn frosts, and the larch is found in the morning with her yellow needles lying about her, as if it were a garment, most of the shooting tenants move southward, and for nine months Sutherland is left once more to itself. And yet for some, though perhaps these are but few, it has in the late autumn and in the winter charms not less than in the purple August. The summer look of the country, that known best by the great majority of its visitors, is of course gone. The hot sun, shining with broad face over the great moors, and making the outlines of the hills shake and tremble in its fierce heat,

and the still more beautiful summer midnight, semi-Arctic in its lightness, when Sailven, and Canispe, and Benmore, though twenty miles away, can be seen cutting the clear sky with their bold masses, are wanting—though indeed in these degenerate times hot sun and clear skies are not familiar sights even in the summer. To these few a long tramp on some lowering November afternoon has a peculiar fascination, when the shadows of the great clouds are chasing each other wildly over the far-stretching moors, and the sun, now grown faint and powerless, shows up here and there the sickly yellow grass against the brown heather; whilst with every breath they inhale air which has been driven a hundred miles over the mountains, as if it needed filtering and purifying fresh from its journey of thousands more across the sea.

The shepherds of Ross-shire and Sutherland, about whom more especially we are writing, are physically a fine race. Many people have a fixed idea that all Highlanders are tall, strong men; others, judging probably from the fishermen they have seen on the east coast, or from the western islands, imagine them small, stunted, and red-haired. Of course there are some small, poor-looking men, but as a rule they will compare favourably with any race in these islands; and it would be a strange thing if they did not. Their life is eminently calculated to make them do so. Their food, though simple, is abundant; the oatmeal which, with milk and a little mutton and bacon, forms their diet, is well known for its properties of bone-making. They breathe air than which there is no purer in the world, and their hard out-of-door life insures them sound and healthy sleep.

If to most men the life of a shepherd would appear strange and almost appalling in its utter loneliness, to some few it has, for this very reason, a peculiar fascination. (We are speaking here of the genuine hillman, not of one who is connected with a coast arable farm.) Some of the straths and glens are well populated—well populated, that is to say, for that country. There may be on twenty miles of road a couple of shooting-lodges, with their attendant collection of keepers' houses, a few small crofts, perhaps an inn, and possibly a kirk, though these two latter are infrequent, and the average distance between inns in Sutherland (always excepting a narrow strip on the east coast) may be set down at from fifteen to thirty miles. Many of the shepherds' houses, however, are a long distance off the main road, and a man, after walking from the nearest railway station twenty or thirty miles, and often much further, may have to turn across the heather for five or six more before he gets home, though there is often a peat track to help him. His most probable near neighbour will be a keeper, and keepers and shepherds do not always pull well together, there being knotty questions about heather burning, and sheep straying over marches (the latter being especially frequent when the adjoining land is under deer), which have to be settled afresh every year, and which cause no little amount of jealousy and ill-feeling between the two. Sometimes, however, they are great friends; and as a rule they get on pretty well together, partly, no doubt, for the sake of companionship, and partly, on the keeper's side at least, from motives of policy, for he knows well, if he is worth anything, how essential it is for the welfare of his game that he and the shepherd should be on good terms, and how great the power is which the latter has over it.

Here then in his substantial, generally slated house, the shepherd lives a lonely life: out all day and every day on the hills; not able to discuss the local news with forester or ploughman as men in the lowlands can, and indeed often with no local news to discuss, spending the whole day for weeks and months and years alone with his collies and his sheep, and

coming back at night to his wife and children, perhaps the only human faces he will see for long stretches of time together. And if the life of the man is considered a dreary one, what must it be for the wife? Poor lassie! a long course of natural selection has adapted her for it; but she must often hardly know what she is consenting to when she allows herself to be persuaded by some prosperous young shepherd's eloquence to go up to his far-away strath, and make his lonely life less lonely. The first year after her marriage may be called one long honeymoon, if the fact of seeing hardly any one but her husband can constitute one. But he is rarely with her in the day, and with little to do, it must often be weary work alone from the early morning till late in the afternoon. She will sometimes have enough to think about, though, on some wild December or January evening, when the wind comes driving down the glen, making the house, firmly built as it is, rock, and piling the white drift high up against its walls. At such times it must be difficult to avoid remembering dismal stories of men as brave, as stalwart, and as determined as her husband, whose bravery and determination were of no avail against their silent and awful enemy—the snow. Then in the midst of her forebodings her husband arrives, a good-looking, red-haired, knickerbockered fellow, who kisses his wife, laughs at her fears, and sets to at his supper with the appetite of one of his own collies.

When, too, the little ones arrive one by one, and squall, and grunt, and crow, and make those pretty noises in which all mothers take so much delight, she cannot, like her lowland sisters, invite her friends and gossips to tea, to inspect and admire their many charms. Their distant and out-of-the-way life prevents this, and for years the children live, seeing few faces but their parents', playing contentedly all day and in all weathers before the door, sunburnt, yellow-headed, healthy little boys and girls, to grow up, the girls as servants in the low country, the boys, perhaps to take their father's place, perhaps to become under a paternal government an item in the material by which in these days "scientific frontiers" are arranged and held.

The shepherd's wife, as has been said, sees few faces, but now and then she has visitors whom she could well dispense with. The lonely roads which run from the east to the west coast are, strange as it may appear, not unfrequently used by tramps, tinkers, and gipsies, and if the house is near at hand, a bold face is sometimes poked into the kitchen, and a demand rather than a request made for oatcake or milk. What can a poor girl do when she looks out and sees other bold faces behind? Sometimes these people make a return by mending something for their unwilling hostess; sometimes a little impertinence is her only reward.

At one time the shepherd would have had other neighbours. The hills of Sutherland were not always so lonely as they are in these days. Now a man may travel in many parts the length of a long summer day without meeting any one, unless it be a stray keeper or shepherd, and without coming across any inhabited house. But he will see traces of the latter, and signs that men have once been there. Along the shores of the far inland running sea lochs or kyles, and in some of the most sheltered and best watered straths, are to be seen the remains of houses—some in tolerably good preservation, others totally ruined—and often it is only by the increased greenness of the patches in the heather, or by a turf-grown ridge, dimly to be traced, that he knows he is standing on ground on which men who have long since been dead and forgotten once lived and worked. This is not the place to enter into a discussion as to the justice or injustice of the complusory clearance of

these moor-crofters. There can, however, we think, be little doubt that, if the change was a benefit to the landlords, it was ultimately much to the benefit of the tenants, and that no one who has seen, as the writer has, the poverty, the hard existence, and the temptations to become indolent and apathetic, which are the almost inseparable adjuncts to the lives of these men, would wish to see them reinstated. These remarks apply to those who work their small holdings up in the mountains, far away from the large arable farms. When the crofts are near the latter, the owners can, if they like, get pretty regular work, and are proportionately more prosperous. In the former case, little can be done in this way except at rare intervals, such as during the clipping and smearing, and as a ten-acre croft cannot employ a family's whole time, there is a good deal of idleness, and men are satisfied with getting a mere existence out of their land.

The shepherd has a few little breaks in his monotonous life. The clipping, which on large farms lasts a week or ten days in fine weather, in wet much longer, is one; and though the clippers have to work very hard, they enjoy it, and look forward to its meetings, and gossip, and attendant flirtations, with great interest. There is a wedding now and then in the strath, and a wedding-feast in these parts is a serious business, often lasting not only all day but all night too. If there is a cow to buy or sell (shepherds always keep cows, grass for them being allowed by the farmer), a visit has to be paid to one of the kyle or west-coast fairs; and, cow or not, most men manage to turn up at the famous "Fiel-eadachan," or "market of the white stone," held just across the Sutherland march in November. It is on occasions like these that our otherwise sober shepherd is apt to indulge in a little too much whisky.

On all farms, especially on those where the ground is steep, or where there is much cliff-land, as on the coast, sheep often get crag-bound; that is, are tempted by the sweet, fresh grass to climb down to some rock or ledge from which they cannot get up, and unless seen and rescued, they of course die. The enormous extent of some sheep-farms prevents the minute examination of ground which can be given on southern pastures; 60,000 or 70,000 acres in the Highlands are occasionally let to one man, and some farms have an ill reputation for this kind of loss. The shepherd in such cases has to be let down by ropes to their prison, and, their legs being tied together, gets them hauled up. Sometimes the stupid things, frightened and bewildered, throw themselves over the rocks just when help is near, and if it is the sea which is below, a boat is, if possible, brought round to be ready to pick them up.

So much for their fine-weather life; the winter one is very different. Cold and snow are the enemies which have to be fought for many weeks—sometimes, during late years, for many months. Descriptions have often been given of snow-storms, but the best of them can convey but a feeble idea of the reality, and we shall not attempt it here. It is hard and heart-breaking work travelling any distance on the hills through deep snow, even when the weather is fine; but it is when a furious wind is driving this white covering, catching it up and whirling it about in dense masses, and cutting the breath with its icy cold almost to the point of suffocation, that the fearful power of a really bad snow-storm in the North is felt. It is a very rare thing for a shepherd to be lost even in the very worst winter; their great experience, their wonderful and most minute knowledge of their ground and of landmarks, their power of endurance, and, lastly, their sagacity in reading beforehand the signs of the weather, are their safeguards. Still they have not always escaped, and the deer-stalker may have pointed out to him, perhaps on a broiling

September afternoon, when the mind almost refuses the conception of such a quality as cold, the place where in some late spring long since was found all that remained of the poor shepherd who used to live in the little house below. From long experience they are able to foretell a coming change with the greatest accuracy. Often the grouse-shooter out on the moors at the end of November, or just before the season closes, is disgusted to hear the dreaded yells, whistles, and other terrible sounds which denote a "gathering." *He* can see no signs of the coming storm. Perhaps the weather is dry, and the wild birds are lying better than they have done for weeks past, but of course his day is spoilt, and he may give it up and go home. In the morning, when the snow, already deep, is still falling, he will be sorry for the bad language he probably used, and be glad to think of the sheep, so scattered yesterday, now lying snug and sheltered near at hand.

Taken as a body, shepherds may be called well-educated, intelligent, and moral men. The weekly *Scotsman* and —best of local papers—the *Inverness Courier* find their way up to the glens, and a stranger would be surprised at the knowledge they show and the interest they take in the affairs of the great world from which they are so far divided. Home and foreign politics are keenly followed, and we remember being once, to use a homely word, very much "stumpted" when, on going into a house in the North of Sutherland to get a bit of oat-cake, we were asked by an old shepherd there "what the Ultramontanes were doing now." Religion has a strong hold up in these mountains, often tinctured, it is true, with a good deal of bigotry and superstition. A long distance will not keep the man from the kirk, and it is a curious sight in July, just before the summer Sacrament, to see the troops of people crossing the moors, old and young, men and women together, carrying their finery with them, and bound often on a two days' journey. To an English eye the great gatherings on these occasions seem an almost unmixed evil—a time which some of those present, especially the women, have good cause to remember as long as they live. Illegitimacy, however, which, witb drunkenness, is the great curse of agricultural Scotland, is rarer in the class we are writing of than in the rest of the population; and though an unmarried shepherd lives alone with his servant (sometimes, it is true, a sister or relation, but frequently a stranger), it is not very often that anything goes wrong. The hard swearing, common among the lower classes, is not heard so much here. What would, however, be the result of translating the Gaelic conversation carried on with the collies, it is not easy to say.

The shepherd does, no doubt, a little poaching; a good loch in an out-of-the-way hirsel will have the likely spots along its shores (especially those suited for night fishing) well trodden by other feet than those of the laird and his keepers; but not much harm is done, and the offence seems a venial one in a man imbued from a long line of forebears with the instincts of a sportsman. There was a time when salmon and venison formed no little part of his diet. It is not so now. There are old men still living in Strath Carron in Ross-shire who used to pay to the then Balnagown factor with their rent an additional half-crown a year for the right of killing salmon, not, be it remembered, with rod or net, but with leister, or click, or by any means they could. At that time the coble fishings in the Kyle of Sutherland were not so constantly or scientifically worked (if indeed at all) as they are now; and we have heard men say that, when they wished to take a cart across a ford in the Carron during the spawning season, it was often first necessary to drive away the multitudes of fish which were lying in the shallow waters lest they should be injured, or their splash-

ing should frighten the horse. Half a century ago deer-poaching was much commoner. Even in these days, when, during a hard winter, the starving beasts come prowling about the little patches of cultivated ground, the temptation of sending a handful of slugs among them is sometimes too great to be resisted. Many a grand set of horns that would now be worth two five-pound notes to any keeper has been smashed up and thrown into a peat hag lest the possession of an article so difficult to hide should get the owner into trouble.

And here perhaps we shall be pardoned if we break the promise made at the beginning of this paper, and give one little story—a true one—as an illustration of this kind of work. It was told us by an old man now living in Ross-shire, who was one of the actors in it.

One fine September morning, more than fifty years ago, a man from this same Strath Carron was out after deer. He may have been a shepherd or he may have been a crofter, we don't know; on this particular occasion he was a poacher. In those days there were hardly any keepers in the northern forests; that of Balnagown, however, the oldest in the country, was an exception, and the deer, though not nearly so numerous as they are now, were much finer. The man met with little luck all day, but late in the afternoon he came across a very fine stag, with seventeen or eighteen points, lying in a corrie called "Crock Moror," on the east side of the Glenmore Water. The stag was in very difficult ground, and could not be stalked without great risk. The poacher waited a long time in the hope of a change of position, but night coming on, he had to leave, feeling pretty sure, however, as the deer had not been disturbed, and as it was yet early in the season, of finding him in the same place next morning. He went home, and in a weak moment confided his secret to a friend. This friend, also a poacher, at once insisted on going too, and, disgusted at his own stupidity, the first man had to give way, saying, however, that the corrie in which he had seen the deer was one at the head of Glenmore, not far from where the shooting lodge of Deanich now stands. But this corrie is some miles west of Crock Moror, where the stag had really been. They then went to bed, agreeing to start soon after midnight so as to be on their ground at the first light. When the time came, however, the Strath Carron man feigned sickness, but unselfishly insisted on his friend's not losing such a grand chance, and started him off alone. So soon as he was well away, the sick man became suddenly well; he too shouldered his gun, an antique flint and steel weapon, and set off, no doubt chuckling at the success of his manœuvre. Away he went, across the hills by Croick, and over the Glen Alladale Water to the top of Crock Moror, in which corrie, or in the adjoining one of Glasgoil, he expected to find the stag. Nothing was to be seen—the corries were quite empty. Much disappointed, but still not losing all hope, he went on up Glenmore, and his disappointment was soon changed to bitter disgust at meeting, radiant with triumph, his last night's friend, sent, as he thought, on a fool's errand. *He* had slain the stag. The animal had shifted his ground during the night, passed eastward up the glen, and, by a curious coincidence, had gone to the very place to which the second poacher had been misdirected. The head of this animal is said to be one of those in the fine collection at Tarbet House, but though there are two or three there with a great number of points they are not so remarkable for strength and width as some of the others.

So the shepherd lives a contented, peaceful life, far removed from the dirt and poverty, the smoke and noise of the great world; his long, uneventful existence only marked by such incidents as his marriage, his daughter's

marriage, or an unusually unhealthy year in his hirsel. And at last a day comes when he must leave his house, never again to enter it, and is carried on the shoulders of men whom he had known all his life, for whose fathers and brothers he had perhaps done the same office, across the moors and down the glens to one of the little kirkless burying-grounds which are scattered here and there among the hills. There is such a one in Strath Oykel, above Rosehall, not far from the mound on which it is said that a woman sat long ago and saw her seven sons slain in battle. There, under the short-cropped, bee-haunted turf, the old shepherd lies, and, in a place of burial far grander than Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, waits for the day to-be; his face looking up towards the sky, whose signs he knew so well to read, shut in on every side by the stately mountains, perhaps the oldest in the world, which have looked down upon his little troubles and happiness, his love and his disappointments; which, unchanged and still indescribably ancient, stood there when Troy was young, and another and a fairer shepherd yet unborn, and which will, so far as we can see, stand there unaltered to the end of Time.

GILFRID HARTLEY.

IRELAND—ITS SOCIAL STATE.

I AM told that it will be useful to give some explanations touching my paper on "Ireland from 1840 to 1880," in *Macmillan* for April last, and to add what I can on the social state of Ireland, which underlies all particular questions like that of land. I fear it will be impossible to write about the social state of the country without saying things that will give offence. I shall be sorry if this proves to be so. It is far from my wish, but in Ireland men fear to speak the truth when unpleasant. It is right the truth should be told. These then are the motives with which I write.

The *Freeman's Journal* wrote of my paper in a friendly tone on the whole, but objects that, as my grandfather never saw the estate, and my father never saw it but once cursorily, their neglect was the true cause of the state in which I found it.

The fuller facts, I think, show whether this is true.

1. My grandfather, in the busy practice of a profession, bought the estate when past mid-life as an investment. His only son, after eighteen years in the Dragoons, married and settled in England. It was more than twenty years afterwards, when he was on the wrong side of fifty, that the estate became his. Less than ten years after that time I took it in hand. Their view of management was to let the land at moderate rents, and allow the tenants to do as they liked in most things. As to using any harshness, even when the tenants neglected the primary duty of paying their moderate rents, such a thought never crossed their minds. Their fault was, that they were not before their time, and were too easy. No doubt the tenants would have prospered more if the estate had been managed with business-like strictness. Still there was nothing, except their own faults, to hinder them from prospering; and the burthen of their being in the condition in which I found them lies on themselves and on no one else. It was just a case of land bought for ordinary fair motives, in confidence on the law of the country, and treated in the ordinary fair way of that time. I believe this was the case with nearly all purchases within the last hundred years, in which time a large part of the country has been bought.

There seems to be a notion that owners of land in Ireland acquired it in some other way than it was acquired in England. Such was not in any way the case. I have seen much land change hands in forty years, and never knew a case in which it was bought for other than honest reasons, such as prevail elsewhere.

2. The *Freeman* thinks that I speak too favourably of emigration as a remedy for Irish ills. I doubt if any right-minded man who knew the country parts of Ireland from 1835 to 1845 could have any doubt that emigration was then an unmixed blessing to the poor people. They were simply eating one another up alive. If I gave out over night that I wanted twenty or fifty men next morning to begin some job of work, a hundred or more would be waiting on the ground when I arrived, praying to be employed. I distinctly remember feeling that to give work was the greatest of all charities, and that whilst that state of things existed, it was a pressing duty to spend every shilling one could in that way. Though no effect seemed to be produced on the mass of poverty,

still the payment of the small wages then current made all the difference in life to those who were lucky enough to be employed.

Can any one doubt therefore that the departure of half these poor people to where work at good wages abounded, was a blessing to themselves, and a blessing too to the other half who stayed behind—because they got more work at better pay? This is the very cause of the rise of wages from 3*s*. and 4*s*. per week in 1840, to 9*s*. and 12*s*. in 1880.

And when emigration is looked at by the light of the knowledge we have of how Irish emigrants have prospered in America and elsewhere, any objection to it must be scouted as cruelty. In my part it is getting common for emigrants to come back, sometimes with money, meaning to stay permanently; others only for the winter, or a time, or because they have been ill. There is but one tale with all—of the good wages and prosperity they found in America. Then all our people have near relations there, many whom we employed, or knew as children, before they left. They are a frequent topic for talk—what and how they are doing? whether they are married, and to whom? &c. It is usually some one from not far off; and we sometimes hear of visits between the old people at home, who before knew nothing of each other, on account of the marriage in America. Letters are often given us to read. Sometimes there are inquiries about every member of our family by name, and messages of good will. In these ways the evidence is conclusive that emigration has been a mere blessing and source of prosperity directly and indirectly.

Once more, every one, man and woman alike, who gets into any "trouble" at home, whether it be by breach of the criminal law, or social or moral law, or by misfortune, is sure quickly to emigrate, partly for the sake of a new start, partly because their means of living at home having been shaken, if not destroyed, they can more easily make a living in a new country. I believe this to be the whole explanation of the favourable nature of Irish criminal statistics. The criminals go away, and so offend no more. Again and again the police have come to me, as a magistrate, asking for a warrant to arrest some offender, and adding, "If he is not taken at once, he will surely be off to America." Whenever the offence was such as at all to justify it, my answer has been, "That is the very reason I will not issue a warrant. You could do nothing to him if you caught him that would be half so good for the country as his running away to America; so let him go." For these reasons I value emigration.

3. In an agricultural paper there is an explosion against me by a tenant-righter from Lurgan. This writer knows nothing whatever of me or my doings, except what he read in your pages; yet everything I said I had done, every motive that appeared, is misrepresented and sneered at. I only notice him because he affords a convenient peg on which to hang some things I wish to say. He has, like the rest of his set, but one idea, and that is what is best described as a belief in the divine right of tenants. The divine right of kings was absolute wisdom compared with this. It had at least a noble theory to rest on—that a king embodied all virtues; and it relied on principles that raised men above selfishness and their own personal gain. But this supposed right of tenants has no theory or principle at all to rest on. It is a mere scheming for private gain, by which the most indolent and worthless tenants will gain most, often at the cost of honest men. That because a man hires a farm, large or small, yearly or for a fixed number of years, on quite definite terms, the agreement being often in writing, he thereby becomes entitled to large rights of property that formerly belonged without doubt to the other from whom he hired it, and which

that other never had a thought of giving him, could never be conceived anywhere out of Ireland. An abstract name is put to the thing the tenant wishes for. We hear of "fixity of tenure," simply meaning, that instead of holding the land for the term agreed for and promised, the tenant is to have it for ever and ever. Then, it being seen that, if the previous owner could raise the rent as he thought proper, fixity of tenure might not be of much value, it is claimed that there shall be a valuation for rents by the Government. The valuation for poor-rates and other local taxes was made by Sir R. Griffiths for the Government many years ago. It was meant only as a relative valuation. The prices of different sorts of produce were laid down by the Act of 15 and 16 Vic. c. 63, according to which the valuation was to be made. These prices were, wheat, 7*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.; oats, 4*s.* 10*d.*; barley, 5*s.* 6*d.*; flax, 49*s.*; butter, 65*s.* 4*d.*; beef, 35*s.* 6*d.*; mutton, 41*s.*; pork, 42*s.*—all about half the prices at which such produce usually sells for now.

Yet, because this valuation was low, it is now spoken of as the highest standard by which rents ought to be fixed; and above all things there is to be no competition.

But the right to hold farms for ever and ever, and the rents fixed without any honest competition, is not enough. Idleness or drink might still ruin a good many. So the further claim is put in that if, from any cause, whether non-payment of rent, or having quite exhausted the farm, the tenant has to leave it, he should still be allowed to sell his right of occupancy to the highest bidder, and so, if times are good, put a large sum in his pocket; and whoever buys such occupancy is to have a similar right of selling it whenever he sees fit, without regard to the landowner.

Any one can see that this simply deprives the landowner of his reversion and gives it to the tenant. The owner may have spent a large sum on improving the reversion, as I have done (700*l.* to 800*l.* a year for between thirty and forty years—equal to 25,000*l.*). Again, on the faith of the law of the country, that honest right should prevail, he may have trusted that those who were to succeed him should reap the profit of his outlay. It is to be taken from him, and given to the present tenants, good and bad alike, without repayment even of the money that can be proved to have been spent upon it. If the State has sufficient grounds for taking away the reversion from its owners, let it do so honestly by paying for it, as it has done in other cases. Even the Ulster tenants paid for their Tenant right. The landowner may be able to show that he let the farm to the tenant himself without any such rights; in many cases by lease. In my own case about three-fifths of my tenants hold by lease, and the rest only have not leases, because having been promised their farms for their lives at the old rent, and my word always kept to them, they prefer the benefit of the promise, to a new bargain and lease. A great number of landlords have spent largely — some more, some less — upon their land, and so have the same rights that I have. Why are landlords to be deprived of what is theirs honestly?

Others propose to confiscate the land itself, paying for it twenty years' purchase of the Government valuation already mentioned (which is about half the present true letting-value), and sinking the value of the reversion. Their plan is, by refusing rents, and making it hard for owners to get them paid, further to beat down the value. The Government is to have the privilege of paying the purchase-money and getting back from the tenant what it can of it by instalments.

Let it be added further, to show the small weight of the tenant party, that the whole population of Ireland is less than five millions and a half; of whom one million and a half (one-

fourth) are Protestants—a very different state of things from what I can remember, when in many parts, like my own, the proportion was twelve to one. Men forget that the fact of a majority does not lessen the strength of a resolute minority. Of the remaining four millions, it is believed that the agricultural population who would gain anything by such measures is much under a million. The total number employed in agriculture by the census of 1871 was somewhat over a million, but this includes all labourers, and all boys and girls, servants and others above fifteen, besides many who are not tenants. It is plain, therefore, that the number of tenant farmers must be much smaller—probably not 500,000. This is not a great number, nor such as to give any sufficient justification for setting aside sound principles even for policy.

4. The simple fact is, that, with very few exceptions, tenants have not improved their farms; they have not been industrious, or skilful, or sober; a large proportion are indolent and scheming; the rents have been less than the value; nor has there been any general oppression or hardship put on them to hinder their prosperity.

Though the evidence given before the Duke of Richmond's Commission on agricultural distress has not yet been made public, yet the nature of that evidence is known to some. Professor Baldwin of Glasnevin, who is one of the Assistant Commissioners for Ireland, has sent in a report, and has been partly examined besides. He is, at least, a disinterested, and not a landlord's, witness; yet I believe it is not possible that anything could be stronger than the opinion he has given on the faults of Irish tenants and their worthlessness as farmers.

5. I suppose there was never a question the facts and statistics of which were so little taken into account. Everything has been taken for granted on sentiment. The only important question to the great majority of the people is, in what way the general prosperity of the country will be best promoted? in what way the most capital will be laid out? how the best wages will be paid, and who will pay them? so that the comfort of the whole people may be most advanced in better houses, clothes, and all else.

There is no doubt Ireland is a poor country compared with England, and all the capital of all classes, including the landlords, is not enough to lay out in developing its resources. The capital of the occupying tenants is not enough for farming their land moderately well in their own backward style. For anything like good farming, with better stock and enough bought manures and cattle foods, it is wholly insufficient. It is only a chance tenant who has any money to spare that he could lay out on draining or permanent buildings. The Land Act is said to have failed; the true reason is because tenants cannot get compensation for improvements which they have not made. The tenants' friends in Parliament are now asking that the owners' power of ejecting for nonpayment of rent may be taken away for one year and a half and treated as a capricious eviction. What chance is there that men who ask this will be able to lay out hundreds of pounds in permanent improvements and improved farming? The truth is, that to look to the tenants for such an outlay is a mere pretence. They cannot do it, and have not the qualities to enable them to make it succeed, even if they had the money to pay for it. I have had well-to-do tenants ask me to let my men do some special job for them that was properly their own, and offer to repay me the cost. They said I should do it so much cheaper than they could get it done, that it would be a considerable gain to them. Nearly all the improvements now existing have been made by the owners of the land, except a certain number of dwelling-houses, about which a not unhealthy vanity

has grown up; and even of these in most cases the landlord has paid a large part of the cost—usually half. The statements made of tenants having made improvements are very rarely true, unless thatched cabins and a multitude of useless fences are improvements. The tenants are unable to carry out any heavy job of reclamation, as much for want of knowledge as of means.

Further, the improvements in farming during the last twenty years have been almost wholly the effect of the example of the landowners' Scotch bailiffs—"stewards" as they are called in Ireland. Some landowners, not satisfied with their own knowledge of farming, have sent their sons to Scotland to learn the very best system and ways of treating land.

In the past winter most of the loans for giving employment to the poor were taken by landowners. In a Barony in the remotest part of County Cork, where there was really some distress, two landowners undertook to employ every poor man in it. Who are able to do the draining and reclamation if the landowners give such works up? Some landowners have built good labourers' houses for their people, with gardens, &c., attached. The wages they pay, 9*s*. to 12*s*. per week, and sometimes more, are without exception far above those paid by farmers. My rule has always been to pay a little over the usual rate of the district. When a family is industrious, often two or more members of it are employed as labourers. I had a family for the last few years—new-comers to the parish—of whom I employed the father and two sons at 9*s*. per week each, and the mother and daughter at 6*s*. each—39*s*. in all, besides house, &c., free. At the end of three years they were no better off than when they came, and I had the satisfaction of finding that my good wages had gone to get their house blessed, to drive out the Fairies, who were suspected of haunting it!

The farmers in my part now employ scarcely any labourers. They only till so much of their land as they can manage with their own help, as they call it. They will not pay the wages. A few employ a servant boy who lives in the house, and sometimes an old or very inferior man who is miserably paid, and whom they also feed because he could not work at all on his home-feeding. It is still a kind of conacre system; house and potato land, grass for a sheep or two, at a price agreed on, to be paid by the man's labour reckoned at 6*d*. per day. During a part of the year, when potatoes are done, a certain number of sacks of Indian meal are got from a dealer at usurious interest till the next harvest; the farmer giving security. This and the interest are paid for in the same way. It is a sorely oppressive system. Bad work, badly paid for, with scheming and trickery, and law at all corners. If the labourers depended on the work given them by farmers, their position would be nearly the same as on the splendid grass lands of the County Meath, where it is commonly said, that the labour employed is a man and a dog for 1,000 acres of land. The hardness with which the farmers treat their labourers is grievous; very few show them a trace of the consideration they so loudly cry for to their own landlords. If the landlords treated the tenants with half the hardness the tenants show to the labourers, they might very justly complain.

6. Nor does the matter end here. The produce of the land when well farmed is far greater than when farmed by ordinary tenants. I had occasion a few months ago to talk over with my Scotch bailiff what was the increase of produce from the land in my own hands compared with the produce of the same land when let to tenants. I cannot prove how much the land yielded when let to tenants; so that no certainty could be attained on that; but we were both clearly of opinion that the produce was more than

four times as great now. Several things lead me to think that it is much more than four times. The net profit—after paying Scotchman and all else—is over three times the Government (Griffith's) valuation of the land.

7. We may judge what is the effect of good wages on labourers, and on the many other persons of all sorts who depend on the expenditure of money wages, or on dealing that is paid for at last out of wages. In my village of a dozen houses, a baker has set up. I built him a large oven that is in work every day, where since the time of Adam a loaf was never baked before, and where until the last few years scarcely any bread was used. He has opened a general shop too, where almost everything may be bought. What has happened on the small scale of my village is going on everywhere else on a much larger scale. The former tenants of my farm spent nothing on bought manures, or on bought foods for stock. Now, we spend over 1*l*. per acre yearly all round on such things, and could not make the farm pay without them.

Such gains as I have described are just what absenteeism deprives the country of. That they should be done by some one is the necessary root of any prosperity in Ireland; but, as the toes of the divine right of tenants are thereby trodden on, the evils of absenteeism are overlooked, and the shouts are directed against the sacrilegious improving owners. The whole result is, that outlay of capital on the land and better farming cause the prosperity of the country and of all classes in it. Those who have lived there as long as I have, see the change unmistakably, and in those parts of the country where the largest outlay has gone on the comfort of the people is much the greatest. If I walk through the small town near me now I see twenty things in the shop windows for sale, which forty years ago, any one would have been thought mad to ask for, and not one of which the bulk of the people had ever seen or heard of.

It may reasonably be asked,—If this is so, what is to be done to make things go on here as they do in England and Scotland?

To answer this question we must realise what is the general state of Ireland, what are its shortcomings and their causes?

1. It may be doubted whether the intermixture of races between England, Scotland, and Ireland is not much greater than has been often supposed. The great difference does not probably lie in that.

In very early times the state of Ireland was one of constant conflict between tribes. Like the Ishmaelites, a man's hand was against every man, and every man against him. The country was very thinly peopled, especially inland. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth we know that the troops had to cut their way through the woods to reach the rebels in remote parts after the great Tyrone rising. It was a state of constant war.

2. In such circumstances tribal virtues and vices would be strongly developed. Fidelity to one's own tribe, and utter treachery and deceit towards its enemies (*i.e.* all others), with constant violence, would be the moral state. This in substance is very much what we find now. Men are singularly faithful in many relations of life and to comrades even in ill-doing. They readily combine for all sorts of ends, especially for their own personal interests. I have long believed that the force of Trades Unions both here and in America owes much to the Irish element. We can see how these tribal feelings would easily adapt themselves to differences in religion and class differences, and would be kept alive by the disturbed and half conquered state of the country from the time of Henry II. to the present century.

The most striking illustration of the readiness to form parties and "Factions" (which differ little from tribes) that I know of, was that of the

Two Year Olds and Three Year Olds in Tipperary, of which so much was heard a few years ago. The whole original cause of dispute was that there existed a bull on the borders of two parishes, which the people of one parish said was two years old at a certain time, whilst the people of the other parish said he was three years old. So, as neither faction would admit it was wrong, they fought, and battered, and killed each other at fairs and markets, and Sundays and holidays after mass, according to the approved system of Faction fights of fifty years ago. The Two Year Olds and Three Year Olds spread wider and wider over a considerable district of Tipperary and Limerick. They were again and again cursed by archbishops, and bishops, and priests. After seeming to die out they revived several times, and subsided only after many years.

The Factions, too, I have already mentioned (who were mainly men of the same name), had the same cause. It is not long since Factions used to fight at all fairs where a strong body of police fully armed under a magistrate known to be determined to keep the peace was not present. I remember seeing an old man, when I first went to Ireland, who had been head of such a Faction, and at the principal fair of the district once a year always appeared in a cocked hat, with a broad sword at his side, and "marched the fair" with his great-coat trailing by one arm over his shoulder as a challenge to any one of another faction to tread on it, if he dared. And many a good fight they had. It is not uncommon still to be told of a quiet worthy old man, that he was "a great faction fighter entirely" in his youth.

No Irishman ever breaks the law without having one eye watching over his shoulder, to be sure his way of escape is open. I remember when I first went over, a characteristic story was current. A man was under sentence of death for some bad crime. A gentleman whom he used to live near chanced to know that the man had meant to shoot him. He went to the jail the day before the man was to be hanged, and said to him, "You might as well tell me, Pat, since it can now make no difference to you, why you did not shoot me; for I know you meant to do it." The gentleman was a capital shot, and always carried arms, and was known to be very resolute. The answer was, "Well, your honour, it's true it will make no odds to me now; so I'll tell ye. I had ye covered twice from behind a ditch, and as I was going to pull the trigger the thought went through my head, 'By —— if I miss him, it's all up with me.'"

Whenever the law is enforced, it is vastly powerful for good, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. The common saying among themselves when quarrelling and before it comes to blows, "I'll forgive you the law, if you'll strike me," is conclusive proof how strong a deterrent the law is, and how every man keeps it before his eyes. The influence in his neighbourhood of an active magistrate, who is just and determined, is another strong proof. The unmixed and unvarying hatred shown in Parliament by all Irish patriots to the law, and police, and to all that helps to make these efficient, shows that they know who are their real enemies. The curious readiness to go security for neighbours who borrow money, &c., comes from this same clan feeling. It is nothing short of folly, and ends in the ruin of numbers. It is sadly certain too that untruth towards all the rest of the world grievously prevails. It is the most painful part of living in Ireland. It meets one at every turn and among all sorts and classes. One is forced to become as hard as the nether millstone, and simply believe nothing at all, if one would not be the prey of every schemer. No doubt there are individuals who speak the truth. God forbid there should not be. And there are degrees of truth (or untruth) that one learns to recognise. There is a common expression, which I can never hear

without laughing. When any one wishes to convince you that another may be believed about something in which his interest is not concerned, he will say, "You know, sir, Jack is a man who would not tell ye a lie for nothing." There is no doubt a distinction in this, though the moral attainment of Jack may not be of very high value. One has to judge mainly by probabilities. Happily everybody in his heart is alive to the untruth. The man himself feels it, and does not expect to be believed, though he may hope it. Then there is the enemy, with the other story; so that practically it is easier to make up your mind, if you thoroughly know the people and their interests, than could beforehand be supposed.

The first thing needful for any one who has to deal with Irish questions, but who does not know the people, is clearly to recognise this universal untruth. If he takes that fairly and fully into account, he has no great difficulty in forming a sound judgment. Otherwise he is the prey of whoever can get his ear.

It is not only the deliberate falsehoods, but the unreliableness throughout, that has to be met. There is an atmosphere of untruth and half-truth surrounding everything, so that those who are true themselves, but have been brought up in this atmosphere, seem unconscious of it, and treat want of truth with a forbearance it does not deserve. Nobody seems to expect that truth and right shall prevail. When, as a magistrate, one has decided against a man, there is no wonder he should think you have decided contrary to truth and right; but when one has decided in a man's favour, it is a hard case when he meets you, and says, "God bless your honour; it was only through you I got the better of that blackguard." The man does not believe in the truth and right of his own case, and thinks he won by favour.

Untruth is at the bottom of the universal scheming and jobbing that prevails. Without that it would be impossible, and the plausible assurance and confidence with which it is all done — the assertion of the very highest motives only—often puts one in doubt whether to laugh or cry.

The most painful cases I have known were those of some of the Bishops and most of the Clergy of the Church of Ireland under the Disestablishment Act. The jobbing and money-getting that went on, especially under the power given of Compounding, was such as no one could have believed possible. The Act gave the power to Compound, but required the consent of the Representative Body, plainly in order that it might only be done under such arrangements as would not be a loss to the Church. Compounding in some cases was a gain, but if carried far was a great loss to the Church. The Representative Body were very soon induced to give the full right of compounding at their own pleasure to all clergymen. We were assured they were so conscientious, that the right might be granted safely.

It has come to pass that almost all men promoted to better livings, Compound for their former incumbencies before they finally accept the better ones, and so besides the income of the better livings, put large sums in their pockets for ever, that otherwise would and should have remained to the Church! I could quote a case within my own personal knowledge, in very high regions of the Irish Church, in which two members of one family pocketed large sums by the shameless proceeding I have just described.

I am thankful to add that we have a few cases of clergymen who refused to take a shilling of such gains, because they said the money belonged to God's service, and not to themselves. All honour be to them!

3. There is no such thing as a healthy public opinion in Ireland among any class. There is nothing and no one to put anybody to shame, whatever his conduct may be. Men often do acts, after which, if in England, they

would never again venture to look an honest man in the face. In Ireland they walk about as confident as ever, as if they had done nothing to be ashamed of. Nobody treats them as worse than others, or seems to think them so.

4. There is no royal road to better the condition of Ireland or to improve its land. A country in such a backward and undeveloped state is simply in a state of childhood. For this reason the strictest application of the soundest rules of right and wrong, and of those economical principles of free and open competition that have so helped the prosperity of England, are of supreme importance.

5. That the law should be always enforced is one of the greatest needs of the country. When there is any difficulty in enforcing it, it is a sure proof that the law needs to be strengthened, so that it may be enforced. No one should be left the least hope that he can evade the law. It is not severity that is wanted—it is the certainty of punishment for wrongdoing.

I believe that a sure punishment of one month on the treadmill, if it might be inflicted summarily, on the same principles as are held to justify arrest when the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended, would keep the most disturbed district quiet. I acted on this view during the Fenian troubles, only of course I was bound by the rules of evidence. Whenever I could, I sent all who broke the law to the treadmill for a month. The result was capital. The punishment seemed so light that their very friends laughed at them. But their own remark, after the month was over, was, "Whisha, 'twould kill Samson." It did come sharp on men of a sort not much used to hard work. Afterwards I got a message from some of them that I was so impartial that they would not object to be tried for their lives by me. So it is clear I did not sin in over-severity.

If indicted, they would have had the chance of a "friend on the jury," who would not find a verdict. Under Lord O'Hagan's last unfortunate Jury Act, there are very few counties in which a conviction for many sorts of crimes can be got. In Ireland, this "friend on the jury" is one of the institutions of the country, and one of its curses. Magistrates in Ireland have often to serve on juries, and I have often done so. Whenever a prejudice of religion, or any other, could be brought into a case anyhow, though it was a purely civil case, the end was certain. It was wholly disgusting work, and brought out the grievous untruthfulness of the country. Any one who had been a lawyer could see the counsel on one side fighting to make a case for a juror, and so no verdict. There is a public market in Cork, where business is done to an immense value, but which has no legal rights whatever. In my memory there have been five actions tried against it with a view to open the market. In every one the Judge summed up strongly against the market; but a friend on the jury (the market is very influential) refused to agree to a verdict, and so the market went on again as before, and does so still.

It can be judged of from this, what are the chances of a verdict in criminal cases in which religion or class interests are concerned. The effect of the new Jury Act is, that whilst in form promoting impartiality in the selection of a jury, it really enables the criminal to escape scathless, whether he is guilty or not, because the jury is not impartial.

As proofs of the effect of enforcing the law, I would recall O'Connell's trial after his agitation for Repeal. A conviction was got, he was put in prison, but not long after escaped by a writ of error in the House of Lords upon a technical fault in the proceedings. Yet such was the effect of its being seen and felt that the Government would put the law in force, and no longer allow itself to bo trifled with, that the agitation collapsed, and he never again could recover his influence. So in the Fenian scare, the same night that it was announced in the House of Commons that the Habeas Corpus

would be suspended in Ireland, the steamers to England were full of Fenians getting out of reach of the expected Act; they thought the Standing Orders would be suspended, and the Act passed at once. When lately the Westmeath Act passed, which in substance gave power to suspend the Habeas Corpus in proclaimed districts, they knew there was not so much hurry, so waited for the third reading in the House of Lords. There was a complete reign of terror in Westmeath, kept up by only about twelve or twenty ruffians, all known to the police. They murdered the stationmaster at Mullingar, because he was strict to the porters, and others. A labourer could not be discharged without danger. As soon as the third reading of the Act passed, the whole set went together to America from Queenstown, and the country was quiet.

I never took a serious view of the Fenian affair. I thought it one of those Irish follies only needing to have a firm foot placed on them to be put down.

In the small town near me a set of silly boys and others "began the war" as they called it. Beginning the war consisted in trying to rescue any drunken men the police arrested and were taking to Bridewell. They did not succeed in rescuing anybody, but in a few days two or three attempts were made, and the police were hustled and struck. Summonses for the next Petty Sessions were issued, and threats were used by the Fenians, that, if any one was punished, it would be the worse for the magistrates, &c. &c. I did not hear of the matter till the day before the Petty Sessions, and having then asked what precautions had been taken to prevent a rescue and protect the magistrates, was told that a good many extra police had been ordered in. I at once said that was quite enough to make a successful fight, but not enough to prevent a row from taking place (the only right principle to act on in Ireland), and as there were dragoons thirteen miles off, I signed a requisition for a small party of them to come over next morning. At ten o'clock there they were, drawn up outside the town, and waiting for a magistrate to billet them.

The result was the most amiable quiet. The officers sat with us for their amusement all day. I went to Court resolved, if possible, that some one should go to the treadmill for a month for his country's good. Too much fuss had been made about the first cases, and it was necessary to send them to Quarter Sessions for trial, which had the effect of letting the offenders out on bail. At length three unhappy fellows had cases proved against them, and I persuaded the other J.P.'s to sentence them to one month on the treadmill. In ordinary course they would have been forwarded to Cork gaol next day. And I knew that there would be an ovation of Fenians, and perhaps a row, when they started.

It was a frosty evening, and I asked the officer of the dragoons how fast he should go home if we let him go. "About six miles an hour," was the answer. I replied, "The door of the gaol at B. is just opposite your Barrack Gate. Will you take charge of these men in a car and lodge them in it?" My friend was only too happy to go home on such conditions. In a quarter of an hour the soldiers were at the back door of our Bridewell, mounted. The prisoners were in a car with two policemen, and all trotted off, whilst their friends knew nothing of what was happening, and there was not a soul to cheer them. A note to the county jailer requested him to give them as much of the treadmill as the law permitted. And a grim answer came back, that he would take care they should return with a salutary dread of that establishment.

So there was no more war or trouble with Fenianism in that place. Some time after the men had done their month, happening to meet the head constable, I asked how his friends were going on? The answer was, "Oh,

sir, you might send them for a message down the pump, if you wished. When they meet me in the street, if they are the same side, they cross over to the other, for fear I should say they jostled me."

6. Home Rule is even a more pitiful sham than Fenianism. In O'Connell's agitation the leaders were at least men of intellect and power of mind. Everybody knows what the Leaders and the Led are now. The one good they have done is to make this known to all. A firm grasp by the Government would put an end to them.

It is this artificial character of Irish agitations, and their not being caused by real present grievances, that makes much of the difficulty. They are in substance got up by the agitators, upon the remains of the ill-will of former days, and are purposely contrived to give all the trouble possible in every way. Every one in them means to go as far as he can, without getting himself personally into trouble. The more bad motives and ill-will he can infuse, and the more alarm and excitement he can cause, the more his end is attained.

Yet all this time the real danger to the peace of the country is very small, as all sensible men, and even the agitators too, know well. Of course, the classes which would gain by the agitation, if it could succeed, back it up as well as they can. Why should they not do so? If agitators in England proposed to give a great dole to some poor class out of the pockets of another class, would they too not shout for it? What does the fear of Socialism on the Continent, especially in Germany, mean? Its root is the same as that of Irish agitation.

But in Ireland the class too that hopes to gain by it has no idea of committing itself. If the agitation succeeds, it will gain something. If it fails, it loses nothing that it had before. It is just making-believe, like all the rest. I firmly believe the mass of the people are quiet and willing to obey the law, only they they cannot resist trying what can be had at the cost of others by scheming, when the hope is held out to them.

7. Another great need of the country is more industry. They are not an industrious people. Hard work, however gainful, is disliked. They will work hard by fits and starts; but the steady backbone is not there. There is nothing to hinder any man from reaping the fruit of his industry. Many do so. Things are not now as they were before the famine, when, if a tenant lost his bit of land, there was little for him to fall back on. Labour is now well paid, whilst there is every facility for earning still higher wages in England and America. The man who clings to a wretched bit of land in Ireland, that is unable to support him and his, is just a pauper, and must be so for ever if he stays.

What Mr. Robert Chambers, with Scotch canniness, calls the "peasant proprietor craze" needs qualities that are very rare in Ireland, great industry, skill, and self-exertion.

Instead of being a sort which the State should strive to root in the soil, the State (if it is to do anything) should put paupers like these somewhere where they can earn a better living, and the children can grow up in comfort and decency, different from the state of their parents. Such paupers are useful to agitators, and to no one else. They form, in fact, the agitator's stock-in-trade, and the agitators accordingly do their best to preserve them. The more that is done for them by the State, or any one else, the worse they will be. They are in the position of a protected interest under the very worst circumstances, because they never had any industry or exertion in them. To treat them as some seem to wish is just pure protectionism. And as with other protected interests, free competition, in the same way as it has been brought to bear on all the other protected interests of the kingdom, is the only way to cure such disease.

Those who propose heroic cures are, without exception, men who have no personal knowledge of land or of farming. All the powers on earth

cannot improve land, except by the expenditure of capital of some sort, or of labour which is capital. These men have no sort of capital, they hinder those who have it from expending it, and will not work hard themselves.

The principle of the Land Act was economically unsound. It was really a measure of protectionism for one kind of business—small farming in the hands of the least industrious class in the three kingdoms. The business of small farming needs the stimulus of free competition more than almost any other business; and protection to small farmers was sure to produce, and has produced, the same effects on them that it has produced everywhere else.

8. One thing that makes the progress of Ireland slow is that it is only within the last ten years that the personal recollections of the Rebellion of 1798 have passed away. There were many then alive who could tell of the crimes and horrors they had actually seen or heard. And there is a reality in the accounts of such things by old people who have been eye-witnesses, that makes them very different from hearsay second-hand stories.

It is not many years since, taking shelter in a cabin from a shower, an old woman told me all that happened then in my own neighbourhood. Chancing to repeat what she had told me to a friend, a General Officer of Artillery from another district, he answered, "Remember it? why, I was out, and helping to put the rebellion down." It appeared that his father, having fought manfully as a Royalist in South Carolina during the American Revolution, and lost in it wife and child and all that he had there, when the rebellion of '98 broke out, was put in command of a camp of volunteers, &c. twelve miles from his home in Ireland. My friend was twelve years old, and when his father started for his command, his mother hid the boy's shoes, to prevent his following. When his father got up next morning, there was the boy without shoes in the corner of the tent. So he was allowed to stay and go through it.

Soon after, talking over the subject with an old poor-law guardian, he said, "Oh, I remember all about it. I was a boy and lay behind the ditch, to see it all, when there was the fighting at the cross above."

This fighting is known in history as the Battle of Ballinascarthy, which I well recollect to have heard of often in childhood, because our best tenant had been killed at it with a year's rent in his pocket, which was never seen afterwards.

Part of a regiment of militia from the north of Ireland had been quartered at the small town near, to keep the district quiet. It was known that some of the men had been tampered with by the rebels. So the militia were ordered to march one morning for Cork, whilst some regulars were sent from Cork to take their place.

My friend the guardian described it:—"They went along the old road as far as the Big Cross (marked on the Ordnance map still as Croppy's Cross). There the rebels were waiting for them in the fields. The captain was on horseback, and he stood upon the bit of grass in the middle, where the roads meet, and the sergeant by his side. Jack —— he put up his gun to shoot the officer, and before he could do it, the sergeant shot him. Then Jim —— he shot the sergeant; and they were just going at it hammer and tongs (no doubt in hopes to master and kill the officers and loyal men) when, sure enough, the army from Cork was seen coming over the hill along the road, not a quarter of a mile off. Then they ran away down the fields as hard as they could go, and the soldiers after them. And then Peter ——, and Mick ——, and Pat ——, and Denis ——, with a dozen others—whose names he mentioned as fathers, or uncles, or related to people one knew about—were all killed."

Can it be wondered at that, when living accounts of fights like this, and of many others worse and far more

barbarous, could be heard from eye-witnesses, breaking the law should be thought little of? I can remember how the horror of the stories I heard fastened itself on my imagination in early youth: such as the burning of the Shea family in the county Tipperary, the murder of another family at Wild Goose Lodge, and many others.

Whilst such things as these are present in men's minds, not as matters of history, but as realities, a country cannot be peaceable; everything in the way of outrage seems possible and easy.

Then wherever men have the idea of outrage in their minds, intimidation is sure to present itself as advantageous. In fact, in Ireland, in any difficulty, the first resource of many is intimidation. The frequent threatening letters we read of in the papers are a proof of this, though ninety-nine out of a hundred are rubbish—only attempts to frighten. The threats are by no means always threats of outrage, but of all kinds of indefinite wrath, loss of favour and help, which the unhappy offender will or shall encounter. Many will threaten, and try to intimidate, who never really intend to commit an outrage. Then the people are curiously afraid of each other. Again and again, when I have suggested to a man that he should do something that was likely to be unpopular with some of his neighbours, I have had the answer, "How could I tell, but maybe when I was not expecting it I'd get a blow of a stone on my head, from behind a ditch, that might kill me."

9. The idea that a man is independently to act on his own judgment about public questions does not seem to exist. I remember many years ago, during the reign of Lord Palmerston, his Attorney-General was member of Parliament for County Cork. He had to seek re-election on his appointment, and though a thoroughly respectable Roman Catholic, the Roman Catholic priests opposed him, to punish Lord Palmerston for something. The Attorney-General was a native of the small town near, where he had many relatives, and was very popular. So the people and Roman Catholic clergy of it were all with him, but not so in other parishes. I went to vote for him, and when I got near the polling-place, I saw a mob, which, as soon as they saw me, started off towards me. I soon found they were townspeople, who had caught a very respectable and thriving tenant of mine from a neighbouring parish, going to vote against their popular Attorney-General. They had had him some time, arguing that I was going to vote for their man, so he had no right to vote the other way, and when I came, I should make him vote as they wished. He declared he was sure I would not ask him. So all eagerly rushed at me, entreating me to make him vote right. The coolness of the man, who was only gratifying his priest, and the excitement of the crowd, were most amusing to see. I told him, of course, to do as he liked, to the sore disappointment of my neighbours. It was most characteristic. Nowhere are the mischiefs of government by party so evident as in a country in the condition of Ireland. The questions that divide parties in England and Scotland are only on the surface, compared with those that are at stake in Ireland. It is not alone differences of religion, but all the rights of property, as hitherto understood, that are in the balance.

10. The system of competitive examination for all the minor Government appointments, as Excise, Customs, &c., has done great good, if only by lessening the party patronage to be given away. The number of successful candidates has been much beyond the proportion of the numbers of the people. A good schoolmaster, able to grind up youths for the examination, does great good and gets well paid. The successive masters of a national school in the small town near me, of which I am the manager, have more than once passed three or four candidates, out of a total of eighty to one hundred

vacancies for the three kingdoms. The school is only attended by Protestant children, of whom we have many. But for grinding youths for Government examinations, Roman Catholics come to our masters as freely as Protestants. Religious differences don't count when there is something to be got, and Roman Catholics succeed as well as Protestants when they have an equally good teacher.

11. Whatever appointments, high or low, are made for party reasons are often grievously jobbed; and there is no difference in that respect in my experience between the two parties; one is as bad as the other. Thus, the appointments to the magistracy are often very bad. Men are not seldom appointed who are wholly unfit, without education, knowledge, character, or even property. Religion or politics are the only motive. The queer thing is that some of the worst appointments are those of men of a different religion from that supposed to be allied with the party by whom the appointment is made. We have men nominated of whom it is doubtful if they can read and write, and others who, unless direly maligned, have themselves been guilty of all sorts of offences. No one can believe the harm such things do. The Stipendiary magistrates, too, are appointed for party reasons, and many of them are very inferior, and of no value; in no way men of the high character that well paid Government officials ought to be. Of course, some are fit men, but others are such as a magistrate who knows his business would prefer not to have with him, if there was any difficulty.

The same evil is visible, though in a less degree, in the Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. Having attended Quarter Sessions for near forty years in Ireland, I have of course seen a great variety, and many whom I knew are dead or have left. Whilst some were men to be respected, I have seen things permitted by others, and done by them, and a want of uprightness, that, as a lawyer, made one's blood boil. Going to Ireland fresh from years of Circuit and Sessions, and having also acted for years as a magistrate for Suffolk, with a colleague on the Bench who had been himself a lawyer, and was quite the best magistrate I ever knew, I grieved from the first over these great defects in the administration of justice in Ireland, and have never ceased to lament them.

Appointing the best man to be found, and making the administration of justice the first object, is not cared for as it ought to be; and though the outward forms may be carefully kept up, yet on many questions there is an evident bias, which is very hurtful. Let what I have said of the absence of a healthy public opinion be always remembered, as well as the backward state of things fifty or a hundred years ago. The improvement since that time will then be seen to be great, and in spite of all drawbacks, it is still going on.

The object aimed at is to raise poor and backward people, who by help of potato cultivation grew up in numbers that potatoes alone could barely support, without industry, self-reliance, or knowledge of anything fitting them for a higher state, into such higher state, now that potatoes can no longer be relied on. And the question is whether this can best be done by ventilating plans which are partly speculative theories about peasant proprietorship, partly the scheming of those who have their own ends to serve, and partly the sentimental views of politicians, all seeking to employ means hitherto unknown among us, and acting unjustly and with scant honesty to a large class, or by following the plain common sense ways of practical men, who understand land and such as have succeeded in their lands, and whether wholly successful or not must do good.

W. Bence Jones.

June 12th, 1880.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1880.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The day after Paul's departure for London with his lawyer and his uncle, Mr. Gus left the Markham Arms. By a fatality Fairfax thought, he too was going away at the same time. He had gone up to Markham in the morning early for no particular reason. He said to himself that he wanted to see the house of which he had so strangely become an inmate for a little while, and then had been swept out of, most probably for ever. To think that he knew all those rooms as familiarly as if they belonged to him, and could wander about them in his imagination, and remember whereabouts the pictures hung on the walls, and how the patterns went in the carpet, and yet never had seen them a month ago, and never might see them again! It is a strange experience in a life when this happens, but not a very rare one. Sometimes the passer-by is made for a single evening, for an hour or two, the sharer of an existence which drops entirely into the darkness afterwards, and is never visible to him again. Fairfax asked himself somewhat sadly if this was how it was to be. He thought that he would never in his life forget one detail of those rooms, the very way the curtains hung, the covers on the tables: and yet they could never be anything to him except a picture in his memory, hanging suspended between the known and the unknown. The great door was open as he had known it ("It is always open," he said to himself), and all the windows of the sitting-rooms, receiving the full air and sunshine into them. But up stairs the house was not yet open. Over some of the windows the curtains were drawn. Were they still sleeping, the two women who were in his thoughts? He cared much less in comparison for the rest of the family. Paul, indeed, being in trouble, had been much in his mind as he came up the avenue; but Paul had not been here when Fairfax had lived in the house, and did not enter into his recollections; and Paul he knew was away now. But the two ladies—Alice, whom he had been allowed to spend so many lingering hours with, whom he had told so much about himself—and Lady Markham, whom he had never ceased to wonder at; they had taken him into the very closest circle of their friendship; they had said "Go," and he had gone; or "Come," and he had always been ready to obey. And now was he to see no more of them for ever? Fairfax could not but feel very melancholy when this thought came into his mind. He came slowly up the avenue, looking at the old house. The old house he called it to himself, as people speak of the home they have loved for years. He would never forget it, though already perhaps they had forgotten him. His foot upon the gravel caught the ear of Mr. Brown, who came to

the door and looked out curiously. When things of a mysterious character are happening in a house the servants are always vigilant. Brown came down stairs early; he suffered no sound to pass unnoticed. And now he came out into the early sunshine, and looked about like a man determined to let nothing escape him. And the sight of Fairfax was a welcome sight, for was not he "mixed up" with the whole matter, and probably able to throw light upon some part of it, could he be got to speak?

"I hope I see you well, sir," said Mr. Brown. "This is a sad house, sir—not like what it was a little time ago. We have suffered a great affliction, sir, in the loss of Sir William."

"I am going away, Brown," said Fairfax. "I came up to ask for the ladies. Tell me what you can about them. How is Lady Markham? She must have felt it terribly, I fear."

"Yes, sir, and all that's happened since," said Brown. "A death, sir, is a thing we must all look forward to. That will happen from time to time, and nobody can say a word; but there's a deal happened since, Mr. Fairfax—and that do try my lady the worst of all."

Fairfax did not ask what had happened, which Mr. Brown very shrewdly took as conclusive that he knew all about it. He said half to himself, "I will leave a card, though that means nothing;" and then he mused long over the card, trying to put more than a message ever contained into the little space at his disposal. This was at last what he produced—

With but always at Lady Markham's service to the end of his life.

EDWARD FAIRFAX'S
most respectful and affectionate humble duty, his best wishes, his completest sympathy, only longing to be able to do anything, to be of any use. Going away with a heavy heart,
Trin: Coll.

When he had written this—and only when he had written it—it occurred to him how much better it would have been to have written a note, and then he hesitated whether to tear his card in pieces; but, on reflection, decided to let it go. He thought the crowded lines would discourage Brown from the attempt to decipher it.

"You will give them that, and tell them—but there is no need for telling them anything," Fairfax said with a sigh.

"You are going away, sir?"

"Yes, Brown"—he said, confidentially, "directly," feeling as if he could cry; and Brown felt for the poor young fellow. He thought over the matter for a moment, and reflected that if things were to go badly for the family, it would be a good thing for Miss Alice to have a good husband ready at hand. Various things had given Brown a high opinion of Fairfax. There were signs about him—which perhaps only a person of Mr. Brown's profession could fully appreciate—of something like wealth. Brown could scarcely have explained to any one the grounds on which he built this hypothesis, but all the same he entertained it with profound conviction. He eyed the card with great interest, meaning to peruse it by and by; and then he said—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think Miss Alice is just round the corner, with the young ladies and the young gentlemen. You won't mention, sir, as I said it—but I think you'll find them all there."

Fairfax was down the steps in a moment; but then paused:

"I wonder if it will be an intrusion," he said; then he made an abject and altogether inappropriate appeal, "Brown! do you think I may venture, Brown?"

"I would, sir, if I was you," said that personage with a secret chuckle, but the seriousness of his countenance never relaxed. He grinned as the young man darted away in the direc-

tion he had pointed out. Brown was not without sympathy for tender sentiments. And then he fell back upon those indications already referred to. A good husband was always a good thing, he said to himself.

And Fairfax skimmed as if on wings round the end of the wing to a bit of lawn which they were all fond of—where he had played with the boys and talked with Alice often before. When he got within sight of it, however, he skimmed the ground no longer. He began to get alarmed at his own temerity. The blackness of the group on the grass which he had seen only in their light summer dresses gave him a sensation of pain. He went forward very timidly, very doubtfully. Alice was standing with her back towards him, and it was only when he was quite near that she turned round. She gave a little startled cry—"Mr. Fairfax!" and smiled; then her eyes filled with tears. She held out one hand to him and covered her face with the other. The little girls, seeing this, began to cry too. For the moment it was their most prevailing habit. Fairfax took the outstretched hand into both his, and what could he do to show his sympathy but kiss it?—a sight which filled Bell and Marie with wonder, seeing it, as they saw the world in general, through that blurred medium of tears.

"I could not help coming," he said, "forgive me! just to look at the windows. I know them all by heart. I had no hope of so much happiness as to see—any one; but I could not —it was impossible to go away—without——"

Here they all thought he gave a little sob too, which said more than words, and went to their hearts.

"But, Mr. Fairfax," said Bell, "you were here before—"

"Yes; I could not go away. I always thought it possible that there might be some errand—something you would tell me to do. At all events I must have stayed for——"

The funeral he would have added. He could not but feel that though Alice had given him her hand, there was a little hesitation about her.

"But, Mr. Fairfax," Bell began again, "you were staying at the inn with—the little gentleman. Don't you know he is our enemy now?"

"I don't think he is your enemy," Fairfax said—which was not at all what he meant to say.

"Hush, Bell, that was not what it was; only mamma thought—and I—that poor Paul was your friend and that you would not have put yourself —on the other side."

"*I* put myself on the other side!" cried the young man. "Oh, how little you know! I was going to offer to go out to that place myself to make sure, for it does not matter where I go. I am not of consequence to any one like Paul; but——"

"But—what?"

Alice half put out her hand to him again.

"You will not think this is putting myself on the other side. It all looks so dreadfully genuine," said Fairfax, sinking his voice.

Only Alice heard what he said. She was unreasonable, as girls are.

"In that case we will not say anything more on the subject, Mr. Fairfax; you cannot expect us to agree with you," she said. "Good-bye. I will tell mamma you have called."

She turned away from him as she spoke, then cast a glance at him from under her eyelids, angry yet relenting. They stood for a moment like the lovers in Molière, eying each other timidly, sadly—but there was no one to bring them together, to say the necessary word in the ear of each. Poor Fairfax uttered a sigh so big that it seemed to move the branches round. He said—

"Good-bye then, Miss Markham; won't you shake hands with me before I go?"

"Good-bye," said Alice faintly. She wanted to say something more, but what could she say? Another moment and he was gone altogether, hurrying down the avenue.

"Oh, how nasty you were to poor Mr. Fairfax," cried Bell. "And he was always so kind. Don't you remember, Marie, how he ran all the way in the rain to fetch the doctor? even George wouldn't go. He said he couldn't take a horse out, and was frightened of the thunder among the trees; but Mr. Fairfax only buttoned his coat and flew."

"The boys said," cried little Marie, "that they were sure he would win the mile—in a moment——"

"Oh, children," cried Alice, "what do you know about it? you will break my heart talking such nonsense—when there is so much trouble in the house. I am going in to mamma."

But things were not much better there, for she found Lady Markham with Fairfax's card in her hand, which she was reading with a great deal of emotion. "Put it away with the letters," Lady Markham said. They had kept all the letters which they received after Sir William's death by themselves in the old despatch-box which had always travelled with him wherever he went, and which now stood—with something of the same feeling which might have made them appropriate the greenest paddock to his favourite horse—in Lady Markham's room. Some of them were very "beautiful letters." They had been dreadful to receive morning by morning, but they were a kind of possession—an inheritance now.

"Put it with the letters," Lady Markham said; "any one could see that his very heart was in it. He knew your dear father's worth; he was capable of appreciating him; and he knows what a loss we have had. Poor boy—I will never forget his kindness—never as long as I live."

"But, mamma," said Alice, loyal still though her heart was melting, "you know you thought it very strange of Mr. Fairfax to take that horrid little man's part against Paul."

"I can't think he did anything of the sort," Lady Markham said, but she would not enter into the question.

It was not wonderful, however, if Alice was angry. She had sent him away because of the general family anger against him; and lo, nobody seemed to feel that anger except herself.

But it may be easily understood how Fairfax felt it a fatality when he found Gus's portmanteaux packed, and himself awaiting his return to go by the same train.

"Why should I stay here?" he said. "I did not come to England to stay in a village inn. I will go with you, and go to that lawyer, and get it all settled. Why should they make such a fuss about it? I mean no one any harm. Why can't they take to me and make me one of the family? except that I should be there instead of my poor father, I don't know what difference it need make."

"But that makes a considerable difference," said Fairfax. "You must perceive that."

"Of course it makes a difference; between father and son there is always a difference—but less with me than with most people. I do not want to marry, for instance. Most men marry when they come into their estates. There was once a girl in the island," said Gus, with a sigh; "but things were going badly, and she married a man in the Marines. No, if they will consent to consider me as one of the family—I like the children, and Alice seems a nice sort of girl, and my stepmother a respectable motherly woman——, eh?"

Some hostile sound escaped from Fairfax which made the little gentleman look up with great surprise. He had not a notion why his friend should object to what he said.

But the end was that the two did go to town together, and that it was Fairfax who directed this enemy of his friends' where to go, and how to manage his business. Gus was perfectly helpless, not knowing anything about London, and would have been as likely to settle himself in Fleet Street as in Piccadilly—perhaps more so. Fair-

fax could not get rid of his companion till he had put him in communication with the lawyer, and generally looked after all his affairs. For himself nothing could be more ill-omened. He went about asking himself what would the Markhams think of him?—and yet what could he do? Gus's mingled perplexity and excitement in town were amusing, but they were embarrassing too. He wanted to go and see the Tower and St. Paul's. He wanted Fairfax to tell him exactly what he ought to give to every cabman. He stood in the middle of the crowd in the streets folding his arms, and resisting the stream which would have carried him one way or the other.

"You call this a free country, and yet one cannot even walk as one likes," he said. "Why are these fellows jostling me; do they want to rob me?"

Fairfax did not know what to do with the burden thus thrown on his hands.

And it may be imagined what the young man's sensations were, when having just deposited Gus in the dining-room of one of the junior clubs, of which he was a member, he met Paul upon the steps of the building coming in. Paul was a member too. Fairfax was driven to his wits' end. The little gentleman was tired, and would not budge an inch until he had eaten his luncheon and refreshed himself. What was to be done? Paul was not too friendly even to himself.

"Are you here, too, Markham? I thought there was nobody in London but myself," Fairfax said.

"There are only a few millions for those who take them into account; but some people don't——"

"Oh, you know what I mean," Fairfax said. And then they stood and looked at each other. Paul was pale. His mourning gave him a formal look, not unlike his father. He had the air of some young official on duty, with a great deal of unusual care and responsibility upon him.

"You look as if you were the head of an office," said Fairfax, attempting a smile.

"It would not be a bad thing," said the other languidly; "but the tail would be more like it than the head. I must do something of that kind."

"Do you mean that you are going into public life?"

"That depends upon what *you* mean by public life," said Paul. "I am not, for instance, going into Parliament, though there were thoughts of that once; but I have got to work, my good fellow, though that may seem odd to you."

"To work!" Fairfax echoed with dismay; which dismay was not because of the work, but because the means of getting him out of the place, and out of risk of an encounter with Gus, became less and less every moment. Paul laughed with a forced and theatrical laugh. In short, he was altogether a little theatrical—his looks, his dress, everything about him. In the excess of his determination to bear his downfall like a man, he was playing with exaggerated honesty the part of a fallen gentleman and ruined heir.

"You think that very alarming then? but I assure you it depends altogether on how you look at it. My father worked incessantly, and it was his glory. If I work, not as a chief, but as an underling, it will not be a bit less honourable."

"Markham, can you suppose for a moment that I think it less honourable?" said Fairfax; "quite otherwise. But does it mean——? Stop, I must tell you something before I ask you any questions. That little beggar who calls himself your brother——"

"I believe he is my brother," said Paul, formally; and then he added with another laugh: "that is the noble development to which the house of Markham has come."

"He is there. Yes, in the dining-room, waiting for his luncheon. One moment, Markham!—we were at the inn in the village together, and he has

hung himself on to me. What could I do? he knew nothing about London; he is as helpless as a baby. And the ladies," said Fairfax, his countenance changing, "the ladies—take it as a sign that I am siding with him against you."

He felt a quiver come over his face like that of a boy who is complaining of ill-usage, and for the moment could scarcely subdue a rueful laugh at his own expense; but Paul laughed no more. He became more than ever like the head of an office, too young for his post, and solemnised by the weight of it. His face shaped itself into still more profound agreement with the solemnity of those black clothes.

"Pardon me, my good fellow," he said. Paul was not one of the men to whom this mode of address comes natural. There was again a theatrical heroism in his look. "Pardon me; but in such a matter as this I don't see what your siding could do for either one or the other. It is fact that is in question, nothing else."

And with a hasty good day he turned and went down the steps where they had been talking. Fairfax was left alone, and never man stood on the steps of a club and looked out upon the world and the passing cabs and passengers with feelings more entirely uncomfortable. He had not been unfaithful in a thought to his friend, but all the circumstances were against him. For a few minutes he stood and reflected what he should do. He could not go and sit down at table comfortably with the unconscious little man who had made the breach; and yet he could not throw him over. Finally he sent a message by one of the servants to tell Gus that he had been called unexpectedly away, and set off down the street at his quickest pace. He walked a long way before he stopped himself. He was anxious to make it impossible that he should meet either Gus again or Paul. Soon the streets began to close in. A dingier and darker part of London received him. He walked on, half interested, half disgusted. How seldom, save perhaps in a hansom driven at full speed, had he ever traversed those streets leading one out of another, these labyrinths of poverty and toil. As he went on, thinking of many things that he had thought of lightly enough in his day, and which were suggested by the comparison between the region in which he now found himself and that which he had left—the inequalities and unlikeness of mankind, the strange difference of fate—his ear was suddenly caught by the sound of a familiar voice. Fairfax paused, half thinking that it was the muddle in his mind, caused by that association of ideas with the practical drama of existence in which he found himself involved, which suggested this voice to him; but looking round he suddenly found himself, as he went across one of the many narrow streets which crossed the central line of road, face to face with the burly form of Spears.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"You here, too," said the demagogue; "I thought this was a time when all you fine folks were enjoying yourselves, and London was left to the toilers and moilers."

"Am I one of the fine folks? I am afraid that proves how little you know of them, Spears."

"Well, I don't pretend to know much," said Spears. "Markham's here, too. And what is all this about Markham? I don't understand a word of it."

"What is about him?"

Fairfax was determined to breathe no word of Paul's altered circumstances to any one, sheltering himself under the fact that he himself knew nothing definite. The orator looked at him with a gaze which it was difficult to elude.

"I thought you had been with the family at that grand house of theirs? However! Paul was hot upon our emigration scheme, you know; he

would hear no reason on that subject. I warned him that it was not a thing for men like him, with soft hands and muscles unstrung; but he paid me no attention. There was another thing, I believe, a secondary motive," said Spears, with a wave of his hand, "a thing that never would have come into my head, which his mother found out—the kind of business that women do find out. Well! His father is dead, and I suppose he has come into the title and all that. But here's the rub. We are within a fortnight of our start, and never another word from Paul. What does he mean by it? has he been persuaded by the women? has he thrown us overboard and gone in for the old business of landlord and aristocrat? I have told him many a time it was in his blood; but never was there one more hot for better principles. Now look here, Fairfax, you're not the man to pretend ignorance. What do you know?"

"Nothing but that Sir William is dead."

"Sir William is dead, that means, long live Sir Paul: *lay roy est mortt, veeve lay roy*," said Spears, with honest English pronunciation. "Yes, the papers would tell you that. If he's going to give it all up," he went on, a deep colour coming over his face, "I sha'n't be surprised. I don't say that I'll like it, but I sha'n't be surprised. A large property—and a title—may be a temptation: but in that case it's his duty to let us know. I suppose you and he see each other sometimes?"

"By chance we have met to-day."

"By chance? I thought you were always meeting. Well, what does he mean? I acknowledge," said Spears, with very conscious satire, "that a Sir Paul in our band will be an oddity. It wouldn't be much more wonderful if it was St. Paul," he added, with a laugh; "but one way or other I must know. And I don't mind confessing to you," he said, turning into the way by which Fairfax seemed to be walking, and suddenly striking him on the shoulder with an amicable but not slight blow, "that it will be a disappointment. I had rather committed the folly of setting my heart on that lad. He was the kind of thing, you know, that we mean in our class when we say a gentleman. There's you, now, you're a gentleman, too; but I make little account of you. You might just as well have been brought up in my shop or in trade. But there's something about Paul, mind you—that's where it is; he's got that grand air, and that hot-headed way. I hate social distinctions, but he's above them. The power of money is to me like a horrible monster, but he scorns it. Do you see what I mean? A man like me reasons it all out, and sees the harm of it, and the devilry of it, and it fires his blood. But Paul, he holds his head in the air, and treats it like the dirt below his feet. That's fine, that takes hold of the imagination. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, Fairfax," said Spears, giving him another friendly tap on the shoulder, "but you're just a careless fellow, one thing doesn't matter more than another to you."

"Quite true. I am not offended," said Fairfax, laughing. "You discriminate very well, Spears, as you always do."

"Yes, I suppose I have a knack that way," said the demagogue, simply. "I shouldn't wonder," he added, "though it is not a subject that a man can question his daughter about, that it was just the same thing that attracted my girl."

Fairfax turned round upon him with quick surprise; he had not heard anything about Janet. "What!" he said, "has Markham——" and then paused; for Spears, though indulgent to freedom of speech, was in this one point a dangerous person to meddle with. He turned round, with all the force of his rugged features and broad shoulders, and looked the questioner in the face.

"Yes," he said, "Markham has—

a fancy for my Janet. There is nothing very wonderful in that. His mother tried to persuade me that this was the entire cause of his devotion to my principles and me. But that is a way women have. They think nothing comparable to their own influence. He satisfied me as to that. Yes," said Spears, with a softened, meditative tone, "that is the secondary motive I spoke of; and, to tell the truth, when I heard of the old fellow's death I was sorry. I said to myself, the girl will never be able to resist the temptation of being 'my lady.'"

A smile began to creep about the corners of his mouth. For himself, it is very likely that Spears would have had virtue enough to carry out his own principles and resist all bribes of rank had they been thrown in his way; but he contemplated the possible elevation of his child with a tender sense of the wonderful, and the ludicrous, and incredible which melted all sterner feelings. The idea that Janet might be my lady filled him with a subdued pleasure and amusement, and a subtle pride which veiled itself in the humour of the notion. It made him smile in spite of himself. As for Fairfax, this had so completely taken his breath away that he seemed beyond the power of speech, and Spears went on musingly for a minute or two walking beside him, his active thoughts lulled by the fantastic pleasure of that vision, and the smile still lingered about his closely-shut lips. At last he started from the weakness of this reverie.

"There is to be a meeting to-night," he said, "down in one of these streets—and I'm going to give them an address. I've got the name of the street here in my pocket and the house and all that—if you like to come."

"Certainly I will come," said Fairfax with alacrity. He had not much to occupy his evenings, and he took a kind of careless speculative interest, not like Paul's impassioned adoption of the scheme and all its issues, in Spears's political crusade. The demagogue patted him on the shoulders once more as he left him. He had always half-patronised, half stood in awe of Fairfax, whose careless humour sometimes threw a passing light of ridicule even on the cause. "If you see Markham, bring him along with you; and tell him I must understand what he means," he said.

But Fairfax did not see Paul again. He did not indeed put himself in the way of Paul, though his mind was full of him, for the rest of the day. Janet Spears was a new complication in Paul's way. The whole situation was dreary and hopeless enough. His position as head of the house and the family, his importance, his wealth, his power of influencing others, all taken from him in a day, and Spears's daughter—Janet Spears—hung round his neck like a millstone. Paul! of all men in the world to get into such a vulgar complication, Paul was about the last. And yet there could be no mistake about it. Fairfax, who honestly felt himself Paul's inferior in everything, heard this news with the wondering dismay of one whose own thoughts had taken a direction as much above him (he thought) as the other's was beneath him. With a painful flush of bewilderment, he thought of himself floated up into regions above himself into a different atmosphere, another world, by means of the woman who had been Paul's companion all his life, while Paul—— He had heard of such things; of men falling into the mire out of the purest places, of rebellions from the best to the worst. They were common enough. But that it should be *Paul!*

When evening came he took his way to the crowded quarter where he had met Spears, and to the meeting, which was held in a back room in an unsavoury street. It had begun to rain, the air was wet and warm, the streets muddy, the floor of the room black and stained with many footsteps. There was a number of men packed

together in a comparatively small space, which soon became almost insupportable with the flaring gas-lights, the odour from their damp clothes, and their breath. At one end of it were a few men seated round a table, Spears among them. Fairfax could only get in at the other end, and close to the door, which was the saving of him. He exercised politeness at a cheap cost by letting everybody who came penetrate further than he. Some of the men looked at him with suspicion. He had kept on his morning dress, but even that was very different from the clothes they wore. They were not very penetrating in respect to looks, and some of them thought him a policeman in plain clothes. This was not a comfortable notion among a number of hot-blooded men. Fairfax, however, soon became too much interested in the proceedings to observe the looks that were directed to himself. There was a good deal of commonplace business to be gone through first—small subscriptions to pay, some of which were weekly; little books to produce, with little sums marked; reports to be given in, on here and there a wavering member, a falling back into the world, a new convert. It looked to Fairfax at first like a parochial meeting about the little charities of the parish, the schools, and the alms-houses. Perhaps organisation of every kind has its inherent vulgarities. This movement felt grand, heroic, to the men engaged in it, how much above the curate and his pennies who could say; but it seemed inevitable that it should begin in the same way.

The walls were roughly plastered and washed with a dingy tone of colour. The men sat on benches which were very uncomfortable, and showed all the independent curves of backs which toil had not straightened, the rough heads and dingy clothes. Over all this the gas flickered, unmitigated even by the usual glass globe. There was a constant shuffling of feet, a murmur of conversation, sometimes the joke of a privileged wit whispered about with earthquakes of suppressed laughter. For the men, on the whole, suppressed themselves with the sense of the dignity of a meeting and the expectation of Spears's address. "He's a fellow from the North, ain't he?" Fairfax heard one man say. "No, he's a miner fellow." "He's one of the cotton spinners." While another added authoritatively, "None of you know anything about it. It's Spears the delegate. He's been sent about all over the place. There's been some talk of sending him to Parliament." "Parliament! I put no faith in Parliament." "No more do I." "Nor I," the men said. "And yet," said the first speaker, "we've got no chance of getting our rights till they've got a lot like him there."

At this moment one of the men at the table rose, and there was instant silence. The lights flared, the rain rained outside with a persistent swish upon the pavement, the restless feet shuffled upon the floor, but otherwise there was not a sound to interrupt the stillness. This was somewhat tried, however, by the reading of a report, still very like a missionary report in a parish meeting. There was a good deal about an S. C. and an L. M. who had been led to think of higher principles of political morality by the action of the society, and who had now finally given in their adhesion. The meeting greeted the announcement of these new members by knocking with their boot-heels upon the floor. Then some one else got up and said that the prospects of the society were most hopeful, and that the conversion of L. C. and S. M. were only an earnest of what was to come. Soon the whole mass of the working classes, as already its highest intelligence, would be with them. The meeting again applauded this "highest intelligence." They felt it in themselves, and they liked the compliment. "Mr. Spears will now address the meeting," the last speaker said, and then this confused part of

the proceeding came to an end, and everything became clear again when Spears spoke.

And yet Fairfax thought, looking on, it was by no means clear what Spears wanted, or wished to persuade the others that they wanted. Very soon, however, he secured their attention which was one great point; the very feet got disciplined into quiet, and when a late member came down the long passage which led straight into this room, there was a universal murmur and hush as he bustled in. Spears stood up and looked round him, his powerful square shoulders and rugged face dominating the assembly. He took a kind of text for his address, "not from the Bible," he said, "which many of you think out of date," at which there was a murmur, chiefly of assent; "mind you," said the orator, "I don't; that's a subject on which I'm free to keep my private opinion; but the other book you'll allow is never out of date. It's from the sayings of a man that woke up out of the easy thoughts of a lad, the taking everything for granted as we all do one time or another, to find that he could take nothing for granted, that all about was false, horrible, mean, and *sham*. That was the worst of it all—sham. He found the mother that bore him was a false woman, and the girl he loved hid his enemy behind the door to listen to what he was saying, and his friends, the fellows he had played with, went off with him on a false errand, with letters to get him killed. 'There's something rotten,' says he, 'in this State of Denmark—' that was all the poor fellow could get out at first, 'something rotten;' ay, ay, Prince Hamlet, a deal that was rotten. We're not fond of princes, my friends," said Spears, stopping short with a gleam of humour in his face, "but Shakspeare lived a good few years ago, and hadn't found that out. We've made a great many discoveries since his day."

At this the feet applauded again, but there was a little doubtfulness upon the faces of the audience who did not see what the speaker meant to be at.

"'There's something rotten in the state of Denmark' that's what he said. He didn't mean Denmark any more than I mean Clerkenwell. He meant this life he was living in, where the scum floated to the top, and nothing was what it seemed. That was Hamlet's quarrel with the world, and it's my quarrel, and yours, and every thinking man's. It was a grand idea, my friends to make a government, to have a king. Yes, wait a bit till I've finished my sentence. I tell you it was a noble idea," said the orator, raising his voice, and cowing into silence half a dozen violent contradictions, "to get hold of the best man and set him him up there to help them that couldn't help themselves, to make the strong merciful and the weak brave. That was an idea! I honour the man that invented it whoever he was; but I'd lay you all a fortune if I had it, I'd wager all I'm worth (which isn't much) that whoever the first king was, that was made after he had found out the notion, it wasn't he! And it was a failure, my lads," said Spears.

At this there was a tumult of applause. "I don't see anything to stamp about for my part," he said shaking his head. "That gives me no pleasure. It was a grand idea, but as sure as life they took the wrong man, and it was a failure. And it has always been a failure and always will be—so now there's nothing for it but to abolish kings——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in wild applause.

"But the worst is," continued the speaker, "that we've done that practically for a long time in England, and we're none the better. Instead of one bad king we've got Parliament, which is a heap of bad kings. Men that care no more for the people than I care for that fly. Men that will grind you, and tax you, and make merchandise of you, and neglect your interest and tread you down to the ground. Many is the cheat they've passed upon you. At

this moment you cheer me when I say down with the kings, but you look at one another and you raise your eyebrows when I say down with the parliament. You've got the suffrage and you think that's all right. The suffrage! what does the suffrage do for you? It's another sham, a little stronger than all the rest. They'll give more of you, and more of you, the suffrage, till they let in the women (I don't say a word against that. Some of the women have more sense than you have, and the rest you can always whop them) and the babies next for anything I can tell. And it will all be rotten, rotten, rotten to the core. And then a great cry will rise out of this poor country, and it will be Hamlet again," cried the orator, pouring out the full force of his great melodious voice from his broad chest—"'Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!'"

There was a feeble stamp or two upon the floor; but the audience, though curious and impressed, were not up to the level of the speaker, and did not know what to make of him. He saw this, and he changed his tone.

"I read the other day of the kind of parliament that was a real parliament of the people. Once every two months the whole population met in a great square; and there they were asked to choose the men that were to govern them. They voted all by word of mouth—no ballot tickets in those days—for there was not one of them that was afraid to give his opinion. They chose their men for two months, no more. They were men that were known to all the place, that had been known from their cradles; no strangers there, but men they could lay their hands on if they went wrong. It was for two months only, as I tell you, and then the parliament came together again, and the men they had chosen gave an account of what they had done. In my opinion—I don't know what you may think—that was as perfect a plan of government, and as true a rule of the people as ever existed on this globe. Who is that grumbling behind there? If it is you, Paul Markham, stand up like a man and say what you've got to say."

There was a pause for a moment, and everybody looked round; but as no reply was made, the hearers drowned all attempts at opposition in a tumult of stamping feet and approving exclamations. "That was something like," they cried. And "Go on. Go on! Bravo, Spears!"

"Ah, yes. You say 'Bravo, Spears!' because I humour you. But that young fellow there at the back, I know what he meant to say. It was all rotten, rotten, rotten to the core; that peoples' parliament was the greatest humbug that ever was seen; it was the instrument of tyrants; it was the murderer of freedom; there was nothing too silly, nothing too wicked for it; its vote was a sham, and its wisdom was a sham. Ah! you don't cry 'Bravo, Spears!' any more. The reason of all this is that we never get hold of the right men. I don't know what there is in human nature that makes it so. I have studied it a deal, but I've never found that out. The scum gets uppermost, boils up and sticks on the top. That's my experience. The less honest a man is, the more sure he is to get up to the top. I don't speak of being born equal like some folks; but I think every man has a right to his share of the place he's born in—a right to have his portion wherever he is. One man with another, our wants are about the same. One eats a little more, one drinks a little more (and we all do more of that than is good for us), than the rest. But what we've got a right to is our share of what's going. Instead of great estates, great parks, grand palaces where those that call themselves our masters live and starve us, we have a right, every man, to enough of it to live on, to enough——"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the clamour of the cheering. The

men rose up and shouted; they drowned his voice in the enthusiasm of their delight. Paul had come in behind after Spears began to speak. Though there had been in him a momentary movement of offence when he saw Fairfax, yet he had ended by remaining close to him, not seated, however, but leaning against the doorway in the sight of all. And it was likewise apparent in the sight of all that he was dressed, not like Fairfax in morning clothes, which offered a less visible contrast with the men surrounding him, but in evening dress, only partially covered by his light overcoat. He had come indeed to this assembly met to denounce all rights of the aristocrat, in the very livery of social superiority. Fairfax, who was anxious about the issue, could not understand what it meant. Paul's eyes were fixed upon Spears, and there was a half smile and air of something that might be taken for contempt on his face.

The applause went to the orator's head. He plunged into violent illustrations of his theory, by the common instances of riot, impurity, extravagance, debt, and general wickedness which were to be found in what were called the higher classes. Perhaps Spears himself was aware that his arguments would not bear a very close examination: and the face of his disciple there before him, the face which had hitherto glowed with acquiescence, flushed with indignation, answered every appeal he made, but which was now set, pale, and impassive, without any response at all, with indeed an evident determination to withstand him—filled him with a curious passion. He could not understand it, and he could not endure to see Paul standing there, Paul, his son in the faith, his disciple of whom he was unconsciously more proud than of all the other converts he had made, with that air of contradiction and defiance. The applause excited him, and this tacit opposition excited him still more. Fairfax had produced no such effect upon the demagogue; he had been but a half believer at the best, a critic more interested than convinced. He was one of those whom other men can permit to look on, from whom they can accept sympathy without concurrence, and tolerate dissent. But with Paul the case was very different. Every glance at him inflamed the mind of Spears. Was it possible (the idea flashed across his mind in full torrent of his speech) that this beloved disciple was lost to him? He would not believe it, he would not permit it to be; and with this impulse he flung forth his burning accusations, piled up shame and scandal upon the heads of aristocrats, represented them as standing in the way of every good undertaking, of treading down the poor on every side, of riding roughshod everywhere over liberties and charities alike, robbers of their brethren, destroyers of their fellow-creatures. And as every burning period poured forth, the noise, the enthusiasm became indescribable. The men who listened were no more murderous rebels than English landlords and millionaires are sanguinary oppressors, but they shouted and stamped, and rent their throats with applause, all the more that they were well acquainted with these arguments. Hamlet and "the cursed spite" of his position were of doubtful interest; but here was something which they understood. Thus they went on together, mutually exciting each other, the speaker and the listeners—until suddenly in the midst of the hubbub, a strange note, a new voice, struck in, and caught them all in full uproar.

"What's that?" cried Spears, with the quick hearing of offended affection. "You behind there—some one spoke."

The men all turned round—the entire assembly—to see what the interruption was. Then they saw, leaning carelessly against the wall, his grey overcoat open, showing the expanse of fine linen, the silk lapels of the evening coat in which Paul

had chosen to array himself, the young aristocrat, looking his part to the fullest perfection, with scorn on his face, and proud indifference, careless of them and their opinions. The mere sight of him brought an impulse of fierce hostility.

"I said, that's not so," said Paul, distinctly, throwing his defiance over all their heads at his old instructor. Spears was almost beside himself with pain and passion.

"Do you give me the lie," he said, "to my face—you, Paul? Oh, you shall have your title—that's the meaning of the change! you, Sir Paul Markham, baronet,—Do you give me the lie?"

"If you like to take it so, Spears. You know as well as I do that men are not monsters like that in one rank and heroes in another. Title or no title, that's the truth, and you know it—whatever those men that take in everything you are saying may think. You know that's not so."

The excited listeners saw Spears grow pale and wince. Then he shouted out with an excited voice—

"And that's a lie whoever said it. I! say one thing and mean another! The time has been when a man that said that to me would have rued it. He would have rued it——"

"And he shall rue it!" said a voice in the crowd. The people turned round with a common impulse. Fairfax, when he saw what was coming, had risen too, and thrown himself in front of Paul. He was not so tall a man, and Paul's dark hair towered over his light locks. He tried to push him out into the narrow-flagged passage, and called to him to go—to go! But Paul's blood was up; he stood and faced them all, holding his arm before him in defence against the raised fists and threatening looks. "I'm one against a hundred," he said, perfectly calm. "You can do what you please. I will not give in, whatever you do. I tell you what Spears says is not true."

And then the uproar got up again and raged round them. There was a hesitation about striking the first blow. Nobody liked to begin the onslaught upon one single man, or a man with but one supporter. Fairfax got his arm into his, and did his best to push and drag him away into the paved passage. But it was not till Spears himself, breaking through the angry crowd, gave him a thrust with his powerful arm that he yielded. What might have happened even then Fairfax did not know; for the passage was narrow, and the two or three people hanging about the door sufficed to make another angry crowd in their way. While, however, he was pushing his way along by the wall, doing all he could to impel before him Paul's reluctant figure, a door suddenly opened behind them, a light flashed out, and some one called to them to come in. Paul stumbled backwards, fortunately, over the step, and was thus got at a disadvantage; and in two minutes more Fairfax had struggled in, bringing his companion with him. The place into which they were admitted was a narrow passage, quite dark—and the contrast from the noise and crowd without to this silence bewildered the young men. Even then, however, the voice of Spears reached them over the murmur of the crowd.

"There's a specimen for you!" cried the orator, with a harsh laugh. "The scum come uppermost! What did I tell you? that, take what pains you like, you never get the right man. I loved that lad like my son; and all I said was gospel to him. But he has come into his title, he has come into the land he swore he never would take from the people, and there's the end. Would you like a better proof of what I said? Oh, rotten, rotten, rotten to the core!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

They were in a small, dingy room, lighted with one feeble candle—still within hearing of the tumult close by. Paul had twisted his foot in the stumble, which was the only thing that had saved him from a scuffle and possible fight. He was paler than

before with the pain. He had put his foot up upon a chair at Fairfax's entreaty, who feared a sprain; but himself, in his excitement, did not seem to feel it.

"My title and my lands!" he said, with a laugh which was more bitter than that of Spears. "You heard him, Fairfax. I've come into my property; that is what has caused this change in my opinions."

"Never mind, the man's a fool," said Fairfax, angrily.

"He is not a fool," said Paul, "but it shows how well you can judge a man when you do not know his circumstances."

Fairfax, however, it must be owned, was as much puzzled as Spears. What was it that had caused the change? It was not much more than a month since Paul's devotion to Spears and his scheme had kept him from his father's death-bed. He had been intent then on giving up his whole life to the creed which this evening he had publicly contradicted in the face of its excited supporters. Fairfax could not make out what it meant any more than the deserted demagogue could. If Paul, indeed, had reached the high top-gallant of his fortunes—if he had held the control of a large property in his hands—a position like that of a prince—there might have been reason in such a change of faith. Though it gave a certain foundation for Spears's bitter sneer, yet there was reason in it. A young man might very well be justified in abandoning the society of revolutionaries, when he himself entered the ranks of those who are responsible for the safety of the country, and have a great deal to lose. But he did not understand Paul's position now, and a change so singular bewildered him. It was not, however, either necessary or expedient to enter into that question; and he addressed himself with more satisfaction to rubbing the injured ankle. He had asked the woman who admitted them, and who was in great terror of "the meeting," to get a cab, but had been answered that she dared not leave the house, and that they must not think of leaving the house till all was over in the "Hall." It was not a cheerful prospect. To his surprise, however, Paul showed less impatience than he did. He was full of the place and the discussion they had just left.

"He is no fool," Paul said, "that is the most wonderful of all. A man may go on telling a pack of lies for years, and yet be as true in himself as all the rest is false. I understand your looks, Fairfax. You think I have gone as far as most men."

"Keep your foot still, my good fellow," was all Fairfax said.

"That is all very well; you want an explanation of my conduct," said Paul. "You want to know what this inconsistency means; for it is inconsistency. Well, then, there's just this, that I don't mean to tell. I am as free as another man to form my own opinions, I hope."

"Hark! they're cheering again," said Fairfax. "What fellows they are to cheer! He has got them into a good humour. They looked savage enough half-an-hour ago. It's a little absurd, isn't it, that you and I, Paul, who have been considered very advanced in our political opinions should be in a kind of hiding here?"

"Hiding! I will go back at once and make my profession of faith," cried Paul; but when he sprang up to carry out his intention the pain in his foot overpowered him. "Have I sprained it, do you think?—that is an affair of four or five weeks," he said, with a look of dismay.

After this very little passed. They sat on each side of the little deal-table with the coarse candle sputtering between them, and listened to the hoarse sounds of the voices, the tumultuous applause on the other side of the wall. This was still going on, though in subdued tones, when the door suddenly opened. It was not easy at first to see who had come in, till Spears's face appeared over the flickering light. It was angry and

dark, and overclouded with something like shame.

"I am glad you are here still, you two," he said in subdued tones.

Neither of the young men spoke. At last Fairfax, who was not the one on whom his eyes were bent, said—

"We were waiting till the meeting was over. Till then, it appears, we can't have a cab sent for. Markham has hurt his foot."

"Good Lord! How did he do that?" Spears came round and looked at it where it lay supported on the chair. He looked as if he would have liked to stroke and pet the injured limb like a child. "I hope it was none of those fellows with their pushing and stupid folly," he said.

"It was not done by any refinement of politeness, certainly."

These were the first words Paul had said, and they were uttered with the same half-mocking smile.

"They're rough fellows, that's the truth," said Spears; "and they have an idiot for a guide," he went on in a low voice. "Look here, Paul, you aggravated me with those grand looks of yours, and that sneer. You know as well as I do what puts me out. When it's a fellow I care for I can't stand it. All the asses in Rotten Row might come and haw-haw at me and I shouldn't mind; but you! that are a kind of child of my soul, Paul!"

"I hope your other children will get more mercy from you, then," said Paul, without looking at him. "You have not had much for me, Spears."

"I, lad? What have I ever done but cherish you as if you were my own! I have been as proud of you—! All your fine ways that I've jibed about have been a pleasure to me all the time. It went to my heart to think that you, the finest aristocrat of all the lot, were following old Spears for love of a principle. I said to myself, abuse them as we like, there's stuff in these old races—there's something in that blue blood. I don't deny it before you two, that may laugh at me as you please. I that have just been telling all those lads that it's the scum that comes uppermost (and believe it too). I that have sworn an eternal war against the principle of unequal rank and accumulation of property—"

Spears paused. There was nothing ludicrous to him in the idea of this eternal war, waged by a nameless stump-orator against all the kingdoms of the world and the power of them. He was too much in earnest to be conscious of any absurdity. He was as serious in his crusade as if he had been a conqueror with life and death in his hands, and his voice trembled with the reality of this confession which he was going to make.

"Well!" he said, "I, of whom you know all this as well as I do myself, I've been proud of your birth and your breeding, Paul, because it was all the grander of you to forget them for the cause. I've dwelt on these things in my mind. I've said, there's the flower of them all, and he's following after me! Look here! you're not going to take it so dreadfully amiss if, after not hearing a word from you, after not knowing what you were going to do, seeing you suddenly opposite to me with your most aggravating look (and you can put on an aggravating look when you like, you know you can, and drive me wild," Spears said with a deprecating, tender smile, putting his hand caressingly on the back of Paul's chair)—"if I let out a bitter word, a lash of ill-temper against my will, you are not going to make that a quarrel between you and me."

The man's large mobile features were working, his eyes shining out under their heavy brows. The generous soul in him was moved to its depth. He had, being "wild," as he said, with sudden passion, accused Paul of having yielded to the seductions of his new rank—but in his heart he did not believe the accusation he had made. He trusted his young disciple with all the doting confidence of a woman. Of a woman! his daughter Janet, though she was a woman, and a young one, had no such enthusiasm of trust in her being. She would have scorned his weakness had she been by—very differ-

ently would Janet have dealt with a hesitating lover. But the demagogue had enthroned in his soul an ideal to which, perhaps, his very tenderest affections, the deepest sentiments he was capable of, had clung. He had fallen for the moment into that madness which works in the brain when we are wroth with those we love. And he did not know now how to make sufficient amends for it, how to open wide enough that window into his heart which showed the quivering and longing within. But he had said for the moment all he could say.

And for a time there was silence in the little room. Fairfax, who understood him, turned away, and began to stare at a rude-coloured print on the wall in order to leave the others alone. He would himself have held out his hand before half this self-revelation had been made, and perhaps Spears would have but lightly appreciated that naïve response. But Paul was by no means ready to yield. He kept silence for what seemed to the interested spectator ten minutes at least. Then he said, slowly—

"I think it would be wise to inquire into the facts of the case before permitting yourself to use such language, Spears—even if you had not roused your rabble against me."

He said these strident words in the most forcible way, making the r's roll.

"Rabble?" Spears repeated, with a tone of dismay; but his patience was not exhausted nor his penitence. "I know," he said, "it was wrong. I don't excuse myself. I behaved like a fool, and it costs a man like me something to say that. Paul—come! why should we quarrel? Let bygones be bygones. They should have torn me to pieces before they had laid a finger on you."

"A good many of them would have smarted for it if they had laid a finger on me," said Paul. "That I promise you."

Spears laughed; his mind was relieved. He gave his vigorous person a shake and was himself again.

"Well, that is all over," he said. "It will be a lesson to me. I am a confounded fool at bottom after all. Whatever mental advantages you may have, that's what the best of us have to come to. My blood gets hot, and I lose my head. There's a few extenuating circumstances though. Have you forgotten, Paul, that we were to sail in October, and it's the 20th of September now? Not a word have I heard from you since you left Oxford, three weeks ago. What was I to think? I know what's happened in the meantime; and I don't say," said Spears, slowly, "that if you were to throw us overboard at the last moment, it would be a thing without justification. I told you at the time you would be more wise to let us alone. But you never had an old head on young shoulders. A generous heart never counts the cost in that way; still—— And the time, my dear fellow, is drawing very near."

"I may as well tell you," said Paul, tersely, "I am not going with you, Spears."

The man sat firm in his chair as if he had received a blow, leaning back a little, pressing himself against the woodwork.

"Well!" he said, and kept upon his face a curious smile—the smile, and the effort alike, showing how deeply the stroke had penetrated. "Well!" he repeated, "now that I know everything—now you have told me—I don't know that I have a word to say."

Paul said nothing, and for another minute there was again perfect silence. Then Spears resumed—

"I thought as much," he said. "I have always thought it since the day you went away. A man understands that sort of thing by instinct. Well! it's a disappointment, I don't deny; but no doubt," said Spears, with a suppressed tone of satire in his voice, "though I've no experience of the duties of a rich baronet, nor the things it lays upon you, no doubt there's plenty to do in that avocation; and looking after property requires work. There's a thousand

things that it must now seem more necessary to do than to start away across the Atlantic with a set of visionaries. I told you so at the beginning, Paul—or Sir Paul, I suppose I ought to say; but titles are not much in my way," he added, with a smile, "as you know."

"You may save yourself the trouble of titles here, for I am not Sir Paul, nor have I anything in the way of property to look after that will give me much trouble. It appears—" said Paul, with a smile that was very like that of Spears, which sat on his lips like a grimace, "it appears that I have an elder brother who is kind enough to relieve me from all inconvenience of that sort."

Spears turned to Fairfax with a look of consternation, as if appealing to him to guarantee the sanity of his friend. "What does he mean?" he cried, bewildered.

"We need not go into all the question," said Paul. "Fairfax, haven't they got that cab yet? My foot's better—I can walk to the door, and these gentlemen seem to be dispersing. We need not enter into explanations. I'm not a rich baronet, that is about all. The scum has not come uppermost this time. You see you made a mistake in your estimate of my motives."

This time he laughed that harsh, bitter, metallic laugh which is one of the signs of nervous passion. He had such a superiority over his assailant as nothing else could have given him. And as for Spears, shame, and wonder, and distress, struck him dumb. He gasped for breath.

"My God!" he said; "and I to fall upon you for what had never happened, and taunt you with wealth when you were poor. Poor! are you actually poor, Paul?"

"What is the use of searching into it? the facts are as I have told you. I sha'n't starve," said the young man, holding his head high.

Spears looked at him with a mixture of grief and satisfaction, and held out a large hand.

"Never mind," he said, his face melting and working, and a smile of a very different character gleaming over it, "you would have been out of place with us if you had been Sir Paul; but come now, my lad, come now! It's not money we want, but men. Come with us, you'll be as welcome as the sunshine, though you have not a penny. For a rich man, I could see myself the incongruity; but for a poor man, what could be better than a new country and a fair field. Come! don't bear malice for a few hasty words that were repented of as soon as they were said. I would have scorned to say a word had you been kept back by your new grandeur. But now that you're disinherited—why, Paul, come—Australia is the place for such as you. Young and strong, with a good heart, and all the world before you! Why, there's a new country for you to get hold of, to govern, if you like. Come! I'll not oppose any dignity you may gain out there; and I tell you, you'll have the ball at your foot, and the whole world before you! Come with us, I ask this time as a favour, Paul."

He had held out his hand with some wavering and doubt, though with enthusiasm. But gradually a curious expression of wonder came to his face; his hand dropped at his side. Paul made no motion towards taking it; the demagogue thought it was resentment. A flush of vivid colour came over him. "Come, this is a little too much for old friends," he said, getting up hastily from his chair, with a thrill of wounded feeling in his voice.

"Don't wrong him, Spears," said Fairfax. "He has had a great deal to bother him, and his foot is bad. You can meet another time and settle that. At present, let us get him out of this place. If he is angry, he has a right to be; but never mind that now. Let us get him out of here."

Spears did not say another word. He stalked away into the house to which this room belonged, and the "hall" beyond it. It was a little

tavern of the lower class in which he was living. By and by the woman came to say there was a cab at the door. And Paul limped out, leaning on Fairfax.

All was quiet outside, the meeting dispersed; only one or two men sitting in the room down stairs, who cast a curious look upon the two young men, but took no further notice. As for Spears, he did not appear at all. He was lurking behind, his heart wrung with various feelings, but too much wounded, too much disappointed, too sore and sad to show himself. If Paul had seemed to require help, the rejected prophet was lingering in the hope of offering it; but nothing of the kind seemed the case. He limped out holding Fairfax's arm. He did not even look round him as the other did, or show any signs of a wish to see his former friend. Spears had not got through the world up to this time without mortification; but he had never suffered so acutely as now.

"Poor Spears," Fairfax contrived to say, as they jolted along, leaving the mean and monotonous streets behind them. "I think you might have taken his hand."

"Pshaw!" said Paul, "I am tired to death of all that. I don't mean to say he is not honest—far more honest than most of them—but what is the meaning of all that clap-trap? Why, Spears ought to know as well as any man what folly it is. Bosh!" said the young man with an expression of disgust. The milder spectator beside him looked at him with unfeigned surprise.

"I thought you went as far as he did, Markham. I thought you were out and out in your principles, accepting no compromise: I thought——"

"You thought I was a fool," said Paul, bitterly, "and you were right enough, if that is any satisfaction to you; but I had a lesson or two before my poor father's death—and more since. Don't let us speak of it. When a man has made an ass of himself, it is no pleasure to him to dwell upon it. And I am not free yet, nor I don't know when I shall be," he cried, with an irrepressible desire for sympathy? then closed his mouth as if he had shut a book, and said no more.

Thus they went jolting and creaking over the wet pavements all gleaming with muddy reflections. London was grim and dismal under that autumn rain, no flashing of carriages about, or gleams of toilette, or signs of the great world which does its work under the guise of pleasure; only a theatre now and then in a glare of gas with idle people hanging about, keeping themselves dry under the porch; and afterward the great vacant rooms at the clubs with a vague figure scattered here and there, belated "men," or waiters at their ease; the foot-passengers hurrying along under umbrellas, the cabs all splashed with mud, weary wayfarers and muddy streets. There was scarcely a word exchanged between them as they went along.

"Where are you living?" said Fairfax at last.

"The house is shut up," said Paul, giving the name of his hotel.

"But my place is not. Will you come with me and have your foot looked to? I wish you would come, Markham. There are heaps of things I want to say to you, and to ask you——"

Paul was in so fantastic and unreasonable a condition of mind, that these last words were all that was necessary to alter his decision. He had thought he would go—why not?—and escape a little from all the contradictions in his own mind by means of his friend's company. But the thought of having to answer questions made an end of that impulse of confidence. He had himself taken to the hotel instead, where, he said to himself with forlorn pride, at least there was nobody to insist upon any account of his thoughts or doings, where he should be unmolested by reason of being alone.

To be continued.

ANNIE KEARY.

In these days of literary abounding, it is as much as we can do to seize the characteristics of even the most prominent authors before they are pushed aside by new comers; and the more retiring members of the profession of letters are of necessity rarely accorded more than the disjointed preoccupied attention which a person of little consequence gets in society when there are great people in the room. We have seldom a chance of giving ourselves up to a thorough study of even a leader in authorship, and are forced to let the lesser lights pass by almost unnoticed. We read the books of the day, but do not trouble ourselves to study the writings of an author as a whole, or to attempt to grasp the character which inspired them. Yet the "little masters" of literature have a real value as well as the great masters. The historial importance which attaches to careful portraits of men and manners is not wholly engrossed by the foremost rank of novelists. There are quiet corners of life, untouched by the fastidious hand of genius, which are worth painting, and the student in after days who tries to obtain a complete panorama of the life of to-day will not be able to dispense with the unassuming work of the writers who never reached the summit of literary fame. And apart from the value of this class of composition, there is a certain charm about it to those whose palates have been burnt by a too pungent fare. "Lilies and languors," after all, have their due season; and a pleasant restful feeling comes over us when we turn from the coarse colouring of some modern lady novelists, who have won a high place in the favour of the multitude, to the softened pictures of less famous but more womanly writers. There are times, and they come not seldom, when we pass with relief from French painting to the Dutch, from the "Indian Durbar" to a quiet bit of *genre*, from Lytton to Miss Austen, or shall we say, from the modern "slang" lady novelist to Miss Keary.

There is probably no literary adventure which involves more danger and difficulty than the criticism of novels. It is easy enough to make up our minds whether we like them, but it is quite another matter to attempt to systematise our judgments, and assign to each writer his due place in relation to the rest. As the field of novel writing is co-extensive with all life, the characteristics of novels and their writers are as diverse as the varying natures of men. To compare a novel of one class with one of a different class is generally time thrown away. Thackeray and Dickens, Scott and George Eliot, Victor Hugo and Cherbuliez, are beyond the just limits of comparison, and it is useless to try to fix their relative positions; we can only decide which gives us most pleasure. The difficulty increases when less strongly marked characteristics have to be discussed, and a scale of merit among the lesser novelists is inconstructible. I am not venturesome enough to attempt anything of the kind in the case of Miss Keary. It is sufficient to point out the class of novelists to which she belongs, without seeking to determine precisely the place she occupies in it with relation to the rest.

Annie Keary was a writer of what are called "domestic" novels. Ever since the mistress of this kind of literature, Miss Austen, published her delightful pictures of the common every-day life of ordinary people, the taste for the domestic novel has been

constantly on the increase among the more thoughtful portion of the novel-reading world. George Eliot, in one of the most perfect of her books, has put forth an eloquent plea for the art which consists in the faithful portraiture of common things, and which prefers to draw the people we meet in ordinary life, despite their crooked noses, unromantic theories, and inconsistent conduct, instead of creating an ideal world of men and women, whose unvarying perfections and consistent excellence exist only in the writer's fancy. It is much easier, as she says, to draw people as we would have them be than as they are. But without the argument of so eminent a leader in the art of domestic description, the general opinion of novel readers has long been tending towards a juster appreciation of this subdued class of literature. The taste for novels of action and mystery is seldom long-lived, and it is scarcely after first youth that the intricacies of *The Moonstone* or the excitement of *The King's Own* are fully enjoyed. The more fiction one reads, the more the need of truth is felt; and the longer we live among the problems and difficulties of life, the stronger grows the desire to have them put before us and worked out in the sober delineation of character. However weary one may be of the quotation, "the proper study of mankind is man," it is impossible to help feeling its truth with increasing force. Why is it that the conversation of an egotistic person (if we do not know him too well) is more interesting than the clever generalities of society talk or the studied effects of the professed story-teller? Because every one, save the narrow dullard who has no outlook beyond his daily grind at the money-wheel, has a genuine desire to see into the souls of other men. The study of character is admittedly the most fascinating of all studies, and one which everybody, consciously or not, practises; and the more it is followed and its many-sided interests seen, the better are appreciated the worth and charm of the domestic novel. Our own experience is not enough; the people we meet do not present sufficient variety; we need a wider induction; and so we turn with eager expectation to the experience of others—to the careful studies of character which the novelist of the sober type provides—to glean fresh knowledge of our fellow men and women.

As the writer of the domestic novel cannot, by the rules of the art, create what is not natural, what he has not himself observed, it follows that a great determining element in the worth of a novel of this kind, apart from the genius of intuition and power of observation possessed by the author, is the nature of the society in which he lives. Many domestic novels fail simply because the experience of the writer is not sufficiently extended and varied. There is no class of literature more capable of dulness; and it is of the utmost consequence that the writer who attempts it should possess a wider experience than our own, else we learn nothing. But the defect of a too limited range of study is often counterbalanced by the author's power of intuition. A character that seems uninteresting or incomprehensible to us is often seen quite otherwise by a different and more practised eye; and what seems commonplace to our study may become a source of fruitful instruction in life in the hands of a more skilled observer. And so, after all, it is rather the genius of the author, as interpreter, than the apparent charm or peculiarity of the characters, that is of most moment in the domestic novel.

That Miss Keary possessed in a high degree this gift of interpreting character cannot be doubted by any one who has enjoyed her singularly lifelike portraits. She has a fine power of observation; no detail of the everyday life of the people among whom she lived seems to have escaped her; and she had not only the faculty of seeing through all these details, through trifling actions and words, the true

character that prompted them, but she knew how to convey the impression of the character by the plain record of the details. Her earlier novels—*Through the Shadows*, *Janet's Home*, *Clemency Franklyn*, and *Oldbury*—are, so to say, photographic portraits of certain groups of characters. In *Janet's Home* and *Oldbury*, which are infinitely superior to the other two, we have several faithful pictures of London and country middle-class life, and in these the qualities just described are conspicuous. The home of Janet is brought before us with a reality which makes us feel that we have been there and joined in its unobtrusive life. The family group is drawn with the fidelity that can only come from patient and minute study of character, and yet with the simplicity which is the rare triumph of true art-concealing art. A few characteristic details are made to serve the purpose of the abstruse psychological analyses which are intruding themselves by degrees into the domestic novel. In the description of the evenings in Janet's home, when the father is preparing his lectures in the midst of the family circle because there is no fire in his own den, a slight touch here and there lets us into the little discomforts of the various members of the circle. Dr. Scott's pathetic inquiry if it would be possible for Janet to procure some needles that did not click quite so loudly, and his occasional useless remonstrance to his fussy wife on her habit of smoothing out crinkly paper with a peculiarly irritating sound whilst he was at work, and Mrs. Scott's invariable revival of the habit next day; the constrained conspirator-like feeling of the children which prompted the pet boy Charlie to lay every trap for the rest of the family to produce the much desired interruption of the dreadful silence; and Janet's typical, elderly-sisterly anxiety as she watches with a sort of absorbed fascination the approach of the catastrophe which will make her father get up from his chair with a resigned look, pick up his books, and march off to peaceful solitude in his cold study,—are so many glimpses into character; and we gather from details like these, selected with the skill of a practised observer, the whole tenor of the family life. Throughout the book the characters are more and more clearly defined by their smallest actions; it is nowhere explained that Janet or Nesta were of such and such a nature, but some little act or word is recorded which at once lets us into the secret. Janet is a singularly happy portrait of one of those daughters who are the prop of a shaken house. In her rare weakness, as in her usual firm sense, she is consistently natural—or naturally inconsistent. Her father, again, is a fine specimen of the hard-worked schoolmaster, who keeps his harness on to the last. Nesta and Shafto Carr are scarcely so individual, and Lady Helen, the evil genius of the story, is perhaps a little too much of a fancy sketch, though there are fine touches on her canvas.

The defect of the book is its framework, which is hardly elaborate enough. It is true that the force of the domestic novel lies in the fidelity of its character-drawing; but to make the study of these characters interesting, they must not be exhibited in their nakedness, but need a certain clothing of romance or scenery. The recovery of the Morfa estate is introduced rather after the *deus ex machinâ* fashion; and beyond this and the complications produced by Lady Helen in the love affairs of all her friends and neighbours, there is no plot. Certainly the plain people of common life, whom, rather than the brilliant exceptions, it is the province of the domestic novel to portray, have, as a rule, very little of what can be called "plot" in their lives; nevertheless, the necessities of novel writing exact some setting which, without interfering with the faithfulness of the picture, shall add to its beauty. You must paint the face truthfully, but you need not put the ugly wall of your studio for its back-

ground. *Janet's Home* lacks the charm of situation, which adds so greatly to the pleasure of novel-reading, and it must be regarded as an unframed picture or an unbound book. We miss, too, the descriptions of scenery which are so striking a feature in the later *Castle Daly.* Perhaps Miss Keary felt the danger of letting her imagination run loose. The earlier novels certainly give the impression of a severe self-restraint, a determination to describe things just as they are, which is a prime requisite in the writer of the class she essayed. In other fields, as we shall see, and also in her later novels, she showed what a bright fancy she possessed. It was probably not until she had thoroughly mastered it that she dared to use it.

Oldbury is much after the model of *Janet's Home,* but instead of life in a London street it describes country-town society. The perfect comprehension of the littleness, the petty aims and jealousies, the old-maidishness of a small provincial town, displayed in the pages of *Oldbury,* speaks to a trying personal experience; Miss Keary must have suffered the miseries and limitations of country-town life before she could describe so faithfully that narrowest of all human forms of existence. At the same time she evidently appreciated the genial side of provincial society—the homey feeling of everybody taking an interest in everybody—the delights of the comfortable gossip round the set tea—the dear old maid with her Berlin wool map, founded on the geographical data of scripture, and not to be lightly criticised by profane standards, which was shown as a great treat on special occasions only to good boys and girls,—the quaint, tidy, old-world ways, the immovable traditions of a society that believes in its grandmothers, rather than its children, and prefers the backward to the forward look. For the rest, *Oldbury* has the same bald severity and lack of setting which mars *Janet's Home,* but in a less degree; the frame is better constructed, the parts fits together more smoothly, and the incidents are more effective. One of the best features in *Oldbury* is the acquaintance it shows with child-life. Elsie is described as few children are in books, and her small troubles and disappointments, and her rare delights, are told with the loving understanding sympathy of one who knew children well. But those who have read Miss Keary's children's stories will not be surprised at this.

The two latest novels, *Castle Daly* and *A Doubting Heart,* are widely different from those that have just been discussed. We feel that the author has passed into a new phase, and that her powers have not only ripened and developed, but taken a new direction. In the earlier novels there was a certain stiffness, an overstrained fidelity to the dulness of ordinary life; in *Castle Daly* we have all the truthfulness without the severity; the characters are, if possible, more clearly individual and life-like, but their surroundings have the charm of poetry. Most readers will agree with me that *Castle Daly* is the most delightful of all Miss Keary's novels. It may not possess the mature reflectiveness of *A Doubting Heart,* but it makes up for this in the superior interest of its characters and the variety and romance of its setting. If we are inclined to forget the poetical side of Ireland in the thought of the representatives which her infatuated people now send to the House of Commons, the romance of Irish country life thirty or forty years ago will be allowed by every one who has read *Castle Daly.* Miss Keary felt the inspiration of the subject. The imagination, the poetry, the love of nature, which we have missed so far, all come to life in this delightful book. The strange charm of Irish scenery, the sudden changes of sky and light, which exert so powerful an influence on the volatile Celtic character, are felt and described perfectly;—the sunshine on the lake, glancing over the rain-drenched trees,

and turning them into a forest of diamonds, and making life look glorious —and then the sudden sweep of the dark cloud over a grey sky, the desolate dreary feeling of a cold world.

Castle Daly, with its beautiful surroundings—the dark mountain heads closing the view in the delicate purple distance, and nearer the "soft green levels shading into the blue of river and lake," the black bog land and the bright ferny hollows,—is a delicious place; and its inhabitants are of the genuine Irish sort—the fine easy-going giant of a squireen, with eyes where laziness contends with natural acuteness; the impulsive Ellen of the golden hair, who is always trying to do what will please her stiff English mother, and is always succeeding in doing just the wrong thing—who is continually bearing on her vicarious shoulders the guilt of her mischievous brother Connor, the typical Irish boy of the careless sort; and Pelham, the eldest son, an Irishman put at his mother's desire into an English strait-waistcoat, with Celtic feelings and Teutonic self-consciousness, false pride, and falser shame. The ways of the household are ideally Irish — open house and no order, a crowd of importunate beggars at the gate, and self-constituted pensioners slipping into the kitchen by the side door, loquacious servants always down at heel, a master who cannot bear to look into his accounts, reduce his hospitality, or draw his rents; and an estate going to ruin. Equally well-drawn is the community of "Good People's Hollow," whose sweet mistress, Anne O'Flaherty, is the true heroine of the story; the ordering of her devoted subjects, the conferences at her cottage window with all who come to her for advice in trouble or necessity and go away comforted and strengthened, the daily life of the people in the Hollow, and the eccentricities of Peter Lynch, the aide-de-camp of its queen, and inventor of the celebrated three-wheeled car which could not turn over, but did—are brought before the eye with a vividness which makes us fancy we see the whole scene in very truth.

Just as Miss Keary understands, or at any rate describes, Irish scenery better than English, as indeed is meet in an Irishwoman; so her drawing of Irish character is marked by a finer intuition if not a closer observation than her English portraits. In describing the conflict between the Irish party, typified by Anne O'Flaherty and Ellen in one direction, and by the demagogue D'Arcy O'Donnell in another, and the English, led by the Thornleys, who take charge of Mr. Daly's estate during his forced absenteeism, she shows a firm grasp of the essential divergencies between the two nations, and sets the pet foibles and prejudices of each in a just light. Those who are perplexed by the contradictory versions of the present state of Ireland, and the strength and weakness of the national party, cannot do better than study the account of the 1848 famine and rebellion, introduced with striking effect in *Castle Daly*. Without the prejudices of either side, but with sympathy for the one, and a true appreciation of the honest intentions and good sense of the other, Miss Keary has here given us at once the most charming and the most fair exposition of the "Irish Question" that can easily be found. She has not the wit of the authoress of *The Hon. Miss Ferrard*, but in every other respect she is superior. She does not talk sermons at one as Miss Laffan does in the person of her telescopic "Madam;" but the problems of Irish relief, and improvement are amply discussed in a less obtrusive manner. Thornley, the Englishman, is as fine a piece of character-drawing as Miss Keary ever accomplished: the gradual tempering of the "hated Saxon" views with which he begins his work in Ireland by the influence of his love for Ellen, and the slowly-developed appreciation of the ineradicable peculiarities and susceptibilities of the Celtic nature which was the result of his closer

association with the Dalys, are notable examples of the careful study of character in which Miss Keary excelled. In motive, incident, character, and setting, *Castle Daly* is worthy of the highest praise.

A Doubting Heart was written in the last year of Annie Keary's life, and, to my mind, it bears the trace of the weary months of suffering which preceded her all too early death. Not that there is any depressed tone about the book; but one observes that increased reflectiveness and thoughtful contemplation of the meaning of life which come from long illness and seclusion, when there is only too much time to think one's thoughts out. It has not the peculiar charm of *Castle Daly*, but many will regard it as Miss Keary's best work. The leading characters are taken from a higher, or at least more fashionable, grade of society, than those of her earlier books, and consequently present more intricate, and to many readers more directly personal, problems in conduct. The brilliant Alma who is obliged to "go where money is," and who loves a comparatively poor man, but has not love enough to give up luxury for him, nor soul enough to understand why he refuses to climb to wealth and herself by unworthy means, is a typical, and for that reason, if for no other, an interesting study. The vacillations of her "doubting heart" between the disgusting splendour of Golden Mount and love in a cottage with Wynyard Anstice are well worked out, and the failure of her schemes, if savouring a little of poetic justice, is brought about by a skilfully-developed combination of circumstances. The worldly woman, caught in her own wiles, is a well-worn subject; but here the wiles are clever, and the woman natural, and not revolting. It is easy to overdraw a selfish character of this kind, and make the woman despicable and self-despising. Alma never reaches this point. She does not mean to do wrong; she is only led into mean intrigue and dishonourable engagements by the traditions of her life, and the training of her mother—who, it should be said, is perhaps the best drawn character in the book. Alma is simply overpowered by the conventionalities of life and the circumstances in which she is placed—the fates were too strong for her, that is all. One cannot refuse her pity, but one cannot like her.

The contrast between Alma and her rival in Wynyard Anstice's affections is strongly marked; but Emmy West is altogether too feeble a little person —albeit natural enough—to claim our sympathy. There are a great many Emmy Wests in life and in novels, and any enthusiasm one might have felt for the simple confiding girl who supplants her more talented rival in their common lover's heart evaporated with the second novel one read. Wynyard Anstice himself is a clever portrait of the kind of man other men detest and women adore. He does not come unscathed out of the affair with Emmy, and I do not think he quite deserved the little damsel in the end; but there is a good deal that is really fine about him, and he is a specimen of what lady-novelists rarely succeed in describing—an unexaggerated gentleman.

The most pleasing characters in the book are the two sisters Katherine and Christabel Moore, whose ideal sisterly life up in "Air Throne," and earnest independent spirit of work, must have been drawn from a very near and dear experience. It is impossible not to see that the gentle life of these sisters is modelled on one which was everything to Annie Keary herself. No one knew better what the love of a sister was worth, or felt in fuller perfection the sweetness of that pure twofold life which she shows us in her loving portraits of Katherine and Christabel.

A Doubting Heart, like *Castle Daly*, but in an inferior degree, is marked by that love of nature which Miss Keary so long refused to display in her writings. The sketches of life in

the south of France, which enter a great deal into the story, possess much of the charm and vividness which characterise her Irish descriptions. Madame de Florimel, walking with Emmy in her sunny *château* grounds; Madelon among the olive trees, or girdled round with vine leaves; Wynyard and his love standing in the glow of the golden sunset by the rose-hedge at the end of the wood, are so many pearls of landscape-painting.

As a whole, *A Doubting Heart* is perhaps the most thoughtful and thought-inspiring of Miss Keary's novels, as *Castle Daly* is the most picturesque. But in both, as in all her works, there is the same constant quality of truthfulness to life, the same self-restraint, the same obstinate refusal to allow herself to be carried away into "gush" or exaggeration. Miss Keary is before all things true. Her books might have been more interesting or exciting if she had allowed her fancy free scope; but she would not have left so good a lifework behind her. Her faithful studies of character are better worth having than the ecstasies of the romantic novelist. If she has not Jane Austen's humour, she has all her fidelity; and if her portraits of ordinary life are not esteemed so highly as they deserve to be, it is perhaps because the heightening effects of distance have not yet been felt. A good deal of Miss Austen's fame, delightful as she is, rests upon antiquity. Old-fashioned language, and old-world ways, are much more interesting than the talk and habits of to-day, of which we can get enough, and too much, by ourselves; and till Miss Keary's pictures of every-day life in the third quarter of the nineteenth century are seen in perspective, they will not be estimated at their true worth.

Miss Keary has written other books than novels, and I am not sure that the field in which she first entered literature—that of children's stories—is not the one to which her genius most clearly pointed. My own childish recollection is very vivid of the wonderful charm of "Aunt Annie," as a story-teller. She had the gift of fascinating children; she would draw us round her in a circle, and then begin to tell us story after story, fairy tales, folk-lore, myths, fancies of her own, *triste et gai, tour à tour*, whilst we listened spellbound. She would carry us off to Asgard and introduce us to grave Odin, and Thor, and Freya, and Loki; or take us to the wonderful bridge which leads to the Norns, or even to fearful Jotünheim; or we would accompany her in an excursion to one of her own castles in the air,—and none were more wonderful and fantastic than hers,—and call upon the terrible Mrs. Calkill and her one-eyed gardener, and see Otto and Crybill and Gluck the slate-pencil boy in Gladhome after their hairbreadth escape from Noisehome, and hear their report of the terrors of Smokyfire and Thrym's windbag, and the rest of the punishments of naughty children. Or, again, she would draw on her own recollections of her childhood, and relate the strange adventures of "Little Helen" which anybody can read in *Blindman's Holiday*. It is impossible to describe the peculiar charm of her story-telling, the quaint humour, the naïve reasoning, the rich imagination, and the rare power of bringing it all home to child-minds, which only comes to those who love children as Annie Keary loved them. To make children happy was a passion with her—how successfully gratified I can bear witness. She seemed to understand children, and see into their thoughts and wishes, and sympathise with their troubles and disappointments by some faculty peculiar to herself. It was this intuitive comprehension and sympathy that enabled her to draw child-life as she has drawn it in *Oldbury*, and to write children's stories with almost unequalled success. *Blindman's Holiday*, a charming series of twilight stories gleaned from her own memories, and *Little Wanderlin*, a collection of fairy tales—the work of

the two sisters—are the most delightful of Miss Keary's books for children. I think she understood little children better than their elder brothers and sisters; at any rate these two books are meant for quite little children, and they are the best of their kind. The mysterious fascination of the hole in the wall, the miserable collapse of the slippery secret, the thrilling adventures of the conceited worm, are all told in the way which children, by no means lenient critics, best understand and appreciate; and the fancy shown in *Little Wanderlin* and his journeyings, and *Mrs. Calkill's Wonderful House*, is particularly enchanting; whilst the *Lost Pleiad* is an exquisite little story. It is here that we find the humour we miss in Miss Keary's more studied works; it turns up in queer little phrases and odd explanations, and runs in a peculiarly delightful vein. In her stories for older children, Miss Keary is little less happy than in these books for quite little ones. *Sidney Grey* is a capital boy's story, and the *York and Lancaster Rose* is its equivalent for girls; whilst *Mia and Charlie*, and the *Rival Kings*, form links between these and the youngest class. They all bear testimony to a loving insight into children's character, and deserve a more detailed study than can be given to them here. The only drawback to these charming pictures of child-life is the tendency to introduce overmuch moral and religious teaching. There is so much of this sort of thing afloat in the world that a born teller of tales, like Miss Keary, might have omitted it without damage to the children's education, and an Irishwoman might have avoided making her child-characters so solemn and pious as they sometimes are. But these are really matters of conscience, and any one who writes for the young has too heavy a burden of responsibility to bear to let his conscience be tampered with; I confess, however, I cannot believe that children get any moral good out of the moral parts of story-books.

One of Miss Keary's children's books, the *Heroes of Asgard*, puts the stories of the Eddas into a shape that children can appreciate. It is a book that grown-ups have enjoyed, but for children it is admirable. It is curious to note how the marvels of antiquity called forth the imaginative faculty which Miss Keary was too prone to suppress. In presence of the weird charm of Norse mythology, her fancy takes wings to itself, and we see what a command of poetic style, what a wealth of poetic imagery and illustration she could use if she would. The "hoar wonder" of Egypt and Assyria exercised a powerful influence on her imagination. The *Early Egyptian History*, which she wrote after a visit to the Nile, shows that the magic of Karnak moved her no less than the wisdom of the runes; and in the *Nations Around*, the last work she produced of this kind, with the exception of some chapters contributed to her nephew's *Dawn of History*, we see that years did not efface the impression which Eastern antiquity had made upon her. The *Nations Around* is a popular account of the principal results of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Biblical research, strung round the outline of the Bible history. The general accuracy of the account may be presupposed from Miss Keary's invariable fidelity to truth; but it is as well to add that a distinguished scholar assisted her in gathering her facts. It is not, however, in the facts that the real worth of the book consists. You can get these from various sources: encyclopædia articles, "Records of the Past," "History from the Monuments," and the rest. The charm of the *Nations Around* is in the vivid picture it gives of life in the early ages of men. Miss Keary has here constructed her society out of dead people instead of living characters; but she has succeeded in a marvellous manner in bringing them to life again, and showing us the way they lived as though we were living among them. The reality of her

sketches of ancient Assyrian, and still more Egyptian, life and manners and ideas, is very striking. She seems to have risen to the demand made upon the constructive quality of the imagination, and, from reading the dry facts discovered by scholarship, to have built up the old world as though she saw it. A great deal of the charm of the work consists in the wealth of illustration in which it abounds, and the successful application of the comparative method; but besides this, the *Nations Around*, in point of style, is Miss Keary's most finished production. The chapter on the Book of the Dead is a fine example of her best manner. Nowhere can one find a more interesting account of the history and character of the peoples that dwelt round about Israel, from the Euphrates to the Libyan desert, from Ur of the Chaldees to Thebes and Memphis. Those who have plodded through the "Ancient History from the Monuments" series will turn to Miss Keary's beautiful picture of the ancient East with unspeakable satisfaction.

This is not the place to say much about the sweet lady whose work I have tried to analyse. I wish her gentle life were written. Sister Annie was as worthy of record as Sister Dora. But in default of such a life, I must say to those readers who did not know Miss Keary, that I do not believe that she ever reached the full development of her powers. Her works are not the full expression of herself. They would be more than worthy of most women, but not of Annie Keary. Negatively they are true to her character; there is nothing in a single line of hers which is not in harmony with the purity and nobility of her spirit. But they do not, perhaps no written thing could, express all the wealth of her gracious womanhood and sweet human-heartedness.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

AT SEA.

1880.

"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour" (Rev. viii. 1).

Old Ocean rolls like time, each billow passing
Into another melts, and is no more,
Whilst the indwelling spirit works on, massing
The great whole as before.

The separate waves are swift to come and go,
But the deep smiles, as they die one by one,
In lazy pleasure lifting from below
His foam-flecked purple to the sun.

Eve comes, the floods race past, we see their white
Thrilled through by weird sea-fires, a burning shiver
Which for one moment lives in eager light
And then is quenched for ever.

Even so, alas. The bright chiefs of our race,
Lost under the interminable years,
Homer, or Shakspeare—each in his own place,
Just flashes forth, then disappears;

For what we call their Immortality
Is a brief spark, born but to be destroyed,
As the long ruin of all things that be
Moves down the Godless void.

Such is the creed our wise ones of the earth
Engrave now on the slowly-waning skies;
Ice, night, and death—death with no second birth—
Even now before their prescient eyes,

Pale in the lone abysses of existence,
World hangs on world, system on system, dead,
Whilst over all out-wearied life's resistance
Vast wings of blackness spread;

Till that proud voice, "Let there be light," whose breath
Came, as we deemed, from Heaven old glooms to chase,
Hath passed unfelt through a dim waste of death,
To cease at length upon deaf space.

Darkness, eternal darkness, darkness bare
Of warmth, of life, of thought, with orbs that run,
Like sad ghosts of the shining years that were,
Each round its frozen sun.

Sages may scoff, "What matters this to you
Who will rest well whatever may befall?
Why care in what strange garb of horrors new
Is clothed the doom that waits us all?

What if some fresh unfailing age of gold,
Should fill each radiant galaxy with bloom?
The man whose race is run, whose tale is told,
Owns nothing but his tomb.

Thus whether Nature still uphold her powers,
Or all things die at last, as men have died;
Stop not to ask if that sure grave of ours
Be coffin-narrow, or world-wide."

We answer thus—The cloud before us spread
Stains with its shadow all that nursed our prime;
Hope is the world's best blood, which, chilled or shed,
Palsies the heart of Time;

Your grim futurity we cannot bear,
It shakes us now, like earthquake tides inrolling,
Imagination has her own despair,
And hears your distant death-bell tolling;

She droops even now beneath those evil dreams,
That like hearse-plumes, wind-swept, around her nod,
And shrinks from that lost universe, which seems
To her the corpse of God.

Let her still therefore guard her lamp, and fling
Away the terror under which she cowers,
Trusting in trance to feel the touch of spring,
And the young struggle of the flowers,

Trusting that when the days are full, some thought,
Some presence, may dawn round us by and by,
So that, as prophets and as bards have taught,
We men may live, not die.

Then if that hope which science off has thrown,
Be but our nurse's lullaby and kiss,
If Nature round the edge her seeds have sown,
Only to hide the near abyss;

If all her visioned flowers and fruits, that smile
And fade not, where the living water gleams,
Be but as desert phantoms which beguile,
Mirrored on phantom streams;

Though none the promised amaranth may reap,
We yet accept the boon—believing still
That the great mother means us well—and sleep
In faith, according to her will.

F. H. Doyle.

JOURNALISTE MALGRÉ LUI.[1]

I AM an Englishman, dwelling for the greater part of the year in provincial France, rather a long way from Paris, and not on the English side of Paris. The house I live in is in the country, on a very pretty estate, which keeps its owner (who unfortunately for me is quite a distinct person from myself) in the style of a French gentleman. A pleasant trout-stream winds through the property, and flows down till it bathes the walls of a very ancient city, about three miles from where I live. A public road runs just outside the estate down to the city, crosses the river on an old bridge, and formerly passed under a very old arch, but the mayor and aldermen have demolished it.

Close to where the arch used to be there is a picturesque old inn, where access is obtained to the bed-rooms by means of a balcony-gallery running along the wall and sheltered by an overhanging roof. From this gallery you may advantageously watch the arrivals in the inn-yard, and amongst them three times a week you may see a remarkable vehicle, which we always call *le bateau à voile*. This sailing-vessel was originally a long, open *char à bancs*, but as the passengers got wet in rainy weather, the proprietor ingeniously put up little posts at the four corners, supporting a roof on which luggage may be placed, and from this roof hang waterproof curtains all round the vehicle, which produce the effect of sails in a breeze, except that they do little to help the progress of the ship. The reader now perceives why we call the concern the *bateau à voile*, but what the reader can never adequately realise is the strength of the draughts in the interior. The passengers all catch cold, at least it is presumed they do, for the most robust can hardly bear with impunity a sharp draught directing itself between two curtains on their necks and ears. But worse things may happen than catching cold, as the reader will perceive from the following narrative.

The driver is, or was not very long since, a powerful man, dwelling in a village on the hills. I recollect drinking a glass of beer with him in a *café*, and admiring the strong muscles of his legs and arms, and the healthy complexion of his broad and jolly face. He was a happy man then, a man of importance in his village, where he was mayor as well as driver of the public vehicle which kept up communication with the city. Everybody knew him, and everybody liked him for his frank and pleasant manners. One morning he started from the old inn-yard as usual, with his strong gray horses, his vehicle full of passengers, and the curtains flapping in the wind. There is a last time in everything, and this was his last departure on the familiar *bateau à voile*.

He drove down in safety as far as the bridge, crossed it, and held his way steadily as usual along the broad macadamised road that crosses some miles of country before you get to the distant hill-region where his village is perched on high. After a little time he began to see soldiers in the fields on each side of the road, and when he came to a slight ascent, the soldiers occupied the place in some force. Just when the vehicle got between the two bodies of men, they suddenly opened fire, and the passengers found themselves in the very middle of a sham fight.

For the passengers it would have mattered little if the horses could

[1] Everything narrated in this article really took place recently, and the story is not embellished.

only have been made to understand that there was no danger; but horses unluckily are not always amenable to reason, and these became ungovernable. What happened next, I cannot narrate with as much detail as if I had been sitting on the box, but so far as I have been able to ascertain, the facts were nearly as follows.

The horses were mad with fright, and still the firing went on. Seeing that he could do nothing to prevent an accident so long as he remained on the box, the driver jumped from his place and ran to the horses' heads, clinging to their bridles. Notwithstanding this, the frightened animals turned round and started wildly in the opposite direction. Then came a scene of indescribable confusion. Amidst the rattle of the soldiers' rifles and the cries of the passengers, the heavy, high vehicle capsized. Meanwhile the unfortunate driver had somehow got under it whilst the horses were plunging and struggling.

There were many contusions amongst the passengers, but nothing fatal or serious. The one victim was the brave captain of the *bateau à voile*, who, instead of saving his own skin, had endeavoured to save his passengers. He was taken out dreadfully mutilated and carried back to the town, where the doctors said he might just possibly recover. In a day or two he was carefully carried to his own village amongst the hills, and there he lay in indescribable suffering for many a weary week. The news came sometimes that he could not live more than a few days, then the doctors thought amputation might be inevitable, and yet probably fatal. They did all they could to avoid it, and finally brought him round.

But never again will my poor friend command the *bateau à voile*, and if ever I drink another glass of beer with him in a *café*, he will lay down his crutches first, and put a thinned and stiffened leg under the table instead of the manly limb which belonged to him last year.

Now, after reading this simple story, does anybody think it right that military men should choose the most frequented public roads as scenes for skirmishing, especially when they give no notice of their intentions? I, for my part, have a very strong opinion on the subject, an opinion which has been strengthened by an incident now to be related.

We get up early in the country in France; and in summer, when my wife has to go to the town, she likes to get her shopping over before the heat of the day comes on. She used to be rather a bold driver, but she has had several accidents which might have been serious (carriage upset on several occasions and kicked to pieces once), and in one of these accidents she was hurt, so that caution has succeeded to boldness and even (may I venture to say?) timidity to caution. We keep a little mare, but no coachman, and the little mare used to be what we call *à l'œil*, which means that she was always looking out for something to be frightened at, and that when she found a pretext, she would dash off at full gallop. The creature is calmer now, but she has remains of the old ardour, so that my wife feels more comfortable when I am driving. Well, it so happened that one beautiful May morning that lady had a sort of presentiment which made her insist more than usual on having me for a coachman. It was in vain to say that I was busy; I had to yield, and was glad to have yielded afterwards.

Fresh with the morning air, the old mare trotted on merrily till she came to a place where the road was crossed by a by-road, and then she descried soldiers under the hedges. She has a dislike to soldiers, and began to prick up her ears. We soon perceived that the hedges and fields on both sides of the road were thickly sprinkled with warriors, who seemed to form two opposite skirmishing parties. Just at the very minute when we came between them, the officers gave the word to fire; we were caught as the *bateau*

à voile had been, between two discharges of rifles. I was angry, and called to an officer to stop firing; but it went on, and all I could do was to keep my beast in the middle of the road. For those who like fast driving skirmishing parties may be recommended. Whips are not half so effectual as rifles cracking all along the hedgerows.

Well, we got out of it safely, but if my wife and daughter had been alone, they would certainly have been upset, and probably injured. On arriving in the town, I expressed an opinion frankly in my club to the effect that skirmishing on public roads ought not to be permitted. In the club was a Doctor of Laws who is supposed to be one of the editors of a Liberal local print called the *Republican*, and when he heard my story, he said, "The incident ought to be mentioned in to-morrow's *Republican*, and with your permission I will see that it is done."

The next day there was a short but rather strong article on the continued practice of skirmishing on public roads, with references to the accident which had already happened to the *bateau à voile*, and to that which had nearly happened in my own case. At the same time I sent a letter of complaint to the mayor, which he forwarded to the colonel.

When the article appeared, I said, "Some trouble will come of this, but, no matter, it was a public duty to complain, and I have done right." All the inhabitants of our little city were of the same opinion, and many of them expressed it strongly in conversation.

The *Republican* is not, however, the only newspaper in the place. There is the *Conservative* also, of which it is impossible to say whether it is Legitimist or Bonapartist. Its one principle is hatred to the Republic, and to everything and everybody connected, however remotely, with the present Government. Now, as I had been supported by the *Republican*, which supports the Government, that was enough of itself to make me a marked man.

But there was another and even a stronger reason. A club has just been mentioned in this narrative, of which I am a member. This club is expressly non-political, yet it so happens by the natural coming together of men of the same opinion that all members of the club are more or less warm supporters of the present Government. A few months ago, at a general meeting of the members, I was elected vice-president, and in consequence of this appointment I had to receive official gentlemen when they came to visit us; I mean such men as the Prefect of the Department, the Sub-Prefect, the Deputies, and the officers who form the Council of Revision. These gentlemen sometimes honour us by accepting an invitation to spend an evening at the club, when we give them champagne, and punch, and cakes, and make them speeches. The members hand the cakes and tipple, the president and vice-presidents make the speeches. After these ceremonies we pass a pleasant evening in conversation, in an easy, unaffected manner, the authorities kindly unbending, and taking their share with the rest of us. The Prefect and Sub-Prefect are both of them very perfect specimens of the highly bred French gentleman, but they are functionaries under a Republican Government, and therefore any man who speaks to them, or receives them, is under the ban of reactionary society and its newspapers. The Prefect kindly invited me to make use of the Prefecture when I went to the county town instead of the public hotel, so I am a lost being from the "Conservative" point of view.

I had been fully expecting for some time an attack in the reactionary local newspaper, but I never read it, thinking that some kind friend would tell me when the attack came. At length, one morning, I met a friend who looked very grave and embar-

rassed, and said he had something to communicate. "Have you seen the *Conservative* of this morning?" he asked. "No."—"But you ought to see it. There is an attack on you in it about your articles in the *Republican*."—"I never wrote a line in the *Republican* in my life."—"Then you ought to say so in answer to the attack in the *Conservative*, which is very violent."

I got the little newspaper, and certainly the ardour of the onslaught did credit to the literary skill of its editor, a young man from Paris, who had at one time, it is said, been employed upon the *Figaro*, and who is very intimate with some of the officers of our garrison. He began his attack in the tone and style of the journalist who has just made a great sensational discovery, telling powerfully against a man whom he denounces as a proper object of public indignation. The discovery in this case was——but I anticipate. It is necessary, now, to say a few words about the management of the *Republican*.

The *Republican* is a very outspoken little print, managed by two or three rich men of the party, but its articles are not signed. If they bear any mark at all to distinguish them, it is an initial, or an obvious pseudonym. The editor of the *Conservative*, who signs his articles boldly, has been terribly exercised in his mind for a long time past by a burning desire to ascertain the authorship of certain very mordant articles in the other paper, directed against all that he holds dear. I cannot say that these particular pieces in the *Republican* are to my taste; they are to the productions of refined literature what vitriol is to lemonade, but they achieve their purpose of irritating the enemy to madness. If a bishop does anything not quite in accordance with the very letter of his oath to the Government, the *Republican* tells him he is perjured; if a priest meddles with politics, the *Republican* tells him that cassocks should keep to their place; if on the whole expanse of French territory an ecclesiastic yields to the temptations of the flesh and the devil, the *Republican* triumphantly prints the whole story. It laughs at the episcopal processions, it laughs at the Comte de Chambord, it has no pity for the widow of Chiselhurst. It rejoices in the dispersion of the Jesuits, and anticipates with glee the invasion of all unauthorised monasteries and convents. Now that its principles are triumphant in Governmental regions, the *Republican* adds scorn and contempt to its acidity. Certainly its articles cannot be pleasant reading for the vanquished parties, and they are not a kind of literature which I should like to produce, even if I possessed the necessary gifts of nature—the fang and the poison-bag.[1]

The announcement in the *Conservative* was that the real author of all these attacks on the Conservative parties and the clergy was at last discovered, that he was a foreigner, or, to be more precise, an Englishman, author of one or two bad unsaleable novels, and correspondent of an English newspaper, to which he wrote regular letters in the style employed by him in the *Republican*. Then came reflections of a bitter kind on the foreigner's abuse of French hospitality, on his intolerable conduct in insulting religion and the clergy, on his utter want of a proper sense of his situation. Since, however, the foreigner needed a lesson, the editor of the *Conservative* had resolved to give it him, and began by tearing the mask of the anonymous from his face, after which, if the foreigner needed farther lessons, the *Conservative* undertook to put him in his proper place. It is impossible, without quoting the whole of the

[1] A recent article in the journal referred to describes M. Jules Simon as a recalcitrant corpse, and a mongrel between a Catholic and a greasy Jew. There is a considerable power of invention in such language. "A recalcitrant corpse" is an idea not without originality.

article, which occupied a column and a half, to give any adequate idea of the skill with which the writer conducted his attack. He was careful to point out the distinction between a French journalist who in the heat of political discussion might express himself energetically to his own countrymen, and an alien intruder who meddled with quarrels in which he had no concern, who used the most unbecoming language in speaking of everything that was most respectable in the land which tolerated his presence, and who sheltered himself behind the screen of the anonymous to escape the odium which he deserved. Nay, more, this foreigner was not only a constant writer in the *Republican*, he was one of the editors, and even the chief editor. He it was who inspired its attacks against the Church and the Conservative party, and who directed the pens of others when he did not employ his own. Such an intruder was not to be endured. A stop must be put, and would be put, to his machinations. On this the editor of the *Conservative* was resolved, and he undertook the duty in the sight of his fellow-citizens.

There were certain passages in the article making it perfectly clear that I was the person aimed at. Just at first I felt strongly disposed to take no notice of an attack which seemed too outrageously absurd to be answered seriously, but there was a peculiar inconvenience in the special circulation of the *Conservative*. It has a very small circulation, but all the squires take it in for many miles round, and all their wives read it for the local news. Not one of them would look at a Republican print; so an answer in the other newspaper would have been of no use so far as they were concerned, and to reach them, I must get a letter into the columns of the *Conservative* itself. Luckily, French law enables a man who is attacked to compel the insertion of a reply; so I wrote an answer in as few words as possible to this effect:—"I have never written for the *Republican*; I am correspondent of no English newspaper. Insert this, or I will compel you." The editor inserted my letter, but added a commentary, in which he maintained the attack in his article, and said that my denial, which he had fully expected, was the result of an understanding arrived at between me and the other editors of my newspaper. He ended by offering to fight a duel with me if I were not satisfied. The whole purpose of the first attack then became perfectly clear. The editor of the *Conservative* wanted to distinguish himself a little in his party by fighting a duel with somebody, and as nobody in the town would condescend to accept a challenge from him, he had bethought him of the Englishman as a convenience.

Well, would I fight or not? In the first flush of anger I said I would, but my friends said that public opinion did not expect me to do anything of the kind, that the editor who had attacked me was not respectable, and that the proper course was to bring an action for libel. On this I went to consult a very wise old lawyer, who combines in his brain a delightful mixture of learning with wit and humour and much knowledge of the world. "The whole town," he said, "has been talking of nothing but your affair with the *Conservative* for the last two days. It is an inexhaustible subject of conversation. Nobody expects you to fight the editor; it would be doing him far too much honour, but you might perhaps challenge one of the highly respectable gentlemen who keep the *Conservative* a-going with their money, and pay the editor to do their dirty work. You might be able to get at one of them, I daresay, if it were agreeable to you."

"Duelling is not much in my line," I ventured to observe. "We Englishmen don't generally fight duels. The custom has become obsolete with us."

This was frank, but imprudent. The lawyer looked at me seriously and

sadly. A gentleman who was not strongly disposed to fight a duel could scarcely, I perceived, expect to maintain a very high place in his esteem, and I was sorry for this, having a great liking for the man, whom I have known for many a year. After a while, he recovered from the shock, and said, "Well, nobody expects you to fight with that rascally editor, at all events."

"My friends urge me to bring an action for libel."

"That may be done, no doubt, but how far successfully I don't quite know. The judges would require great courage and a high sense of honour to give a verdict in your favour, when all their party is against you, and on the side of the newspaper which attacked you."

"Why against me?"

"Simply because you have been seen with Republicans, and belong to a club which is composed of supporters of the Government. The judges are Bonapartists or Legitimists, and all their friends are reactionary. You can try the experiment of bringing an action, but before you do so, let me take you to consult another lawyer, an old barrister who knows the court better than I do."

We set off together, and were crossing the great square when we met no less a personage than the presiding Judge himself. I know him very well; so he came to me and shook hands, and then said—

"What in the world has happened to you? What is it all about—that attack in the newspaper?"

"You have read it, I suppose."

"Everybody has read it; but there must have been a mistake. Your answer has settled the matter."

"Not quite settled it, if you please. I am just on my way to see a lawyer and begin an action for libel."

The Judge earnestly dissuaded me. "Don't do that—don't do that! Your character and reputation in the place have not been in the least affected. It is like a spot of mud on your coat-tail; you have brushed it off already. No good bringing an action. I will see the editor of the *Conservative*, and make him hold his tongue."

Just at that minute a figure slowly approached us. It was the editor of the *Conservative* himself. He came within a couple of yards of us to try and catch the tone of our conversation. I seized the opportunity and spoke of him contemptuously. Listeners seldom hear any good of themselves. A group of twenty or thirty people were watching this incident. Then the Judge shook hands with me cordially, said something facetious, and we separated, laughing heartily.

"I don't think it will be necessary to proceed with that action for libel," I said to the lawyer on rejoining him. "There will very probably be an apology in the *Conservative* through certain influences which will be brought to bear."

The lawyer was merry about the incident he had just witnessed, but a little disappointed that the action should not be proceeded with. However, we agreed to suspend it for the present.

The next incident gave me an opportunity for testing the state of public opinion in the religious world. A procession was coming out of a church through a green avenue of lime-trees, and a group of ladies were waiting to join it when the white girls, singing hymns, had passed by slowly with their banners. I knew one or two of these ladies, and bowed to them. The bow was returned very graciously, and I went to exchange a few words. The ladies were more cordial, I thought, than usual, and expressed by their manner the most absolute disbelief in the attacks of the *Conservative*, though without alluding to any newspaper.

After that I went to see a man in a very public and responsible position, whose good opinion would be of great value to me in a crisis of this kind. He received me with the most frank

and charming cordiality, said he was grieved that such an incident should have occurred to disturb my life in France, and uttered a hundred kind and pleasant things to console me. He did not need, he added, to offer any assurance that he had never believed one syllable of the allegations against me; "and as to that ridiculous blunder of the *Conservative* in accusing you of hostility to the clergy, I have great pleasure in telling you that some of the clergy themselves have been amongst your warmest and most influential defenders." He mentioned one Abbé in particular who had strongly taken my part.

"I'll go and call upon him, to thank him."

"Do by all means. He will be delighted."

I found the Abbé at home in his small, but pretty dwelling, and was received with outstretched hands. "How glad I am to see you!" he said; "we have been talking about you for the last two days. I hope you have not suffered too much from those abominable calumnies."

"Any little trouble they may have caused me has been amply compensated by the kindness of my friends. Let me thank you in particular. You know exactly what I think about religion and the Church, and you have heard the worst I have ever said on the subject."

"In this very room, when we have had our controversies together."

"Yes. You know my tone on these subjects: that I never pretend to believe anything which I do not really believe, and that I never willingly wound the feelings of another. As for coarse attacks on respectable opinions which are not mine, you know that they are quite outside of my habits, both of thought and expression."

Here let me insert a parenthesis. The Abbé is the type of what is best in the French clergy. Obedient to the discipline of his own Church, of which he is a faithful and devoted son, he still has that thorough inner tolerance of the heart which enables the man who is blessed with it to think justly and kindly of those who differ from him most widely in religious or political opinion. This tolerance is not rare amongst the more highly cultivated priests in France. I know several who possess it really, and without affectation, and who take an honest pride in being above the narrowness of the vulgar. They do not chill you by that constraint of manner which in every country marks the condescension of orthodoxy in its occasional intercourse with dissent; they meet you on the common ground of humanity; they will talk with you frankly and openly on any subject—on religion itself, if you will. Your opinions, however much opposed to theirs, never make them lose temper, or depart for an instant from their habitual and perfect courtesy. The reason for this individual tolerance in an intolerant Church is, I believe, to be found in the fact that the Church herself does not pretend to be founded on reason, but on authority, and it is quite obvious to every cultivated and intelligent priest that the authority should be respected. There is no middle path with reference to the Church of Rome; you are inside or outside of her inclosure. If inside, you accept everything; if outside, you may wander where you like; she has no constraint to impose upon the emancipated, and no advice to offer beyond the simple assertion, which is true, that within her fold is rest, and outside of it endless seeking.

I am outside of it, as well outside of it as it is possible for a human being to be, but I find in practice that it is possible to talk pleasantly, like friendly neighbours, over the wall, and I always feel perfectly at ease with the French priesthood of all classes, though the most cultivated are the most agreeable. We even go so far as to exchange the hospitalities of the table, and my dining-room, tainted with heresy as it is, has been

occasionally honoured by the presence of intelligent gentlemen in long black cassocks. Besides this, some of my best lay friends are pious and dutiful members of the Church, and I find them just as truly and heartily tolerant as the cultivated clergy.

The Abbé went on to say that the clergy were indignant about the attack on me in the *Conservative.*

"I fancied something of the sort," I replied, "because the Curé of the cathedral took off his hat to my son yesterday in a marked manner."

"That would be intentional. If the Bishop were here, he would take your part heartily. His Grand Vicaire has been supporting you warmly."

"When you see the Bishop, pray give him my respectful compliments, and assure him that I am incapable of the coarse writing that has been attributed to me."

"Monseigneur will be back in a few days. He is on a confirmation tour. When he comes, I will not fail to deliver your message. But what are you going to do to the editor of the *Conservative?*"

"Bring an action for libel, if he does not retract."

"Just what you ought to do. Now I have a cousin who is a solicitor, and if you like, we will go and see him immediately, and have his opinion. He is an honest fellow, and will tell us exactly what is to be done."

We went to see the solicitor, who lived near the cathedral, which ornamented his garden with its magnificent architecture. He heard my statement to the end, and then said with some embarrassment,

"I cannot undertake this business, because I happen to be private solicitor to several of the gentlemen who own the *Conservative*, but I can speak to them about it. Would you be satisfied if they published an apology?"

"I do not ask for it, but if there were a single honest man in the lot who desired to do me justice, I should appreciate his intervention."

The solicitor had said very little, but he was thoroughly convinced of my innocence, and went immediately to see the owners of the *Conservative*, and get up a meeting. The owners were eight rich men, some of them noblemen, and all occupying what is called "a most respectable position in society." The solicitor began by convincing two of them that a great wrong had been done, then a meeting was convened at which it was decided that a retractation must be inserted in the *Conservative.* The editor resisted, but had to give way at last, and wrote his retractation under the solicitor's eye, vainly attempting to weaken it, which was not permitted.

The story does not end here, though I abandoned the action for libel as unnecessary. The *Republican* came out in tremendous force on the day when the *Conservative* published its retractation. It had three articles on my affair, all very cleverly done, and it was universally admitted that the *Republican* had never published such a brilliant number since it was founded. Its sale ran up fifty per cent beyond the ordinary impression, and the *cafés* were full of people laughing over it as they drank their evening beer. First came a leader of two columns in large type, going into the business thoroughly, declaring that I had never written a single line in the *Republican*, and that the only communication which had passed between me and the editors related to certain extracts from a book of mine which they had asked permission to print, and which had been translated by one of the editors themselves. The writer of the article spoke of me becomingly, and without flattery, simply as an English gentleman, who was much astonished, and with reason, to find his name dragged into newspaper controversies in France. He congratulated me that this had not occurred during the war, or at the time of MacMahon's *Seize Mai*, when I might have been lynched in consequence, or sent across the frontier between two *gendarmes.* The second article created a great sensation in the town. It gave a list of the eight

owners of the *Conservative*—names, titles, and addresses—and said that it was they who were responsible for the employment of a public insulter, whose business it was to throw mud at honourable men, that they had founded their journal and paid their editor to do such work for them whilst they themselves lay hidden. The third article was devoted to the aforesaid public insulter himself, and gave a contemptuous account of the editor of the *Conservative* and his antecedents, showing how he had been one of the impecunious wretches in the lowest depths of the Parisian press, and how he had been chosen as a gladiator ready to attack any one for a little money. The writers of these articles in the *Republican* found their task considerably facilitated by a curious discovery which had taken place some time before. On the establishment of the really Republican Government, authentic papers had been discovered in the Prefecture concerning the foundation of the *Conservative*, and giving the names of the gentlemen who started it. Amongst these papers was one from which it appeared that the editor was not able to come to our city from Paris until he got an advance of 40*l*.—delightful evidence of his impecuniosity! I may close the account of this newspaper war by adding that in the following number the editors of the *Republican* challenged all the eight proprietors of the *Conservative*, whose names they had printed, to fight them, but said that the editor of that print (who, to do him justice is really, I believe, a combative creature with sword and pistol) was beneath their notice in the way of duelling. The eight noblemen and gentlemen have not yet accepted the challenge.

Whilst these things were going forward, a gentleman of noble family, who had been a captain in the army, most politely held himself at my disposal as a second, and was ready to see the affair conducted with all due form and ceremony to its termination. His study in his country-house is an arsenal of swords and pistols, the use of which instruments interests him as a bat interests a cricketer. It would have afforded him sincere pleasure to see me skewer the editor, and my belief is (tell it not in Gath!) that if the editor had skewered *me*, my friend, the captain, would have liked to see the lunge, if only it had been delivered according to the rules of art.

When the bishop returned from his confirmation tour, he sent me a kind message, inviting me to go and see him. The state of things between his Grandeur and my Littleness for some years past has been rather amusing. He is a scholar and a man of letters, who has seen a great deal of the world, and travelled in England and Ireland; so he felt some curiosity to know an English author who was domiciled in his diocese. On the other hand, the English author has a keen appreciation of all sorts of talent and ability, and an unfeigned respect for *good* originality of character; so as the bishop was the most accomplished orator he ever heard, and a strongly original character of the good sort besides, there was a great attraction in his acquaintance. Nevertheless, there were certain impediments. The bishop could not exactly call first upon the heretic, and the heretic did not like to call upon the bishop (for fear of public misinterpretation) unless some especial reason presented itself. Now the opportunity had come. The Bishop's invitation meant his disbelief in the accusation against me, and my acceptance of the invitation meant gratitude for the disbelief. The visit on both sides was an effectual answer to recent calumnies.

The Bishop's palace here is, I believe, the largest in France; it is certainly one of the most picturesque and delightful. It is beautifully situated, with terraced gardens and slopes, and ancient towers looking over them, as at Windsor. In a seclusion of ancient trees, green leaves, and flowers, the great front of the palace is hidden from the town, though the town itself

is quiet, especially in the old parts about the cathedral.

The Abbé and I went up a private little staircase to the Bishop's study. He was sitting reading on a high terrace on which the window opened, but he came to meet me, and offered his hand cordially. Then he gave me an armchair on the terrace just like his own, and we began to talk. At first there is a feeling of strangeness in talking with a gentleman who is dressed all in violet, and wears a large gold cross on his breast, and has a prodigious ring (the size of a lady's brooch) on his middle finger, and to whom it is rudeness not to say *Monseigneur*. This feeling, however, wore off in five minutes, and we got into an interesting conversation about many things. The place was very favourable, a quiet square terrace, the size of a large room, surrounded by a stone balustrade, flowery with creepers, over which was a lovely view down a wooded valley, whilst behind us was the seclusion of a study lined with books, and close to us an ancient legendary tower. The Bishop talked clearly and easily (he has an admirable enunciation, and is, as I have said, an excellent public speaker), and the conversation went on without flagging or losing its interest till I thought it was time to leave. He reads English, and told me that he had read my study of his old friend the Abbé Perreyve, and had found it truthful and just, though, of course, some reserves had to be made for differences of opinion.[1] This essay on Perreyve had convinced him beforehand that I could not write coarse articles against his religion. He then kindly promised to accept and read a book of mine called *Round my House*, in which there are some not unfriendly allusions to a French bishop who, when that book was written, had not been very long in his diocese. When I left, the Bishop asked if I had seen the inside of the palace, and very kindly showed me all the principal rooms and the grand staircase, noble rooms, of which any two would have suited me for a library and studio. The staircase is very vast and very white, and when we got there, the Bishop accused me of thinking that it wanted frescoes, which it certainly does.

So ends the little story of a *Journaliste malgré Lui*. The fact is that in rural France the distinction between a journalist and a writer in books and reviews is not very clearly understood. Even yet some people suspect me of being correspondent of an English newspaper, for do not I write in the *Portefeuille*, which is a daily paper in London? And now that I have written this long letter for Mac—MacFarlane's daily journal, am I not a newspaper correspondent in every sense of the word? This is why I respectfully beg the reader, if he is so ingenious as to guess my name, just to leave me in the obscurity which is most in accordance with my taste. I have been as much celebrated of late in these parts as Mr. Gladstone is in London, and, to tell the truth, I prefer peace and quietness to pistols and renown, and like to see the newspapers on the table at my club without expecting to be the object of their leading articles. It is pleasant too, by contrast, when I see a *café* crammed with people, to think that my character and habits no longer form the sole subject of conversation, and that the fashionable society in the aristocratic *châteaux* has got something else to talk about than the deplorable radicalism of the apparently respectable Englishman. The dispersion of the Jesuits has served me a good turn by diverting public attention, and though I consider the measure somewhat harsh, I secretly think it, in my own interest, opportune.

[1] This referred, no doubt, to my assertion that liberal Catholicism is merely a dream, impossible after the publication of the Syllabus. Many Catholics (including priests) are most sincerely liberal in heart, but they are so inconsistently (happy inconsistency!) with recent developments of their creed.

THE IRONCLAD AND GUN OF THE FUTURE.

Among the subjects of importance demanding prompt and serious consideration, the expected great changes in maritime warfare may well claim the foremost place, bearing, as they manifestly do, upon our national position, food supplies, and commerce, and the security of our harbours and our colonies. In the belief that the question must be of such interest to all classes, non-combatants as well as combatants, that this article will be read by many who have paid no attention to armoured-ships and gunnery, the writer will endeavour to avoid technical terms while entering into fuller details than would be necessary for those professionally conversant with such matters.

The most surprising, almost alarming, prediction of the present day, is the confident assertion we may hear at times seriously made, that our superb ordnance, as well as the magnificent guns which showed such wonderful accuracy, penetrative power, and long range, when tried last summer at Meppen, would be found useless were they employed under the most favourable circumstances against the type of vessel recently designed.

The successive victories won by guns over metal plates, however much strengthened, set the brains of many a naval constructor hard at work to devise a form for his ship that would baffle the attack, and curious are the alterations that have already been made and proposed. We see defensive powers given to vessels by allowing but little of their hull to appear above water, thereby making the sea act as a rampart; and under-water decks are becoming so general that the want will be more and more felt of a gun that would drive its projectile undeviatingly through water. We are building the *Polyphemus*. In Italy, Signori Mattei and Bren have launched a formidably-armed vessel of great length with wooden sides, and no protecting plates, in order that shells may pass through without meeting sufficient resistance to make them explode,[1] but with her deck, which is described as lying below the water line, so well defended with metal plates that the heaviest shots at direct fire, though striking it with the greatest velocity, would glance upwards instead of penetrating. She has great speed, and such an unheard-of capacity for carrying coal — principally owing to her numerous small water-tight compartments being cleverly used as bunkers — that she can continue slowly steaming at sea for half the year without entering a port or ever extinguishing her fires.

Last month thousands witnessed, after an imposing ceremony, the successful launch of the *Livadia* so much talked about during the few months the strangely-shaped ship was building in the extensive yards of Messrs. John Elder and Co. She has been well described as being in form like a turbot 235 feet long, 153 broad, and 18 thick, carrying on her back a sumptuous saloon and large apartments for the luxurious accommodation of the Emperor of Russia and his suite. From her singular buoyancy, even with all her machinery on board, she will only have a draught of 6½ feet, leaving her widely projecting fins high above the water-line. She will be driven by three distinct sets of

[1] Owing to the velocity of the shot the fibres in pine wood seem to part and return, rather than break. Any one who had not seen it would be surprised at the smallness of the hole, and the little mischief done.

engines, having a total of 10,500 horse indicated power. Many scientific men think she will skim over the water with a speed exceeding 14 knots an hour. She could be steered by screws should she lose her rudder, and could steam into port with one engine were the other two disabled.

She is now a superb, harmless yacht; but, with a skin of armour-plates, fins lined with an iron triangular belt of great depth, low turrets containing powerful guns mounted on the disappearing principle (all which from her extreme buoyancy could be easily carried) in lieu of her magnificent cabins, her admirers maintain she would prove a fish-of-war that could not be captured in the ordinary manner, as the heaviest projectiles driven with the utmost velocity would glance off her slightly-sloped deck and bottom. Reflection would convince nearly all that this judgment, though so wounding to our national vanity, must be correct. She promises to be such a success that the Emperor is stated to have ordered another of similar build.

The descriptions of the *Livadia* while she was on the stocks, vary in many particulars; but there can be no doubt as to the accuracy of the account of Admiral Selwyn's proposed type of war-ship, for he gave it himself in a very interesting and instructive paper read at the Royal United Service Institution, and printed in their last February number (No. ciii.). That journal is extensively circulated abroad, and the subject will receive much attention. The example first set by Admiral Popoff in Russia is being gradually followed, with alterations, by other countries, and numerous will be the discussions respecting the best mode of meeting the novel system of defence. As a type of what he recommends, and appropriately terms "*the* most powerful ironclad," Admiral Selwyn minutely describes a far more formidable ship than the *Livadia*, were she fully armoured and armed, though of much the same character His ship would carry sixteen of our best guns, mounted on Colonel Moncrieff's carriages, sunk out of sight (in two separate gun-pits), on revolving platforms, so that each gun fires as it comes round, without any detention from loading; ten of these guns in the foremost pit of 122 feet diameter, six in the other of 100 feet diameter. As the platform revolves, each gun rises from below, fires and then descends. These wide platforms (constructed on the principle of railway turn-tables) are supposed to be capable of revolving at the rate of about once in three minutes; therefore on the assumption that large guns can fire three shots in ten minutes, a pit with six guns could fire once in little more than every half-minute. Thus with two pits (holding sixteen guns), it is considered that two shots could easily be fired every half minute. Each gun has the usual racers, and can be trained on an extensive arc without interfering with its neighbour. The ship would be fast and handy, notwithstanding her large dimensions. She would be fast, because her whole form under water would be one of "entrance and exit" (spoonshaped—no straight-lined middle body—not very unlike the part of a duck that is below the surface when swimming), and because she would be driven by strong hydraulic propellers —a means of propulsion long and ably advocated by Admiral Sir George Elliot, which many men of a mechanical turn of mind regard as possessing great advantages over both paddle and screw, especially when the ship begins to roll or pitch. And, what for fighting purposes is of far more consequence, she would be singularly handy, since, by small turbines acting in opposite directions, she would revolve on her own centre in one minute, because drawing little water she would meet with but little resistance—or she could be suddenly stopped or backed by turning a bar-tap, reversing the flow of water in the pipes. She would have no rudder, nor any kind of side,

plated or unplated. It was argued that she would be a safe, comfortable sea-boat, and have an unusually steady platform. Her buoyancy would be enormous, as, from her upwardly-spreading form, each foot as successively submerged would displace more water than its predecessor. Arrangements are designed for expeditiously pumping out water that might perchance enter into any of her numerous water-tight compartments. Her length at the water-line would be 380 feet, her beam 180, so there would be ample capacity for a large crew, and space round the strongly-protected edge for sufficient coal, stowed in bunkers — a great aid in resisting penetration—to last for ten days at full steaming-power. On an emergency she could carry twice the quantity. The pits, like the deck, are provided with large covers plated with two or three-inch armour, called by the admiral "the upper deck," which, by hydraulic presses, are lowered flush with the stationary part of the deck when preparing for action, lest a shot should enter either battery as she rolled, or was exposed to close shrapnel-fire. It is supposed that from her extreme buoyancy it would not be found necessary to cover the pits in weather that would oblige other ships to batten down. With the pits covered it is considered that she could not be seriously injured on deck by any projectiles we possess, although the plates are so thin, nor could her armoured bottom be injured, owing to the smallness of the angle which, it is confidently assumed (judging by the engraving), the bottom would make with a horizontal plane. Any projectile with spiral rotation would glance off it. The angle becomes yet less when the line of the trajectory is deflected by gravity. As an evidence how easily the best projectiles with spiral rotation are turned aside on meeting sloping surfaces, a painful occurrence may here be mentioned that happened at Plymouth in 1864. An Armstrong-shot, fired from the citadel, ricocheted at a considerable angle from wave to wave, unfortunately meeting each obliquely, until at length it struck a boat, and unhappily killed one of her crew. It led to the trial at Exeter for manslaughter of the officer commanding the district, and to "the general's being placed," as a local paper exultingly observed, "in the felon's dock." Excepting to vertical fire, which is seldom useful against ships, it seems to be undeniable that the admiral's type of vessel could be made invulnerable to every description of spirally rotating projectiles, however powerful. The momentous question thus arises—should it become necessary to attack such ships, how is it to be done?

Torpedoes need not be considered, for they would be nearly equally dangerous to all classes of vessels, though in the proposed ship it is supposed that from her wide overhang much might be done to make them glance off, or explode harmlessly, especially while she was lying at anchor. Nor need rams be considered, for she turns so quickly that an assailant, even if a much faster vessel, would hesitate about charging, lest the admiral's ship should at the critical moment swerve aside to avoid the blow, while presenting her axe-shaped overhang (virtually a ram) to rip open her opponent's bow. Novel modes of defence often necessitate novel modes of attack. If, as many maintain, a ship of this kind be not too far in advance of the spirit of the age, but one which will gradually become the ironclad of the future, what will be the gun of the future? Obviously it cannot be our present gun, as it would be the height of rashness, and *in direct violation of mechanical laws*, to attack armoured decks and bottoms so sloped, with any guns giving such rotation to their projectiles as would cause them to glance off. To penetrate them, it seems certain that the gun of the future, whatever may be its form and the form of its projectile, must impart vertical rotation to that projectile, in order that it may

rotate in a plane at, or nearly at, a right angle to slopes deviating but little from a horizontal plane. But how is this to be obtained? It may not be the best plan, but many years have passed since it was shown that such rotation could be given by a simple mechanical contrivance—without any strain to the gun, or exaction on the force of the powder—to a double frustum-shaped projectile of little or great weight (which, to distinguish it from cylindrical or spherical shot, was called a disc) fired from a light, short smooth-bore, in a manner proposed at a time when no one could imagine that a different principle of constructing ordnance would become a necessity, since it was then daily improving in power, and perceptibly gaining the mastery over the increasing thickness given to defensive *vertically* fixed armour-plates. The disc stood vertically in the muzzle and was checked on starting at a spot on its edge by a catch, and thus forced to rotate vertically in its flight. During the following twelve years the projector remained silent, though his opinion regarding the merits of vertical rotation without rifling never varied, but the late surprising changes, and projected changes in the form of men-of-war have so greatly altered circumstances that he felt he ought no longer to continue inactive in a matter of vital and peculiar importance to the nation, seeing that our stake at sea far exceeds that of any other country. He therefore reverted to the subject last November in a memorandum printed for private circulation, but his warnings met with so little attention that he has considered it a duty to write this article for more extensive publication. Those however, who had taken the trouble of carefully reading the memorandum, fully concurred with him in thinking that some energetic steps should be promptly taken to prevent the possibility of our being at no very distant day wholly unprepared to encounter formidable ships presenting no armoured sides to batter, but merely armoured decks and bottoms, which no guns yet invented could penetrate. The extent to which the power of the present type of ordnance could eventually be raised is quite an unknown quantity, for various are the opinions of the most celebrated manufacturers as to the best mode of constructing guns, and as to the best metal, or combination of metals, that should be used.

One manufacturer recommends that they be formed of cast tubes of compressed steel, pressing one on the other.

Another, that they be formed of a tube of wrought-iron, strengthened with an outside coating of steel.

Another, that the interior be formed of massive steel, inclosed in rings of steel.

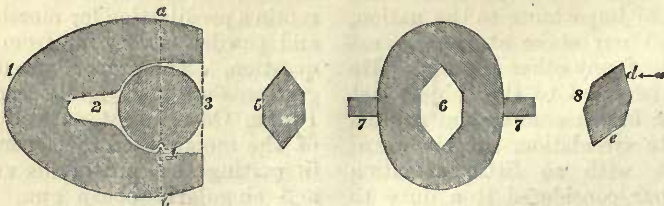
Another, that an iron interior be encased in hoops of steel.

Another, that the guns be formed of a bronze, of which the proportions of the component parts are kept secret by the foreign government employing them.

Various, too, are the systems of rifling, and the amount of spirality, that have severally their warm advocates. There is no certainty as to the best form and length for the cylindrical projectiles, and there is equal uncertainty regarding the best plan for breech-loading. A few makers still retain a predilection for muzzle-loaders, and powder is very far from a settled question. The proportions of the ingredients are kept rigidly secret by the Italian Government, as well as those of the metals used by General Rosset in casting the core of his successful, and singularly cheap gun. In this warlike age so many minds are given to the subject that there are good grounds for believing that further improvements in ordnance will be introduced in many countries. The authorities at Woolwich purpose giving greater power to our guns by adding to the length of the barrel; whereby the gas will act for a longer time on

the projectile, and thus add to its velocity, notwithstanding the increased density of the column of air packed in its front. A Victoria Cross, Colonel Hope, proposes a radical change — a wonderful improvement! Every one must heartily wish that he may not be too sanguine. He asserts that guns can be manufactured as efficient in every respect as at present, and yet be only one-fifth of the weight; and he boldly offers to bear all the expense attendant on the requisite trials should their result show that he is wrong. In such an important matter it will be best to quote his own words spoken at a large meeting. He said: "I have recently submitted to the War Office and the Admiralty an offer to construct guns for the use of the navy of three kinds. The smallest is 6½ tons, guaranteed to beat the 38-ton gun in every particular, effecting a saving of 80 per cent in weight, 60 per cent in money, and from 90 to 95 per cent in time of construction, or not to be paid for. The second is a 16-ton gun, guaranteed to beat the 80-ton in every particular, or not to be paid for. The third is a 28½-ton, guaranteed to equal an Armstrong 150-ton gun, or not to be paid for." The details of his invention are unknown to the public, but the little weight of his guns shows they must be very short, which in many ways is an immense advantage. We must, however, anxiously wish that his projectiles may not have spiral rotation. If they have, whatever may be their power against upright armour, the assertion will be persistently made that neither his guns, nor the guns of any country, as long as such rotation is adhered to, will be able to cope with the coming strangely-formed leviathans of the deep. All reasoning seems to show that recourse must be had to vertical rotation. The struggle of the guns will no longer be with armour fixed vertically, but with armour fixed almost horizontally—which points to a contest of vertical rotation without rifling *versus* spiral rotation with rifling.

In great contrast with the diversity of opinion on nearly every essential point in the construction of rifled guns, their projectiles and their powder, is the simplicity of all the parts in the proposed short, muzzle-loading, smooth-bore. In it the principal object sought is to give its projectile the largest minor diameter compatible with no vacuum in flight, and the quickest-burning powder compatible with safety. At page 41 in the *Woolwich Treatise* of 1847, the object of rifling is stated to be "to give the necessary amount of rotation with a minimum pressure upon the grooves, or upon the studs, ribs, or soft coating of the projectile itself by



1. Vertical longitudinal section of gun.
2. Powder chamber.
3. Section of disc projectile through major axes.
4. Notch in circumference of disc, and catch in muzzle.
5. Section of disc through minor axis.
6. Transverse section of gun through *a b*.
7. Trunnion.
8. Section of disc through minor axis inclined from a horizontal plane. A side wind blowing in the direction of the arrow acts more forcibly against *d* than *e*, and therefore tends to make the disc travel more vertically. The influence of a side wind on a flat-sided, round-edged disc (the central section of a sphere) would be just the reverse, as could be exemplified by throwing a flat stone with a spin.

the most simple means, and with the least possible loss of power." The novel principle of construction we are now dealing with combines the advantages of the rifle with those of the smooth-bore, and of breech-loading with muzzle-loading. It gives an amount of rotation in the plane of the trajectory that in reality becomes a spin "with the least possible loss of power," as the six sides forming the interior of the muzzle are perfectly smooth.

In 1864 a brass gun was roughly cast on the above plan, but, through ignorance, was made so light in the middle that the first shot stretched it. The sharp edge at the circumference of the disc was a little rounded, in order to save the angle that received the edge from being made unnecessarily acute. It rotated on its short axis, which, being in the geometrical centre, and in the centre of gravity, was the natural stable axis, from which (unlike the cylindro-conoidal) it could have no tendency to depart, however slow the rotation. It was rolled in while in a vertical position, and fitted at first so closely into the short muzzle that there was little if any windage. Two curved iron bars meeting in front of the muzzle (each working on a clasp-knife hinge) should press against the edge of the disc to show that it was run home, and aid the catch in retaining it in position. The strength of the catch is not very severely taxed. Pressing against it—never striking it—the disc starts with a smooth rolling motion.

For port-hole duty this gun would manifestly be cast longer in the muzzle.

Could the experimental gun have borne the strain, an attempt would have been made to expel the projectiles with gun-cotton; but common powder was used, and that proved too strong for the weak piece. The gas acts on so large a surface of the disc that no very powerful charge is required, but merely one that will exert all its expelling force almost instantaneously. Apparently, therefore, gun-cotton should, as a rule, be employed, could the violence of its action be brought under such control as to allow of its being ignited with safety in guns of large calibre; or possibly a preparation of dynamite might be used, were science able to so tone down its explosive character as to admit of its employment. It is likely that the powder-charge would prove the principal difficulty, but such strides have of late been made in chemical progress, that he must be a bold man who will say that the difficulty is insurmountable. Until a better charge be found, common powder might be ignited in many parts simultaneously through different channels. There would be no danger of an accident, however powerful the charge, were the gun made of Whitworth's compressed steel, judiciously apportioned to meet the several strains. Whatever might eventually be the nature of the charge, there would be the satisfaction of always endeavouring to make it exert its utmost power, and of knowing that no risk to a gunner could arise from a failure—whereas, with the present large-grained powder, the endeavour is to restrict its action within certain limits, and no one can feel certain that these may not occasionally be exceeded. To obtain slow combustion, in order that the expelling gas gradually generated may to the last moment exert a strong pressure upon the projectile travelling along the spiral grooves, the powder is kneaded into large lumps, which vary in size and form, according to the judgment of the manufacturer. Should these lumps break, the explosion would be so rapid and violent as to burst any gun only intended to withstand the strain of a slow-burning charge. Through shaking in transport, some grains might at times be so broken as to render the charge more destructive to friends than to foes. It is an anxious thought that in the excitement of a close, well-contested action it is possible, through some

over-haste in ramming home, or inadvertence in loading, for the contents of a charge to become more or less bruised, and thus endanger the lives of those in the vicinity of the gun. To this cause some attribute the bursting of the inner tube of the 100-ton breech-loader in the *Duilio.*

As the instant the confining bars are forced asunder, the disc[1] rolls out unretarded by rifling, it offers so little resistance to expulsion, that the recoil must necessarily be little. There is none of the usual long-continued action within the barrel, of a slowly receding gun driven backwards from its rapidly advancing shot, by which recoil commences before the shot makes its exit—and as from the shortness of the muzzle, the disc has not to drive out a column of condensed air packed in its front, it is reasonable to think it would possess great initial velocity; and equally reasonable to infer that from its sharp edge, with little or no vacuum in its rear, it would have long-sustained velocity.

Though tried in its injured state, and fired through only one touch-hole, the officer commanding the artillery, and the officer commanding the gunnery ship at Plymouth, respectively gave the following certificates :—

"Royal Artillery District Office,
"Devonport, 12th *Dec.* 1864.

"I was one of the spectators when the disc-shot was fired from Bovisand in the direction of the Shagstone rock. The weight of the disc was four pounds two ounces, that of the powder six ounces.[2] The estimated range was about 2,000 yards before it touched the water. There was no ricochet.

"A. A. SHUTTLEWORTH,
"*Colonel Commanding Royal Artillery*
"*Western District.*"

"H.M.S. 'Cambridge,'
"12th *Dec.* 1864.

"I was present when Major-General Hutchinson's gun, throwing a disc-shaped projectile, was fired from H.M.S. *Cambridge.* Three shots were fired. Projectile weighed four pounds two ounces; powder six ounces. The first shot at the 1,000 yards target was very satisfactory, the direction excellent. The rotation seemed to be perfect. The shot passed a short distance over the target. The two next shots were indifferent, which I attribute either to the projectile not being properly fitted to the gun, or else to the gun[3] itself being injured. So long as the rotatory motion can be preserved I see no reason why great accuracy should not be obtained in striking an object.

"C. F. J. EWART,
"*Captain, H.M.S. 'Cambridge.'*"

Captain Ewart could write "excellent," because, although the muzzle was so short that it only just covered the disc, there was ample length to govern the direction. With good fitting the disc could not swerve from any of the six nearly equal planes that guided it. All the shots would have been good had the gun preserved the "mechanical fit" to its projectile which gives such great precision to Sir Joseph Whitworth's guns and rifles. The last few inches of a barrel, however long, govern the direction of the shot. The least bend at the muzzle of any description of gun causes a divergence of the shot that will be similar in every round. That the "rotatory motion" would be preserved was well exemplified by an experiment made by Mr. G. L. Edwards (lately a civil engineer in India) with a very small model built according to the described plan. He wrote to the effect that a four-ounce disc, after cutting a clean hole through a five-inch target of hard elm, pene-

[1] A push from a child's hand would set an upright heavy wheel rolling, that its utmost strength could not move were it lying on the ground.

[2] Only one-eleventh the weight of the disc. In Krupp's small guns the powder was more than one-third the weight of the shot. In one of them the powder was thirty-three pounds and the shot eighty-eight pounds. With Armstrong's muzzle-loaders for the four gunboats sent to China the battering charge was little less than half the weight of the shot, viz., powder, 235 lbs.; shot, 535 lbs. The amount of powder generally used may be regarded as running from one-third to three-eighths the weight of the shot—a proportion that, from its bulk as well as weight, most detrimentally adds to the difficulties of carriage.

[3] That gun, and a larger model in wood, have been for many years at the United Service Institution.

trated two inches deep into a brick wall where it seemed to have spun round and round. It was so little damaged, notwithstanding its sharp edge, that it was quite fit, he observed, for a second discharge. The rapidity with which it passed through the wood prevented the rotation from being much diminished. All the surfaces of a disc are so smooth that there is nothing to check rotation in the longest flight—no studs, no projections to be met and resisted by the air. It was the wabbling, consequent on the bad fitting of the disc, after the stretching of the muzzle that caused the last two shots to be bad. What a gun has done once it must invariably do again, providing the circumstances are precisely similar.

It seems reasonable to think that no slope however slight given to armoured decks or bottoms could save them from being penetrated by a heavy shot of any form provided it had vertical rotation. With the rotation of an advancing carriage-wheel the upper edge of the projectile on striking a ship's bottom would receive an impulse upwards, crashing through any double bottom or cellular compartments. With reverse rotation the lower edge of the projectile would receive an impulse downwards; and this could be given to the disc by fixing the catch above instead of below. Or the gun might be turned underside uppermost, the bottom having been previously furnished with sights.

A projectile of any shape having the rotation of an advancing wheel would be admirably suited for sweeping parapets—could be made a *projected* mitrailleur [1] effective at an immense distance, discharging its bolts with a horizontal trajectory without destroying its efficiency as a rapidly rolling shot—could be composed of many laminæ loosely hung on an axle (coned from the centre), which, separating during their vertical flight and whirling rapidly along the ground, would prove most destructive to cavalry or infantry. Of course it could be made a large shell—an immense shell if the little weight of the gun be considered.

Short, light guns, like Colonel Hope's, or the disc-type, mean little strain to narrow platforms, and suggest the erection of small, light, yet formidable forts at the end of breakwaters, and in positions where heavier structures would not find a sufficiently stable foundation. These guns being too short to become heated can be fired as fast as loaded, and thus made to do the work of nearly double the number of the ordinary type.

Many years ago, by experiments made with a gun laid at low tide, and fired at high tide, it was shown that double the ordinary bottom of a ship could be penetrated at thirty feet distance by a spherical shot starting *in* water from a state of rest. Through what distance would not a sharp-edged disc, with the cutting action of a circular saw, *entering* water with great velocity, and a very rapid spin, accomplish a similar feat?

As short guns, similar in character to Colonel Hope's or of the disc type, when mounted on Moncrieff-carriages, are peculiarly well adapted for firing from a low, non-revolving, simply-constructed ship's turret of little diameter, it is reasonable to anticipate that a swift vessel of little tonnage, presenting but a small target to the enemy, if furnished with but one of these guns, might often prove more than a match for the most powerful ironclad ever launched, from its being able to penetrate below her armour-plating even when not rolling? What would be her chance of safety against half a dozen of such liliputian assailants?

[1] Numerous circular or hexagonal holes (barrels) would be drilled in each solid frustum, parallel to the minor axis, with the powder-chamber of a smaller diameter, in order that the lead-projectile when driven home with a sharp blow should so spread as to prevent the entry of gas. The barrels would be fired in rapid succession by a flat circular-shaped slow match lying in the plane of the major axes.

Assuming that the Hope-gun proved a success, or that science and good workmanship could make the disc-type of gun a thoroughly efficient piece of ordnance for all purposes, the security of Admiral Selwyn's class of ships might be much increased; since the substitution of short for long guns in the pits, would permit their diameters to be diminished, and thus decrease the risk of shot or shell entering them. Moreover, each gun being light could easily be provided with a turn-table (fixed to the revolving platform) on which it could traverse in any direction when an opening in the deck of sufficient size for the working of one gun would then serve for all in succession. Should it be thought better to retain the long guns, they could, though so heavy, be furnished each with its own turn-table. They might require an increase of space to be worked in, but it would be judicious to give it, and have a somewhat smaller number of guns than what the Admiral has named, as the "upper deck" and "hydraulic presses" would then become unnecessary — incumbrances which present the only drawback to his valuable proposition of adopting pits with revolving platforms in lieu of turrets. The general direction of the aim of every gun would be given to it before it made its momentary appearance above deck. The platforms revolving flush with the lower deck, the gunners are spared the inhaling of an atmosphere often much vitiated by the gas which cannot escape from a turret.

No one denies the advantage, nay the necessity, of arming many of our best merchant steamers for offence as well as defence on the outbreak of a war; but, unfortunately, few of our trading steamers are capable of carrying long heavy guns.

This subject was twice admirably handled in papers read at the United Service Institution by Mr. Donald Currie, and ably discussed by Admiral Sir Spencer Robinson and other officers who were present at the meetings. They will wish that the Hope or the disc may prove a useful gun, as neither would occupy much space, nor strain the smallest vessels, nor endanger their stability, while both guns give a promise of being so handy that any crew would soon learn to work them efficiently.

Surely these light guns present themselves at a very opportune moment, for it is confidently asserted that swift vessels are now on the stocks in more countries than one, with the hardly disguised object of intercepting our traders and crippling our commerce at the commencement of hostilities. We read in the *Times* of the 3rd of last April, of a cruiser of this character building near Toulon.

Some sixteen years ago, although the good qualities of the disc-type of ordnance appeared to several to be theoretically undeniable, and to a certain extent to have been confirmed by trial, yet the assertion that the existing system of construction (unchanged since the first formation of cannon) was injudicious in principle, seemed so presumptuous, and the proposal to project heavy shot from an inexpensive light smooth-bore with rapid rotation, precision and velocity, appeared so visionary that no one had a right to feel disappointment at the crude experiments commenced and relinquished in 1864, not having been followed up by Government.

Artillerists may be pardoned for not bestowing any consideration on a scheme so diametrically at variance with long-established usage—so entirely opposed to the prevailing ideas of the advantages of rifled ordnance, long barrels, and rotation round an axis identical with the axis of the gun. Yet every reflecting Englishman, whether artillerist or not, must begin to feel some anxiety respecting possible future contingencies. However unpleasant the admission, no attempt can long conceal the startling fact that *well-armoured decks and bottoms sloped as recently designed, cannot be penetrated by any guns we possess or ever shall possess, however much they may be*

improved, as long as they impart spiral rotation to their projectiles.

The all-important question is, if neither Colonel Hope's powerful guns, nor the described discs of immense weight, spinning vertically either backwards or forwards, impinging with a rotation at or nearly at a right angle to the projected armoured decks and bottoms, and striving to cut through like a circular-saw, will not prove effective, what can be done? It is certain that the anticipated changes in ships of war would give such an immense superiority to the defence at sea over the attack, that something must be promptly devised if we are to retain the same confidence in future maritime warfare that we so justly possessed in the past.

The prejudices and opposition naturally to be expected in the attempt to introduce vertical rotation, are not greater than those which at first resisted the supersession of wood by iron in ship-building, and it is earnestly hoped that this very momentous subject, "the Ironclad and Gun of the future," may attract the attention of many who, unfettered by routine and old ideas, instead of resting calmly content in the comforting belief that all must be right with our splendid ordnance, will consider it a duty to look well ahead, and, seeing the danger that too surely menaces our shipping and commerce, will, from patriotic motives, endeavour to arouse public attention to a timely conviction that if we adhere to our present principle of constructing guns, we shall be found, when the hour of trial arrives, totally unable to repel the truly formidable class of assailants lately invented.

W. N. Hutchinson,
General.

A SPECIAL ASSIZE UNDER LOUIS XIV.

We wonder how many of our readers would turn to a volume of law reports with the expectation of finding in it a lively picture of the times to which it referred. Despite the charm with which Mr. Froude has invested his history, we are firmly persuaded that the statutes at large are very sombre reading. Yet, let no one, who lights by accident on Fléchier's *Mémoires sur les Grand Jours tenus à Clermont*, be deterred from its perusal on learning that *Les Grand Jours* is the name applied to special assizes held at various dates by royal authority in the more distant provinces of France. Bishop Fléchier's narrative, composed in early life, is charming reading, spiced with gossip and piquant scandal, with prolix and, truth to say, occasionally prosaic love stories, with the quarrels of rival abbesses and discordant convents, with the witcheries of sorcery and magic. Nor is the reflex of its time less accurate because his tone in speaking of the fair sex is not a little startling to modern ideas of a celibate priesthood. But the work is not merely a graphic picture of French provincial life in the seventeenth century, it also affords an insight into the misadministration of justice which was so deep a disgrace to the feudal *noblesse*, that its removal by royal despotism met with almost universal welcome.

Despite the severity with which Richelieu had suppressed the license of the great nobles, it was almost inevitable that excesses should occur during the foreign and domestic wars which desolated France for thirty years in the first half of the seventeenth century. The mischief was of course the greatest in those provinces which were most remote from the central government; and in Auvergne the general misrule and disorder had become intolerable, when Louis XIV. issued a commission dated August 31, 1665, conferring absolute powers, and embracing nearly every imaginable case for a special assize. The court, thus appointed, comprised sixteen councillors of the Parliament of Paris, with one of its Presidents as Chief Justice; and it is characteristic of the mode in which justice was then manipulated that the selection of M. Potier, Seigneur de Novion, as President, occasioned no little comment, because he was distantly connected by marriage with the seneschal of Claremont, the Marquis de Pont du Château, one of the foremost and guiltiest of those who would be arraigned before his tribunal. Next to the President, M. de Caumartin, the king's *Maître des Requêtes* and dispenser of the royal pardons, held a commanding influence in the proceedings of the court, which were directed by M. Denis Talon, the illustrious son of a more illustrious sire, who, as the attorney-general (*ad hoc*), was the leading counsel for the prosecution.

No sooner was the king's purpose known than a lively competition arose between the cities of Riom and Clermont for the honour of being selected as the seat of the *Grand Jours*. This knotty point settled, the judges were welcomed on their arrival with the most elaborate ceremonial of a ceremonious age. The local archives retain ample records of the separate notabilities—*echevins*, *maires*, and consuls, in robes and carriages of state; *bourgoisie* and nobles on horseback; cathedral canons, and episcopal officials, who, in graduated order of precedence, with punctilious minutiæ of respect, and at prescribed intervals of space, first presented their addresses of wel-

come, and then swelled the judicial cortége on its public entry. The city had put on holiday attire. New paint and pavement beautified the streets and smoothed the journey along what Fléchier ungratefully calls the most detestable town in all France. So prolonged was the welcome that, although it was but three o'clock on a fine September afternoon when the first halt was made, a torch-light procession accompanied the bearers of the *vin d'honneur*, consisting of twelve dozen and nine bottles of the finest wine. Nor must we omit that the judges' ladies were duly complimented with half a dozen boxes of rich *confitures*. Next day, more ceremonial and visits of state, fresh airing of provincial learning and eloquence, solemn mass and episcopal benediction of the judges, and then the business of the assize commenced in good earnest.

Ample and authoritative as were the powers conferred by the Royal Commission, it was thought desirable to call in the aid of spiritual terrors. In the case of any special murder or incendiary fire it was not then unusual to issue an ecclesiastical *Monitoire*, commanding the faithful, under pain of excommunication, to reveal what they knew about the matter; but so many crimes now called for detection and punishment, that a wider admonition was indispensable. Accordingly, my lord Stephen Charles, Bishop of Clermont, put forth an exhaustive document to be read on three successive Sundays at morning service throughout his diocese. All those who had any cognizance of persons guilty of assassination, theft, pillage, rape, assault, and other crimes and misdemeanours; all who knew the place of their retreat, or where they had conveyed their papers and effects, or those who now harboured and concealed them, were enjoined to denounce them forthwith. The catalogue of misdeeds included in the *Monitoire* comprises many offences unknown to modern criminal procedure. Forged warrants for the collection of royal and other taxes, enforced payment in specie and at exorbitant rates of duties only legally payable in kind or of services to be rendered in person, intimidation of legal officials of every grade in furtherance of extortion or in suppression of justice, illegal maintenance of prisons without acknowledged feudal rights, or of subterranean dungeons as well as detention of prisoners who were not under the custody of a resident and duly appointed gaoler; these may serve as samples of the monstrous tyranny and injustice widely practised in Auvergne about the time when the great struggle between Cavaliers and Roundheads was being waged in England. As the episcopal warning did not answer expectation, and as it was only minatory, and did not pronounce the disobedient to be, *ipso facto*, excommunicate, M. Talon demanded the sterner ceremony of its "fulmination." Hereupon at every church sentence of excommunication, with aggravation and reaggravation, involving exclusion not only from public service, but even from private intercession, was proclaimed against the obstinate. A mournful knell from the belfry accompanied this anathema, which was uttered by the priest and his assistants, holding lighted tapers, and these, as the dread sentence ended, were extinguished and cast to the ground.

Whatever may have caused a dearth of informations, the panic amongst the country gentry was universal. All the provincial nobility fled, and Fléchier gives an amusing account of the terror inspired by the fear of being called to answer for their past misconduct. "Every gentleman," he says, "who remained, examined himself and recalled all the errors of his past life in order to make amends for them. A thousand conversions were wrought, not by Divine grace, but by human justice, and were none the less profitable, because they were constrained. Those who had been the tyrants of the poor became their suppliants, and more restitutions were made than in the year of jubilee." These efforts

were quickened by the apprehension of a member of the most powerful and guilty family in Auvergne, M. le Vicomte de la Mothe de Camillac. His arrest had been most cautiously planned and executed. The officer detached for this service with the provost and his guard of archers was forbidden to disclose his errand until the moment of its execution, so that he found immediate admittance, and M. de la Mothe was thunderstruck when summoned to yield himself a prisoner. He had loudly blamed the obstinacy of some of his friends who neglected his advice to fly, but he had never entertained a suspicion of his own safety.

The charge against him was one of murder, under what was then considered extenuating circumstances. During the Civil War he had been commissioned by the great Condé to raise some regiments of cavalry, and had handed over some 6,000 francs of the sum entrusted to him for this purpose, to his friend, D'Orsonette, who would neither furnish the troops nor refund the money. Condé, naturally enough, reproached the Vicomte, who thereupon left his service, full of rancour against D'Orsonette. The quarrel grew fiercer as time passed on, until on an evil day the disputants met, each accompanied by a body of servants. M. de la Mothe's party was the most numerous. D'Orsonette and one of his men were wounded, and his falconer was slain. The facts were incontrovertible. A striking example was deemed essential, and despite the entreaties of his family, and a short delay occasioned by an effort to traverse the jurisdiction of the court, the accused was sentenced to death and executed within a month from the commencement of the assize. It affords a significant illustration of the condition of Auvergne to note that the prosecutor in this case and all his witnesses were far more guilty than the prisoner. The prosecutor was accused by his own father of having murdered his own brother, of being a parricide in intention, and of a hundred other crimes. The next principal witness had been condemned for perjury, and was an acknowledged forger. The others were either outlaws or convicts at the galleys. Against M. de la Mothe no other crime was alleged, and he was generally regarded as the most innocent member of his family. Public opinion held that he suffered for having joined the losing side in the Civil War, and for bearing a powerful and deeply-hated name.

The court was next engaged with several charges of witchcraft. The defendant in the first of these causes, a *président de l'élection de Brioude*, must have anticipated and rivalled the most astounding feats of modern spiritualism, since one of his valets asserted that by his cabalistic arts he could float in the air even at church before the whole congregation. The intendant, M. de Fortia, had captured and brought him from Aurillac with no small difficulty through the mountain snows. On being questioned upon this crime of violating the laws of gravity the prisoner at first stormed like one bereft of his senses, but eventually asserted that he was not in a mood to explain himself just then; if they would refrain from pressing him until the morrow he promised to confess all his evil deeds. He was accordingly handed over to the custody of four keepers, from whom he contrived to escape, as well as to elude a hot pursuit maintained for three days. His evasion was considered as unquestionably diabolical. "Voilà," adds the chronicler, "comme le diable est de bonne foi et d'amitié pour ceux qui l'aiment, et comme il trompe même les intendans."

The *abbé's* facile pen turns the next indictment into a pastoral that might serve to inspire the genius of Virgil. A young shepherd and shepherdess, each of course endowed with singular personal attractions, fell in love with one another at first sight. Never was Celadon or Myrtile more winning, never was Astrea or Amarilla so fair. Hand in hand they gathered spring flowers or plucked fruits for one another in turn, or each quenched the other's

thirst with pure water from the spring, made yet more delicious when quaffed from the palm of a lover's hand. At length it was determined that the church's blessing should crown their unsullied affection, and the enamoured pair went in search of the *curé*. On their way they passed a small farm, held by a man of the very worst reputation. Before the farm-house there was a pond with some ducks in it—the wicked farmer's only live stock—and the fair Stephanette's dog sprang into the water and killed two of them. The farmer came out in great wrath, and being aware of their purpose, so bewitched them at the very altar, that the magic spell, with quite inexpressible consequences, lay on them for six days. The *curé* discovered the cause of their trouble, and extorted an admission of his crime from the sorcerer, who confessed that the enchantment had been wrought by pronouncing thrice over a cleft wooden skewer, fastened to a peg of the same material, an incantation so horrible that Fléchier dared not repeat it. The charmed fetish was burned and the newly wedded pair set free. Neither the trial, conducted, as was most of the criminal procedure, with closed doors, nor the sentence is recorded, but the case *proves*, so we are assured, incontestably the reality of magic. Moreover, is it not testified by Deuteronomy and Virgil, by the Salic law and Hincmar of Rheims?

It had been generally supposed that the *Grand Jours* were solely designed to put a stop to the oppression and to punish the violence of the nobles, and great was the astonishment when, at the instigation of M. Talon, a severe edict which at one stroke annihilated all their privileges was issued against the clergy. The indolence of the canons, the licentiousness of disorderly monasteries, many of which claimed exemption from episcopal control, the loose conduct of the nuns in the country districts had produced such widespread dissatisfaction that the public voice applauded this effort at a reformation. The measures adopted were prompt, stern, and practical. Judges were appointed to visit every benefice, to decide what repairs were necessary, and to enforce their completion. All superiors of monasteries founded within thirty years were to produce their patents of establishment with due verification within fifteen days on pain of suppression. All convents and other ecclesiastical communities were enjoined to hand in a list of the property they had acquired during the last ten years, with their letters of amortisation, under penalty of forfeiture. In compliance with the conditions of their order the canons were in future regularly to attend matins, high mass and vespers daily, and were not to leave the choir until the services were over. Both secular and regular clergy were to be brought under the jurisdiction of the bishops. A year was allowed to such convents as had hitherto not kept their members confined within the convent walls, to immure them more closely, if they failed to do so within the prescribed period they were forbidden to receive any more novices. The laity were prohibited from appropriating tithes or obliging the *curés* to say mass at uncanonical hours. Religious communities of all kinds were to be so reduced in numbers that the society's income should afford its members a decent maintenance.

Great was the outcry of the ecclesiastics against this invasion of their rights. Even a provincial council, they said, would not have been so bold, and the commission was accused of exceeding its powers. Special indignation was excited by its disregard of papal bulls and exemptions, and the cry was raised that the judges were Jansenists and did not hold the doctrine of the pope's infallibility. The decree was issued on the 30th of October, and as a general assembly of the clergy was then sitting in Paris, the Bishop of Clermont applied to it for advice; and it was eventually arranged that the clerics should attend in state at the Louvre on the 10th of December and present a

written statement of their objections. The entire document is too long for insertion, but a few extracts may serve to convey an idea of the warmth with which M. Talon's edict was repelled. "The Church is so overwhelmed, sire, by the blow it has just received from the Court of the *Grands Jours*, that it cannot delay a moment even to give itself time to think in what terms it should demand satisfaction from your Majesty. That Court, with unheard-of and insupportable audacity has even enjoined the lieutenants-general of the bailliwicks to visit all the churches and to ascertain whether monastic discipline is properly observed and if the sacraments in the various parishes are duly administered. Your own piety, sire, will fill you with horror at this criminal attempt to wrest from us the direction of the sacraments, and you will not suffer your officials to prescribe maxims which are scarcely admitted even amongst heretics." After such protracted discussion as is inevitable when lawyers and ecclesiastics are in conflict, a royal ordinance forbade the judges to take any cognizance of the administration of the sacraments and confirmed in substance the remainder of the edict.

On the 7th of November the *curé* of St. Babel was condemned to death for a murder committed three years before. He was a man of dissolute character, who, besides other crimes, had corrupted the servant of an elderly lady, to whose dying bed he had been summoned. Perhaps nothing throughout all M. Fléchier's narrative—not even the violence of coarse and cruel men—jars more painfully upon the reader's feelings than the indelicate tone of heartless badinage in which he treats so shocking a subject. He finds in the awful juxtaposition of the sacred and the immoral only occasion for the play of superabundant and mocking antithesis. The crime for which the *curé* was tried originated in another act of immorality. It was believed that he had a mistress concealed in one of the out-buildings of his dwelling, and as a general murmur of suspicion ran through the village, a peasant watched his opportunity and turned the key upon the guilty pair. The *curé* dissembled his wrath for a time, but eventually waylaid his antagonist and beat him to death. The murdered man was not alone when he was assailed, and his companion at once gave information to the magistrates; but the *curé*, who had the audacity to say mass the next day as usual, was not even put on his defence. His friends set up an *alibi* on his behalf, and on their evidence the charge was dismissed, and he would doubtless have continued to enjoy his benefice had not the *Grand Jours* been appointed. The bishop's official acquiesced in the sentence, although the *curé* persisted to the last in asserting his innocence, and there was reason afterwards to doubt whether the sacristan and not the priest himself was not the actual culprit.

An amusing, if not a very edifying, glimpse of convent life is afforded by the cause of the Priory of S. Marsac, which came next before the court. Madame de Talleyrand, the aged prioress, weary of her cares and longing for repose, persuaded her niece, Mademoiselle de Chalais, reluctantly to leave the Monastery of Montmartre and to join her at S. Marsac, where, after having served for a year as *sous prieure*, she was appointed prioress on her aunt's resignation. The sanction of the court of Rome was obtained and the terms agreed on between the parties, which secured *inter alia* a pension of six hundred livres to the elder lady. Naturally enough differences soon arose. Their old prioress could not but retain some of her authority. The new one could not brook any partition of her power. The sisters were divided into two opposite parties. Fléchier says — we scarce dare transcribe the odious imputation—that the gentler sex generally worship the rising sun, and that for this reason the majority sided with Mademoiselle de Chalais. The elder lady complained in no meek spirit and

did not receive her pension with any greater regularity in consequence. Presently clauses, inserted without her knowledge in the deed of resignation, were produced, by which the cost of her maintenance was to be deducted from her annuity; and hence fresh quarrels, carried to such a pitch that the old lady was forbidden the visitor's parlour and closely watched *à toutes les grilles.* In vain did the higher clergy of the diocese endeavour to smoothe over the difficulty. The authority of the visitor was set at naught, and when the *Grands Jours* opened, the cause was referred to them with no less than four parties to the suit: the two others being a *coterie* of the nuns and M. le Comte d'Albon, each of whom claimed a right of appointing to the benefice. The discretion of M. Talon calmed the agitated breasts of the pious community, and it was finally arranged that Mademoiselle de Chalais should retain her office, and that her aunt should enjoy her pension in full. Rumour whispered that Madame de Talon, the advocate-general's mother, of whom more anon, had been won over by the politic deference of the younger claimant, and had exercised no little influence upon the verdict.

It is mournful amongst the ecclesiastical causes to find the claim of the Canons-Regular of St. Augustine to retain their dependants in Combrailles in such absolute personal slavery that they could not leave their homes without express permission, nor dispose of their property by will; their feudal lords being their heirs to the exclusion even of their nearest relations. Local prescriptive right and long usage could be alleged to enforce a servitude alien to the practice of the early Church, and to the spirit of Christianity, and which was the more galling because many of those who claimed exemption were free-born on the father's side. The pleadings present a strange medley of mediæval law and casuistic theology. M. Talon said the finest things conceivable about slavery and liberty, but all to no purpose; and it was not till a century later that personal slavery was abolished under Necker, throughout the French kingdom.

The gravity of the judges, as well as that of their historian, must have been sorely tried by the plaint of M. Griffet —a physician at Bourbon—against one of the bathing men of that watering-place. Dissensions had arisen between the doctors and their subordinates, and a patient having fainted under the hands of an attendant, who had been signally unruly, the latter, instead of receiving meekly the severe reprimand administered to him, even replied that M. Griffet was "an ass of a doctor." The whole medical faculty at Bourbon was scandalised, and the high misdemeanant was brought before the court of the *Grand Jours.* He was sentenced to pay a fine of 100 francs, to beg pardon, and to be suspended from his office for six months; yet the irate doctor was by no means satisfied with this vindication of his dignity.

Acts of violence, too often ending in murder, were rife throughout Auvergne. The lawless spirit engendered by prolonged wars, both foreign and domestic, the prevalence of duelling, and the resort to arms in settlement of every dispute, all contributed to such a result. We could fill our entire space with details of such crimes, many of which are of startling wantonness. Take the following as examples: A party of gentlemen heated with wine is passing noisily through the street of a village on the *fête* day. An acquaintance of one of them looks out of a window, and some ribald "chaff" is exchanged. The strife of tongues waxes hotter by degrees, until the house is entered, and one of the combatants is run through the body by his assailant. On another occasion, after a carouse, the young bloods determine to provoke some quiet person to fight, the lot falls upon one of the most upright gentlemen of the province, and every provocation is forthwith employed to force him to a conflict. M. Fléchier observes that the interference of friends in a quarrel was often most

disastrous to their own side. Under pretence of preventing a duel, a number of persons would quarter themselves in a country gentleman's house, and do him more damage than he would have suffered from the enemy. Officers of justice of every degree were alternately the tools and the victims of the general disorder. With what audacity might strove to overcome right at the very gates of the Louvre is singularly illustrated by the story of M. d'Espinchal. This gentleman — a model of polite scoundrelism—*beau comme un ange et méchant comme un diable*—waylaid one of his opponents (who had presented a petition against him to Louis XIV., and had been promised redress) *as he left the palace*, with a body of men dressed like royal officers, who hurried him off, and whose purpose would have been inexplicable if he had not recognised a servant of M. d'Espinchal amongst them. Imprisonment by *lettre de cachet* was then so common, and interference so hazardous, that the bystanders disregarded the poor man's cries, and it was by mere accident that he was set at liberty. This outrage was indeed the immediate cause of the *Grand Jours;* but its author, guilty of incredible brutality to his beautiful and innocent wife, of the shameless mutilation and murder of his page, and, as was believed, of one of his own sons, as well as of countless other crimes, escaped the clutches of M. Talon, and lived to complete a remarkable career.

We have already hinted at the influence wielded by Madame Talon over the decisions of the court, and no portion of M. Fléchier's narrative is more vivid or amusing than his description of this energetic and strong-minded lady. Immediately on her arrival she set to work about the reformation of such matters as did not fall within the practice of the court. The charges for provisions, the capacity of weights and measures, the relief of the poor, the care of the sick, and the conduct of the nuns, were all brought in turn under her stern authority. Malicious critics said, indeed, that she had better have remodelled her *coiffure*, which was of portentous size, in place of re-arranging the hospital, and that her interference stifled instead of stimulating charity. We have strange pictures, too, of provincial society. How timid and awkward the country dames were as they crowded to the earlier receptions given in honour of the judges. How sadly coarse and indecorous as soon as the restraint of novelty was worn away. What must social intercourse have been when the momentary removal of the lights into a larger ballroom could at once elicit the orgies of a low *bal masqué;* when a slight disagreement amongst the ladies led to a combat of hair pulling and scratching; and when the favourite dance was the *bourrée d'Auvergne*—a measure apparently derived from the dance of the Bacchantes? Those to whom such a description may appear incredible should recall the manners of our own countrywomen a full century later, as portrayed by Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen.

The work accomplished by the court of the *Grand Jours* appears stupendous if it be estimated by the number of cases on which it gave judgment. More than 12,000 causes had been referred to its decision, and it was of course physically impossible that all these should be determined in a session, which, though prolonged beyond its original term, lasted less than four months. Whatever indisposition to buckle to work had been displayed at the outset was abundantly compensated by the rapidity with which causes were cleared off the list at the close. Many were struck out by an order which removed all trials involving values below a certain amount to the ordinary tribunals. Others were referred to the different courts of law in the capital. Even then so great was the pressure of business, that on January 30th, 1666, the last day of the assizes, no less than fifty-three indictments were laid against contumacious criminals, who were summarily condemned in seventeen different decrees. Some half-a-dozen executions—Le Vicomte de la

Mothe de Canillac being the only noble who was put to death—represent the entire vindication in the form of capital punishment exacted by this special assize for the offended majesty of the law. In striking contrast stands the list of judgments *de contumace*, which comprises the following items:—Condemned to be hung, 273; to banishment for a term of years, 96; to be beheaded, 44; to be broken alive on the wheel, 32; to the galleys, 28; to be scourged as well as banished, 3. It should be added that out of this total, 272 were only in confirmation of sentences passed by other tribunals, and only 201 resulted from the immediate action of the *Grand Jours*. The list of the expenses of the assize contains a curious item arising out of these judgments *de contumace*, viz., that of payment to the painter for the effigies of those who did not suffer in person. On a single day no less than thirty of these tableaux were exhibited and beheaded at the place of execution, where the headless portrait remained for twenty-four hours. It is said that more than one noble culprit was an amused spectator in disguise of his own decapitation, and M. Fléchier indulges in many characteristic pleasantries over so genial a subject.

Hardly less valuable than the au thoritative condemnation pronounced, if not carried out, by the court of the *Grand Jours*, were the regulations it drew up for the future administration of justice in Auvergne. Their elementary character brings out into strong relief the urgent need for radical reforms. They enjoined—1. That none but persons of integrity and ability should be appointed judges. 2. That the judges should be scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of their duties, and should perform them without fees in all criminal cases as well as in civil causes in which either party had to plead *in formâ pauperis*. 3. That information should be given in every case of compromise between the judges or the feudal lords and the defendants in a suit. 4. That the judges should pass sentence in accordance with the full rigour of the penalties ordained by statute, and should not mitigate them under the pretext of obtaining the acquiescence of the guilty in the judgment pronounced against them. 5. It was forbidden in future to obtain the assent to their sentences of those who were condemned to death or to the galleys. 6. Prisons were to be maintained strong, and in good condition, with a fixed gaoler and a register of prisoners. 7. Subsistence was to be provided for those in confinement, and a record of all trials was to be preserved at the court-house. Another ordinance of no less importance to the labouring class prescribed the *corvée* or forced labour which might be exacted. The vague character of this imposition had long been the occasion of intolerable oppression and suffering.

It is not to be supposed that all these regulations were at once implicitly observed, or that the licentious habits of years were corrected in a day. The peasantry complained that the *Grand Jours* over, the old system of violence was renewed. The nobles, on the contrary, asserted that the labourers had all bought gloves, and refused any longer to work. Yet the effects of the special assize must not be undervalued; they were, if indirect, yet considerable and lasting. Besides the causes brought into court, large restitutions were made through fear of indictment. A salutary lesson had been given to evil-doers. The poorer classes learned that the law might be exerted in their behalf; the *noblesse*, that their rank would not necessarily ensure immunity from punishment. The king's writ had run, and the officers of justice, unsupported by an armed force, had penetrated to distant mountain recesses where they had hitherto been defied. At least, in comparison with past excesses, peace and order prevailed throughout Auvergne.

HENRY LEACH.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Thursday, July 15th, one of those whom we can least afford to lose in a world such as ours was buried at Brompton. The funeral was strictly private, no invitations having been issued or any notice given of time or place beyond a short announcement in the *Times*. But the group who gathered in the chapel and followed to the grave showed what a blank has been left by Tom Taylor's sudden death, and upon how many sides of our English life his bright and brave spirit had touched and left its mark.

Members of both Houses of Parliament, ambassadors, colleagues grown grey with honour in the public service, artists, literary men, and actors of all ranks—the successful, the struggling, and those for whom the strife had proved too hard—were all there to pay the last tribute of respect and gratitude to the man who had made the life of every one of them more full of light and hope.

For herein lay his main strength and attraction. He was very able in many ways, as scholar, poet, critic, dramatist; but we have had greater men than he in our generation in each one of these lines, and greater men are left amongst us. But where shall we turn for the man who will prove such a spring of pure, healthy, buoyant, and kindly fun for the next, as he has been to us for the last, thirty years?

To those of the mourners—and there were not a few—whose memories could carry them back over those thirty years, the most active and brightest period of his career must have come again very vividly, as it was lived a few hundred yards only from the place where they were met. Thistle Grove, Brompton, is now covered with squares and lines of villas, but was then a quiet district of orchard and nursery ground, bordering a quiet lane, with here and there a country-looking public-house or private residence standing in its own garden. Amongst these was Eagle Lodge, so called from the figure of that bird over the door, to which he had migrated from the Temple, being now a married man. The house and its surroundings have been touched by a master hand in Charles Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*.

"Claude Mellot seems to have come into a fortune of late years, large enough at least for his few wants. He paints no longer, save when he chooses; and has taken a little old house in one of those back lanes of Brompton where islands of primæval nursery garden still remain undevoured by the advancing surges of the brick and mortar deluge. There he lives, happy in a green lawn and windows opening thereon, in three elms, a cork, an ilex and a mulberry, with a great standard pear, for flower and foliage the queen of all suburban trees. . . . . Claude's house is arranged with his usual defiance of all conventionalities. Dining or drawing-room proper there is none. The large front room is the studio, where he and Sabina eat and drink as well as work and paint, and out of it opens a little room, the walls of which are all covered with gems of art (where the rogue finds money to buy them is a puzzle), that the eye can turn nowhere without taking in some new beauty, and wandering on from picture to statue, from portrait to landscape, dreaming and learning afresh after every glance."

So far the picture is true enough (except the probable cost of the works of art), but not so that of the master of the house, "lying on the lawn upon strange skins, playing with cats and dogs, and making love to his Sabina, deluding himself into the belief that he is doing something because he is writing a treatise 'On the Principles of Beauty.'" The strange skins on the lawn were indeed there, and the master lay on them and played with cats and one big, and not very good-tempered, dog, but only on Sundays and summer evenings. His everyday life was as unlike that of Claude Mellot as could be, for besides his office work, which was done most punctually and diligently, he had always a play on the stocks, and work for *Punch*, or the magazines, on hand. He was at his

desk early every morning, often at five o'clock, for three hours work before breakfast, after swallowing a cup of milk. And I believe it was this wealth of work of many kinds which gave such a zest to the recreation at Eagle Lodge on those summer evenings. Then, in play hours, if the company were at all sympathetic—and very little company came there which was not so—he would turn himself loose, and give the rein to those glorious and most genial high spirits, which thawed all reserves, timidities, and conventionalities, and transformed all present for the time being into a group of rollicking children at play, with our host as showman, stage manager, chief tumbler, leader of all the revels. In the power and faculty for excellent fooling, which ran through every mood, from the grotesque to the pathetic, but with no faintest taint of coarseness, or malice, or unkindliness, and of luring all kinds of people to join in it, no one in our day has come near him.

It was a faculty which had been kept much in restraint in early life, while he was fighting his way to independence through Glasgow and Cambridge, until he had gained the temporary haven of a Trinity fellowship. But his reputation as master of the revels had already begun to spread when he came to London in 1844 to read for the bar. So he was at once recruited by "The old stagers," who had just started on the "tumbling" career which has made the Canterbury week famous. With John Doe and Richard Roe, the Hon. S. Whitehead, the Chevalier Esrom, the Smith family, and the rest of that unique band, he helped to make the little country theatre, and the long room at the Fountain Inn, a sort of central shrine of good wholesome English fun; pouring himself out in prologues, epilogues, play-bills, and squibs, many of which would well repay the zeal of any collector of good things who will hunt them up. It was for them that in 1846 he wrote the first piece which made his reputation as a dramatist, "To Parents and Guardians."

And one of them (a contemporary at Cambridge, now a grave metropolitan magistrate) became his chum in the Temple, in the chambers where Thackeray deposited his wig and gown under their charge, and wrote up his name with theirs over the door, in some vague expectation of possible professional benefits to accrue from that ceremony. The rooms were at 10, Crown Office Row, looking over the Temple Gardens, and approached by a staircase from the Row. They had also, as a double set, access to a back staircase leading into Hare Court. From which circumstance, and the jocose use which both Thackeray and he made of it, the rumour spread of the impecuniosity of the trio, and of the shifts and stratagems for the manipulation of clients and the defeat of duns, which the second staircase enabled them to perpetrate, with the aid of their boys (the heroes of the farce, "Our Clerks"). It may be said in passing, however, that there was not a shadow of foundation for such stories. No taint of Bohemia hung about him in this matter. He spent liberally what he earned, but nothing more.

The rooms were amongst the oldest in the Inn, dating from the Fire of London, but convenient enough, with the exception of one gloomy hole, christened by Tom "the hall of waistcoats," because in it stood the wardrobe in which his chum, a well-dressed man, kept the liberal supply of clothing which he had brought from Cambridge. In it also swung the hammock in which an occasional belated visitor slept, and the laundress deposited her baby when she came to clean the rooms or help cook. The block has been pulled down and rebuilt, but he has left a memorial of them in the *Templar's Tribute*, part of which may well be repeated here.

"They were fusty, they were musty, they were grimy, dull, and dim,
The paint scaled off the panelling, the stairs were all untrim;
The flooring cracked, the windows gaped, the door-posts stood awry,
The wind whipped round the corner with a sad and wailing cry;

In a dingier set of chambers no man need wish to stow
Than those, old friend, wherein we denned at 10, Crown Office Row.

"But we were young if they were old; we never cared a pin,
So the windows kept the rain out and let the sunshine in.
Our stout hearts mocked the crazy roofs, our hopes bedecked the walls,
We were happy, we were hearty, strong to meet what might befall:
Will sunnier hours be ever ours than those which used to go
Gay to their end, my dear old friend, in 10, Crown Office Row?

* * *

"Those scrambling, screaming dinners, where all was frolic fun,
From the eager clerks who rushed about, like bullets from a gun,
To the sore-bewildered laundress, with Soyer's shilling book
Thrust of a sudden in her hands, and straightway bade to cook.
What silver laughs, what silver songs from those old walls would flow,
Could they give out all they drank in at 10, Crown Office Row!

* * *

"You too have found a loving mate; ah, well, 'twas time to go;
No wives we had—the one thing bad,—in 10, Crown Office Row.

"Good-bye old rooms, where we chummed years, without a single fight.
Far statelier sets of chambers will arise upon your site,
More airy bedrooms, wider panes, our followers will see,
And wealthier, wiser tenants, the Bench may find than we;
But lighter hearts, or truer, I'll defy the town to show
Than yours, old friend, and his who penned this, 10, Crown Office Row."

Of the many groups, artistic and literary, theatrical and social, in which our old friend took a leading hand—of which indeed he was the life and soul—perhaps the best known and most permanently successful was that of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, at the delightful humour of whose truly British tour England was laughing in the bad times more than thirty years ago. Their names have become proverbial, and (if they are of the old stock) our grandchildren will still be laughing at and with them in the bad times thirty years hence. One of that group of friends only is left, Richard Doyle; and, sad to say, sore illness kept him from the gathering, though his home is not a quarter of a mile from the cemetery.

One other of these groups only can be referred to here, that of 1856, when he joined Charles Kingsley and the writer in an expedition to Snowdonia, which has become famous in a small way since the publication of Kingsley's Life. If ever there was a week fitted to try man's temper and resources that was the one. Most of it was spent by us on the mountain sides, and by loch and river, in white mist, varied by "a rain of marbles and minié-bullets—a rain which searches, and drenches, and drills," as the parson described it. One day, indeed, was so bad that we could not get out, and spent the time, mostly in the kitchen, chatting with Henry Owen and his wife, and trying our hands on amusing and teaching his wild little Welsh children; in both which occupations, though Kingsley justly prided himself on his success in such business, Tom bore easily away the palm, and by dinner-time had made the whole flock perfectly unmanageable and charming. I am not sure that Charles Kingsley was not slightly piqued by their devotion to their new romp in spectacles, who chattered to them in wonderful gibberish and made fun of their copy-books. But how we should have got through and carried away, as we did, a delightful memory of the outing, without his wonderful companionship, I do not care to think. His work as an artist is, I believe, of no repute in expert circles, but some of the sketches which he brought back in his portfolio, blurred as they are by great rain-drops, recall to me the forms and colouring of the Snowdon group with a freshness which makes me sure there must be real power and merit in them somewhere. It was he who suggested on the last night, with his usual kindly thought, that we might do the Owens a good turn by writing some doggerel verses in their guest-book; he who kept

us up to the work till we had finished it, and added an extra stanza of his own to bring in his genial pun on our host's name—

"With host and hostess, fare and bill, so pleased we are, that, going,
We feel for all their kindness 'tis we, not they, are Owen!"

But it would be unfair and utterly misleading to leave readers under the impression that high jinks were the main interest and occupation of his leisure. Few men were more interested in politics and social questions. His activity in the former was of course limited by his employment under the Crown, but when he felt the matter to be of sufficient moment he was always ready to come forward and take open ground for what he held to be the right. Though no party man, he was a strong and steady Liberal, and in social matters a Radical reformer, never afraid of new truth, and prompt to help struggling causes with pen and purse if once convinced of their worthiness. His memorial lines on Abraham Lincoln in *Punch* may perhaps be cited as a specimen of his best thought and manner on great subjects. What other of the gifted band who then formed the staff of that journal could have made that manly and touching amende with equal dignity and frankness?

"Beside this corpse that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

"Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men."

Thoughts of this kind must have passed through the minds of many, besides the writer, of those who followed the hearse bare-headed from the chapel to the grave, almost at the other end of the cemetery. The long procession of personal friends walked two and two, and formed round the grave while the last prayers were read. At the end there was a short pause. One or two friends looked down on the bed of lovely white lilies, which made the coffin invisible, and fell back. Then one after another the group bent over the open grave and went their several ways in silence—those who had beaten the world, those whom the world had beaten, those for whom the struggle is still doubtful—peers, ambassadors, and right-honourables, artists, authors, and actors, never to meet again in this world; strangers to each other an hour before, strangers to each other still, with this only in common that here was a soul gone from amongst them true enough and deep enough to be in true touch with each and all. Henceforth there is one more sacred spot, for many of us, which seems to say—

"Come hither in thine hour of strength,
Come, weak as is a breaking wave,
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave."

THOS. HUGHES.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The large number of people who unfortunately underrate, or at least neglect, our National Gallery, may be divided into two main classes. First, there are those who have seen, and a few of whom are really familiar with, some or all of the great continental galleries. The undeniable fact that the Trafalgar Square collection is not the finest in the world would probably not be sufficient in itself to prevent our travelled and cultivated countrymen from occasionally stopping as they drive or walk by the steps of the National Gallery, if it were not for the secret prevalence of a notion which, when dragged into daylight, is found to be something like this. A Florentine picture is more beautiful and interesting in Florence than anywhere else, and, failing Florence, it is more beautiful and interesting in Dresden or even in Paris than in London.

In the light of this idea, the beauty and truth of which will be especially apparent if we remember that a certain amount of money and leisure are required even for a visit to the Louvre, our moral sense begins to rebel against the barbarity of keeping Italian paintings in the midst of London fog and smoke, and we doubt if it is much more defensible than confining a thrush in a cage.

But secondly there are those who are unacquainted with the continental galleries because they are so far off, and with our own because it is so near. Against the latter objection I venture with much diffidence to think that something may be urged. To open a door which we pass every day is certainly a dull sort of sight-seeing, but then there are the steps to climb first, and even the greatest Londoner of us all may some day have a country cousin to lionise. It is true that the daily average of visitors is something considerably over four thousand, but it would be interesting to know the average duration of the visits, and the proportion of time given to the British and Foreign schools respectively, and still more interesting to know how much really thoughtful attention has in each case been given to any picture or pictures at all.

It is certain that in what is called general society, confessions—voluntary or involuntary—of almost absolute ignorance on this subject are not uncommonly to be heard, and if further evidence were required I would appeal to the unconscious witness of the impromptu art-criticism so frankly and abundantly uttered in the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery. The following remarks are intended to appeal to both classes of defaulters alike—to all, in short, who do not love the National Gallery as much as they ought, or frequent it as much as they can. To those who do I shall seem indeed an unworthy apologist and feeble advocate. Alas, I have little to fear from so insignificant a minority.

In judging of our gallery two questions have to be answered. The first is, what art-treasures of the very highest excellence does it contain? the second, what problems of art or facts in art-history does it illustrate? In considering the first question let us never forget what an immense amount of the first-rate work of the greatest masters is fresco, and therefore unattainable by any picture gallery, whether English or continental.[1] Churches and altars enough have contributed to the galleries of

[1] In the National Gallery there is a fragment in "secco" by Giotto as well as several frescoes transferred to canvas; *e.g.*, our only specimen of Luca Signorelli.

Europe, but the Campo Santo, the Eremitani, the Carmine, the Sistine Chapel could enrich no spoiler with their treasures—of that harvest, time alone is lord.

Of the few absolutely supreme works in tempera and oils, perhaps the wise advocate will admit that we have none. Raphael's early Peruginesque manner is gracefully but not grandly represented by the little panel of the *Knight's Vision;* of his second or Florentine period we have only the *St. Catherine.* The Garvagh Raphael, and the doubtful portrait of Julius II., complete the rather scanty list of our specimens of the most admired of painters. That we have no finished picture which can be with confidence attributed to Michel Angelo will hardly be considered a reproach by those who know the extreme rarity of these treasures. We are thankful to trace his inspiration and guidance in Sebastiano's *Raising of Lazarus,* to enjoy him at second hand in the *Dream of Human Life,* to suspect his touch in the grand unfinished drawing of the *Entombment,* and to flatter ourselves that he and not Ghirlandajo painted the fine *Madonna and Infant Christ with St. John and Angels,* once attributed to the latter. It is harder to have to admit that not a single acknowledged Leonardo glorifies our walls. In one picture of doubtful subject and doubtful authorship [1] we find, amid unwise attempts at restoration, that peculiar modification of his manner which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Luini. But the sentence pronounced against us long ago by Waagen can hardly yet be said to be blotted out. "Of the great masters of the Florentine school, which above all others carried drawing to the highest perfection, there is, in my opinion, nothing here." I do not know whether this critic, who thought rather meanly of Andrea del Sarto's *Holy Family,* would consider his portrait of himself, acquired for the National Gallery in 1862, as saving us from this reproach.

But even when this large and somewhat damaging admission has been made, in the strictly limited sense in which alone it can be made, we are able fearlessly to claim for the pictures, which have become our friends in spite of being our neighbours, that they are such as no lover of art, however travelled, can afford to ignore, and that he whose knowledge is truest, widest, and most loving, will be most certain to omit no opportunity of studying them.

To those who consider that colouring is the primary excellence of a painter we may appeal with especial confidence, for of the Venetian school we have many acknowledged gems. No less than six paintings by Giovanni Bellini illustrate its early history, while we see its highest perfection in a collection which includes Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne, Ariosto,* and *Rape of Ganymede,* Tintoretto's *St. George and the Dragon,* Giorgione's *Knight in Armour,* Bassano's *Good Samaritan,* and all that dirt and decay have spared of Sebastiano's famous *Raising of Lazarus.* But it is perhaps Coreggio, "the captain of the painter's art as such," as Mr. Ruskin has called him, who is most adequately represented here. It would probably be difficult to name any one picture more perfectly representative of its painter than the *Venus, Mercury and Cupid,* and to this we have to add the successful realism, the perfect technical skill and the limited aim of the *Ecce Homo,* in which the irrepressible lightheartedness of the painter takes refuge in the portrayal of physical collapse from the—to him—impossible task of giving artistic expression to an agony of the spirit. In yet a third important work of this master, the graceful little *Vierge au Panier,* we see how far behind he had left the mournful and wondering resignation of the early Madonnas, and the

[1] The so-called *Christ Disputing with the Doctors,* or *Christ and the Pharisees,* or, as has even been lately suggested, *Joseph relating his Dream.*

solemnity, half sacerdotal, half divine, and wholly unnatural, of their infants; how heartily he had adopted and how far he had carried on the humanist ideal of happy and tender motherhood, and smiling, helpless babyhood.

Of other schools we have specimens by Francia, Mantegna, Francesca, Perugino, Morone, Veronese, the Caracci, Velasquez, Murillo, Margaret and Jan van Eyck, and several of their followers; Rubens, Rembrandt, and a crowd of the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century, which, among many more of scarcely less importance, perhaps assert especial claims upon the attention of lovers and students of art. Some of these are pictures which once seen can never be forgotten, and which have a charm of their own outside the range of rivalry, and admitting no comparison with more famous works. We, who partly know them know also that they are our friends by virtue of some attraction which has won our love once and for all.

But, to turn to our second question, the National Gallery aims at being something else than a mere collection of treasures, something more even than that "workman's paradise, the garden of pleasure to which he goes to refresh his eyes and heart with beautiful shapes and sweet colouring when they are wearied with dull bricks and mortar, and the ugly colourless things which fill the workshop and the factory"—which the late Canon Kingsley rightly desired to see it.[1]

After reading his eloquent and appreciative description of Bellini's *Portrait of a Doge*, no one, I think, could feel himself quite a stranger there. It is like a letter of introduction to an individual in a foreign city. But besides such a letter of introduction we want some general information as to what to look for and where to look for it, and, most of all, as to the meaning of what we see. This want is to some extent supplied by the excellent, though by no means faultlessly accurate, *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue* of the Foreign Schools, set forth "by authority."

The question before us can hardly be better answered than by considering, as well as our limits permit, some of the points which it comes within the province of that catalogue to raise but not to discuss. "It is wonderful," said the late Mr. F. D. Maurice, "how much our faculties of discernment will grow and unfold themselves if we begin by throwing all our notions about style overboard, and simply come to be taught why this author spoke in this way, and that in another, why this was significant of him and of the time in which he lived, and another belonged to a person who lived in a different time and who had a different work." Substitute painter for author, and add "place" to "time," and it will be hard to find better counsel than this for the frequenter of picture galleries.

The two great facts about painters which our catalogue best brings out, are their individuality, and their natural classification in groups called schools; the great fact which, from the nature of the case, it most faintly indicates, is the relation of these individuals and groups to the Renaissance. At page 15 we have a note on the word "school." We are told that in its widest sense it means all the painters of a given country; in a more restricted sense, it refers to the style characteristic of the painters of a particular place or time; in its most limited sense, to the distinctive style of a particular master, whence it is also applied to the scholars or imitators of an individual; and that "in the following table the word is used in its wider senses." Then follows, on page 16, a "tabular view of the schools of painting as represented by the pictures in the National Gallery." For this emphatic recognition of what is surely the only rational system of

[1] Letters of "Parson Lot" in *Politics for the People*, 1848-9.

classification we are the more grateful, because at least two other methods have been advocated in popular works on the subject. It has been suggested by one writer that we should classify pictures according to their subjects, dividing them, for instance, into history, theology, and poetry, as books are commonly divided in libraries; and by another, that it would be well, for popular purposes, to avoid definitions of schools, leaving these for a later and more elaborate portion of art education, and grouping the painters meanwhile according to the arrangements of time, country, and rank in art, on the ground that these divisions are "primitive." To me it seems as impossible to think, speak, or write profitably about pictures without recognising the existence of schools, as to treat of the history of thought without alluding to the schools of philosophy.

"Rhaphael of Urbino, who has been so highly esteemed by the Pope, drew these naked figures and sent them to Albrecht Dürer in Nuremberg, to show him his hand." Such is the well-known inscription on a drawing in chalk now preserved at Vienna. It reminds us of the existence of two great groups of artists, the one north of the Alps, the other south; it reminds us how the natural barrier which had been momentarily surmounted when Italy learnt from the Van Eycks the use of oil-colours, was still a moral as well as a physical boundary when Albrecht Dürer was reproached by the Venetians with his indifference to the antique, and modified his unlovely but immortal handiwork by the graceful outlines of the great Roman master; and it reminds us of the fully recognised and paramount importance of perfect mastery over the naked human form as the one criterion of draftsmanship, the indispensable condition of the highest art. But it reminds us, too, of one more fact which we shall do well to keep in view when we contrast the single Albrecht Dürer which our gallery contains with, let us say, the Garvagh *Madonna*.

Raphael sent his drawing to the Nuremberg master "to show him his hand." Far more remarkable, surely, than the generic distinction between northern and southern art, is the specific one between the schools of Flanders, Holland, and the Rhine, of Venice, Florence, and Bologna; and most remarkable of all, that subtle but absolute individuality which enables, and even compels each painter, in whatever work he produces, to "show his hand."

Painting is a language in more senses than one. In the age of faith, and before "the craft of the printer" became "the enfranchisement of the artist," the task of painting was, as the first article of the constitution of the Guild of Painters of Siena frankly avowed, "to show forth to rude men, who knew not letters, the miraculous things wrought by virtue and in virtue of the Holy Faith." But not only may the artist deliberately or half-consciously make his picture the exponent of some thought of which his mind is full; he must, whether he will or no, if he tries to paint faithfully what he sees, paint in some degree his own attitude of mind, his own habits and tendencies. It is impossible to find the most matter-of-fact sketch without something of the artist in it. And it is not alone the self of which we are conscious, and which we intend to express, that is there. There, too, is the dread phantom of the unknown self—the self of the Judgment Day, the aggregate of our past yieldings and refusals, our past victories and defeats, our intemperance and self-control, our aims, delights, regrets. For whenever a man looks at a picture the result is affected by three things:—First, the way in which the objects depicted affected the artist's brain through his retina; secondly, the way in which he expressed on a flat service the impression so received; and lastly, the impression made on the spectator's brain through his

retina. In the two first is involved the individuality of the painter, in the third the competence of the critic. When the artist sets himself to record his impressions of external objects, and in them, it may be, to express some devout thought or poetic fancy, his work is governed partly by his faculties of observation and reflection, with all the innumerable and subtle influences which have educated those faculties, but partly also by the peculiar aptitude and the special faults of physical organisation which give something individual to the touch of every man's hand.

In Mr. Ruskin's Oxford lecture on "The Relation of Art to Morals," there is a familiar and striking passage describing how "the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Paul Veronese consists of an unfaltering, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of the finest fencer," and "every instant governed by direct and new intention," and moreover "continued all day long and through long life, not only without failure of power, but with visible increase of it." "Determine for yourselves," adds Mr. Ruskin, "whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, with any mean anxiety, any gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man." In this challenge Mr. Ruskin lays himself open to attack with characteristic fearlessness, and, as might be expected, his theory has not been left unassailed. The vice of "the average sensual man," though it may visibly impair his spirit, is perhaps too slow a poison to his body to prevail appreciably against the good influence of long habit and constant practice.

But it is not necessary to divide painters by a ruthless dichotomy into the moral and the immoral in order to appreciate their varieties of touch, and to realise that the hand is in some sort the outcome and expression of the man. We cannot, in spite of all attempts, really classify handwriting, but we know the writing of many friends as we know the foot-fall of a few. In the autograph of a great man we feel that he is in some sort present; how much more where the hand of the painter has been disciplined to trace, not the conventional symbol, but the express image of his thought. But this is a question which can only be studied in a picture gallery. Let every one compare for himself, in the National Gallery, the work of Angelico and Masaccio, of Mantegna and Perugino, of Francia and Botticelli.

The only pictures which will throw little or no light on this or any other question of art are those which are tainted with self-consciousness. When an artist begins to say to us in his painting, "See how I have expressed my thought," or "See how much of the manner of Raphael or of Coreggio I have caught," or even "See how I triumph over this or that technical difficulty," he goes far to destroy the value of his picture as a sample product of a man, a period, or a place. Our examples of Mantegna are free from the obtrusively elaborate perspective of his earlier Eremitani frescoes; but something of his overstrained classicalism is shown in even the *Madonna with St. John* and the *Magdalen*, and much more in the so-called *Triumph of Scipio*, a work of his declining years. Yet no man's work is more truly characteristic than his, and it is to Parmegiano's *Vision of St. Jerome* that we must turn if we would see how self-consciousness can spoil good work. This is an undeniably beautiful picture, but in the lovely poised figure of the Saviour, and the grand upward-pointing St. John, and the skilfully foreshortened St. Jerome, there seems to be a deliberate purpose of imitating Coreggio's grace and Michel Angelo's masterful anatomy and perspective. The painter is outside the first rank, and can tell us nothing of the history of his art, nothing about man and his powers, but

that perfection is shortlived, and decay follows hard upon it. The really great picture, on the other hand, is a product of the man even more truly than the man is of his antecedents and surroundings.

Just beyond the dome of the new building in Trafalgar Square, there is a room which is called the "select cabinet." It contains pictures by Raphael, Giovanni Bellini, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Francia, and two unfinished paintings attributed to Michel Angelo, with a few of slightly less importance, including two noteworthy non-religious subjects by Melozzo da Forli. Let us stand opposite any one of these, we can hardly choose amiss, and consider in what presence we are. Out of the trouble and passion, the hideous sin, and the keen feeling for beauty, the corrupted Christianity, and the revived paganism of 250 years of Italian history we have saved this!

The tide of life's unresting sea which would not wait to be examined, has left among the rocks this little pool, still, tamed, and imprisoned. On it we may gaze at leisure, and in it we may see all the elements of the great wave which has rushed far away over the unknown ocean, or broken and dispersed upon the shore of time. But the treasures of this select cabinet are gathered from Rome, Florence, Venice, Bologna, and from within the influence of Assisi and S. Francis; and the contributions of all these places are recognisable and characteristic.

I have spoken of the individuality of painters; it is time to say a word of that resemblance, those groups of common attributes which bind them together into schools. Our catalogue mentions no less than nineteen foreign schools, of which thirteen are Italian; and at the same time our attention is called to the fact that this list is by no means exhausted, but corresponds to the present limits of our collection.

Thus the marked and strikingly permanent characteristics of the Sienese school are not illustrated in the gallery, and therefore "it is for the present comprehended in the Florentine School," which is described as having its beginning "in Florence, in Pisa, and in Siena." Yet we know that the peculiar pathos of Duccio always remained a distinguishing mark of his school, and was never characteristic of that which Giotto founded—a distinction at which we can hardly wonder when we remember that the Florence and Siena thus roughly coupled together were bitter and implacable enemies. Here then is a fact in art-history which the National Gallery, for want of worthy specimens of the Sienese School, fails to illustrate. Yet there are nineteen different foreign schools which it does illustrate. Have we learnt all it has to teach us about these? Have we grasped, for instance, the difference between a school of colour and a school of chiaroscuro? Do we know by observation that the former will not sacrifice local colour for the sake of light and shade, the latter will not sacrifice an effect of light and shade for the preservation of local colour? Have we realised in contemplating Emanuel's picture of *St. Cosmo and St. Damian* what is the fate of a school that survives its own vital force and becomes conventional and non-progressive? Perhaps few things in the National Gallery are more instructive than the position in the early Italian room of that one specimen of Byzantine art with its date in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Around it all is progress and change. From Cimabue we pass to Giotto, from Giotto to Orcagna, from Orcagna to Ucello, and the invention of perspective, but the latest picture in the room is untouched by all the teaching of these changes. The one link between this strange survival, and the progressive Italian schools is the *Madonna and Child* of Margaritone, of Arezzo. Painter, sculptor, and architect, like so many of his great successors, this artist never caught the

new enthusiasm, but died in 1293, wedded to Greek conventionalism, and weary of life because his age had produced Giotto. Up to the middle of the fifteenth century, Italian art is almost exclusively represented in the National Gallery by Florentine examples. The great name of Pietro della Francesca, illustrated by several most interesting specimens, reminds us that Umbria was treasuring meanwhile its tradition of thoughtful and earnest devotion, and adding to it at the same time a force and frankness of draftsmanship full of promise for the future; and two fresco heads by Domenico Veneziana, and a *Salvator Mundi* by Antonello da Messina, recall the names of the first Italians who taught the secret which was to give colour the victory over chiaroscuro, and be made by Bellini the foundation of the true Venetian School. Of the school which in the last half of the fifteenth century gives us Francia we have one very early specimen, a *Madonna and Child*, by Lippo Dalmesio, called Lippo dalle Madonne; and the place, rather than the school, to which we owe the very different art of Mantegna, is represented by a *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Justus of Padua, a pupil and thorough disciple of Giotto.

Meanwhile, the rapid progress of Italian art was far outstripped at Bruges.

The Van Eycks, as has been well said, were the Giottos, the Masaccios, the Raphaels, and the Michel Angelos, of the Netherlands. In them the Flemish School did all of which it was capable, until with Rubens there was a fresh departure—a new art as distinct from the old as the Bolognese of the Caracci from that of Francia. The really characteristic school of the Rhine was so soon merged in the more vital art of Bruges, that we may consider ourselves lucky in being able to study it in a *Saint Veronica* by William of Cologne, and a *St. Matthew, St. Catherine, and St. John*, by his pupil Meister Stephan. Great as were Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein, they could not undo what Vander Weyden had done in diffusing the style of the Van Eycks. With this reflection, we must comfort ourselves as best we can for the entire absence of Holbein's work from our collection, and the fact that one small portrait is our only specimen of Albert Dürer. By Vander Weyden, the elder, we have a curious and interesting entombment painted in tempera on linen, while his younger namesake is more adequately represented.

This seems the place to say a word about a Flemish picture which is equally interesting and beautiful, and which became the property of the nation as lately as July 1878. The student of the authorised catalogue will be surprised to find in the list of Bolognese painters, the name of Gheeraert David. How it came there I am unable to guess. David was born at Oudewater, and became in 1484 a member of the Guild of Sadlers and Painters at Bruges. His name had been almost lost in a most unmerited oblivion when Mr. Weale discovered and proved that many paintings attributed to Hans Memlinc, and others, were really the work of his hand. In the picture of a *Canon and his Patron Saints*, bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Benoni White, we have a really fine specimen of this painter. The landscape, the minute embroidery of the vestments, the noble heads, and the beautiful, and happily well-preserved, colouring of the whole, make this panel as precious for its own sake as it is for its historical significance.

The intense individuality of the city schools of Italy is a feature for which we shall seek in vain in the Netherlands. The history of Italy, or at least of Northern Italy, is a history of cities. But Bruges was not really the cradle of Belgian art. By offering first a refuge from the violence of free companions, and then a market for the sale of pictures, it became the centre of a school which

drew its disciples from the right bank of the Scheldt. In later times a real and instructive analogy may be traced between the divergent, political, and artistic histories of Holland and Flanders. On this subject no two men have more to teach us than Rubens and Rembrandt, and perhaps no two are better represented in the National Gallery. By the former we have one picture in particular which has an interest all its own. I mean his *Triumph of Julius Cæsar*, after Andrea Mantegna. To have come sufficiently under the influence of Mantegna's masterpiece, to be induced to make a study from it, and then to have written "Rubens" in every line and tint of that study, is indeed a remarkable performance. Here at least there is no fear of self-consciousness impairing individuality. Let any one study the *Triumphs* at Hampton Court, as well as decay and bad hanging permit, and then let him look well at the Mantegna *Madonna* in Trafalgar Square,[1] let him notice the statuesque severity of the noble St. John, the classical drapery of the chaste Magdalen, and then let him return to Rubens's *Triumph,* after Andrea Mantegna, with its sensuous conception, and its glowing colours, and he will feel how much there is to hold the groups of artists apart, and under what different banners they may be ranged.

In wandering through the Italian rooms of the National Gallery, to which we are thus recalled, it is difficult at first to avoid a confused impression that, with a few exceptions, all the great painters were in fact contemporaries.

I believe that the best remedy for this confusion is to be found in a rough classification of the artists, according to their relation to the Renaissance.

Mr. J. A. Symonds has made a convenient division of the Renaissance period of art into the last thirty years of the fifteenth century, and the first fifty of the sixteenth. By a little laxity in the matter of dates, a fairly correct classification of the greatest Italians may be arrived at on this basis.

Leonardo da Vinci alone refuses to be classed, and perhaps no fitter category could be found for him than the splendid isolation of "a star that dwelt apart." In him the fresh wonder of the early Renaissance is combined, with the confident workmanship and absolute command of means which marked its later stage. But with him, unfortunately, the visitor to the National Gallery has little direct concern.[2]

In the first division of the Renaissance period will be found, for instance, Perugino, Filippino Lippi, Luca Signorelli, Sandro Boticelli, the Bellini, Francia, Andrea Mantegna; in the second, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Michel Angelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Coreggio. Mr. Ruskin, we know, divides Italian art into the art of faith, beginning with Giotto, and lasting rather more than 200 years, and the art of unbelief, or at least of cold and inoperative faith, beginning in the middle of Raphael's life. But whatever division we adopt, we must remember that the revival of paganism as a matter of fact affected men in different ways. Right across the schools this new spirit draws its line, but the line is not a hard and sharp one. Some men lie wholly on one side of it with Giotto, Angelico and Orcagna, some wholly upon the other, with Titian and Coreggio, but there are some on whom it seems to fall as a rainbow falls upon a hillside. Such, for instance, is Boticelli. Now he tries to paint as men painted in the old days of unpolluted faith, and then again he breaks away and paints like a very heathen.

The interest which this artist has

[1] It is conjectured that jewels must have been removed from the throat of this almost insignificant figure.

[2] We should all do well to supplement our studies there by a visit to Marco d'Oggione's fine copy of the *Last Supper* in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

excited in the present generation has been exaggerated into something like a fashion, and recent criticism has delighted to find or imagine in him the idiosyncrasies of recent thought. To us, it may be, he does, in truth, say more than he or his contemporaries dreamed of; but while true criticism will sternly refuse to help us to see in his pictures that which is purely subjective, it will, I think, recognise the fact that a day like ours is capable of reading in the subtle suggestions of ancient art, thoughts which have only now come to be frankly defined or exquisitely analysed. To us, moreover, Boticelli presents not only the poem of the apparition of the young and beautiful manhood of humanism before the brooding and entranced, yet half-expectant maidenhood of mediævalism, but also the poem of the painter's own peculiar relation to that crisis. For us there is the poetry of the thing itself, and also the poetry of Boticelli's attempt to express it. The work of Boticelli does not supply a universal utterance for mankind, like Shakespeare's plays; but when we stand before the screen on which his *Nativity* is hung, or contemplate in the adjoining room his two perplexed conceptions of *Aphrodite*, we are face to face with a genuine outcome of that memorable meeting of mediævalism, humanism and Savonarola, which no generation can afford to ignore, and our own especially delights to contemplate. There has been much dispute about the date of Boticelli's *Nativity*, and some defenders of Savonarola have hoped to read 1511 in the strange characters of its inscription, so that this beautiful picture, standing forth as the work of one for many years under the influence of "The Frate," may refute the common calumny that that influence was unfriendly to art. Our catalogue, indeed, unhesitatingly asserts of Boticelli that "he became a follower of Savonarola, and no doubt suffered from it;" but though there seems to be really little doubt that the *Nativity* was painted in 1500, the inscription, with its mystic allusion to the Apocalypse, and the whole character of the picture, affords unmistakable evidence of the influence of Savonarola.

Let us, then, compare this superstitious work with the *Mars and Venus*, and the *Venus reclining with Cupids*, and I think we shall be ready to admit that it was not a wholly evil influence which turned the attention of Boticelli from the illustration of mythology by the long-limbed figures and sad faces of the later mediæval type, to the illustration of Christian subjects with a quaint air of humanism. But if we would see humanism, and even pure Hellenism, with what Mr. Pater has taught us to call its "Heiterkeit," heartily and unreservedly accepted, we must turn from Boticelli to Titian, from the *Mars and Venus* to the *Bacchus and Ariadne*.

Here, indeed, we see expressed the "ideal, cheerful, sensuous, pagan life," which is not sick or sorry. It is noteworthy that Mr. Arnold, in the passage from which I have borrowed the above amplification of the untranslatable "Heiterkeit," goes for his complete contrast to Umbria, to Assisi, and to S. Francis. He is not writing about pictures, but for a commentary on the spirit which has kept undimmed the fame of Angelico, Francia, Perugino, in spite of Masaccio, Signorelli, Raphael, I know nothing more eloquent or more true than this essay on paganism and mediæval religious sentiment.

There hangs in the corner of the "select cabinet," not far from the triumphant colouring and rushing motion of the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, a small picture recently acquired from the collection of the late Mr. Fuller Maitland, and once attributed to Raphael. It is difficult, on merely internal evidence, to resist the conviction that the graceful and rather effeminate figures of this *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*, with their small heads and feet and womanish hips and knees are by the hand of Raphael. But if so, it

is Raphael in his Umbrian mood, and before he shook himself free from the traditions of Perugino, Yet even this picture lacks the simple earnestness and devout sincerity which made the Umbrian school famous, and lay at the root of its influence over men like Francia of Bologna. The figure of Judas, for instance, has a misplaced grandeur and pathos, and if it were not for the money-bag, we might at first sight even mistake it for his Master.

From the day when art had for its task to utter "the burning message of prophecy with the stammering lips of infancy," to the day when the prophets in mastering the language had forgotten the message, is but a little while, and it is far from easy to fix the moment of achievement, or agree upon the perfect work. It may be we shall have to go further back than Raphael to find the best the National Gallery can show us.

Orcagna sets forth "the great things done by virtue of the Holy Faith," with stammering lips, indeed, and we cannot rest satisfied with his earnest but defective utterance. Yet almost from the moment when, with the craft of the printer, came the enfranchisement of the artist, we miss some of the special charm and value of his sentiment. Michel Angelo borrowed from Orcagna the Christ and the Virgin of the Sistine *Last Judgment*, and added the perfection of his workmanship; yet the result is disappointing, for it is not the excellence of Michel Angelo added to the excellence of Orcagna.

Let us, before we leave the gallery, consider one more picture. I do not say we shall find absolute satisfaction in it, but at least it deserves attentive study. It is Francia's Pietà, *The Virgin and Two Angels weeping over the dead body of Christ.* This is, of course, the lunette from the altar piece which hangs next to it. There is something strange, to say the least, in the poise of the right arm of the dead Christ, which seems to balance itself by the rigidity of the wrist and fingers in an unlikely, if not impossible, position. But this will not long withdraw our attention from the great merits of the picture, its colouring, its composition, and, above all, its sentiment. At first we may be tempted to say tha the angels, especially the one at the head of the Saviour, are too calm and happy in their tears, but when we notice the terrible misery of the Mother, we can hardly doubt that the contrast is deliberate, and I think it is easily justified.

The grief of the woman is surely typical. In it is expressed the fact that men and women *are* "sick and sorry," the fact which Christianity recognised, and paganism did not; the fact which Savonarola and his "mourners" avowed in the midst of Medicean Florence. But the grief of the angels is exceptional and full of hope. With them it seems to be as with us in seeing or reading tragedy. They weep, but do not suffer; they mourn, but are not wretched.

And between the grief of the woman and that of the angels is the Christ. His, we are made to feel, was uttermost human woe and pain. Paganism and the Renaissance turned away from sorrow and languor, and the agonies of the spirit. This dead Christ was shadowed forth long ago in Isaiah's "surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." His sufferings were more real than Mary's, His hope more assured than the angels.

To all the paintings by old masters here collected we may apply the words inscribed beneath the dome—"The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend." For a few, such as this pietà, we must borrow Milton's stronger praise, "They are the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

W. C. Lefroy.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

The natural history and antiquity of oaths in general were discussed four years ago in this magazine by Mr. E. B. Tylor ("Ordeals and Oaths," May, 1876), and those who desire to inform themselves or refresh their memories on the wider bearings of the subject cannot do better than turn to his article. Mr. Tylor has, among other interesting points, made it all but certain that the peculiarly English formula "So help me God" is of Scandinavian and præ-Christian origin; a discovery which throws an unexpected light on the much abused dictum that Christianity is parcel of the common law of England, and the proposition confidently advanced at a later time that the oath of allegiance taken by members of Parliament is in some way (notwithstanding the removal of Jewish disabilities) a bulwark of the Christian religion. This statement, however, errs only in generality and in being out of date. It is perfectly true that the oath of allegiance was, down to the Catholic Emancipation, one of the chief statutory defences of the Protestant religion, though in a political rather than a theological sense; and for many years later it contained a promise to maintain and support the Protestant succession to the Crown as limited by the Act of Settlement. The history of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and of the various transformations they have undergone is a varied and complex one; and I now invite the reader, if he is interested as a lawyer in a half forgotten chapter of legislation, or as a historical student in the minute curiosities of constitutional history, or, as an observer of things at large from the Darwinian point of view, in the birth, development, and degeneration of institutions, to trace with me the thread of this story as it may be picked out from the Statutes of the Realm.

Before we go back to the beginning, it may be as well to look at the end. As late as 1868 the oath of allegiance was reduced by the Promissory Oaths Act to its present simple, not to say meagre, form, which stands thus:—

"I —— do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God."

What the substance of the oath as thus reduced may amount to would not be a very profitable question to discuss at large. It certainly does not promise anything beyond what is at common law the duty of every subject, and it seems to follow that it could not be broken except by some act which was otherwise an offence at common law, for example, treason or sedition, or perhaps also the vaguely defined offence of disparaging the dignity of the Crown. And it seems at least a tenable view that the words "according to law" not only express the limit within which the Crown is entitled to obedience, but cover the possibility (a possibility, fortunately, of the most remote kind) of the course of succession being legally varied. Such is the bare residue of the formidable and elaborate fabric of oaths and declarations raised up by Parliaments of former generations against the Pope and the Pretender. I say against the Pope and the Pretender; for our modern oaths of allegiance are of statutory devising, and date from Henry VIII.'s assertion of the Crown's ecclesiastical supremacy as

against the see of Rome. The earliest point of history we have to observe is of a distinguishing kind, namely that the modern oath of allegiance is a thing apart from the older oath of fealty, though formed on its analogy. Side by side with the fealty due from a man to his lord in respect of tenure there was recognised, in England, it would seem as early as the tenth century, an obligation of fealty to the Crown as due from every free man without regard to tenure.[1] Sometimes we find mixed or transitional forms. Thus there is preserved among the so-called statutes *temporis incerti* an oath taken by bishops, which, translated, is as follows :—

"I will be faithful and true, and faith and loyalty will bear to the king and to his heirs kings of England, of life and of member and of earthly honour, against all people who may live and die; and truly will acknowledge, and freely will do, the services which belong to the temporalty of the Bishoprick of N., which I claim to hold of you, and which you render to me. So help me God and the Saints."

This bears considerable generic resemblance to the modern oath. But it is not simply an oath of allegiance in the modern sense: it includes an oath of fealty in respect of a specific tenure, namely for the temporalities of the see holden of the Crown. This is made more evident by comparison of the common forms of a free man's homage and fealty :—

"I become your man from this day forth, for life, for member, and for worldly honour, and shall bear you faith for the lands that I claim to hold of you; saving the faith that I owe unto our lord the king . . . . I shall be to you faithful and true, and shall bear you faith of the tenements I claim to hold of you, and loyally will acknowledge and will do the services I owe you at the times assigned. So help me God and the Saints."

Moreover the ceremonies of homage and fealty have in no way been abrogated or superseded by any of the statutes imposing political oaths. An oath of homage is to this day taken by archbishops and bishops, and the doing of homage by the peers both spiritual and temporal has always been part of the coronation ritual. An oath of fealty is stated in our law-books of the thirteenth century to be required from every one attending the sheriff's tourn.[2] There appears no reason why this oath of fealty should not in theory still be due from every subject at common law, though it would be doubtful who had authority to administer it, and what would be the legal consequence, if any, of a refusal to take it.

Shortness of time and space, however, forbid the further discussion of the doctrine or history of allegiance at common law. We must pass on to the additional obligations imposed by a series of statutes, from which the oath of allegiance in its existing form and application is lineally derived.

In the spring of 1534, when the last hopes of a reconciliation with Rome were exhausted, there was passed "An Act for the Establishment of the King's Succession" (25 H. VIII. c. 22), the objects of which were to

[1] It is remarkable that in the Assize of Northampton (1176) the justices are directed to take the oath of fealty even from "rustics": "Item Justitiae capiant domini regis fidelitates . . . ab omnibus, scilicet comitibus, baronibus, militibus et libere tenentibus, *et etiam rusticis,* qui in regno manere voluerint." Does this include men who were not free? In the earliest forms of the oath of fealty to the king, both in England and elsewhere, the promise was to be "*fidelis sicut homo debet esse domino suo.*" Allen (*Royal Prerogative*, pp. 68–71) thinks this was a limitation of the subject's obedience, or reservation of his right to throw off allegiance if the king failed in his duties. But it seeems not less probable that these words were introduced in the king's interest, with the intention of adding the stricter personal bond of homage to the more general obligation of fealty.

[2] Britton, ed. Nichols, i. 185. Strictly there is not any oath of homage distinct from the oath of fealty. The oath was always an oath of fealty, and the duty of homage, where it was present, carried with it the duty of swearing fealty to the lord. On the other hand there might be, and often was, fealty without homage. Allen, p. 62.

declare valid the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and to limit the succession of the Crown to his issue by her. It also enacted that all subjects of full age should make a corporal oath that they would "truly firmly and constantly without fraud or guile observe fulfil maintain defend and keep to their cunning wit and uttermost of their powers the whole effect and contents of this present Act." The oath was not further specified in the Act itself, but a form was at once prepared and used, and was expressly authorised by statute in the next session (26 H. VIII. c. 2). This, as the earliest specimen of its kind, deserves the honour of being given in full with the original spelling:—

"Ye shall swere to beare faith truth and obedyence alonely to the Kynges Majestye and to his heires of his body or his moost dere and entierly belovyd laufull wyfe Quene Anne begotten and to be begotten, And further to the heires of oure said Soveraign Lorde accordyng to the lymytacion in the Statute made for suretie of his succession in the crowne of this Realme mencioned and conteyned, and not to any other within this Realme nor foreyn auctorite or Potentate; And in case any othe be made or hathe be made by you to any persone or persones, that then ye do repute the same as vayne and adnichillate; and that to your connynge wytte and utter moste of your power without gyle fraude or other undue meane you shall observe kepe mayntene and defende the saide acte of successyon, and all the hole effectes and contentes therof, and all other actes and statutes made yn confirmacion or for execucion of the same or of any thynge therein conteyned; and this ye shall do ayenst all manner of persones of what estate dignyte degree or condicion so ever they be, and in no wyse do or attempte, nor to your power suffre to be done or attemptid, directly or indirectly any thinge or thinges prively or appartlye to the lette hindraunce damage or derogacion thereof or of any parte of the same by any maner of meanes or for any maner of pretence; so helpe you God all Sayntes and the Holye Evangelystes."

Within two years the calamitous end of the marriage with Anne Boleyn brought about a new "Act for the Establishment of the Succession of the Imperial Crown of this Realm" (28 H. VIII. c. 7), which, after repealing the former Acts and making minute provision for the descent of the Crown, appointed a new oath of allegiance, and declared that refusal to take it should be deemed and adjudged high treason. There is no variation worth noticing in the form of words, save that Queen Jane is substituted for Queen Anne. In the same session (c. 10) there followed an Act "extinguishing the authority of the Bishop of Rome," which introduced a special oath of abjuration. The preamble is a notable specimen of the inflated parliamentary style of the time. It sets forth how "the pretended power and usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome, by some called the Pope . . . . did obfuscate and wrest God's holy word and testament a long season from the spiritual and true meaning thereof to his worldly and carnal affections, as pomp glory avarice ambition and tyranny, covering and shadowing the same with his human and politic devices traditions and inventions set forth to promote and stablish his only dominion, both upon the souls and also the bodies and goods of all Christian people"; how the Pope not only robbed the King's Majesty of his due rights and preeminence, "but spoiled this his realm yearly of innumerable treasure"; and how the king and the estates of the realm "being overwearied and fatigated with the experience of the infinite abominations and mischiefs preceding of his impostures," were forced of necessity to provide new remedies. The oath of abjuration was to be taken by all officers, ecclesiastical and temporal, and contained an undertaking to "utterly renounce refuse relinquish or forsake the Bishop of Rome and his authority power and jurisdiction."

In 1544, however, it had been discovered that in these oaths of allegiance and supremacy, though they seem to a modern reader pretty stringent and comprehensive, "there

lacketh full and sufficient words"; and in the Act further regulating the succession to the Crown (35 H. VIII. c. 1) occasion was taken to provide a new consolidated form to replace the two previously appointed oaths. This is very full and elaborate; some of its language survived down to our own times, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"I A. B. having now the veil of darkness of the usurped power authority and jurisdiction of the see and Bishop of Rome clearly taken away from mine eyes, do utterly testify and declare in my conscience that neither the see nor the Bishop of Rome nor any foreign Potestate hath nor ought to have any jurisdiction power or authority within this realm neither by God's law nor by any other just law or means . . . and that I shall never consent nor agree that the foresaid see or Bishop of Rome, or any of their successors, shall practise exercise or have any manner of authority jurisdiction or power within this realm or any other the King's realms or dominions, nor any foreign Potestate of what estate degree or condition soever he be, but that I shall resist the same at all times to the uttermost of my power, and that I shall bear faith truth and true allegiance to the King's Majesty and to his heirs and successors . . . and that I shall accept repute and take the King's Majesty, his heirs and successors when they or any of them shall enjoy his place, to be the only supreme head in earth under God of the church of England and Ireland, and of all other his Highness' dominions" . . .

Refusal to take the oath is, as before, to subject the recusant to the penalties of high treason. Apparently this Act remained in force till Mary's accession in 1553: one of the first proceedings of her reign was to abolish all statutory treasons not within the statute of Edward III. by which the offence of high treason was and still is defined (1 Mar. st. 1, c. 1). Thus the penalty for not taking the oath of allegiance and supremacy was abrogated, and the oath of course became a dead letter, though not dealt with in express terms. Nor was it revived in the same form when the Reformation again got the upper hand with the accession of Elizabeth. The first Act of Parliament of her reign[1]—which, in repealing the reactionary legislation of Philip and Mary, names "Queen Mary, your Highness' sister," with a significant absence of honourable additions—created a new and much more concise oath of supremacy and allegiance, to be made by all ecclesiastical officers and ministers, and all temporal officers of the Crown, and also by all persons taking orders or university degrees. It is short enough to be cited in full:—

"I A. B. do utterly testify and declare in my conscience that the Queen's Highness is the only supreme governor of this realm and of all other her Highness dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal, and that no foreign prince person prelate state or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction power superiority pre-eminence or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual within this realm, and therefore I do utterly renounce and forsake all foreign jurisdictions powers superiorities and authorities, and do promise that from henceforth I shall bear faith and true allegiance to the Queen's Highness her heirs and lawful successors and to my power shall assist and defend all jurisdictions pre-eminences privileges and authorities granted or belonging to the Queen's Highness her heirs and successors, or united or annexed to the imperial crown of this realm: So help me God and by [*sic*] the contents of this Book."

The oath was not imposed on all subjects, and the only penalty for refusing it was forfeiture of the office in respect of which it ought to be taken. So far this presents a very favourable contrast to the violent legislation of Henry VIII. Under the Act of Elizabeth the sanction is the mildest one compatible with the law being effectual; indeed it is not properly a penalty, but a condition. The law no longer says to all sorts of men, "You must take this oath or be

[1] 1 Eliz. c. 1. In the argument in *Miller* v. *Salomons*, in the Exchequer (7 Ex. at p. 478), it was erroneously stated to be the first statute on the subject.

punished as a traitor," but only to men receiving office or promotion, "You must take this oath to qualify yourself for holding the place." But troubles were not long in gathering, and they bore their natural fruit in a return to disused severities. A new and more stringent anti-papal Act was passed in 1563 (5 Eliz. c. 1), and it seems that even sharper measures had been at first proposed. The obligation to take the oath of supremacy was extended to all persons taking orders and degrees, schoolmasters, barristers, attorneys, and officers of all courts. A first refusal to take the oath was to entail the penalties of *premunire*, a second those of high treason. Temporal peers were specially exempted, "forasmuch as the Queen's Majesty is otherwise sufficiently assured of the faith and loyalty of the temporal lords of her Highness' Court of Parliament." So matters stood till, early in the reign of James I., yet a new outbreak of indignation and panic was produced by the Gunpowder Plot. The Protestant majority was convinced by "that more than barbarous and horrible attempt to have blownen up with gunpowder the King Queen Prince Lords and Commons in the House of Parliament assembled, tending to the utter subversion of the whole State," that Popish recusants and occasionally conforming Papists should be more sharply looked after. Hence the "Act for the better discovering and repressing of Popish Recusants" (3 Jac. I. c. 4), which established, among other precautions, a wordy oath of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration, which might be tendered by justices of assize or of the peace to any commoner above the age of eighteen; persons refusing it were to incur the penalties of *premunire*. This oath contains an explicit denial of the Pope's authority to depose the King or discharge subjects of their allegiance, a promise to bear allegiance to the Crown notwithstanding any Papal sentence of excommunication or deprivation, and a disclaimer of all equivocation or mental evasion or reservation. About the middle of it occurs for the first time the "damnable doctrine and position" clause, as we may call it, which was long afterwards continued in the interests of the Protestant succession against James II. and the Pretender. The words are these: "And I do further swear that I do from my heart abhor detest and abjure as impious and heretical this damnable doctrine and position, that princes which be excommunicated or deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murthered by their subjects or any other whosoever." Here also we find the words, afterwards discussed in relation to the admission of Jews to Parliament, "upon the true faith of a Christian." They cannot have been particularly intended to exclude Jews from office, as Jews were at that time excluded from the realm altogether. It has been plausibly conjectured that their real intention was to clinch the proviso against mental reservation or equivocation "by conclusively fixing a sense to that oath which by no evasion or mental reservation should be got rid of without (even in the opinion of the Jesuit doctors themselves) incurring the penalty of mortal sin." For in a certain Treatise on Equivocation, of which a copy corrected in Garnet's handwriting was found in the chamber of Francis Tresham, one of the conspirators named in the Act, and was much used on the trial, this point of mental reservation is fully discussed: and it is laid down that equivocation and reservation may be used without danger to the soul even if they are expressly disclaimed in the form of the oath itself. But there is this exception, that "no person is allowed to equivocate or mentally reserve, without danger, if he does so, of incurring mortal sin, where his doing so brings apparently his true faith towards God into doubt or dispute." It was probably conceived by the advisers of the Crown that the words "upon the true faith of a Christian" brought the statutory form of oath

within this exception.[1] A few years later, in the session of 1610, a sort of confirming Act was passed (7 Jac. I. c. 6), which made minute provision as to the places where, and the officers by whom, the oath should be administered to various classes of persons.

Shortly after the Restoration an oath declaring it unlawful upon any pretence whatever to take arms against the King was imposed on all soldiers and persons holding military office (14 Car. II. c. 3, ss. 17, 18); and the Act of Uniformity (14 Car. II. c. 4, s. 6) contained a declaration to the like effect, and also against the Solemn League and Covenant. A similar provision in the Corporation Act was overlooked at the Revolution, and escaped repeal till the reign of George I. In 1672 a revival of anti-Catholic agitation followed upon Charles II.'s attempts to dispense with the existing statutes, nominally in favour of Romanists and Dissenters equally, by a declaration of liberty of conscience. The result was that a declaration against transubstantiation was added to the oaths of allegiance and supremacy by a new penal statute entitled "An Act for preventing dangers which may happen from Popish Recusants" (25 Car. II. c. 2).

After the Revolution of 1688, a new start was taken. By the combined effect of two of the earliest Acts of the Convention Parliament, (1 W. & M. c. 1 and c. 8), all the previous forms of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, expressly including the declaration as to taking arms against the King, were abrogated, and a concise form substituted, which stood as follows :—

"I A. B. do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. So help me God, &c.[2]

"I A. B. do swear that I do from my heart abhor detest and abjure as impious and heretical that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deposed by the Pope or any authority of the See of Rome may be deposed or murthered by their subjects or any other whatsoever.

"And I do declare that no foreign prince person prelate state or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction power superiority pre-eminence or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual within this realm. So help me God, &c."

In 1701 came the death of James II., at St. Germains, and the ostentatious recognition of the Pretender as King of England by Lewis XIV. Fuller and more stringent precautions were again thought needful, and in the very last days of William III.'s life an Act was passed (13 & 14 Wm. III. c. 6), imposing on specified classes of persons, including peers, members of the House of Commons, and all holding office under the Crown, an oath of special and particular abjuration of the Pretender's title. The declaration of 1672 against transubstantiation (which had been spared from the general abrogation of other existing tests at the beginning of the reign) was at the same time expressly continued. As the form settled by this Act remained substantially unchanged down to our own time, it is here set out :—

"I A. B. do truly and sincerely acknowledge profess testify and declare in my conscience before God and the world that our sovereign lord King William is lawful and rightful king of this realm and of all other his Majesty's dominions and countries thereunto belonging. And I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe in my conscience that the person pretended to be the Prince of Wales during the life of the late King James and since his decease pretending to be and taking upon himself the stile and title of King of England by the name of James the Third hath not any right or title whatsoever to the crown of this realm or any other the dominions thereto belonging. And I do renounce refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him. And I do swear that I will bear faith and true allegiance to his Majesty

[1] Judgment of Baron Alderson in *Miller* v. *Salomons*, 7 Ex. 536, 537.

[2] The "&c." means, I suppose, "and the contents of this book."

King William and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all traiterous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against his person crown or dignity. And I will do my best endeavours to disclose and make known to his Majesty and his successors all treasons and traiterous conspiracies which I shall know to be against him or any of them. And I do faithfully promise to the utmost of my power to support maintain and defend the limitation and succession of the crown against him the said James and all other persons whatsoever as the same is and stands limited (by an Act intituled An Act declaring the rights and liberties of the subject and settling the succession of the crown) to his Majesty during his Majesties life and after his Majesties decease to the Princess Ann of Denmark and the heirs of her body being Protestants and for default of issue of the said Princess and of his Majesty respectively to the Princess Sophia Electoress and Dutchess Dowager of Hanover and the heirs of her body being Protestants. And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear according to these express words by me spoken and according to the plain and common sense and understanding of the same words without any equivocation mental evasion or secret reservation whatsoever. And I do make this recognition acknowledgment abjuration renunciation and promise heartily willingly and truly upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God."

This oath was in addition to the oaths of allegiance and supremacy prescribed by the Acts already mentioned of the first session of William and Mary's reign, not by way of substitution for them. It will be observed that the words "upon the true faith of a Christian" now re-appear. In Queen Anne's reign the only alterations made were first to put Anne's name for William's, and then to leave a blank to be filled in with the name of the sovereign for the time being.[1] The accession of George I. in 1714 gave occasion for a full re-enactment of the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration, in what would now be called a consolidating Act (1 Geo. I. st. 2, c. 13). All persons holding civil or military office, members of foundations at the universities, schoolmasters, "preachers and teachers of separate congregations," and legal practitioners, were required to take the oaths; besides which they might be tendered by two justices of the peace to any one suspected of disaffection. Members of both Houses of Parliament are, as before, specially forbidden to vote without taking the oaths. The form was settled by inserting the name of George in the blank left by the last statute of Anne, but no provision was made in terms for substituting from time to time the name of the reigning sovereign. In 1766, upon the Pretender's death, the oath of abjuration was made appropriate to the new state of things by inserting the words "not any of the descendants of the person who pretended to be Prince of Wales," &c.

In this form the oaths remained for nearly a century, affected only by a certain number of special exemptions. The most important of these was made by the Catholic Emancipation of 1829. The Act which effected this (10 Geo. IV. c. 7) allowed Roman Catholics to sit in Parliament, taking instead of the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration a single modified oath containing the substance of them expressed in a milder form. The Catholic member was required, instead of detesting and abhorring the "damnable doctrine and position," to "renounce, reject, and abjure the opinion" that excommunicated princes might be deposed or murdered; and to disclaim the belief that the Pope of Rome or any other foreign prince had or ought to have any *temporal or civil* jurisdiction, &c., within this realm. The words "upon the true faith of a Christian" were for some reason omitted, and the oath concluded thus: "And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and

[1] 1 Ann. c. 16, 4 & 5 Ann. c. 20; and as to Scotland, 6 Ann. c. 66 (Statutes of the Realm; c. 14 in other editions).

ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever." This Act contains, for the first time, a standing direction to substitute in the form of the oath, as may be required, the name of the sovereign for the time being.

All this time the penalties of the statute of 1714 against a member of Parliament who voted without having taken the oaths (or in the case of a Catholic the special oath provided by the Catholic Relief Act) continued in force, and very alarming they were. In addition to the pecuniary forfeiture of 500*l.* they included disability to sue in any court, to take a legacy, to hold any office, and to vote at parliamentary elections. Disability to be an executor, which is also in the list, would at this day be regarded by many persons as rather a benefit than otherwise.

The next step was in consequence of the persistent endeavours made through several years to procure the removal of Jewish disabilities. It would be too long to trace the history of this movement through its various stages; and the episode of Mr. Salomons' gallant attempt to take the position by a *coup de main* has now lost its interest for most people except lawyers who have a taste for ingenious argument on the construction and effect of statutes.[1] In 1857 Mr. Salomons, being duly elected for Greenwich, took the oaths on the Old Testament, and omitting the words "upon the true faith of a Christian"; he was sued for the statutory penalty, as having sat without taking the oath; and it was decided (with one dissenting voice, but a weighty one)[2] that these words were a material part of the oath, and could not be dispensed with otherwise than by legislation. At last, in 1858, a very odd and peculiarly English compromise was arrived at after the House of Lords had repeatedly rejected bills sent up from the Commons. By one Act (21 & 22 Vict. c. 48) a simplified form of oath, but still containing the words "upon the true faith of a Christian," was substituted for the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration in all cases where they were required to be taken: the application of this enactment to clerical subscriptions was soon afterwards more specially regulated by the Clerical Subscription Act, 1865 (28 & 29 Vict. c. 122).[3]

By a separate Act (21 & 22 Vict. c. 49) either House of Parliament was empowered to permit by resolution "a person professing the Jewish religion, otherwise entitled to sit and vote in such House," to take the oath with the omission of the words, "and I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian." It was also provided that in all other cases where the oath of allegiance was required to be taken by a Jew these words might be omitted. Such an exemption had once already been given by Parliament in the eighteenth century, but, after the fashion of legislation in those days, only on a special occasion and for a limited purpose; and more recently to enable Jews to hold municipal offices. The Act of 1858, being general in its terms, is a full statutory recognition of the civil equality of Jews with other British subjects, which, though long allowed in practice, had never yet been expressly declared. Yet another Act was needed two years afterwards (23 & 24 Vict. c. 63) to enable the House of Commons to provide for Jewish members once for all by making the resolution a standing order.

[1] One of the minor points taken by Mr. Salomons' counsel was that, as the Act of George III. did not authorise the insertion from time to time of the reigning sovereign's name, it expired at the end of the reign, or, at all events, when there ceased to be a king named George.

[2] Sir Samuel Martin's, then a Baron of the Exchequer, and now the only survivor, as it happens, of the judges before whom the case was argued.

[3] The oaths of allegiance, &c., were imposed on the clergy by Charles II.'s Act of Uniformity and various other statutes. The taking of them was part of the Ordination Service until separated from it by this Act.

At length in 1866 we come out into the daylight of modern systematic legislation. The Parliamentary Oaths Act of that year (29 Vict. c. 19) swept away the former legislation relating to the oaths of members of Parliament, and prescribed the following shortened form:—

"I A. B. do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria; and I do faithfully promise to maintain and support the succession to the Crown, as the same stands limited and settled by virtue of the Act passed in the reign of King William the Third, intituled 'An Act for the further limitation[1] of the Crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,' and of the subsequent Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland. So help me God."

For not taking the oaths only the pecuniary penalty of 500*l.* was retained out of the terrible list enacted by earlier statutes. This Act was excellent as far as it went, but it applied only to members of Parliament. It is the fate of English legislation to be carried on as best it can, piecemeal and at odd times. Measures which excite opposition pass through a struggle in which they are lucky if they escape without maim or grave disfigurement. As to those which do not excite opposition, it is for that very reason of no apparent political importance to push them on, and, as it is worth nobody's while to be much interested in them, they have to take their chance. In this case an Act of the following year (The Office and Oath Act, 1867, 30 & 31 Vict. c. 75) authorised the new parliamentary form of oath to be taken in all cases where the oath of allegiance was required as a qualification for office. Finally the Promissory Oaths Act of 1868 (31 & 32 Vict. c. 72) cut down the oath of allegiance in all cases to the form already given at the beginning of this article, and substituted a declaration for an oath in the great majority of cases where an oath was formerly required. Still the work of simplification was not formally complete. A repealing Act was passed in 1871 (34 & 35 Vict. c. 48), which struck off the statute-book a long list of enactments imposing oaths for various purposes on various persons, and others partially amending or repealing them, from the middle of the fourteenth century downwards. And so the story ends for the present: we no longer stand in fear of Pope or Pretender, and the modern oath of allegiance, devised for the protection of the realm against imminent civil war and conspiracy, and swollen with strange imprecations and scoldings, is brought back to the more plain and seemly fashion of the ancient oath of fealty. Yet our ancestors were not capricious in the elaborate safeguards which they built up again and again round a ceremony originally of the simplest. Every clause and almost every word in the statutory oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration was directed against a distinct and specific political danger. It is unhappily true that examples of repressive legislation against mere speculative opinions, though less common in England than elsewhere, are by no means wanting. But the political test oaths do not belong to this class. They were framed to discover and bring to punishment, or to disable and exclude from privileges, not the holders of theological opinions as such, but persons holding opinions of which, rightly or wrongly, disloyal and seditious behaviour was supposed to be the necessary or highly probable result.

F. Pollock.

[1] It may be worth while to explain to lay readers that this does not mean limiting the powers of the Crown, but defining the course of the succession.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE visit of Janet Spears had made a great impression upon Lady Markham. She abstained as long as she could from speaking of it to Alice, but what is there which a woman can keep from her closest companion, her daughter, who is as her own soul? Up to this moment Alice had known nothing whatever about Janet Spears, not even of her existence. Perhaps Lady Markham's discretion, and the painful sense that she had interfered injudiciously in Paul's affairs, might not have sufficed to keep her secret; but Sir William's illness had carried the day over everything, and not a word had been said between the mother and daughter on this subject. Even now Lady Markham made a heroic effort. Full as was her mind of the visit, she kept it to herself for two long days, thinking over everything that had been said, and wondering if she had done as she ought, or if she should have been more kind to the girl whom (was it possible?) Paul loved, or more severe upon the creature who had enthralled him. At one time she thought of Janet in one way, at another, in the other. The girl he loved (was it possible?), or the woman who had put forth evil arts and got him in her power. It is hard for a woman to be quite just to any one, male or female, who has injured her son: and people say it is hardest to be just to a woman who has done so. [In this point I do not feel qualified to judge; but men say so who know women better, naturally, than they know themselves.] Lady Markham struggled very hard to be just: but it was difficult; and in a moment of pressure, when Alice came upon her suddenly, and with a soft arm round her and a soft cheek laid against hers, entreated to know if there was any fresh trouble—how could she help but tell her everything? Alice justified all vulgar sentiment on the subject by being triumphantly unjust.

"He must have been cheated into it," she cried. "Paul—*Paul!* so fastidious as he is, how could he ever, ever, have thought of a girl like that?"

But Lady Markham, anxious to keep the balance even, shook her head.

"My dearest, you don't know much about men. I can't tell why it is. They choose those whom you would think they would fly from, and fly from those whom you would think— I don't know, Alice, perhaps they get tired of the kind of women like you and me, whom they see every day."

"Mamma!"

"I have thought so often, dear. *We* don't feel so, but men—they get tired of one kind of woman. They think they will try something different. It has always been a mystery. And you must not think this was a—was not a good girl. I saw nothing wrong about her. Perhaps a little more——no I don't know what to say. She was not

saucy, or bold, or—— Perhaps it was only that she was not a lady," Lady Markham said with a sigh.

"But that Paul should care for any one who was not a lady," Alice said, clasping her hands together with mingled despair and impatience; and then she cried suddenly, "Poor little Dolly!"

"Dolly!" said Lady Markham. Nothing could exceed her surprise. The air of grieved doubt and hesitation which had been in her face while they discussed Janet gave way to lively astonishment and displeasure. "What do you mean by Dolly?" she said.

Then Alice faltered forth an ashamed confession—that she thought—that she had supposed—that she did not know anything about it—did not believe there was anything in it—but only, Dolly——

Nothing was to be made of this hesitating speech.

"Dolly," said Lady Markham, drawing herself up, "is a dear little girl. I am very fond of her. In her proper place she is charming; but my dear Alice, Dolly is scarcely more suitable for Paul, in his position. Ah!——"

Lady Markham stopped short and hid her face in her hands.

During the time that these conversations—the visit of Janet and all its attendant circumstances, and the explanation of it thus given to Alice—were going on, these ladies lived upon the post which brought frequent communications from the people in London who were carrying on such inquiries as could be made about the intruder into the family, he who had so suddenly and decisively blighted all the prospects of Paul. Colonel Fleetwood wrote, and Mr. Scrivener, and Paul himself, though less frequently. The former was the only one that was hopeful; he was perfectly ready to believe that Gus was an impostor, and the whole thing "a got up affair." Was it likely, he argued, that Sir William, the most steady-going old fellow, could be guilty of such a tremendous mistake. Had it only been a wickedness! but it was such a folly, such an error in judgment. A statesman, a man in parliament, one of the rulers of the country, how could any one suppose him capable of a thing so foolish? Mr. Scrivener was far less confident. He knew what a lawyer's law was in his own private affairs and he had not much more confidence in a stateman's wisdom. He had not sent any one to Barbadoes, but he was making careful inquiries among all sorts of people who knew—West Indian agents, ancient governors and consuls. And he had heard of Gus from more than one of these referees, and found his story confirmed in all points as to his life in Barbadoes. About his connection with Sir William Markham, these people did not know, but they gave him the highest character, and confirmed his statement in many important details. The lawyer did not conceal from Lady Markham his complete conviction. Neither did Paul, who had given up his own cause at once, though he dragged on in London, dancing attendance at the lawyer's office and hearing from day to day some fresh and, as he thought, unmeaning piece of additional proof. "Of course it is all right," Paul wrote; "I never for a moment doubted that the man was all right. He may be a cad, but he was speaking the truth. I stay here to humour them; but I know very well that they will discover nothing which will shake his credit; and the best thing I can do is to get myself as soon as I can out of Sir Gus's way." This way of speaking of it was to both the ladies like turning the sword round in the wound. Where was it he meant to take himself, out of the way? They had neither of them any clue to Paul's changed sentiments, and if he had vowed to go away while all was well with him, when he had fortune and splendour within reach, with those socialist-emigrants whose very name was enough to alarm them, what would he do now when this horrible down-

fall and disappointment had loosed the bonds between him and his native country? A wild desire to call for help, even upon the least desirable of auxiliaries, upon Janet Spears herself, came to Lady Markham's mind. If the girl could keep him at home, she felt herself able to receive even Janet to her heart.

While their mother's mind was thus occupied the two little girls had languidly resumed their lessons. It is no reproach to the children to say that it was not very long before the impression made by their father's death would have died out naturally, in an occasional tender recollection, or sudden burst of crying when something recalled him to their memory. It was not grief that made them languid, but the sense of something going on, a living agitation, and the shadow of a still greater disturbance to come. It was whispered vaguely between them that no doubt they would have to leave Markham, a thing which they sometimes felt like a deathblow and sometimes like a deliverance. When Bell and Marie thought of leaving their woods, their gardens, their "own house," in which they had been born, the desolation of the thought overwhelmed them; but when, on the other hand, they thought of going away, perhaps to London, perhaps "abroad," a thrill of guilty rapture ran through their bosoms. They had never come to such a pitch of wickedness as to say this to each other, but already in the rapid communion of the eyes each had guessed that the other thought there might be something to be said for such a possibility; and the idea made them restless, unable to settle to their work, and very trying to Mademoiselle, who, poor lady, had to put up with this reverberation of the troubles of the house without really having any share in them, or taking any very lively interest in these family concerns. Sometimes she had a headache, caused, as she said, by nothing but the continued disturbance of her nerves through their endless rustlings and changes. And when this headache got very bad and Mademoiselle betook herself to bed it cannot be said that her pupils were sorry. They put their books away (having been brought up in the strictest habits of tidiness), and hastened out to their favourite haunts. The air and the movement stilled their nerves, which were as much at fault as those of Mademoiselle. They were seated on, or rather in, a tree near the fishpond, the favourite centre of all their games, when the next great event occurred to them. Bell had brought out a book with her, which she held embraced in her arms but had not opened. She was seated well up in the tree, dangling her feet close to Marie's head, who was seated on a lower branch. Marie had no book—her tastes were not literary; and she was very near the edge of that great discovery which both had made but neither avowed, that under some circumstances it might be "nice" to go away.

"Were you ever in a great big, big place—in a city, Bell?"

"You little silly, of course I have been in Farboro'. I have been with mamma a hundred times, and so have you."

"Farboro' is not what I mean. Farboro' is only a town. There are not so very many people in it, and the cathedral is the chief place. It is not noisy or wicked at all. I mean a great horrid place where there are crowds everywhere, and policemen, and where nobody goes to church. That is what they call a city in books. London is a city," said Marie.

"I have never been in London, you know. I wonder if we shall ever see it," said Bell. "I wonder if mamma will ever take us there. I wonder if you and I will be quite different from Alice when we grow up. *She* has been presented. I wonder if it makes a difference when poor girls are like us—without any father," she added, with a little choke of tears.

"Do you think we shall be poor?" said Marie. "There is not much

difference now. We have all the same servants, and as much to eat, and Mademoiselle just the same."

"It will not make any difference in what we have to eat," said Bell, approaching the dangerous subject. "But —perhaps we may not be able to stay at Markham. Oh, Marie! what would you think if mamma were to give up Markham altogether and go away?"

Marie looked up with large eyes, stretching her neck, as her sister was at an elevation almost perpendicular. She said, in a tone of awe, "Oh, I don't know! What would *you* think, Bell?"

Neither of the children liked to commit themselves. At length Bell, who felt that her superior age required of her that she should lead the way, assumed the privilege of her years. "I don't know either," she said, reflectively. "If it was in summer, when everything is bright, I should not like it at all; but if, perhaps," she added, slower and slower, "it was in the rainy weather—when you can't go out, when the grass is so wet you sink in it, when there is nothing but sleet and slush, and the trees drop cold drops upon you even when it's not raining, and you get your frock all wet even in the avenue——"

Marie's eyes opened bigger and bigger after every step of this hypothesis. She followed them with a movement of her lips and a gasp of excitement at the end.

"Then—" said Bell, "perhaps—I think — it might be rather nice, Marie."

"Oh, Bell! that is what I sometimes thought—but I never liked to say it."

"Nor me," said Bell, more courageous, indifferent to grammar — and going on with hardihood after she had made the first plunge. "There would be Madame Tussaud's, and the Crystal Palace, and the British Museum, and Westminster Abbey, and all the bazaars. However bad the weather was there would always be something. I dare say mamma would take us to the theatre."

"But not just now," said Marie. "It would not be nice to go just now. It would look as if we had forgotten——"

"Did I say *now?* At present it is only autumn, and everybody is in the country. But when the days get short and dark, and you have to light the candles directly—What is it?" cried Bell, for Marie had shaken herself off her branch, and, with a cry of dismay, stood looking apparently at something which was coming. "Is it Mademoiselle?" said the little girl under her breath.

Mademoiselle had a particular objection to that nest in the tree. Bell's seat was one which was usually occupied by a boy, not one of the girls' places, as Roland and Harry contemptuously called the lower branches. It required some ingenuity to clamber into it and more to get down again—and not only ingenuity, but an absence of petticoats would have been desirable. Bell felt herself catching here and there as she tried to get down hastily. Then came the sound of a long rent, which sent her brain all whirling. Her new black frock! and what would nurse say? The idea of nurse and Mademoiselle both waiting, full of fury, for her descent, was enough to obscure the perceptions of any child. Her foot slipped from a mossy and treacherous twig; she caught wildly at something, she did not know what, and with a sudden whirr and whirl and blackness lost herself altogether for a moment. When she became aware of what was going on again, she found herself seated at the foot of the tree, staring across the fish-pond, with a lump on her forehead and a singing in her ears. Marie was crying, bending over her, and saying, "Oh! what can we do— what shall I do? Do you think she will die, Mr. Gus?"

"Oh! what a little goose you are!" murmured Bell, gradually coming to herself. "What should I die for?

I have only got a knock—on my head." She felt the lump on her forehead wonderingly as she spoke, for it hurt her, and nature directed her hand to the spot. "I have got a *dreadful* knock on my head," she added, not without satisfaction. Then Bell leaned back on something, she did not know what, and saw a hand come round from behind with a wet handkerchief to lay upon her forehead. The hand was a brown hand with a big ring on it, at which Bell vaguely wondered where she had seen it before. Then, all of a sudden, she jumped up upon her feet, though she felt very queer and giddy. "It is that little gentleman! You have been talking to him, Marie!"

"And won't you talk to me, too?" said Gus, following her with his wet handkerchief. "Well, never mind, put on this. The water is out of your own fish-pond; it cannot do you any harm."

Bell was not able to resist, and he made her sit down again and have her forehead bathed. By degrees as she became aware of everything round her, Bell perceived that the little gentleman was very kind. His thin, brown hand touched her so gently, and he was not angry, though she had been angry. By and by she said, "I am better. Please, oh, please go away, Mr. Gus. I don't want to be disagreeable, but how can *I* have anything to say to you, when you have been so——"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Gus. "What have I been?" For Bell paused, not knowing what to say.

The little girl did not continue. She contented herself with throwing down Mr. Gus's wet handkerchief from her forehead, which was not so bad now. "You are our enemy," she said.

"I am nobody's enemy. I am your brother. I want to do everything I can for you, if you will let me. Don't you remember what friends we made, and how fond we were of each other before you knew who I was; and why should you hate me now you know I am your brother?" said Gus.

It was wonderful to see him standing there, so like their father: and it was very hard for two little girls to keep up an argument with a grown-up gentleman. But Bell, who had a great spirit, was not disposed to throw down her arms. She said, "Paul is my brother, and you are his enemy," feeling at last that she was on steady ground.

"I am no more Paul's enemy than I am yours. Now listen, little girls. If some one were to leave you something, Bell—if it was to be put in the will that this was for Sir William Markham's second daughter — how should you feel if it were taken from you and given to Marie?"

"I would not put up with it all," said Bell promptly. Then perceiving how she had committed herself, "It is not the same. It was Paul's, and you want to take it from Paul."

"But I am the heir, and not Paul," said the little gentleman. "I am the eldest. You are very fond of your little sister, but you would not give up what was yours to Marie."

This time Bell was more wise. "You don't know anything about it. What would it matter? for when anything is given to me I always give half to Marie," she said, with sparkling eyes.

The little gentleman owned himself discomfited. "There you have the better of me," he said. "But I should like to give a great part to Paul. I would give him everything in reason. And I have come now to see you, to ask you to do me a very great favour."

They looked at him with eyes that grew bigger and bigger, and as Bell was very pale, with a lump on her forehead, her aspect with her heroic gaze was tragi-comical, to say the least. They were both greatly melted and softened by the idea of having a favour asked of them, and Marie, who was entirely gained over, did nothing but nudge and pull her sister's dress by way of recommending

her to be merciful. Bell leant back upon the tree like a little image of Justice, with the bandage momentarily pushed off but very much needed. It lay at her feet in the shape of Mr. Gus's white handkerchief; but all the severity, yet candour, of an entire Bench was in her eyes.

"I want you to make my peace with your mother. I want you to persuade her to stay at Markham; to let me stay here too; to let me live among you like your brother, which I am. If you all run away as soon as I come near the place, what good will it do me?" said Gus. "I want you all. When the boys come home we should have all kinds of fun, and as for you, I should not let any one bother you. Fancy, I have nobody belonging to me but you. You are my family. I am more like an old uncle than your brother, but I should be very fond of you all the same. If your mother would only listen to me, it would be very nice for us all. I am sure you can be generous, Bell. You are old enough to understand. And I think Alice would be on my side if she would hear what I have got to say."

"Alice would never be on your side," said Bell with decision. "Paul is Alice's brother — her particular brother—and how could she bear to see him put out? Don't you know we are all in pairs at Markham? Harry is my brother and Roland is Marie's."

"Ye-es," said Marie tired of being left out, "but he is not always nice. He sends me away because I am a girl, as if it was my fault!"

"Well then," said Mr. Gus, "if Alice will not stand my friend, I must trust it all to you. The thing you must do is to go to your mamma, and tell her your old brother is outside, very sorry to be the cause of any trouble, but that he can't help being your brother, and a great deal older than Paul. How could I help that? I did not choose who my father was to be; and tell her if she would only speak to me, I will explain it all to her. And there is nothing she can ask me to do that I will not do for Paul. And tell her—but I need not tell you, Bell, for I can see in your eyes that you know quite well what to say."

The conviction that she would indeed be a valuable and eloquent advocate got into Bell's mind as he went on. Yes, she felt she could say all that to mamma and better than Mr. Gus had said it. She would use such arguments that Lady Markham would be sure to yield. Bell was aware that she was clever, and all her own opposition melted away in the delightful mental excitement of this immense undertaking. She forgot the lump on her forehead, the buzzing in her ears, and even more, she forgot the family opposition to the interloper who was taking away Paul's birthright. "Oh yes, I know very well what to say," she cried with a change of sentiment which was as complete as it was rapid, and in her excitement she set off at once for the house, framing little speeches as she went, in which the case of Gus should be put forth with all the devices of forensic talent. Oh what a pity I am not a boy! was the thought which flew through her mind as on the sudden gale of inspiration which swept through her. For the moment, perhaps, this fact, which would for ever prevent her from being a special pleader by profession, was a decided advantage to Bell. Little Marie did not like to be left behind. She looked wistfully after her sister, then she said, "I will tell mamma too," and rushed after Bell. Finally, Mr. Gus himself completed the procession walking behind them. He had chosen no unfit ambassadors of peace, though the elder emissary looked very much as if she had been in the wars. And the little man walked after them with a little tremor varying the calm of self-satisfaction which usually reigned in his bosom. He knew he was doing what was by far the best and most Christian thing to do, and he felt that he had managed it very cleverly in

putting his cause into such hands. But notwithstanding these consolatory reflections, and notwithstanding the natural calm of his bosom, it is certain that Mr. Gus felt in that bosom an unaccustomed quiver of timidity which might almost have been called fear.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Gus came into the hall with Bell and Marie, and waited there while they proceeded to plead his cause within. He walked about the hall softly, and looked at the pictures, the old map of the county, and other curiosities that were there. These things beguiled his anxiety about his reception, and filled him with an altogether novel interest. A thing which is quite indifferent to us while it belongs to our neighbour, gains immediate attraction when it becomes our own. He looked at everything with interest, even the cases of stuffed birds that decorated one corner. Then he came and seated himself in the great bamboo chair in which he had sat down the first time he came to Markham. It was not very long ago, not yet two months, but what a difference there was! Then, indeed, he had been anxious about his reception, and he was anxious about his reception now. But when he came first he had been doubtful of his position altogether, not sure what his rights were, or what claim he could make—and now his anxieties were merely sentimental, and his rights all established. He sat where he had sat then, and saw everything standing just as he had seen it, the trees the same, except in colour, nothing altered except himself. Now it was all his, this noble domain. He had not known what welcome he might receive, whether his father would acknowledge him, or what would happen: and now his father's possessions were his, and no one could infringe his rights. How strange it was! He sat sunk in the great bamboo chair, and listened to the faint sound of voices which he heard through the open door, the two little girls pleading his cause. He was very desirous that they should be successful, for if he was not successful Markham would be a dull house—but still, successful or not, nothing any longer could affect him vitally. A poor stranger, a wanderer from the tropics, unused to England and English ways, with not much money, and a very doubtful prospect before him, he had been when he first came here. How could he help smiling at the change? He had no desire to do any one harm. All the evil that he had done was involuntary, but it could not be expected that he would give up his rights. He felt very much at his ease as he seated himself in that chair, notwithstanding the touch of anxiety in his mind. The prospect which was before him was enough to satisfy an ambitious man, but Gus was not ambitious. Indeed, the advantages he had gained were contracted in his eyes by his own inability fully to understand their extent. They were greater than he was aware, greater than his imagination could grasp. But, at least, they included everything that his imagination was able to grasp, and mortal man cannot desire more.

Bell had gone in very quietly, inspired by her mission, without pausing to think, and Marie had followed, as Marie always did. They went straight into the room where they were sure, they thought, of seeing their mother. It was in the recess, the west chamber, at the end of the drawing room, that they found her. But the circumstances did not seem very favourable to their plea. Lady Markham and Alice were reading a letter together, and Alice, it was very apparent, was crying over her mother's shoulder, while Lady Markham was very pale and her eyes red as if she had shed tears. "It is all over then," she was saying as the children came in, folding the letter up to put it away. And Alice cried and made no reply. This checked the straightforward fervour of Bell, who had walked straight into the room

and half way up its length before she discovered the state of affairs. "Mamma," she had begun, "I have come from ——" Then Bell paused, and cried, "oh, mamma, dear, what is the matter?" with sudden alarm, stopping short in mid career.

"Nothing very much," said Lady Markham, "nothing that we did not know before. What is it, Bell? You may tell me all the same. We must face it you know. We must not allow ourselves to be overcome by it," she said with a little quiver of her lip, and a smile which made the little girls inclined to cry too.

"Oh mamma! I just came from—him," Bell stopped short again, feeling as if involved in a sort of treason, and her pale little countenance flushed. Only then Lady Markham perceived the state in which the child was.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Bell? You have hurt yourself. You have got a blow on the forehead. What was it? Let me look at you. You have been up in one of those trees."

"Oh mamma!" cried Bell, finding in this the very opportunity she wanted, "I fell, and I think I might have killed myself: but all at once, I don't know where he came from, I never saw him coming, there was the—little gentleman! He picked me up, and he spoiled all his handkerchief bathing my forehead. He was very kind, he always was very kind—to us children," said Bell.

"Oh Bell! how can you speak of that odious little man? how can you bother mamma about him? We have heard a great deal too much about him already," cried Alice with an indignation that dried her tears.

"It is not his fault," said Lady Markham, "we must be just. What could we do, but what he has done? If we had known of it all along, we should never have thought of blaming him—and it is not his fault that it all burst upon us in a moment. It was not his fault," she said, shaking her head, "but you must not think I blame your dear papa. He meant it for the best. I can see how it all happened as distinctly——At first he thought it would wound me to hear that he had been married before. And then—he forgot it altogether. You must remember how young he was, and what is a baby to a man? He forgot about it. I can see it all so plainly. The only thing is, my poor Paul!" And here, after her defense of his father, the mother broke down too.

"Mamma," said Bell, "oh, don't cry, please don't cry! That is exactly what he says. He says he will do anything you like to tell him. He says he never wanted to do any harm. He is as sorry—as sorry! But how could he help being born, and being old—so much older than Paul? He says he is very fond of us all. He does not mind what he does if you will only let him come home and be the eldest brother. Mamma," said Bell, solemnly, struck with a new idea, "he must have saved my life, I think. I might have broken my neck, and there was nobody but Marie to run and get assistance. It was a very good thing for me that he was there. If he had not been there you would have had—only five children instead of six," Bell said, with a gulp, swallowing the lump in her throat. She thought she saw herself being carried along all white and still, and the thought overcame her with a sense of the pathos of the possible situation. She seemed to hear all the people saying, "Such a promising child, and cut off in a moment;" and "Poor Lady Markham! just after her other great grief;" so that Bell could scarcely help sobbing over herself, though she had not been killed.

"Oh Bell! it was not so bad as that! how could you be killed coming down head over heels from the old tree?" cried Marie, almost with indignation.

Lady Markham had satisfied herself in the meantime that the lump on

the forehead was more ugly than serious.

"Let us be very glad you have not suffered more," she said. "But, Bell, the right thing would be not to climb up there again."

"Mamma, the right thing would be, if you care about me, at least, to let poor Mr. Gus come in, and thank him for saving my life. Oh, let him come in, mamma! How could he help being older than Paul? I dare say he would rather have been younger if he could; and I am sure by what he says he would give Paul anything—anything! to make it up to him, and to make friends with you. He says how miserable he would be if you left him here all alone. He could not bear to be down here thinking he had turned us out. Oh, if you had only seen him! he looked as if he could cry—Ask Marie. And he wanted to know if he might speak to Alice, if Alice would speak for him. But I said I didn't think it, because Paul was Alice's particular brother, and she could not bear anything that was hard upon him; and then he said," cried Bell, with unconscious embellishment, "'You are my two little sisters, oh, go and plead for me! Say I will do anything—anything—whatever she pleases.' Oh mamma! who could say more than that? He has nobody belonging to him, unless we will let him belong to us. He is a poor little gentleman, not young, nor nice looking, nor clever, nor anything. And, mamma, he is a little—or more than a little, a great deal—*very* like poor papa. Oh!" cried Bell, breaking off with a suppressed shriek, as a hand suddenly was laid upon her shoulder.

Nobody had observed him coming in. A light little man, with a soft step, and soft unobtrusive shoes that never had creaked in the course of their existence, upon a soft Turkey carpet, makes very little sound as he moves. He had got tired waiting outside, and the doors were open, and Mr. Gus had never been shy. He had walked straight in, guided by their voices; and the very fact that he had thus made his way within those curtains into this sanctuary, seemed to give him at once a footing in the place. He put his hand upon Bell's shoulder, and though he was not much taller than she was, made a very respectful bow to Lady Markham over her head.

"I thought I might take the liberty to come in and speak for myself, Lady Markham," he said. There was a flutter of his eyelids, giving that sidelong glance round him, which was the only thing that betrayed Gus's consciousness that the place to which he "had taken the liberty" of coming in was his own. "My little sisters" (he put his other hand upon the shoulder of Marie, who was much consoled at thus being brought back out of the cold into which Bell's superior gifts invariably sentenced her), "My little sisters can speak better for me than I can do; and won't you take me in for the sake of the little things who have always been my friends? It is not my fault that this all came upon you as a surprise. Don't you think it would be better for everybody—for the children, and for my poor father's memory, and all, if you would just put up with having me in the house?"

Lady Markham grew very pale. She made a great effort, standing up to do it.

"Sir Augustus," she said, and nobody knew what it cost her to give him this title; all the blood ebbed away from her face: "Sir Augustus, the house is your own, it appears. What I can put up with has nothing to do with it."

"Yes," he said, tranquilly, bowing in acknowledgment, "it is my own; but it has been yours for a great many years. Why can't we be friends? I can't help being their brother, you know, whatever happens."

Alice had been sitting with her hand over her eyes. She had a special enmity towards this interloper; but now she took courage to look at him. They all looked at him,

distinct among the little group of female faces. He was *dans son droit*, and it is impossible to tell how much the certainty that all belonged to him, that he was no mere claimant, but the proud possessor of the place, changed the aspect of the little gentleman, even to those who had most reason to be wounded by it. It gave him a dignity he had never possessed before, and a magnanimity too. When he saw Alice looking at him, he left the little girls and came towards her, holding out his hands. He was a different man in this interior from what he was outside.

"I should be very fond of you if you would let me," he said. "Alice, though you are Paul's particular sister, you can't help being my sister too; and there is some one else who is a friend of mine, who has been very kind to me," the little man said, significantly, sinking his voice.

What did he mean? Though she did not know what he meant, Alice felt a flame of colour flush over her cheeks in spite of herself.

"We are not monsters to disregard such an appeal," said Lady Markham. "Whatever may happen, and however we may feel, we must all acknowledge that you mean to be very kind. You will not ask us to say more just now. If you will send for your things, I will give orders to have your rooms prepared at once."

"Mamma!" they all cried, in a chorus of wonder. Alice with something like indignation, Bell and Marie with an excitement which was half pleasure: for this was novelty, at least, if nothing else, which always commends itself to the mind of youth.

"If it is his right, he shall have it," said Lady Markham, with a quiver in her voice. "Mr. Scrivener tells me we must resist no longer—and he is your brother, as he says, and we have no right to reject his kindness. Do you know, children," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands together with an impatient movement, "while we are talking so much at our ease, it is not our own house we are in, but this gentleman's house? He can turn us out of it whenever he pleases, while we are arguing whether we will let him come into it! Sir," she said, rising up once more (but she had done it once; she could not again give him the title, which ought to have been Paul's,)—"Sir, I acknowledge that you are kind, generous—far more than we have any right to expect—but you will understand that such a position is not easy—that it is very strange to me—and very new, and——"

"Certainly, ma'am," said Gus. Her politeness (as he called it to himself) put him on his mettle. "All you say is very true and just. If I were a little monster, as Alice thinks, there are a great many things I could do to make myself disagreeable; and if you were not a sensible woman, as I always felt you to be, we might make a very pretty mess between us. But as we are not fiends, but good Christians (I hope), suppose you let the little ones come down with me to the village to see after my things? It's a nice afternoon, though a little dull. You ladies ought to go out too and take the air. My little dears," he said, "we'll have those big cases up; there are a lot of things in them I brought from Barbadoes expressly for you. And those sweetmeats—I told you of them the first time I came into this house."

"You said they were for me," said Marie, with a tone of reproach; "but that cannot have been true, for you did not know of me."

Gus had put one hand in Bell's arm and the other on Marie's shoulder. He looked at his two little companions with the sincerest pleasure in his little brown face.

"I did not know you were Marie, nor that this was Bell: but I knew that you were you," said the little gentleman, with a smile. "And," he added, looking round upon them all, "I knew we must be friends sooner or later. Let's go and see after the cases now."

This was how it was all arranged, to the consternation and amazement of all

the world; and Lady Markham was not less astonished than all the rest. She went to the Hall window when they were gone, and looked out after them, scarcely believing her senses. Sir Augustus Markham (as he must now be allowed to be) had put his arm into Bell's, who was nearly as tall as he was, and who had forgotten all about the bump on her forehead and the tear in her frock; while Marie held his other hand, and skipped along by his side, now in front, now behind, looking up into his face and chattering to him. There was in Gus's gait, in his trim little figure, and his personality in general, a something which was much more like Sir William than any of his other children. It had always been a little private source of gratification to Lady Markham, notwithstanding her sincere affection for her husband, that Paul was like the Fleetwoods, who were much finer men. But this resemblance, which she had not very much desired for her own children, had settled in the unknown offspring of his youth. It added now another pang to her heartache, not only to see how like he was, but to see how entirely the children had adopted their new, yet old, brother. She withdrew from the window in a bewilderment of pain and excitement. What would Paul say to the step she had taken? It was right, she had felt. She had done what was the hardest to do, because it seemed evident that it was the best; but what would Paul say? And now that all hope and resistance was over, and nothing to be done but to submit and make the best of it, what was to become of her boy? Lady Markham had not the solace of knowing of the change that had taken place in Paul's mind. She expected nothing else than that her next meeting with Paul would be to take leave of him, to see him go away with his chosen associates; most likely the husband of Janet Spears, or about to become so. Could Janet Spears even now secure her son to her? bring him back? fix him in England?—at least within reach of her care and help? And should she—could she—do anything to persuade the girl to exercise her influence? That discussion, which had been broken by the sudden appearance of Bell, and this strange episode altogether, returned to her mind as she went sadly up stairs to consult with Mrs. Fry about the rooms to be made ready for Sir Augustus. Poor Lady Markham! she would have to speak of him by this name, and to acknowledge to the servants the downfall of her own son, the descent of her own family to a lower place—Sir William's second family. It was hard—very hard—upon a woman who had been strong in a pride which had nothing bitter in it, so long as it had been unassailed, and all had gone well, but which gave her pangs now that were sufficiently difficult to bear. And then there was the dilemma in her heart still more difficult, still more painful. She had done what she thought was the best, at much cost to herself, in this matter; but ah, the other matter, which was still nearer her heart, how was she, torn as she was by diverse emotions, to know in Paul's case what was the best?

It would be needless to attempt to describe the excitement raised in the household by the announcement that "Sir Augustus" was "coming home," and that his rooms were to be got ready with all speed.

"My lady has give up the very best of everything," Mrs. Fry said, solemnly; "and as considerate, thinking which was to be the warmest, seeing as he's come from India, where it is *that* warm. It would not become us as are only servants, to be more particular than my lady, or else I don't know that I could make it convenient to stay with a gentleman as has the blood of niggers in his veins."

"I knowed it!" Mr. Brown said, slapping his thigh; he was usually more guarded in his language, but excitement carries the day over grammar even with persons of more elevated breeding. "The last time as ever I helped him on with his coat

there was something as told me it was him that was the man, and not Paul. Well! I don't say as I don't regret it in some ways, but pride must have a fall, as the Bible says."

"I don't see as it lays in your spere to quote the Bible on any such subject," said Mrs. Fry with indignation. "If it's Mr. Paul, I just wish he had a little more pride. His dear mother would be easier in her mind this day if he was one that held more by his own class. And if you're pleased, you that have eat their bread this fifteen years, to have a bit of a little upstart that is only half an Englishman, instead of your young master that you've seen grown up from a boy—and as handsome a boy as one could wish to see—I don't think much of your Christianity, and quoting out of the Bible. It's easier a deal to do that than to perform what's put down there."

"I hope I knows my duty ma'am," said Mr. Brown, resuming the dignity which excitement had momentarily shaken, "without instruction from you or any one."

"I hope you do, Mr. Brown," said Mrs. Fry. And this little passage of arms restored the equilibrium of these two important members of the household. But when it became known in the village and at the station, where the great cases which had been lying at the later place were ordered by Sir Augustus to be carried to the house, and his portmanteau brought from the Markham Arms, and when slowly through a hundred rills of conflicting information, the news got spread about the country till it flooded, like a rushing torrent, all the great houses and all the outlying villages—drove the Trevors and the Westlands half out of their senses, and communicated a sudden vertigo to the entire neighbourhood—words fail us to describe the commotion. Everybody had known there was something wrong, but who could have imagined anything so sweeping and complete. "You see now, mamma, how right I was to let Paul alone," Ada Westland said with her frank cynicism. "We must see that your papa calls upon Sir Augustus," that far-seeing mother replied. As for old Admiral Trevor who was getting more and more into his dotage every day, he ordered his carriage at once to go out and "putsh shtop to it." "Will Markham ought to be ashamed of himself," the old sailor said. The same impulse moved the inhabitants of the rectory, both father and daughter. Mr. Stainforth did nothing but go about his garden all day wringing his hands and crying, "dear! dear!" and trying to recollect something about it, some way of proving an *alibi* or getting evidence to show that it was impossible. He, too, felt that it was his duty to put a stop to it. And as for Dolly, what could she do but cry her pretty eyes out, and wish oh so vainly, that she had a hundred thousand pounds that she might give it all to Paul!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Lady Markham, when she thus received Sir Augustus, did so with no intention of herself remaining in the house which had been her home for so long. In any case, when the lawyer had pronounced that there was no longer any room for resistance she would have yielded; she would not have prolonged a vain struggle, or given the new owner any trouble in gaining possession of his house. When she lay down that night for the first time under the same roof with the interloper, he who had, she said to herself, ruined her son's prospects, and taken his inheritance from him, she had not that satisfaction in her mind of having done her duty which is supposed to be the unfailing recompense of a good action. She had done her duty, she hoped. She did not think that she was justified in refusing Sir Gus's overtures, or in turning him into an enemy; but it was with a sore heart and mind, much exercised with doubt, that she thought of what she had done. It was right in one way, but was it right in another? What would Paul think of her apparent alliance and friendship with the man who certainly had been his

supplanter, and so far as any one could see had spoiled his life? Paul was Lady Markham's dearest son, but he was the darkest place in her landscape, the subject which she dwelt upon most, yet had least comfort in contemplating. Notwithstanding the love and anxiety which he called forth in her, all the questions connected with him were so painful that, if she could, she would have avoided them altogether. What was he going to do? Was he on the eve of the voyage which might separate him from her for ever? Was he on the eve of the marriage that would separate them still more? She longed and pined every day for letters from him, and yet when the post brought none she was almost relieved. At least he was not going yet, at least he was not married yet. She wrote to him almost every day, and lavished upon him a thousand tendernesses, and yet it was no pleasure to her to think of Paul. His very name brought an additional line to her forehead and quiver to her lip.

Next morning she was more undecided than ever. What was she to do? Again the post had come in, and Paul had not added a word to the information she had received. He had not said whether he was coming, or what he was going to do. It occurred to her as she was dressing that the presence of his stepbrother in the house might keep him away—that indeed it was almost certain to keep him away, and that this afforded an urgent reason for speedy removal. The idea gave her a sensation of hurry and nervous haste. There was a dower-house on the estate near the town of Farborough to which perhaps it would be well for her to retire. But when she thought of all that would be involved in the removal, Lady Markham's courage failed her. Why did not this man keep away! A few months she might at least have had to detach herself, to accustom herself to the change. It seemed hard, very hard, to face everything at once. Had she really been right after all in yielding? Ought she not to have stood out and made her bargain for time enough to prepare her removal tranquilly? In the days when a glow of satisfaction followed every good action, there must have been more absolute certainty upon the subject, what was good and what was evil, than exists now. The kindness, the self-sacrifice of her act had made it appear the best, the only thing to do; but now came the cold shadow of doubt. Had not she compromised her dignity by doing it? Had not she done something that would offend and alienate Paul? The night not only had not brought counsel, but it had made all her difficulties worse.

When Lady Markham went down stairs, however, the first sight which met her eyes was one of at least a very conciliatory character. In the hall stood one of Gus's larger packing-cases, those cases which had been lying at the station for so long, opened at last, and giving forth its riches. The floor was covered with West Indian sweetmeats, pots of guava jelly, and ginger, and many other tropical dainties; while the two little girls, in high excitement, were taking out the stores which remained, the scented neck laces and bark-lace, and all the curious manufactures of the island; they were speechless with delight and enthusiasm, yet bursting out now and then into torrents of questions, asking about everything. Gus sat complacently in the midst of all the rubbish in the big bamboo-chair, stretching out his little legs and rubbing his hands. "I told you I brought them for you," he was saying. Bell and Marie could not believe their eyes as they saw the heaps that accumulated round them. "I thought you would like to give presents to your little friends; there is plenty for everybody."

"But oh! Mr. Gus," cried Marie, dancing about him, "how could you know just what we wanted? how could you tell we should have friends?"

It was pretty to see him sitting among the litter, his brown countenance beaming.

"I knew, of course, you must be nice children," he said; "I knew what you would want. But you must not call me Mr. Gus any longer. Call me Gus without the mister."

The two little girls looked at each other and laughed.

"But you are so old," they said.

"It's a pity, isn't it?" said the little gentleman.

They were as much at their ease together as if they had known him all their lives. What mother could resist such a scene? She paused on the stairs and looked over the banisters and watched them. If it had not been for the tragedy involved, for her husband's death and her son's disinheritance, what more pleasant than this domestic scene! The children had never been so much at their ease with their father, nor would it have occurred to them to use half so much freedom with Paul as they did with the stranger Gus. Lady Markham's heart thrilled with pleasure and pain, and when at last she went down stairs there was a tone of cordiality in spite of herself in her morning greeting.

"I fear I am a little late. I have kept you waiting," she said.

"Oh mamma! he has had his breakfast with us," cried the little girls."

"You must not mind me. I am from the tropics. I always rise with the dawn," said the little man. "But I am quite happy so long as I have the children."

He followed her into the breakfast-room, Bell linking herself on to his arm and Marie holding his hand. They brought in some of the sweetmeats with them, and the little girls began with great importance to open them, each making her offering to mamma. It was the first appearance of anything like cheerfulness since grief had entered the house. While this little bustle was going on, Alice came in after her mother very quietly, hoping to avoid all necessity of speaking to the intruder. The feeling that was in her mind was that she could not endure to see him here, and that if her mother would not leave the place she at least must. When Gus saw her, however, her hope of escape was over. He came up to her at once and took her hand, and made a little speech.

"You will not make friends with me as the children do," he said; "but you will find your old brother will always stand your friend if you want one."

Alice drew her hand away and escaped to her usual place with her cheeks blazing. Why did he offer to "stand her friend?" what did he mean by his reference last night to some one else? She knew very well what he meant—it was this that made it impertinent. He had met her two or three times with Mr. Fairfax, and no doubt had been so vulgar and disagreeable as to suppose that Mr. Fairfax—not having the least idea of course how they had been brought together, and that Mr. Fairfax's presence at Markham was entirely accidental! Alice knew perfectly well what Gus meant. He thought the young man was an undistinguished lover, whom probably Lady Markham would not accept, but whom Alice was ready enough to accept, and it was in this light that he proffered his presumptuous and undesired help. Alice could not trust herself to speak. It seemed to her that besides the harm it had done Paul, there was another wrong to herself in these injudicious, unnecessary offers of assistance. She would not look at the curiosities the little girls carried in their frocks, folding up their skirts to make great pockets, nor taste their sweetmeats, nor countenance their pleasure. Instead of that, Alice wrapped herself up in abstraction and sadness. To be able to hide some sulkiness and a great deal of annoyance and bitter constraint under the mask of grief, is often a great ease to the spirit. She had the satisfaction of checking all the glee of Marie and Bell, and of making even Lady Markham repent of the smile into which she had been beguiled.

Thus, however, the day went on. When Lady Markham again watched

her children going down the avenue, one on either side of the new master of the house, with a softened look in her face, Alice turned away from her mother with the keenest displeasure; she forsook her altogether, going away from her to her own room, where she shut herself up and began to make a review of all her little possessions with the view of removing them, somewhere, anywhere, she did not care where. And very dismal visions crossed the inexperienced mind of Alice. She did not know how this miserable change in the family affairs affected her own position or her mother's. She thought, perhaps, that they had lost everything, as Paul had lost everything. And sooner than live on the bounty of this stranger, Alice felt that there was nothing she could not do. She thought of going out as a governess, as girls do in novels. Why not? What was she better than the thousands of girls who did so, and rather that a hundred times, rather that or anything! Then it occurred to her that perhaps she might go with Paul. That, perhaps, would be a better way. Even in the former days, out of the midst of luxury and comfort, it had seemed to her that Paul's dream of living a primitive life and cultivating his bit of land, his just share of the universal possession of man, had something fine, something noble in it. With her brother she could go to the end of the world to sustain and comfort him. What would she care what she did? Would she be less a lady if she cooked his dinner or washed his clothes? Nay, not at all. What better could any woman wish? But then there was this girl—the man's daughter who had been at Markham with Paul. Thus Alice was suddenly stopped again. Walls of iron seemed to rise around her wherever she turned. Was it possible, was it possible? Paul, who was so fastidious, so hard to please! Thus when despairing of the circumstances around herself she turned to the idea of her brother, her heart grew sick with a new and cruel barrier before her. An alien had come into her home and spoiled it; an alien was to share her brother's life and ruin that. All around her the world was breaking in with an insupportable intrusion—people who had nothing to do with her coming into the very sanctuary of her life. Lady Markham was going to put up with it, as it seemed, but Alice said to herself that she could not, would not, put up with it. She could not tell what she would do, or where she would flee, but to tolerate the man who had taken Paul's inheritance, or the woman who had got Paul's heart, was above her strength. Should she go out as a governess? this seemed the one outlet; or—was there any other?

Now, how it was that Fairfax should have suddenly leaped into her mind with as startling an effect as if he had come through the window, or down from the sky in bodily presence, I cannot pretend to tell. For a little while he had been her chief companion—her helpmate, so to speak—and, at the same time, her servant, watching her looks to see what he could do for her—ready to fly, on a moment's notice, to supplement her services in the sick-room—making of himself, indeed, a sort of complement of her and other self, doing the things she could not do. He had been, not like Paul at home, for Paul had never been so ready and helpful, but like nothing else than a man-Alice, another half of her, understanding her before she spoke—doing what she wished by intuition. This had not lasted very long, it is true, but while it had lasted it had been like nothing that Alice had ever known. She had said to herself often that she scarcely knew him. He had come into her life by accident, and he had gone out of it just as suddenly, and with an almost angry dismissal on her part. Scarcely knew him! and yet was there anybody that she knew half so well? Why Fairfax should have suddenly become, as it were, visible to her in the midst of her thoughts, she did not know. One moment she could see nothing but those closing walls around her—a barrier here, a barrier there;

no way of escape. When all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, there was a glimmer in the darkness, an opening, and there he stood, looking at her tenderly, deprecating, yet with a gleam of humour in his eyes. "You won't have anything to say to me," he seemed to be saying; "but all the same, if you should think better of it, I am here."

It is impossible to tell the effect this sudden apparition, as confusing as if he had actually come in person, had upon Alice. She was so angry, that she beat her hands together in sudden rage—with whom—with herself? for if the treacherous heart within her conjured up the young man's image, was it Mr. Fairfax's fault? But it was against him that she threw out all that unnecessary anger. How dared he come when she wanted none of him! To intrude yourself into a girl's presence when she does not want you is bad enough, but to leap thus into her imagination! it was insupportable. She struck her hands together with a kind of fury—it was a way she had—her cheeks grew crimson, her heart thumped quite unnecessarily against her breast. And all the time he seemed to stand and look at her, not tragically, or with any heroic aspect (which did not belong to him), but with that half-smiling, half-upbraiding look, and always a little gleam of fun in his eyes. "If you should think better of it, I am always here." The words she put into his mouth were quite characteristic of him. No high-flown professions of faithfulness and devotion could have said more.

Lady Markham had seen clearly enough that Alice was no longer in sympathy with her, and her heart bled for the separation and for the shadow in her child's face, even while she could not refuse to feel a certain satisfaction otherwise in the step she had taken. It is often easier to justify one's self to others than to respond to the secret doubts that arise in one's own bosom; but when the gloomy looks of Alice proclaimed the indictment that was being drawn up against her mother in her mind, Lady Markham, strangely enough, began to feel the balance turn, and a little self-assertion came to her aid. But she was very glad of the opportunity given her by a visit from the rector to send for her daughter, who had not come near her all the morning. The rector was not a very frequent visitor at the Chase, nor indeed anywhere. He was old, and he was growing feeble, and he did not care to move about. It was, however, so natural that he should make his appearance in the trouble which existed in the house, that nothing but a visit of sympathy was thought of. And Dolly was with him, upon whom Lady Markham looked with different eyes—a little jealous, a little tender—ready to find out every evidence the girl might show of interest in Paul. There was abundant opportunity to judge of her feelings in this respect, for Paul was the chief subject spoken of. Mr. Stainforth had come with no other object. He led Lady Markham to the further end of the room while the two girls talked.

"I want to say something to you," he said. It was to ask what Paul was going to do—what his intentions were. "It breaks my heart to think of it," said the old man; "but we must submit to fate." He was something of a heathen, though he was a clergyman, and this was how he chose to put it: "What is he going to do?"

Alas! of all the subjects on which his mother could have been questioned, this was the most embarrassing. She sighed, and said—

"I cannot tell. There were some schemes in his head—or rather he had been drawn into some schemes—of emigration—before all this sorrow came."

"Emigration! before ——!"

The rector could not make this out.

"You know that his opinions gave us some trouble. It was a—visionary scheme—for the advantage of other people," Lady Markham said.

"Ah! there must be no more of that, my dear Lady Markham; there must be no more of that. Socialism

under some gloss or other I know :—but life has become too serious with Paul now for any nonsense like that."

"I wish I could think he would see it in that light," said his mother, shaking her head.

"But he *must ;* there is no choice left him. He must see it in that light. I do not know whether this that I am going to suggest ever came into your mind. Lady Markham, Paul must take the living, that is all about it. He must take orders ; and as soon as he is ready I will abdicate. I should have done so long ago had there been a son of the house coming on. He must go into the Church—that is by far the best thing to do."

"The Church!" said Lady Markham, in extreme surprise. "I fear he would never think of that, Mr. Stainforth."

"Then he will be very foolish," said the old rector. "What do these foolish young fellows mean? It is an excellent living, a good house, not too much to do, good society, and a good position. Suppose they don't like visiting old women, and that sort of thing, they can always get some one to do it for them—a curate at the worst, for that costs money ; but most likely the ladies about. If he marries, which of course he would do, his wife would attend to that. There is Dolly, who saves me a great deal of trouble. She is quite as good as a curate. Oh, for that matter, there are as great drawbacks in the Church as in other professions. What do the young fellows mean, Lady Markham, to reject a very desirable life for such little annoyances as that?"

Lady Markham still shook her head notwithstanding the Rector's eloquence.

"Paul would not see it in that light," she said. "Unless he could throw himself into all the duties with his whole heart he would never do it, and I fear he would not be able to do that."

"This is nonsense," said Mr. Stainforth. The old man was very much in earnest. "I would soon show him that all that is really necessary is very easy to get through, and short of his natural position there would be none so suitable. He must think of it. I cannot think of anything that would be so suitable. The bar is overcrowded, he is not a fellow to think of the army, though, indeed," said the old man, with a cold-blooded determination to say out all he meant, "if there was a war and men had a chance of good promotion, I don't know that I should say anything against that. But the Church, Lady Markham, the Church :—Almost as good a house as this is, if not so big, and a great deal of leisure. I assure you I could easily convince him that there is nothing he could choose which would not afford drawbacks quite as great. And, short of his natural position, the Rector of Markham Royal is not a bad thing to look to. He might marry well, and as probably the other will never marry——"

"Ah!" said Lady Markham, with her eyes full of tears, "it is easy to talk; but Paul would never lend any ear to that. In all likelihood, so far as I know, his decision is already made. That is to say," she added with a sigh, "it was all settled before. Why should he change now when everything favours him? when Providence itself has moved all hindrances out of his way?"

"But he must not, Madam," cried the Rector, raising his voice. What, emigrate! and leave you here in your widowhood with no one to stand by you! This is nonsense — nonsense, Lady Markham. I assure you, my dear Madam, it is impossible, it must not be."

Lady Markham smiled faintly through her tears. She shook her head. It seemed to her that the old Rector, with all his long life behind him, was so much less experienced, so much more youthful than she was. *Must* not be! What did it matter who said that so long as the boy himself did not say it? The Rector had so

raised his voice that the two girls had an excuse for coming nearer, for asking, with their eyes at least, what it was.

"The Rector says Paul must not go; that he ought to go into the Church and succeed to the living. Ah!" cried Lady Markham, "it is so easy to say 'ought' and 'must not.' And what can I say? that he will do what he thinks right, not what we think right. What does any one else matter? He will do—what he likes himself."

Her voice was choked—her heart was very sore. Never had she breathed a word of censure upon Paul to other ears than perhaps those of Alice before. Her usual strength had forsaken her. And Alice, who was estranged and chilled, did not go near her mother. Dolly Stainforth had never been brought up to neglect her duties in this particular. Her business in life had always been with people who were in trouble; a kind of professional habit, so to speak, delivered her from shyness even when her own feelings were concerned. She went up quickly to the poor lady who was weeping, without restraint, and took her hand in those soft little firm hands which had held up so many. Not so much a shy girl full of great tenderness, as a little celestial curate, devoted everywhere to the service of the sorrowful, she did not blush or hesitate, but with two big tears in her eyes spoke her consolation.

"Oh dear Lady Markham," Dolly said, "are you not proud, are you not happy to know that it is only what he thinks right that he will do? What could any one say more? Papa does not know him as—as *you* do. He thinks he might be persuaded, though his heart would not be in it; but you—you would not have him do that? I—" said Dolly all unawares, betraying herself with a little sob in her throat and her voice sinking so low as almost to be inaudible—"I" (as if she had anything to do with it! strong emotion gave her such importance) "would rather he should go—than stay like that!"

Lady Markham clasped her fingers about those two little firm yet tremulous hands. It was the kind of consolation she wanted. She put up her face to kiss Dolly, who straightway broke down and cried, and was an angel-curate no longer. By this time herself had come in, and her own deep-seated, childish preference, which she had not known to be love. "Tch—tch—tch," said the rector under his breath, thinking within himself some common thought about the ridiculousness of women, even the best. But already there were other spectators who had seen and heard some portion of what was going on. It was the worst of Lady Markham's pretty room that it was liable to be approached without warning. Alice suddenly sprang up with a cry of astonishment, dismay, and delight. "Paul!" she cried, startling the whole party as if a shell had fallen among them. The young man stood within the half-drawn curtains with a pale and serious face, looking at the group. His mother thought of but one thing as she looked up and saw him before her. He had come to tell her that now all was over, and nothing remaining but the last farewell to say.

The rest of the party did not see, however, what Alice, who was detached from them saw, that there was some one beyond the curtains, hanging outside as one who had no right to enter—a little downcast, but yet, as always, faintly amused by the situation. The sight of him gave her a shock as of a dream come true. "If you should think better of it," he seemed to be saying. The sudden apparition, with the smile about the corners of his lips which seemed so familiar, startled her as much as the appearance which her imagination had called forth a few hours before.

(To be continued.)

AN EPISODE IN THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

I was lately engaged in reading, with considerable interest, that very entertaining work—the Rev. J. C. Young's *Memoir of his own Times and those of his Father*, who, as is well-known, was one of our most celebrated actors. I could not, however, help pricking up my ears at a passage (vol. ii. p. 104), wherein he credits the Right Hon. Vesey FitzGerald, M.P., with having been the medium, in June 1815, of bringing to London intelligence from the seat of war in the neighbourhood of Brussels, which had the effect of dispelling the extraordinary anxiety which prevailed in England as to the progress of the campaign. That anxiety arose from a fact never yet fully accounted for, namely, that the illustrious commander of the allied armies had not only abstained for several days from communicating anything of his proceedings to the Home Government, but he had moreover emphatically declared that he "would not write a line till he had fought a battle." Now, I had so often heard from my father that it was he who had performed this service, and I had so vivid a recollection of the wondrous relief afforded by his narrative to the members of the King's Cabinet assembled to hear it from his lips, that I thought it scarcely possible that I could be mistaken on the subject; and so it turned out to be the case, and that the error was altogether on the part of the Rev. J. C. Young, who had confused two men of similar family names, and had substituted the Right Hon. Vesey FitzGerald, M.P. for Clare, for my father, the Right Hon. Maurice FitzGerald, M.P. for Kerry. At this time I had no reason to suppose that the Rev. J. C. Young was not still living, and, accordingly, I addressed a letter to him, giving him some necessary details, and begging of him to correct his mistake in the next edition of his work. I shortly after received a reply from his publisher, whereby I learned with much regret that Mr. Young had passed far beyond the reach of human criticisms or corrections. I learned further that there was no chance whatever of another edition, and had thus to make up my mind to the vulgar consolation of endeavouring to "grin and bear it," and to this I was becoming acclimatised, when, quite recently, being engaged in seeking among my papers for something of a totally different nature, I happened to light upon my father's narrative of the affair, as dictated to one still living in this neighbourhood, to whom I have since spoken, and who, I find, has a thorough recollection of this dictation, in which he took a great interest, as well as in sundry small facts talked of by my father during the process, but which at the moment were not thought worthy of being recorded.

I think that the narrative is worth preserving, for, although years enough have passed to render it obsolete, were it a matter of ordinary history, yet I believe that anything relating to the Duke of Wellington and Waterloo, especially coming, as this does, direct from the field of action, will not easily lose its interest with the British public.

The Following is my Father's Narrative.

In the early part of the summer of 1815, when the allied armies were assembled in Flanders, I was tempted to make an excursion, in which I induced Mr. Butler, afterwards Lord Ormonde, to accompany me, for the purpose of seeing the grand army before

the then expected campaign should commence. We arrived at Brussels somewhere between the 1st and 5th of June. Having waited on the Duke of Wellington, his Grace was so kind as to invite us to be his guests during our stay. Having seen everything about Brussels, and witnessed a most interesting review of the horse artillery, performed for the Duc de Berri, which was the most splendid military review I ever witnessed, we resolved to visit the Prussian army. The Duke was so gracious as to give me a letter of introduction to Marshal Blücher, who communicated through Sir Henry Hardinge. His Grace expressed a wish that previous to our going to Namur I would look at the works he had recently erected at the fortress of Aeth. We accordingly proceeded to Aeth on Wednesday, the 14th, and at the moment of our arrival Sir Hussey Vivian rode up. He informed us that he had just returned from a reconnaissance of the French outposts along the lines of Valenciennes and Condé; that, to his great astonishment, the troops had been altogether withdrawn, and their places supplied by Douaniers. The uniform report to him was that the entire army had moved to the right under the Emperor. He pressed us to dine with him, which we declined, being desirous to see the works of the place, and also to start at a very early hour. We reached Mons at eight o'clock on Thursday. I resolved to consult the commandant of the place whether there was anything in the citadel much worth looking at; from which incident some curious results followed. He was a Dutch officer of distinction, and at first received my inquiries with considerable reserve. On showing him, however, the outside of my letter for Marshal Blücher, he at once relaxed, and on my saying that we were proceeding immediately to Namur he exclaimed, "Oh ! I must prevent your falling into such a scrape. You will, within two leagues, be in the hands of a French patrol." He then informed me of the battle [of Ligny] which had occurred on the preceding days between the French and Prussians, and of the defeat of the latter with great loss. I said that nothing remained for us but to go to the Duchess's ball at Brussels, from which we had before excused ourselves. The Dutch commandant then communicated all the details which had reached him of the recent battles, with the purpose of my telling them to General Baron Alten, through whose quarters we were to pass. He enjoined our not disclosing the circumstances in the town of Mons, as he was then engaged in letting out the inundation, and the people were extremely disaffected.

On our arrival at his house General Alten was engaged, but after some time joined us. On my communicating the intelligence he warmly expressed his thanks, and said he had been until that moment engaged with an officer who had just brought him intelligence to the same general effect from the Prince of Orange, but that our information was much more particular. We also made known the circumstances to Colonel Abercombie on passing through his quarters, but to no one else, not even to the general officers and others, our friends, whom we met on arriving at Brussels. I went immediately to head-quarters, and saw Sir Colin Campbell, who went in to the Duke of Wellington to mention our return from Mons; he said that the Duke would see me at once, but he was engaged in writing general orders for the army, and wished me to dine with him at four o'clock. I said I was engaged to Sir Denis Pack, whom I had just met. The Duke then sent out that he would talk to me at the ball. "What!" said I, "is the ball to go on ?" "Yes," replied Sir Colin; "it was first resolved not, but the breaking it off would excite more alarm in Brussels, where there is already sufficient disaffection; it is therefore arranged that the general officers shall all go to the ball, and take their departure one at a time without any *éclat*, and join their divisions on the march." Orders were

despatched to break up all the cantonments, and move the army to the left. I said, "You must have been some time aware of the news I bring you from Mons." He said, "No, about an hour and a half before, two officers arrived by different routes from Marshal Blücher with the intelligence."

We dined with General Pack and went to the ball. The case had in the meantime transpired amongst the officers, and the troops were ordered to break up and march after midnight.

This ball was a scene of great interest. We could not without emotion see so many fine fellows, our intimate friends, who were to pass from that scene of gaiety, probably within a few hours, into action. As it approached ten the general officers separated, and quietly withdrew. I remember being particularly struck with the interesting manner of William Ponsonby and the Prince of Orange, both of whom were killed, covered with glory. The women were greatly affected, especially Lady Sarah Lennox. The Duke, on his arrival at the ball, immediately spoke to me as to what I had heard at Mons, and laughed, saying, "It would have been very comical if you had been caught by the French." He said Blücher had certainly suffered a severe loss; he said that there was certainly a movement towards his left, that he suspected it was a strong reconnaissance of some 20,000 men; he concluded by saying, "I shall move to-morrow morning—the whole army is in movement, and will be up at our extreme left at Quatre Bras by eleven o'clock to-morrow night." We sat down to supper about eleven o'clock. The Duke sat on the Duchess of Richmond's right hand; no one in the room was more disengaged and cheerful. General Alava gave, "The Duke of Wellington and success to the Allied Armies." The ladies waved their handkerchiefs. His Grace acknowledged it. In about ten minutes he was called out by a despatch which had arrived from the Prince of Orange; the Duke retired, saluting the company graciously.

During the ball Sir Pulteney Malcolm, the admiral attached to the army, talked to me a great deal about what I had heard as to the Prussian defeat. We broke up at about half-past eleven o'clock, and found the rifle brigade under arms on the Grande Place, and remained with the officers until they shortly after marched.

The Duke of Wellington left Brussels with the army at six o'clock on Friday morning. Great excitement, of course, occurred in the town. A pressing demand arose for horses. With great difficulty we procured a pair of young carriage horses, and started at one o'clock on the morning of Saturday for the head-quarters. After proceeding some miles beyond Jenappes we came to the British cavalry, who were immediately after ordered to make a charge along the front of the line to cover the retirement of the infantry by columns, which then commenced, and was conducted in the most deliberate manner until the army filed into position in front of the Forêt de Soigny, on a fine plain, since called Waterloo.

On the Friday Sir Colin Campbell had apprised me that in contemplation of an advance upon Brussels by the French, the Duke had reconnoitred the ground, and resolved on two positions as suitable, on the two roads. One was that now adopted, the other on the Namur road; either of which he deemed favourable for a battle.

Sir P. Malcolm inquired from me very earnestly at the ball of the 15th, and again when I met him on my return to Brussels from the head-quarters on the Saturday, as to what I heard of the Prussian defeat; and the interest excited in his mind on that subject led to a proposal which he pressed upon me on the following evening. The man from whom we had hired a carriage during the last ten days, at a napoleon a day, who had also let to us the horses, gave notice on Saturday evening that he would furnish neither any more. After

using every effort to persuade him in vain, and threatening not to pay him for the past time if he broke his engagement, he answered, "Even so," that he had let the carriage for the next day for twenty napoleons. We appealed for redress to the commandant of the town, Colonel Jones; he said he had no jurisdiction in the case beyond compelling him to continue in our employment for the rest of that day; and as our very intelligent courier, Tournier, had endeavoured in vain to procure either carriage or saddle horses, the commandant advised our getting outside the gates of the town at once, when the coachman would be obliged to take us a stage on, suggesting Ghent as a point where we might obtain a carriage. He warned us that we should be inevitably upset by the commissariat waggons which should come that road during the night, and recommended our proceeding by Antwerp to Ghent, which we accordingly did, and arrived at Antwerp about five in the morning; and after refreshing ourselves and looking at the cathedral for about an hour we proceeded to Ghent as fast as we could, and arrived there about two o'clock. We dined with the commanding officer of the twenty-ninth regiment, who had been an old acquaintance of Lord Ormonde's. We engaged a carriage, and arranged to proceed after midnight for the division of the army under General Colville. I was just entering the hotel, between six and seven o'clock, in order to go to bed, when Sir Pulteney Malcolm drove up from Brussels. I told him our plan, when he earnestly entreated me to wait until he returned from the King of France, then at Ghent, to whom he was going to convey a message from the Duke of Wellington. I waited accordingly. On his return he pressed me in the most earnest manner to proceed to London and communicate to the Government what had occurred; that the Duke of Wellington had declared to him that morning that he would not write a line until he had fought a battle; that the most false and mischievous rumours circulated, and had reached England; that the English Government was in total ignorance of what had taken place; that he was desirous of writing to the First Lord of the Admiralty, but that etiquette precluded his entering into any details on military subjects when the General had not written; that he would put me into a sloop of war at Ostend and send me across at once; that independent of the Prussian case, of which I knew more than any other individual could communicate, there were subjects of a most confidential nature which he would entrust to me to be told to Lord Castlereagh, our Foreign Minister; if I consented I would greatly relieve the Government, and do essential public service. I, however, rather reluctantly assented. He told me that he had left the Duke at half-past ten that morning with the army in position on ground which he had already examined, determined to give battle, and confident of success, and that he was in military communication with Marshal Blücher.

We accordingly changed our route and proceeded at once to Ostend, where the Admiral wrote a few lines, merely saying that Buonaparte had defeated the Prussians with great loss; that the Duke was in position as described before; that he had prevailed on the Knight of Kerry to convey that despatch, who also could furnish all particulars, which were as yet known, for the information of the Government.

We had rather a slow passage. After we were under way a *gendarme*, with some mail-bags in a boat, overtook the vessel and said reports had just arrived that the Duke of Wellington was driving the French at all points. We proceeded at once, after landing at Deal, to town, and arrived at the Admiralty at half-past four. Lord Melville had gone to the House of Lords, whither I followed him; and on presenting the despatch he immediately summoned the Cabinet Ministers from both Houses to meet in the Chancel-

lor's room, which they did instantly. I was requested to communicate the particulars referred to in Admiral Malcolm's letter. I said, in order to avoid anything unnecessary, I wished to know how far the Cabinet was already informed of what had occurred. Lord Liverpool said that they knew nothing. I asked if they had not heard of the battle with the Prussians. He said, "No." I asked, had they not heard that Napoleon had moved his army? He said that reports by smugglers to that effect had come across, but that there was nothing certain. I then gave a detail of all the circumstances that had come to my knowledge, and endeavoured to impress on them the utmost confidence in the success of the Duke of Wellington in any battle which should take place. I stated the nature of the Prussian defeat as explained to me by the commandant at Mons. I was enabled to describe very particularly the glorious battle at Quatre Bras, as given to me by a gallant officer of the rifle brigade, who was wounded there, and who gave me a very clear account of the action. He was very near the Duke during its continuance, and he had never seen his Grace expose himself so much personally, or so thoroughly direct every part of the operations, in any of the Peninsular fights with which he was familiar. I explained, on Sir Colin Campbell's authority, the Duke's thorough knowledge of the ground which he occupied on the morning of Sunday [Waterloo]. Ministers expressed their great relief and gratification at the intelligence I had furnished — that the town had been inundated with the most alarming and dangerous rumours — that from the length of time that had elapsed since they had received any positive communication from the Duke of Wellington considerable anxiety undoubtedly existed, but that I had effectually removed it. On the following morning early I called on Lord Castlereagh before he went to office. I asked him whether he thought I had impressed on the Cabinet the perfect confidence which I myself felt as to the Duke's success? He said I had, but that he wished for a good deal of conversation with me. I then explained to him those particulars which Admiral Malcolm had desired me confidentially to convey, and we had a most interesting discussion on the whole state of the two countries as relating to the war.

It was certainly gratifying to me to have relieved the anxiety of ministers, and through them of the public, but Sir P. Malcolm lost me the march to Paris. Had I been a money-making man I could have realised 100,000*l*. in the funds in their then very depressed state, which lasted for a considerable time after my arrival in London.

So far my father's narrative. But now to return to the mistake made by the Rev. J. C. Young. One can scarcely feel very much surprised at his having confused two men, between whom there were so many points of similitude — both FitzGeralds, both Privy Councillors, both members of Parliament, both representing southern Irish counties in the province of Munster; but besides the above, there were two far more important points—points of more general and public interest, in which a rather painful similarity obtained. They each, during the whole of their public career, were advocates of civil and religious liberty—for the emancipation of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects from religious and political disabilities; and their services in each case were requited with signal ingratitude by their Roman Catholic constituents under the leadership of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. I am well aware what a mistake it would be to endeavour to affix on any individual, or on any party, a charge of political ingratitude. No charge is so easily evaded or refuted, while no line is so difficult to describe with accuracy as that which purports to define where political gratitude ends and political

ingratitude commences. My task is far easier; I have only to describe in his own words the conduct of O'Connell and his Roman Catholic followers in the County Clare towards Vesey FitzGerald, and to apply to that conduct O'Connell's epithet (not mine) of deep "ingratitude," as appears by the following letter from him to my father:—

"*Friday.*

"My dear Sir,—I have heard *something* which convinces me that Mr. Vesey Fitz-Gerald *ought* to be seen without delay by some friend of mine, who could pledge himself to my willingness and that of the Catholics to atone to him for our conduct, and to express our sense of the magnanimity of his. The sooner the better—the sin of ingratitude is heavy on us just now.

"Faithfully yours,

"Daniel O'Connell.

"The Knight of Kerry."

This letter has no date except "Friday," but it was evidently written immediately after the Clare election of 1828, when Vesey FitzGerald was turned out in order to make way for Daniel O'Connell himself, although the latter could but enter the House, and could neither sit nor vote. Still the success was so signal a one, that it consummated the Duke of Wellington's and Sir Robert Peel's assent to this long-delayed measure of redress. It is curious that my father should have been chosen as the medium for conveying this penitential message by O'Connell, who, if not actually at that moment, at all events a very short time after, contemplated treating him in the same way. Nay, am I not justified in asserting that if O'Connell's expression, "the sin of ingratitude is heavy on us," is rightly applied to his conduct and that of his Roman Catholic followers towards Vesey FitzGerald, a much stronger epithet might justly be made use of to characterise the treatment to which my father was subjected at the hands of the greater part of the Roman Catholic electors of Kerry, led on by Daniel O'Connell himself? To make this clear, it is but necessary to note the degree of obligation under which the Roman Catholic body lay towards the two men respectively.

It is quite true that Vesey Fitz-Gerald had, during the whole of his political life, voted steadily for Catholic emancipation, but he had done so without incurring the slightest sacrifice, either pecuniary or in political position. He had, in fact, supported the cause of the Catholics while holding one lucrative office after another from a government virtually anti-Catholic. The head of the ministry, as well as several of its most important members, were anti-emancipators. On the other hand, my father, holding, in the year 1807, the office of a Lord of the Treasury under the administration of the Duke of Bedford, resigned his post when that ministry was turned out by the conscientious scruples of George III.

At this moment Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, with whom my father had been intimate from their youth, was nominated Secretary for Ireland. He wrote to my father, urging him in the strongest terms to continue in office and to support the new ministry, allowing him at the same time perfect freedom to vote as he pleased on the question of Catholic Emancipation. My father refused resolutely, on the ground that the Catholic question should have been made a Cabinet measure; and he remained out of office from that date until emancipation was carried in 1829, with the exception of a few months when he filled the post of Lord of the Treasury during Mr. Canning's brief administration, which was brought to so premature a close by his lamented death in 1827. It is thus clear that he sacrificed to the Catholic cause the whole of a long and laborious political life, and at the very lowest computation from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* of official salary; and yet we find that the signature of the Emancipation Act was scarcely dry, when Daniel O'Connell turned upon

him and other prominent emancipators, with a hostility almost ferocious. I can myself remember his furious declaration that the three men most opposed to the good of Ireland were the Knight of Kerry, Mr. Spring Rice (Lord Monteagle), and Sir Henry Parnell.

Had he at this moment quite forgotten the attitude of apology he had assumed towards Mr. Vesey FitzGerald, and the above letter that he had scarcely a year before addressed to my father?

This letter I believe to be quite unknown to the O'Connell family. I was myself unaware of it until it was discovered one day by a nephew of Vesey FitzGerald's while he was looking over some of my father's papers.

I need hardly express a hope that it will not be supposed that anything I have said is dictated by ill-feeling. If I were influenced by no higher motive, lapse of time would quite have put an end to any feeling of the kind. I believe my father was ill-treated on this occasion, and I say so distinctly, having acquired the unfortunate habit of "calling a spade a spade." I certainly have had no wish to set down aught in malice, but I think it would not be well to efface by "extenuation" such a curious little episode in Irish political history. It was with this view that I recently made inquiry from Mr. L. F. Vesey FitzGerald of Moyresk, County Clare, also a nephew of the late Mr. V. FitzGerald, and learned from him that he could find no trace of the correspondence; but he said this letter explained to him a question put to him shortly before his death by the late Sir Coleman O'Loughlin. He, as is well known, was engaged in writing a life of Daniel O'Connell, and he called upon Mr. L. F. Vesey FitzGerald to ask whether among his family records he had found any letter to show that there had ever been some approach to a reconciliation between Daniel O'Connell and his uncle; Mr. FitzGerald, not having at that time heard from me of the existence of this letter, at once replied in the negative.

Does it not approach to the "uncanny," the way in which these letters of O'Connell occasionally turn up? See, for instance, what occurred to me a few years ago when the present Sir Robert Peel was on a visit to me. He one evening asked me to show him a letter of Daniel O'Connell's, as he had never even seen his handwriting. I went to my study, took up a bundle of my father's letters which I knew must contain several from O'Connell. I handed it to him, and had scarce resumed the conversation, which had been thus interrupted, when Sir Robert Peel, the picture of amazement, bundle in hand, came to me, saying, "This is very strange!" and he showed me that the very first letter of O'Connell's that he had come to was of the year 1815, and was endorsed in my father's writing, "Daniel O'Connell; duel with Peel;" on reading which we found the warmest expressions of his gratitude to my father for his friendly support in the very painful and critical position in which he had been placed, and which arose from a member of his family having with very good intentions, but with lamentable want of judgment, given notice of the impending duel to which he had been challenged by Sir Robert Peel, and in which he had requested my father to act as his second.

FitzGerald,
Knight of Kerry.

A LATENT SOURCE OF REVENUE:—THE HERALDS' COLLEGE.

There are a good number of buildings in London which are veraciously representative of British beliefs and traditions, from the Mansion House to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle; and among them a high place must be assigned to the comely red-brick mansion in the old Doctors' Commons which accommodates the Heralds' College.

This mansion is within three years of completing its second century. Its predecessor, "on the east side of St. Benets Hill," was burnt in the great fire of 1666. The estimate for the re-building was no more than 5,000*l.*; but the City cash was low, and therefore a subscription was opened, but 700*l.* only was collected, and hence ensued delays and discussions. At length Sir William Dugdale built the north-west corner at his own charge; his colleague, Sir Henry St. George, Clarencieux, gave 530*l.*; the office fees were for a time diverted to the architect and builder; and in 1683 was completed the edifice which is now externally among the ornaments and internally among the curiosities of London. "The east side of St. Benets Hill" has in the course of time and transmutations of route become the north side of Queen Victoria Street, with the Metropolitan Railway tunnel beneath it, the new Money Order Office, the old Bible Society, and a vast and Babel-like co-operative Store, all closely contiguous to the ancient College of Arms. A College of Arms with screaming locomotives beneath its coal cellars, and a prosperous anti-credit institution on its right hand is an odd combination of survival and innovation; and the more odd because in truth the heralds have almost as little antiquity as reason to put forward in defence of their claim to attention and continuance.

The kings called Clarencieux and Norroy, and the heralds called Windsor and Chester, were instituted no earlier than under Edward III. (1327–77), and Garter King of Arms—the sovereign of the heraldic realm—did not appear till the fifth year (1418) of Henry V. "Garter," it was then provided, must be "a native of England and a gentleman bearing arms, and to him belongeth the correction of arms, and all ensigns of arms, usurped or borne unjustly; and the power of granting arms to deserving persons; and supporters to the nobility and Knights of the Bath." The heraldic Visitations were in popular and legal vogue for about three hundred years. The last was in 1686. The glory of the heralds went out about the same time as the glory of their staunch supporters, the Stuarts. The atmosphere and the men of the Revolution were not congenial to Garter and his suffragans. The Earl Marshal's Court had been a sort of petty Star Chamber, taking cognisance of words and acts supposed to reflect on the nobility, and rightful bearers of arms. For example, a rich citizen was ruined in his estate and put in prison for the very obvious remark that the heraldic swan was very like a goose; and there are numerous complaints that the Earl Marshal's men frequently stopped the coaches of ill-advised and aspiring persons, become hastily rich, and violently defaced from the panels of the said coaches the escutcheons

which the owners had without due authority assumed.

Here then is a notable institution which was deposed from active functions just upon two hundred years ago, but still presents to the world the imposing constitution of three kings, six heralds, and four pursuivants; lives in a handsome palace, raises by fees a revenue adequate to the payment of rates, taxes, and competent salaries and perquisites; and all upon no better foundation than fanciful vanity; for the "Science of Heraldry," as by great licence of language the art and mystery of the College of Arms is called, is no essential part or ingredient of monarchy, or nobility, or knighthood, or military or civil life. There would be, and are, kings, nobles, soldiers, landowners, and citizens if no such officials as heralds had ever existed. In the early days, when kings and earls could neither read nor write, it was convenient and necessary that the mailed figures of these considerable persons should be distinguished by a badge or signboard, so that, for the avoidance of chance medley and murder, Earl A. might not be mistaken for Earl X. and knocked on the head accordingly. Hence naturally arose shields and crests of different designs and colours, and all of them as simple and plain as possible; and for the sufficient reason that any badge not easy to see in the midst of a battle might possibly cost the bearer of it his liberty or his life. This is the whole sum and substance of heraldry. Disputes of course arose among the high and mighty persons concerning patterns and priorities. One prince or peer took a fancy to the pennon or the tints of another and poached or encroached thereon, risking the consequences of duel and bloodshed. The heralds and messengers of the army were convenient witnesses or umpires in the quarrel; and as they could generally read and write, and the high contending parties could as generally not, the rudiments of a code of precedence were slowly collected by the experts, and by the needs and tastes of chivalry gradually developed into the fantastic, complicated, and absurdly artificial body of rules called Heraldry.

So long as the status and title of "gentleman" was a condition which in the eye of the law carried with it real distinction or valuable immunities or privileges—as, for example, in France or Germany exemption from particular services or taxes, and in England preference for certain military or civil employments—the Visitations of Arms were a necessary fiscal or police precaution to prevent the influx of the multitude, always alert to mount on the shoulders of others. But with the utter decay of feudal rights under Charles II.; the firm establishment of equality before the law of all classes; and the diffusion of wealth by industry, invention, and foreign trade, the functions of the heralds became thoroughly obsolete for all except sentimental and fanciful purposes; and this change becomes quite unmistakable after the close of the seventeenth century. Scholars and antiquaries so illustrious as Camden, Le Neve, and Dugdale had been Kings of Arms from Elizabeth to Charles II.; but when Sir John Vanbrugh was made Clarencieux as part of his reward for building Castle Howard and writing some of the best comedies of his age, he made a joke of his kingly office and all its phantom realm and mysteries, and sold his appointment for 2,000*l.*, on the avowed ground that he could not stand the pedantry of his colleagues nor the absurdity of their hollow "science." And if a man of sense and wit felt himself compelled to use this language under George II., a man of sense, even if he has no wit, cannot well avoid using even stronger language in the forty-third year of Victoria.

Since the abolition or cessation, two hundred years ago, of the heralds'

visitations and the active functions of the Earl Marshal's Court, the whole business of Crests and Coats of Arms, as things or possessions enforceable at law, has collapsed so entirely that every man has been at liberty to do that which is right in his own eyes, and increasing multitudes do it every day. Hence it happens that one of the favourite and profitable branches of shopkeeping in London and the larger towns is to open a Heraldic Office, and inscribe outside, in mediæval characters more or less hard to decipher, "Arms and crests found, and pedigrees furnished." Hence it also happens that any spurt of good trade in oil, tallow, drysalteries, railway stocks, or foreign bonds creates a season of activity in these enterprising and inventive establishments. Priggins, who never had a grandfather or a schoolmaster, but has grown suddenly rich, considers that he is every bit as good as Stiggins, his neighbour, who set up his carriage last year and embellished it with a crest, escutcheon, and motto; and Priggins is therefore prepared to lay down even a considerable sum of money to be furnished with the same, or, still better, a more dashing article; and so he betakes himself to a heraldic office, or, if he happens to be better advised by somebody who has a little antiquarian knowledge, to the College of Heralds itself, and the college is delighted to entertain his application, and meet his pretensions out of their infinite fund of imaginary descents and devices. The whole affair of heraldic symbols, crests, mottoes, coats of arms, supporters, and the like has in this way long since descended to the level of signboards, trade marks, jockeys' colours, initial ciphers, or tradesmen's billheads or tokens. It is a mere exercise of whim and fancy, and has often no more real connection with pedigree, surname, lineage, or property than the cut of a man's coat or the colour of the omnibus in which he travels to his business.

These being the facts, it is plain that there cannot well be a more proper source of public revenue than a tax on Armorial Bearings; and it is further plain that the only true limit of the tax is the test of its productiveness. This tax, unlike the excise on spirits, is not limited by the competition of smuggling or illicit manufacture. The use of crests and escutcheons is visible to all observers; and the legislature has only to find out by experiment the highest rate of tax which, for the gratification of this particular form of vanity, the largest number of persons will submit to. The rates of duty are at present, and have been for a long time past, one guinea for arms or crest; two guineas if used on any carriage; and ten pounds on a grant of arms by the Heralds' College. In 1878 these assessments were returned by the Inland Revenue as producing 82,600*l.* in England and Scotland, in the proportion of 40,600*l.* from the assessment of 42*s.* per annum for armorial bearings used upon "a" carriage; and 42,000*l.* for the assessment of 21*s.* per annum "when otherwise worn or used"—that is, on rings, seals, envelopes, writing-paper, &c. The 82,600*l.* was derived from 59,000 assessments or licences, indicating plurality of carriages in the larger establishments. The number of carriages with four wheels, and over 4 cwt., paying the duty of 42*s.* per annum in England and Wales, in 1878, was 142,000, and in Scotland 15,000. The total number of carriages with less than four wheels, and under 4 cwt., was 282,000 in England and 26,000 in Scotland. And then appears a singular fact. The number of licences in England, in 1878, for armorial bearings on carriages was 17,700, or 13 per cent of the four-wheel carriages; and about 10 per cent in Scotland. These small proportions seem to indicate that the assessment of 42*s.* per carriage for armorial bearings is too high; and suggest that more

revenue would be obtained by permitting the 42*s.* to include any number of carriages. The 21*s.* per annum for armorial bearings "otherwise worn or used" produced 37,000 licences in England and 3,000 in Scotland; and here again it is probable that a 10*s.* 6*d.* licence would raise more money, especially as the Inland Revenue have now brought into force a plan by which dog, gun, carriage, armorial bearings, and other licences can be obtained at any money-order office.

But the subject of raising revenue by taxes on Titular distinctions embraces much more than the assessment of one or two guineas a year on the persons who display their fancy or gratify their family sentiment by assuming armorial bearings.

From an early period, English kings had been astute enough to raise money by selling titular distinctions. Henry VIII. granted arms to the new-rich of his time partly to raise money, and partly to set up a new race who might rival the old arrogant nobles. Money he certainly got when the fees were so high as 6*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* in the money of the time. It is well known that the order of Baronets was created by James I. as a measure of revenue, and was resisted and looked down upon by the ancient order of, then, Knights; just as the mere knights are now snubbed and scoffed at by what are now considered the very select order of baronets. The baronets of Nova Scotia, and probably one or two other species of baronets, have been from time to time the offspring, not of merit or honour, but of payment in money or money's worth. Indeed, it is said by competent authorities that even now so uncertain and confused, and so entirely destitute of control is the whole brood of baronets that there is no reason in the world why any man should not call himself a baronet if he be so disposed. In point of fact, the baronets, as Lord Beaconsfield satirically testifies in one of his least readable novels, have been long labouring under a mountain of wrongs, not the least of which is that there are actually extant several *bogus* baronets, who pass current just as well as if they were genuine.

Our serious proposal is that the Government should, as a fiscal measure, derive the utmost possible amount of annual revenue from the existence in this country of the species of vanity which delights in Titular symbols and prefixes. Anybody can apply a suffix to his name—*e.g.* "Esquire"—or, as did Dr. Pangloss, A.S.S. (*Artium Societatis Socius*)—or any other combination of capital letters, procurable at the rate of about fourteen shillings a letter per annum by the membership of any so-called Learned Society. There is no real difference between "Esquire" after a man's name and the "Sir" of mere knighthood before it; of the two, perhaps the "Esquire" is the more notable. We all know how mere knighthoods are solicited and conferred. The Corporation of London has established a sort of customary claim to knighthoods for aldermen and officers; and it is now almost a rule that to any local benefactor, who bestows a park or founds a school or hospital, a knightship is granted as of course; and the prospect of the benefactor becoming a "Sir," and his wife a "Lady" (Dame, the real legal designation, is despised), may, without breach of charity, be supposed to quicken the benevolent volitions of both to their own satisfaction and the advancement of the public welfare. The Knighthood is a mere life distinction; but even so limited, it is an object of intense desire to large numbers of excellent, useful, and successful people, who have achieved riches and want to be raised palpably above their neighbours. By all means, let them; on the condition that they pay to the state either a capital sum or an annual assessment. The capital sum should be not less than 5,000*l.* at the age of sixty, subject to proportionate additions at earlier and proportionate diminutions

at later ages; and the annual equivalent could be similarly adjusted.

Baronetcies are to knightships what bishops are to pawns on the chessboard. Your baronet is a very handy sort of half-peer. While the knight is most careful to have the "Sir" before his name, and nothing after it; his more exalted brother is far less solicitous about the "Sir" in front than the "Bart." behind. It was said, and we believe truly, of a late Prime Minister that he was more pestered about Baronetcies than about all the other business of the nation; and as a matter of fact, it is well known that baronetcies are employed for marketable purposes. Is a large sum wanted for a contested election, or for a party purpose, or for a vote or the withholding of a vote on a critical division, or for securing the control of a county or borough representation, a baronetcy is the bait or the reward. Within the last few years there have been pretty notorious examples of each of these processes. Our serious proposal is to turn to the advantage of the public exchequer this effective demand at high prices for a commodity of which the state has the easy monopoly. Let it be established that the Treasury will grant a given number of Baronetcies per annum to persons suitably recommended as regards character and education; and exhibiting balance-sheets of real and personal property producing not less than a clear income of 7,000*l.* a year; the minimum fee to be 20,000*l.*, but the prize to be subject to competition, and to be awarded to the highest bidder; so that in prosperous years for shares or shoddy, when cash is most plentiful and vanity most eager, the biddings for the limited number of Baronetcies may rise handsomely above the minimum.

In the grand old Tory days it was not uncommon to reward a follower of the humbler sort, by telling him that if he could recommend the name of a wealthy man of reasonable repute, and, of course, a sound Tory, a baronetcy would be conferred upon him; leaving the introducer to make his own terms with the presentee; and if Tory jobs had never been worse than this, it would have been fortunate for the nation.

The suggestions we now present have the merit of placing upon a clear ground of public simplicity and advantage a kind of patronage which has become in the highest degree tiresome and capricious, and with the growth of wealth, and of the vanity which wealth begets, admits of affording a handsome contribution to the exchequer.

The present Italian Parliament has lately passed a law to enforce the principle we lay down. In Italy, as in other continental countries, the profuse assumption of titles, on frivolous pretexts of titular rank being by law inherent in the possession of certain estates, has become a farce and a nuisance. The Italian finance minister very sensibly intends to make money out of it by levying 1,200*l.* on the assumption of the title of prince, 1,000*l.* for the title of duke, and so on in proportion for marquis, count, viscount, and baron. It will be curious to watch the produce of this excellent tax.

The following passages from one of the latest and best works on the nobility of France under the old monarchy (*La Noblesse française sous l'ancienne Monarchie*, par Ch. Louandre, Paris, 1880) convey very clearly an idea of the purely fiscal character of the grants of Titles under the reigns of some of the most notable of the kings of France:—

"La France ayant été dans tous les temps la terre classique du fisc, il n'était pas possible que la noblesse, lors même qu'elle était le prix du patriotisme et du courage, ne fût pas transformée en matière imposable. La taxe d'anoblissement n'était d'abord qu'un simple droit de chancellerie

et d'enregistrement,[1] mais elle augmenta peu à peu, et les titulaires eurent à payer par surcroit une somme une fois faite aux marguilliers et aux collecteurs de leur paroisse, et des aumônes tarifées aux pauvres du village ou de la ville où ils avaient élu leur domicile. Le gouvernement n'en resta point là.

"Des causes que nous n'avons pas à indiquer ici, parce qu'elles sont en dehors de notre sujet, laissaient dans le Trésor un déficit permanent, et, pour le combler, il fallait recourir à une foule d'expédients qui formaient, sous le nom d'affaires extraordinaires, un budget supplémentaire des recettes, alimenté par les sources les plus diverses. Les rois, pour battre monnaie, mirent en vente des lettres de noblesse sans demander à ceux qui les achetaient autre chose que leur argent.

"Ce trafic a commencé vers la fin du quinzième siècle. Charles IX et Henri III y recoururent à diverses reprises, et Louis XIV l'exploita sur une grande échelle. En 1657, le prix des lettres de noblesse était fixé à 1,500 liv.; en 1696, 1711, 1774 il atteignit 6,000 livres, plus les deux sols pour livre qui formaient dans l'ancien régime l'inévitable surtaxe de tous les impôts indirects, et qui sont devenus le décime moderne, car, ainsi qu'on l'a dit justement, l'impôt ne meurt jamais en France, il ne fait que changer de nom.

"La vente des lettres procurait momentanément quelques fonds au Trésor; mais, comme la vanité seule ne suffisait pas à en assurer le placement, il fallut y attacher des avantages positifs. L'exemption de la taille fut accordée aux acquéreurs. Le Trésor perdit ainsi d'un côté beaucoup plus qu'il ne gagnait de l'autre, et c'est là ce qui explique comment la bourgeoisie, tout avide qu'elle fût de distinctions honorifiques, reclama dans les états généraux contre les anoblissements moyennant finances, car s'ils profitaient à un petit nombre d'individus, ils augmentaient en même temps la part contributive des non-privilégiés."

The following passages carry forward the history in a manner sufficiently curious, as indicating the utter disregard by the Government of everything but revenue in the issue of grants of nobility:—

"On ne se contenta point de vendre, on força d'acheter. 'Nous en voyons,' dit de Laroque, 'qui ont été faits nobles de force par des édits, ayant été choisis comme étant riches et aisés, pour accepter ce privilége moyennant finances; de ce nombre a été Richard Grain-d'Orge, fameux marchand de bœufs du pays d'Auge, qui fut obligé d'accepter ce privilége et de payer 1,000 écus de finance, l'an 1577.' Ces acceptations forcées eurent encore, sous Louis XIV, un cours légal. On alla même jusq'à placer des soldats en subsistance chez les bourgeois qui aimaient mieux garder leur argent que de payer des titres.

"Le grand roi fit des nobles, comme il faisait des catholiques, par voie de dragonnades; mais de semblables procédés ne pouvaient s'accorder avec les ordonnances qui voulaient que la noblesse fût la récompense des belles actions ou des bons services, et, pour tout concilier, on adoptait dans l'énoncé des motifs les formules les plus vagues, quelquefois même on laissait les noms en blanc, de telle sorte que les nouveaux anoblis, au lieu d'un titre nominatif, n'avaient qu'un titre au porteur.

"Le titre une fois payé, les acheteurs pouvaient s'en croire bien et dûment propriétaires; mais le gouvernement ne l'intendait pas ainsi, il leur imposait, sous peine de déchéance, des taxes de confirmation qui coûtaient fort cher. Lorsqu'ils avaient acquitté ces taxes, il leur délivrait un certificat constatant, que leur noblesse était au-dessus de tout soupçons, ce qui ne l'empêchait pas d'exiger, dans un temps plus ou moins éloigné de nouvelles finances pour de nouvelles confirmations.

"Les principales confirmations payées sont de 1598, 1634, 1640, 1643, 1647, 1655, 1657, 1664, 1667, 1692, 1715, 1771. Étendues d'un seul coup à tout le royaume, certaines familles ont eu à payer de 1598 à 1771 trois ou quatre fois leur noblesse.

"Les rois ont toujours maintenu en principe que les anoblis avaient le droit de se réunir à l'ordre et de faire corps avec lui, soit qu'ils eussent été conférés d'office et gratuitement. La noblesse qui se disait de race ne voulut point admettre la parité, et l'anoblissement royal ne fut jamais à ses yeux qu'une savonnette à vilains, qui ne se barbouillait pas les titulaires de la crasse native." (Part II. chap. 1.)

M. Louandre adds the following *résumé* of facts relative to the principal creations of nobility in order to raise money for the treasury:—

"En 1568 douze nobles dans chaque

[1] "On trouve pour cette taxe 30 écus d'or en 1354, et 80 écus en 1355. Elle variat selon les besoins du Trésor."

ville et bailliage du royaume; 1576, mille nobles dans tout le royaume; 1577, création de noblesse bretonne; 1637, 1638, 1660, deux nobles par généralité; 1645, création de nobles dans cinquante villes *avec permission de trafiquer;* 1646, cinquante nobles dans les villes franches de Normandie; 1696, cinq-cents nobles y compris le marchands en gros; 1702, deux-cents nobles; 1711, création en nombre *indéterminé pour tous ceux qui voudront payer* 6,000 *livres*" (300*l.*).

M. Louandre has a learned and instructive chapter on the origin of heraldry and its growth and development. He says that few subjects have given occasion to so many fantastic systems, so many extraordinary books, or so many historical falsifications. The ancient heraldists, following the bent of the early erudition, sought in the Bible and in classic antiquity the origin of coats of arms; and attributed to Noah the first escutcheon, and to his sons the diffusion of the use of escutcheons. Other writers, following Pierre Le Loyer, in his *Colonies Iduméannes,* assigned the origin of heraldry to the siege of Troy, or to the bucklers of the seven chiefs before Thebes; and the more moderate writers carried the institution at least as far back as the Merovingians. The Père Ménestrier and Du Cange were among the first investigators who confined themselves to the ascertainment of real facts. Ménestrier could not find any trace of heraldry in France earlier than the tenth century; while Du Cange did not consider that the evidence went further back than the First Crusade—that is, about the end of the eleventh century. M. Louandre considers even this epoch too early. He says:—

"Avant le fin du douzième siècle, vers l'an 1170 environ, on n'en trouve aucune trace [of heraldry] ni dans les monuments, figures, ni dans les documents écrits. . . . Les premières monnaies royales sur lesquelles on trouve les armes de France sont des deniers d'or de Philippe de Valois ne 1336-7."

H. N. W.

THE SAGA OF KING HJÖRWARD'S DEATH.

NOTE.—The recent discovery of a Viking tomb of unusual size near Sandefjord, in Norway, has made generally known the old Scandinavian custom of burying great chieftains in their fully-appointed ships. A certain number of these sepulchral ships have been disinterred, and there probably remain many others still undisturbed. It was believed by the Scandinavians that at the Last Day, or Twilight of the Gods, the warriors whose souls had been admitted to Valhalla would arise to take part in the great battle which was to end in the destruction of Heaven (Asgard) and Earth (Midgard). Asgard and Midgard were connected by a rainbow-bridge over which rode the gods and the ghosts of heroes.

THE Norns decreed in their high home,
"Hjörward the King must die to-day"—
A mighty man, but old and gray,
With housing long on the gray foam,
And driving on their perilous way
His hungry dragon-herd to seek
Their fiery pasture, and to wreak
On southern shrines with flame and sword
The wrath of Asgard's dreadful lord.

Seven days King Hjörward then had kept
His place in silence on his throne;
Seven nights had left him there alone,
Watching while all the palace slept,
Wan in the dawn and still as stone.
But when they said, "The King must die,"
A shout such as in days gone by
Shook the good ship when swords were swung,
Broke from his heart and forth he sprung.

"Sword, sword and shield!" he cried, "and thou,
Haste, let the wingèd ship fly free.
Yonder there shivers the pale sea,
Impatient for the plunging prow,
I hear the shrill wind call to me—
Hark, how it hastens from the east,
'Why tarriest thou?' it cries, 'The feast
To-night in Odin's hall is spread,
They wait thee there, the armed dead.'

"They wait me there—ho, sword and shield!
What hero-faces throng the gate!
Not long nor vainly shall ye wait.
I too have not been weak to wield
The heavy brand, I too am great;
Hjörward am I. No funeral car
Slow rolling, but a ship of war,
Swift on the wind and racing wave,
Bears me to feast among the brave.

"Slaves, women, shall not sail with me,
Nor broidered stuffs, nor hoarded gold,
But men, my liegemen from of old,
Strong men to ride the unbroken sea,
And arms such as befit the bold.
Arise, my steed, thou fierce and fleet,
Once more thy flying hoofs shall beat
The level way along the strand,
The hard bright sea-forsaken sand."

So the horse Halfi rose, and rose
The hounds that wont to hunt with him,
Shaggy of hide and lithe of limb;
And we too followed where repose
The dragon-ships in order grim,
Hastening together to let slip
Svior, the dark shield-girdled ship,
That like a live thing from the steep
Fled eagerly into the deep.

Fly fast to-day, proud ship, fly fast,
Scatter the surge and drink the spray—
Hjörward is at thy helm to-day
For the last time, and for the last
Last time thou treadst the windy way.
The oarsmen to the chiming oar
Chant their hoarse song, and on the shore
The folk are silent watching thee
Speeding across the wide cold sea.

The wind that rose with day's decline
Rent the dim curtain of the west,—
Clear o'er the water's furthest crest
We saw a sudden splendour shine,
A flying flame that smote the breast
And high head of the mailed King,
His hoary beard and glittering
Great brand in famous fights renowned,
And those grim chiefs that girt him round.

"The gate," he muttered, "lo! the gate,"
Staring upon the sky's far gold.
Yea, the wild clouds about it rolled
Showed like the throned and awful state
Of gods whose feet the waves enfold,
Whose brows the voyaging tempests smite,
Who wait, assembled at the bright
Valhalla doors, the sail that brings
This last and mightiest of kings.

As swift before the wind we drave,
We surely heard from far within
Their shining battlements the din
Of that proud sword-play of the brave;
And Hjörward cried, "The games begin,
The clang of shield on shield I hear.
Wait, sons of Odin, wait your peer"—
And as that sudden splendour fled,
With one great shout the King fell dead.

Then as some falcon struck in flight
Reels from her course, and dizzily
Beats with loose pinions down the sky,
So Svior reeled 'twixt height and height
Of mounting waves, and heavily
Plunged in the black trough of the sea,
And o'er her helmless, full of glee,
The roaring waters leapt and fell,
Sweeping swift souls of men to Hell.

We seized the helm and lowered the mast,
And shorewards steered through night and wind;
We seemed like loiterers left behind
By some bright pageant that had pass'd
Within and left to us the blind
Shut gates and twilight ways forlorn.
And coldly rose the strange new morn,
Ere to the watchers on the shore
We cried, "The King returns no more."

Return, ah! once again return,
Cross the frail bridge at close of day,
And pale along the crimson way
Of sunset when the first stars burn,
Ride forth, thou king-born—look and say
If on the wide earth stretched beneath
Thou seest any house of death,
High sepulchre where monarchs be,
Like thine up-built beside the sea.

Far have I journeyed from the moan
Of northern waters, wandering
By tombs of many a famous king;
There swathed in shrouds and sealed in stone
They slumber where the tapers fling
A dimness o'er them, and the drone
Of praying priests they hear alone,
Shut out from earth and bounteous sky,
And all the royal life gone by.

But Hjörward, clothed in shining mail,
Holds kingly state e'en where he died,
At Svior's helm. On either side
The hoary chiefs who loved to sail
In youth with him sit full of pride,
Leaned on their arms and painted shields
Dim from a thousand battle-fields,
Looking upon the King, and he
Turns his helmed brows towards the sea.

Across his knees his naked brand
Is laid, and underneath his feet
The Goth horse Halfi, and the fleet
Great hounds he loved beneath his hand,
And when the storms arise there beat
Salt surges up against his grave;
He surely sometimes feels the brave
Ship Svior quiver in her sleep,
Dreaming she treads the windy deep.

There overhead year after year
The moorland turf and thyme shall grow,
Above the horizon faint and low
The same wild mountain summits peer,
The same gray gleamy sea shall sow
With foam the level leagues of sand,
And peace be with that warrior band,
Till dim below the bright abodes
Gather the twilight of the gods.

M. L. Woods.

A TURKISH HISTORIAN OF A WAR WITH RUSSIA.

I.

Baron de Tott, in his interesting memoirs of his life in Turkey, towards the end of the last century, says that the Turks have no literature and no persons who enjoy literature, because the whole time of their learned men is spent in caligraphy, in making monograms, and in trying to decipher them.[1] The jest of the Baron at the time he wrote had a certain amount of truth in it. Although there are in the Turkish language many chronicles and histories, as well as poems, based for the most part on Persian models, of which Von Hammer and Madame Dora D'Istria have written, yet there is little which from its literary merits alone is of interest to the general European public. One such exception is the History, written by Resmi Ahmed Effendi, of the war between Turkey and Russia which began in 1769 and ended in 1774, with the famous peace of Kutchuk Kainardji, a history known by the name of *Hulase-i-Ihtibar*—Compendium of observations.

Historical parallels are nearly always deceptive, but the reader of this book cannot but be struck with the resemblance of much described in it to recent events.

Resmi Ahmed Effendi was born in Rethymo, in Crete, and was in all probability descended from a Greek family which had become Mussulman at the time of the conquest of the island. It would be unfair therefore to call the man himself a renegade, as Von Hammer does. Ahmed Vefik Pasha denies his Greek origin, apparently only on the ground that had he been a Greek he could not have been such an able man or such a good writer. Resmi Ahmed received in his youth a good literary education, travelled in Asia, and made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He first appears in public life about the end of the reign of Osman III., and is mentioned by the chronicler Vassyf as serving in the Ministry of Finances, where he held the position of *Kutchuk-Evkaf-Muhassebessi*, or Comptroller of the Smaller Revenues of the Religious Foundations. On the accession of Moustafa III., in 1757, he received the post of first *Ruznamedji*, or Assistant Minister of Finances, and while holding this office was sent, in 1758, as ambassador to Vienna, to inform the Austrian court of the accession of the new Sultan. On returning to Constantinople he presented to the Sultan a report of his mission, which the chronicler Vassyf inserts complete in

[1] "Mon maître Turc commença par me faire apprendre à écrire, c'est la règle. L'habitude du dessin m'y fit faire quelques progrès ; je lûs ensuite, et alors les difficultés se multiplièrent ; la suppression des voyelles suffit pour donner une idée de mes premiers embarras et du travail pénible et fastidieux qu'il me fallut subir ; mais il y a plus encore : les Turcs en suppléant à la pauvreté de leur langue originelle, par l'adoption totale de l'Arabe et du Persan, en se composant cinq alphabets, dont les différents caractères sont cependant au choix des écrivains, ont encore créé de nouveaux obstacles à l'instruction ; et quand la vie d'un homme suffit à peine pour apprendre à bien lire, que lui reste-t-il pour choisir ses lectures, pour profiter de ce qu'il aura lu ?

"C'est essentiellement à cet inconvénient qu'il faut attribuer l'ignorance des Turcs, surtout ce qui est du ressort des Sciences abstraites. Uniquement occupées à bien peindre leurs caractères et à les déchiffrer, leur amour-propre devait se jeter du côté des difficultés de ce genre : un double sens, des transpositions de lettres bornent l'objet de leurs études et de leur littérature ; et tout ce que le mauvais gout peut inventer pour fatiguer l'esprit fait leurs délices et ravit leur admiration."—*Memoires du Baron de Tott, sur les Turcs et les Tartares.* Paris, 1785 ; vol. i. p. 3.

his history without the slightest change, as "being a work written by a most excellent pen, and deserving of inexpressible praise as a specimen of the reports of all the ambassadors of the Sublime Porte."[1]

Subsequently, with the additional rank of *Nishandji*,[2] Resmi Ahmed was sent, in 1763, as ambassador to Berlin, on the conclusion of the first capitulations between the Porte and Russia. This report, which is exceedingly curious, and has been translated into several languages, gives a remarkable picture, not only of Frederick the Great and of his court, but also of life and manners in Berlin, as well as of the ideas which prevailed among the higher classes of Turks with regard to foreign countries. This report is also inserted in his chronicle by Vassyf, who there speaks of the writer as being celebrated for his worth and talents.

At the beginning of the war with Russia in 1769, Resmi Ahmed held the position of first *Ruznamedji* in the army then in the field. On the fall of the Grand Vizier Hindi Emin Pasha, and the appointment of Bostandji Ali Pasha as Grand Vizier in 1770, he was raised to the high post of *Ketkhod* or *Kehaya Bey*[3] of the Grand Vizier. On the fall of Bostandji Ali he was removed from this position and resumed his former post of *Ruznamedji*, but on the appointment of Silihdar Mohammed Pasha the same year, he became again *Kehaya Bey* under the many and changing viziers, and remained so until the end of the war. He was appointed one of the plenipotentiaries who concluded with Field Marshal Count Rumiantsof the peace of Kutchuk Kainardji, and subsequently—although the exact date is difficult to ascertain, but evidently after 1782—became *Reis Effendi*, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, which is the title usually given to him in history and in the editions of his works.[4]

I have dwelt on these dry details in order to show that Resmi Ahmed, from his official position, is a writer worthy of our attention. As regards literary value, the work in question differs from nearly all other Turkish books in being written in a simple, every-day style, without swollen metaphors or the flowers of Eastern rhetoric. It simply, sensibly, and sharply relates the occurrences of which the author was a witness, and, from his position, frequently a participator. Indeed his position was so high in the ranks of the officials, that we may assume he knew the secret springs which worked the politics of the day, and that he had not to trust to *on dits*, or to the rumours which are so buzzed into the ears of all who are studying contemporary events at Constantinople. All that we can accuse him of, and of which Von Hammer does accuse him, is that he may sometimes have distorted what has occurred through jealousy or personal feeling. His manner, however, of dealing with the subject is so straightforward that we are greatly inclined to think him a very trustworthy guide in the history of this war.

In the preface to his book Resmi Ahmed says:—

"Sensible and experienced persons, who have carefully studied history, have known in all ages that the welfare and solidity of a state

[1] *Mekhasin-el-Asar va Hakaik-el-Akhbar*; printed at Constantinople in 1805, and reprinted at Bulak in 1827.

[2] The office of *Nishandji* consisted in placing at the head of the imperial *iradés*, decrees, and other orders, the cipher (*Nishan* or *Tughra*) of the Sultan. He had the same rank as the first *Defterdar*, or Minister of Finances.

[3] The Kehaya Bey was the substitute of the Grand Vizier, specially charged with internal affairs, corresponding to the present Minister of the Interior.

[4] Manuscripts of the *Hulase-i-Ihtibar* exist in several libraries of Europe. The printed edition bears date Constantinople, 1286 (1869). It was translated into German by H. Fr. Von Dietz, under the title *Wesentliche Betrachtungen, oder Geschichte der Krieges zwischen Osmanen und Russen in den Jahren* 1768—1774, and was published at Halle in 1813. There is a Russian translation by the celebrated Orientalist Senkofsky, in the sixth volume of his works, St. Petersburg.

depend on its ability to live in peace and friendship with an enemy whenever it is necessary to do so. Such people have never doubted that abuse is in itself a bad thing, and preferring peace to war, have always tried to procure for the governments which they served, and for the people of God, the precious benefits of peace and of security. But that is not the business of our wise statesmen. Allah has given them neither sense nor experience; they have never busied themselves with reading history; and not knowing the value of this great rule, seriously and in all good faith are assured at the bottom of their hearts that it is the first and most sacred duty of a Mussulman nation to annihilate the infidels everywhere on the surface of the earth, or at least to profit by every circumstance which may be disagreeable to their enemy, to teach him to respect them. They sing a song like this: 'Unless we move somewhere, the Empire will have no solidity. This Government was won by the sword, it must be retained by the sword. The star of our orthodox Sultan stands high, his men are brave, their sabres are sharp: now if we only had a God-fearing, honourable Grand Vizier, with as much executive ability as Aristotle, who should have prayers said five times a day throughout the whole army, and who should regularly perform his ablutions, then with the mercy of Allah we could easily conquer the whole world. Yes, with 20,000 picked troops we could go even to the *Red Apple* (Rome).' Now does not such stupid boasting display insanity? Are not men who repeat such nonsense like those jesters who declaim to the common people the heroic stories from the *Hamza-Nameh*? Do not they think, for instance, that the 'Red Apple' is something like those Bagdad apples, red as flame, which are called 'Burn Fingers,' that one might take it and eat it? And yet just such empty words, on the instigation of fools who never could foresee consequences, brought us into the war with the Moscovs, which, beginning in 1768, lasted till 1774."

The present book, *Hulase-i-Ihtibar*, the author says he writes conscientiously, straightforwardly, and in a simple way so as to be generally understood, and promises later to write a general description of the war in a more solemn and carefully considered style, and with more choice in the selection of his words, for the benefit of posterity. Fortunately he never did this.

The intrigues of the French cabinet and of Comte de Vergennes, the French Minister at Constantinople, were at the bottom of this war.

Louis XV. was at one time very desirous of making the Prince de Conti King of Poland in case of a vacancy, and his Minister at the Porte had been instructed to endeavour to obtain the support of the Turks to this end. Before the death of Augustus III. this project had for various reasons been given up, and France supported the candidature of the son of that monarch. When the Empress Catherine had succeeded in placing Stanislas Poniatofsky upon the Polish throne, the French did their best to counteract the Russian influence. The Duc de Choiseul wrote to Vergennes—"It is necessary to use all efforts to break this chain, the end of which is held by Russia, and to overturn the colossal prestige acquired and maintained by Catherine II. by favour of a thousand impossible circumstances, which might have cost her her usurped throne. The Ottoman Empire, the only one able to operate in this way, is at the same time the most interested to undertake it. In truth the degeneration of the Turks in every way may render this trial of their forces fatal to them, but that is of little consequence to us, provided the object of an immediate explosion be obtained."[1]

The intrigues of Vergennes were unable for the time to effect anything; and it was not until the Russians had interfered in Polish affairs with an armed force—nominally for the protection of the orthodox Christians and the Dissenters against the Catholic party—and had reduced the Diet to a mere tool, that the Porte became inclined to act. The Confederation of Bar was formed in 1768, and sent ambassadors to Constantinople to ask for the protection and assistance of the Turks. In the meantime Baron de Tott was sent by the French Minister to the Khan of the Crimean Tartars, in order to stir him up to make an attack on the Russian territory.

[1] *Mémoires sur l'Ambassade de France en Turquie*, par M. le Comte de Saint-Priest, p. 163. Paris: Leroux, 1877.

Finally the explosion arrived. Some confederate Poles were pursued by detachments of insurgents, claiming to be Cossacks, into Balta, then a border town, half in Poland and half in the Tartar country. As the refugees were not given up, the town was sacked. This act, although it was apologised for by the Russians, and though the persons who took part in it were punished, was considered by the Porte as an infraction of the treaties, and Obreskof, the Russian Resident at Constantinople, was summoned by the Grand Vizier to agree upon the evacuation of Poland by the Russian troops, or war would result. When the final reply came from St. Petersburg that it was impossible then to evacuate Poland, the Grand Vizier received the Russian Minister with threats and insults, and after stating that Russia was responsible for the blood that would be shed, declared war, and sent Obreskof to imprisonment in the Seven Towers. The English and Prussian courts offered their mediation to prevent the war, but to no purpose. A negative reply was also given to their request for the liberation of Obreskof.

As Obreskof will be subsequently mentioned, it will be best to say here that after serving as a page and secretary of embassy for many years in Constantinople, he was in 1751 made *Chargé d'Affaires* and subsequently Resident, and had been able during the whole of that time to keep up friendly relations between the two courts. After being informed in this rude way by the Grand Vizier that his duties as minister were at an end, Obreskof was kept in imprisonment in the Seven Towers under a strict guard for several months, although he was allowed the presence of a secretary, two interpreters, and several of his servants. The next year, when the war began, he was compelled to accompany the Grand Vizier to his camp between Isaktchi and Khan-Tepe, where he suffered very much from the bad weather, having no carriage, and being obliged to live in a small and closely guarded tent in the middle of the swamps. He was also personally ill-treated by the Turks, one of his attendants was executed, and those who were not immediately serving him were kept in fetters. On his refusal to make peace, because he had not the proper authority so to do, he was removed to a half-ruined castle about sixteen miles from Adrianople. There he remained till 1772, when, through the influence of the Prussian and Austrian Ministers, he was released, and allowed to return to Russia. He was immediately rewarded for his sufferings by promotion, by the order of Saint Alexander Nevsky, and the present of two hundred thousand roubles, and he subsequently took part in the negotiations for peace at Fokshani and Bucharest.

The Grand Vizier, Mohsin-Zade, had been removed in August, 1768, because he had insisted to the Sultan on the necessity of completing all the preparations for the campaign, and of putting the frontier in a perfect state of defence before beginning the war. He was succeeded by Hamza Pasha, who was apparently disturbed in mind, and after holding office for only four weeks, was removed and sent to Gallipoli, where he soon died. Hamza Pasha was succeeded by Emin Pasha, the son-in-law of the Sultan.

Though war was declared by Turkey on the 6th of October, it was not before the following spring that active operations could be begun. Russia had the whole winter to prepare.

The causes of the war are thus set forth by Resmi Ahmed Effendi :—

"Since the Muscovite nation has its capital, and lives in regions very distant from the boundaries of our possessions, the attention of the Sublime Porte was for a long time distracted from it. Since 1717, peace with this nation rested on a firm foundation, and Moscow never felt any inclination to begin a new war with us. But during nearly 400 years the Moscovs had suffered very greatly from the Tartars, who, being near neighbours,

used to burn their houses in the midst of peace, and never ceased acting against them in the most unfriendly way, and injuring them on every possible occasion. Students of history know that it is these very Tartars that have always been the cause of hostilities between us and Moscow. When finally the Tartars abandoned their oatmeal and their barley beer, began to eat beef soup, smoke opium, and drink tea and coffee, the drunken fellows naturally became weak and good for nothing; and meanwhile Moscow grew stronger, and wished to have its revenge for their insults.

"In this way, in 1727, it made two attacks on the Crimea, and after teaching the Tartars something about honour and moderation, entered into an alliance with Austria, set about conquering Otchakof and Chotin, and gained for itself the name of a brave and warlike nation. In 1739 peace was concluded with them at Belgrade. Soon after this, began the long-continued wars between the Germans and the King of Brandenburg. The Moscovs interfering in this struggle, under the pretext of assisting the Germans, and paying attention to their arts of war, about which formerly they knew nothing, learned from Brandenburg how to put small cannon on carriages, and various other kinds of tricks; invited into their regions skillful officers and leaders from the German and other nations, and so well managed their affairs, that they compelled the King of Brandenburg to obedience. Willy-nilly he was obliged to dance to their pipe. The King of Brandenburg himself said to me, when I was ambassador in Berlin: 'The Moscovs were a people of shepherds, and learned from me the rules of war, and now they have got me by the leg.'"

Then speaking briefly of the death of Augustus III. of Poland, the son of the "*horse-shoe breaker*,"[1] of the election of Stanislas, and of the entry of Russian troops into Poland, our author continues:—

"Hardly had this cursed army entered the confines of the Polish country, than Krim Ghirei sent couriers as soon as he could to Constantinople with the representation that Moscow was breaking the treaties, and the Governor-General of Rumelia was therefore ordered to look after Otchakof. This gave rise to a general rumour along the frontier that there was going to be a war, and that the Sublime Porte was making preparations. It was said that the Tartars were all ready to make a pillaging expedition into Poland, and that Moscow, in placing a new king on the throne of that country, and in escorting him with troops, was acting contrary to her obligations to the Sublime Porte, and much stuff of a similar character. This gossip, being strengthened by new inventions, was even reported in the newspapers. Then it became necessary to enter into explanations with the Giaour, named Obreskof, who was the agent of the lofty court of Moscow at the Sublime Porte. The *Reis Effendi* (Minister of Foreign Affairs) was at that time Abdi Effendi, a decrepit and sickly old man, who was unable to carry on these negotiations. Apparently, like the navel in the middle of the belly, there was only one man who was the centre of everything—the *Mektubji*, or Secretary of the Grand Vizier—Hindi Emin Effendi, who was constantly entrusted with the duty of entering into explanations. He had an interview with the Ambassador in order to ask him about the truth of this matter of the movement of troops into Poland. The agent of the Moscow court, according to his inveterate custom, answered sensibly and mildly: 'Our peace with the Sublime Porte is inviolate and firm. Our court has no intention whatever of quarrelling with the Porte. We have no troubles with you. We wish to live in love and friendship, but we have some little difficulties with the Poles on account of matters of religion and government.' Then our *Mektubji* began to swell up and to brag: 'Well, I managed nicely with the Moscow agent; it is wonderful how sensibly I talked to him. I reduced him to silence.' In the meantime Abdi Effendi suddenly died, and for this honourable service the *Mektubji* was made *Reis Effendi*. From that time on he was so swollen up with his own self-importance, that he really never could contain himself, and constantly said: 'Nobody knows anything about these things except myself. I am the only one who can arrange affairs of this kind!' These wise negotiations continued without end. At last, as always happens in such cases, they turned into a quarrel. Three or four years with great dignity we did actually nothing at all, and amused ourselves with being discontented. Meanwhile the talk got more excited, spirits became inflamed, and everybody kept crying out that 'the Moscovs, by their invasion of Poland, had broken their treaty with us; we must put them down.' War became unavoidable . . . .

"Devoid of all experience, unable to see what the consequences might be, these fools supposed that going on a campaign was just like going on a promenade. 'What is there hard in that?' they said; 'the enemy is not yet in the field. He does [not move forward to besiege our fortresses. We will advance for three months, and in three months more we will return. There will be a general promotion and then a division of the booty. Praise be to Allah! we have a

[1] An allusion to the great strength of Augustus II., "The Strong."

good army and plenty of treasure; we lack only a head.' Bothering their brains with such reasonings they even led astray the Padishah in this direction. The Grand Vizier at that time, Mohsin-Zade Mohammed Pasha, was an able and an active man. He had already served in the time of his father, Abdullah Pasha, who in 1737 was Seraskier at Bender. He knew very well the management of an army and of the commissariat. For thirty years together he had supervised and managed things. He knew all the methods and rules which the Moscovs used for their armies, and naturally did not approve of this undertaking. He even resolved to oppose it, and for that reason, in the month of August, 1768, he was removed from office, and the Imperial seal was given to the governor of Aidin, Silihdar Hamza Pasha, who in this way at last reached the height of his hopes and wishes.

From that minute there quickly began to be visible the bad signs which overshadowed the whole success of this unlucky campaign. The first bad sign was the overthrow of such an able and experienced Grand Vizier as Mohsin-Zade Mohammed Pasha. The second, the appointment as Grand Vizier of such a blockhead as Hamza Pasha. The third, the circumstance that when Emin Pasha, a new, inexperienced, and sick man, who had suddenly become a general, arrived at Adrianople, his feet began to swell. The fourth bad sign was the assembling of an army of an hundred thousand men without any preparatory measures for assuring its provisionment. The fifth bad sign was the slaughter on the day of departure from Stambul, of many noble Christians, under the unjust pretext that they had dared out of curiosity to look at the holy banner of the Prophet; for the inn-keepers and fools affirmed that it was not permitted for Christians or Jews to do this. The sixth, the appointment as chief quartermaster of a mad fellow named Tahir Aga, an ass who could not tell the sky from the ground. The seventh was the taking along of an unusual number of siege guns, whereas the enemy's country was—God knows where! and the army had not the slightest intention of making any sieges. The consequence of this wonderful foresight was that the buffaloes which dragged this terrible artillery died of hunger, and the cannon were abandoned here and there, and lost without profit to any one. Finally, the eighth and very worst sign was that the beginning of the campaign took place at the very time marked by the stars as most unlucky, viz., when the planet under which the reigning Sultan was born began to enter the sign of Cancer."

The murder of the Christians to which Resmi Ahmed refers above deserves a word of explanation. It was the 28th of March, 1768, when the Grand Vizier, Emin Pasha, unfurled the sacred banner of the Prophet, and with a large procession carried it at the head of his troops through the Top Kapu Gate. The evening before, the Austrian Internuncio, De Brognard, with several secretaries and interpreters, his wife and four daughters, the wife of the interpreter Testa, and some other ladies, went to a house close by the Top Kapu Gate, in order to see the procession pass by. They had no sooner arrived there than the Imam of the quarter came to expel them, under the pretext that the inhabitants of that part of the city were in no humour to allow Giaours to remain there. A mob soon assembled in front of the house and received them with insults and threats; and some soldiers pursued them to the gate of the town, brandishing their sabres and pistols. Half of the Internuncio's suite escaped to Pera, but Brognard himself, instead of returning, passed the night in the house of an Armenian near the Top Kapu Gate, under the guard of an officer of the police, whom the commander of the Janissaries had sent to protect him. Still anxious to view the procession, he and his suite concealed themselves the next day behind the grated windows of a neighbouring barber's shop. A mob of women and ragamuffins having learned of their presence there, began to cry out against the Giaours. When the fanatical Emirs and the crowd of stable-boys and porters—who claim the right to wear green turbans, in consequence of their pretended descent from the Prophet, and who consider it their special duty to watch over the sacred standard—came up, the tumult greatly increased. "Kill all the Giaours, or your faces will grow black on the day of judgment!" cried a thousand voices, animated by hatred to the Christians. Their religious fanaticism knew no bounds; and they attacked not only the house in which the Austrian

Envoy was sitting, but all the houses and shops in the street which belonged to Christians. The shops were pillaged, more than a hundred people were massacred, and several hundreds wounded. The frenzied mob besieged the house in which the Internuncio had taken refuge. They smashed the windows and broke the doors, and such was their fury that those who had no arms gnashed their teeth and bit at the iron grating like mad beasts. The doors of the house were broken down, the crowd rushed in and drove out the men and women with their fists and with clubs. The women were despoiled of their veils and their jewels in the middle of the street, were knocked down, dragged along by their hair, and trampled upon. It was with very great difficulty that the police succeeded in getting Brognard and his family away from the fury of the populace, and in taking them to an Armenian house, and it was only the next day that they were able under a good escort to return to Pera. Two days afterwards, Brognard, who had been re-called, took his leave of the Grand Vizier, and made no mention of what had happened, or put forward any claim to reparation. The silence and reserve of the Envoy stood him in such good stead that the Porte of its own accord agreed to certain stipulations which the Austrian had been desirous for a long time to obtain; and as a sort of personal reparation, presented Brognard with a saddle-cloth worth 2,000 piastres (300*l.*), and his wife with jewellery to an equal amount.[1]

Baron de Tott, who shortly afterwards arrived in Constantinople from his mission to the Tartars, says in speaking of this:—

"I saw on my route only a small part of the disorders and cruelties the Turkish army committed on leaving Constantinople, but when I arrived in the capital I found everybody there still moved by a horrible spectacle, the details of which it was easy for me to ascertain. An old usage, the origin or the reasons of which it is difficult to learn, mingles with the important ceremony of the assemblage of the forces of a great empire against its enemies the most stupid buffooneries, and the Turks call this ridiculous compound *alai*, *i.e.* triumphal pomp. It consists of a kind of masquerade, where all the trade guilds successively present to the spectators the exercise of their respective trades. The labourer drives the plough, the weaver passes his shuttle, the joiner works; and these different *tableaux*, placed on richly decorated cars, open the march, and precede the standard of Mohammed when it is carried to the army in order to secure the victory of the troops. This oriflamme of the Turks, which they call *Sandjak Sherif*, or holy standard, is so revered among them that, notwithstanding the different defeats with which its display has been tarnished it is still the only object of their confidence, and their sacred rallying point. Everything also announces the sanctity of this banner. None but Emirs have the right to touch it; they compose the troop which surrounds it; it is carried by their chief; Mussulmans alone can raise their eyes to it; other hands would soil it; other eyes would profane; the most barbarous fanaticism surrounds it.

"A long peace had unfortunately caused the ridicule, and especially the danger, of this ceremony to be forgotten. The Christians imprudently went to see it, and the Turks who, by the position of their houses, could let their windows, began to turn all this to advantage; when an Emir who preceded the banner cried in loud voice: 'Let no infidel dare to profane by his presence the sanctity of the standard of the Prophet. Let every Mussulman who may recognise that infidel point him out at once, under pain of damnation.' From this moment there was no refuge. Even those who by letting their houses had become accomplices of the crime, turned informers. Fury seized on every mind, armed every hand, and the most atrocious crimes were considered the most meritorious. There was no distinction between age or sex; women even who were *enceinte* were dragged out by their hair and trampled under the feet of the multitude, perishing in the most deplorable manner. Nothing was respected by these monsters; and it was under such auspices that the Turks began this war."[2]

Our Turkish author continues his criticism on the causes and conduct of the war, as follows:—

"A runaway from the Poles, a vagabond

[1] Von Hammer, *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, vol. xvi. pp. 202—207.

[2] *Mémoires de Baron de Tott*, vol. ii. pp. 32—34.

named Potocki, came to Stambul with a gang of about five hundred followers, and put himself under the protection of the Sublime Porte. This Protocki brought with him some kind of papers in the nature of credentials, with great red seals, in the Frank manner, and complained against the Moscovs. 'The Polish Republic,' he said, 'has existed from ancient times under the protection of the Sublime Porte, and according to the conditions of the peace of Carlovitz it is independent; nobody should interfere with it; but yet the Moscovs are ruining our country. We beg you to have mercy upon us.' Now it is proved by the experience of ages, and it is well known, that people who are running away from the hands of a terrible ruler, and who seek the protection of foreign nations, are always persons who, on account of their bad conduct, have been marked with the seal of misfortune, and are in the highest degree unprofitable; so that they who receive them under their protection make enemies against their country, and unavoidably prepare for themselves sad consequences. Such was the nature of the protection which was afforded by the Sultan Ilderim Bayazid to Ahmed Jelairi, who took refuge with him from Kara Yusuf, the leader of the Kara-Koyunlis.

"So in this way we brought upon ourselves long continued wars with the Poles, because, in 1688, in the reign of the Sultan Mohammed IV., we gave a flag and banner to the Cossack Doroshenko. In this way too we got into useless trouble, when in 1710 the Swedish King, asking for our protection, settled down in Bender, for which *Mad Peter* (Peter the Great) invaded the land of Islam. No mercy ought to be shown to such vagabonds. What advantage did it bring us to protect this infidel Pole, Potocki, to whom and to whose adherents the Government gave about forty purses of money (2,400*l.*) as a monthly salary? In addition there were given to him at various times, as loans from the privy purse of the Sultan, as much as seven hundred purses (42,000*l.*),[1] and yet he was good for nothing.

"The second proof of the want of sagacity on the part of the Government were the measures taken with regard to the Tartar Khan. When the Moscovs conquered the Crimea, people here began to imagine that the Tartars would be good for something on the banks of the Danube, and first Selim Ghirei, and then Mahsud Ghirei, received much honour from the Sublime Porte. They were finally ordered to cross over to the other side of the Danube so as to protect the right bank of the river, and if possible to make, with bands of two or three thousand men, attacks on the enemy if he appeared on the left bank. Meanwhile neither of these two Ghireis had an hundred real Tartars who were fit for service. Each of them collected in Rumania three or four hundred good-for-nothing fellows,—men who had escaped the gallows because the rope had broken. They appeared with these bands only to devour in forty days the provisions which had been prepared for half a year, and to ruin the treasury, which spent as much as fifty purses for the salary—yes, even for the sugar and cinnamon—of these dear guests.

"The composition of the army is the third of these wonderful measures. Thirty or forty thousand troops were quite sufficient in the beginning for this war; but our managers thought that with a great army they could do a great business, and they collected more than an hundred thousand men. On paper it is very easy to equip any army you please. For that you only need five or ten days. It is only necessary to give the Bimbashis eighty purses a piece, and put forty or fifty thousand names on the lists of Janissaries. But after assembling 50,000 superfluous soldiers in one place, in order to enter upon a campaign you should furnish them with 10,000 tents, and for each tent there should be from three to five pack-horses. For 50,000 men it is necessary to have not less than 50,000 camels, horses, and mules. All this crowd of men and beasts it is necessary to provision, and if there be no bread or forage for one day, then what a row there is! Under such circumstances it is very difficult to provision an army of 100,000 men. In the campaign of 1738, when the army was in winter quarters at Baba-Dagh, a *kile* of barley, as witnesses still living can prove, was sold for five *paras*. If you gave it away no one thanked you for it. But now, even on the day of departure from Stambul, famine stretched out its thin neck among the soldiers, and millet began to be put in the bread. According to the natural order of things famine follows a campaign, and pestilence follows the famine. This time, however, all three of these came together. When the army arrived at Isaktchi it saw biscuits for the first time. To prepare these biscuits, the quartermaster took old flour which had been stored in the granaries for fifty years, and old biscuits which he found there; then ground all this together, and mixed with it some fresh flour. As at all the stations granaries and ovens had been long ago constructed in the ground, there was no need for going far for earth to add to the dough. But you cannot make bread out of sand. The bread that was then given to the soldiers was just like baked mud. There was nothing to do, however; people had to feed on these biscuits; and those who lived on

[1] A purse is 500 piastres, and was worth at that time about 60*l.* At the beginning of the sixteenth century the piastre was worth 6*s.* 4*d.* The value constantly fell, and in consequence of the fiscal measures taken during this very war fell 22 per cent. In 1800 the piastre was worth only 13*d.*, and it is now reduced to about 2*d.*

them for ten days bade good-bye to the world at Khan Tepe. They lay down in fresh graves, stretched themselves out, and slept for ever. As from that day they never reported themselves, the *ombashis* and captains of the Janissaries with sad hearts marked them as dead, saying: 'We will draw their pay, they are martyrs; poor fellows, they have suffered for the faith in going to fight against the infidels.' This mortality brought about a pestilence, which quickly spread throughout the army. Then even those who had eaten a little better bread followed into the grave those who had perished by famine.

"From Khan Tepe we dragged ourselves along with the Grand Vizier to Bender. The first words of greeting of the Mussulmans who lived there were: 'Why have you come here? We have nothing to eat ourselves.' Ten days after our arrival the prices of provisions had so risen that we paid for a small loaf of bread as much as forty *paras*. After remaining eighteen days at Bender, we returned to Khan Tepe in the greatest distress.

"In short, a too numerous army without any enemy is an enemy to itself, a robber of the Imperial treasury. It is an enemy to itself to such a degree that from poverty and want of supplies it runs away even before the real enemy appears. Meanwhile every *bimbashi* keeps upon his rolls a thousand names, and insists on receiving monthly from the treasury the salary for the full number of men, although perhaps not half of them have ever entered upon duty. The list states a thousand and means exactly five hundred. After forty days, out of this number at least four hundred desert, under pretence of foraging. The *bimbashi*, who has altogether no more than a hundred men left—rascal as he is—still demands the pay for the full thousand men. If, instead of that, you give him an order on the depôts for grain, still no *para* will remain in the treasury. If you want to dispute the matter with them, these people begin immediately to cry out: 'The Grand Vizier is good-for-nothing; the chief treasurer is feeble and incompetent; the list of the army clerk of the Janissaries is a sacred document; all payments and orders for provisions should be made according to that. Who will dare to dispute its accuracy? Oh! brothers, there is no force of fortress except Allah!' and then they go and raise a mutiny."

The events of the first year of the war may be very briefly summarised. During the winter both Turks and Russians did their best to prepare for the spring campaign, while the Tartars made an incursion into the southern Provinces of Russia, going up even as far as Orel, burning, pillaging and carrying captive as they went.[1] The Russians sent one army of 65,000 men, 7,000 being Cossacks, under the command of Prince Galitzin into Podolia. A second, composed of 30,000 regular troops, 10,000 Cossacks, and 20,000 Kalmuks, under Count Rumiantsof, had orders to defend the Russian frontiers between the Dnieper and the Sea of Azof, and to rebuild the fortresses of Azof and Taganrog, which had been razed according to treaty obligations. The third army, under General Weimarn, was sent to Poland to keep the Confederates in awe. Other small bodies of men went to the Caucasus, in order to make an attack on Erzerum and Trebizond, in concert with the Princes of Georgia and Mingrelia. Money, arms, ammunition and officers were even sent to Montenegro; but that country had just won a decisive victory over the Turks and apparently took no active part in the war. During the summer, Prince Galitzin twice made unsuccessful attacks on Chotin (Chozyn). In consequence of Galitzin's repulse and retreat across the Dniester, the Sultan took the title of *Ghazi*.

In consequence of the retreat of Galitzin, Rumiantsof, in order to divert the attention of the enemy, made a feint of attacking the Turks near Bender. The result was that he drew a part of their forces across the river, and after several insignificant fights, he signally defeated them. Chotin then immediately surrendered, the Grand Vizier was obliged to retreat to Khan Tepe, and from thence to Isaktchi in great disorder. Bender and Yassy were taken, Bucharest surrendered, and the Turkish troops took up their winter quarters at Baba-Dagh, a little south of Tultcha in the Dobrutcha. After speaking of the characters of the different viziers, Mohsin-Zade, Hamza and Emin, the last of whom is described with the bitterest satire, and after touching on the Tartar

[1] This expedition is very minutely described by De Tott, who accompanied it.

compaign, Resmi Ahmed describes the march of the Turkish army which he accompanied through Adrianople to Isaktchi in the Dobrutcha, the passage of the Danube, and the further march to Khan Tepe or Riabaya Moghila, a village lying on the Pruth above Yassy, about one quarter of the distance from that place to Chotin, and proceeds:—

"Since this place is on the road to Moldavia and Chotin, immense storehouses had been established here in which had been collected an immense quantity of provisions. Notwithstanding this, after we had been ten days at Khan Tepe we began to consider where we should go, whether to Chotin or to Bruder, a city which lay also on the Dniester but much lower down. From experience, however, we ought to have known that when the head quarters are in a place where all the provisions of the army are collected, every removal from this point brings about with it a disorder of the commissariat. The proposed movement from Khan Tepe was absurd, and to start from that place meant to eat mud both in a logical and administrative sense. But we had immense cannon, about 200 fine horses to drag them, and a thousand men from the court in red coats and with gilded stirrups, excellent fellows for galloping up and down the road and showing off their horses. It was absolutely necessary that they should take the field and show their great military magnificence. But why should we go to Chotin? The enemy already had been once cut off from that fortress and would probably not return to it. So it was thought better to go to Bender. Since at Bender there were no magazines, an order was given to take along with us some provisions on carts. Now everybody who has had any experience of such things knows that to take provisions for a large army on carts is exactly like going to a pic-nic with one's lunch in a tea-cup. The consequence could not be doubtful. We had very important reasons for this movement. 'Bender was a big town,' we said, 'a town next to the Tartar border; consequently there would be plenty of bread there; and if we did not see any enemy, all the same in going to another place we got a great advantage, we got rid of those frightful clouds of gnats which filled the whole air.' So we began to move. In one of the sessions of the council of war, the Grand Vizier turned to the Defterdar, and asked: 'What do you think of it, Effendi?' 'Provisions,' answered the Defterdar, shrugging his shoulders. There was no more talk about provisions, and it was then that the chief quartermaster distinguished himself. This thief of a Tahir Aga benevolently loaded 500 carts with barley, and we took it along with us. Part of this barley was eaten up by the oxen who dragged the carts, part the drivers ate, and the rest was stolen by rascals of soldiers. The road from Khan Tepe to Bender did not turn out at all such as we had supposed; hills, mountains, sometimes up, then down, little water, a wretched road;—for seven days we dragged ourselves along it, and at last we arrived at Bender.

"On the day when we arrived there, the inhabitants of the town, explaining that they had no provisions, proposed a question for us to decide. Why have we come to them? Thereupon we began to pay twenty silver paras for one loaf of bread, after that thirty, and so on. The plague of gnats from which we had suffered at Khan Tepe apparently followed along with us, and surrounded us in most fearful swarms. It was impossible to see the light of Heaven. The Vizier had long been feeling unwell; here his illness greatly increased. The doctors told him that he would certainly die either to-day or to-morrow. What should he do? He wished to be of good service. He said: 'I don't lose hope. As my name is Emin (the name of Gabriel), I am the messenger of joy, and the lucky star of the Padishah will not abandon him.' Meanwhile he began to reason in this way: 'The Moscov has been repulsed from Chotin with great loss; he has run away, the Giaour; the second time he will not dare to attack that fortress, and since he does not come near Bender, he will not come here this year; so then, just as he ravaged and pillaged the neighbourhood of Chotin, let us ravage and pillage the region in his rear beyond the Dneister, as far as the Bug and New Servia, and so we will be quits, and then we will talk about peace.'

"Meanwhile the news came of Galitzin's attack on Chotin, and the expedition into New Servia was given up, and the Turkish army began to retreat. Ten days after news was received that, by the mercy of the Lord of Truth, the Giaours had a second time been repulsed, with great loss, from Chotin, and had again crossed in disorder to the left bank of the Dniester, and had in fact gone to hell. Every one was filled with delight! but what was the use? The Moscovs, you know, always act contrary to nature; after a defeat they never disperse, they keep standing in the same spot. They did not go back to their own country under the pretext of the approach of winter, but they quietly occupied themselves in the Polish land with repairing their losses; and until they had arranged all their means for new movements they looked across the Dneister at the dispersion of our troops, who had not experienced the least loss in fighting."

Emin Pasha was hereupon removed from the Grand Vizierate, in conse-

quence of his unfortunate compaign, was taken to Adrianople, and beheaded. His head, together with those of Grigori Callimachi, the Prince of Moldavia, and of Draka, the interpreter of the Divan, were exposed with their bodies in front of the Seraglio at Adrianople, the head of the Grand Vizier being placed on a silver platter, that of the Prince of Moldavia between his feet, and that of the interpreter in a still more degrading position.

The successor of Emin Pasha was Moldovandji Ali Pasha, who had just distinguished himself in the operations against the Russians at Chotin. His surname, Moldovandji, meant the seller of Moldavian slaves, referring to a not very honourable part of his former life. He was also called Bostandji, from the corps of Bostandjis, or gardeners, part of the Janissaries, from which he had risen. He held the position of Grand Vizier but about four months.

"Having received the vizierial seal in the middle of August, Bostandji Ali Pasha was filled with zeal, and began to make preparations for crossing the Dneister. According to our customs, one has no right to demand that after the end of August the battalions of Janissaries should stand in the mud under an open sky, and that an army tired out by various labours should fight with the enemy. Consequently he ought to have been contented that year with what had already been done, and after having put a garrison into the fortress gone into winter quarters. But the new Vizier did not judge in this way. He was very anxious to drive away the enemy from the opposite bank, and distinguish himself by a splendid victory. He ordered a bridge to be built over the Dniester, and sent over to the other side his artillery and part of his troops.

"Filled with enthusiasm, our troops made two or three excellent attacks, but the Giaours did not move from their place. Their disordered ranks they immediately brought into their former order, and kept firing incessantly on our camp and on our fortress. August passed, September came, and it began to get horribly cold, and now we hoped that the enemy would certainly go away. But by the will of God the water in the river began suddenly to rise, and on the 19th of September the bridge over the Dniester was carried away. A multitude of the people of Mohammed remained in the middle of the enemy; those of them who could get on their horses swam straight over the Bender; those who were destitute of these means of safety all became martyrs for the faith. After such misfortunes it was impossible to stay any longer on the left bank."

Ali Moldovandji Pasha was succeeded as Grand Vizier by Halil Pasha, a man of no experience or capacity.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

To be continued.

THE STORY OF YVES.

A BRETON LEGEND.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

South of the great double estuary which reaches to Lizardrieux, and which, before it joins into one broad stream, embraces the Ile Bréhat, there is a small archipelago of rocky islets, and here again the sea encroaches deeply on the coast, and enters, bearing some of the islets on its bosom, in the form of a large bay.

The brown rocky islands rise abruptly out of the water, sometimes lashed and overleapt by the fury of the foaming waves; sometimes like sleeping sea-monsters in the midst of the golden many-hued bay. For in the bay itself on such a day as this one, there is surely some magic colouring on the sea.

Lying under the pleasant shade of those willow-trees that stretch away from the water to the ruined abbey a little distance from its banks, one sees how close the grass grows to the edge of the bright-hued water, and one may fancy that purple and rose-coloured sea-shells have been casting up their pearl linings on these rippling waves, the hues are so vivid, spite of the gilding which the sun has spread over the scene.

For the sunshine gilds the water except near the rocks, where the foam makes a silvered brightness.

The ruined abbey, too, that faces the bay is just now turned to frosted silver, and the exquisite warm light has brought into fuller beauty the opal tint of the hoary manor-house beyond the ruins. There is a pearl-like softness and lustre on the gray stone dormers and the greenish slates on the roof of this quaint dwelling-place; the arms of climbing plants cling to the pale walls which have stood through so many centuries forming three sides of an open square.

In front of this, and stretching some distance beyond the château is a neglected cabbage-garden; such tall cabbages grow here, some of them are several feet high, and look like miniature palm-trees. The cabbage-garden makes a broad line of division between the gray château and the waste green that stretches to the edge of the bay, an open resting-place for wayfarers. The unscreened flood of sunshine has made the ground dry and baked, but there is pleasant shade on the right beneath the willows among a tangle of ferns and rushes. Very shady nooks are to be found here, but still the sunshine finds a way through chinks among the boughs overhead.

It finds its way to, and brings into relief, the scarlet sash of a fine young fellow, half-sitting half-lying under the shade of the furthest group of pollard willows. The scarlet sash, partly hidden under his waistcoat, his abundant white collar and the silver buckle in his hat, are the points the sun can seize on, for the rest of his clothes are black even to his stockings. Certainly the hand with which he pulls up tufts of grass and lazily flings them towards the edge of the water is a fine red brown; the other hand has been pillowing his head, and he is just raising himself by its help to steal a look at the companion who sits near him; the girl has been silent so long, he is puzzled, for usually she is as blithe as a bird.

It is as he expects, Liszen's pink plump hands lie idle in her lap, and her fair snowy-capped head has sunk

on her white chemisette as she leans back asleep against the gnarled old trunk of one of the willows.

How pretty she looks; her softly rounded pink chin rests on the many plaited guimpe which fills up the square opening of her black cloth gown; her blue eyes are closed, but the dark eyelashes show their curved length on her cheeks. The eyebrows, too, are some shades darker in colour than the fair hair hidden away beneath the pretty winged cap.

Yves has often looked at Liszen Perrik; ever since they made their first communion together, that day when kind Madame Perrik took the orphan boy home to spend the rest of the day with Liszen, the two children have been companions. Madame Perrik says they are to marry some day, but Yves and Liszen have never talked of love or marriage either. It only seems to them that everything must be shared between them, and that no holiday, whether it be Sunday or *fête*-day, can be spent apart.

They are by nature both shy and silent. Liszen is even sad-looking, though when Yves is beside her it seems to the girl that her tongue is unloosed; and Yves laughs so easily at what she says, though he has such a grave look for others, that he provokes her to be saucy.

He has not a grave look now. First his brown face breaks into a smile, and the long, dark, gleaming eyes grow bright with mischief; but as he looks, Love, who has been dozing in this youth's heart, suddenly awakes and shakes his wings; the mischief fades out of those liquid eyes and the warm light of love glows in them. Yves' heart beats, his breath comes quickly, as he gazes at the sleeper, and a warm flush steals over his face; he has never seen Liszen look so pretty —he longs to kiss her, if only he can steal a kiss before she wakes. He raises himself on his elbows and then looks cautiously round, for this is Yves Duroc's first love, and he is bashful.

"Ah!" and he falls back on his hand again — he forgot Madame Perrik. There she sits in the blazing sunshine, a few yards nearer the abbey, telling the beads of her rosary, and praying every now and then for the departed who lie buried among those frosted grey ruins that face the bay.

Madame Perrik loves the old abbey as much as her children, as she calls them, love the bay; and though she has never known any of the departed who lie beneath these mouldering stones, the thought of them seems to put her in closer communication with her own lost loved ones. Father, mother, husband, and six children lie leagues away in Cornouaille. The old godfather even, who brought her and her sickly baby away from her loved dead ones, does not lie in the graveyard of this little sea-port town; he died at Morlaix during a short absence from home.

But widow Perrik does not bring Liszen here Sunday after Sunday, and *fête*-day after *fête*-day to the bay, only that she may think over her dear departed ones. She knows how the children, as she calls them, love the bay, and to-day she has another reason.

It is the great yearly fair, and the little town behind the bay is thronged with strangers—some good, some bad; but more bad than good, says Madame Perrik. She and Yves and Liszen have been to mass this morning at five, and since then have attended high mass and vespers; but the Grande Place is covered with dancing-booths, and here and there the sound of the *biniou* has made itself heard, as its owner tries to assure himself it is in tune. Now the sound of the *biniou* on these occasions, Madame Perrik thinks, is the voice of the Evil One himself. There will be plenty of dancing as evening draws on—plenty of licence too; for there are several smaller booths in the Place, with huge cider-barrels crowned with green boughs at one end, and a long table covered with glasses within the booths;

and all these temptations are not to be looked at by young girls.

Liszen has been taught by her mother that the demon often appears in disguise among the dancers, and that no virtuous girl will risk the chance of dancing with him. Even with Yves she would not be safe, for was not Jannik Evell strangled at the Pardon of Pléhédal by a red-haired giant whom no one knew? yet Jannik only tried to keep Corentine Louha from dancing with the powerful stranger; and Corentine has never been heard of since.

"No," says widow Perrik, "dancing may be good for men," though she shakes her head doubtfully, "but Father Léonard says it is ruin for girls. So long as I live, my Liszen shall never dance on the Place in the *ronde.*"

Perhaps Liszen thinks it a little hard, and she would even run the risk of dancing with a goodlooking demon, but she never says so. She has a sweet passive nature, and she accepts all that happens to her as God's will, whether it comes through her mother or from others.

As Yves falls back on his elbow, his lover-like purpose arrested by the sudden vision of Madame Perrik's black gown and white scroll-like head-gear, Liszen rouses, opens her pretty mouth, yawns, then stretches out both arms, opens her eyes, and looks about her.

The eyes are sweet dark-blue, but the seeking, pensive look in them is not born of discontent. It has always been in Liszen's eyes from the time when she toddled about a sickly-faced, but never fretful child, in a white linen cap, and such a square stiff garment as might have led you to think she was robust and round-limbed, instead of being a mere bundle of petticoats; but as the seeking eyes fall on Yves, a sweet calm fills them, and Liszen smiles.

"Have I slept?" she says. "It is lazy to sleep in sight of the beautiful sea. Have you wanted me, Yves?"

Yves does not answer at once. Somehow, in these last few minutes, the world—his world, that is—has turned upside down; Liszen has become much farther off, yet infinitely more precious. He springs up, and coming to where she sits, instead of holding his hand to pull her up, in his usual careless, boyish fashion, he bends gently over her, and clasps both hands tightly in his.

"I always want you," he says, in a low, tender voice. "Come, dearest, and walk beside the sea."

Liszen feels the difference in his voice; she looks up, and their eyes meet. A change passes over the young girl's face, she blushes, and her eyes droop again. She feels very glad and happy, and yet a little shy; she does not know why this is; but she likes Yves to be as he is to-day, and to walk silently beside him, listening to the sea, and sometimes to his loving words. A new life has begun for her also.

CHAPTER II.

A PARTING.

MONTHS had gone by, and here was winter, with long frosty nights, which made early bed-time needful, for widow Perrik's supply of home-made candles was slender. There was no time to go to the bay now, for it was dark before vespers were over; but all the same Yves used to come and spend his evenings with Liszen and her mother, and read to them out of the Life of St. Theresa or the Acts of St. Francis.

To-night he came in earlier than usual; but though Liszen got the book down and laid it before his usual seat, he took no notice; he went across the long dark room, which served at once for kitchen, parlour, and bed-place, and leaned against the mantelshelf. There was a little fire on the open hearth, and over this swung an iron pot, hung to a hook in the chimney.

Yves turned so that the gleam of

firelight should not fall on his face, and leaned closer against the mantel.

"Well," Madame Perrik spoke cheerfully, "what ails you, Yves? Are you sick, my lad?"

Yves groaned. "Yes, I am sick, but not in the body, mother. I am sick with care and sorrow."

At the thought of sorrow to Yves, Liszen grew pale. The pretty pink flush with which she had greeted her lover faded away; she pulled nervously at her apron.

But Madame Perrik was not so sympathetic. She loved Yves dearly, but she knew that he was easily overborne by a stronger will, and she thought he was suffering from some oppression which he ought to have resisted.

"Care and sorrow?—hey-day!" she laughed. "We shall have you wrinkled before your time, my man! Come, Yves, tell us what the care is? Care killed a cat, when the cat kept it to herself."

"I must tell you what has happened, whether I will or not"—at his sad voice Liszen's eyes filled with tears, but Yves kept his eyes fixed on the fire—"because there is no chance of hiding it. The care is that Roic, my master, has so little custom that he can no longer afford to keep a workman; and the sorrow is," he added, with a gasp that choked a sob, "that I must go away from here to find employment."

The widow Perrik did not answer: she was a practical, shrewd woman, and she saw at once that Yves had spoken truly. His master, Mathurin Roic, was the only clockmaker in the town: if he then could not give Yves work, a journey must be made to seek it.

A deep shuddering sob startled Madame Perrik, and made Yves turn round from the hearth and look towards the table. Liszen had laid her head down on her clasped hands, and her frame shook convulsively.

Yves forgot his trouble in his longing to comfort her. He went up to her and put his arm round her, and he rested his head on hers.

"Do not cry, little dove," he said; "it makes my trouble heavier when I see yours, Liszen."

She raised her head, and he kissed her cheek, pink again now, as she felt how close he was. He put her head on his shoulder and sate down beside her, with his arms round her, calling her many tender names, and trying all he could to soothe her grief; and Liszen nestled her little head closely against him, and left off crying for a while, and then Yves' voice began to falter, and a trembling shook his sturdy shoulders.

"I can't leave her," he said vehemently, "she would die of it—the sweet, soft bird. Oh, Liszen, Liszen! how can I live without you?"

Liszen's heart swelled till it seemed to choke her, and then she burst into tears, and throwing both arms round Yves, she sobbed on his bosom.

Madame Perrik sighed as she watched them. Poor children, what had they done that sorrow should thus early come into their lives? And yet what was it? Only sorrow for a time, with a perhaps brighter future than Yves could have attained by staying on with Roic; and Liszen was so delicate, so utterly unfit for work, that the good mother's heart gave a bound of relief at the thought. But she left them in peace a while.

"They are so happy," she said to herself. "If Yves goes away who can tell what may happen before they meet again?"

But Liszen's sobs would not be checked, and Yves too was sobbing, though he tried to hide his grief by burying his face on the girl's fair head, for her cap had slipped aside and her loosened hair showed in ruffled profusion.

"Come, come, my children," Madame Perrik said, "crying will not bring work, and you, Liszen, will not be able to do your sewing if you make your eyes sore. Let us think what is to be done."

They started apart, they had quite forgotten her presence. Never before had either shown love so openly.

Liszen's hands sought her cap and replaced it with an admonitory pat to the loosened braids. Yves sat upright, looking sulky and ashamed.

"You are very fond of one another, eh?" said Madame Perrik, as if the fact were but just made known to her.

"You know it, mother," Yves spoke reproachfully. "You know that Liszen is more to me than anything in the world; but for her and for you, this trouble would be a light one, though it is hard to leave the old place itself."

"Ta ta, what is that? Others have had to do that." Madame Perrik felt aggrieved, for had she not had to leave her beloved home and all the surroundings of her youth for this little out of-the-way town on the north coast? "Cheer up, my lad; the sooner you go the sooner you will come back and marry Liszen. Is that not so?"

Yves' face grew brighter. It seemed to him that matters were not so bad when they were handled in this practical fashion.

"You know that is what we hope for," he said; and he took Liszen by the hand, and led her up to her mother. "Give us your blessing?" he said; and he knelt down before the widow with Liszen.

His earnest face was full of hope, and his eyes brightened as Madame Perrik laid her bony hand on his head and prayed for a blessing on his work, and on his efforts to seek it.

Then she got up and fumbled in a dark corner near the hearth, a sort of cupboard. She found there a small black bottle and a mug, and she poured some brandy out for Yves.

"You must drink to your safe return, my son," she said. Then when he had set down the mug, she just touched it with her lips. "We must fix a time for your return, Yves, and then Liszen will have something to look forward to while she sits sewing beside her bird." For Liszen made gowns and petticoats for peasant-women, and always sewed beside the window where her canary sang.

"Yes, we will fix a time," said Yves manfully. "Shall I come back in two years to you, little one?" He put his hand on her shoulder.

Liszen looked up. There was a grave sweet smile on her face; her eyes were full of trusting love. "I would wait for you if you stayed away from me ten years, Yves. I would always wait."

He stooped down and kissed her, but Madame Perrik spoke:

"Two years is not long enough. You may have to go from place to place before you find employment, and then you may not at first be able to save much. Take three years, my boy, and at the end of that time Liszen's wedding clothes shall be ready. Shall it be so?"

"Yes, mother, let it be as you say."

Yves bent down and kissed her and Liszen, and the matter was settled.

CHAPTER III.

MR. SMITH, THE CLOCKMAKER.

YVES had been travelling all day, and about five o'clock in the afternoon he found himself in the outskirts of the city of Bristol.

He looked at the smoky mass of houses, from which rose numerous church spires, while in the harbour the masts of many vessels showed in the clear evening light. Yves did not stay to look much about him, but at once asked his way to the principal street; he asked in French, but the man he spoke to shook his head.

"Where is Smiff?" he asked; "Smiff?"

"Yes, my man," was the answer, "there be a good many Smiths in Bristol city;" then, touched by the forlorn look in Yves' face, the speaker pointed to a sailor who came rolling

towards them. "Ask Jack," he said kindly. "He's been all over the world; he can parly-voo in any lingo."

Yves did not understand the words, but he raised his cap and went up to the sailor who looked at him superciliously.

"Well, mounseer," he said, "you're a Frenchman by your rig, but you don't look thorough French. What do you want?" This last in French.

Yves had been wandering nearly three years over Normandy and other parts of France, and also in England, and he wore the ordinary French working-man's blouse and cap. He nodded to Jack; he understood the word "Frenchman."

"I am Breton," he said in French, "and I seek Mr. Smiff, the clockmaker of the chief street in Bristol."

Jack broke into a hearty laugh, and poor tired Yves grew first red and then pale with vexation.

"*Sacré bleu!* Bristol has many who have the name Smith in it," he said in very English French; "but I will show you the chief street, and help you to find a clock-shop."

Jack swaggered along, proud of his own benevolence, and soon after they entered a broad, handsome street.

Yves stopped before two clock-shops, but the name painted over each was a much longer one than Smith. He sighed, shook his head, and looked sadly at his guide.

"Come along, mounseer, we'll try again; keep your pecker up," said Jack. "We must look alive though, for see, that fine fellow is a puttin' up his shutters a' ready."

Jack seasoned his talk with sundry oaths, and with a good deal of tobacco-juice from his quid.

There came out of the last shop they had passed, the shop where the shutters were being put up, a tall thin man, middle-aged, dark-skinned, with a face in which thoughtfulness was the prevailing expression. He glanced towards Yves and his companion, and his eyes rested on Yves' worn but earnest face with a look of sudden interest; but he went along more rapidly than Jack did, and if he had not stopped again before another shop door, they would soon have lost sight of him.

As it was, he disappeared into the shop, and in a minute or so a boy came out with a shutter in his arms ready to put up. By the time the second shutter was brought, Yves had reached the shop — it was a clock-maker's, and across the top of the door, in large gold letters, was "John Smith, Watchmaker and Jeweller."

Yves gave an exclamation of delight, and pointed to it; Jack took occasion to swear and to shift his quid.

"Well done, my hearty. I'm blowed if this ain't the shop," he said, clapping Yves on the shoulder. "I'll come in and see fair play," he said, for his curiosity was roused to know what this poor foreigner could have to do with a well-to-do Bristol tradesman.

The shop door stood open, and Yves went in. The shop was large, and handsomely fitted up; there was every sign of comfort and prosperity about it, and behind the desk on one side stood the tall, dark stranger who had passed them, kissing the cheek of a young girl, whose fair curls straggled over his shoulder.

They both started at the sound of footsteps, and the girl's pretty face grew rosy.

"Run away, Eileen," said Mr. Smith, "I'm busy."

"Yes, papa;" and Eileen escaped into the parlour behind the shop.

Jack's eyes followed her, and his mouth gaped with wonder—he thought he knew every pretty face in the city, and in those days beauty was a rarity in Bristol—but he had never seen Eileen Smith till now. Yves scarcely noticed the girl; his eyes fixed keenly on the man from whom, if he was Mr. Smith, he hoped to get employment.

"What is your pleasure?" the tall dark man spoke to Yves, who stood hat in hand; he looked appealingly at the sailor. Jack hitched up his

trousers, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Yves.

"Bless yer eyes, master, 'taint no mortal use talkin' to him like that, he's got no English. All he can say is he wants Smiff. Be you Mr. Smith, the clockmaker? I suppose he's got a passport of some kind; but he's all astray in his words, poor lubber."

Yves' eyes had glanced rapidly from one to the other; he gathered in some of Jack's meaning.

"Monsieur Smiff?" he spoke to Jack, but he pointed to the clockmaker, and then he began to search in his pockets. Presently he brought out a letter and handed it to Mr. Smith; then turning to the sailor he thanked him with effusion for the great kindness he had shown him.

"Avast! there, enough of that gammon!" Jack stood with his legs planted wide apart, his sail-cloth covered hat pushed to the back of his head laughing, while he pushed Yves away with one broad tanned hand. "Poor chap! you're not the sort to come so far away from home. You've got a heart-broke look on you a'ready. Ain't he, Master Smith?"

Mr. Smith had put on his spectacles and had begun to read the letter. He started at Jack's question, and looked at Yves. The earnest, beseeching eyes that met his confirmed the interest he already felt in the stranger.

He turned to Jack and smiled.

"Be asy about him," he said, in a strong Irish accent; "he's brought very respectable credentials from the first clockmaker in Lyons, and I'll see that he gets employment either here or elsewhere."

"That's right, my hearty, you're a trump! we'll clap palms on that," said the sailor; and he shook Mr. Smith's hand. "Now seeing mounseer's aboard, I'll sheer off to my mate, who's 'most tired of waitin' for me, I'll bet a pound." Then slapping Yves, whose eyes had grown round with surprise, on the shoulder, he nodded and went away. "*Sacré bleu!*" he shouted, as he rolled out of the shop, "what a thing it is to be a mounseer, and not to understand a decent language. Poor chap! he can't help it though."

Mr. Smith finished his letter, and then he pointed to a chair. Yves bowed and seated himself.

"You cannot speak English?" said the clockmaker.

Yves smiled, and shook his head. "*Nou sair.*"

"Bad luck to it! And I don't speak French." Mr. Smith took off his spectacles, wiped them, and put them on again. "And Eileen's no hand at it neither—not so much as I am." He went on, in a curious mixture of French and English. "I make out from this,"—he touched the letter to point his meaning, and looked hard at the mystified Breton, who only now and then understood a word,—"that you are seeking work, and that from various circumstances you have been constantly thrown out of work just when you thought yourself settled?" He looked at the letter again, it was written both in English and in French. "Poor fellow!" Mr. Smith's face softened as he looked at Yves, who nodded, smiled, and said, "*Oui, oui, monsieur,*" at intervals. "You seem to have had a hard struggle. This gentleman says if he had not given up business he would gladly have employed you, as he is sure you are a good workman; but trade is so bad in Lyons and all over France, that he don't like to advise you to settle there. Where do you come from now?" he said quickly, seeing that the date of the letter was not recent.

Yves only shook his head. "*Oui, oui, monsieur,*" he said, pointing to the letter; and Smith drummed on the table in utter bewilderment. He was a reserved man, unwilling to take any one into his confidence, or he might soon have found an interpreter; but on the other hand he was an Irishman, with a warm heart hidden under a rather cold outside.

His first impression of Yves had been favourable, and when he saw the

letter of recommendation, and heard that he was a Breton, he resolved to take him into his employment. He had been seeking a good assistant for some weeks.

"I can't be worse off than I have been with the drunken lazy rascals I have been trying these two years, so I'll run the risk," he said to himself, then he gave a little smile. "I wonder what Eileen will say; however, she complained that the last assistant was fonder of talking than working; this poor fellow must be pretty dumb, whether he likes it or not." He took his watch from his pocket, opened the works, and put it in Yves' hand for a moment. "*Je prends vous*," he said, pointing to the watch, "*to assister moi*," then nodding triumphantly at Yves, who stood looking at him in much perplexity, he stood cudgelling his brains for a few more French words, smiled, went to the desk and wrote down the sum he intended to pay by *semaine*, that being one of the words he had discovered. He showed this to Yves, who bowed and smiled gratefully. "*Oui, oui, merci, monsieur*," he said; but Mr. Smith was beckoning him to follow. The clockmaker led the way out into a yard at the back of the house, and up a sort of wooden step-ladder, to a door leading into a bedroom.

It was a small room, rough, and not very comfortable; but in all Yves' wanderings he had never had such a resting place offered him, and his eyes filled with grateful tears as Mr. Smith showed him by expressive gestures that the bedroom was for him.

Then the clockmaker put on his cold outside again. He pointed to a pump in the yard below, and signified by words and gestures that when Yves had refreshed his outward appearance, he was to come down stairs and get some food.

"I wonder what Eileen will say," Mr. Smith repeated, as he went down stairs. "I must go and tell her. I like the young fellow's looks vastly. I'm sure he's honest."

Poor exhausted Yves let fall his bundle, and kneeling down beside the bed, he thanked the Holy Virgin and St. Yves for the great blessing that had come into his life. Ten days before he had crossed over to England in a Norman fishing-boat. They had meant to land at Plymouth, but by stress of weather had coasted till they reached Milford Haven; and from Wales, poor, almost penniless, Yves had trudged to Bristol with the precious letter he had carried all the way from Lyons.

"How glad Liszen would be," he thought. "If I really stay here, I must write and tell Liszen."

He had not written many letters during these three years of wandering, for the poor fellow had been so tricked and disappointed, had so often thought he had got real work which had turned out to be some mere temporary job, or worse still, work for which the employer never intended to pay, that Yves had grown cynical and faint-hearted—more than all, unwilling to inflict fresh disappointment on Liszen and the widow Perrik.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS SMITH.

It was a pleasant August afternoon just three years since Yves sat watching the sleeping Liszen under the willow-trees beside the bay. He was busy just now putting the works of a watch together, and as this scene rose fully before him he seemed to see Liszen's deep blue eyes open in awakening wonder, and to hear her soft voice. A tear fell from his own eyes and nearly dropped into the watch.

Yves was very thankful for his present lot, and he tried to be happy. Mr. Smith and his daughter were kind and considerate, and old Bridget their servant seldom gave him a cross word now that she had grown used to the "Mossu" as she called him. His neatness and his sober ways pleased her;

and above all, his piety. But either the Smiths were not good teachers or Yves was a dull scholar, for he made little progress in learning English, and most of his intercourse with his employer still had to be managed by signs.

Eileen told her father she was sure that the assistant pined after his home, and her father replied that it was her duty to try and make the poor forlorn lad feel at home in Bristol. To-day, as she sat watching him from behind her desk—Eileen was very fond of watching Yves—she saw the tear fall, and she heard the sigh which followed it.

This evident sorrow pained her affectionate heart and seemed to her a tacit reproach. She had managed her father's house for some years, for her mother had died young, and it seemed to the girl that it must be her duty to make all the inmates of her home as happy as she could. She could talk very little to Yves, except by signs, but she took care always to look very sweetly at him.

She leaned forward now so that her curls fell over her desk, and with a tender smile she asked Yves as well as she could what ailed him.

He bowed his thanks for her sympathy in a formal, respectful manner, but he shook his head, "Pardon," he said in his broken way, "I have not words; but sank you, Mees."

Eileen bends her head down so as to hide her face, and then she frowns and bites her pretty pouting lip.

"It's all very well of papa to say I am to be kind to poor Mr. Duroc, but he is so formal, so repelling. I'm sure he could say more if he tried, he seems to be always reminding me that I am mistress, and he is man, and then I feel as if—as if—" she grows very rosy "I had forgotten myself, and been too forward, and yet I'm sure he's as good as we are. See him in his Sunday clothes. Why he looks a born gentleman now he wears small shirt collars."

For Mr. Smith had presented Yves with a suit of clothes, and had also advised him to give up any unusual articles of clothing lest he should get annoyed by the rabble who in those days were always ready to torment a Frenchman.

Yves' eyes are again fixed on his work, and Eileen sits gazing at him, puzzling over his sorrow. She sits for some time each day in the shop, but her labours there are slight, and she has nothing to do when these are ended but to try to amuse Yves, and watch his dark interesting face.

"Monsieur Duroc."

Yves has been sitting silent and absorbed in his work. He looks up at the sound of his name, and there is Eileen standing beside him with one hand full of chocolate drops.

"Mangez," she smiles sweetly, and opening her mouth, shows her little pearly teeth.

Yves protests with both hands, and bows.

"Sank you, Mees," he says, and he takes two or three of the chocolate drops, but he goes back to his work, and Eileen feels as far off from him as ever.

"He makes me mischievous," she says, "I believe if I pulled his hair he'd bow and say, 'Sank you, Mees.' Won't you shake hands, Monsieur?" she says, and she holds out her hand.

It is a pretty hand, small and white, with a plump pink palm.

Yves looks at her doubtfully; and then again bowing, he rises respectfully and puts his brown hand into hers.

But it is a mere formal handclasp, and he lets her hand fall quickly.

Eileen is mortified, but she remembers that her father has promised to take her for a walk, and she is glad to escape and put on her bonnet.

As they walk along side by side, the tall silent father, though he looks so unmoved and unobserving, is very proud of his pretty daughter, and he is flattered by the admiring looks she receives from passers-by.

He asks her briefly how she gets on with the young Breton.

Eileen pouts. "He is civil and respectful, but he is so dull at learning English." A little flush rises on her cheek, but she does not find it necessary to tell her father of this morning's episode,—"I am sure he has a trouble on his mind, poor fellow, perhaps he is home sick."

"Poor lad," says Mr. Smith, "perhaps he is."

Meanwhile Yves breathes more freely, he can sigh as much as he pleases, in Miss Smith's absence.

"Mees Eileen" is kind, so very kind, that the grateful fellow cannot bear to grieve her, and he has gathered that his sadness troubles her. He would like to confide in Eileen, to pour out to her all his love for Liszen, all his struggles to make a home for her, tell her of the yearning heart sickness to see Liszen and his native place once again which is eating away his life. But how can he? "Mees Eileen" is very kind, but then to poor Yves she is a lady, the daughter of his proud master. Yves is still rather afraid of Mr. Smith, they cannot speak freely enough to understand one another, and so the assistant is misled by the clockmaker's manner, and thinks him more cold and reserved than he really is.

"They are all kind and good, very good," he says sadly; "but it is sad and strange to be here. Even if I wished to tell Mees Eileen, I have no words, and I should say nonsense words, as I sometimes do, and she would laugh, and I could not let any one laugh at Liszen, no."

The poor fellow felt that his love was too deep, too sacred to be told to such a stranger as Mees Eileen, sweet and kind as she was. It may be that he had a doubt which he had thought too ungrateful to acknowledge —a doubt whether this sunny-haired bright girl could sympathise with such love as he felt for Liszen. His idea of Eileen—and as he could not talk to her his idea, was of course the growth of outside observation—was that she was a pretty butterfly, always happiest when she had something to laugh at. She pitied him; her sweet kind smiles had told Yves this; but if he were to try to pour out his sorrow she might laugh afterwards.

"I cannot tell her," the poor fellow shook his head sadly; "no, it is impossible, she would surely laugh, and no one must laugh at Liszen."

It was not only his separation from all he loved that caused Yves' sadness; It was also anxiety for Liszen. She was so delicate, so easily tired, and he knew how she would sit stitching from morning till night, till he went to release her from her work; and he had been so sanguine of success; he had said he was more sure to keep his word, than she was to have her wedding clothes ready; and now the three years were over, and during his wanderings he had not been able to put by any money.

He had a chance of doing this now for Mr. Smith was very liberal to him, and he longed to express his gratitude in a better fashion than he was able to do, though indeed he showed his gratitude by zealous work.

CHAPTER V.

MISS SMITH TEACHES YVES.

Eileen could not sleep. Just as she was closing her eyes and going off comfortably, she seemed to hear Monsieur Duroc's sigh, and to see the tear drop into the watch. It was so very dreadful, the tender-hearted girl thought, that he should be so lonely and not able to talk. Why, if she were ever so little sad, she could go to her father, or to Bridget, and tell them everything.

"My heart would burst if I had to keep a trouble to myself. Oh, what can I do to help him?" and the soft-hearted maiden cried till her pillow was wet with tears.

It was so difficult to know what to do; she saw no way out of it. Certainly her father had said—and "he is very wise," sobbed Eileen—"You must be as kind as you can to the poor

fellow, kindness soothes any trouble." She lay pondering this advice, and at last she resolved not to leave Monsieur Duroc in peace till she had made him understand he was regarded as an equal, and as a dear friend too, and that he must tell his trouble to her. She fell asleep on this, impatient for morning.

Soon after breakfast, Mr. Smith had to go out, and then Eileen began, "Monsieur Duroc?"

"Yes, Mees Eileen."

"Ah, but *vous* must not"—here she shook her head violently—"*jamais* call, whatever is call," she said, thoughtfully. "Well, never mind; you not say *encore*," she shook her head again, "'Mees Eileen.'"

Yves smiled and nodded to show that he understood. Eileen was pleased; she thought he looked brighter and happier; and her pretty face and winning ways had made Yves for the time forget his sorrow.

"*Vous êtes*," she pointed; "Duroc what *autre chose?* Jean? Pierre? Louis? What *autre;*" She felt rather proud of knowing so many French names. "Eh," for she saw that he looked puzzled, "*êtes vous* Jean Duroc? or Pierre Duroc or Louis Duroc?"

Yves looked at her and then burst out laughing, and she clapped her hands with delight; it was the first time she had seen him laugh heartily, and she scarcely knew how to contain her joy.

"He is getting happier;" she said to herself; "it was a good idea. He will be quite happy by the end of the week, poor dear fellow."

But Duroc had left off laughing.

"*Je me nomme* Yves Duroc, *à votre service*, Mees Eileen."

She shook her head again.

"No, no, Yves," she said, laughing; "it is a bargain, I am, *je*," she touched herself, "Eileen. *Vous*," she laid her hand on his arm, "Yves; what a pretty name Yves is, though it does sound like a woman's. I shall always call you Yves now."

Yves smiled and nodded, and went back to his work; but Eileen soon roused him from it by a sudden cry of "Yves?"

He looked up smiling, and Eileen was charmed. "I can say it *bien*," she said, nodding at him. "If he only could speak English," she added, "he would be too delightful." "Yves," she went on, "I shall teach you Anglais;" she patted a dictionary and smiled.

Yves smiled too. "Yes, Mees Eileen; sank you."

Before Yves came Eileen had often complained of the dulness of Bristol, and had longed to be back in her native Dublin; but now she felt quite content. When her father came in she told him that Monsieur Duroc was growing happier, and understood her better.

"I am glad to hear it," said her father, dryly. Then with a grim smile he asked, "What is the special cause of his happiness?"

"Well, I don't quite know," she laughed and blushed; "one thing is, I have made him understand he is not to say 'Mees' any more, and I am to call him 'Yves.' Don't you think Yves is a lovely name, papa?" she kissed him.

"It's an odd name. I don't know about lovely; but if it pleases you, sweetheart, it pleases me. Now go and see if dinner's ready."

Days went by. Sometimes Mr. Smith was in the shop nearly all day, and on such occasions Eileen's teaching made little progress, as her father disliked chattering when he was at work; then he would be absent for hours, and Yves would learn several fresh words during the interval. It never seemed to occur to Mr. Smith that it was strange to leave his daughter alone with a man of whom he knew so little as he did of the young Breton; but he felt thorough confidence in Yves, and liked him more and more.

Little by little, Yves began to understand Eileen's French. Her sweet looks grew sweeter as she saw him brighten under them, and the pains

required on each side to gather the other's meaning, whether by gesture or by words, had drawn her into very close and familiar acquaintance with the young Breton.

Ever since the day when she had taught him to call her Eileen, Yves had felt more at his ease with the bright loving girl. It was soothing to feel that he had a friend, and more than once when he met Eileen's brown eyes full of tender interest, he thought he would tell her about Liszen, and how she was waiting for him in the far-off Breton home. More than once he tried to begin, and then he checked himself.

"No," he shook his head. "I must wait till the English words come more easily. I could never make Eileen comprehend it all, and I want her to feel like a sister to Liszen."

Eileen's thoughts had become centred in Yves. The rest of her life seemed a dream to her. All that was worth living for was comprised in those hours when she and Yves were alone in the shop. They were often very silent hours, for Yves was a good and conscientious workman, and he had taught Eileen that conversation interfered with work, and that now he could make himself better understood in English he must not give up so much time to her kind efforts at teaching.

Eileen pouted at first, but not for long. Yves' will was law to her now, and she always brought a much-thumbed French dictionary to her desk, and studied it by way of occupation.

She was thinking too much of Yves to learn rapidly; but the customers who came in and out, remarked on Miss Smith's studious turn, and thought she was far too pretty to pore over musty old books. It was remarked too that she had grown dull and prim, and had no longer the lively answers and saucy smiles which had made her so attractive a few months ago.

Bridget noticed the quiet that had come to her young mistress, and her forgetful dreaminess about house-matters. For Eileen had been proud of her household ways, and had seen personally to many duties which she now left entirely to Bridget.

She had noticed how Yves had checked his own attempts at confidence, and her heart had fluttered with such troubled hopes and fears that the poor child had learned her own secret.

Did Yves love her, she asked herself, and was he trying to get courage to tell her so? Eileen felt that she could not give him courage; she seemed to shrink from him now, and yet he was dearer to her than ever.

One night when she went to bed, and thought over the events of the day, it seemed to her that Yves had looked at her with more affection than she had ever seen in his eyes before. "Eileen," he said, and then he sighed and stopped.

Eileen had felt herself flush and then grow cold; she waited, but Yves had bent over his work, and seemed completely absorbed by it. If he had been looking at her she could not have spoken, but she felt less shy now that his eyes were turned away from her.

"Do you want me, Yves?" she said in a constrained voice.

He was thinking of Liszen, and he knew at once that Eileen's thoughts were not in sympathy with his. He shook his head without raising it.

"No, sank you," he said; "not to-day—anozer time."

Now that the girl was alone, she asked herself over and over again the meaning of his words. She sighed, and then a bright smile rippled over her face till she looked her old sunny self again.

"Looks mean more than words do, they come straight from the heart. Why, if I took papa only at his words, he would be just a cold old prig of a father, but when he looks at me then I know that his heart is as full of warm love as it can be. I will try to show to Yves to-morrow both in words

and looks how dear he is to me, and then he will take courage. I was a silly goose to be so frightened yesterday."

It was easy to make this promise to herself in her own room, and to go to sleep comforted; but next morning, when she met Yves, she felt as if he could read her heart—the girl's enthusiastic love had invested him with all the qualities she most reverenced; and when Yves spoke to her smilingly, she blushed and looked foolish.

Still as the day wore on she tried by sweet looks and acts of devoted attention to show him how much he was to her. If she saw him searching among his implements, she was at once by his side trying to discover the missing instrument; and when he had completed the watch he was engaged on, she was ready to take it from him and to place it in the position it was to occupy till it was sent to the owner. At first Yves smiled and thanked her, but a dim puzzled doubt began to creep over his mind.

Eileen looked up from her study of the French Dictionary. His grave, troubled face, made her heart beat painfully. He was vexed, she was sure he was—vexed with her.

"Yves," she said—then, as he started and looked up, his grave eyes brought back her confusion. Bending her head so as to hide her face she went stumbling on; she must speak now she had begun, and she must clear up the misunderstanding which she felt sure was between them—"you were going to tell me"—she pressed her hands on her heart—"something *quelque chose* yesterday. What is it, Yves?"

Yves gave her a sad smile. There was no agitation, no confusion in his face, for Eileen found courage to dart a rapid glance at him.

"Sank you," he said slowly. "I not tell you; it is better not; I have change my intention."

Eileen's face grew crimson; she made some excuse, and hurriedly left her desk. She did not come back into the shop till she knew that Yves would have left it.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT ALARM.

It was Yves' turn to have a sleepless night. He loved Eileen dearly; he had never had a sister, and she seemed to fill a vacant place in his affections; he could not bear to think he had grieved the sweet, tender-hearted girl.

But as he lay pondering the events of the last two days—the sudden change in Eileen's manner, and her blushes to-day—the cloud of doubt which had dimmed his mind all day broke, and from it came a sudden ray of light that startled him. Was it possible that Eileen loved him? It was only for a few moments that he indulged this thought. He turned from it resolutely, told himself that he was a presumptuous, ungrateful fellow—a coxcomb who, because a girl was kind to him after the fashion of her country, had dared to imagine a deeper interest in her goodness.

The night was very hot, but at last Yves was tired out, and turned to go to sleep. He was just falling off, telling himself that he thought too much of Eileen and her feelings, when a sound roused him.

What is it? He starts up in bed broad awake—yes, there is the sound again. What is it? It sounds harsh and grating, like the noise of a file. In an instant Yves has slipped out of bed, has hurried on his clothes, and has gently opened his door. It is so dark that at first he sees nothing; but the noise continues, and his ears tell him that it comes from the door which leads from the yard to the parlour behind the shop. This is an outside door, with cupboards on each side of the space which intervene between it and the inner door; there is a passage of about six feet long between the two doors.

Mr. Smith always draws the bolts of both these doors as soon as Yves crosses the yard on his way to bed, thus shutting him out of the house; and then the clockmaker goes to his own room by the little staircase which leads from the parlour up stairs. Yves thinks rapidly. If these are thieves at work, as soon as they have opened both the doors the shop and Mr. Smith are equally at their mercy, for the staircase door is rarely fastened. What can he do? His first idea is to go down into the yard, for he can now make out some one moving near the door. Yes, now he sees a glimmer as a dark lantern is held near the bolts — then, listening with strained ears, he hears voices whispering together. Now all is still again, and the light passes in through the outer door, and this closes again, as it has a spring. "It is no use," Yves thinks; "they are two, perhaps three; and if I go down to them I have only my knife. I must try to get to Mr. Smith; there is no time to lose; the inner bolts may be less strong, and they will get through them more quickly."

He stands thinking; there is but one way to get to Mr. Smith without attracting the notice of the burglars, and though Yves has true Breton courage, he shivers as the plan suggests itself. His room is at the end of a long loft where hay is kept, and clothes are dried, mattresses picked and restuffed, &c.; this loft occupies one side of the upper story of the yard, but there is no communication to it from the outside, except by a door, always locked, and the door itself can only be reached by means of a ladder from the yard. The step ladder, by which Yves climbs to his room, is fixed against a leaden semi-circular ledge about nine inches wide, a sort of rough water-trough, by which the rain is led into a pipe fixed against the house. Mr. Smith's room is at the farther end of the loft, and the window faces Yves as he stands on the top of the steps gazing down at the spot where the burglars have disappeared.

But Yves only hesitates a moment. He thinks of Mr. Smith's kindness, and his trust in him; he thinks, too, of Liszen—but no, he cannot hesitate, he crosses himself devoutly, and clinging to the edge of the tiled roof of the loft, which comes about level with his shoulders, he moves noiselessly along the narrow ledge. Once he puts his hand on a loose tile—and he holds his breath, for he expects the tile to fall, and then there will be an alarm; but the tile does not come right out. And now he has reached Mr. Smith's window. As he is going along Yves wonders how he shall open this window, or how manage to arouse the sleeper, so as not to attract the attention of the men within the house. His heart gives a leap of joy, for as he stretches his hand out in the direction of the window, he finds it is open. It is a small lattice, but there is space to crawl in. Fortunately a table stands within the window, and he gets in without noise; he has to touch the clockmaker on the shoulder before he rouses.

"Who's there?" he says sleepily, for he is still half asleep.

"Chut, it is me—Yves Duroc."

The foreign voice rouses Smith effectually, and he is at once self-possessed and silent. He gets quickly out of bed and whispers with Yves; then they both feel their way to the bedroom door, and put a candle outside it, lest the light should be seen below.

A vain precaution—for by the time they get down stairs to the parlour, and Mr. Smith has cocked his blunderbuss, and armed Yves with a pistol, the burglars have taken flight. Doubtless they heard some movement.

When the clockmaker undraws the bolts, and flings the door suddenly open, the passage to the yard is empty.

Mr. Smith had lit a lantern, and holding this before him he carefully examined the yard and an outhouse on one side of it, and also the fastenings of a gate by which the yard communicated with the street. These were safe, and it was plain that the burglars had

climbed the gate. Meantime, Yves examined the bolts of the parlour door, one was filed quite through, and the other about half way.

Mr. Smith bent over and examined them, and then he shook hands with his assistant.

"You have saved me from ruin; if those fellows had had another ten minutes I should never perhaps have recovered the loss. I have some valuable property in the house just now besides my own stock. A set of family diamonds and other jewels which I keep for the owner during his absence; these rascals would have got hold of them." Then he went out into the yard again and held up his lantern towards the ledge of the roof. "You are a brave, grateful boy," he said, in a choked voice. "You have risked your life for me. I don't know how to thank you, me boy"—he shook his hand heartily —"but you must never run such a risk again. Bedad," he wiped his forehead at the thought of the danger Yves had run—"you must sleep in the house in future; there is a room near my own at your service."

From this time Mr. Smith's manner changed; he took Yves into his confidence, and so far as they could understand one another consulted him about the details of the business, which hitherto he had managed by himself; indeed he treated him as if he had been his son, and Yves felt as happy as he could feel away from Liszen. There was only one disturbing element.

On the morning after the attempt at burglary Eileen had thanked him warmly and with much earnestness for his devotion.

"I can never forget," she said, and Yves saw that her eyes were full of tears, "that you risked your life to save my father from robbery."

But when this was said she showed no increased friendliness to Yves. She seemed instead to avoid him, and she grew every day more sad and silent. Her father saw the change, but said nothing. He felt sure that love was growing between his child and Yves, and he desired nothing so much as to have the young Breton for a partner and a son-in-law. Bridget, the old servant, was sharper sighted. Of late she had watched Yves like a hawk, and his manner did not satisfy her. She knew the truth about her darling's feelings, and she felt almost sure they were not shared by Monsieur Duroc.

"So much for trusting Frenchmen," she said bitterly; "sure if we can't make out their gibberish we can't make sure of their feelin's neither."

And she began to look coldly on her former favourite, and to answer his broken attempts at polite speech snappishly.

But Yves was too dreamy-natured to take offence at trifles. He saw that Bridget was cross, but she was old and had so much to do that he had sympathy for her. She reminded him of his old grandmother, and she had always been cross.

"It is one of the privileges of old women," Yves thought, "to console them for the loss of youth and beauty."

But Eileen's sadness increased; she grew paler and thinner, and Yves noted with much concern that she scarcely ate anything at meals. What could this change mean? Once again his former idea came back, and again he turned from it with indignation—what was there about him, a poor working man, to take the fancy of a young lady like Eileen? For although Eileen could not boast of much education, she had been to a boarding-school, and had been taught to dress and to dance and to carry herself in a manner that greatly impressed Yves—accustomed to the peasant garb and homely somewhat slouching ways of Liszen and the Widow Perrik. It therefore seemed to him absurd that Eileen could feel for him more than kindness or friendship. It was more likely that he had vexed her in some unconscious way, and all would come right again.

CHAPTER VII.

A MISTAKE.

It was now September, the great heat had departed, sometimes the mornings were even chilly, and when Eileen came into the shop one morning she was wrapped in a large dark-blue shawl that suited her beauty, though it made it yet more pale. She had sat silent for about an hour. Yves had at last made up his mind to ask how he had vexed her, but he still had to frame his sentences before he uttered them, and speech was therefore slow and laboured. Mr. Smith was away on business.

Yves looked at Eileen, and her pale face aroused a keen pity which showed in his eyes. Eileen looked up at that moment and their eyes met. There was an anguish of despair in hers, but while his look of pity changed quickly into alarm the girl burst into sudden tears, and then drawing her shawl over her head hurried away into the parlour and closed the door behind her.

For a moment Yves sat stupefied, and then his tenderness of heart asserted itself. His kind friend, his dear Eileen, who had so devoted herself to win him from his own sorrow, was suffering, and he had not even asked her to tell her grief to him.

"I have been as stupid as a pig," he said; "I ought long ago to have found out what this trouble is—thou hast grown selfish, my friend Yves."

He was full of penitence, and also of anxiety to soothe the poor girl's sorrow. He went to the parlour door and opened it gently.

Eileen had flung herself on her knees, and her face was hidden on the cushion of the sofa. The slender body was shrouded in the folds of her shawl, but Yves could see that it shook with sobs. But he scarcely stayed to see—he hurried forward and knelt down beside the sobbing girl.

"What have you—what have you, Eileen?"—his voice had such a tender ring in it—"why do you cry, my dear friend?"

Eileen only cried the more bitterly and clasped her hands over her face. Yves tried to draw them away. He was so gentle, so very tender with her, the shawl had fallen aside, and he stroked her fair hair with one hand while he tried to loosen her hands from their hold with the other.

"My poor Eileen," he said, "how can you cry and grieve yourself and not tell to me what makes you sad? You must tell me. I am your friend. I love you."

He felt a thrill run through her fingers. She raised her head and gave him a shy, piteous glance, that increased his compassion.

"What are you saying, Yves?" she said, passionately; "you care nothing for me."

But her heart beat with a wild hope as she waited for his answer.

"I—not care for you!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Eileen! I love you. I have always loved you."

His eyes were full of eager affection. Perhaps Eileen's tears dimmed her sight, but it seemed to her that a mist had cleared away, and with a sob of joy her head sank on Yves' bosom.

"Is it true—really true," she whispered then very softly. I have loved you too, so dearly, Yves, that I thought I must die."

His arm had fallen almost mechanically round her waist. "Dear Eileen," he said. Even then he only half realised what had happened.

The door leading from the staircase opened, and there was Mr. Smith.

Yves started up, and so did Eileen. She went to her father and put her hand on his arm, but the clockmaker did not look angry. He stood smiling, looking first at one, then at the other.

"Well done," he cried, heartily; "I began to wonder when you would make it all right. You may have her, me boy!" he said, encouragingly, for

he was struck by Yves' confused look of dismay, and he thought it was caused by bashfulness. Then taking his daughter's hand he put it in the young Breton's. "Take her," he said, with much feeling, "She is the only payment I can think good enough for the service you have done me—she is the best I have—she is so good is my Eileen."

Yves tried to speak. He looked appealingly from Mr. Smith to his daughter, but no words would come to help him.

The clockmaker slapped him on the shoulder.

"Never mind thanks," he said; "you can pay those to Eileen—kiss me, my darling." He bent down over the blushing girl, then as a slight sound caught his ears—"Bedad! Yves, there's a customer in the shop waitin' for ye!"

Yves found a sudden power of speech. He turned to Mr. Smith, and drawing him away from Eileen, he began to explain himself in a low, hurried voice. He tried to tell how he had only meant to console Eileen, that perhaps his words were not what he meant to say, and that she had mistaken his meaning; but in his agitation he spoke chiefly in French, and Mr. Smith only laughed and shook his head.

"There, there, it's all right, me fine fellow. Go into the shop, or may be the gentleman 'll tire of waitin' for ye, and we shall lose a customer," he said, impatiently.

Yves gave a despairing look and went.

Eileen came timidly up to her father. "What was Yves saying to ye, papa?" she asked.

"Nothing ye need throuble yer purty head for, me darlin," said the delighted clockmaker. "By the powers, the boy is the soul of honour; he was fur axin me pardon for spakin' to ye before he'd axed lave of yerr father. I'm gettin' on with my French, ye see, Eileen achree! I shall soon be a scholar!"

CHAPTER VIII.

FATE.

Yves was too busy with his customer, and with his work which was wanted at once, to give time to reflection before the family met at dinner-time. Then he hesitated; he could not make up his mind to face Eileen.

Mr. Smith met him at the parlour-door and shook hands with him. "Come, me boy," he said, "dinner's on table, and I've a word to say before we fall to. You've made me this day the happiest fellow alive." Tears were glistening in his sunken eyes. "I've often felt down-hearted about me little girl. I so feared her choice mightn't be mine about a husband; and if she'd had the pick of the country she couldn't have pleased me more. You ought to be a proud and a happy man too." He slapped Yves' shoulder. "Look at her: look at your little girl's face; it's like sunshine."

Yves raised his eyes, for his head had sunk on his breast with confusion; and there was Eileen blushing radiant with joy, her brown eyes raised to his in timid, trusting love.

Yves felt choked. The words he had got ready—words which he thought must make his meaning clear—died away. Mechanically he went forward and took the seat placed for him beside her, for till now he had always sate on the opposite side of the table. As he sate down, Eileen put her hand softly into his, and it seemed to the unhappy Yves that this mute caress sealed his doom.

Mr. Smith noticed his silence; but then Yves was always quiet, and the clockmaker thought to himself, "Love is so different with different men that there's no saying what it lays hold of in 'em. Bedad! it's laid a fast hold on the boy's tongue, and Eileen 'll have to unloose it for him. Ye can take holiday, the pair on ye," he said. "You should take him down to the

river, Eileen. Leith woods are in full glory, for the leaves have turned early."

Yves felt stupified; with the fatalistic spirit of his people he believed that this doom was sent him, and that he must yield to it.

Eileen was soon ready, and as she came down dressed in her most becoming bonnet, Yves thought she was prettier than ever. The poor fellow's heart was so tender that he rejoiced in the change he saw in the sweet face. Eileen was very dear to him as a friend, though it seemed a treason to think of her in any other way.

The sun shone out propitiously on the lovers as they walked for some little way in silence. At last Eileen looked up with a bright smile, and found Yves' eyes fixed on her face. This gave her confidence.

"Do you know, dearest Yves," she said, softly, "that I thought you did not love me, and my heart was just breaking."

"Poor little Eileen!" Yves patted the hand that rested on his arm. "And if"—his voice changed—"if—I mean suppose—I did not love you, would you be very triste, Eileen?"

She turned pale; all the sunshine faded out of her sweet eyes, and she darted a rapid glance at him—a glance so full of anguish and terror, that involuntarily Yves pressed his arm close to his side and drew Eileen's hand farther within it.

"I should have died," she said, simply; "for indeed it seemed such a disgrace to love where I was not loved in return."

A new light burst on Yves' distracted soul.

This then had caused Eileen's pale sad looks and her avoidance of himself. A quick revulsion of feeling mastered him. How could he be such a monster of ingratitude! He owed everything he possessed to Eileen and her father. Without them he must have starved; for the letter to the clockmaker was his last resource. When he reached Bristol he had spent almost his last *sou*, and he knew no one in the town; and in return for all they had done he had nearly broken this sweet girl's heart by his coldness. What a villain he was.

"I cannot bear," he said in his broken way, "that I have made you unhappy, my dear; but you are happy now, Eileen?"

"I must be happy if you love me;" and a flood of warm, trusting love seemed to shed itself over him out of Eileen's sweet eyes.

They had reached the river, and had wandered beside it to a sequestered nook among the rocks; there was no one near them. Yves bent down and kissed her, and as her lips met his, for the moment Liszen was quite forgotten, and he clasped Eileen in his arms with a fervour that quieted some doubts that still tormented her. Yves loved her; she was sure of it now. Henceforth her life must be given up to his happiness.

Before they left the river the sun was setting, beautifying and bringing into relief every bit of colour in the lovely scene: the deep woods opposite, the rosy-hued rock beside which they walked, and the bright river flowing into the sea.

They were quite surprised to see how the light had faded when they reached the town again.

Mr. Smith stood at the shop-door watching for them, he saw at once the change that had come over the young Breton, and he laughed heartily.

"Didn't I tell ye Eileen would soon settle your scruples, me boy? Go in—go in—both of ye; the tay's been waitin' this hour or more; folks can't live on love, Yves."

When they were saying good-night, her father asked Eileen if she had fixed the wedding-day.

Eileen blushed and shook her head.

"There's no need for hurry," she said; "we are very happy, father."

"So are the butterflies till winter comes, and then the first cold kills them." Her father turned to Yves. "I have got to make a fresh will, me

boy, and the articles of partnership must be got ready, and it would save some after-throuble if ye were married first. Why not this day month? What say ye?"

Yves was looking at Eileen, and he saw her turn pale as she met his sad eyes. He summoned a smile hastily and nodded at the clockmaker. "I am ready," he said, "if Eileen is ready also."

Mr. Smith smiled at his broken words. 'The least said, the soonest mended," he said; "so Eileen you must get your rig ready, and we'll get the matter settled, me honey."

Yves went up to his room in the front of the house in a sort of trance. Was this all real that had been happening? he asked himself; or was it a vision like those that sometimes took him back to his old home, and from which he waked so painfully?

He sate down on his bed to think. Would it be painful to wake from this dream, he wondered? The thought of Liszen and her loving trust in him came back and blotted out all other feelings: it seemed to Yves that she stood there beside him, her face full of sad reproach, but he forced himself away from this contemplation. If he refused Eileen, he must also give up his present employment, and to Yves that meant beggary, for Smith would certainly refuse to recommend the man who had so grieved his daughter. In this case he might go wandering about for years in search of work—unable to save money—for Yves had no confidence now in his own abilities.

Liszen would have to wait till she grew old and faded; perhaps he might never be able to claim her. Well, then he was doing no wrong to Liszen; he must write and tell her all that had happened; perhaps things had changed with her also; he could never confess to Eileen the love he still felt for the sweet Breton girl; but Eileen would die if he forsook her. His lower nature reminded him of the position offered him as Smith's partner and son-in-law; it also whispered that Eileen was beautiful; the love he had seen in her eyes rose up before him.

"She said she must have died if I had not loved her. I cannot grieve her; it is so good of her—so sweet—to stoop to me—she who might marry any one," he thought. "No, it is my fate—I must marry Eileen, and I must try to forget Liszen."

To be continued.

ON EXMOOR.

A SKETCH.

A FINE travelling day! So it is; a perfect day; rather cloudy this, with a cool light air blowing softly from the west, over Exmoor and all the wide stretch of country beyond. A different day to the one last week, on which I first made acquaintance with Somerset and North Devon—*then* the coach crept slowly and with difficulty up the long steep ascent of Porlock Hill—a rise of 700 feet, against the collar every foot of the way, in the teeth of a furious gale. Wild gusts of rain and hail swept by, hurried past by the driving wind, cutting us like whips, almost without wetting our ulsters. Then, the vast extent of moorland was blotted out completely in places by banks of low hanging cloud, and everywhere it showed blurred, and misty, and desolate. No living creature would willingly affront such weather, for it was cold as December, and the only sign of life except our storm-driven selves was a tossing speck on the Bristol Channel which represented the daily steamer vainly trying to force and plough and fight her way along through the chopping waves to our right. For a moment, however, the clouds lifted at sunset, to show a crimson glare in the wide west, with broad rain-rays streaming down to the murky horizon. It is well to remember that wild afternoon, only three days ago, on this soft and smiling summer morning, and we do remember it; but as a sailor remembers the outside storm when he has dropped anchor in a sheltered bay;—with an added sense of enjoyment in the remembrance.

The desolate moorland road is gay to-day with vehicles of all sorts and sizes, foot and horsemen cut the sky line sharply, converging from different points, for all the world is out and on its way to Coultsham Ball, sixteen miles away, to "assist" at the first Meet of the staghounds. To nearly all the way must needs be long, for although the actual distance is not great to that central spot, still the roads wind, and dip, and curve round the steep hill-sides in a fashion which doubles and trebles the mileage. Yet no other way is practicable except to the few who know the short cuts and safe crossing-places of bog and streamlet. We are soon in Somerset, and skirting the edge of Exmoor. Close at hand, it is true moor apparently, and yet the actual moor itself lies away, they say, yonder to the north-east, and is lost in the soft rolling distance. Patches of vivid green and pale yellow, well fenced and farmed lie peacefully in the middle distance between us and "the moor," and here and there the closely-folded hills are cleft by deep and densely-wooded combes. Yonder is Badgeworthy (pronounced, to my deep amaze, "Badgerry") Valley, and out of it stretches the Doone Valley, fastness of the robber Doones, the story of whose fair captive, Lorna, as told by Mr. Blackmore, has delighted us all for many a day. Still nearer to the east rises Dunkerry Beacon, the highest hill in all this hilly region, yonder are the Quantock Hills, and now we are passing over Hawkcombe Head, a bold bit of moorland country, where the great Meet of last year was held. It was on just such a fine and breezy day, only a little later in the autumn, and 10,000 people came out to see the Prince of Wales, who was to hunt his first Exmoor stag. The wonderful part of the story is that a capital stag was found, that the Prince and his formidable following had a capital run, and killed in Badgeworthy Water,

after an exciting chase which led them ten miles round.

To-day every one seems to be bound for a picnic or a racecourse, for out of everything on wheels the corner of a hamper protrudes. Lynmouth and Lynton, Porlock and Brendon, send forth hundreds of visitors this fine morning, and the tourist element already shows strongly. Here and there an unmistakable farmhouse party pass each other, and exchange greetings in what sounds to strangers uncommonly like a foreign tongue. But their speech is the sole foreign thing about them, for those rosy cheeks and broad shoulders can only belong to the true John Bull, and nowhere are his sons more stalwart or his daughters more blooming than in this bracing moorland region. The sheep who had hidden themselves so carefully away on that wild Saturday afternoon are numerous to-day, and I regard them with the affectionate interest of a *ci-divant* squatter. They are compact little beasties, broad in the back and short in the legs, placid of demeanour and in capital condition. I am told they are nearly all horned hereabouts, and I need no information as to their excellence when regarded as mutton. But in spite of their wild condition and education, they are infinitely more civilised than our hardy New Zealand black-faced merino, though their wool is not so fine and good. One would not suppose they had enough sunshine to quarrel with it, so it looked absurd to see how they struggled with each other for every inch of shade. Under every heather bush large enough to cast a shadow, in every scraped-out gutter or road-side bank, a sheep was comfortably curled up, much too lazy even to mind the passing horseman, or to take any notice, beyond a placid stare, of the noisiest vehicle, and we could not help being noisy sometimes, for the drag was in constant requisition, and creaked and squealed horribly as we slid down hill.

Thus we go on and on, up and down, over excellent roads, it is true, but of a steepness which is simply appalling, and I wonder more and more how any hunting, except in balloons, can be possible in such a country. A dapper huntsman from the shires is on the box seat of our carriage, and from time to time I hear him murmur, "I don't believe it." He never says anything else, so his utterances have all the force of an oracle. To the heart of a painter no scene could be dearer, and the alternations of sunshine and lingering fog-banks create enchanting effects of light and shade. The moor, too, is in its most brilliant summer glory of purple heather and golden gorse, with waving cotton-grass between; the shady banks of the road, wherever it has a bank, are gay with tufts of pale-yellow snapdragon or plumes of foxglove and waving branchlets of bracken. At every patch of whortleberries we are pretty sure to flush a covey of round-eyed children playing truant. I for one will not blame them this beauteous morning, and the wildest imagination could not conceive the arm of the School Board stretching so far.

Presently the open moorland road gives place to a more trodden track between stone walls or hedges, and a few faint signs of human occupation occasionally appear; the waggonettes, and gigs, and carts are also more numerous, and seem to be coming from opposite directions. Hitherto we have all followed each other —at intervals, it is true, yet still as if in a procession; but now the streams of travellers, though converging to one point, cross each other. Here and there a red coat brightens the groups, and the horsemen grow more numerous. So do the ardent sportsmen on foot, and most of them escort a damsel or two in her smartest summer frock and gayest hat. To my London eyes every one looks in such glowing health; and that I long to pinch and kiss the apple-cheeks of some of the pretty staring children. Many of the little boys are on pony back,

and ride a great deal more fearlessly than the "grown-ups," who have farther to fall. Here, at last, is the farmhouse where the hounds are kennelled, a low substantial stone building, opening into a shady lane, through which one can hardly get along for the crowd; and here, with a sharp turn through a gate, is Coultsham Ball itself, a large open field on the side of a hill.

The first thing is to get the horses out and send them away to rest and feed in the shade yonder, for, big and strong as they are, sixteen miles of such a road has told on them a little, and one hopes their bait will be a long one. Everybody else is looking for their acquaintances, but I have none, and am free to gaze and gaze at the view before me. Surely the Master of the Hounds must be an artist to choose such a spot for his first meet this year! The hunting part of the programme seems more impossible than ever, and I begin to agree with our midland-county sportsman. He is still in his dust-coat, standing staring blankly at his horse, of which animal the bone is certainly more conspicuous than the breeding. I observe that his cigar has gone out, and he is shaking his head dubiously. But evidently some of the motley throng—and they are *very* motley—mean business; for not only are there led horses being walked about, but those who have ridden to covert are resting themselves and easing their steeds by a few minutes on foot. Here and there a smart young farmer is hastily unharnessing the stout pony which has drawn himself and his family to the meet, and preparing to saddle it and "pursue" with the best. I begin dreamily to speculate how the wife and babies who are now so busy with the meat-pies and ginger-beer will get home in the event of the run taking the head of the family and the pony twenty miles off; but there is no time to go into this subject, for here comes the Whip, looking rather disgusted at the unbusinesslike aspect of the field. Everybody seems to have but one idea, which is "luncheon," and certainly the moorland air creates a good excuse for that idea.

Still the bright morning is wearing on; there is always the risk of a sea-fog rolling up and blotting out everything. The "tufters"—six or eight couple of them—have been in those dense and beautiful Horner woods opposite, for an hour or more with the huntsman, and yet no stag has shown an inclination to break covert. How should he, poor beast, when not only is there this vast gay assemblage on the side of the hill before him, but knots and groups of people, on foot and horseback, are dotted about the neighbouring hills? All night the "harbourer" has been, what a middy from Dartmouth calls "cruising," about these woods in order to ascertain the exact whereabouts of a "warrantable deer;" but at this time of year it is difficult to get the stags to break covert, for they are fat and lazy, and so numerous that I hear many complaints of the damage they do to young plantations and crops.

It is a bright and picturesque scene; but my eyes stray from the gay groups immediately around, to the wonderful beauty of hill and combe, of wood and water, of sky and sea, stretched out before me. Over all an English summer sky is bent, than which, I maintain, there is nothing more beautiful to be seen, even in tropic lands. The blue, where it is blue, is so deep yet tender in colour, and the sailing gray clouds, light as a film where they lie low, are only a grateful relief to the eye, and cast enchanting shadows over the purple moorland or the yellowing corn-fields. Porlock Bay shimmers silvery over yonder, dotted with the sails of the fishing-boats, and the Welsh coast opposite looks but a dozen miles away.

We are all impatient to see a stag, though the old hands expect nothing less than a run on this first day. "It is only a big picnic," they say dis-

dainfully, and I confess it looks like it. By and by the hounds pass through our midst, all anxious as we are for a run. They are but a young pack, for a couple of years ago hydrophobia broke out in the kennels, and the old trained hounds had to be destroyed, one after the other. These are fine animals, but young; and as they are really large foxhounds, not the deer-hound of a picture or a story, they need careful training. *The* veteran sportsman of North Devon is close on their heels, and every one turns to try and get a cheery smile or nod from "one of the good old sort," as I hear the people about me saying. A happy chance brings a kind word or two my way, and I at once fall hopelessly in love with the "Jack Russell" whom every one loves. I stoutly refuse to believe in the legend of his being past eighty, and am prepared to declare him to be at least twenty years younger than that! So much for a life on horseback in this moorland air —good for the temper, good for the looks, good for the health!

But what is this stir and sudden movement? "Where is Arthur and the hounds?" I hear every man asking his neighbour. Where but stealing away there to get clear of the crowd and lay themselves quietly and surely on the track of that fine stag just broken covert and showing for a moment or two sharp and clear on the sky-line. There is no hurry, for he is well away now, and the scent will lie, even on this warm day, for a good hour or more. The crowd point and gape, all in one direction; but the field seems to have emptied itself of horsemen in a marvellously short time. Even the little boys on their shaggy ponies are gone, and so are two slim girls I have been watching with interest, so determined have they been to have whatever galloping fate would permit. My shire friend is off too, having been heard to say, "Well, I suppose we must go and throw ourselves over that precipice;" but his horse has carried him well down the steep combe, and he and they are all breasting the opposite hill gallantly.

We watch and wait yet a little longer, but the stag and the hounds and the straggling field have all alike been swallowed up in the blue distance yonder, for the pace is wonderful. Then we prepare to go home; but not many miles away we meet a farmer's cart, and hear that the stag has crossed the road higher up, looking already tired, and with his tongue hanging out. He gave them plenty of sport, however, and it turned out a capital run, with only one break when a hind crossed the scent; but the hounds were staunch and Arthur was wary, and they were all soon close behind the poor panting beast, who headed for the sea, but was finally lost in Lord Lovelace's woods late in the afternoon.

On our way home I am told thrilling stories of what a stag will do when sore pressed: how he will fling himself down a cliff where a rat could scarcely find a foothold, and then betake himself to the sea, swimming a couple of miles or more before he can be overtaken and put out of his misery. But, in spite of regular hunting, they increase much too fast, and are likely to afford capital sport for many a long day.

M. A. Barker.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE; OR, THE GOSPEL OF INTENSITY.

Some apology is due to readers for the title chosen for this paper. "Renaissance" is perhaps too inclusive a word to be used, as we intend to use it here to signify the new birth of certain phases of art and literature. Attention is naturally directed to the great Italian revival of learning generally denoted by our title, and we hesitate to admit its significance as applied to the ephemeral changes of fashion which mark the present time.

Nevertheless, there may be re-births of every variety of magnitude, and one such has begun in England during the last thirty years. During that time there has hardly been one belief, however firmly held, which has not been severely questioned; one habit of life which has not been altered or swept away; or any department of art, science, or literature which has not undergone the most vital changes. One result of these changes is undoubtedly a sense of uncertainty and unrest—a disposition to hesitate in the formation of beliefs, and to give to them, not an absolute, but a provisional, assent; to maintain, or at all events feel, that we are doing, not the best, but the best under present circumstances. The notion of development, snatched hastily from its first province of natural science, has quickly overspread the whole field of thought and action, and opens out to us all, vistas of possible glory, as beautiful, and perhaps as unsubstantial, as the lands of purple and gold which we see—

> "beyond the sun-set, and the baths
> Of all the Western stars."

We travel sixty miles an hour instead of six; we speak by electricity across the globe, and have the voices of our friends passed to us through an interval of two or three hundred miles as we sit by our own fireside; we have magnified sound till by its means we can detect disease, and imprisoned it till we can reproduce a lost voice years after its accents have faded; every power of earth, air, and water has been pressed into our service, and analysed by our ingenuity; nay, even the last great problem has found claimants for its solution—and there be those who believe that means have been found to generate life itself.

At the very moment in which I write these lines a scientific Englishman, by a fast of forty days, is engaged in demonstrating that it is possible for a man to live without eating, and almost without drinking; and probably ere long sleep will be eliminated from the catalogue of indispensables, and it will be shown to have been only a vulgar error which has made us pass a third of our lives in dull oblivion.

But if the conquests and discoveries of science have been fruitful of change, a no less wonderful transformation has taken place in the region of the mind; though here, from the very nature of the case, the effects are not so clearly evident at first sight. If the whole field of the physical universe has been thrown open to science, the whole field of the mental universe has likewise been attacked. In philosophy, in morality, and in religion, the movement of the century has stirred the depths to an almost unparalleled extent; beliefs, the inheritance of ages, seem to have grown old, withered, and vanished almost in a day, and instead of the calm, and perhaps a little unthinking belief of our fathers, we now hear on every side—

> "Obstinate questionings
> Of self, and outward things;"

and as one of the most typical of

present writers once said, there is "no child now but can throw stones at the windows which Colenso has broken." What the world has been for ages before our chronology takes it up; what it will be for ages after our race has done its work and gone its way; the evolution of mind from matter, of life from lifelessness—the great doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the still greater theory of evolution — all these speculations, theories, discoveries (call them by what name we will, according as we accept or dispute the grounds upon which they rest) have terribly shaken the old formulas of life. Every day a fresh attack seems to be made upon some hitherto secure position of thought, and the air is filled with the din, as the earth is covered with the ruins, of falling temples.

It is not my purpose here to enter upon any discussion as to the endurance or the ultimate result of the state of things which has been briefly indicated above; indeed such a discussion would be premature and certainly futile. We are at present, to use the old simile, as soldiers in a hand-to-hand conflict, hearing the noise and seeing the dust of the battle, striking perhaps a hard blow now and then (we hope upon our rightful enemy), but getting no clue to the general issue, much less the purpose, of our combat. The question asked so frequently now, "Is life worth living?" must be left for solution to the future generations—the most we can hope to do being to make it more "worth living" for them; and not the least efficient way of so doing will be to clear the path of the sham philosophies and sensational fashions which have sprung up thickly in the place of the ancient creeds.

At a time, such as we have described, when all thing are being put to the test of fresh investigation, it was not to be expected that the wave of change would leave poetry and painting untouched; but rather that those factors in man's life, sensitive as they are by their nature to every passing influence, would show perhaps more quickly and plainly than could be seen elsewhere, some of the effects of the new theories. In this paper I propose to trace, as briefly as possible, the way in which one special phase of poetry and painting developed under the influences which surrounded it, and say a few words upon some of the results which the cultivation of this special phase has brought about. If in the course of such narration I am forced to linger somewhat long over a "twice-told tale" —that of modern pre-Raphaelitism —I hope my readers will bear in mind that the subject is one upon which there has always been much misconception; and that though pre-Raphaelitism, in its pure and original form, has passed away, its dead carcase is still left with us, and is a source of corruption which cannot be too soon fully understood. The claims of the modern gospel of intensity, and the critical theories of pure sensuousness which are proclaimed so loudly just now, have their curiously unfitting root in the pre-Raphaelite movement; and it strangely happens that the action taken by three or four clever art students, towards a reformation in art as healthy as it was needful, has ended in breeding phases of art and poetry, which embody the lowest theory of art-usefulness, and the most morbid and sickly art-results. And as might be expected, the evil is spreading from pictures and poems into private life; it has attacked with considerable success the decoration of our houses, and the dresses of our women; and if it has not founded an actual creed, it is less because disciples are wanting, than that its elements are so heterogeneous as to be incapable of easy consolidation. If this hybrid pre-Raphaelitism has not yet erected itself into a rule of conduct, it has become in some sort effective as a standard of manners; and there may now be seen at many a social gathering young men and women whose lack-lustre eyes, dishevelled hair, eccentr-

city of attire and general appearance of weary passion, proclaim them to be members of the new school. What that school is, and how it arose and flourished, I will now endeavour to state; but to do so I must first beg you to carry your imagination back for about thirty years.

Even now, when much of the bitter antagonism on the one side, and enthusiastic exaggeration on the other, which alike helped to conceal the real motives of the young artists known as the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, has cleared away, few people have a clear idea as to what were the objects at which the artists aimed, or what were the really vital characteristics of the art which they produced. Most of the laity still connect the word pre-Raphaelitism with visions of gaunt melancholy women, and pale cadaverous men, standing or lying in more or less uncomfortable attitudes, in landscapes painted with minute chromatic accuracy of detail. There are but few who remember or believe that the object of the early pre-Raphaelite work was simply to paint things as they were, and that the crudeness of colour and harshness of form, which in some cases resulted, was as much deplored by the artists themselves as by the most bitter of their opponents. Too proud to explain their shortcomings to those who misrepresented their work; too much praised by their friends, as well as vilified by their enemies, to have a chance of quietly working out their principles, the three artists, who at first formed the association, went on for some time endeavouring to paint as well as they could without reference to the praise bestowed as frequently upon their faults as their merits, and the blame which comprehended fault and merit alike in one anathema.

The point which needs to be insisted upon in speaking of this early time, is that the movement was not only an original, but a thoroughly healthy one. It was the protest of young enthusiastic artists, who felt a pride in their profession, against being restricted to the conventional subjects, and to the conventional manner, of the English figure painters. They asserted their right to range at will over the whole field of human passion and natural beauty; they resolved that no problem of colour should be shirked, no manifestation of human feeling be considered unsuitable, no fact of nature rendered inadequately, as far as lay in their power. They saw, or thought they saw, that painting had gone astray from its devotion, begun in the Renaissance times, to the antique ideal, and they sought, with a devotion perhaps too blind, to gain that simple directness of purpose, and *naïveté* of treatment which had characterised Italian art previous to the great classic revival. No doubt the movement had its ludicrous side; no doubt the three young artists, challenging the practices which had been accepted as unquestioned (and unquestionable) for three hundred years, did present to the mass of graver and older painters a spectacle of absurd conceit. It is easy to be wise after the event; we can all see that failure was certain, now that failure has occurred. But as I have said, the movement was undoubtedly honest, and as undoubtedly in the right direction. Let it be mentioned, too, in passing, that it gave us some of the grandest pictures of this century. When we think of the *Ophelia*, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, *The Scapegoat*, *The Light of the World*, *The Huguenots*, and *The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple*, we are forced to acknowledge that, were it only for the production of such works, we should owe a considerable debt of gratitude to Messrs. Millais and Hunt.

But far more was accomplished than this, for perhaps one of the greatest influences for good which have touched the art of the present day, sprang from the book illustrations which were executed at this period by the pre-Raphaelites, and above all by Mr. Millais. Not to speak of his illustra-

tions to the *Parables* (because of the comparative smallness of circulation of that book), the drawings made by this artist for Mr. Anthony Trollope's three novels of *Framley Parsonage*, *The Small House at Allington*, and *Orley Farm*, probably laid the foundation of the enormous progress in wood-engraving and book-illustration, which ultimately gave us such work as Pinwell's and Frederic Walker's drawings for Jean Ingelow's poems and Thackeray's *Philip*. Indubitably these works by Mr. Millais form some of the very finest art of the age. Manly and powerful in the extreme in their treatment of the subject and enforcement of its meaning; simple, as befits such work, with a frank simplicity which omits no essential point; with a grasp of character and power of depicting emotion which the present writer at least, has never seen equalled and rarely approached; gentle in the highest sense of the word, giving a portrait of English gentlemen and English ladies such as we might well be proud to think them; essentially true to the spirit of the author's work, and yet as free and spontaneous as if they sprang alone from the artist's imagination —with all these merits, and many more, which it is beyond our province to dwell upon here, these works form, rightly understood, the strongest testimony that could be given to the perfect health and right intention of the early pre-Raphaelites. And it is the more necessary to remember this as the movement was soon to change its character.

What happened after a while is perhaps best expressed shortly by saying the cause was given up, though probably no specific yielding ever took place. Mr. Millais, the healthiest, if not the greatest, genius of the three, gradually worked less and less in his early manner, till he became practically the same in method as the ordinary run of academic painters. Mr. Holman Hunt, touched with the ambition of painting great religious pictures, and confining himself more and more to problems of light and colour, set up his easel in the sacred city itself, and faded from the view of the majority of the picture-loving public. Mr. Rossetti, from causes which it would be impertinent to dwell upon, retired from public exhibitions altogether.

The brotherhood, as a brotherhood, was at an end; the cause, in so far as it hoped to propagate itself, was lost, and all that remained was the bray of the ferocious criticism which had been roused by the young artists' work, and the effect which had been produced upon contemporary art. Such was the first stage of pre-Raphaelitism: something at least had been achieved; men's minds had been shaken roughly out of the conventional grooves in which they had long travelled with sleepy contentment. New vistas of natural beauty, and new phases of thought and feeling had been laid open to artists; above all, the first brunt of the battle of unconventionality had been borne, and the way was made comparatively smooth for innovators of less boldness, or less ability.

Probably the society never had had much life in it as a society; the elements were too incongruous, the individualities of the founders too strong, to work together with much unity of purpose. A common bond of discontent with art as it was, and the teaching they received, had united them for a brief space; but probably no two ways of looking at life and art were more thoroughly opposed in spirit than those of Messrs. Millais and Rossetti, and Mr. Holman Hunt had little in common with either. The future direction of the movement, or rather of the results of the movement, was mainly determined by the influence of a group of Oxford men, who in the three lines of painting, poetry, and criticism allied themselves to the dying cause, and who, though they entirely forgot the idea with which it had been started, and per-

verted its main doctrines, succeeded in endowing it with new life.

At this moment pre-Raphaelitism died as an instrument for regenerating art, and was at the same time re-born as a phase of artistic life, and furnished by the exertions of two or three poets and critics with new formulas. Many artists too eccentric, too earnest, or too self-confident to work in the old methods, found a ready resting-place under the new banner, and it soon grew to be considered a sufficient claim to be a pre-Raphaelite if the artist's work showed a disregard of ordinary artistic principles, and an adherence to archaicism of treatment. In fact at this moment the movement, so to speak, crystallised—it became an end rather than a means; it began to extol mediævalism in itself, not because of the qualities of simplicity, truth, and earnestness which had first led to the works of that period being selected as models.

To return, however, to the new influences: these were chiefly embodied in Messrs. Swinburne, Pater, and Burne Jones—a poet, a critic, and a painter, all of them Oxford men, and all (if I remember right) contemporaries at the university. The painter's career was begun under the auspices of Mr. Rossetti, and soon showed the direction to be taken in the future by the school in question. The slightest acquaintance with this artist's pictures, especially his early works, suffices to make evident the enormous difference in aim which had now taken place. Perhaps the difference of spirit between Millais and Burne Jones in pre-Raphaelitism may be fairly likened to that between the art of Giotto and that of Botticelli, in which there is evident on the one side a loss of purpose and frankness of treatment, and, on the other, a growth of sumptuous colour and detail, and the substitution of over refinement and sweetness of expression for the vivid energy of the older painter. One curious resemblance to Botticelli which belongs to Mr. Burne Jones's work may indeed just be noticed in passing, which is the assimilation of the types of male and female; it is difficult, if not impossible to tell, in many instances, in either painter's work, the sex of the person represented. In what proportion the character of Mr. Jones's art was first determined by the influence of his master Rossetti, or by the poetry of his friend Mr. Swinburne, it would be excessively difficult to say: probably a genuine love of mediæval art, and a somewhat melancholy temperament co-operated with both these causes; but it is certainly the case that in many ways Swinburne's poetry does leavo its accurate reflection in the painter's pictures, and that from this time forwards the same note is continually struck by both men.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed account of the merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne's poetry; both are by this time generally acknowledged, and the venomous criticism and exaggerated praise bestowed so liberally upon the young author on the first appearance of his *Poems and Ballads*, have given way to more temperate judgment No one now denies the beauty of many of the poems; no one either—at least, no sensible person—denies the unhealthy tone of the book as a whole. What concerns us here is not to pass a judgment upon either its beauty or its *morale*, but to explain very briefly what that *morale* was, because it formed one of the key-notes to all the melodies of the later pre-Raphaelites, and furnished the elements of the new "Gospel of Intensity." Whither that gospel leads us, in art, in criticism, and in poetry, we can at present only guess, but I hope at some future day to bring some of its first infantile results before you.

The following verse from one of the *Poems and Ballads*, entitled "The Triumph of Time," puts the articles of the new creed before us plainly enough.

"Sick dreams and sad of a dull delight;
For what shall it profit when men are dead
To have dreamed, to have loved with the whole soul's might,
To have looked for day when the day is fled?
Let come what will there is one thing worth
To have had fair love in the life upon earth,
To have held love safe till the day grew night,
While skies had colour, and lips were red."

Such is the note struck throughout these poems of Swinburne's; sometimes with fierce repining, sometimes with dull resignation, but always to the same intent. What shall it profit? That is the question he has to ask. What shall honour, truth, energy, unselfishness, whatever you will, that men have agreed to seek and honour, what shall they profit "when the day is fled"? Turn in imagination from this verse to one of the later pre-Raphaelite pictures—all have had an opportunity of seeing them since the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery—and think whether there could be a more accurately beautiful reflection of a poet's feeling than the reflection to be seen in, say, the great picture by Mr. Burne Jones, entitled, *Laus Veneris*. Very beautiful is this work, perhaps as beautiful as any picture that has been produced in our time; but what a sad, weary, hopeless beauty it is. Struggle against the impression as we will, the composition enervates and depresses us, in exactly the same way as the poet's words above quoted do. And now if one would feel the full difference between this and true pre-Raphaelite art, think for a moment of this view of love, and the one taken by Mr. Millais in that most beautiful and poetic of his pictures, *The Huguenots*. Note that in the first picture we are supposed to be looking at a scene of joy, and in the second at a scene of grief, and then let us ask ourselves whether we would not prefer the grief of the Huguenot, lightened as it is by the influence of truth and honour, to the joy of that Venus choir where truth and honour, and indeed all else, seem but "the shadow of a dream." And the sentiment of the picture is—

"All passes, nought that has been is,
Things good and evil have one end;
Can anything be otherwise
Though all men swear all things would mend
With God to friend?

I do not intend to say a word on this philosophy beyond the statement of its motive, or rather its want of motive. What concerns us here is its enforcement by the new school. Rossetti's poems also were published about this time, and are in the main imbued with the same spirit, though they are neither so powerful nor so frankly material as those of Mr. Swinburne. The same melancholy hopelessness is in them as in the work of the younger poet, but expressed less vividly and with far less spontaneity of feeling. Sensuousness is still the main thing to be desired, as melancholy is still the inevitable end of all things; but the sensuousness is of a cultivated intellectual type, hesitates here and there between the philosophic and the amatory — sometimes even fades out of sight in the enjoyment of the literary or artistic aspect of legend or nature. Love interrupted by death is the main subject of the majority of the poems, sometimes even love dreaming of a possible reunion beyond the grave. On the whole, Rossetti's poems glorify the passion of love in its abstract, instead of in its concrete, sense. The moral element is perhaps even more absent than in Swinburne, whose very rebellion against morality seems to indicate a sense of it, which Rossetti appears to lack, unless the poem of *Jenny* be taken as an instance. In *Jenny*, however, the moralising is wholly *ab extra*.

So that here we have two great literary factors to take into account, the one a volume of poems inculcating a weary and hopeless passion, expressed in the most seductively beauti-

ful music of which even our language can boast, and dedicated to an artist whose pictures express in colour, form, and intention the same ideas; and the other, an artist, publishing in mature years a volume of beautiful poems, written (we believe we are accurate in saying) chiefly under a sense of personal bereavement, and inevitably shadowed by such loss. Both books melodious in the extreme, both almost purely sensuous, both connected—one through friendship and kinship of feeling, the other through the author himself—with the new pre-Raphaelite idea.

Now it would have mattered little that Messrs. Swinburne and Rossetti, preachers as they were of a dreary gospel, should have been connected with, and champions of, a style of art which was tinged by the same melancholy as their poetry, had it not been the case that the very faults both of the poetry and the art, were such as to chime in with the deep intellectual unrest and shaken beliefs of the more thoughtful portion of our countrymen.

It was, to say the least, excessively unfortunate that at the very moment when a general desire for art had been awakened, and a general doubt of ancient formulas of belief aroused, there should be presented for acceptance by society an art of great beauty, but of inherent weakness, backed by a poetry which took as its chief tenet that nothing was worth the doing but "love."

There were but wanting now two things to aid the little group of poets and artists in the consolidation of their principles to render the lately vanquished pre-Raphaelite school a working social power. These were a sympathetic criticism, which, while omitting all the more debilitating effects of the poetry and art, should point out its essential beauties, and some link with practical life, whereby the influence could be extended over those people who cared little for poems and pictures, or for the criticism which expounded them.

Nature, we are told by scientific authorities, never creates a want without creating also the means for its supply, and accordingly, in the instance before us, both requisites were forthcoming. A criticism of the required kind sprung up, headed by Mr. Pater and Mr. Swinburne, and the genius of Mr. William Morris, himself a poet and an artist, gave its main attention to the invention and supply of good decorative designs in accordance with mediæval theories.

The criticism which now started in aid of the new poetry and art was, in some ways, very notable. It was sympathetic in the highest degree with the objects of its laudation, and subtly suggestive of thought rather than actually thoughtful. It was, as we might have expected from its origin, scholarly almost to affectation, and was expressed with a seemingly accurate choice of beautiful words, the very sound of which was pleasant. It had, however, some great vices. Its praise was almost exclusively given to out-of-the-way people and things; poets and artists of very minor merit, long since forgotten, were dug up and held forth to the admiration of the disciples with praise which would have been fulsome if applied to Shakespeare. There was no medium in its judgments, no standard of comparison, no actual knowledge of the subject, save the fleeting and variable knowledge of emotional insight. The inner consciousness of the critic was taken as the first and ultimate judge in the matter, and as the inner consciousness is often wrong when it reports on what it knows nothing about, the criticism was often very much astray. There were two other very great drawbacks. The first was that the critic's language often proved too strong for his meaning, and many of the sentences so ended that it was doubtful whether they had any meaning at all. The other drawback was, that the criticism was almost purely governed by personal feeling—and so the critics and painters got to be

spoken of as the "Mutual Admiration Society." The temptation of course was very great for Mr. W. M. Rossetti to write complimentary criticisms of Mr. Swinburne, and who could complain if Mr. Swinburne felt inclined to return the compliment.

In fact, the way in which the art, poetry, and criticism of the new school was mixed up was excessively curious, and will perhaps one day be fully known. As it is, we know that Swinburne wrote criticisms and poems, that one Rossetti wrote poems and painted pictures, and the other wrote criticisms on them, and so influenced both arts; that Burne Jones painted pictures with motives from Swinburne's poems, and was at the same time in partnership with William Morris in his decoration business; that Morris wrote poems and made designs; and that Mr. Pater educated the public generally in the appreciation of whatever archaic and out-of-the-way art he could lay his hands on.

Other artists and poets soon followed suit, bringing other critics in their train. The decoration of Mr. Morris being really beautiful in its way, and very much needed as a protest against various upholstery abominations to which we had too long tamely submitted, grew and prospered prodigiously. Art upholsterers and decorators followed the lead in every direction. The mystic words "conventional decoration" began to be used, a little vaguely but with the best intentions; the "Queen Anne revival" set in; and one aspiring tradesman even christened his chairs and tables as Neo-Jacobean! This last bold flight of fancy was, however, I believe, a failure, as I have not since heard it repeated.

At this period, when the poetry, and decoration, and criticisms of Swinburne, Morris, and Pater first came into fashion, it must be remembered that the central idea of the early pre-Raphaelites, that namely of painting occurrences as they happened, emotions as they actually appear, and nature as it actually looks, had practically disappeared. Mr. Holman Hunt was in Jerusalem struggling with the problem of Eastern sunlight and shadow; Mr. Rossetti was equally out of sight as far as his painting was concerned; and Mr. Millais, wholly free from his old prepossessions, was just entering upon that career of portrait-painting in which he has since had such marked success. The new poetry, beautiful as it was, and wholly devoted in spirit to that changed pre-Raphaelitism of which Mr. Burne Jones stood at the head, was singularly inconsistent with the first tenets of the school. In place of the simple frankness of spirit, at which Millais and Hunt had aimed, it substituted a refined and weary cynicism; in place of showing things as they were, it depicted them as they were not, and as, fortunately, they never could be; in place of holding the belief that the subject-matter of art was far broader than was commonly allowed, it substituted the doctrine that there was only one subject worthy of painting or writing about, and that was—Love. Now we should be doing great injustice to the poets, artists, and critics whom we have just mentioned, if we did not at once confess that their work was in the main good of its kind. The accusation which is rightly to be made against the clique is that their whole object was an unworthy one, that it inculcated a philosophy of life and morality out of which it was impossible that healthiness of thought or feeling should come, or with which it could co-exist, and sought to turn all the power of art and poetry not to the improvement of the race, but its injury. The philosophy of its criticism and painting stood at the very opposite pole to Ruskin's great definition of the best art, and instead of maintaining that art to be the finest which embodied "the greatest number of the greatest ideas" held that the province of art was altogether exclusive of ideas, and that the fewer ideas there were contained therein, the finer

was the art. For instance, according to one of the later and lesser lights of this school, Shelley's poetry was judged to be on a distinctly lower level than Keats's, simply and solely because there were to be found therein certain great intellectual ideas! These, the critic remarked naively, had no business there, and he—like Mr. Podsnap in *Our Mutual Friend*—"waved them off the earth."

Well, this poetry and art worked its way a little into the public mind, and a similar criticism commented on and explained the doctrines of pure sensuousness in art, as above hinted at. Morris's decoration began to be popular, and to overspread our houses, and even touch and alter the dresses of our women, and still no one seems to have suspected the healthiness or the advantage of the movement. Papers and magazines teemed with panegyrics eloquently incomprehensible except to the initiated, in favour of conventional art and erotic poetry—from the inner consciousness of critic after critic, we received instruction upon the merits of "solid sensuousness"; with one accord all reference to English art was considered to be Philistine, and nothing was allowed to be praised as worthy of later period than what the prophets termed the Early Renascence. From the recesses of Oriel College Mr. Pater took every now and then dives into mediæval French or Italian history, emerging triumphantly with some firmly-clutched improper little story which he had rescued from the oblivion into which it had unfortunately fallen, or with the name of some forgotten painter, too long allowed to slumber in peaceful obscurity. Swinburne was no less active in the intervals of his poetic labours, and brought many a buried or misconceived genius before the glare of our modern footlights. Morris's business, and his epics, both expanded, and at last, only yesterday as it seems, the Grosvenor Gallery opened, and gave to the movement its final fashionable influence. Imitators and admirers had by this time sprung up all round, especially among the women, and the first Grosvenor Exhibition, witnessed the curious sight of the now greatest master of the new school, surrounded on all sides by the works of his followers, and as Mr. Ruskin said at the time, in a famous number of *Fors Clavigera*, the effect of the master's work was both "weakened by the repetition, and degraded by the fallacy" of its echoes.

Behold, then, a new philosophy of art and life, sanctioned by the aristocracy, and supported on all sides by an admiring, and what the Americans would call a "high falutin'," criticism. Can we wonder at the success attained? Here, indeed, was a gospel suited to cultured England, the very first article of whose creed was "Whatever is, is wrong"—a curious result this of scientific discovery and nineteenth century progress in general culture and enlightenment, that melancholy should be discovered to be the *summum bonum*, that the great object of art was to express, in words or colours, that there is

> "A little time for laughter;
> A little time to sing;
> A little time to kiss and cling,
> And no mor kissing after."

Cast your recollection back for thirty or forty years before this new light had broken upon us, and try to imagine what Turner, or De Wint, or David Cox, or even old William Hunt, would have thought of our new theories. Fancy inviting the painter of the *Hayfield* and the *Welsh Funeral* to a modern æsthetic "at home," or explaining "the sweet secret of Leonardo" to Hunt while he painted *Too Hot* or the *Listening Stable-boy!* Fancy a young lady asking Turner if he was "intense," or reading "Eden Bower's in flower" to De Wint as he sat sketching in the muddy lanes under the gray skies, which he knew so well and (curiously as it now seems to us) loved so dearly. And yet why should these suppositions sound so ludicrous?

Surely all fine art has ties of blood-relationship, and we have not yet got so far as to deny that Turner, Cox, De Wint, and Hunt were true artists!

Is it possible that somehow our revival has strayed "off the line," and is wandering in mazes of false feeling and morbid affectation? Is it possible that, after all, melancholy is not the key to all fine art, and that even a return to the "Early Renascence" will not compensate us for the loss of healthy national feeling? Is it possible that Hunt's motto, still to be seen on one of his pictures, "Love what you paint and paint what you love," is a truer one than "Love nothing but regret, and regret nothing but love"? And lastly, is it possible that this self-consciousness of a miserable, thwarted, and limited existence—this conception of the world as a place where effort is absurd and action futile, and where the only vital thing to remember is

> "That sad things stay and glad things fly
> And then to die"—

is it possible that such a creed as this is unworthy of English men and English women, and is poorly compensated for by a little increased knowledge of the peculiarities of early Italian artists, and a morbid love of mediæval ballads?

It is too soon to trace the effects which will surely follow the spread of the present fashion. If Mr. and Mrs. "Cimabue Brown," "Maudle," and "Postlethwaite" are to become permanent facts in our social system; if the mutual-admiration societies, and the "intense" young ladies who have lately been so well satirised for us by Mr. Du Maurier, still continue to increase as they have done of late; if our women's dresses and drawing-rooms continue to present a combination of dreary faded tints, dotted here and there with spots of bright colour; if china must still be hung upon the wall, and parasols stuck in the fire-place; if our houses continue to assume the appearance of a compromise between a Buddhist temple and a Bond Street curiosity-shop; if the cultivation of hysteric self-consciousness continues to be considered as a sign of artistic faculty, and the incomprehensibility of art-criticism to be a guarantee of its profundity; if we still continue to think that no art is worthy of examination which has been produced since the time of the "Early Renascence"; if, in a word, the present fashion continues to live and flourish amongst us, if we can't have art at all unless we have art of the kind I have mentioned, with results to match—why then, in Heaven's name, let us "throw up the sponge" without further contention—let us become frankly and thoroughly "Philistine," as were our fathers.

Very certainly there is more hope for a nation in thorough but loving ignorance of art—caring, for instance, for pictures in the way a child cares for a picture-book—than in a state of knowledge of which the only result is a sick indifference to the things of our own time, and a spurious devotion to whatever is foreign, eccentric, archaic, or grotesque. I may perhaps try to show my readers in a future article a few of the more evident absurdities involved in the new criticism and decoration; for the present I bid gladly adieu to the worst gospel I have ever come in contact with—the "Gospel of Intensity."

Harry Quilter.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1880.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.[1]

I.

UNDER certain circumstances there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you partake of the tea or not—some people of course never do—the situation is in itself delightful. Those that I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country-house, in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours; but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. They lengthened slowly, however, and the scene expressed that sense of leisure still to come which is perhaps the chief source of one's enjoyment of such a scene at such an hour. From five o'clock to eight is on certain occasions a little eternity; but on such an occasion as this the interval could be only an eternity of pleasure. The persons concerned in it were taking their pleasure quietly, and they were not of the sex which is supposed to furnish the regular votaries of the ceremony I have mentioned. The shadows on the perfect lawn were straight and angular; they were the shadows of an old man sitting in a deep wicker-chair near the low table on which the tea had been served, and of two younger men strolling to and fro, in desultory talk, in front of him. The old man had his cup in his hand; it was an unusually large cup, of a different pattern from the rest of the set, and painted in brilliant colours. He disposed of its contents with much circumspection, holding it for a long time close to his chin, with his face turned to the house. His companions had either finished their tea or were indifferent to their privilege; they smoked cigarettes as they continued to stroll. One of them, from time to time, as he passed, looked with a certain attention at the elder man, who, unconscious of observation, rested his eyes upon the rich red front of his dwelling. The house that rose beyond the lawn was a structure to repay such consideration, and was the most characteristic object in the peculiarly English picture I have attempted to sketch.

It stood upon a low hill, above the river—the river being the Thames, at some forty miles from London. A

[1] Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

long gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sorts of picturesque tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented itself to the lawn, with its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers. The house had a name and a history; the old gentleman taking his tea would have been delighted to tell you these things: how it had been built under Edward the Sixth, had offered a night's hospitality to the great Elizabeth (whose august person had extended itself upon a huge, magnificent and terribly angular bed which still formed the principal honour of the sleeping apartments), had been a good deal bruised and defaced in Cromwell's wars, and then, under the Restoration, repaired and much enlarged; and how, finally, after having been remodelled and disfigured in the eighteenth century, it had passed into the careful keeping of a shrewd American banker, who had bought it originally because (owing to circumstances too complicated to set forth) it was offered at a great bargain; bought it with much grumbling at its ugliness, its antiquity, its incommodity, and who now, at the end of twenty years, had become conscious of a real æsthetic passion for it, so that he knew all its points, and would tell you just where to stand to see them in combination, and just the hour when the shadows of its various protuberances — which fell so softly upon the warm, weary brickwork— were of the right measure. Besides this, as I have said, he could have counted off most of the successive owners and occupants, several of whom were known to general fame; doing so, however, with an undemonstrative conviction that the latest phase of its destiny was not the least honourable. The front of the house, overlooking that portion of the lawn with which we are concerned, was not the entrance-front; this was in quite another quarter. Privacy here reigned supreme, and the wide carpet of turf that covered the level hill-top seemed but the extension of a luxurious interior. The great still oaks and beeches flung down a shade as dense as that of velvet curtains; and the place was furnished, like a room, with cushioned seats, with rich-coloured rugs, with the books and papers that lay upon the grass. The river was at some distance; where the ground began to slope, the lawn, properly speaking, ceased. But it was none the less a charming walk down to the water.

The old gentleman at the tea-table, who had come from America thirty years before, had brought with him, at the top of his baggage, his American physiognomy; and he had not only brought it with him, but he had kept it in the best order, so that, if necessary, he might have taken it back to his own country with perfect confidence. But at present, obviously, he was not likely to displace himself; his journeys were over, and he was taking the rest that precedes the great rest. He had a narrow, clean-shaven face, with evenly distributed features, and an expression of placid acuteness. It was evidently a face in which the range of expression was not large; so that the air of contented shrewdness was all the more of a merit. It seemed to tell that he had been successful in life, but it seemed to tell also that his success had not been exclusive and invidious, but had had much of the inoffensiveness of failure. He had certainly had a great experience of men; but there was an almost rustic simplicity in the faint smile that played upon his lean, spacious cheek and lighted up his humorous eye, as he at last slowly and carefully deposited his big teacup upon the table. He was neatly dressed, in well-brushed black; but a shawl was folded upon his knees, and his feet were encased in thick, embroidered slippers. A beautiful collie dog lay upon the grass near his chair, watching the master's face almost as tenderly as the master

contemplated the still more magisterial physiognomy of the house; and a little bristling, bustling terrier bestowed a desultory attendance upon the other gentlemen.

One of these was a remarkably well-made man of five-and-thirty, with a face as English as that of the old gentleman I have just sketched was something else; a noticeably handsome face, fresh-coloured, fair, and frank, with firm, straight features, a lively grey eye, and the rich adornment of a chestnut beard. This person had a certain fortunate, brilliant exceptional look—the air of a happy temperament fertilised by a high civilisation—which would have made almost any observer envy him at a venture. He was booted and spurred, as if he had dismounted from a long ride; he wore a white hat, which looked too large for him; he held his two hands behind him, and in one of them—a large, white, well-shaped fist—was crumpled a pair of soiled dog-skin gloves.

His companion, measuring the length of the lawn beside him, was a person of quite another pattern, who, although he might have excited grave curiosity, would not, like the other, have provoked you to wish yourself, almost blindly, in his place. Tall, lean, loosely and feebly put together, he had an ugly, sickly, witty, charming face—furnished, but by no means decorated, with a straggling moustache and whisker. He looked clever and ill—a combination by no means felicitous; and he wore a brown velvet jacket. He carried his hands in his pockets, and there was something in the way he did it that showed the habit was inveterate. His gait had a shambling, wandering quality; he was not very firm on his legs. As I have said, whenever he passed the old man in the chair, he rested his eyes upon him; and at this moment, with their faces brought into relation, you would easily have seen that they were father and son.

The father caught his son's eye at last, and gave him a mild, responsive smile.

"I am getting on very well," he said.

"Have you drunk your tea?" asked the son.

"Yes, and enjoyed it."

"Shall I give you some more?"

The old man considered, placidly.

"Well, I guess I will wait and see."

He had, in speaking, the American tone.

"Are you cold?" his son inquired.

The father slowly rubbed his legs.

"Well, I don't know. I can't tell till I feel."

"Perhaps some one might feel for you," said the younger man, laughing.

"Oh, I hope some one will always feel for me! Don't you feel for me, Lord Warburton?"

"Oh yes, immensely," said the gentleman addressed as Lord Warburton, promptly. "I am bound to say you look wonderfully comfortable."

"Well, I suppose I am, in most respects." And the old man looked down at his green shawl, and smoothed it over his knees. "The fact is, I have been comfortable so many years that I suppose I have got so used to it I don't know it."

"Yes, that's the bore of comfort," said Lord Warburton. "We only know when we are uncomfortable."

"It strikes me that we are rather particular," said his companion.

"Oh yes, there is no doubt we're particular," Lord Warburton murmured.

And then the three men remained silent a while; the two younger ones standing looking down at the other, who presently asked for more tea.

"I should think you would be very unhappy with that shawl," said Lord Warburton, while his companion filled the old man's cup again.

"Oh no, he must have the shawl!" cried the gentleman in the velvet coat. "Don't put such ideas as that into his head."

"It belongs to my wife," said the old man, simply.

"Oh, if it's for sentimental reasons ——" And Lord Warburton made a gesture of apology.

"I suppose I must give it to her when she comes," the old man went on.

"You will please to do nothing of the kind. You will keep it to cover your poor old legs."

"Well, you mustn't abuse my legs," said the old man. "I guess they are as good as yours."

"Oh, you are perfectly free to abuse mine," his son replied, giving him his tea.

"Well, we are two lame ducks; I don't think there is much difference."

"I am much obliged to you for calling me a duck. How is your tea?"

"Well, it's rather hot."

"That's intended to be a merit."

"Ah, there's a great deal of merit," murmured the old man, kindly. "He's a very good nurse, Lord Warburton."

"Isn't he a bit clumsy?" asked his lordship.

"Oh no, he's not clumsy—considering that he's an invalid himself. He's a very good nurse—for a sick-nurse. I call him my sick-nurse because he's sick himself."

"Oh, come, daddy!" the ugly young man exclaimed.

"Well, you are; I wish you weren't. But I suppose you can't help it."

"I might try: that's an idea," said the young man.

"Were you ever sick, Lord Warburton?" his father asked.

Lord Warburton considered a moment.

"Yes, sir, once, in the Persian Gulf."

"He is making light of you, daddy," said the other young man. "That's a sort of joke."

"Well, there seem to be so many sorts now," daddy replied, serenely. "You don't look as if you had been sick, any way, Lord Warburton."

"He is sick of life; he was just telling me so; going on fearfully about it," said Lord Warburton's friend.

"Is that true, sir?" asked the old man, gravely.

"If it is, your son gave me no consolation. He's a wretched fellow to talk to—a regular cynic. He doesn't seem to believe anything."

"That's another sort of joke," said the person accused of cynicism.

"It's because his health is so poor," his father explained to Lord Warburton. "It affects his mind, and colours his way of looking at things; he seems to feel as if he had never had a chance. But it's almost entirely theoretical, you know; it doesn't seem to affect his spirits. I have hardly ever seen him when he wasn't cheerful—about as he is at present. He often cheers me up."

The young man so described looked at Lord Warburton and laughed.

"Is it a glowing eulogy or an accusation of levity? Should you like me to carry out my theories, daddy?"

"By Jove, we should see some queer things!" cried Lord Warburton.

"I hope you haven't taken up that sort of tone," said the old man.

"Warburton's tone is worse than mine; he pretends to be bored. I am not in the least bored; I find life only too interesting."

"Ah, *too* interesting; you shouldn't allow it to be that, you know!"

"I am never bored when I come here," said Lord Warburton. "One gets such uncommonly good talk."

"Is that another sort of joke?" asked the old man. "You have no excuse for being bored anywhere. When I was your age, I had never heard of such a thing."

"You must have developed very late."

"No, I developed very quick; that was just the reason. When I was twenty years old, I was very highly developed indeed. I was working, tooth and nail. You wouldn't be

bored if you had something to do; but all you young men are too idle. You think too much of your pleasure. You are too fastidious, and too indolent, and too rich."

"Oh, I say," cried Lord Warburton, "you're hardly the person to accuse a fellow-creature of being too rich!"

"Do you mean because I am a banker?" asked the old man.

"Because of that, if you like; and because you are so ridiculously wealthy."

"He isn't very rich," said the other young man, indicating his father. "He has given away an immense deal of money."

"Well, I suppose it was his own," said Lord Warburton; "and in that case could there be a better proof of wealth? Let not a public benefactor talk of one's being too fond of pleasure."

"Daddy is very fond of pleasure—of other people's."

The old man shook his head.

"I don't pretend to have contributed anything to the amusement of my contemporaries."

"My dear father, you are too modest!"

"That's a kind of joke, sir," said Lord Warburton.

"You young men have too many jokes. When there are no jokes, you have nothing left."

"Fortunately there are always more jokes," the ugly young man remarked.

"I don't believe it—I believe things are getting more serious. You young men will find that out."

"The increasing seriousness of things—that is the great opportunity of jokes."

"They will have to be grim jokes," said the old man. "I am convinced there will be great changes; and not all for the better."

"I quite agree with you, sir," Lord Warburton declared. "I am very sure there will be great changes, and that all sorts of queer things will happen. That's why I find so much difficulty in applying your advice; you know you told me the other day that I ought to 'take hold' of something. One hesitates to take hold of a thing that may the next moment be knocked sky-high."

"You ought to take hold of a pretty woman," said his companion. "He is trying hard to fall in love," he added, by way of explanation, to his father.

"The pretty women themselves may be sent flying!" Lord Warburton exclaimed.

"No, no, they will be firm," the old man rejoined; "they will not be affected by the social and political changes I just referred to."

"You mean they won't be abolished? Very well, then, I will lay hands on one as soon as possible, and tie her round my neck as a life-preserver."

"The ladies will save us," said the old man; "that is, the best of them will—for I make a difference between them. Make up to a good one and marry her, and your life will become much more interesting."

A momentary silence marked perhaps on the part of his auditors a sense of the magnanimity of this speech, for it was a secret neither for his son nor for his visitor that his own experiment in matrimony had not been a happy one. As he said, however, he made a difference; and these words may have been intended as a confession of personal error; though of course it was not in place for either of his companions to remark that apparently the lady of his choice had not been one of the best.

"If I marry an interesting woman, I shall be interested: is that what you say?" Lord Warburton asked. "I am not at all keen about marrying—your son misrepresented me; but there is no knowing what an interesting woman might do with me."

"I should like to see your idea of an interesting woman," said his friend.

"My dear fellow, you can't see ideas—especially such ethereal ones

as mine. If I could only see it myself—that would be a great step in advance."

"Well, you may fall in love with whomsoever you please; but you must not fall in love with my niece," said the old man.

His son broke into a laugh. "He will think you mean that as a provocation! My dear father, you have lived with the English for thirty years, and you have picked up a good many of the things they say. But you have never learned the things they don't say!"

"I say what I please," the old man declared, with all his serenity.

"I haven't the honour of knowing your niece," Lord Warburton said. "I think it is the first time I have heard of her."

"She is a niece of my wife's; Mrs. Touchett brings her to England."

Then young Mr. Touchett explained. "My mother, you know, has been spending the winter in America, and we are expecting her back. She writes that she has discovered a niece, and that she has invited her to come with her."

"I see—very kind of her," said Lord Warburton. "Is the young lady interesting?"

"We hardly know more about her than you; my mother has not gone into details. She chiefly communicates with us by means of telegrams, and her telegrams are rather inscrutable. They say women don't know how to write them, but my mother has thoroughly mastered the art of condensation, 'Tired America, hot weather awful, return England with niece, first steamer, decent cabin.' That's the sort of message we get from her—that was the last that came. But there had been another before, which I think contained the first mention of the niece. 'Changed hotel, very bad, impudent clerk, address here. Taken sister's girl, died last year, go to Europe, two sisters, quite independent.' Over that my father and I have scarcely stopped puzzling; it seems to admit of so many interpretations."

"There is one thing very clear in it," said the old man; "she has given the hotel-clerk a dressing."

"I am not sure even of that, since he has driven her from the field. We thought at first that the sister mentioned might be the sister of the clerk; but the subsequent mention of a niece seems to prove that the allusion is to one of my aunts. Then there was a question as to whose the two other sisters were; they are probably two of my late aunt's daughters. But who is 'quite independent,' and in what sense is the term used?—that point is not yet settled. Does the expression apply more particularly to the young lady my mother has adopted, or does it characterise her sisters equally?—and is it used in a moral or in a financial sense? Does it mean that they have been left well off, or that they wish to be under no obligations? or does it simply mean that they are fond of their own way?"

"Whatever else it means, it is pretty sure to mean that," Mr. Touchett remarked.

"You will see for yourself," said Lord Warburton. "When does Mrs. Touchett arrive?"

"We are quite in the dark; as soon as she can find a decent cabin. She may be waiting for it yet; on the other hand, she may already have disembarked in England."

"In that case she would probably have telegraphed to you."

"She never telegraphs when you would expect it—only when you don't," said the old man. "She likes to drop on me suddenly; she thinks she will find me doing something wrong. She has never done so yet, but she is not discouraged."

"It's her independence," her son explained, more favourably. "Whatever that of those young ladies may be, her own is a match for it. She likes to do everything for herself, and has no belief in any one's power to help her. She thinks me of no more

use than a postage-stamp without gum, and she would never forgive me if I should presume to go to Liverpool to meet her."

"Will you at least let me know when your cousin arrives?" Lord Warburton asked.

"Only on the condition I have mentioned—that you don't fall in love with her!" Mr. Touchett declared.

"That strikes me as hard. Don't you think me good enough?"

"I think you too good—because I shouldn't like her to marry you. She hasn't come here to look for a husband, I hope; so many young ladies are doing that, as if there were no good ones at home. Then she is probably engaged; American girls are usually engaged, I believe. Moreover, I am not sure, after all, that you would be a good husband."

"Very likely she is engaged; I have known a good many American girls, and they always were; but I could never see that it made any difference, upon my word! As for my being a good husband, I am not sure of that either; one can but try!"

"Try as much as you please, but don't try on my niece," said the old man, whose opposition to the idea was broadly humorous.

"Ah, well," said Lord Warburton, with a humour broader still, "perhaps, after all, she is not worth trying on!"

II.

While this exchange of pleasantries took place between the two, Ralph Touchett wandered away a little, with his usual slouching gait, his hands in his pockets, and his little rowdyish terrier at his heels. His face was turned toward the house, but his eyes were bent, musingly, upon the lawn; so that he had been an object of observation to a person who had just made her appearance in the doorway of the dwelling for some moments before he perceived her. His attention was called to her by the conduct of his dog, who had suddenly darted forward, with a little volley of shrill barks, in which the note of welcome, however, was more sensible than that of defiance. The person in question was a young lady, who seemed immediately to interpret the greeting of the little terrier. He advanced with great rapidity, and stood at her feet, looking up and barking hard; whereupon, without hesitation, she stooped and caught him in her hands, holding him face to face while he continued his joyous demonstration. His master now had had time to follow and to see that Bunchie's new friend was a tall girl in a black dress, who at first sight looked pretty. She was bareheaded, as if she were staying in the house—a fact which conveyed perplexity to the son of its master, conscious of that immunity from visitors which had for some time been rendered necessary by the latter's ill-health. Meantime the two other gentlemen had also taken note of the new-comer.

"Dear me, who is that strange woman?" Mr. Touchett had asked.

"Perhaps it is Mrs. Touchett's niece—the independent young lady," Lord Warburton suggested. "I think she must be, from the way she handles the dog."

The collie, too, had now allowed his attention to be diverted, and he trotted toward the young lady in the doorway, slowly setting his tail in motion as he went.

"But where is my wife, then?" murmured the old man.

"I suppose the young lady has left her somewhere: that's a part of the independence."

The girl spoke to Ralph, smiling, while she still held up the terrier. "Is this your little dog, sir?"

"He was mine a moment ago; but you have suddenly acquired a remarkable air of property in him."

"Couldn't we share him?" asked the girl. "He's such a little darling."

Ralph looked at her a moment; she

was unexpectedly pretty. "You may have him altogether," he said.

The young lady seemed to have a great deal of confidence, both in herself and in others; but this abrupt generosity made her blush. "I ought to tell you that I am probably your cousin," she murmured, putting down the dog. "And here's another!" she added quickly, as the collie came up.

"Probably?" the young man exclaimed, laughing. "I supposed it was quite settled! Have you come with my mother?"

"Yes, half an hour ago."

"And has she deposited you and departed again?"

"No, she went straight to her room; and she told me that, if I should see you, I was to say to you that you must come to her there at a quarter to seven."

The young man looked at his watch. "Thank you very much; I shall be punctual." And then he looked at his cousin. "You are very welcome here," he went on. "I am delighted to see you."

She was looking at everything, with an eye that denoted quick perception—at her companion, at the two dogs, at the two gentlemen under the trees, at the beautiful scene that surrounded her. "I have never seen anything so lovely as this place," she said. "I have been all over the house; it's too enchanting."

"I am sorry you should have been here so long without our knowing it."

"Your mother told me that in England people arrived very quietly; so I thought it was all right. Is one of those gentlemen your father?"

"Yes, the elder one—the one sitting down," said Ralph.

The young girl gave a laugh. "I don't suppose it's the other. Who is the other?"

"He is a friend of ours—Lord Warburton."

"Oh, I hoped there would be a lord; it's just like a novel!" And then—"O you adorable creature!" she suddenly cried, stooping down and picking up the little terrier again.

She remained standing where they had met, making no offer to advance or to speak to Mr. Touchett, and while she lingered in the doorway, slim and charming, her interlocutor wondered whether she expected the old man to come and pay her his respects. American girls were used to a great deal of deference, and it had been intimated that this one had a high spirit. Indeed, Ralph could see that in her face.

"Won't you come and make acquaintance with my father?" he nevertheless ventured to ask. "He is old and infirm — he doesn't leave his chair."

"Ah, poor man, I am very sorry!" the girl exclaimed, immediately moving forward. "I got the impression from your mother that he was rather—rather strong."

Ralph Touchett was silent a moment.

"She has not seen him for a year."

"Well, he has got a lovely place to sit. Come along, little dogs."

"It's a dear old place," said the young man, looking sidewise at his neighbour.

"What's his name?" she asked, her attention having reverted to the terrier again.

"My father's name?"

"Yes," said the young lady, humorously; "but don't tell him I asked you."

They had come by this time to where old Mr. Touchett was sitting, and he slowly got up from his chair to introduce himself.

"My mother has arrived," said Ralph, "and this is Miss Archer."

The old man placed his two hands on her shoulders, looked at her a moment with extreme benevolence, and then gallantly kissed her.

"It is a great pleasure to me to see you here; but I wish you had given us a chance to receive you."

"Oh, we were received," said the girl. "There were about a dozen

servants in the hall. And there was an old woman curtseying at the gate."

"We can do better than that—if we have notice!" And the old man stood there, smiling, rubbing his hands, and slowly shaking his head at her. "But Mrs. Touchett doesn't like receptions."

"She went straight to her room."

"Yes—and locked herself in. She always does that. Well, I suppose I shall see her next week." And Mrs. Touchett's husband slowly resumed his former posture.

"Before that," said Miss Archer. "She is coming down to dinner—at eight o'clock. Don't you forget a quarter to seven," she added, turning with a smile to Ralph.

"What is to happen at a quarter to seven?"

"I am to see my mother," said Ralph.

"Ah, happy boy!" the old man murmured. "You must sit down—you must have some tea," he went on, addressing his wife's niece.

"They gave me some tea in my room the moment I arrived," this young lady answered. "I am sorry you are out of health," she added, resting her eyes upon her venerable host.

"Oh, I'm an old man, my dear; it's time for me to be old. But I shall be the better for having you here."

She had been looking all round her again—at the lawn, the great trees, the reedy, silvery Thames, the beautiful old house; and while engaged in this survey, she had also narrowly scrutinised her companions; a comprehensiveness of observation easily conceivable on the part of a young woman who was evidently both intelligent and excited. She had seated herself, and had put away the little dog; her white hands, in her lap, were folded upon her black dress; her head was erect, her eye brilliant, her flexible figure turned itself lightly this way and that, in sympathy with the alertness with which she evidently caught impressions. Her impressions were numerous, and they were all reflected in a clear, still smile. "I have never seen anything so beautiful as this," she declared.

"It's looking very well," said Mr. Touchett. "I know the way it strikes you. I have been through all that. But you are very beautiful yourself," he added with a politeness by no means crudely jocular, and with the happy consciousness that his advanced age gave him the privilege of saying such things—even to young girls who might possibly take alarm at them.

What degree of alarm this young girl took need not be exactly measured; she instantly rose, however, with a blush which was not a refutation.

"Oh yes, of course, I'm lovely!" she exclaimed quickly, with a little laugh. "How old is your house? Is it Elizabethan?"

"It's early Tudor," said Ralph Touchett.

She turned toward him, watching his face a little. "Early Tudor? How very delightful! And I suppose there are a great many others."

"There are many much better ones."

"Don't say that, my son!" the old man protested. "There is nothing better than this."

"I have got a very good one; I think in some respects it's rather better," said Lord Warburton, who as yet had not spoken, but who had kept an attentive eye upon Miss Archer. He bent towards her a little smiling; he had an excellent manner with women. The girl appreciated it in an instant; she had not forgotten that this was Lord Warburton. "I should like very much to show it to you," he added.

"Don't believe him," cried the old man; "don't look at it! It's a wretched old barrack—not to be compared with this."

"I don't know—I can't judge," said the girl, smiling at Lord Warburton.

In this discussion, Ralph Touchett

took no interest whatever; he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking greatly as if he should like to renew his conversation with his new-found cousin.

"Are you very fond of dogs?" he inquired, by way of beginning; and it was an awkward beginning for a clever man.

"Very fond of them indeed."

"You must keep the terrier, you know," he went on, still awkwardly.

"I will keep him while I am here, with pleasure."

"That will be for a long time, I hope."

"You are very kind. I hardly know. My aunt must settle that."

"I will settle it with her—at a quarter to seven." And Ralph looked at his watch.

"I am glad to be here at all," said the girl.

"I don't believe you allow things to be settled for you."

"Oh yes; if they are settled as I like them."

"I shall settle this as I like it," said Ralph. "It's most unaccountable that we should never have known you."

"I was there—you had only to come and see me."

"There? Where do you mean?"

"In the United States: in New York, and Albany, and other places."

"I have been there—all over, but I never saw you. I can't make it out."

Miss Archer hesitated a moment.

"It was because there had been some disagreement between your mother and my father, after my mother's death, which took place when I was a child. In consequence of it, we never expected to see you."

"Ah, but I don't embrace all my mother's quarrels—Heaven forbid!" the young man cried. "You have lately lost your father?" he went on, more gravely.

"Yes; more than a year ago. After that my aunt was very kind to me; she came to see me, and proposed that I should come to Europe."

"I see," said Ralph. "She has adopted you."

"Adopted me?" The girl stared, and her blush came back to her, together with a momentary look of pain, which gave her interlocutor some alarm. He had underestimated the effect of his words. Lord Warburton, who appeared constantly desirous of a nearer view of Miss Archer, strolled toward the two cousins at the moment, and as he did so, she rested her startled eyes upon him. "Oh, no; she has not adopted me," she said. "I am not a candidate for adoption."

"I beg a thousand pardons," Ralph murmured. "I meant—I meant——" He hardly knew what he meant.

"You meant she has taken me up. Yes; she likes to take people up. She has been very kind to me; but," she added, with a certain visible eagerness of desire to be explicit, "I am very fond of my liberty."

"Are you talking about Mrs. Touchett?" the old man called out from his chair. "Come here, my dear, and tell me about her. I am always thankful for information."

The girl hesitated a moment, smiling.

"She is really very benevolent," she answered; and then she went over to her uncle, whose mirth was excited by her words.

Lord Warburton was left standing with Ralph Touchett, to whom in a moment he said—

"You wished a while ago to see my idea of an interesting woman. There it is!"

III.

Mrs. Touchett was certainly a person of many oddities, of which her behaviour on returning to her husband's house after many months was a noticeable specimen. She had her own way of doing all that she did, and this is the simplest description of a character which, although it was by no means without benevolence, rarely succeeded in giving an impression of

softness. Mrs. Touchett might do a great deal of good, but she never pleased. This way of her own, of which she was so fond, was not intrinsically offensive—it was simply very sharply distinguished from the ways of others. The edges of her conduct were so very clear-cut that for susceptible persons it sometimes had a wounding effect. This purity of outline was visible in her deportment during the first hours of her return from America, under circumstances in which it might have seemed that her first act would have been to exchange greetings with her husband and son. Mrs. Touchett, for reasons which she deemed excellent, always retired on such occasions into impenetrable seclusion, postponing the more sentimental ceremony until she had achieved a toilet which had the less reason to be of high importance as neither beauty nor vanity were concerned in it. She was a plain-faced old woman, without coquetry and without any great elegance, but with an extreme respect for her own motives. She was usually prepared to explain these—when the explanation was asked as a favour; and in such a case they proved totally different from those that had been attributed to her. She was virtually separated from her husband, but she appeared to perceive nothing irregular in the situation. It had become apparent, at an early stage of their relations, that they should never desire the same thing at the same moment, and this fact had prompted her to rescue disagreement from the vulgar realm of accident. She did what she could to erect it into a law—a much more edifying aspect of it—by going to live in Florence, where she bought a house and established herself; leaving her husband in England to take care of his bank. This arrangement greatly pleased her; it was so extremely definite. It struck her husband in the same light, in a foggy square in London, where it was at times the most definite fact he discerned; but he would have preferred that discomfort should have a greater vagueness. To agree to disagree had cost him an effort; he was ready to agree to almost anything but that, and saw no reason why either assent or dissent should be so terribly consistent. Mrs. Touchett indulged in no regrets nor speculations, and usually came once a year to spend a month with her husband, a period during which she apparently took pains to convince him that she had adopted the right system. She was not fond of England, and had three or four reasons for it to which she currently alluded; they bore upon minor points of British civilisation, but for Mrs. Touchett they amply justified non-residence. She detested bread-sauce, which, as she said, looked like a poultice and tasted like soap; she objected to the consumption of beer by her maid-servants; and she affirmed that the British laundress (Mrs. Touchett was very particular about the appearance of her linen) was not a mistress of her art. At fixed intervals she paid a visit to her own country; but this last one had been longer than any of its predecessors.

She had taken up her niece—there was little doubt of that. One wet afternoon, some four months earlier than the occurrence lately narrated, this young lady had been seated alone with a book. To say that she had a book is to say that her solitude did not press upon her; for her love of knowledge had a fertilising quality and her imagination was strong. There was at this time, however, a want of lightness in her situation, which the arrival of an unexpected visitor did much to dispel. The visitor had not been announced; the girl heard her at last walking about the adjoining room. It was an old house at Albany—a large, square, double house, with a notice of sale in the windows of the parlour. There were two entrances, one of which had long been out of use, but had never been removed. They were exactly alike—large white doors, with an arched frame and wide side-lights,

perched upon little "stoops" of red stone, which descended sidewise to the brick pavement of the street. The two houses together formed a single dwelling, the party-wall having been removed and the rooms placed in communication. These rooms, above stairs, were extremely numerous, and were painted all over exactly alike, in a yellowish white which had grown sallow with time. On the third floor there was a sort of arched passage, connecting the two sides of the house, which Isabel and her sisters used in their childhood to call the tunnel, and which, though it was short and well-lighted, always seemed to the girl to be strange and lonely, especially on winter afternoons. She had been in the house, at different periods, as a child; in those days her grandmother lived there. Then there had been an absence of ten years, followed by a return to Albany before her father's death. Her grandmother, old Mrs. Archer, had exercised, chiefly within the limits of the family, a large hospitality in the early period, and the little girls often spent weeks under her roof—weeks of which Isabel had the happiest memory. The manner of life was different from that of her own home—larger, more plentiful, more sociable; the discipline of the nursery was delightfully vague, and the opportunity of listening to the conversation of one's elders (which with Isabel was a highly valued pleasure) almost unbounded. There was a constant coming and going; her grandmother's sons and daughters, and their children, appeared to be in the enjoyment of standing invitations to stay with her, so that the house offered to a certain extent the appearance of a bustling provincial inn, kept by a gentle old landlady who sighed a great deal and never presented a bill. Isabel, of course, knew nothing about bills; but even as a child she thought her grandmother's dwelling picturesque. There was a covered piazza behind it, furnished with a swing which was a source of tremulous interest; and beyond this was a long garden, sloping down to the stable, and containing certain capital peach-trees. Isabel had staid with her grandmother at various seasons; but, somehow, all her visits had a flavour of peaches. On the other side, opposite, across the street, was an old house that was called the Dutch House—a peculiar structure, dating from the earliest colonial time, composed of bricks that had been painted yellow, crowned with a gable that was pointed out to strangers, defended by a rickety wooden paling, and standing sidewise to the street. It was occupied by a primary school for children of both sexes, kept in an amateurish manner by a demonstrative lady of whom Isabel's chief recollection was that her hair was puffed out very much at the temples and that she was the widow of some one of consequence. The little girl had been offered the opportunity of laying a foundation of knowledge in this establishment; but having spent a single day in it, she had expressed great disgust with the place, and had been allowed to stay at home, where in the September days, when the windows of the Dutch House were open, she used to hear the hum of childish voices repeating the multiplication table—an incident in which the elation of liberty and the pain of exclusion were indistinguishably mingled. The foundation of her knowledge was really laid in the idleness of her grandmother's house, where, as most of the other inmates were not reading people, she had uncontrolled use of a library full of books with frontispieces, which she used to climb upon a chair to take down. When she had found one to her taste—she was guided in the selection chiefly by the frontispiece—she carried it into a mysterious apartment which lay beyond the library, and which was called, traditionally, no one knew why, the office. Whose office it had been, and at what period it had flourished, she never learned; it was enough for her that it contained an echo and a pleasant musty smell, and that it was

a chamber of disgrace for old pieces of furniture, whose infirmities were not always apparent (so that the disgrace seemed unmerited and rendered them victims of injustice), and with which, in the manner of children, she had established relations almost human, or dramatic. There was an old haircloth sofa, in especial, to which she had confided a hundred childish sorrows. The place owed much of its mysterious melancholy to the fact that it was properly entered from the second door of the house, the door that had been condemned, and that was fastened by bolts which a particularly slender little girl found it impossible to slide. She knew that this silent, motionless portal opened into the street; if the side-lights had not been filled with green paper, she might have looked out upon the little brown stoop and the well-worn brick pavement. But she had no wish to look out, for this would have interfered with her theory that there was a strange, unseen place on the other side—a place which became, to the child's imagination, according to its different moods, a region of delight or of terror.

It was in the "office" still that Isabel was sitting on that melancholy afternoon of early spring which I have just mentioned. At this time she might have had the whole house to choose from, and the room she had selected was the most joyless chamber it contained. She had never opened the bolted door nor removed the green paper (renewed by other hands) from its side-lights; she had never assured herself that the vulgar street lay beyond it. A crude, cold rain was falling heavily; the spring-time presented itself as a questionable improvement. Isabel, however, gave as little attention as possible to the incongruities of the season; she kept her eyes on her book and tried to fix her mind. It had lately occurred to her that her mind was a good deal of a vagabond, and she had spent much ingenuity in training it to a military step, and teaching it to advance, to halt, to retreat, to perform even more complicated manœuvres, at the word of command. Just now she had given it marching orders, and it had been trudging over the sandy plains of a philosophic history of German poetry. Suddenly she became aware of a step very different from her own intellectual pace; she listened a little, and perceived that some one was walking about the library, which communicated with the office. It struck her first as the step of a person from whom she had reason to expect a visit; then almost immediately announced itself as the tread of a woman and a stranger—her possible visitor being neither. It had an inquisitive, experimental quality, which suggested that it would not stop short of the threshold of the office; and in fact the doorway of this apartment was presently occupied by a lady who paused there and looked very hard at our heroine. She was a plain elderly woman, dressed in a comprehensive waterproof mantle; she had a sharp, but not an unpleasant face.

"Oh," she said, "is that where you usually sit?" And she looked about at the heterogeneous chairs and tables.

"Not when I have visitors!" said Isabel, getting up to receive the intruder.

She directed their course back to the library, and the visitor continued to look about her. "You seem to have plenty of other rooms; they are in rather better condition. But everything is immensely worn."

"Have you come to look at the house?" Isabel asked. "The servant will show it to you."

"Send her away; I don't want to buy it. She has probably gone to look for you, and is wandering about upstairs; she didn't seem at all intelligent. You had better tell her it is no matter." And then, while the girl stood there, hesitating and wondering, this unexpected critic said to her abruptly, "I suppose you are one of the daughters?"

Isabel thought she had very strange

manners. "It depends upon whose daughters you mean."

"The late Mr. Archer's—and my poor sister's."

"Ah," said Isabel, slowly, "you must be our crazy Aunt Lydia!"

"Is that what your father told you to call me? I am your Aunt Lydia, but I am not crazy. And which of the daughters are you?"

"I am the youngest of the three, and my name is Isabel."

"Yes; the others are Lilian and Edith. And are you the prettiest?"

"I have not the least idea," said the girl.

"I think you must be." And in this way the aunt and the niece made friends. The aunt had quarrelled, years before, with her brother-in-law, after the death of her sister, taking him to task for the manner in which he brought up his three girls. Being a high-tempered man, he had requested her to mind her own business; and she had taken him at his word. For many years she held no communication with him, and after his death she addressed not a word to his daughters, who had been bred in that disrespectful view of her which we have just seen Isabel betray. Mrs. Touchett's behaviour was, as usual, perfectly deliberate. She intended to go to America to look after her investments (with which her husband, in spite of his great financial position, had nothing to do), and would take advantage of this opportunity to inquire into the condition of her nieces. There was no need of writing, for she should attach no importance to any account of them that she should elicit by letter; she believed, always, in seeing for one's self. Isabel found, however, that she knew a good deal about them, and knew about the marriage of the two elder girls; knew that their poor father had left very little money, but that the house in Albany, which had passed into his hands, was to be sold for their benefit; knew finally that Edmund Ludlow, Lilian's husband, had taken upon himself to attend to this matter, in consideration of which the young couple, who had come to Albany during Mr. Archer's illness, were remaining there for the present and, as well as Isabel herself, occupying the mansion.

"How much money do you expect to get for it?" Mrs. Touchett asked of the girl, who had brought her to sit in the front parlour, which she had inspected without enthusiasm.

"I haven't the least idea," said the girl.

"That's the second time you have said that to me," her aunt rejoined. "And yet you don't look at all stupid."

"I am not stupid; but I don't know anything about money."

"Yes, that's the way you were brought up—as if you were to inherit a million. In point of fact, what have you inherited?"

"I really can't tell you. You must ask Edmund and Lilian; they will be back in half an hour."

"In Florence we should call it a very bad house," said Mrs. Touchett; "but here, I suspect, it will bring a high price. It ought to make a considerable sum for each of you. In addition to that you *must* have something else; it's most extraordinary your not knowing. The position is of value, and they will probably pull it down and make a row of shops. I wonder you don't do that yourself; you might let the shops to great advantage."

Isabel stared; the idea of letting shops was new to her.

"I hope they won't pull it down," she said; "I am extremely fond of it."

"I don't see what makes you fond of it; your father died here."

"Yes, but I don't dislike it for that," said the girl, rather strangely. "I like places in which things have happened — even if they are sad things. A great many people have died here; the place has been full of life."

"Is that what you call being full of life?"

"I mean full of experience—of people's feelings and sorrows. And not of their sorrows only, for I have been very happy here as a child."

"You should go to Florence if you like houses in which things have happened — especially deaths. I live in an old palace in which three people have been murdered; three that were known, and I don't know how many more besides."

"In an old palace?" Isabel repeated.

"Yes, my dear; a very different affair from this. This is very *bourgeois.*"

Isabel felt some emotion, for she had always thought highly of her grandmother's house. But the emotion was of a kind which led her to say—

"I should like very much to go to Florence."

"Well, if you will be very good and do everything I tell you, I will take you there," Mrs. Touchett rejoined.

The girl's emotion deepened; she flushed a little, and smiled at her aunt in silence.

"Do everything, you tell me? I don't think I can promise that."

"No, you don't look like a young lady of that sort. You are fond of your own way; but it's not for me to blame you!"

"And yet, to go to Florence," the girl exclaimed in a moment, "I would promise almost anything!"

Edmund and Lilian were slow to return, and Mrs. Touchett had an hour's uninterrupted talk with her niece, who found her a strange and interesting person. She was as eccentric as Isabel had always supposed; and hitherto, whenever the girl had heard people described as eccentric, she had thought of them as disagreeable. To her imagination the term had always suggested something grotesque and inharmonious. But her aunt infused a new vividness into the idea, and gave her so many fresh impressions that it seemed to her she had overestimated the charms of conformity. She had never met any one so entertaining as this little thin-lipped, bright-eyed, foreign-looking woman, who retrieved an insignificant appearance by a distinguished manner, and, sitting there in a well-worn waterproof, talked with striking familiarity of European courts. There was nothing flighty about Mrs. Touchett, but she was fond of social grandeur, and she enjoyed the consciousness of making an impression on a candid and susceptible mind. Isabel at first had answered a good many questions, and it was from her answers apparently that Mrs. Touchett had derived a high opinion of her intelligence. But after this she had asked a good many, and her aunt's answers, whatever they were, struck her as deeply interesting. Mrs. Touchett waited for the return of her other niece as long as she thought reasonable, but as at six o'clock Mrs. Ludlow had not come in, she prepared to take her departure.

"Your sister must be a great gossip," she said. "Is she accustomed to staying out for hours?"

"You have been out almost as long as she," Isabel answered; "she can have left the house but a short time before you came in."

Mrs. Touchett looked at the girl without resentment; she appeared to enjoy a bold retort, and to be disposed to be gracious to her niece.

"Perhaps she has not had so good an excuse as I! Tell her at any rate that she must come and see me this evening at that horrid hotel. She may bring her husband if she likes, but she needn't bring you. I shall see plenty of you later."

IV.

Mrs. Ludlow was the eldest of the three sisters, and was usually thought the most sensible; the classification being in general that Lilian was the practical one, Edith the beauty, and Isabel the "intellectual" one. Mrs. Keyes, the second sister, was the wife

of an officer in the United States Engineers, and as our history is not further concerned with her, it will be enough to say that she was indeed very pretty and that she formed the ornament of those various military stations, chiefly in the unfashionable West, to which, to her deep chagrin, her husband was successively relegated. Lilian had married a New York lawyer, a young man with a loud voice and an enthusiasm for his profession; the match was not brilliant, any more than Edith's had been, but Lilian had occasionally been spoken of as a young woman who might be thankful to marry at all—she was so much plainer than her sisters. She was, however, very happy, and now, as the mother of two peremptory little boys, and the mistress of a house which presented a narrowness of new brown stone to Fifty-third Street, she had quite justified her claim to matrimony. She was short and plump, and, as people said, had improved since her marriage; the two things in life of which she was most distinctly conscious were her husband's force in argument and her sister Isabel's originality. "I have never felt like Isabel's sister, and I am sure I never shall," she had said to an intimate friend; a declaration which made it all the more creditable that she had been prolific in sisterly offices.

"I want to see her safely married—that's what I want to see," she frequently remarked to her husband.

"Well, I must say I should have no particular desire to marry her," Edmund Ludlow was accustomed to answer in an extremely audible tone.

"I know you say that for argument; you always take the opposite ground. I don't see what you have against her, except that she is so original."

"Well, I don't like originals; I like translations," Mr. Ludlow had more than once replied. "Isabel is written in a foreign tongue. I can't make her out. She ought to marry an Armenian, or a Portuguese."

"That's just what I am afraid she will do!" cried Lilian, who thought Isabel capable of anything.

She listened with great interest to the girl's account of Mrs. Touchett's visit, and in the evening prepared to comply with her commands. Of what Isabel said to her, no report has remained, but her sister's words must have prompted a remark that she made to her husband in the conjugal chamber as the two were getting ready to go to the hotel.

"I do hope immensely she will do something handsome for Isabel; she has evidently taken a great fancy to her."

"What is it you wish her to do?" Edmund Ludlow asked; "make her a big present?"

"No, indeed; nothing of the sort. But take an interest in her—sympathise with her. She is evidently just the sort of person to appreciate Isabel. She has lived so much in foreign society; she told Isabel all about it. You know you have always thought Isabel rather foreign."

"You want her to give her a little foreign sympathy, eh? Don't you think she gets enough at home?"

"Well, she ought to go abroad," said Mrs. Ludlow. "She's just the person to go abroad."

"And you want the old lady to take her, is that it?" her husband asked.

"She has offered to take her—she is dying to have Isabel go! But what I want her to do when she gets her there is to give her all the advantages. I am sure that all we have got to do," said Mrs. Ludlow, "is to give her a chance!"

"A chance for what?"

"A chance to develop."

"O Jupiter!" Edmund Ludlow exclaimed. "I hope she isn't going to develop any more!"

"If I were not sure you only said that for argument, I should feel very badly," his wife replied. "But you know you love her."

"Do *you* know I love you?" the

young man said, jocosely, to Isabel a little later, while he brushed his hat.

"I am sure I don't care whether you do or not!" exclaimed the girl, whose voice and smile, however, were sweeter than the words she uttered.

"Oh, she feels so grand since Mrs. Touchett's visit!" said her sister.

But Isabel challenged this assertion, with a good deal of seriousness.

"You must not say that, Lily. I don't feel grand at all."

"I am sure there is no harm," said the conciliatory Lily.

"Ah, but there is nothing in Mrs. Touchett's visit to make one feel grand."

"Oh," exclaimed Ludlow, "she is grander than ever!"

"Whenever I feel grand," said the girl, "it will be for a better reason!"

Whether she felt grand or no, she at any rate felt busy; busy, I mean, with her thoughts. Left to herself for the evening, she sat a while under the lamp, with empty hands, heedless of her usual avocations. Then she rose and moved about the room, and from one room to another, preferring the places where the vague lamplight expired. She was restless, and even excited; at moments she trembled a little. She felt that something had happened to her, of which the importance was out of proportion to its appearance; there had really been a change in her life. What it would bring with it was as yet extremely indefinite; but Isabel was in a situation which gave a value to any change. She had a desire to leave the past behind her, and, as she said to herself, to begin afresh. This desire, indeed, was not a birth of the present occasion; it was as familiar as the sound of the rain upon the window, and it had led to her beginning afresh a great many times. She closed her eyes as she sat in one of the dusky corners of the quiet parlour; but it was not with a desire to take a nap. On the contrary, it was because she felt too wide-awake, and wished to check the sense of seeing too many things at once. Her imagination was by habit ridiculously active; if the door were not opened to it, it jumped out of the window. She was not accustomed, indeed, to keep it behind bolts; and, at important moments, when she would have been thankful to make use of her judgment alone, she paid the penalty of having given undue encouragement to the faculty of seeing without judging. At present, with her sense that the note of change had been struck, came gradually a host of images of the things she was leaving behind her. The years and hours of her life came back to her, and for a long time, in a stillness, broken only by the ticking of the big bronze clock, she passed them in review. It had been a very happy life and she had been a very fortunate girl—this was the truth that seemed to emerge most vividly. She had had the best of everything, and in a world in which the circumstances of so many people made them unenviable, it was an advantage never to have known anything particularly disagreeable. It appeared to Isabel that the disagreeable had been even too absent from her knowledge, for she had gathered from her acquaintance with literature that it was often a source of interest, and even of instruction. Her father had kept it away from her—her handsome, much-loved father, who always had such an aversion to it. It was a great good fortune to have been his daughter; Isabel was even proud of her parentage. Since his death she had gathered a vague impression that he turned his brighter side to his children, and that he had not eluded discomfort quite so much in practice as in aspiration. But this only made her tenderness for him greater; it was scarcely even painful to have to think that he was too generous, too good-natured, too indifferent to sordid considerations. Many persons thought that he carried this indifference too far; especially the large number of those to whom he owed money. Of their opinions, Isabel was never very definitely informed; but it may interest the reader

to know that, while they admitted that the late Mr. Archer had a remarkably handsome head and a very taking manner (indeed, as one of them had said, he was always taking something), they declared that he had made a very poor use of his life. He had squandered a substantial fortune, he had been deplorably convivial, he was known to have gambled freely. A few very harsh critics went so far as to say that he had not even brought up his daughters. They had had no regular education and no permanent home; they had been at once spoiled and neglected; they had lived with nursemaids and governesses (usually very bad ones), or had been sent to strange schools kept by foreigners, from which, at the end of a month, they had been removed in tears. This view of the matter would have excited Isabel's indignation, for to her own sense her opportunities had been abundant. Even when her father had left his daughters for three months at Neufchâtel with a French *bonne*, who eloped with a Russian nobleman, staying at the same hotel —even in this irregular situation (an incident of the girl's thirteenth year) she had been neither frightened nor ashamed, but had thought it a picturesque episode in a liberal education. Her father had a large way of looking at life, of which his restlessness and even his occasional incoherency of conduct had been only a proof. He wished his daughters, even as children, to see as much of the world as possible; and it was for this purpose that, before Isabel was fourteen, he had transported them three times across the Atlantic, giving them on each occasion, however, but a few months' view of foreign lands; a course which had whetted our heroine's curiosity without enabling her to satisfy it. She ought to have been a partisan of her father, for among his three daughters she was quite his favourite, and in his last days his general willingness to take leave of a world in which the difficulty of doing as one liked appeared to increase as one grew older was sensibly modified by the pain of separation from his clever, his superior, his remarkable girl. Later, when the journeys to Europe ceased, he still had shown his children all sorts of indulgence, and if he had been troubled about money-matters, nothing ever disturbed their irreflective consciousness of many possessions. Isabel, though she danced very well, had not the recollection of having been in New York a successful member of the choregraphic circle; her sister Edith was, as every one said, so very much more popular. Edith was so striking an example of success that Isabel would have no illusions as to what constituted this advantage, or as to the moderate character of her own triumphs. Nineteen persons out of twenty (including the younger sister herself) pronounced Edith infinitely the prettier of the two; but the twentieth, besides reversing this judgment, had the entertainment of thinking all the others a parcel of fools. Isabel had in the depths of her nature an even more unquenchable desire to please than Edith; but the depths of this young lady's nature were a very out-of-the-way place, between which and the surface communication was interrupted by a dozen capricious forces, the most important being an excitable pride and a restless conscience. She saw the young men who came in large numbers to see her sister; but as a general thing they were afraid of her; they had a belief that some special preparation was required for talking with her. Her reputation of reading a great deal hung about her like the cloudy envelope of a goddess in an epic; it was supposed to engender difficult questions, and to keep the conversation at a low temperature. The poor girl liked to be thought clever, but she hated to be thought bookish; she used to read in secret, and, though her memory was excellent, to abstain from quotation. She had a great desire for knowledge, but she really preferred

almost any source of information to the printed page; she had an immense curiosity about life, and was constantly staring and wondering. She carried within herself a great fund of life, and her deepest enjoyment was to feel the continuity between the movements of her own heart and the agitations of the world. For this reason she was fond of seeing great crowds and large stretches of country, of reading about revolutions and wars, of looking at historical pictures—a class of efforts to which she had often gone so far as to forgive much bad painting for the sake of the subject. While the Civil War went on, she was still a very young girl; but she passed months of this long period in a state of almost passionate excitement, in which she felt herself at times (to her extreme confusion) stirred almost indiscriminately by the valour of either army. Of course the reserve practised towards her by the local youth had never gone the length of making her a social proscript; for the proportion of those whose hearts, as they approached her, beat only just fast enough to make it a sensible pleasure, was sufficient to redeem her maidenly career from failure. She had had everything that a girl could have: kindness, admiration, flattery, bouquets, the sense of exclusion from none of the privileges of the world she lived in, abundant opportunity for dancing, the latest publications, plenty of new dresses, the London *Spectator*, and a glimpse of contemporary æsthetics.

These things now, as memory played over them, resolved themselves into a multitude of scenes and figures. Forgotten things came back to her; many others, which she had lately thought of great moment, dropped out of sight. The result was kaleidoscopic; but the movement of the instrument was checked at last by the servant's coming in with the name of a gentleman. The name of the gentleman was Caspar Goodwood; he was a straight young man from Boston, who had known Miss Archer for the last twelvemonth, and who, thinking her the most beautiful young woman of her time, had pronounced the time, according to the rule I have hinted at, a foolish period of history. He sometimes wrote to Isabel, and he had lately written to her from New York. She had thought it very possible he would come in—had, indeed, all the rainy day been vaguely expecting him. Nevertheless, now that she learned he was there, she felt no eagerness to receive him. He was the finest young man she had ever seen, was, indeed, quite a magnificent young man; he filled her with a certain feeling of respect which she had never entertained for any one else. He was supposed by the world in general to wish to marry her; but this of course was between themselves. It at least may be affirmed that he had travelled from New York to Albany expressly to see her; having learned in the former city, where he was spending a few days, and where he had hoped to find her, that she was still at the capital. Isabel delayed for some minutes to go to him; she moved about the room with a certain feeling of embarrassment. But at last she presented herself, and found him standing near the lamp. He was tall, strong, and somewhat stiff; he was also lean and brown. He was not especially good-looking, but his physiognomy had an air of requesting your attention, which it rewarded or not, according to the charm you found in a blue eye of remarkable fixedness, and a jaw of the somewhat angular mould which is supposed to bespeak resolution. Isabel said to herself that it bespoke resolution to-night; but, nevertheless, an hour later, Caspar Goodwood, who had arrived hopeful as well as resolute, took his way back to his lodging with the feeling of a man defeated. He was not, however, a man to be discouraged by a defeat.

V.

Ralph Touchett was a philosopher, but nevertheless he knocked at his

mother's door (at a quarter to seven) with a good deal of eagerness. Even philosophers have their preferences, and it must be admitted that of his progenitors his father ministered most to his sense of the sweetness of filial dependence. His father, as he had often said to himself, was the more motherly; his mother, on the other hand, was paternal, and even, according to the slang of the day, gubernatorial. She was nevertheless very fond of her only child, and had always insisted on his spending three months of the year with her. Ralph rendered perfect justice to her affection, and knew that in her thoughts his turn always came after the care of her house and her conservatory (she was extremely fond of flowers). He found her completely dressed for dinner, but she embraced her boy with her gloved hands, and made him sit on the sofa beside her. She inquired scrupulously about her husband's health and about the young man's own, and receiving no very brilliant account of either, she remarked that she was more than ever convinced of her wisdom in not exposing herself to the English climate—in this case she also might have broken down. Ralph smiled at the idea of his mother breaking down, but made no point of reminding her that his own enfeebled condition was not the result of the English climate, from which he absented himself for a considerable part of each year.

He had been a very small boy when his father, Daniel Tracy Touchett, who was a native of Rutland, in the State of Vermont, came to England as subordinate partner in a banking-house in which some ten years later he acquired a preponderant interest. Daniel Touchett saw before him a lifelong residence in his adopted country, of which, from the first, he took a simple, cheerful, and eminently practical view. But, as he said to himself, he had no intention of turning Englishman, nor had he any desire to convert his only son to the same sturdy faith. It had been for himself so very soluble a problem to live in England and yet not be of it that it seemed to him equally simple that after his death his lawful heir should carry on the bank in a pure American spirit. He took pains to cultivate this spirit, however, by sending the boy home for his education. Ralph spent several terms in an American school, and took a degree at an American college, after which, as he struck his father on his return as even redundantly national, he was placed for some three years in residence at Oxford. Oxford swallowed up Harvard, and Ralph became at last English enough. His outward conformity to the manners that surrounded him was none the less the mask of the mind that greatly enjoyed its independence, on which nothing long imposed itself, and which, naturally inclined to jocosity and irony, indulged in a boundless liberty of appreciation. He began with being a young man of promise; at Oxford he distinguished himself, to his father's ineffable satisfaction, and the people about him said it was a thousand pities so clever a fellow should be shut out from a career. He might have had a career by returning to his own country (though this point is shrouded in uncertainty), and even if Mr. Touchett had been willing to part with him (which was not the case), it would have gone hard with him to put the ocean (which he detested) permanently between himself and the old man whom he regarded as his best friend. Ralph was not only fond of his father but he admired him—he enjoyed the opportunity of observing him. Daniel Touchett to his perception was a man of genius, and though he himself had no great fancy for the banking business, he made a point of learning enough of it to measure the great figure his father had played. It was not this, however, he mainly relished, it was the old man's effective simplicity. Daniel Touchett had been neither to

Harvard nor to Oxford, and it was his own fault if he had put into his son's hands the key to modern criticism. Ralph, whose head was full of ideas which his father had never guessed at, had a high esteem for the latter's originality. Americans, rightly or wrongly, are commended for the ease with which they adopt themselves to foreign conditions; but Mr. Touchett had given evidence of this talent only up to a certain point. He had made himself thoroughly comfortable in England, but he had never attempted to pitch his thoughts in the English key. He had retained many characteristics of Rutland, Vermont; his tone, as his son always noted with pleasure, was that of the more luxuriant parts of New England. At the end of his life, especially, he was a gentle, refined, fastidious old man, who combined consummate shrewdness with a sort of fraternising good humour, and whose feeling about his own position in the world was quite of the democratic sort. It was perhaps his want of imagination and of what is called the historic consciousness, but to many of the impressions usually made by English life upon the cultivated stranger his sense was completely closed. There were certain differences he never perceived, certain habits he never formed, certain mysteries he never understood. As regards these latter, on the day that he had understood them his son would have thought less well of him.

Ralph, on leaving Oxford, spent a couple of years in travelling, after which he found himself mounted on a high stool in his father's bank. The responsibility and honour of such positions is not, I believe, measured by the height of the stool, which depends upon other considerations; Ralph, indeed, who had very long legs, was fond of standing, and even of walking about, at his work. To this exercise, however, he was obliged to devote but a limited period, for at the end of some eighteen months he became conscious that he was seriously out of health. He had cought a violent cold which fixed itself upon his lungs and threw them into extreme embarrassment. He had to give up work and all thoughts of it, and embrace the sorry occupation known as taking care of oneself. At first he was greatly disgusted; it appeared to him that it was not himself in the least that he was taking care of, but an uninteresting and uninterested person with whom he had nothing in common. This person, however, improved on acquaintance, and Ralph grew at last to have a certain grudging tolerance and even undemonstrative respect for him. Misfortune makes strange bedfellows, and our young man, feeling that he had something at stake in the matter—it usually seemed to him to be his reputation for common sense—devoted to his unattractive *protégé* an amount of attention of which note was duly taken and which had at least the effect of keeping the poor fellow alive. One of his lungs began to heal, the other promised to follow its example, and he was assured that he might outweather a dozen winters if he would betake himself to one of those climates in which consumptives chiefly congregate. He had grown extremely fond of London, and cursed this unmitigable necessity; but at the same time that he cursed, he conformed, and gradually, when he found that his sensitive organ was really grateful for these grim favours, he conferred them with a better grace. He wintered abroad, as the phrase is; basked in the sun, stopped at home when the wind blew, went to bed when it rained, and once or twice, when it snowed, almost never got up again. A certain fund of indolence that he possessed came to his aid and helped to reconcile him to doing nothing; for at the best he was too ill for anything but a passive life. As he said to himself, there was really nothing he had wanted very much to do, so that he had given up nothing. At present, however, the perfume of forbidden fruit seemed occasionally to float past him, to remind him that the

finest pleasures of life are to be found in the world of action. Living as he now lived was like reading a good book in a poor translation—a meagre entertainment for a young man who felt that he might have been an excellent linguist. He had good winters and poor winters, and while the former lasted, he was sometimes the sport of a vision of virtual recovery. But this vision was dispelled some three years before the occurrence of the incidents with which this history opens; he had on this occasion remained later than usual in England, and had been overtaken by bad weather before reaching Algiers. He reached it more dead than alive, and lay there for several weeks between life and death. His convalescence was a miracle, but the first use he made of it was to assure himself that such miracles happen but once. He said to himself that his hour was in sight, and that it behoved him to keep his eyes upon it, but that it was also open to him to spend the interval as agreeably as might be consistent with such a preoccupation. With the prospect of losing them, the simple use of his faculties became an exquisite pleasure; it seemed to him that the delights of observation had never been suspected. He was far from the time when he had found it hard that he should be obliged to give up the idea of distinguishing himself; an idea none the less importunate for being vague, and none the less delightful for having to struggle with a good deal of native indifference. His friends at present found him much more cheerful, and attributed it to a theory, over which they shook their heads knowingly, that he would recover his health. The truth was that he had simply accepted the situation.

It was very probably this sweet-tasting property of observation to which I allude (for he found himself in these last years much more inclined to notice the pleasant things of the world than the others) that was mainly concerned in Ralph's quickly stirred interest in the arrival of a young lady who was evidently not insipid. If he were observantly disposed, something told him, here was occupation enough for a succession of days. It may be added, somewhat crudely, that the liberty of falling in love had a place in Ralph Touchett's programme. This was of course a liberty to be very temperately used; for though the safest form of any sentiment is that which is conditioned upon silence, it is not always the most comfortable, and Ralph had forbidden himself the arts of demonstration. But interested observation of a lovely woman had struck him as the finest entertainment that the world now had to offer him, and if the interest should become poignant, he flattered himself that he could carry it off quietly, as he had carried other discomforts. He speedily acquired a conviction, however, that he was not destined to fall in love with his cousin.

"And now tell me about the young lady," he said to his mother. "What do you mean to do with her?"

Mrs. Touchett hesitated a little. "I mean to ask your father to invite her to stay three or four weeks at Gardencourt."

"You needn't stand on any such ceremony as that," said Ralph. "My father will ask her as a matter of course."

"I don't know about that. She is my niece; she is not his."

"Good Lord, dear mother; what a sense of property! That's all the more reason for his asking her. But after that—I mean after three months (for it's absurd asking the poor girl to remain but for three or four paltry weeks)—what do you mean to do with her?"

"I mean to take her to Paris, to get her some clothes."

"Ah yes, that's of course. But independently of that?"

"I shall invite her to spend the autumn with me in Florence."

"You don't rise above detail, dear mother," said Ralph. "I should like

to know what you mean to do with her in a general way."

"My duty!" Mrs. Touchett declared. "I suppose you pity her very much," she added.

"No, I don't think I pity her. She doesn't strike me as a girl that suggests compassion. I think I envy her. Before being sure, however, give me a hint of what your duty will direct you to do."

"It will direct me to show her four European countries—I shall leave her the choice of two of them—and to give her the opportunity of perfecting herself in French, which she already knows very well."

Ralph frowned a little. "That sounds rather dry—even giving her the choice of two of the countries."

"If it's dry," said his mother with a laugh, "you can leave Isabel alone to water it! She is as good as a summer rain, any day."

"Do you mean that she is a gifted being?"

"I don't know whether she is a gifted being, but she is a clever girl, with a strong will and a high temper. She has no idea of being bored."

"I can imagine that," said Ralph; and then he added, abruptly, "How do you two get on?"

"Do you mean by that that I am a bore? I don't think Isabel finds me one. Some girls might, I know; but this one is too clever for that. I think I amuse her a good deal. We get on very well because I understand her; I know the sort of girl she is. She is very frank, and I am very frank; we know just what to expect of each other."

"Ah, dear mother," Ralph exclaimed, "one always knows what to expect of you! You have never surprised me but once, and that is to-day—in presenting me with a pretty cousin whose existence I had never suspected."

"Do you think her very pretty?"

"Very pretty indeed; but I don't insist upon that. It's her general air of being some one in particular that strikes me. Who is this particular some one, and what is she? Where did you find her, and how did you make her acquaintance?"

"I found her in an old house at Albany, sitting in a dreary room on a rainy day, reading a heavy book and boring herself to death. She didn't know she was bored, but when I told her, she seemed very grateful for the hint. You may say I shouldn't have told her—I should have let her alone. There is a good deal in that; but I acted conscientiously; I thought she was meant for something better. It occurred to me that it would be a kindness to take her about and introduce her to the world. She thinks she knows a great deal of it—like most American girls; but like most American girls, she is very much mistaken. If you want to know, I thought she would do me credit. I like to be well thought of, and for a woman of my age there is no more becoming ornament than an attractive niece. You know I had seen nothing of my sister's children for years; I disapproved entirely of the father. But I always meant to do something for them when he should have been removed from the scene. I ascertained where they were to be found, and, without any preliminaries, went and introduced myself. There are two other sisters, both of whom are married, but I saw only the elder, who has, by the way, a very ill-mannered husband. The wife, whose name is Lily, jumped at the idea of my taking an interest in Isabel; she said it was just what her sister needed—that some one should take an interest in her. She spoke of her as you might speak of some young person of genius, in want of encouragement and patronage. It may be that Isabel is a genius; but in that case I have not yet learned her special line. Mrs. Ludlow was especially keen about my taking her to Europe; they all regard Europe over there as a sort of land of emigration, a refuge for their superfluous population. Isabel herself seemed

very glad to come, and the thing was easily arranged. There was a little difficulty about the money-question, as she seemed averse to being under obligations in that respect. But she has a small income of her own, and she supposes herself to be travelling at her own expense."

Ralph had listened attentively to this judicious account of his pretty cousin, by which his interest in her was not impaired. "Ah, if she is a genius," he said, "we must find out her special line. Is it, by chance, for flirting?"

"I don't think so. You may suspect that at first, but you will be wrong."

"Warburton is wrong, then!" Ralph Touchett declared. "He flatters himself he has made that discovery."

His mother shook her head. "Lord Warburton won't understand her; he needn't try."

"He is very intelligent," said Ralph; "but it's right he should be puzzled once in a while."

"Isabel will enjoy puzzling a lord," Mrs. Touchett remarked.

Her son frowned a little. "What does she know about lords?"

"Nothing at all; that will puzzle him all the more."

Ralph greeted these words with a laugh, and looked out of the window a little. Then—"Are you not going down to see my father?" he asked.

"At a quarter to eight," said Mrs. Touchett.

Her son looked at his watch. "You have another quarter of an hour, then; tell me some more about Isabel."

But Mrs. Touchett declined his invitation, declaring that he must find out for himself.

"Well," said Ralph, "she will certainly do you credit. But won't she also give you trouble?"

"I hope not; but if she does, I shall not shrink from it. I never do that."

"She strikes me as very natural," said Ralph.

"Natural people are not the most trouble."

"No," said Ralph; "you yourself are a proof of that. You are extremely natural, and I am sure you have never troubled any one. But tell me this; it just occurs to me. Is Isabel capable of making herself disagreeable?"

"Ah," cried his mother, "you ask too many questions! Find that out for yourself!"

His questions, however, were not exhausted. "All this time," he said, "you have not told me what you intend to do with her."

"Do with her? You talk as if she were a yard of calico! I shall do absolutely nothing with her, and she herself will do everything that she chooses. She gave me notice of that."

"What you meant then, in your telegram, was that her character was independent."

"I never know what I mean by my telegrams—especially those I send from America. Clearness is too expensive. Come down to your father."

"It is not yet a quarter to eight," said Ralph.

"I must allow for his impatience," Mrs. Touchett answered.

Ralph knew what to think of his father's impatience; but making no rejoinder, he offered his mother his arm. This put it into his power, as they descended together, to stop her a moment on the middle landing of the staircase—the broad, low, wide-armed staircase of time-stained oak which was one of the most striking ornaments of Gardencourt.

"You have no plan of marrying her?" he said, smiling.

"Marry her? I should be sorry to play her such a trick! But apart from that, she is perfectly able to marry herself; she has every facility."

"Do you mean to say she has a husband picked out?"

"I don't know about a husband, but there is a young man in Boston ——"

Ralph went on; he had no desire to hear about the young man in Boston. "As my father says," he exclaimed, "they are always engaged!"

His mother had told him that he must extract his information about his cousin from the girl herself, and it soon became evident to him that he should not want for opportunity. He had, for instance, a good deal of talk with her that same evening, when the two had been left alone together in the drawing-room. Lord Warburton, who had ridden over from his own house, some ten miles distant, remounted and took his departure before dinner; and an hour after this meal was concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Touchett, who appeared to have exhausted each other's conversation, withdrew, under the valid pretext of fatigue, to their respective apartments. The young man spent an hour with his cousin; though she had been travelling half the day, she appeared to have no sense of weariness. She was really tired, she knew it, and knew that she should pay for it on the morrow; but it was her habit at this period to carry fatigue to the furthest point, and confess to it only when dissimulation had become impossible. For the present it was perfectly possible; she was interested and excited. She asked Ralph to show her the pictures; there were a great many of them in the house, most of them of his own choosing. The best of them were arranged in an oaken gallery of charming proportions, which had a sitting-room at either end of it, and which in the evening was usually lighted. The light was insufficient to show the pictures to advantage, and the visit might have been deferred till the morrow. This suggestion Ralph had ventured to make; but Isabel looked disappointed—smiling still, however—and said, "If you please, I should like to see them just a little." She was eager, she knew that she was eager, and that she seemed so but she could not help it. "She doesn't take suggestions," Ralph said to himself; but he said it without irritation; her eagerness amused and even pleased him. The lamps were on brackets, at intervals, and if the light was imperfect, it was mellow. It fell upon the vague squares of rich colour and on the faded gilding of heavy frames; it made a shining on the polished floor of the gallery. Ralph took a candlestick and moved about, pointing out the things he liked; Isabel, bending toward one picture after another, indulged in little exclamations and murmurs. She was evidently a judge; she had a natural taste; he was struck with that. She took a candlestick herself and held it slowly here and there; she lifted it high, and as she did so, he found himself pausing in the middle of the gallery and bending his eyes much less upon the pictures than on her figure. He lost nothing, in truth, by this inconsistency of vision; for she was better worth looking at than most works of art. She was thin, and light, and middling tall; when people had wished to distinguish her from the other two Miss Archers, they always called her the thin one. Her hair, which was dark even to blackness, had been an object of envy to many women; her light grey eye, a little too keen perhaps in her graver moments, had an enchanting softness when she smiled. They walked slowly up one side of the gallery and down the other, and then she said—

"Well, now I know more than I did when I began!"

"You apparently have a great passion for knowledge," her cousin answered, laughing.

"I think I have; most girls seem to me so ignorant," said Isabel.

"You strike me as different from most girls."

"Ah, some girls are so nice," murmured Isabel, who preferred not to talk about herself. Then, in a moment, to change the subject, she went on, "Please tell me—isn't there a ghost?"

"A ghost?"

"A spectre, a phantom; we call them ghosts in America."

"So we do here, when we see them."

"You do see them, then? You ought to, in this romantic old house."

"It's not a romantic house," said Ralph. "You will be disappointed if you count on that. It's dismally prosaic; there is no romance here but what you may have brought with you."

"I have brought a great deal; but it seems to me I have brought it to the right place."

"To keep it out of harm, certainly; nothing will ever happen to it here, between my father and me."

Isabel looked at him a moment.

"Is there never any one here but your father and you?"

"My mother, of course."

"Oh, I know your mother; she is not romantic. Haven't you other people?"

"Very few."

"I am sorry for that; I like so much to see people."

"Oh, we will invite all the county to amuse you," said Ralph.

"Now you are making fun of me," the girl answered, rather gravely. "Who was the gentleman who was on the lawn when I arrived?"

"A county neighbour; he doesn't come very often."

"I am sorry for that; I liked him," said Isabel.

"Why, it seemed to me that you barely spoke to him," Ralph objected.

"Never mind, I like him all the same. I like your father, too, immensely."

"You can't do better than that; he is a dear old man."

"I am so sorry he is ill," said Isabel.

"You must help me to nurse him; you ought to be a good nurse."

"I don't think I am; I have been told I am not; I am said to be too theoretic. But you haven't told me about the ghost," she added.

Ralph, however, gave no heed to this observation.

"You like my father, and you like Lord Warburton. I infer also that you like my mother."

"I like your mother very much, because—because ——" And Isabel found herself attempting to assign a reason for her affection for Mrs. Touchett.

"Ah, we never know why!" said her companion, laughing.

"I always know why," the girl answered. "It's because she doesn't expect one to like her; she doesn't care whether one does or not."

"So you adore her, out of perversity? Well, I take greatly after my mother," said Ralph.

"I don't believe you do at all. You wish people to like you, and you try to make them do it."

"Good heavens, how you see through one!" cried Ralph, with a dismay that was not altogether jocular.

"But I like you, all the same," his cousin went on. "The way to clinch the matter will be to show me the ghost."

Ralph shook his head sadly. "I might show it to you, but you would never see it. The privilege isn't given to every one; it's not enviable. It has never been seen by a young, happy, innocent person like you. You must have suffered first, have suffered greatly, have gained some miserable knowledge. In that way your eyes are opened to it. I saw it long ago," said Ralph, smiling.

"I told you just now I was very fond of knowledge," the girl answered.

"Yes, of happy knowledge — of pleasant knowledge. But you haven't suffered, and you are not made to suffer. I hope you will never see the ghost!"

Isabel had listened to him attentively, with a smile on her lips, but with a certain gravity in her eyes. Charming as he found her, she had struck him as rather presumptuous—indeed it was a part of her charm; and he wondered what she would say

"I am not afraid," she said; which seemed quite presumptuous enough.

"You are not afraid of suffering?"

"Yes, I am afraid of suffering.

But I am not afraid of ghosts. And I think people suffer too easily," she added.

"I don't believe you do," said Ralph, looking at her with his hands in his pockets.

"I don't think that's a fault," she answered. "It is not absolutely necessary to suffer! we were not made for that."

"You were not, certainly."

"I am not speaking of myself." And she turned away a little.

"No, it isn't a fault," said her cousin. "It's a merit to be strong."

"Only, if you don't suffer, they call you hard," Isabel suggested. They passed out of the smaller drawing-room, into which they had returned from the gallery, and paused in the hall, at the foot of the staircase. Here Ralph presented his companion with her bed-room candle, which he had taken from a niche. "Never mind what they call you," he said. "When you do suffer, they call you an idiot. The great point is to be as happy as possible."

She looked at him a little; she had taken her candle, and placed her foot on the oaken stair. "Well," she said, "that's what I came to Europe for, to be as happy as possible. Good night."

"Good night! I wish you all success, and shall be very glad to contribute to it!"

She turned away, and he watched her, as she slowly ascended. Then, with his hands always in his pockets, he went back to the empty drawing-room.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

To be continued.

A TURKISH HISTORIAN OF A WAR WITH RUSSIA.

II.

In the campaign of 1770 the Russians under Rumiantsof defeated the Turks and the Tartars on the Larga, and on the 1st of August gained a great victory at Kartal, or Kagul, over the Grand Vizier, who had crossed over from Isaktchi, capturing his camp and all his baggage. The Turkish troops were driven in disorder across the Danube. For these victories Count Rumiantsof received the St. George of the first class, and was made Field-Marshal. The Russians subsequently took Ismail, Kilia, and Braila on the Danube, and Bender and Akkermann on the Dniester. After this deplorable compaign the Grand Vizier again returned to his winter quarters at Baba-Dagh. Meanwhile in the early winter a large Russian fleet under the command of Admiral Spiridof had left Cronstadt for the Archipelago, much to the astonishment of the Turks, who for a long time refused to believe—until it was shown to them by the maps of the European ministers—that there existed a sea communication between the Baltic and the Mediterranean. An insurrection was started in the Morea, and on the 6th of July the Russians under command of Count Orlof, and of Elphinstone—an Englishman in the Russian service—completely destroyed the Turkish fleet at Tchesme, near Smyrna, a disaster to the Turks as great as the battle of Lepanto. Three days after this event, the Turks at Smyrna attacked the Greeks and Europeans resident there, and killed more than 800 of them. With regard to events in Greece and in the Archipelago, Resmi Ahmed says almost nothing, they not having fallen under his personal observation. About the battle on the Larga, he says:—

"The Moscov has the habit of pretending that he is at the last extremity; for that reason the enemy at first showed signs of weakness and destitution, and not moving from the place, sent out reports that he had nothing to eat. Abdi Pasha and the Khan moved about on the right and left side of his camp, and assured themselves that nothing could be easier than to attack this immovable enemy. The enemy, however, found out all about this intention. Now what is called a night attack the Moscov has the bad habit of always making before us. He sent out a handful of Giaours to our posts; these flying columns riding about our camp thoroughly examined its position. Learning our intention of attacking at night, the Giaours, according to their habit, once in the morning before light suddenly seized our army by the beard and destroyed the orthodox people just like little chickens."

The commanders of the Turkish and Tartar forces thereupon earnestly demanded reinforcements, and the personal presence of the Grand Vizier, who was still in the Dobrudja.

"The eyes of the Grand Vizier," says Resmi Ahmed, "were already frightfully distended, but after this report they became twice as big. He knew that crossing the Danube would not only bring him no advantage, but would be ruinous, and therefore wrote back to his beaten petitioners: 'We have decided to remain here ourselves for some days, but meanwhile we will send you some aid in troops and provisions.' In one day the messenger went and came back again. As he galloped back, he reported to the Grand Vizier—'Effendi, they insist on your coming.' The reply was decisive. Halil Pasha grew red, reflected, and looked discouraged. What was he to do? To go would be bad, not to go would be dangerous. The army would be entirely annihilated, and the Padishah would say, 'You are the cause of this ruin.' He was obliged to consent. Everybody took along with him what he could—provisions, horses, rugs, dishes, and clothes. Everything was piled on the carts. A fearful row was raised, and as everybody impeded and embarrassed one another, we took a whole month to cross the river. During that time

the position of the army on the other side of the Danube had been entirely forgotten. Their defeat seemed to everybody like a dream. The accursed enemy pretended, as before, to be in disorder, weak, and poverty-stricken, and to have no idea of what was going on ; and we four days afterwards started out for the Kartal valley and bravely advanced. When we had marched for ten hours, we suddenly found ourselves before the enemy. Our army therefore encamped just before evening. 'Let us stay here a couple of days,' said the General ; 'we will get into good order. Meanwhile the rear of the army is still coming on. Let it have time to get here : we will look out for things.' But when day broke all the enemy's column, like a small mountain, with the fire of fifty cannon, threw itself on our defences. Our batteries, which had been thrown up in four hours' time, were unable to withstand their attack. The unfortunate defenders fell under the feet of the Giaour and were trampled to death. Very few were able to save themselves by flight. The artillerymen, after firing their guns off twice, abandoned them and dispersed. In the camp a great cry arose, 'We are beaten !' and all the army ran away in crowds. As many as 50,000 men crowded together in this way until everybody began to go off on his own hook. The greater part of them, however, returned to Ismail and assembled there. Those who remained in the valley of Kartal experienced a kind of sample of the Day of Judgment. For ages, as it seemed, we waited for the coming of boats from Isaktchi. No sooner had a boat got near us than immediately about thirty men jumped into it and sank it. With a thousand torments, however, they began to ferry over the Janissaries before any one else. Others meanwhile, in waiting for their turns, threw themselves into the river and tried to swim over, and were lost in the middle. By the evening of that day more than half of the fugitives had succeeded in crossing over. Fortunately the Giaours did not pursue us, and no sooner than the third day, about noon, did the vanguard of the enemy appear with two cannon, and took prisoners the few hundreds of men who still remained in the Kartal valley. They took prisoners only the sound men, such as had their hands and feet still whole. The runaways, who were good for nothing, they did not give the slightest attention to. In such plight we returned to Isaktchi. . . . .

"When he had passed the Danube, the Grand Vizier encamped in the neighbourhood of Isaktchi, and the Moscovs occupied the valley of Kartal and Ismail. Immediately after that the Marshal wrote a letter to Halil Pasha, which a Giaour brought as his envoy, and gave us to understand that he was empowered to decide this matter with Halil Pasha. The Grand Vizier detained the envoy for nine or ten days, so as to inform the stirrup of the Sultan of this proposition ; but from the stirrup of the Sultan came back this answer—'We will conclude peace ourselves here on the spot, but you write a friendly answer to the Marshal, and keep quiet.' The promise to conclude peace here on the spot, meant that letters would be sent to the ambassadors of Germany and Brandenburg with a request for mediation, and that it had been decided in Stambul to wait for the ripening of the fruits of this measure. With the aid of Allah we perceived subsequently that these fruits ripened in a year and a half. But how ? During the vizierate of Mohsin Zadeh, Osman Effendi and Yashendji Zadeh, all to no purpose, had a meeting with the German and Brandenburg mediators, and separated without accomplishing anything.

"According to the counsels of wise men, peace is a desirable condition and a praiseworthy matter. Governments who follow the laws of wisdom without going away from the blessed path, are always disposed and ready for it. On this basis, the Marshal wrote to the Grand Vizier the letter of which we have spoken. Acting in this spirit he then, and afterwards more than once, insisted on the conclusion of an armistice until the matter should be settled. Our great wise men, however, on the contrary, did not cease crying out —'The Moscov lies. He wants to deceive us. Sabre the Moscov ! Sabre him !' It is quite unnecessary to explain that after confusing in this way a matter which might have been easily settled three years before, they were the cause of all our disasters. For that reason now in their folly they blame others, shamelessly bragging, 'We were not listened to. They did not sabre the Giaour. Well, what resulted ? If they had only taken our advice things would have taken quite a different turn. We are the only people who still have Mussulman enthusiasm.' Such empty words are nothing new. They have always been used among people, and it is very strange that many people still listen to such stupid nonsense, and believe braggarts who affirm that such and such an Effendi had a deal of Mussulman fanaticism, but that unfortunately they did not make use of him, and that all the misfortune results from that. O God !"

After this unlucky campaign Halil Pasha was removed, and Silihdar Mohammed Pasha, the Governor of Bosnia, was appointed Grand Vizier. About Halil, Resmi Ahmed says :—

"He was not a bad man at heart ; but he was fiery-tempered, fat, and red-cheeked, a frightful spendthrift, and always up to his ears in debts : the income of a Grand Vizier was insufficient for his expenses, and he helped to ruin the military chest by taking from it under the guise of loans as much as six hundred purses (36,000*l.*)."

With regard to Silihdar Mohammed he says:

"Of all the three-tailed pashas who served in this war Silihdar Mohammed Pasha was incontestably the most honourable, the most sensible, and the most respected. He was handsome and dignified, as became his rank, and had executive ability, learning, and many other excellent qualities. Every one knows, that during the whole year he was Grand Vizier he never had assistance from outside, and never received even one purse of money from the Imperial treasury: yet no one whatever suffered the least oppression from him."

The Vizierate of Silihdar Mohammed, which lasted during the whole of 1771, was nevertheless scarcely more fortunate than that of his predecessor. Before the Turks began their campaign the Russians took Giurgevo, for a second time, and crossing the Danube occupied Isaktchi and Tultcha. The Grand Vizier in his turn crossed the Danube and began with a remarkable success, the recapture of Giurgevo, but later in the year was badly defeated near Bucharest. The Russians also gained victories near Matchin and near Tultcha, and occupied Baba-Dagh, the usual Turkish winter-quarters. The Turkish army dispersed and could not be rallied, and a meeting broke out at Bazardjik against the Grand Vizier, who was trying to collect a new army. Worse than all this, the Turks lost the Crimea, which was completely occupied by the Russians under Prince Dolgoruky.

Silihdar Mohammed was therefore removed in December, 1771, and was succeeded by the same Mohsin Zadeh Pasha who had been removed at the very beginning of the war.

Negotiations meanwhile had been going on with Austria, France, and other powers. The Porte had proposed to Austria the division of Poland on condition of her aid against the Russians (this was before the partition of Poland was proposed by Frederick the Great to Catherine II.), and had finally made with that power a treaty by which on payment of 20,000 purses (1,200,000*l.*) within a year, and the cession of Little Wallachia, Austria agreed to influence the Russians to restore what they had taken from Turkey, and to respect the liberties of Poland.

The secret treaty between Austria and the Porte was discovered by the English Minister, who found means to buy a copy of it, and it was communicated to the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. The consequence was that Prussia concluded a secret convention with Russia for assistance against Austria, in return for a slice of Polish territory. Subsequently Austria was prevailed upon by these two powers, in consideration of a bit of Poland, to change her policy towards them, and towards the Porte. The representative of Austria at Constantinople was therefore instructed to assist the Prussian Minister in bringing about an armistice, in which France in vain endeavoured to have Poland included. The armistice lasted from June 1772 to March 1773, but owing to the obstinacy of the Turkish plenipotentiaries the congresses both at Fokshani and at Bucharest separated without any result.

We quote again Resmi Ahmed:

"In December, 1771, Mohsin Zadeh Mohammed Pasha, as we have said, solemnly received the sacred standard and entered on the duty of Grand Vizier at Shumla. Spring drew near. Meanwhile at the Sublime Porte it had been finally decided to use the mediation of Germany and Brandenburg. Five or six months had already passed without any hostilities, but on entering into negotiations for peace it was necessary to conclude an armistice on the banks of the Danube and in the Archipelago. The conditions of the armistice were signed, and immediately after, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Osman Effendi, and Yassendji Zadeh, the Sheikh of Aya Sophia, were appointed plenipotentiaries; the ministers of the German and Brandenburg courts at the Sublime Porte took on themselves the duties of mediators. In the preparations for their departure many purses of money were spent, and they all with great magnificence and splendour arrived at Adrianople in June, 1772. The Moscovs also appointed their plenipotentiary, one of their famous men, named Orlof. Both sides pitched their tents opposite each other on the left bank of the Danube, between Giurgevo and Braila. But when, according to ancient custom, the time came for opening the negotiations, the Mocovs said—'Our court is

independent, and does not recognise the intervention of any other court. Our affairs with the Sublime Porte we will decide ourselves.' In this way the mediators did not appear at the sessions. But negotiations began between Orlof and Obreskof on the one side, and Osman Effendi and Yassendji Zadeh on the other. Orlof and Obreskof openly and repeatedly affirmed that the chief point in any arrangement for peace must be the independence of the Tartars from the Sublime Porte, and that until this article was decided upon, no treaty could be concluded. Osman Effendi replied to them—'Are you not ashamed to make such suggestions? The independence of the Tartars, according to our law, is an impossible thing. We have orders to finish this question with money.' In the course of forty days there were three or four sessions. Orlof constantly demanded that the independence of the Tartars should be taken as the basis of negotiations, declaring that without that he could do nothing. Osman Effendi, an excellent arguer, a big talker with an empty head, and a good-for-nothing fellow in general, who prided himself on the quick movement of his jaws, on his side kept up the hope that by repeating 'Will you not take some money?—the thing cannot be done,' and by refrains of this kind, he could bring the Moscov to silence and get the upper hand of him. But in cases of this kind, Franks are a people extraordinarily firm and tenacious; even if you turned a millstone round in their heads it would not change their purpose. The eloquence of Osman Effendi had about the same effect as if he had been playing on the bagpipes. Finally, he grew angry. 'What do they mean by this?' cried our plenipotentiary. 'Why are they turning our political dispute into a religious one? For the cause of Allah all Allah's people will rise, the whole world will be turned upside down.' When he began to utter these senseless threats, the Franks, without departing from the subject, and wondering at such nonsense, quietly remarked—'To say that this Effendi is a madman would not be polite. We do not say that; but his sense we must admit is not like any of the sense we are acquainted with.' Losing all hope of a conclusion of the matter, Orlof began to make his preparations for returning home.

"Osman Effendi found himsef, however, in a very difficult position. He knew very well that the independence of the Tartars was contrary to the opinion and the belief of both the chief judges. If he displayed the slightest leaning to the admission of this independence, the chief judges would say, 'This intriguer ought to be removed from his position.' Then they would make out the *fetva* that according to law he ought to have his head cut off. Now Osman knew this just as well as if he had the judgment to this effect in his pocket. Consequently he showed no desire to prolong negotiations. The insistance of the other side on this article gave him the means of returning to the Sublime Porte and having an interview with the Sultan, the refuge of peace, and without asking any permission, either from the Grand Vizier or the Sultan, in twenty or thirty days he struck his tent and came straight back to Giurgevo.

"When Mohsin Zadeh learned this he was very sad; in the first place, because the end of the negotiations had not been effected; and in the second, because the rupture of the armistice would compel him to raise a new army. He did not know what to do. Some wise men held a council, and decided that although Orlof had gone away the Marshal still remained, and that when Halil Pasha was Grand Vizier he had shown that he greatly wished for peace, and that consequently by writing a letter to him the affair might yet be arranged. Conformably with this conclusion, before Osman Effendi had crossed over the Danube from Giurgevo, the Grand Vizier sent the Marshal a letter, in which he said—'Your Orlof and our Osman Effendi are both braggarts, proud and godless fellows. They got angry with each other and spoiled the blessed work. It would be much better to continue the armistice and appoint new plenipotentiaries who could bring what we both wish for to a friendly conclusion.' The Marshal, who was a mild man, and understood that peace was advantageous for both sides, said, 'That is sensible talk,' and consented to a prolongation of the armistice. The matter was referred to the Porte, and Abdur Rezzak Effendi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was appointed the new plenipotentiary. He took with him two officials from the Divan and a captain of the fleet, and with a large suite went to Bucharest, where he immediately had an interview with Obreskof. The approach of winter allowed the armistice to be continued for six months longer. Negotiations for peace began. The Moscov, in spite of all his victories, was tired of war. He really desired to make peace, and in the course of four months all the articles of peace were agreed upon without difficulty. But at last they came to this unlucky independence of the Tartars, 'We will give you forty thousand, even fifty thousand purses' (2,400,000*l.*—3,600,000*l.*), said Abdul Rezzak Effendi, 'only leave off this unsuitable demand.' 'Impossible,' answered Obreskof, 'we have given the Tartars our word that we will make them independent, and we will never change our word.' But he could not prevail upon Abdul Rezzak, and at last demanded a delay of forty days to report to his court and ask for a decision on this matter. At the end of this time Obreskof, pulling a paper out of his pocket, said—'Here is the answer come from St. Petersburg. We do not want a piastre of your money, but you must give up your suzerainty over the Tartars. For that we will even make you other concessions. We demand the independence of the Tartars because, while they are under your protection, it is impossible

for us to live peacefully with them. Hoping for your support, they are always ready to injure us. This consequently gives rise to disputes with the Sublime Porte, and it is just as unprofitable for you as for us. Do not say that we intend taking possession of the Crimea. It is now in our hands; but still we will give it back. If we did not wish to leave the Crimea you could not take it away from us; but even in such a case it would be better to make peace with you, for we should be obliged to send from forty to fifty thousand troops to occupy all the fortresses, and that does not suit us. We will evacuate the Crimea, we will leave the islands in the Archipelago and all the country which we have occupied on this side, and will go home again. Our peace with you will be a solid one, Inshallah; until the Day of Judgment there never will be a cause of dispute. Our empire is large enough for us.'

"The answer was decisive, and these conditions seemed to Abdul Rezzak Effendi a Divine Providence, because the proposition, which had several times been made to the enemy, of paying 50,000 purses for the independence of the Crimea was impossible. Our envoy wrote down the words of Obreskof, and sent them with his opinion to the Grand Vizier. Mohsin Zadeh, the Agas of the Janissaries, and the Imperial officials, fully believed in these views. 'Fifty thousand purses are very easy to say,' they reasoned, 'but they are very hard to find. Will the independence of the Tartars be any worse for the Sublime Porte than the present occupation of the Crimea by a victorious enemy? In course of time everything can return to its previous order. The great thing now is to make peace as soon as possible. We must accept this bargain.' . . . .

"The reply of the plenipotentiaries was sent to the Sublime Porte and read in a council presided over by the Sultan. Unfortunately Osman Effendi, that good-for-nothing fellow who exists only by Divine permission, was there with a wallet of wisdom, and he began to lie and to brag. 'I have seen the Moscov with my own eyes, I have felt his pulse well, and I know how much trickery there is in his marrow. This peace is good for nothing; the aim of the Giaour is deceit and cozenage.' The Grand Mufti preserved silence. He was convinced that we could not expect anything better from fate, but seeing that the council approved of the other measure he could not alone withstand it.

"'Impossible! Impossible!' was the answer which Ataullah Bey returned to head-quarters. The Vizier immediately communicated this decision to our envoy, and he, in giving the sad news to Obreskof, made excuses that the general expectation had not been realised. . .

"Peace, both according to the laws of religion and according to logic, is a praiseworthy and moral thing. Not only conquered countries, but even those which have won splendid victories, ought not to let pass any occasion for renewing friendship and concord with their neighbours, and practice constantly shows that making peace at the first possible moment never injures government affairs. On the contrary, it gives priceless advantages. It is unnecessary for us to say what campaigns and war are; how many losses the inhabitants of all denominations suffer, how many beasts of burden are driven away for the use of the army, what horses and camels die in the transportation. Our Stambul politicians had never seen or known anything of this kind, and what good thing did they accomplish by their bragging cries of 'Sabre the Giaours—sabre them! Zeal for the faith! Mussulman fanaticism!' and such like nonsense? The only thing they accomplished was that they spoiled an offer sent down from Heaven and a blessing for the servants of God, and put it off for an unknown time. If, as the Marshal wrote after the defeat of Kartal, Halil Pasha had been allowed to enter into negotiations for peace with him, we should have escaped a whole crowd of ills. At that time the Crimea was not yet subjected by the enemy, and there was no talk whatever about the independence of the Tartars. In the same way even during the negotiations carried on by Abdul Rezzak, the enemy was wearied out by our obstinacy. It was in vain that he refused offers of money compensation; and, according to his own admission, had we really wanted peace the door of war and of disputes would have been shut. We should not have spent uselessly a hundred thousand purses on new unfortunate campaigns, and we should not have been brought two years after to the sad necessity of concluding a peace in spite of ourselves. But the proverb is a good one—'In a village where there are many cocks, morning comes late.' . . . .
To speak plainly, when fate does not favour a government or a private individual, and when from first experiences it is evident that it has no intention of favouring them, it is more than ever necessary to act, not according to one's theological theories, but according to the Arab proverb, which says: 'Fold the cloth in its creases.' Even the rude Turkoman has translated this proverb into his own tongue by the words: 'Arrange the pack to suit the back of the camel.' They very well understand that one must always prefer practice to theory."

The campaign of 1773 began with a Turkish victory—the repulse of the Russians before Rustchuk. Subsequently the Russians were again defeated before Silistria, which was bravely and tenaciously defended by Osman Pasha, who received for his victory the title of *Ghazi.* This was the only brilliant success of the Turks

during the whole war. The Russians, however, gained two more important victories at Kara-Su, and advanced as far as Varna, which they were unable to take, as it was protected by the Turkish fleet. At this juncture, in January, 1774, the Sultan Mustafa died, and was succeeded by his brother Abdul Hamid, whom a confinement of forty-three years in the Seraglio had in no way fitted for the duties and responsibilities of the throne. "But," as Resmi Ahmed says, "the world took a very different appearance, for it is known from the experience of all ages that the change of a ruler during a war always removes causes of discord and leads to peace." But peaceful counsels did not at first prevail, and it was resolved once more to try the fortunes of war. The Turkish troops however were utterly routed at Kosludja and Yeni Bazar, all the communications of the Grand Vizier's camp at Shumla with Adrianople were cut off, and Mohsin Zadeh finally agreed to sign a peace.

Resmi Ahmed thus relates some of the final incidents of the war:—

"Part of the artillery under strong cover was placed on the heights of Yeni Bazar. The enemy, as usual, not showing all his force at once, advanced two or three hundred horsemen. A division of our Asiastic bashi-bazouks, considering the handful of Giaours as a mere trifle to them, rode after them through the sown fields. Hardly had they advanced a short distance, when the enemy's cavalry turned their horses towards them, and a fight began among the corn. The rest of the Anatolian cavalry, with their *binbashis*, remained on the heights, quiet spectators of the fight, and not only did not go into it, but even did not wait an hour in their position. The chance was an excellent one; they turned their horses and galloped away. On the road was the place where all the heavy baggage of the camp had been buried. The servants had deposited there the most valuable goods of their masters in bags and boxes. The Anatolians unceremoniously seized on everything they found to hand, dispersed over the place, and did not stop running until they reached Adrianople. There was nothing for them to do there, so they went on to the Bosphorus, and when they arrived at Beshik Tash, they crossed to the Asiastic shore. What happened besides that: the chief judges made a *fetva*, proving that these men were deserters and worthy of death, and the brave Anatolian cavalry, hearing of this decision, went to Scutari as fast as they could. All this is known to everybody, and so there is no need for me describe it again.

"Let us return to this affair of the camp. When, as we have said, this crowd of scape-gallows, not waiting for the enemy's attack, ran away without any reason from their positions, and robbed all our baggage, the Grand Vizier entirely lost his head. Three days after, the enemy very slowly moved up to within cannon shot and surrounded our fortifications. Not having any thing else to do, the Giaours meanwhile, among their other rascally amusements, occupied themselves with pillaging the storehouses of grain in the neighbourhood, and with burning the crops; and one morning they sent their hussars against Yussuf Pasha, the commandant of the Balkans, to destroy his detachment. Yussuf Pasha, his assistant, and part of his suite were taken prisoners. The Christians who were found in the Balkans were put on carts and carried down to the plain; we saw from Shumla these trains of carts going along loaded with our *rayahs*. The Marshal meanwhile constantly sent us people with propositions of peace. In order to arrange this matter the Grand Vizier appointed as envoys his *Kehaya Bey*, Resmi Ahmed Effendi, the writer of these memoirs, and the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, Munib Ibrahim.

"On the twelfth day of the siege, at the end of June, the plenipotentiaries went out of Shumla, and under the protection of General Kamensky, who commanded there, arrived on the sixth day at the head-quarters of the Marshal. Here the plenipotentiaries had an interview with him, and by the mercy of Allah, in two days and two sessions they agreed on the conditions of the future peace . . . .

"In such a horrible position were our affairs when the plenipotentiaries left Shumla to go to the commander-in-chief of the enemy. Whatever conditions the Marshal might then propose to us, we had not the slightest possibility of resisting his will. However much money he might demand for an indemnity of the war expenses, nothing remained for us but to pay down the sum, and thank him for not asking any more. The deputy of the Grand Vizier empowered the diplomats sent to the enemy to agree to pay even 40,000 purses (2,400,000*l.*), and not to propose even at first less than 12,000 purses (720,000*l.*). If all these unlucky events did not serve as an invincible barrier to peace; if the enemy did not desire to profit more cruelly by his triumph over us; if the Marshal did not make a wry face to the envoys, and did not treat them rudely and impolitely, it must be ascribed only to the accession of the new Sultan happening in the spring time, and that consequently his fortune was then in its full bloom and all its strength.

"In two days all was arranged. In three weeks the envoys were back again in the camp. On the day of their arrival at Shumla the Grand Vizier was not in the fortress—for in consequence of his severe illness he had gone to a village three hours from Shumla. The envoys went there and reported to him what they had done. 'Thanks to you,' said his Highness; 'you have done the Padishah an excellent service.' He was not able to pronounce another word. After we had moved from there we arrived in three days at Karnabad, where he died on the fifth day of August, 1774. His body, first buried in Adrianople, was afterward taken to Stambul.

The thirteenth article of the treaty provided that the Turks should always thereafter give to the ruler of Russia the title of Emperor, a subject which before had been under some dispute. Resmi Ahmed has something to say on this point which is not unentertaining. After relating an anecdote of the Mongol sovereign Mangu Khan, he says :—

"The moral aim of this story is that every time that the Mussulman people, forgetting the true conditions of Islam, fall into sin and wickedness, the All-Highest Truth provides an enemy to punish them. To say, since we are Mussulmans, 'How can Giaours ever conquer us?' is a great fault and a sin. Nothing but gross ignorance can inspire such notions.

"Now be it known that up to 1737 the ruler of Moscow, when a man, was called Tsar, and when a woman, Tsaritsa. About this time, in alliance with the German Kaiser, they fought four years running against the Sublime Porte, and got possession of the Crimea, of Azof, and of some parts of Moldavia, but when in 1739 peace with us was concluded at Belgrade they returned all the places which they had torn away from the Mussulman power, and for that reason, in 1739, the Sublime Porte gave the Russian Tsar a diploma as Emperor. The kings of Moscow got together an immense army, built many ships, cast no end of small cannon which were not difficult to use, and in 1761, under the pretext of helping Austria, they sent their army against Brandenburg, which they thoroughly conquered. From that time their fame and repute grew still more than before, and they even actually began to rule with an imperial rank. Since some time, by the wonderful disposition of Allah to punish the Mussulman people for their sins, all the rulers of Russia have been of the female sex, and the present ruler belongs, as is well known, to the same sex. Therefore they usually call her by the old appellation of Tsaritsa. The Moscovs are wonderfully submissive, obedient, and loyal to their Tsaritsa. About her crowd the most distinguished and famous people not only of the Moscov land, but also of various other nations, and full of enthusiasm for the Tsaritsa, they rival each other in zeal for laying down their lives for her. It is necessary to say besides that she is a very shrewd woman. In order to attach all these people to herself she learned from the German Empress, who died last year, all sorts of courtesy and politeness, and by showing to the statesmen and warriors who came to her more kindness than any one had ever shown to them before, by loading them with attentions, and by distinguishing them with all sorts of honours, she has formed for herself a multitude of such generals as Orlof and Marshal Rumiantsof, the same who concluded peace with us. In 1764 in consequence of the death of the King of the Poles, she intervened in the affairs of that people, but for some years occupied her attention with the necessary arrangements with her neighbours, and in 1768 by the will of Providence she began a war with us.

"The race of Franks, as I have said, greatly prizes the attention of women, and is always ready to sacrifice their lives and souls for them. I remember one example of this trait of their character and will cite it. In 1756 when I was going as ambassador to Vienna, according to custom I stopped for three days at the quay of the capital of the Magyars, Pesth. The inhabitants collected on the bank to see me, and many visited me on the ship. Once amongst the rest there came a sixteen-year-old youth with a good and frank countenance. 'What country do you come from? What is your occupation?' I asked him. 'I am from England, the son of a merchant there,' he answered. 'My father brought me here to the commandant of the city to be educated. I have already been here four years.' 'And after your education is finished you must think about supporting yourself. To what do you intend to consecrate yourself, to the sword or the pen?' 'The sword,' he replied, meaning the military service. 'The emperor is now having a war with Brandenburg, shall you go on the campaign?' 'This year it is impossible to go, but I shall certainly go on the next campaign.' 'But you are so young,' I remarked, 'you are a child; are you not afraid of being killed?' 'Oh no,' exclaimed the young Englishman, 'on the way from my country we stopped in Vienna, and the daughters of the Empress allowed me to kiss their hands. If instead of one soul I had a hundred souls, I should be glad to give them all for them.'

"I quote this anecdote to show the character and ideas of the Franks. Among this race, in the relations of a superior to an inferior, to give one's hands to be kissed is a great honour and favour. If that person be a female and taking off her glove give her bare hand to be kissed, as the Tsaritsa does, this is such a favour as it is impossible to express. They

will be ready like madmen to scale walls and fortresses, or to dare the greatest deeds. All this is very strange, but it is really as I say. Let us return to our affairs."

Resmi Ahmed closes his book by describing some of the various tricks and arts which the Russians used in the war, such as concealing their numbers, making feigned attacks, not giving up the pursuit of the flying enemy, &c. He lays a special stress on the fact that the Russians do not use either unkindness or cruelty to their Mussulman prisoners.

"The Giaours allow them to live according to their own custom; and never say anything insulting to their religion. To many they even give freedom so as not to be unprofitably burdened by them. The Russians do not have the practice of giving a reward of a gold piece for every man taken prisoner. This is because the greater part of their generals and commanders belong to the sect of Freemasons, and the rules of that sect make it their duty not to oppress the religion of others, or to cause any one harm by false speeches.

By the treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji the absolute and complete independence of the Crimea and of the northern coast of the Black Sea was acknowledged by the Turks, and the forts of Kimburun, Kertch, and Yeni Kale, the town of Azof, and the province of Kabarda were ceded to Russia, while Otchakof remained in the hands of the Turks. All Bessarabia, the towns of Akkerman, Kilia, Ismail, the fortress of Bender, the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the islands of the Archipelago occupied by the Russians, were restored, with favourable conditions of amnesty, and the free exercise of religion which placed the Principalities in a certain way under the protection of Russia. The navigation of the Black Sea was free for both powers, and the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were opened to Russia by a secret article. The sum of 15,000 purses (900,000*l.*) was paid to Russia as a war indemnity; certain commercial privileges were obtained, as well as certain religious privileges, which were subsequently twisted into a protectorate over the Eastern Christians.

Turkey was so exhausted by the war, that after the dispersal of the forces of the Grand Vizier near Shumla it was impossible to continue the contest any longer, and this treaty became a matter of necessity. Longer waiting would perhaps have necessitated subscribing to still worse conditions. In spite of this fact there were still some persons who accused both the Grand Vizier and Resmi Ahmed of having been bribed to make the treaty, and it was not without difficulty that its ratification at Constantinople was procured.

Some of the European powers, and especially Austria—England being too much occupied with India and with her colonies to trouble herself—were very much alarmed at the progress thus made by Russia towards Constantinople, and the Austrian Internuncio, Baron Thugut, in a report dated 3rd September, 1774, says:—

"However that may be, the little that the public knows of this treaty is sufficient to make me conclude that all the scaffolding of the stipulations is a model of skill on the part of the Russian diplomats, and a rare example of imbecility on the part of the Turkish negotiators. By the adroit combination of the articles of this treaty the Ottoman Empire from this time becomes a sort of Russian province, whence the Court of St. Petersburg can even procure money and troops. Finally, as in future Russia will be able to dictate to Turkey its laws, and has in her hands the power of forcing the Sultan to accept them, she will perhaps content herself some years still with reigning in the name of the Grand Signior until she judges the moment favourable for taking definitive possession of the country."

The events of to-day show how far this prediction of a hundred years ago has been verified.

There was, however, one notable result of this treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji. Before that time the alliance of Turkey had been sought by other countries in order to maintain the balance of power in Europe. Since then alliances have been made with Turkey for the sole purpose of prolonging the existence of the Turkish Government.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The presence of Mr. Stainforth and his daughter added another embarrassment to the sudden arrival of Paul. His mother did not know what to say to him, how to restrain her questions, —how to talk of his health, and his occupations, if the journey had been pleasant, how he had come from the station, and all the other trivialities which are said to a visitor suddenly arriving. She had to treat Paul like a visitor while the others were there. Paul for his part answered these matter-of-course questions very briefly. He had an air of suffering both mental and bodily, and he was very pale. He looked at Dolly Stainforth and said nothing, sitting in the shade as far from the great window as possible. And the rector would not go away. He sat and put innumerable questions to the new-comer. What he was going to do? What he thought of this thing and the other? Of course he was going back to Oxford to take his degree? that was the one thing that was indispensable. Paul gave the shortest possible answers to every question, and they were not of a satisfactory description. His mother, anxiously watching and fretting beyond measure to be thus kept in suspense about his purposes, could get no information from what he said to Mr. Stainforth, nor did the earnest gaze she had fixed upon him bring her any more enlightenment. Alice had gone out beyond the shade of the curtains to speak to Fairfax, and the embarrassment of the four thus left together was extreme. Dolly had not spoken a word since Paul entered. She had given him her hand, no more, when he came in, but she did not speak to him or even raise her head, except to listen with something of the same breathless anxiety as was apparent in Lady Markham's face, while the old rector went on with his questions and advices. The two women trembled in concert with a mutual sense of intolerable suspense, scarcely able to bear it. Dolly knew, however, that she would have to bear it, that she had nothing to do with the matter, that the only service she could do them was to relieve the mother and son of her presence and that of her father, who, however, after she had at length got him to his feet, still stood for ten minutes at least holding Paul's hand and impressing a great many platitudes upon his attention—with "Depend upon it, my dear boy," and "You may take my word for it." Paul had no mind to depend upon anything he said or to take his word for it in any way. He stood saying "yes" and "no," or replying only with a nod of his head to his Mentor. But Mr. Stainforth was not at all aware that he had stayed a second too long. He blamed Dolly for the haste with which she had hurried him away. "But I am glad I had the opportunity of seeing Paul," the old man said complacently, as his daughter drove him down the avenue. "You must have seen how pleased he was to talk his circumstances over with such an old friend as myself. Poor fellow, that is just what he must most want now. The ladies are very much attached to him, of course, but with the best intentions in the world how can they know? He wants a man to talk to," said Mr. Stainforth; and "I suppose so, papa," Dolly said.

Lady Markham turned to her son as soon as the rector's back was turned, her face quivering with anxiety. "Paul? Paul?" she said with the intensest question in her tone though

she asked nothing, seizing him by both hands.

"Well, mother?" He met her eye with something of the old impatience in his voice.

"You have come to tell me——?" she said breathless.

"I don't know what I have come to tell you. I have come to collect some of my things. You speak as if I had some important decision to make. You forget that there is nothing important about me, mother, one way or another," Paul said with a smile. It was an angry smile, and it did not re assure his anxious hearer. He gave a little wave with his hand towards the larger room. "Fairfax is with me," he said.

"Mr. Fairfax! I thought we might have had you to ourselves for this time at least." There was a querulous tone in her voice. He did not know that she was thinking of what he considered an old affair, of a separation which might be for ever. All that had been swept away completely out of Paul's mind as if it had never been, and he could not comprehend her anxiety. "But," she added, recollecting herself, "I might have known that could not be. Paul, I don't know what you will say to me. I was in a great difficulty. I did not know what to do. I have let *him* come to the house. He is here, actually staying here now."

"*He!* What do you mean by *he?*" Then while she looked at him with the keenest anxiety, a gleam of understanding and contemptuous anger came over his face. "Well! he said, "I suppose you could not shut him out of what is his own house."

"I might have left it, my dear. I intend to leave it——"

"Why?" he said; "if you can live under the same roof with him, why not? Do you think I will have any objection? It cannot matter much to me."

It was all settled then! She looked at him wistfully with a smile of pain, clasping her hands together. "He is very friendly, Paul. He wants to be very kind. And it is better there should be no scandal. I have your—poor father's memory to think of—"

Paul's face again took its sternest look. "It is a pity he himself had not thought a little of what was to come after. I am going to put my things together, mother."

"But you will stay, you are not going away to-night—not directly, Paul!"

"Shall I have to ask Sir Gus's leave to stay?" he said with a harsh laugh.

"Oh, Paul, you are very unkind, more unkind than he is," said Lady Markham, with tears in her eyes. "He has never taken anything upon him. Up to this moment it has never been suggested to me that I was not in my own house."

"Nevertheless, it is his," said her son. He made a step or two towards the opening, then turned back with some embarrassment. "Mother it is possible—I do not say likely—but still it is possible: that—Spears may come here to make some final arrangements to-morrow, before he goes."

"Oh Paul!" she said, with a low cry of pain: but there was nothing in this exclamation to which he could make any reply. He hesitated for a moment, then turned again and went away. Lady Markham stood where he had left her, clasping her hands together against her bosom as if to staunch the wounds she had received and hide them, feeling the throb and ache of suffering go over her from head to foot. She felt that he was merciless, not only abandoning her without a word of regret, but parading before her his preparations for this mad journey, and the new companions who were to replace his family in his life. But Paul only thought she was displeased by the name of Spears. He went his way heavily enough, going through the familiar place which was no longer home, to the room which had been his from his childhood, but was his no longer. As if this was not pain enough, there was looming before him, threatening him, this shadow of a last

explanation with Spears. What was there to explain to Spears? He could not tell. Others had deserted the undertaking as well as he. And Paul would not say to himself that there was another question, though he was aware of it to the depths of his being. Not a word had been said about Janet; yet it was not possible but that something must be said on that subject. His whole life was still made uncertain, doubtful, suspended in a horrible uncertainty because of this. What honour demanded of him, Paul knew that he must do; but what was it that honour demanded? It was the last question of his old life that remained to be settled, but it was a bitter question. And just when it had to be decided, just when it was necessary that he should brave himself to do what might turn out to be his duty, why, why was he made the hearer unawares of Dolly's little address in his defence? She had always stood up for him; he remembered many a boyish offence in which Dolly, a mere baby, uncertain in speech, had stood up for him. If he had to do *this*—which he did not describe to himself in other words—Dolly would still stand up for him. With all these thoughts in his mind as he went up stairs, Paul was far too deeply occupied to think much of the personage whom he contemptuously called Sir Gus—Sir Gus was only an accident, though a painful and almost fatal one, in the young man's path.

When Lady Markham had sufficiently overcome the sharp keenness of this latest wound, her ear was caught by a murmur of voices in the other room. This had been going on, she was vaguely sensible, for some time, through all Mr. Stainforth's lingering and leavetaking, and through her own conversation with Paul; voices that were low and soft—not obtrusive; as if the speakers had no wish to attract attention, or to have their talk interfered with. Perhaps this tone is of all others the most likely to provoke any listener into interruption. A vague uneasiness awoke in Lady Markham's mind. She put back the curtains which had partially veiled the entrance to her own room with a slightly impatient hand. When one is wounded and aching in heart and mind it is so hard not to be impatient. Alice had seated herself in a low chair, half hidden in one of the lace curtains that veiled a window, and Fairfax was leaning against the window talking to her. There was something tender and confidential in the sound of his voice. It was he who spoke most, but her replies were in the same tone, a tone of which both were entirely unconscious, but which struck Lady Markham with mingled suspicion and alarm. How had these two got to know each other well enough to speak in such subdued voices? She had never known or realised how much they had been thrown together during her absence in the sick-room. When she drew back the curtain, Alice instinctively withdrew her chair a hairsbreadth, and Fairfax stood quite upright, leaning upon the window no longer. This alteration of their attitudes at the sight of her startled Lady Markham still more. Fairfax came forward hurriedly as she came into the drawing-room, a little flushed and nervous.

"I hope you will not consider this visit an impertinence," he said. "I thought I must come with Markham to take care of him. He—twisted his foot—did he tell you? It is all right now, but I thought it would be well to come and take care of him," Fairfax said, with that conciliatory smile and unnecessary repetition which marked his own consciousness of a feeble cause.

"I did not hear anything about it," Lady Markham said. "He has been writing me very short letters. You are very kind, Mr. Fairfax—very kind; we know that of old."

"That is the last name to give my selfish intrusion," he said; then added, after a pause, "And I had something I wanted to speak to you

about. Did Miss Markham," he said, hesitating, shifting from one foot to another, and showing every symptom of extreme embarrassment — "Did Miss Markham tell you—what I had been saying to her?"

Alice had taken occasion of her mother's entry upon the scene to rise from her chair and come quite out of the shelter of the curtain. She was standing (as indeed they all were) immediately in front of the window, with the light full upon her, when he put this question. He looked from Lady Markham to her as he spoke, and by bad luck caught Alice's eye. Then—why or wherefore who could say?—the countenances of these two foolish young people suddenly flamed, the one taking light from the other, with the most hot and overwhelming blush. Alice seemed to be enveloped in it; she felt it passing over her like the sudden reflection of some instantaneous flame. She shrank back a step, her eyes fell with an embarrassment beyond all power of explanation. As for Fairfax, he stole a second guilty look at her, and stopped short—his voice suddenly breaking off with a thrill in it, like that of a chord that has snapped. Lady Markham looked on at this extraordinary pantomime with consternation. What could she think, or any mother? She felt herself grow crimson, too, with alarm and distress.

"What was it you were saying, Mr. Fairfax? Alice has not said anything to me."

"O—oh!" he said; then gave a faint little laugh of agitation and confusion, and something that sounded strangely like happiness. "It was—nothing — not much — something of very little importance — only about myself. Perhaps you would let me have a little conversation, when it is quite convenient, Lady Markham, with you?"

"Surely," she said, but with a coldness she could not restrain. What a thing it is to be a mother! The sentiment has found utterance in Greek, so it does not profess to be novel. If not one thing, then another; sometimes two troubles together, or six, as many as she has children—except that, in the merciful dispensation of Providence, the woman who has many children cannot make herself so wretched about every individual as she who has few contrives to do. Only Paul and Alice however were old enough to give their mother this kind of discipline, and in a moment she felt herself plunged into the depths of a second anxiety. There was a very uncomfortable pause. Alice would have liked to run away to her room, to hide herself in utter shame of her own weakness, but dared not, fearing that this would only call the attention of the others more forcibly to it—as if anything was wanted to confirm that impression! She stood still, therefore, for a few minutes, and made one or two extremely formal remarks, pointing out that the days were already much shorter and the afternoon beginning to close in. Both her companions assented, the one with tender, the other with suspicious and alarmed glances. Then it occurred to Alice to say that she would go and see if Paul wanted anything. The others watched her breathless as she went away.

"Mr. Fairfax, what does this mean?" said Lady Markham, almost haughtily.

Was it not enough to make the politest of women forget her manners? Fairfax did not know, any more than she did, what it meant. He hoped that it meant a great deal more than he had ever hoped, and his heart was dancing with sudden pride and happiness.

"It means," he said, "dear Lady Markham, what you see: that I have forgotten myself, and that being nobody, I have ventured to lift my eyes—oh, don't imagine I don't know it!—to one who is immeasurably above me—to one who—I won't trust myself to say anything about her—*you* know," said the young man. "How could I help it? I saw her—though it was but for a little while—every day."

"When her father was dying!" cried Lady Markham, with a sob. This was what went to her heart. Her Alice, her spotless child—to let this stranger woo her in the very shadow of her father's death-bed. She covered her face with her hands. Paul had not wrung her heart enough; there was one more drop of pain to be crushed out.

"I did not think of that. I did not think of anything, except that I was there—in a paradise I had no right to be in—by her side: Heaven knows how. I had so little right to it, that it looked like Heaven's own doing, Lady Markham. I did not know there was any such garden of Eden in the world," he said. "I never knew there was such a woman as you; and then she—that was the crown of all. Do you think I intended it? I was surprised out of my senses altogether. I should have liked to stretch myself out like a bit of carpet for you to walk on: and she——"

"Mr. Fairfax, this is nonsense," said Lady Markham, but in a softened tone. "My daughter is just like other girls; but when I was compelled to leave her, when my other duties called me, could I have supposed that a gentleman would have taken advantage——"

"Ah!" he said, with a tone of profound discouragement, "perhaps that is what it is—perhaps it may be because I am not what people call a gentleman."

"Mr. Fairfax!" cried Lady Markham, with horror in her voice.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "it is out now; that is what I wanted to ask if Miss Markham had told you. I am nobody, Lady Markham. I don't belong to the Wiltshire Fairfaxes, or to the Fairfaxes of the north, or to any Fairfaxes that ever were heard of: I told her so. I did not want to come into your house under false pretences; and it was *that* that I meant to ask Miss Markham when—I betrayed myself."

"*You* betrayed yourself?" Lady Markham was entirely bewildered; for to her it appeared that it was Alice who had betrayed herself. But this new statement calmed and restrained her. If he had not remarked, perhaps, the agitation of Alice, it was not for her mother to point it out. "Am I to understand, Mr. Fairfax, that you said anything to Alice, when you were here in the midst of our trouble——?"

"No," he cried out; "surely no. What do you take me for?"

She put out her hand to him with her usual gracious kindness: "For a gentleman, Mr. Fairfax; and the kindest heart in the world. Of course I knew there must be some mistake."

But when they had gone through this explanation and reconciliation, they came back simultaneously to a recollection of that blaze of sudden colour on Alice's face, and felt the one with rapture, the other with great alarm and tribulation, that in respect to this there could not be any mistake.

"But Lady Markham," said the young man, "all this does not alter my circumstances. You are very kind and good to me; but here are the facts of the case. I have seen her now; none of us can alter that. It was not, so to speak, my doing. It was—accident, as people say. When a man has had a revelation like this, he does not believe it is an accident; he knows," said Fairfax, with a slight quiver of his lip, "that something higher than accident has had to do with it. And it can't be altered now. When that comes into a man's heart it is for his life. And, at the same time, I confess to you that I am nobody, Lady Markham—not fit to tie her shoe; but I might be a prince, and not good enough for that. What is to be done with me? Am I to be put to the door once for all, and never to come near her again? Whatever you say I am to do, I will do it. I believe in you as I do in heaven. What you tell me, I will do it; though it may make an end of me, it shall be done all the same."

"Did you come to Markham all the way to say this to me, Mr. Fairfax?" Lady Markham put the question only to gain a little time.

"No; I came pretending it was to take care of Paul, who *did* twist his foot—that is true; and pretending that it was to ask you to persuade him to let me help him (I know a few people, and that sort of thing," said Fairfax, hurriedly); "but I believe, if I must tell the truth, it was only just to have the chance of getting one look at her again. That was all. I did not mean to be so bold as to say a word—only to see her again."

"You wanted to help Paul!" Lady Markham felt her head going round. If he was nobody, how could he help Paul? The whole imbroglio seemed more than she could fathom. And Fairfax was confused too.

"There are some little things—that I have in my power: I thought, if he would let me, I might set him in the way—: I'll speak of all that another time, Lady Markham. When a thing like this gets the upper hand, one can't get one's head clear for anything else. Now that I have betrayed myself, which I did not mean to, tell me—tell me what is to be done with me. I cannot think of anything else."

What was to be done with him? It is to be feared that, kind as Lady Markham was, she would have made but short work with Fairfax, had it been he only who had betrayed himself. But the light that had blazed on the face of Alice was another kind of illumination altogether. A hasty sentence would not answer here.

CHAPTER XL.

It would have been difficult to imagine a more embarrassed and embarrassing party than were the Markham family, when they assembled to dinner that evening. Sir Gus and the little girls had met Fairfax going down the avenue, and had tried every persuasion in their power to induce him to return with them; but he would not do so. "I am coming back to-morrow," he said; but for this evening he was bound for the Markham Arms, where he had been before, and nothing would move him from his determination.

When Gus went into the drawing-room with his little companions the tea was found there, all alone in solitary dignity; the table set out, the china and silver shining, the little kettle emitting cheerful puffs of steam, but no one visible. What can be more dismal than this ghost of the cheerfulest of refreshments—the tea made and waiting, but not a woman to be seen? It impressed this innocent group with a sense of misfortune.

"Where can they be?" Bell cried; and she ran up stairs, sending her summons before her: "Mamma—mamma—please come to tea."

By and by, however, Bell came down looking extremely grave.

"Mamma has a headache," she said. This was a calamity almost unknown at Markham. "And Alice has a headache too," she added, after a moment's pause.

Bell's looks were very serious, and the occasion could scarcely be called less than tragical. The little girls themselves had to make Gus's tea—they did it, as it were, in a whisper—one putting in the sugar, the other burning her fingers with the tea-pot. It was not like afternoon tea at all, but like some late meal in the school-room when Mademoiselle had a headache. It was only Mademoiselle who was given to headache at Markham. It was Brown who told Sir Augustus of Paul's arrival. Lady Markham had been wounded by Brown's behaviour from the first. He had not clung to the "family" to which he had expressed so much devotion. He had gone over at once to the side of the new master of the house. He had felt no indignation towards the interloper, nor any partizanship on behalf of Paul. He came up now with his most obsequious air, as Gus came out of the drawing-room.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Augustus, but Mr. Paul has come."

"Oh, he has come, has he?" Gus said.

Brown stood respectfully ready, as if he would undertake at the next word to turn Mr. Paul out of the house; no wonder Lady Markham was indignant. Gus understood it all now—the headaches and the deserted tea-table. No doubt the mother and sister were with Paul, comforting and consoling him. He gave forth a little sigh when he thought of it. Whatever might happen, no one would ever console him in that way. Paul had always the better of him, even when disinherited. But when they went into the drawing-room before dinner he was very anxious to be friendly to Paul. He went up to him holding out his hand.

"I am very glad that we meet like this," he said. "Your mother has taken me in, for which I am grateful to her; and I am very glad that we have met. I hope you will not think any worse of me than you can help."

"I do not think worse of you at all," Paul said, briefly; but he would not enter into conversation. And the whole party were silent. Whether it was the influence of the son's return, who was nothing now but a secondary person in the house where he had been the chief, or whether there was any other cause beside, Gus could not tell. Even the mother and daughter did not talk to each other. When dinner was over, and Mr. Brown, with his too observant eyes, was got rid of, the forlorn little stranger, who was the new baronet, the conqueror, the master of the situation, could almost have wept, so lonely and left out did he feel.

"Is anything going to happen?" he said. "I know I am no better than an outsider among you, but I would like to enter into everything that concerns you, if you would let me. Is anything going to happen?"

"I don't know of anything that is going to happen," said Paul; and the ladies said nothing. There was no longer that intercourse of looks between them, of half-words and rapid allusions, which Gus admired. They sat, each wrapped as in a cloud of her own. And rarely had a night of such confused melancholy and depression been spent at Markham. Alice, who feared to encounter any examination by her mother, went up stairs again, scarcely entering the drawing-room at all. And Lady Markham sat alone amid all the soft, yet dazzling, lights, which again seemed to blaze as they had blazed when Sir William was dying, suggesting the tranquil household peace which seemed now over for ever. Was it over for ever? The very room in which she was seated was hers no longer. Her son was hers no longer, but about to be lost to her—separated by wide seas, and still more surely by other associations, and the severance of the heart. And even Alice—Lady Markham could not reconcile herself to the thought that while her husband was dying, and she watching by his side, Alice had allowed herself to be drawn into a new life and new thoughts. It seemed an impiety to him who was gone. Everything was impiety to him: the stranger in his place, though that stranger was his son; the shattering of his image, though it was his own hand that had done it; the dispersion of his children. Thank God! there were still the little ones. She thought, with a forlorn pang in her heart, that she would withdraw herself with them to the contracted life of the Dower-house, and there reconstruct her domestic temple. Bell and Marie, Harry and Roland, would retain the idea of their father unimpaired, as Paul and Alice could not do. But what does it matter that all is well with the others when one of your children is in trouble? it is always the lean kine that swallow up those that are fat and flourishing. Her heart was so sore with the present, that she could not console herself with the future. How could it be that Job was comforted with other sons

and daughters, instead of those he had lost? How many a poor creature has wondered over this! Can one make up for another? Lady Markham sat all alone, half suffocated with unshed tears. Paul was going away, and she had not the courage to go to Alice, to question her, to hear that in heart she also had gone away. Thus she sat disconsolate in the drawing-room, while Gus took possession of the library. The poor little gentleman was still sadder than Lady Markham; not so unhappy, but sadder, not knowing what to do with himself. The long evening alone appalled him. He took a book, but he was not very fond of reading. The children had gone to bed. He went to the window once, and, looking out, saw a red spark, moving about among the trees, of Paul's cigar. Probably, if he joined him, it would only be to feel more the enormity of his own existence. Gus went back to his chair, and drawing himself close to the fire (which Mr. Brown had caused to be lighted, reflecting that Sir Augustus was a foreigner, and might feel chilly), fell asleep there, and so spent a forlorn evening all by himself. Was this what he had come to England for, to struggle for his rights, and make everybody unhappy? It was not a very lofty end after all.

And next day there was so much to be settled. Paul was astir early, excited and restless, he could not tell why. It seemed to him that one way or other his fate was to be settled that day. If Janet Spears clung to him, if she insisted on keeping her hold upon him, what was he to do? He went down very early to the village, wandering about all the places he had known. He had never been very genial in his manners with the poor people, but yet he had been known to them all his life, and received salutations on all sides. Some of them still called him Sir Paul. They knew he was not his father's successor—that there was another and altogether new name in the Markham family—but the good rustics, many of them, could not make out how, once having been Sir Paul to their certain consciousness, he could ever cease to bear that title. The name brought back to the young man's mind the flash of finer feeling, the subdued and sorrowful elation with which he had walked about these quiet roads on the morning of his father's funeral. He had meant to lead a noble life among these ancestral woods. All that his father was and more, he had intended to be. He had meant to show his gratitude for having escaped from the snare of those follies of his youth which had nearly cast him away, by tolerance and help to those who were like himself. In politics, in the management of the people immediately within his influence, he had meant to give the world assurance of a man. But now that was all over. In his place was poor little Gus: and he himself had neither influence nor power. What a change it was! He strayed into the churchyard to his father's grave, still covered with flowers, and then — why not?—he thought he would go up to the rectory and ask them to give him some breakfast. Though he did not care enough for Gus to avoid his presence, yet it was a restraint; there never, he thought, could be any true fellowship between them. He went and tapped at the window of the breakfast-room which he knew so well, and where Dolly was making the tea. She opened it to him with a little cry of pleasure. Dolly had not made any pretence of putting on mourning when Sir William died, but ever since she had worn her black frock; nobody could reproach her with encroaching upon the privileges of the family by this, for a black frock was what any one might wear; but Paul, who was ignorant, was touched by her dress. She had been looking pale when she stood over the table with the tea-caddy, but when she saw who it was Dolly bloomed like a winter-rose. It was October now, the leaves beginning to fall, and a little fire made the room bright, though the weather was not yet cold enough for fires. Paul had

never once considered himself in love with Dolly in the old days. Perhaps it was only the contrast between her and Janet Spears that moved him now. He knew that one way or other the question about Janet Spears would have to be concluded before the day was done; and this consciousness made Dolly fairer and sweeter to him that ever she had been before.

And the rector was very glad to see Paul. He understood the young man's early visit at once. Mr. Stainforth had never entertained any doubt on the subject. To talk over his affairs with a man of experience and good sense must be a very different thing from discussing them with ladies, however sensible; and he plunged into good advice to the young man almost before he began his tea.

"There is one thing I am certain you ought to do," Mr. Stainforth said. "I told your mother so yesterday. I am an old man and I cannot stand long in any one's way. Paul, you must take orders; that is what you must do: and succeed me in the living. It is a thing which has always been considered an excellent provision for a second son; among your own people—and you know that this is an excellent house. Dolly will show you all over it. For a man of moderate tastes it is as good as Markham, and not expensive to keep up. And as for the duty, depend upon it, my dear boy, you would find no difficulty about that. Why, Dolly does the most part of the parish work. Of course you could not have Dolly," said the old man, at his ease, not thinking of how the young ones felt, "but somebody would turn up. It is a good position and it is not a hard life. As soon as I heard what had happened I said to myself at once, the living is the very thing for Paul."

Paul could not help a furtive glance round him, a momentary review of the position, a rapid imperceptible flash of his eyes towards Dolly, who sat very demurely in front of the tea-urn. How glad she was of that tea-urn! But he shook his head.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to settle myself so easily as that," he said.

"But why not, why not?" asked the old man; and he went on expatiating upon the advantages of this step. "I would retire as soon as you were ready. I have often thought of retireing. It is Dolly rather than I that has wanted to remain. Dolly seems to think that she cannot live away from Markham Royal."

"Oh, no, papa," Dolly cried; "it was only because there was no reason. I could live—anywhere."

"I know what you will do," said the old man; "when I am gone, you will come back and flutter like a little ghost about your schools and your poor people: you will think nobody can manage them but yourself; unless you marry, you know—unless you marry. That would make a difference. For the peace of the new rector I must get you married, Dolly, before I receive notice to quit, my dear."

And he laughed with his old shrill laugh, not thinking what might be going on in those young bosoms. That Dolly should marry anybody was a joke to her father, and that Paul should have any feeling on the subject never occurred to him. He cackled and laughed at his own joke, and then he became serious, and once more impressed all the advantages of the living upon his visitor. The curious mingling of confusion, embarrassment, distress, and pleasure with which the two listened it would be difficult to describe. Even Dolly, though she was abashed and horrified by the two simple suggestions which the old man neither intended nor dreamt of, felt a certain vague shadowy pleasure in it, as of a thing that never could come true but yet was sweet enough as a dream; and because of the tea-urn which hid her from Paul, felt safe, and was almost happy in the thrill of consciousness which ran to her finger tips. They did not see each other, either of them: and this was a thing which was

impossible, never to be. But yet it put them by each other's side as if they were going to set out upon life together, and the sensation was sweet.

Paul turned it over and over in his head as he went home. It was not the life he would have chosen, but the old man's materialistic view of it had for the moment a charm. The sheltered quiet life, the mild duty, the ease and leisure, with no struggle or trouble to attain to them—was it a temptation? He laughed out as he asked himself the question. No! Paul might perhaps have been a missionary after the apostolic model; but a clergyman with very little to do and a wife to do the great part of that little for him—no, he said to himself, no! And then he sighed—for the rectory, under those familar skies, and little Dolly, whom he had known since she was a baby, were very sweet.

It was something very different for which he had to prepare himself now. As he walked towards home he suddenly came in sight, as he turned the village corner into the high road, of a pair who were walking on before him from the station. Paul's heart gave a sudden leap in his breast, but not with joy. He stood still for a moment, then went on, making no effort to overtake them. A man and a woman plodding along the dusty road: he with the long strides and clumsy gait of one who was quite destitute of that physical training which gives to the upper classes so much of their superiority, his arms swinging loosely from his shoulders; she encumbered with the skirt of her dress, which trailed along the dusty road. The sun was high by this time, and very warm, and they felt it. Paul did not take his eyes from them as they went along, but he made no effort to make up to them. This was what he had played with in the time of his folly—what he thought he had chosen, without ever choosing it. What could he do, what could he do, he cried out in his heart with the vehemence of despair, to be clear of it now?

Spears had come to settle his accounts with Paul. In the course of the negotiation which had gone so far, which had gone indeed as far as anything could go not to be settled and concluded, he had received money from the young man for his share of the emigration capital. That Paul, when he separated himself from the party meant to leave this with them as a help to them, there was no doubt; and this was one reason why he had avoided meeting with his old associates, or ending formally the connection between them. And when Spears demanded that a place of meeting should be appointed, Paul had with reluctance decided upon Markham as a half-way house, where he would have the help of his mother to smooth down and mollify the demagogue. Spears had been deeply compunctious for the part he had taken against Paul in London, but was also deeply wounded by Paul's refusal to accept his self-humiliation; and his object in seeking him now was not, as Paul thought, to reproach him for his desertion, nor was it to call him to account on the subject of Janet. Paul himself was not sufficiently generous, not noble enough to understand the proud and upright character of the humble agitator, who carried the heart of a prince under his working man's clothes, and to whom it was always more easy to give than to take. Spears was coming with a very different purpose. With the greatest trouble and struggle he had managed to reclaim, and separate from the other money collected, the sum paid by Paul. It had been not only a wonderful blow to his personal pride and his affections, but it diminished greatly his importance among his fellows when it was discovered that the young aristocrat, of whose adhesion they were inconsistently proud, was no longer under the influence or at the command of Spears; and it had cost him not only a great deal of trouble to collect Paul's money, but a sacrifice of something of his own; and he had so little! Nevertheless, he had it all in his pocket-book when he

prepared that morning to keep the rendezvous which Paul had unwillingly given him.

Spears did not know till the last moment that his daughter meant to accompany him. She walked to the station with him, and took his ticket for him, and he suspected nothing. It was not until she joined him in the railway carriage that he understood what she meant, and then it was too late to remonstrate. Besides, his daughter told him it was Lady Markham she was going to see. Lady Markham had been very kind to her. It was right that she should go to say goodbye; "and besides, you know, father—" Janet said. Yes, he knew, but he did not know much; and Janet was aware, as Paul was not, that her father was far too delicate, far too proud, to speak on her behalf. He would scorn to recall his daughter to any one who had forgotten her; if there was anything to be done for Janet, it was herself who must do it. And Spears was so uncertain about the whole business, so unaware of what she was going to do, that he did not even try to prevent her. He accepted her society accordingly, and did not attempt to resist her will. She had a right, no doubt, to look after her own affairs; and he who did not even know what these affairs were, what could he say? They had a very silent journey, finding little to say to each other. His mind was full of saddened and embittered affection, and of a proud determination not to be indebted to a friend who had deserted him. "Rich gifts grow poor when givers prove unkind," he was saying to himself. Undoubtedly it had given him importance, the fact that the richest of all the colonists was under his influence, and ready to do whatever he might suggest. Not for a moment, however, would Spears let this weigh with him. Yet it made his heart all the sorer in spite of himself. As for Janet, she had a still more distinct personal arrangement on her hands. They scarcely exchanged a word as they walked all that way along the high road, and up the avenue, Paul following, though they did not see him. In the hall, Janet separated herself from her father.

"It is Lady Markham *I* want to see," she said, with a familiarity and decision which amazed her father, who knew nothing about her previous visit. Janet recognised the footman Charles who had admitted her before. "You know that Lady Markham will see me," she said; "show me to Lady Markham's room, please."

Spears did not understand it, but he looked on with a vague smile. He himself was quite content to wait in the hall until Paul should appear. He was standing there vaguely remarking the things about him when Paul made his appearance. He gave his former friend his hand, but there was little said between them. Paul took him into the library which for the moment was vacant. It seemed to him that it would be easier to answer questions there where already he had often suffered interrogation and censure. And he did not know—he could not divine what Spears was about to say.

"When do you go?" the young man said.

"We have everything settled to sail on the 21st. That is five days from now."

"I fear," said Paul, "it must have been very inconvenient for you coming here. I am sorry, very sorry, you have taken so much trouble. I should have gone to you, but my mind has been in a whirl; the whole thing looks to me like a dream."

"It is a dream that has given some of your friends a great deal of trouble. Take care, my good fellow, another time how you fall into dreams like this. It is best to take a little more trouble at the beginning to know your own mind," he said slowly, tugging at his pocket. "But after all you came to yourself before there was any harm done, Markham. If it

had happened in the middle of the ocean, or when we had got to our destination, it would have been still more awkward. As it was, it has been possible to recover your property," said Spears, at last producing a packet out of its receptacle with a certain glow of suppressed disdain in his countenance. He got out a little bag of money as he spoke, and laid it on the table, then produced his pocket-book, which he opened, and took something out.

"What does this mean, Spears?"

"It means what is very simple, Paul—mere A B C work, as you should know. It is the amount of your subscriptions—what you have contributed in one way or another. I won't trouble you with the items," he said; "they are all on a piece of paper with the bank notes. And now here is the whole affair over," said Spears with the motion of snapping his fingers, "and no harm done. Few young men are able to say as much of their vagaries. Perhaps if you had involved yourself with a higher class, with people more like yourself, it might not have been equally easy to get away."

"But this is impossible! this cannot be!" cried Paul. "I intended nothing of the kind. Spears, you humble me to the dust. You must not—it is not possible that I can accept this. I intended—I made sure——"

"You meant to leave us yourself, but to let your money go as alms to the revolutionaries?" cried Spears, with a thrill of agitation in his voice which seemed to make the room ring. "Yes, I suppose you might have fallen among people who would have permitted it. (The strange thing was that most of the members of the society had been of this opinion, and that it was all that Spears could do to rescue the money which the others thought lawfully forfeited.) But we are not of that kind. We don't want filthy money with the man away, or even with his heart away."

The orator held his head high; there was a certain scorn about his gestures, about his mouth. He tried to show by a careless smile and air that what he was doing was of no importance, an easy and certain step of which there could be no doubt; but the thrill of excited feeling in him could not be got out of his voice. And Paul, perhaps, had even more excuse for excitement.

"I will not take a farthing of the money," he said.

"Then you will carry it back yourself, my lad. I have washed my hands of it. If you think I will permit a penny of yours to go into our treasury apart from yourself and your sympathy and your help! I would have taken all that and welcome. I have told you already—to little use—what you were to me, Paul Markham. The Bible is right after all about idols, though many is the word I've spoken against it. I made an idol of you, and lo! my image is broken into a thousand pieces. It is like giving the thing a kick the more," he said, with a sudden burst of harsh laughter, "to think when it was all over and ended that I would take the money! It shows how much you knew me."

"Then is it a mere matter of personal offence and disappointment, Spears?"

"Offence!" he cried. "Yes, offence if you like the word—as it is offence when your friend puts a knife into you. The first thing you feel is surprise. Who could believe it? He! to stab you, when you were leaning upon him. It takes all a man's credulity to believe that. But when it is done—" he added with one of the sudden smiles which used to illuminate his rugged countenance, but now lighted it up with a gleam of angry melancholy, just touched with humour, "you don't take money from him, Paul."

"Nor does he take it from you," said Paul, quickly. "Spears, this is all folly. It is not a matter of passion, as you make it. Say I am as much in the wrong as you like. I did not

know my own mind. I have had enough to go through in the last six weeks to teach me many things more important than my own mind. I can't go with you; I have found out that—but what then? I don't lose my interest in you; we don't cease to be friends. As for stabbing you, putting a knife into you—that is ludicrous," he cried, with an angry laugh. "It is like a couple of lovers in a French novel; not two Englishmen and friends."

"I'll tell you what, Paul," said the other, taking no notice; "if all had been going well with you, why I could have put up with it. A place like this makes a man think. I've told you so before. It's like being a prince on a small scale. Had I been born a prince I might have been a tyrant, but I shouldn't have abandoned my throne; and no more would you, I always thought, if you once felt the charm of it. But when all that was over, Paul, when you had lost everything, come down from your high estate, and felt," cried Spears, with an outburst of vehement feeling, "the burning and the bitterness of disappointment, that you should have abandoned us, and the cause, and me—your friend and father, *then!*"

He turned away, and walked from end to end of the long room. As for Paul, he did not say a word. What could he say? how could he explain that it was precisely then, when he had lost everything, that those strange companions had become most intolerable to him. They were bearable when his choice of them was a folly, and his own position utterly different from theirs; but as the distance lessened, the breach grew more apparent. This however he could not say. Nor had he a word to answer when Spears called himself his father. What did it mean? and where was Janet, whom he had seen entering the house, but who had disappeared? Paul's thoughts veered away from the chief subject of the interview, while Spears, walking up and down the room, talked on. The money lay on the table, neither taking any further notice of it. It was found there by Gus when he came in an hour after, lying upon the table in the same spot. Gus thought it a temptation to the servants, and threw it into a drawer. He was not used to careless dealing with money, and he looked out very curiously at the strange man who was walking up and down the avenue with Paul, talking much and gesticulating largely. This was a kind of man altogether apart from all Sir Gus's experiences, and his curiosity was much exercised. Was it perhaps an electioneering agent come here to talk of the representation of Farborough, and Sir William's vacant seat? Gus stood at the window and watched, for he had a great deal of curiosity, with very keen eyes.

CHAPTER XLI.

ALICE and her mother kept apart for one night. They said good-night to each other hurriedly, the one too much wounded to ask, the other too proud to offer, her confidence. But when they had done this they had reached the length of their respective tethers. Next morning the girl stole into her mother's room before any one was awake, and clinging about her, begged her pardon—for what she did not say. And Lady Markham kissed her and forgave her, though there was nothing to forgive. Words after all are the poorest exponents of meaning; they knew a great deal better what it was than if they had put it into words. And it was not till long after this reunion that Lady Markham said, quite accidentally, "Why did you not tell me Mr. Fairfax's secret, Alice? He seems to be much in earnest about it, poor boy."

Said Alice, very seriously, "How could I speak to you, mamma, about anything so—about anything that I was not obliged to speak of, at such a time?"

"Oh, my dear, that is true, that is

most true. But it hurt me a little, for it made me feel as if—you were keeping something from me."

"We all like Mr. Fairfax," said Alice, courageously, "but it does not matter, does it, about his family? He was very good, very kind, at a time when we needed help; but to tell you about his want of a grandfather——"

Feeling safe in the smile which such a want would naturally call forth, Alice (rashly) ventured to meet her mother's eyes. And then to her confusion, the former accident repeated itself, notwithstanding every precaution. It is very difficult indeed to take precautions against such accidents. Once more an exasperating, but unpreventable blush, of doubly-dyed crimson, hot, sudden, scorching, flamed over Alice's face.

Lady Markham saw it, and felt the shock thrill through her again; but she was wise and took no notice. She shook her head. "I am not so sure about that," she said. "It is always of consequence to know to whom your friends belong. I wish—I wish——"

But what she was going to say—whether to wish for a grandfather to Fairfax, or to wish that she had not opened her house to him, could never be known; for just then Mrs. Martin opened the door with a little impatience and annoyance, and begged to know whether her lady was expecting again the young person who had been at Markham some time ago—a young person who insisted that Lady Markham would be sure to see her, and of whom Mrs. Martin evidently did not at all approve—by name Spears.

Lady Markham cast a hurried glance at Alice. It was her turn now to blush. "You can bring her in," she said. Then a few words were hastily exchanged between the mother and daughter. Alice seized upon some needlework which lay by. Sheltered by that, she drew her seat away towards the window out of her mother's immediate neighbourhood. Janet came in with a free and familiar step. She was elated by the readiness of her reception, the power of once more crowing over the important and dignified Mrs. Martin, and with something else which she was aware enhanced her own position still more. She came quickly in, and, without any of the timidity and awe of her first appearance, advanced to Lady Markham with outstretched hand, and a countenance covered with smiles; but notwithstanding, with instantaneous quickness noticed Alice, and felt that to be thus made acquainted with Miss Markham added another glory still. Was it not treating her as one of the family? When Janet saw this she determined to sell her consent to become one of the family still more dear.

"How do you do, my lady?" she said. "I thought as father was coming to see Mr. Paul I might just as well come too and see your ladyship, and speak about—the business that is between you and me."

Here Janet, delighted to feel herself so entirely at home, took a chair and drew it close to the table at which Lady Markham had been seated. She put her umbrella down against the table, and undid the fastening of her mantle.

"We have walked all the way from the station," she said, with engaging ease, "and it was so hot."

Lady Markham did not know what to say; the words were taken out of her mouth. She seated herself also, humbly, and looked at her visitor, who had made so wonderful an advance in self-confidence since she saw her first.

"Your father—has come with you?" she said.

"He thinks it is me that has come with him, my lady," said Janet. Then she looked pointedly at Alice bending over her work against the window. "I may speak before the young lady? I would not wish what I've got to say to go any further—not out of the family," she said.

"It is my daughter," said Lady

Markham. "Alice, this is the daughter of Mr. Spears."

Janet smiled, and bowed her head graciously. She was in a state of great suppressed elation and excitement.

"I don't need to ask," she said, "my lady, if you followed my advice?"

"Your advice?"

"About Sir Paul; it answered very quick, didn't it? I thought that would bring him to his senses. Father is as vexed! he thinks it is all my fault, but I never pretended different. A gentleman that has everything he can set his face to, and a title, and a beautiful property, why should he emigrate? But now there is something else that I've come to ask you about."

"Do you mean that my son—has given up the idea?" Lady Markham could scarcely articulate the words.

"Oh, yes, bless you, as soon as ever you let him know that it would not make any difference. I knew very well that was what he meant all along. What should he go abroad for, a gentleman with his fortune? it was all nonsense. And Lady Markham," said Janet, solemnly, "it would be mean to leave him in the lurch, I know, after all that; but still, I've got myself to look to. I don't understand what all this story is about a new gentleman, and him, after all, not having anything. I can't feel easy in my mind about it. I like Sir Paul the best, and always will; but I've had another very good offer. It's too serious to play fast and loose with," said Janet, gravely; "it's something as I must take or leave. Now there is nobody but you, my lady, that will tell me the truth. He is Sir Paul, ain't he? he has got the property? I wouldn't take it upon me to ask such questions if it wasn't that I am, so to speak, one of the family. And as for father—I can't put no confidence in what father says."

Alice got up hurriedly from her chair and threw down her work; it was a mere movement of impatience, but to Janet every movement meant something. She kept her eyes upon the young lady who might, for anything she could tell, be in a conspiracy to keep the truth from her.

"Father thinks of nothing but love," she said, following Alice with her eyes, "but there's more in marriage than that. I can't trust in father to tell me true."

"What is it you want me to tell you?" said Lady Markham, trembling with eagerness.

She would have told her—almost anything that was not directly false. She began to frame in her mind a description of Paul's disinheritance, but she feared to spoil her case by too great anxiety. As for Alice, she stood by the window pale, speechless, indignant—too wildly angry on Paul's account to perceive what her mother saw so plainly, that here was a chance of escape for Paul.

"Well, just the truth, my lady," said Janet, "if it is true what folks are saying. I can't believe it's true. You are Lady Markham, I never heard anything against that, and he is your eldest. But they say he is not Sir Paul and hasn't the property. I can't tell how that can be."

"It is true, though," said Lady Markham, speaking low; even when there was an excellent use for it, it was not easy to repeat all the wrongs that her son had borne. "My son is not Sir Paul," she said, "nor has he the Markham estates. He has an elder brother who has inherited everything. This has only been quite certain for two or three days. My boy—who had every prospect of being rich—is now poor. That is very grievous for him; but to those who love him," said the indiscreet woman, her heart triumphing over her reason, "he is not changed; he is all he ever was, and more."

"Neither the property nor the title?" said Janet, with a blank countenance. "Poor instead of being rich? Oh, it is not a thing to put up

with—it is not to be borne! But I can't see how it can be," she cried; "poor instead of rich! If it wasn't for one or two things, I should think it was a plot to disgust me—to separate him and me."

"But," said Lady Markham—she had never perhaps in her life before spoken with the cold energy of a taunt, with that desperate calm of severity, yet trembling of suspense—"that is in your own hands, Miss Spears. If you love him, no one can separate him from you."

It was all she could do to get out the words; her breath went in the tumult of her heart.

"Oh—love him!" The trouble and disappointment on Janet's face were quite genuine; every line in her countenance fell. "You know as well as I do that's not everything, Lady Markham. You may like a man well enough; but when you were just thinking that all was settled, and everything as you could wish—and to find as he has nothing — not even the Sir to his name! Oh, it's too bad—it's too bad—it's cruel! I would not believe father, and I can hardly believe you."

"It is true, however," Lady Markham said.

She watched the girl with a keenness of contempt, yet a breathless gasp of hope—emotions more intense than she had almost ever known before. She was fighting for her son's deliverance—she who had delivered him into the toils. As for Alice, she stood with her face pressed against the window, and her hands upon her ears. She did not want either to hear or to see.

"Well!" said Janet, with a long breath, too deep for a sigh. "I am glad I came," she added after a moment; "I would never have believed it, never! And I'm sure I am sorry for him—very, very sorry. After giving up the colony for my sake, and all! But I could not be expected to ruin all my prospects, could I, my lady? And me that had set my heart on being Lady Markham like you!" she cried, clasping her hands. This was a bitter reflection to Janet; her eyes filled with tears. "I don't know how I can face him to say 'No' to him," she went on; "he will take it so unkind. But if you consider that I have another offer—a very good offer—plenty of money, and no need for me to trouble my head about anything. That would be different—very different from anybody that married Mr. Paul now."

"Very different, Miss Spears. My son's wife would be a poor woman; she would have to struggle with poverty and care. And it would be all the worse because he is not used to poverty; indeed, he could not marry—he has no money at all. She would have to wait for years and years."

"Oh, it's too bad—it's too bad—it's cruel!" cried Janet once more. Then she relapsed into a grateful sense of her escape. "But I am very glad I came. I never would have believed it from any one but you. Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Janet again, "what a downfall for him, poor young gentleman—and he that was always so proud! I won't ray nothing to him, Lady Markham, not to make him feel it more. I will give out that I only came with father, and to see you, and ask you if you will recommend our shop. Now that all this is settled, I may as well tell you that I've almost quite made up my mind to marry Mosheer Lisiere, the new partner at our shop. He is a French gentleman, but he's very well off, and very clever in the business. I think I cannot do better than take him," said Janet, adding with a sigh the emphatic monosyllable, "*now.*"

Notwithstanding, however, that this was so comfortably settled, Janet turned round upon Lady Markham, who was going down stairs with her to make sure that Paul had no hankering after this sensible young woman, and to keep the government of the crisis generally in her own hands.

Janet turned round upon her as they were going out of the room.

"But he will have your money?" she said.

"His sisters," said Lady Markham, with a little gasp, for she had not expected this assault, and was not prepared for it—"his sisters," she said, "will have my money."

Janet looked at her searchingly, and then, convinced at last, went slowly down stairs. She had lost something. Never more was she likely to have the chance of being my lady—never would she strike awe into the bosoms of the servants who had looked so suspiciously on her by returning as young Lady Markham. On the other hand, there was a satisfaction in being able to see her own way clear before her. She was very thoughtful, but she was not dissatisfied with her morning's work. Supposing she had gone so far as to marry Paul Markham, a gentleman (she used the word now in her thoughts as an expression of contempt) without a penny! Janet shivered at the thought. Instead of that, she would step at once into a good house with a cook and a housemaid, and everything handsome about her. She was very glad that she had come to Lady Markham and insisted on knowing the truth.

As for Lady Markham, she was still quivering with the conflict out of which she had come victorious. But triumph was in her heart. She could afford now to be magnanimous. "You went away without any refreshment the last time you were here," she said graciously, as she followed her visitor down stairs; "but you must take some luncheon with us to-day, your father and you."

"Oh, thank you, my lady," Janet cried, forgetting her dignity. This of itself almost repaid her for giving up Paul.

Lady Markham did not forget Janet's request to see the house, which had been so boldly made when the girl had thought herself Paul's future wife. She took her into the great drawing-room with a little gleam of malicious pleasure, to show her what she had lost, and watched her bewildered admiration and awe. By this time the happiness of knowing that her son was not going to forsake her had begun to diffuse itself through Lady Markham's being like a heavenly balsam, soothing all her troubles. When they met going into the dining-room as the luncheon-bell rang, she put her hand within his arm, holding it close to her side for one moment of indulgence.

"You are not going away," she said in his ear. "Thank God! Oh, why did you not make me happy sooner—why did you not tell me, Paul?"

"Going away," he said perplexed, "of course I am going away." And then her real meaning crossed him. "What, with Spears?" he said. "There has not been any thought of that for many a day."

Spears talked little at this meal; he was full of the discouragement and mournful anger of disappointment. Up to the last moment he had hoped that Paul would change his mind—perhaps on the ground of his supposed love for Janet, if nothing else. But Paul had said nothing about Janet. He did not understand it, but it made his heart sore. The rest of the party were embarrassed enough, except Gus, who still thought this man with the heavy brows was an electioneering agent, yet did not like to tackle him much, lest he should show his own ignorance of English policy—("Decidedly I must read the papers and form opinions," Gus said to himself); and Janet, who, seated at this beautiful table, with the flowers on it and all the sparkling glass and silver, and Charles waiting behind her chair, was sparkling with delight and pride. She was seated by the side of Sir Augustus, and spoke to him, calling him by that name. The dishes which were handed to her by the solemn assiduity of Mr. Brown were food for the gods, she thought, though they were simple

enough. She made notes of everything for her own future guidance. It was just possible, M. Lisiere had said, that he might keep a page to wait upon his wife; thus the glory of a "man-servant" might still be hers. In imagination she framed her life on the model of Markham; and so full was her mind of these thoughts that Janet scarcely noticed Paul, who, on his side, paid no attention to her. As for Lady Markham, she was the soul of the party. She almost forgot her recent sorrow, and the sight of Sir Augustus at the other end of the table did not subdue her as usual. She asked Spears questions about his journey with the very wantonness of relief—that journey which she had shuddered to hear named, which had overshadowed her mind night and day was like a dead lion to her; she could smile at it now.

"Ay, my lady, that's how it's going to end," said Spears. "I don't say that it's the way I could have wished. There was a time when the thought of new soil and a fresh start was like a new life to me. But perhaps it's only because the time is so close, and a crisis has something in it that makes you think. It's a kind of dying, though it's a kind of new living too. Everything is like that, I suppose—one state ends and the other begins. We don't know what we are going to, but we know what we're giving up. Paul there—you see he has changed his mind. He had a right to change his mind if he liked—I am saying nothing against it. But that's another sort of dying to me."

"Oh, Mr. Spears, do not say so. To me it is new life. Did not I tell you once, if we were in trouble, if we needed him to stand by us (God knows I little thought how soon it would come true!), that my boy would never forsake his family and his position then? Paul might have left us prosperous," said his mother with tears in her eyes, "but he would never leave us in sorrow and trouble. Mr. Spears, I told you so."

And who can doubt that she spoke (and by this time felt) as if her confidence in Paul had never for a moment flagged, but had always been determined and certain as now?

And Spears looked at her with the respect of a generous foe who owned himself vanquished. "And so you did," he said. "I remember it all now. My lady, you knew better—you were wiser than I."

"Oh, not wiser," she said, still magnanimous; "but it stands to reason that I should know my own boy better than you."

Again he looked at her, respectful, surprised, half convinced; perhaps it was so. After all his pride and sense of power, perhaps it was true that the simplest might know better than he. He let a great sigh escape from his breast, and rose in his abstraction from the table, without waiting for the mistress of the house, which it was usually part of his careful politeness to do.

"We must be going," he said; "our hours are numbered. Good-bye, my Lady Markham; you are a woman that would have been a stronghold to us in my class. I am glad I ever knew one like you; though you will not say the same of me."

"Do not say that, Mr. Spears," said Lady Markham again. It was true she had often been disposed to curse his name; and yet she would have said as he had said—she was glad she had ever known one like him. She put out her hand to him with a genuine impulse of friendship, and did not wince even when it was engulfed and grasped as in a vice by his strong and resolute hand.

"God bless you, my lady," he said, looking at her with a little moisture coming by hard pressure into the corners of his eyes.

"And God bless you too, Mr. Spears—my friend," she said, with a hesitation that almost made the words more expression, and her long eyelashes suddenly grew all bedewed and dewy, and shone with tears. The demagogue wrung the delicate hand of the great

lady, and strode away out of the house, paying no attention to the calls of his daughter, who was not quite ready to follow him. Paul rose too, and accompanied them silently down the avenue. Janet talked a little, chiefly to assure her father there was no hurry, and to upbraid him with hurrying her away. At the gate Spears turned round and took Paul by the hands.

"Come no further," he said. "She knew better than I. She said you would never forsake your post, and I don't deny your post is here. I am glad to be convinced of it, lad, for it lets me think well of you, and better than ever. It goes against me to say it, Paul; but if your heart melts to me after I am gone, you may tell yourself Spears was the happier to think it was your duty that kept you after all. If you should never hear of me again——"

"But I shall hear of you again, and often," cried Paul, with an emotion he had never anticipated, grasping the other's hand.

"God knows," said Spears; "but I'm glad I came. Good-bye."

And again he strode away, leaving Janet to follow, and Paul standing looking after him, with a sudden pang in his heart.

Fairfax was coming along the road very seriously—coming to know his fate too. He paused, surprised at the sight of the pair. But Spears took little notice of Fairfax. He gave him a grasp of his hand in passing, and said, "Good-bye, my lad," with a clear voice. The young man stopped for a moment to look after them; then went on to where Paul was standing, somewhat dreamily, looking after them too.

"I feel as if I had lost a friend," Paul said, "though he has done me more harm than good, I suppose. He has brought me back my money, Fairfax; he will not take a penny from me; and that will be all the worse for him among those others. What can I do?"

"Leave it to me," said Fairfax—it was a way he had; "and good-bye to an honest soul. I am glad that ugly place in Clerkenwell is not the last place I have seen him in."

Paul's countenance darkened. "I wish you had not reminded me of that," he said.

And they walked up to the house together, saying little more. Fairfax had but little leisure to think of Spears. He was going to his own trial, and he did not know how he was to come out of it. The court had sat upon his case for the last twenty-four hours, and no doubt had come to a final decision. It would have been an important subject indeed which could have done more than touch the edge of his anxious mind. Paul left him in the hall; and Mr. Brown, divining that something more was going on, and having, as has been said, a well-founded and favourable estimate of Fairfax, for reasons of his own, showed him with great solemnity into the sanctuary where Lady Markham sat alone. She did not rise to meet him, but smiled, and held out her left hand to him, with the pretty French fashion of acknowledging intimacy. It was a good sign. He went up very eagerly to the beautiful, kind woman, in whose hands he felt was his fate.

"You find me quite *emotionnée*, she said, "parting from Mr. Spears. Yes, you may smile—but I was more like crying. I am sure he is a good man, though he may be—led astray."

"He is not led astray," said Fairfax; but then he remembered that it was not his business to plead any cause but his own. He looked at her wistfully, though there was always that under-gleam of humour in his eyes. "I have come up for sentence, Lady Markham," he said.

She smiled. "The sentence will not be very severe; there is not much harm done."

This was far worse than any severity could be. His countenance fell, sudden despondency filled his heart; and

now the humour fled altogether from the mournful eyes with which he looked up into his judge's face.

This time Lady Markham almost laughed. "You do not seem pleased to hear it," she said. "I thought it might ease your mind."

"Oh, Lady Markham, do not jeer at me! You may think it does not matter, but to me——"

"It is sport to me, but death to you?" she said; "is that what you would say? No, Mr. Fairfax—no; not so bad as that. And you must pardon me if I am light-minded. I am happy. Paul is not going with those mad people; he is safe; he is free."

"I am very glad," said Fairfax, "but may I say that Paul is irrelevant just now? I have come up for my sentence. Is it to be banishment, or is it——? Ah, Lady Markham, tell me—is there any hope?"

"Mr. Fairfax," she said, with great gravity, "you ask me for leave to get my Alice from me, if you can; and then you tell me you are nobody, of no family, with no connections. Pardon me; my only informant is yourself."

"It is true—quite true."

"Then," she said, and paused, "judge for me, Mr. Fairfax, what can I say?"

He made no reply, and there was an interval of silence, which was very heavy, very painful to Lady Markham's kind heart. She felt compelled to speak, because of that stillness of expectation which made the moment tragical.

"If," she said, faltering, "there had been time enough for real love to take possession of you—both of you—if it had come to *that*, that you could not be parted, it would be a different matter, Mr. Fairfax; but you have known each other so short a time, the plant cannot have very deep roots. Cannot you be brave, and pluck it up, and bear the wrench? In the end, perhaps, it would be better for you both."

"Better!" he cried, with a bitterness never heard before in his voice.

"Mr. Fairfax, God knows I do not want to be hard upon you. My poor boy, I am fond of you," she said, with a sudden, tender impulse; "but what can I say? A man who tells me he is obscure and humble, and not a match for her—am I to give my Alice up to a struggling, harassed life?"

"There is one thing I forgot to say, Lady Markham. It is of no consequence; it does not affect the question one way or another. Still, perhaps I ought to tell you. It is that I am ridiculously, odiously, abominably——"

"What?" she said, in alarm.

"Rich!" cried the young man. "You know the worst of me now."

(*To be continued.*)

GLASTONBURY BRITISH AND ENGLISH.[1]

In taking the chair of this society for the second time, and in taking it in such a place as that where we are now met, I find the course of the opening address which you look for from the mouth of your President chalked out for me by the nature of the place itself. We have sometimes met in places of less historical renown, whose local story would hardly supply materials for an address of this kind. In such places we are driven to say less of the particular spot where we were met, and more of the general subjects of our studies. It is otherwise in the place where we are come together to-day. Here at Glastonbury we have assuredly no lack of work before us, even if we keep ourselves to the history of Glastonbury only. It is not my business to-day to speak of the details of the history of Glastonbury, still less to speak of the details of its buildings. Nor shall I have time to follow the history of Glastonbury for more than a few stages of its long historic being. And, as I feel no call to parade my ignorance by talking about what I do not understand, least of all am I tempted to hold forth on the geological peculiarities of the district. Still the country has natural features which must force themselves even on an untechnical eye, and those natural features are closely connected with the history. More truly they are the key to the history, the causes of the history. I shall do best to keep myself to those features in local history and legends which are most distinctive, which are in truth altogether unique, and which give the spot on which we stand an historic character unlike that of any other spot.

We will ask then first of all, What is the history of Glastonbury? Every one can answer at once that it is the history of a great monastery. The history of Glastonbury is the history of its abbey. Without its abbey, Glastonbury were nothing. The history of Glastonbury is not as the history of York or Chester or Lincoln or Exeter; it is not as the history of Bristol or Oxford or Norwich or Coventry. It is not the stirring history of a great city or of a great military post. The military, the municipal, and the commercial history of Glastonbury might be written in a small compass, and it would very largely belong to modern times. The history of Glastonbury is a purely ecclesiastical history, a history like that of Wells and Lichfield, of Peterborough and Crowland. Again, unlike the history of Wells and Lichfield, but like the history of Peterborough and Crowland, it is a purely monastic history. No one who has read the signatures to the Great Charter can fail to know that there have been bishops of Glastonbury; but Glastonbury looked on its bishops as only momentary intruders, and was glad to pay a great price to get rid of them. But even the short reign of the bishops did not affect the purely monastic character of Glastonbury; no one ever tried at Glastonbury, as was tried at Winchester, at Coventry, and at Malmesbury, to displace the monks in favour of secular priests. But again, among monastic histories, the history of

[1] Read as the President's opening address at the meeting of the Somerset Archæological and Natural History Society at Glastonbury, August 17th, 1880.

The main aspect of Glastonbury history, here worked out more fully, was hinted at in the article on "The *Shire* and the *Gá*," in *Macmillan* for April, 1880.

Glastonbury has a character of its own which is wholly unique. I will not insult its venerable age by so much as contrasting it with the foundations of yesterday which arose under the influence of the Cistercian movement, which have covered some parts of England with the loveliest of ruins in the loveliest of sites, but which play but a small part indeed in the history of this church and realm. Glastonbury is something more than Netley and Tintern, than Rievaux and Fountains. But it is something more again than the Benedictine houses which arose at the bidding of the Norman Conqueror, of his house or of his companions. It is something more than Selby and Battle, than Shrewsbury and Reading. It is, in its own special aspect, something more even than that royal minster of Saint Peter, the crowning-place of Harold and of William, which came to supplant Glastonbury as the burial-place of kings. Nay, it stands out distinct, as having a special character of its own, even among the great and venerable foundations of English birth, which were already great and venerable when the Conqueror came. There is something at Glastonbury which there is not at Peterborough and Crowland and Evesham, in the two minsters of Canterbury and in the two minsters of Winchester. Those are the works of our own people; they go back to the days of our ancient kingship; they go back, some of them, to the days of our earliest Christianity; but they go back no further. We know their beginnings; we know their founders; their history, their very legends, do not dare to trace up their foundations beyond the time of our own coming into this island. Winchester indeed has a tale which carries up the sanctity of the spot to Lucius the King and Eleutherius the Pope; but legend itself does not attempt to bridge over the whole space, or to deny that, whatever Lucius and Eleutherius may have done, Cenwealh and Birinus had to do over again, as though it had never been done. The mighty house of Saint Alban, in its site, in its name, in the very materials of its gigantic minster, carries us back beyond the days of our own being in this land. But it is only in its site, in its name, in its materials, that it does so. If the church of Roman Alban was built of Roman bricks on the site of Alban's martyrdom, it was built by English and Norman hands; it was built because an English king had of his own choice thought good to honour the saint of another people who had died ages before his time. But there is no historic or even legendary continuity between the days of Alban the saint and the days of Offa the founder. It is at Glastonbury, alone among the great churches of Britain—we instinctively feel that on this spot the name of *England* is out of place—that we walk with easy steps, with no thought of any impassable barrier, from the realm of Arthur into the realm of Ine. Here alone does legend take upon itself to go up, not only to the beginnings of English Christianity, but to the beginnings of Christianity itself. Here alone do the early memories of the other nations and other Churches of the British islands gather round a holy place which long possession at least made English. Here alone, alongside of the memory and the tombs of West-Saxon princes who broke the power of the Northman, there still abides the memory, for ages there was shown the tomb, of the British prince who, if he did not break, at least checked for a generation, the advancing power of the West-Saxon. The church which was the resting-place of Eadgar, of his father and of his grandson, claimed to be also the resting-place of Arthur. But at Glastonbury this is a small matter. The legends of the spot go back to the days of the Apostles. We are met at the very beginning by the names of Saint Philip and Saint James, of the twelve disciples, with Joseph of

Arimathæa at their head. Had Wells or even Bath laid claim to such an illustrious antiquity, their claims might have been laughed to scorn by the most ignorant; at Glastonbury such claims, if not easy to prove, were at least not easy to disprove. If the Belgian Venta claims ten parts in her own Lucius, the isle of Avalon claims some smaller share in him. We read the tale of Fagan and Deruvian; we read of Indractus and Gildas and Patrick and David and Columb and Bridget, all dwellers in or visitors to the first spot where the Gospel had shone in Britain. No fiction, no dream, could have dared to set down the names of so many worthies of the earlier races of the British islands in the *Liber Vitæ* of Durham or of Peterborough. Now I do not ask you to believe these legends; I do ask you to believe that there was some special cause why legends of this kind should grow, at all events why they should grow in such a shape and in such abundance, round Glastonbury alone of all the great monastic churches of Britain. And I ask you to come on to something more like history. Elsewhere even forged charters do not venture to go beyond the days of Æthelberht. But Glastonbury professed to have a charter dating, as far as chronology goes, only from the days of Æthelberht, but which claimed, truly or falsely, to belong to a state of things which in Kent would carry us back before the days of Hengest. In one page of his history William of Malmesbury records a charter of the year 601 granted by a king of Damnonia whose name he could not make out, to an abbot whose name—will our Welsh friends, if any are here to-day, forgive him?—at once proclaimed his British barbarism.[1] Then follows a charter of 670 of our own West-Saxon Cenwealh. Then follows one of 678 of Centwine the King, then one of Baldred the King, then the smaller and greater charters of Ine the glorious King. Except the difficulty of making out his name, there is nothing to hint that any greater gap parted the unknown Damnonian from Cenwealh than that which parted Cenwealh from Centwine, Baldred, and Ine. One to be sure is King of Damnonia, another is King of the West-Saxons. But that might be a mere change of title, as when the King of the West-Saxons grew into the King of the English. The feeling with which we read that page of William of Malmesbury's History of Glastonbury is the same as that with which we read one of those lists of Emperors in which Charles the Great succeeds Constantine the Sixth, with no sign of break or change. It is the feeling with which we read those endless entries in Domesday from which we might be led to believe that William the Conqueror was the peaceful successor of Eadward the Confessor. In this, as in ten thousand other cases, the language of formal documents would by itself never lead us to understand the great facts and revolutions which lurk beneath their formal language.

But we must stop to see what legends and documents prove as well as what they do not prove. We need not believe that the Glastonbury legends are records of facts; but the existence of those legends is a very great fact. I will not as yet search into the genuineness of either the Damnonian or the West-Saxon document. They are equally good for my purpose, even if both of them can be shown to be forgeries. The point is this. Compare Glastonbury and Canterbury. We have no legends tracing up the foundation of Christ Church or Saint Augustine's to the days of the Apostles, or to the days of any Roman emperor or British king. Instead of

[1] See the alleged charter in Gale's edition, 308. Hearne, 48. The date is given as 601, the king is described as "Rex Domnoniæ," and it is added, "Quis iste rex fuerit scedulæ vetustas negat scire." There is a curious marginal note in Hearne's edition.

such legends we have a bit, perhaps of genuine history, at all events of highly probable tradition, which seems to show that, in setting up new churches for men of English race, some regard was paid to the still remembered sites and ruins which had once been the churches of men of Roman or English race.[1] In most places we do not find even this much of remembrance of the state of things which had passed away; at Canterbury we do find this much. But this is widely different from the absolute continuity of the Glastonbury legends, in which Joseph of Arimathæa and Dunstan appear as actors in different scenes of the same drama. So again, at Canterbury no monk of Christ Church or Saint Augustine's, not the most daring forger that ever took pen in hand, would have dared to put forward a charter of Vortigern in favour of his house, immediately followed by a charter of Hengest. In Kent at least the temporal conquest of the Briton by the Jute, the spiritual conquest of the Jute by the Roman, were too clearly stamped on the memories of men, they were too clearly written in the pages of Bæda, to allow of any confusion about such matters. There at least men knew that, if the reign of Woden had given way to the reign of Christ and Gregory, the reign of Christ and Cæsar had once given way to the reign of Woden. There at least the great gulf of Teutonic conquest still yawned too wide for either legends or documents to bridge it over. But here, in the isle of Avalon, legends and documents go on as if no such gulf had ever yawned at all. The truth is that this unbroken continuity of legends—it matters not whether true or false—of documents—it matters not whether genuine or spurious — is the surest witness of the fact that in the isle of Avalon Teutonic conquest meant something widely different from what it meant in the isle of Thanet. In our Glastonbury story Teutonic conquest goes simply for nothing. My argument is that it could not have gone for nothing, even in the mind of an inventor of legends or a forger of documents, unless it had been, to say the least, something much less frightful on the banks of the Brue than it was on the banks of the Stour. I argue that the coming of our forefathers was not here, as it was there, something which made an utter break between the days before it and the days after it. It was a mighty change indeed, but still a change through which men and their institutions might contrive to live, and did not simply perish or flee away, leaving behind them only feeble memories or shattered ruins.

The simple truth then is this, that, among all the greater churches of England, Glastonbury is the only one where we may be content to lay aside the name of England and to fall back on the older name of Britain. It is the one great religious foundation which lived through the storm of English conquest, and in which Briton and Englishman have an equal share. At no other place do we so fully stand face to face with the special history of the land from the Axe south-westward. Nowhere else can we so fully take in the fact of the living on of a certain Celtic element under Teutonic rule, the process by which the Britons of this land were neither wholly slaughtered nor wholly driven out, but were to a great extent, step by step, assimilated with Englishmen. Nowhere else in short do we so clearly see the state of things which is pictured to us as still fresh in the laws of Ine, but which had come to an end before the putting forth of the laws of Ælfred. The church of Glastonbury, founded by the Briton, honoured and enriched by the Englishman, is the material memorial of the days when Briton and Englishman, conquered and conqueror, lived under the same law, though not in equal law, under the same protection, though not an equal protection, on the part of the

[1] See Bæda, i. 33.

West-Saxon king.[1] Nowhere is there the same unbroken continuity, at all events of religious life. At Canterbury Christ was worshipped by the Englishman on the same spot on which he had been worshipped by the Briton. But there was a time between, a time in which, on the same spot or on some spot not far from it, Englishmen had bowed to Woden. But there never was a moment when men of any race bowed to Woden in the isle of Avalon. Men had doubtless bowed, in days which in Cenwealh's days were ancient, to the gods of the Briton and the Roman; but no altars ever smoked to our Teutonic gods within the shores of the holy island or on the peak of the holy hill which soars above it. The cause of the difference is a simple one. We read in the Chronicle thirteen years before that fight at the Pens which made this land English—"Her Cenwealh wæs gefullod."[2] The Teutonic conqueror of Avalon was one who had been himself washed, enlightened, made whole, in other words baptized into the faith of Christ. Those whom he conquered were his brethren. He came therefore not, as Hengest and Ælle, simply to destroy. In other parts of the West-Saxon realm the coming of Cerdic and Ceawlin had been as fearful as the coming of Hengest and Ælle. But Avalon and the coasts thereof, the land of the Sumorsætan from the Axe westward, was the prize of a conqueror who was Hengest and Æthelberht in one. Under him the bounds of English conquest were still enlarged; but English conquest no longer meant death or slavery to the conquered, it no longer meant the plunder and overthrow of the temples of the Christian faith. The victor of Bradford and the Pens had, before he marched forth to victory, done over again what men fondly deemed to be the work of Lucius; he had timbered the old church at Winchester.[3] He was therefore ready to spare, to protect, to enrich, to cherish as the choicest trophy of his conquest, the church which he found already timbered to his hand in Ynysvitrin.

And now what will be said if, after all this, I go on to tell you that I am strongly inclined to the belief that Glastonbury, with all its long legendary history, is not a foundation of any astounding antiquity? I believe that, in mere point of years, it may very likely be younger than Christ Church at Canterbury. Such was the idea which was thrown out by Dr. Guest at Salisbury in 1849, and which I hinted at at Sherborne in 1874.[4] If ever anything bore on the face of it the stamp of utter fiction, it is what professes to be the early history of Glastonbury. It is going too far when the tale brings in such an amazing gathering of saints from all times and places to shed their lustre on a single spot. Setting aside the Apostles and Joseph of Arimathæa and King Lucius, the object is too apparent by which Patrick and David and Columb and Bridget and a crowd of others are all carried into the isle of Avalon. It is too much in the style of the process which invented a translation of Dunstan's body from Canterbury to Glastonbury, which I think that Dr. Stubbs will back me in setting down as pure fiction.[5] It is too much in the style of that amazing Joseph-worship which sprang up in the fifteenth century, while in the earlier legend Saint Joseph holds a very modest place among the other worthies of the spot. This legendary history will be found in two works of the same writer, in the first book of William of Malmesbury's History of the Kings and in his special treatise on the Antiquity of the church

[1] This is the character of the laws of Ine as regards the relations of the two races. I hinted at this characteristic of his stage in West-Saxon history in my article on "The *Shire* and the *Gá*."

[2] See the Chronicles under the year 646.

[3] Chron. 643.

[4] Proceedings of the Archæological Institute, Salisbury Volume, pp. 58, 59. Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society for 1874, p. 38.

[5] Stubbs, Dunstan, lxvi.

of Glastonbury. The main story is much the same in the two, but there is a good deal of difference in the way of telling it, and also in many of the details. The History of the Kings was written apart from any special Glastonbury influences, and it gives the legend in a comparatively moderate shape. The tale contains plenty that is purely fictitious; but fiction is as it were kept in some degree of order by being imbedded in a work of which the main substance is historical. But the treatise on the Antiquity of the church of Glastonbury is a work of another kind. It is, beyond all doubt, a case of history written to order, with a well-defined object. But that object was not the simple setting forth of the genuine truth. The writer's business was to put in a clear and attractive shape such stories as the Glastonbury monks of his day told him. Wonderful things, to be sure, they did tell him; but I want you specially to remark that they did not tell him the same things which they would have told him a very few years later. The object of the stories which they told him was to exalt the glory and the antiquity of Glastonbury; it was not to exalt the glory of Arthur, or in any way to connect Glastonbury and Arthur together. A few years after William of Malmesbury wrote, the wonderful tale of his younger contemporary Geoffrey of Monmouth had come into vogue. But, when William of Malmesbury wrote, the tale of Geoffrey had not yet come into vogue, if it had been written or thought of at all. As we see from several passages in the History of the Kings, the fame of Arthur was great and growing; but it had not yet reached its full height. When it did reach its full height in the hands of Geoffrey, we see its effect at Glastonbury. Not long after the complete legend of Arthur had been invented, the tomb of Arthur was fittingly invented also.[1] The version of the early history of the place which William of Malmesbury had written when the object was to exalt the glory of Glastonbury; it was not specially to connect it with Arthur, no longer suited those who had an interest in the new form of the story. His original work, wonderful enough in itself, was further interpolated to suit the new local creed. The name of Arthur appears in the History of the Kings, in several passages which have no reference to Glastonbury, but in no passage which has a reference to Glastonbury. Least of all does William, in the History of the Kings, look on Glastonbury as the burial-place of Arthur, for he distinctly says that the burial-place of Arthur was unknown.[2] We must then, I think, unhesitatingly cast away, as the interpolation of some Glastonbury monk, a passage in his Glastonbury History in which he is made to assert the burial of Arthur at Glastonbury. For this directly contradicts the deliberate statement of his graver work. But I shall not object if any one chooses to claim as a genuine piece of William of Malmesbury a passage in which Arthur appears simply as one prince and one benefactor among others, where he is made to found certain monks in memory of the valiant Ider who overthrew the giants who infested Brent Knoll—then doubtless, like our other knolls great and small, an island, and which, it seems, then was known as the mount of frogs.[3] Such a story is very silly, very mythical, it sounds very much like an interpolation; but it is just possible that William of Malmesbury may have heard it at Glastonbury and written it down; for it at least does not contradict anything in the History of the Kings. We must carefully distinguish between two sets of legends, both of which are about equally untrustworthy,

[1] See the account of the invention of 1191, in Roger of Wendover, 348; Ralph of Coggeshall, 36; Giraldus de Instructione Principum, ix. p. 192.

[2] Gesta Regum, iii. 287.

[3] Gale, 307; Hearne, 47. "In montem ranarum, nunc dictum Brentecnol, ubi tres gigantes malefactis famosissimos esse didicerat."

but which are put together with quite different purposes. It is the more needful to distinguish them because the second set of tales comes so very closely upon the heels of the first. William of Malmesbury and Geoffrey of Monmouth were both alive, very likely they were both writing, at the same moment. But William, while he had his own stories of Arthur, knew nothing of those more famous stories of Arthur which Geoffrey presently gave to the world.

I look then on the Glastonbury History of William of Malmesbury, even as he wrote it, as essentially legendary; but I do not at all deny that these legends, like other legends, may very likely, contain here and there some kernel of truth. But, if we are in search, not of mere kernels of truth, but of direct statements of fact, we may safely cast aside everything earlier than the first year of the seventh century. We may see our first bit of anything savouring of real history in the grant of the Damnonian King whose name so puzzled William of Malmesbury, but which Dr. Guest, with the greatest likelihood, supplies as Gwrgan Varvtrwch.[1] Dr. Guest holds that Glastonbury did not become the head sanctuary of the Britons till after the loss of Ambresbury. It is hard to rule such a point; but do not let any one think that, if this date of 601 should be accepted as marking the beginning of the greatness of Glastonbury, it therefore necessarily marks the beginning of the existence of Glastonbury, even as the place of a religious foundation, much less as a place of human dwelling. We may be sure that such a site as Glastonbury, a site which had so many attractions in early times, was inhabited from a very early time indeed, though ages may have passed before its name found a place in history or legend. I might not have thought it needful to give this warning, had I not seen some pains taken to prove that the site of Taunton was inhabited before Ine. It certainly never came into my head that the fact that Æthelburh was the first to found a town and fortress there[2] could be taken as meaning that no human being had ever lived there before. I certainly did not rate the common sense of the Britons so low as to think that, if they had a chance of occupying Taunton Dene, they would not gladly take advantage of it. In the like sort, I was once greatly taken to task for speaking of the first appearance of Bristol in history in the eleventh century, as if I had meant to fix that time as the date of the foundation of Bristol. Now that first historical mention of Bristol set it before us as already an important haven, and it did not come into my head that it could be needful to explain that a place does not become an important haven all in a moment. But, to avoid any more such misunderstandings, let me explain that the first time when a place is mentioned in history—unless its first settlement is the thing which is mentioned about it—is no more likely to be the time of its first settlement than the time when a man is first mentioned in history is likely to be the time of his birth. And I am not sure that there may not be some need to guard against this last error. We do in a manner often practically think that a man was born at the time when we first hear of him. We forget that he must commonly have done many things, that he must have done the things which did most to form his character, before he did the things which won him a place in history. Who connects the name of Archbishop Laud with the reign of Elizabeth? Yet he passed thirty years of his life under her reign, and those thirty years must have been mainly the time which made him what he was. So if I fix 601 as the likely date for the beginning of a great monastery on this spot, let me repeat that no one

[1] Archæological Journal, vol. xvi. p. 129.

[2] See the Chronicles, 722.

need take me as fixing that year as the date of the coming of the first human being, of the coming of the first Christian man, or even as the coming of the first monk. I only say that this entry of 601 is the first which has any likeness of historical truth. And indeed this first entry, if we can at all trust its words, points, not to the setting up of anything absolutely new, but to the enlarging and enriching of something which was there already. The king—Gwrgan, we will say—is made to give Ynysvitrin to the old church.[1] Now the "old church" may simply mean old in the time of William of Malmesbury, not old in the time of Gwrgan. But the grant of Ynysvitrin, that is, of Glastonbury itself, strikes me as having a special force. Gwrgan may have found a church, he may have found a monastery, already in the island. But it is he who is represented as giving the monastery its great temporal position; it is he who first makes the island itself a monastic island. Now this kind of statement has at least a negative force. It fixes our date one way. The document may be forged; the grant may be imaginary; the position bestowed by the grant may not have begun till much later. But we may be quite sure that it did not begin earlier. I am inclined to attribute to the document a higher value than this. Let it even be a forgery: I do not believe that anybody would go forging charters of Gwrgan—they might have forged charters of Arthur—unless they had seen or heard of a real charter of Gwrgan. And a forger would most likely have written the name of his king clearly enough for William of Malmesbury to read it. I am therefore disposed to attach some positive importance to the entry of 601. But in any case it has a negative importance; it gets rid of all earlier claims of the monastic house of Ynysvitrin to have held the temporal possession of the soil of Ynysvitrin.

There is another quite independent legend which seems to me to fall in with a belief in the earlier existence of Ynysvitrin, but which sets Ynysvitrin before us in a state quite unlike that of the seat of a great monastic body. This is the story contained in the Life of Saint Gildas.[2] The date and author of the piece are uncertain; but, as Mr. Stevenson remarks with great force, it must be older than the great days of the fame of Arthur; that is, it must be older than Geoffrey of Monmouth. It gives us a familiar part of the Arthurian story in a much earlier and simpler shape than that in which we are used to see it. In this story, Arthur is not conqueror of the world; he is not even King of all Britain; he is simply "tyrant" in Cornwall and Devonshire. His overlord is Meluas, who is king in the "æstiva regio," that is surely in Somerset. We must of course take the word "tyrant," neither in its old Greek sense nor in its common modern sense; it must be taken in that later Latin sense in which it means a rebel prince, one who has set himself up against a lawful emperor or king. And so, directly after the place where he is called tyrant, Arthur is yet more distinctly called "rex rebellis." But the lawful king has done the tyrant a great private wrong by carrying off his wife Guenever. He has carried her off to Ynysvitrin, to keep her safe in the inaccessible island, where he is presently besieged by the tyrant Arthur with a countless host of the men of Cornwall and Devonshire. At this moment Gildas comes to the island, an exile, driven by the pirates of Orkney—wikings put a little out of their place—from his hermitage on the Steep Holm, where for seven years he had lived on fish and birds' eggs. He wrote, as we

[1] The words are "Terram, quæ appellatur Yneswitrin, ad ecclesiam vetustam concessit, quæ ibi sita est, ob petitionem Worgret abbatis, in quinque cassatis."

[2] P. xxxix, ed. Stevenson.

know, a "Liber Querulus"; one might expect that, if it was during this time of his life that he wrote it, it would be a "Liber Querulus." He now sails up to Ynysvitrin; he is there received by the abbot; he reconciles the two kings by persuading Meluas to give up Guenever; they become sworn brothers, and promise for the future to obey the abbot.

Now I hold this Life to be purely legendary, if for no other cause, yet for this, that it represents Gildas as having a great deal to do with Arthur. Gildas himself, while speaking of so many other British princes, has not, in his extant writings, one word to say about Arthur. The tyrant of Cornwall, even if he won the fight of Badbury, was clearly, in the eyes of Gildas, a much smaller person than Maelgwyn of Gwynedd, the great dragon of the isle of Dywyganwy. Giraldus indeed gives a good reason for this silence. He explains how Gildas actually wrote a book of the acts of Arthur; but, having a private quarrel with the King, he threw his book into the sea. I venture to look on this as simply an attempt to account for the silence of Gildas about Arthur,[1] and I look on any story which brings Gildas and Arthur together as legendary on the face of it. But this legend, like many other legends, preserves unconsciously a kernel of truth. I must not hide the fact that there is another passage in the Life which speaks of Arthur as "rex totius majoris Britanniæ."[2] But this only makes the other passage more precious. The two descriptions come from different sources. The writer, clearly writing in days when the fame of Arthur was growing but had not yet reached its full height, preserved, without marking the inconsistency, an older story which painted Arthur in a much lowlier guise. The tyrant Arthur, in rebellion against the king of the "æstiva regio," is something which neither the biographer of Gildas nor any one else would have invented; it must be a bit of genuine tradition. And that tradition represents Glastonbury as a place to which a king who carried off the wife of one of his under-kings was likely to carry her. This is not the picture of Glastonbury to which we are used. If any later king, any of our West-Saxon kings, had designed such a crime as that of Meluas, he would not have chosen Glastonbury for the scene of it. The wildest scandal-monger did not make Eadgar take Wulfthryth or Ælfthryth to the old home of Dunstan. The story indeed brings in an abbot; but the abbot is most likely brought in simply because men could not conceive Glastonbury in any age without an abbot. The value of a tale of this kind always lies in those parts which are most likely to have happened, because they are least likely to have been invented. I am very far from pledging myself to the historical truth of the statement that Meluas carried off Guenever wife of the tyrant Arthur, and hid her in the isle of Avalon. But I do say that that statement belongs to a stage of Arthurian legend much earlier than any of those to which we are used. I do believe that, whether it does or does not preserve a memory of real facts, it does preserve a memory of a real state of things. It helps us to a picture of the isle of Avalon very different either from the Glastonbury of Eadgar or from the Ynysvitrin of Gwrgan.

We get another incidental notice of early Glastonbury in a better quarter than the Life of Gildas. This is in the Life of Dunstan by a Saxon from the old Saxony, edited by Dr. Stubbs. We here find that, in the days of Dunstan's youth, Irish pilgrims, learned men from whose books Dunstan himself learned much, were in the habit of coming to Glastonbury to worship at the tomb of one of their own worthies, either the

[1] Descriptio Kambriæ, ii. 2; vol. vi. p. 209, ed. Dimock.

[2] P. xxxiv.

elder or the younger Patrick.[1] It was therefore plainly believed in Ireland that Glastonbury was the resting-place of an ancient Irish saint. Now such a belief as this could not have taken root, if the connexion between Glastonbury and the elder Celtic Church had been the invention of West-Saxon monks at any time between Cenwealh and Dunstan. Surely nothing but an independent Irish tradition could have led Irish pilgrims across the sea. This tradition clearly sets Glastonbury before us as being already a holy place even before Gwrgan. But it is quite consistent with the belief that it was Gwrgan who raised Ynysvitrin to be, according to the British formula, one of the three great choirs of the isle of Britain.[2]

I am thus, on the whole, strongly inclined to believe, on the one hand, that it was a true tradition, something in fact more than tradition, which connected Glastonbury, as an ecclesiastical foundation, with days before the English invasion, but to believe also, on the other hand, that, at the time of the English invasion, it was not a foundation of any great antiquity. I am inclined to believe, though I would not take upon myself at all positively to assert, that, perhaps not the existence, but anyhow the greatness, of Glastonbury as a religious foundation, dates from Gwrgan at the beginning of the seventh century. I am inclined to think that it was then that Ynysvitrin took its place as the great sanctuary of the Britons, to supply the loss of fallen Ambresbury. As a great monastic house then it would have stood little more than fifty years when it passed into West-Saxon hands. It would be, as I said, actually younger in years than Christ Church at Canterbury. But what is younger in years may often belong to an older state of things. I have constantly to insist on this fact in the history of buildings. I have to try to make people understand that the fact that some buildings of the Old-English type are later in date than some buildings of the Norman type is the strongest of all proofs that there was an Old-English style earlier than the Norman style. There are few buildings more deeply interesting than the work of Prætextatus beneath the Roman Capitol, a pagan temple younger than the oldest Christian churches on the Lateran and the Vatican. And may I class with this last my own neighbour church of Wookey, with its chapel built and fitted up for the worship of the days of Philip and Mary, younger therefore than the Cornish church of Probus, built and fitted up for the worship of the days of Edward the Sixth? In the like sort, if, in a reckoning of years, we set down Glastonbury at the beginning of the seventh century as younger than Canterbury at the end of the sixth, yet in historic order, Glastonbury still remains older than Canterbury. If we should accept Gwrgan, not only as the benefactor and enlarger, but as the very beginner, of the house of Ynysvitrin, there still will be no need to unsay a single word of what I said earlier in this discourse. The sentiment of antiquity would doubtless be more fully gratified if we could give the house of Ynysvitrin a British existence of five hundred years than if we give it a British existence of only fifty. But the unique historic position of the place is the same in either case. In either case Glastonbury is the one great church of the Briton which passed unhurt into the hands of the Englishman. In either case it is, in a way that no other great church is, a tie between the state of things represented by the names of Arthur and Gildas and the state of things represented by the names of Eadgar and Dunstan. In either case we may truly say, as I have often said, that that talk about the ancient British Church, which is simply childish

[1] Stubbs, Dunstan, p. 10.
[2] See Guest, Salisbury Volume, u.s.

nonsense when it is talked at Canterbury or York or London ceases to be childish nonsense when it is talked at Glastonbury. Nay, as tending to draw the tie still tighter, we can almost forgive the invention of the tomb of British Arthur to match the real tombs of our West-Saxon Eadgar and our two mighty Eadmunds. We can almost forgive the baser fraud which changed the western church, the true church of the Briton, into the freshly devised chapel of Saint Joseph, and which must have gone far to bring down that lovely building by so daringly scooping out a crypt beneath it.[1] And I am not sure that, by accepting the later date, we do not really open a new source of historic interest. There would surely be something striking in the picture of the British king and his people, driven from their elder sanctuary by the advancing tide of English conquest, still keeping up their hearts, still cleaving to their faith, raising or renewing for themselves another holy place in the venerated island, in the very teeth of triumphant heathendom entrenched upon the hills which bounded their landscape. Let us, by the help of the other branch of our studies, call up before us the general look of the "æstiva regio," in the days when Avalon and all its fellows were truly islands in the deep fen. The mount that crowns the holy isle itself looked down, through long months at least, on a waste of waters, relieved here and there by smaller spots of land where alone man could dwell and till and worship. In truth the dwelling-places of man, still almost wholly confined to the ridges and the bases of the isolated hills, must have then occupied very much the same extent which they do still; the change lies in the state of the flats—what we call the moors—between them. Avalon, larger and loftier than its fellow islands, was a shelter admirably suited either for devout monks or for runaway queens. By Gwrgan's day it had become one of the last shelters, at once centre and outpost, of a race and a creed which must have seemed to be shrinking up step by step, till both should pass away from the soil of Britain. That race has not passed away; that faith has won back the lands which it had lost; we are tempted to ask whether Gwrgan, in the summer land, when he bade Ynisvitrin take the place of Ambresbury, had heard that one realm of the heathen invaders had become the spiritual conquest of teachers from beyond the sea, and that new temples were at the same moment rising for the same faith at the bidding of British and of English rulers. But the Christian Jute was far away; the heathen Saxon was close at his gates. The high ground to the north and to the east, the long range of Mendip, the hills of the Wiltshire border, stood like a mighty castle-wall fencing in the strongholds of Woden and Thunder. At any moment the great march of Ceawlin might be renewed towards new points; the summer land and the long peninsula beyond it might be as the land by the Severn and the two Avons; the holy place of Avalon in its island, the strong city of Isca on its hill, might be as Glevum and Aquæ Solis, as Corinium and Uriconium. It was not then as when men hear of their enemies in distant lands or on some distant frontier of their own land. It was as when the Corinthian, jealous of the growth and power of Athens, had but to climb the steep of his own citadel to see with his own eyes the mighty works which were rising on the lowlier height of the rival akropolis. And, from our side too, what was it that kept our fathers from swooping down on the prey which lay before their eyes? Why did they pause for nearly eighty years before they came down from their hill fortress to make a lasting spoil of the rich plains and islands at their feet? Could it be

[1] Willis, Glastonbury, chaps. v. vi.

some dim feeling that Woden and Thunder were gods of the hills, but were not gods of the valleys? Whatever was the cause, the work was not to be done by men who bowed to Woden and Thunder. Gwrgan could build and endow his church in safety, while the gorges of Cheddar and Ebber, Crook's Peak and Shutshelf and Rookham, were strongholds of heathen men. The Saxon was at last to pour down from his height, to smite the Briton by the Pens and to chase him to the banks of Parret. But the blow was not to come till it was lightened by coming from the hands of men who were brethren in the same faith. The Saxon was to win Avalon; he was to win Isca; but he was not to deal by them as he had dealt by Uriconium and Corinium. Through the long years of watching between the march of Ceawlin and the march of Cenwealh, the Tor of Avalon, the island mount of Saint Michael, not perhaps as yet hallowed by the archangel's name, but standing as the guardian of the holy places, new and old, which gathered at its foot, might look forth day by day towards the threatening rampart, with somewhat of the old note of Hebrew defiance—"Why hop ye so, ye high hills? This is God's hill, in the which it pleaseth him to dwell, yea the Lord will abide in it for ever."

The day at last came, the day when one race was to give way to another, but when the transfer of dominion from race to race no longer carried with it its transfer from creed to creed. The founder of Winchester became at once the conqueror and the protector of Ynysvitrin. With the change of race came a change of name, and British Ynysvitrin passed into English Glastonbury. And here I must say a few words on the very puzzling question as to those two names and the other names which this place is said to have borne. I have in this discourse freely used the names Ynysvitrin and Avalon, while speaking of this place in its British stage. I have done so because I needed some name to speak of the place by in its British stage, and so to bring out more clearly the fact that the place had a British stage. It would not have done to speak of Glastonbury before it became Glastonbury; it would have been falling into the error of those who talk of Cæsar landing in England. But if any one chooses to arraign those particular names of Avalon and Ynysvitrin as lacking in authority, I shall not be over careful to answer him in that matter. I believe that there is no authority for either earlier than the treatise of William of Malmesbury and the Life of Gildas. And I have already told you what kind of work the treatise of William of Malmesbury is, a work written to order in the interests of Glastonbury, and which has further been largely interpolated. There is something very odd in an English gentile name suddenly displacing the British name; there is something suspicious in the evident attempts to make the English and British names translate one another, in the transparent striving to see an element of *glass* in both. *Glæstingaburh*, it must be borne in mind, is as distinctly an English gentile name as any in the whole range of English nomenclature; *Glastonbury* is a mere corruption; as if to make things straight, the syllable which has taken a place to which it has no right in Hunt*ing*don and Ab*ing*don, has in Glas*ton*bury been driven out of a place to which it has the most perfect right. The true origin of the name lurks, in a grotesque shape, in that legend of *Glæsting* and his sow, a manifestly English legend, which either William of Malmesbury himself or some interpolator at Glastonbury has strangely thrust into the midst of the British legends. Glæsting's lost sow leads him by a long journey to an apple-tree by the old church; pleased with the land, he takes his family, the *Glæstingas*, to dwell there.[1]

[1] Gale, 295; Hearne, 16, 17.

This might almost be taken as a kind of parable of the West-Saxon settlement under Cenwealh. There is no mention of earlier inhabitants; but the mention of the church implies that there were or had been such; in any case the Glæstingas settle by the old church—the main work of the middle of the seventh century, as far as Glastonbury is concerned. But there is certainly something strange in the sudden way in which we find the *Glæstingas* so comfortably settled in their own *burh* within the isle which has so lately been British Avalon. The old-world gentile name seems in a manner out of place in a conquest so recent and so illustrious. Gentile names, though hardly to be called characteristic of Somerset, are not uncommonly found there, even in districts which we hold to have been won yet more lately than when Cenwealh drove the Britons to the Parret. Such are Cannington, Barrington, Doddington, Pointington, and that which has the most ancient and legendary sound of all, Horsington. But these are names of small settlements, answering to the names of the Danish settlements in Lincolnshire at a later time and the names of the Flemish settlements in Pembrokeshire at a later time still.[1] There is something unusual in a place of the nature of Glastonbury altogether changing its name, above all in its taking the gentile name of a certainly not famous *gens*. Other chief places which passed in the same manner from British to English rule, if they changed their names at all, did not change them after this sort. Isca, for instance, to take the greatest case of all, lived on under its old name as English Exeter. Taunton under Æthelburh took a new name, an English name; but it did not take the name of an English *gens*. The nearest parallels—and those are not very near ones—are to be found in such changes as those made by the Danes when they turned Northweorthig and Streoneshalh into Derby (Deoraby) and Whitby, or in such later changes still as when Count Robert of Mortain changed Leodgaresburh into Montacute.[2] But we have the fact which we cannot get over, that Glastonbury was already spoken of as an old name at the end of the seventh century or the beginning of the eighth.[3] And on the other hand, unless we throw aside the whole history of West-Saxon advance, as we have learned it from Dr. Guest, and as, to me at least, it seems to be clearly written in the pages of the Chronicle, we cannot carry our *Glæstingas* to *Glæstingaburh* at any time earlier than the time of Cenwealh.

As for the British names themselves, the two names of Avalon and Ynysvitrin stand to some extent on different grounds; they may be attacked and defended by different arguments, both as regards the names themselves and as regards the authorities on which they rest. There certainly is a degree of suspicion about the name Ynysvitrin and its alleged meaning of *insula vitrea*. It is really tempting to look upon it as simply a name made up as a kind of translation of the supposed meaning of *Glas*tonbury. But it is just as likely that it is a real British name, having no more to do with glass than Glastonbury has, but on which that meaning was put by the same kind of etymological pun of which we have many examples, and of which the turning of Jerusalem into *Hierosolyma* is a familiar case. It may be that Avalon is a name transferred hither with a purpose after that name had become famous in the legends of Arthur. But it is just as likely that, as there undoubtedly were Avalons in other Celtic lands, so there may have been an Avalon here

[1] See Norman Conquest, i. 572, ed. iii.

[2] See Norman Conquest, iv. 170; v. 573.

[3] Jaffé, Monumenta Moguntina, 439. "Regnante Ine Westsaxonum rege . . . Beorwald, qui divina cœnobium gubernatione quod antiquorum nuncupatur vocabulo Glestingaburg regebat."

also. The spot on which we are met may stand to the Avalon of legend in the same relation in which the Olympos of geography stands to the Olympos of legend. As for the external authority for the names, it is much stronger in the case of Ynysvitrin than in the case of Avalon. Yet even on behalf of Avalon I think it may be possible to find a small piece of negative evidence. The most tempting time for the invention of the name of Ynysvitrin, for the application of the name of Avalon to Glastonbury, would be when the fame of Arthur had become great, when legend said that Arthur was in Avalon, and when it was deemed convenient that his tomb should be found at Glastonbury. But the name of Ynysvitrin at least is certainly older than this. And I think that I see some reason for believing that the application of the name of Avalon to Glastonbury is also older than this. The name Ynysvitrin is not only found in a passage of William of Malmesbury's Glastonbury History which has no relation to Arthur;[1] it is also found in the perfectly unsuspicious History of the Kings, where he not only does not connect Arthur with Glastonbury, but expressly says that the burial-place of Arthur was unknown.[2] It is also found in a note at the end of the Life of Gildas,[3] of which I do not profess to fix the date, but which at least has nothing to do with Arthur or his burial at Glastonbury. If then the name of Ynysvitrin was a mere etymological device of some Glastonbury monk, it was at least a device older than the time when there was most temptation to devise it. It is surely therefore just as likely that it was a real British name which had been handed on. The evidence for Avalon is less clear; it is not found in the History of the Kings; it is found in Geoffrey of Monmouth as the name of the burial-place of Arthur.[4] It is found in two places of the Glastonbury History as we have it, one of which distinctly makes Glastonbury under the name of Avalon the burial-place of Arthur.[5] This passage must be an interpolation. William of Malmesbury could surely never have written words which so grossly contradict his own statement in the History of the Kings, and the words moreover seem directly borrowed from Geoffrey. In the other place the name is in no way connected with Arthur, it is mentioned in a very strange connexion with Glasting and his sow.[6] I do not greatly care whether this comes from William of Malmesbury or from an interpolator. Surely no interpolator writing after

[1] Gale, p. 295; Hearne, 17.

[2] Gesta Regum, i. 28. He is speaking, not of Arthur but of the charter which, on Dr. Guest's authority, I assign to Gwrgan.

[3] P. xli, ed. Stevenson. In the Life itself, where the siege of the island by Arthur is described, the British name seems to be implied without actually using it (p. xxxix); "Glastonia, id est Urbs Vitrea (quæ nomen sumsit a vitro), est urbs nomine primitus in Britannico sermone."

[4] Lib. vii ad finem. "Inclytus ille Arrthurus rex letaliter vulneratus est, qui illinc ad sananda vulnera sua in insulam Avallonis advectus."

[5] This is the passage in Hearne, pp. 42, 43, which is strangely mutilated in Gale, 306. It stands thus in full; "Prætermitto de Arturo, inclito rege Britonum, in cimiterio monachorum inter duas piramides cum sua conjuge tumulato, de multis eciam Britonum principibus. Idem Arturus, anno incarnacionis Dominicæ DXLII. in Cornubia, juxta fluvium Cambam, à Modredo letaliter vulneratus est, qui inde, ad sananda vulnera sua, in insulam Avallonis est evectus, et ibidem defunctus in æstate circa Pentechosten, fere centenarius aut circiter." We of course find both names in Giraldus Cambrensis, De Instructione Principum, p. 193; the Arthur legend was then in all its glory.

[6] Gale, p. 295; Hearne, 17. The clearly English hogherd is unexpectedly made to talk Welsh. Finding his sow under the apple-tree, "Quia primum adveniens poma in partibus illis rarissima repperit, insulam Avalloniæ sua lingua, id est, insulam pomorum, nominavit. Avalla enim Britonice poma interpretatur Latine." I doubt whether this is good Welsh; but at any rate the lack of apples has passed away. There is no need to search into an alternative derivation from a certain Avalloc and his daughters.

the invention of Arthur would have brought in the name of Avalon in so lowly a connexion. This strikes me as going a long way to show that Avalon was known as a name of Glastonbury before the legends of Arthur had taken possession of the name. But I have no wish to insist positively on a matter which is certainly difficult and doubtful. On one point I think we shall all agree; if Glastonbury really be Avalon, we must cast aside the belief that no rain falls in Avalon as a poet's dream.

One thing however may certainly be brought forward as standing in my way, in Dr. Guest's way, in the way of every one who holds that there was in the island something of an ecclesiastical kind before the English conquest. This is the direct assertion of William of Malmesbury in his History of the Bishops that Ine was the first to build a monastery at Glastonbury.[1] But in any case this assertion stands in nobody's way so directly as in the way of William of Malmesbury himself, who tells such a different tale, not only in his local work, not only in the History of the Kings, but even in a later passage of the History of the Bishops.[2] I conceive that in writing the earlier passage, doubtless before he wrote his Glastonbury History or had paid any special attention to Glastonbury matters, he was misled by the words of the Chronicle, which says that Ine *timbered* a minster at Glastonbury, but which do not say that he was the first to *timber* one there.[3] And any notion that Ine was the first founder is set aside by the passage of Willibald to which I have already referred, which speaks, in Ine's own day, not only of an abbot of Glastonbury, but of Glastonbury as an ancient name for the abbey. "Antiquum" may perhaps cover as little space as is covered by the French "ancien"; but it could hardly be applied to a foundation of Ine's own.

The architectural details of the buildings I leave to others. But I must nevertheless say a word or two on one general aspect of those buildings which more directly connects their peculiar character with the peculiar history of the place. There is a special character about the church—to be perfectly accurate, I should say the churches — of Glastonbury, because there is a special character about the history of Glastonbury. I conceive that there was a time when Ynysvitrin had, like Glendalough or Clonmacnois, a group of small churches, the Celtic fashion of building where Roman usage would have dictated the building of one large church. One of these, the oldest and most venerated, the old church, the wooden church, "vetusta ecclesia," "lignea basilica," lived on, and by living on, stamped the buildings of Glastonbury with their special character. It lived on, to be the scene of the devotion and the bounty of Cnut,[4] and to give way only to the loveliest building that Glastonbury can show, the jewel of late Romanesque on a small scale, the western church, corruptly known since the fifteenth century as Saint Joseph's Chapel. That church represents the wooden basilica; we may say that it is the

[1] Gest. Pont. p. 196. "Ibi primus rex Ina consilio beatissimi Aldelmi monasterium ædificavit, multa illuc prædia, quæ hodieque nominantur, largitus."

[2] Ib. 354. "Ejus [Aldelmi] monitu Glastoniense monasterium, ut dixi in Gestis Regum, a novo fecit."

[3] "And he [Ine] getimbrade þæt meoster æt Glæstingabyrig." This is in the Winchester Chronicle, 688, but it is described as an insertion from another manuscript. The entry is followed by Florence. It is curious to find in the fuller and less trustworthy form of the Brut y Tywysogion (that published by the Cambrian Archæological Association), in which the acts of Ine are strangely transferred to the British Ivor, the building of Glastonbury is transferred also. Ivor (pp. 4, 5) defeats the Saxons, wins "Cornwall, the *Summer country* (Gevlad yr Haf), and Devonshire," and then "erects the great monastery in Ynys Avallen (y Brodyrdy mawr yn ynys y Fallen) in thanksgiving to God for His assistance against the Saxons."

[4] See Norman Conquest, i. p. 439.

wooden basilica, rebuilt in another material. But to the east of the ancient wooden church there arose in English times a church of English fashion, a church of stone, built and rebuilt successively by Ine, by Dunstan, by Norman Herlwin, and by the builders of the mighty pile which still stands in ruins. The wooden basilica and the church of Dunstan have both perished; not a stick is left of one, not a stone of the other. But both are there still in a figure. Each has its abiding representative. The great eastern church stands for the stone church of English Dunstan; the lesser western church stands for the wooden church of British Gwrgan, or more likely of some one long before his days. Had the two vanished churches not stood there, in the relation in which they did stand to one another, the minster of Glastonbury could never have put on a shape so unlike that of any other minster in England. Nowhere else do we find, as we find here, two churches — two monastic churches—thrown together indeed in after times into one continuous building without, but always keeping up the character of two wholly distinct interiors. For nowhere but at Glastonbury was there the historical state of things out of which such an architectural arrangement could grow. Nowhere else did the church of the Briton live on untouched and reverenced by the side of the church of the Englishman.

Through the long history of Glastonbury I cannot lead you to-day. My special subject has been those early fortunes of the place which have given it a character wholly unique among the minsters of England. I would fain say somewhat of the stern rule of Thurstan, when the monks were shot down before the altar, because they chose still to sing their psalms after the ancient use of Glastonbury and not after a new use of Fécamp. I would fain say somewhat of the lights thrown upon the state of Glastonbury and all Somerset by the Glastonbury entries in Domesday. I would fain say somewhat of the long struggle with the Bishops which makes up so great a part of the local history both of Glastonbury and of Wells. I would fain say somewhat of the last scene of all, of the heroic end which winds up the tale which, at Glastonbury as in other monastic houses, had for some centuries become undoubtedly unheroic. The martyrdom of Richard Whiting, following on the ordinary story of an English abbey after abbeys had lost their first love, reads like the fall of the last Constantine winding up the weary annals of the house of Palaiologos. But of one group of names, of one name preeminently among them, I must speak. We cannot meet at Glastonbury without in some shape doing our homage to the greatest ruler of the church of Glastonbury, the greatest man born and reared on Glastonbury soil. Earliest among the undoubted worthies of Somerset, surpassed by none who have come after him in his fame and in his deeds, we see, on this spot, rising above the mists of error and of slander, the great churchman, the great statesman, of the tenth century, the mighty form of Dunstan. Not a few famous men in our history have been deeply wronged by coming to be known only as the subjects of silly legends or, worse still, of perverted and calumnious history. So have Leofric and Godgifu suffered; so has Ælfred himself suffered; but Dunstan has suffered more than all. Justice was once done to him years agone by a great scholar among ourselves;[1] fuller justice still has since been done to him by the greatest of all our scholars.[2] Yet I doubt not that to many minds his name still calls up no thoughts but that of one of the silliest of silly legends; or, worse still, it calls up the

[1] See the paper by Mr. J. R. Green on "Dunstan at Glastonbury". in the Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological Society for 1862, p. 122.

[2] See Dr. Stubbs's Preface to his Memorials of St. Dunstan, throughout.

picture, most unlike the original, of a grovelling and merciless fanatic. Think, I would ask you, under the guidance of true history, more worthily of the greatest son, the greatest ruler, that Glastonbury ever saw. Think more worthily of one who was indeed the strict churchman, the monastic reformer, who called up again the religious life at Glastonbury after a season of decay—but who stands charged in no authentic record as guilty of any act of cruelty or persecution, but who does stand forth in authentic records as the great minister of successive West-Saxon kings, of successive Lords of all Britain, in days when Wessex was the hearth and centre of English rule, and when Glastonbury stood first among English sanctuaries, the chosen burial-place of kings. Let us think of him as the friend of Eadmund, the counsellor of Eadred, the victim of Eadwig, the friend and guide of Eadgar the Giver-of-peace. So mightily under him grew the fame of Glastonbury that a greater name than all was drawn within its spell, and men at the other end of England deemed that it was at Glastonbury, and not at Athelney, that Ælfred himself held his last shelter, when the bounds of Wessex, the bounds of England, reached not beyond the coasts of a single island of the Sumorsætan.[1] But in that century of West-Saxon greatness, the local history of this spot can dispense with any single word or touch that the strictest criticism would reject. The home of Dunstan, the burial-place of Eadgar and the Eadmunds, gathers around it the greatest memories of the great age which made the English kingdom. Yet these memories are all of a kind which are shared by other famous spots within the English realm. What Glastonbury has to itself, alone and without rival, is its historical position as the tie, at once national and religious, which binds the history and memories of our own race to the history and memories of the race which we supplanted.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[1] See the Historia de S. Cuthberto, X Scriptt. 71, vol. i. p. 144 of the Surtees edition of Symeon. Ælfred "tribus annis in Glestingiensi palude latuit, in magna penuria." See Old-English History, p. 127.

THE STORY OF YVES.

A BRETON LEGEND.

CHAPTER IX.

ROUSED.

Yves waked with the consciousness that something unusual had happened, but for a while he could not be sure that he was not still dreaming.

He had seen in the night Liszen sitting sewing beside her canary bird. He had even heard her soft low voice telling her mother that Yves would return. "Yes, yes, he is coming," the girl said, and Yves saw a glad smile on her face. Then the vision faded and he awoke.

What was this? He looked round him, and yesterday and its events came back. Down stairs he should find Eileen expecting a lover-like greeting, and yet his thoughts were filled with Liszen. He started from his bed and stood pale and perplexed.

All at once he roused. "It is my fate," he said simply; and then he resolutely turned from the vision of the Breton girl, and hurrying on his clothes, he went down into the shop, and found the boy busy taking down the shutters.

Yves occupied himself setting everything ready for the day's business. He had not finished when the parlour door was gently opened, and Eileen peeped into the shop. There was a new look in her sweet face, an imploring, timid expression which touched Yves.

He saw that she still doubted his love. So he went across the shop to her and gave her a tender greeting, and as his lips met hers, his scruples melted.

Love had a transforming power on Eileen. She had always been pretty, but as she smiled up at her lover, she was beautiful. Her eyes seemed to swim in soft dark light, her delicate skin glowed with rosy colour, and her golden curls fell over her shoulders in rippling waves.

Yves thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. How could he help petting and caressing this exquisite, loving creature?

All that day he moved about in a halo of delight, a rose-coloured mist spread itself over the future, he believed only in the present.

In the evening they had gone out into the yard behind the house; Yves was playing with Eileen's little black cat, teaching it to climb, while its mistress looked on smiling. Mr. Smith walked up and down smoking, one hand under his coat-tails and the other holding his pipe.

All at once the kitchen door was flung violently open, and Bridget rushed out among them wringing both hands, and with a face full of horror.

"Lave yer foolin'," she said sternly, to Yves, "is it a time to be playin' wi' dumb bastes, an' one as we've known lyin' stark and drownded?"

Smith took his pipe out of his mouth. "What ails ye, Bridget?" he said quietly.

"Sure, then, and it's not me myself that ails anything at all at all," she said more calmly, for her master's manner always controlled Bridget,—"it's Harriett round the corner."

Mr. Smith looked puzzled, but Eileen gave a cry of horror, and went up to the excited old woman. "Harriett," she said earnestly, "do you mean Harriett Makins?"

Bridget nodded, then gulping down what seemed to be a wish to fight some one, she went on.

"I thought to meself," she said, "that Miss Eileen 'ood soon be wantin' gowns

an' what not, and so I was going to make bould an' bespake little Harriett, for no one could fit so well as she, the purty soul." She broke down with a groan and put her apron to her eyes. "Well," she went on, "I goes to her lodgin' to find her. As I turns round our corner I sees a crowd round her dour, and when I tries to push through, a woman stops me, an' says she, 'Harriett's lost; she's not been heard of since morning.' I felt wake all over, an' chilled, for the look o' that woman said a dale more than her words did; an' then—oh! wirra-wirra!"—she hid her face again, and rocked backwards as if she were going to fall.

"Come, come, Bridget, ye old fool!" Mr. Smith spoke firmly, "you're frightening Eileen to death. Speak out, can't ye?"

Bridget raised her hand and looked at him scornfully.

"It's mighty aisy to smile when it's yer neighbour's fut the black ox has trod on, not yer own," then her eyes fell on Eileen's pale scared face, and she went on hastily, "well, the woman said no more than that, an' in a jiffey before ye could spake the crowd opens an' four boys—sailors—comes along carryin' a stretcher, an' there was the poor cratur pale an' drownded, all her hair lyin' along in black ropes—ochone!"—she burst into a flood of passionate tears, and a cry of horror broke from her listeners.

Suddenly she roused, shook her fist, and looked menacingly at Yves, who was staring at her with an intense effort to catch the meaning of her words.

"By the powers, by the Holy Virgin herself, if I ever set eyes on the crawling sneak that's done it, I'll throttle him yet."

"Done it!" exclaimed the clockmaker, "who's done it? why it's murder if any one has drowned the poor girl. What do you mean, Bridget?" he said, impatiently; "has any step been taken? Has a warrant been taken out to arrest this murderer, and who is he?"

Bridget shook her head.

"Ye can't touch him, the dirty spalpeen," her eyes flamed with fury; "he's done it this way. He's been coortin' Harriett this year an' more, an' all at onst he finds a girl at Gloucester with money, who's willin' to have him, bad luck to her, an' he laves the poor cratur here widout sayin' a word, except that his business takes him to Gloucester; and yesterday she gets a letter telling her he's going to marry another girl; an' it's been too much for the poor cratur entirely. I told her months agone he was half-hearted, but she wouldn't hear a word against him. 'I trust him as much as I love him,' the poor cratur said. See what her trust's come to."

She darted another angry look at Yves, and disappeared into the kitchen.

Eileen was crying bitterly; the young dressmaker had been a humble friend, and Eileen had been very fond of her; and she had been the confidant of poor Harriett's love. Mr. Smith turned moodily out of the yard; he was very sorry for Harriett, but her suicide shocked him.

At last Eileen looked up at Yves. She longed for comfort in her sorrow, but her lover had no eyes for her, he stood leaning against the wall of the yard as if he had suddenly turned to stone.

Bridget's words had reached him quite sufficiently to tell the story, and her angry looks had carried conviction with them.

Yves's sombre imagination pictured Liszen in the place of the drowned girl.

He had not written to her for weeks. Who could say that some chance wayfarer might not bear the news of his marriage to the little Breton town near the sea, and so send despair and death into Liszen's soul? Why had he not realised this possibility before?

He did not look up, but he felt that Eileen was standing near him. He could neither approach nor look at her. The thought of her beauty made him writhe almost with loathing, for in

this moment of self-abhorrence he forgot his own pity and Eileen's love. He only remembered the soft comfortable self-indulgent thoughts which had lured him from his duty. He, a Breton, reared to hard labour and scanty fare and poverty, had yielded himself to a dream of ease and plenty not gained by his own toiling. He, too, peasant-born had been so weak as to think with satisfaction, even if he had not coveted it, of wedding a lady—for Eileen seemed to the poor fellow to belong to a rank far above his own.

Just then she spoke. "Yves," she said, but her voice was so low that he did not feel obliged to hear it. He turned away, and went out of the yard by the gate which led into a side street.

"How tender-hearted he is, dear fellow!" said Eileen, "he feels more for poor Harriett than I do. I suppose I am selfish, but my happiness so fills my heart that it seems as if nothing I hear can take any real hold of me. Poor Harriett! and yet," all the colour faded out of her fair face, "death must surely be a mercy to her, if—" She paused a moment, and a look of terror dulled her eyes, "No, no," she said, "I will not let myself think of such a thing. I would not doubt my darling Yves, even if I could."

CHAPTER X.

A WARNING.

Poor Harriett's death was soon forgotten. Eileen found another dressmaker, and in the excitement of forwarding her young mistress's preparations, Bridget forgot her previsions and her fears. She was really too busy to notice him, or she must have observed the gloom that had settled on Yves.

Mr. Smith saw it, but he had early recognised the existence of a mystic morbid temperament in the young Breton, and he suspected that where there was so much reticence there was also much strength of feeling.

He decided mentally that it was the fervour of Yves's love that kept him moody and silent, and he bade Eileen hurry her preparations, as probably the marriage might have to be hastened by a day or two.

But the agony of Yves was growing beyond endurance. Night after night, as soon as his head was laid on his pillow, came back the vision of Liszen, sitting waiting for him, full of honest trust. The miserable young fellow wrestled with himself to tell the truth, to give up all and to turn his back for ever on Bristol and on Eileen. In vain, the thought of Eileen's sorrow, and the impossibility, so it seemed to him, of finding words in which to tell his story clearly, kept him silent; but these fevered, delirious nights were wearing him out; he looked the ghost of his former self.

One night, a week before the marriage day, he had been so silent and cold towards Eileen all supper time, that at last the girl looked at him tearfully and asked if he were angry with her.

"No," he said, and then, not daring to meet the eyes which he felt so fondly fixed on his own, he said good night, and hurried from the room.

The conflict in his mind had raged so fiercely all day, that almost as soon as his head lay on his pillow he fell into exhausted sleep.

All at once he roused. What had wakened him? A sound that filled the room—a sound of church-bells, not loud and clanging, but the sweet far away bells of his native town. But the bells are slow and solemn in their tone. Good heavens! it is the passing bell bidding farewell to a departed soul. He tries not to listen to the anguish they rouse; but the bells grow stronger, stronger yet, and now they ring in his heart.

Yves starts up awake—great drops hang on his forehead. Hush! The bells toll more faintly now; they are hushed—dying—dying away.

And now that the bells are hushed, what is this that takes their place? A sweet voice. Ah, how well Yves knows it! how often he has listened

to its music. And now, hark! it sings beneath his window.

Yves listens with a wildly-beating heart. Yes, he is at home again. The walls of his room open, and see! here is the hedge-bordered road leading up from the bay, and he comes along it, his hands full of groundsel for Liszen's bird. He looks up at her window; he cannot see even a glimpse of her white cap. But hark! she is singing the ballad of "The Betrothed," the song that suits her plaintive voice so well:—

> "'Mother, what means the whispering
> I hear around my bed?
> The servants all wear robes of dole,
> Mother, your eyes are red.'
>
> "'My son, your sickness makes us still,
> And fills the house with woe;
> Black is the mode for wearing now,
> For you my tears down flow.'"

The voice ceases. Yves springs out of bed. Yes, he is sure he is at home, and he answers, kneeling by the window, the voice of Liszen. He takes up the next verse of the ballad:—

> "'Mother, dear mother, prithee tell
> Why my heart sinks and fails;
> Why the dogs howl so piteously,
> And e'en the sunshine pales.'"

He pauses, and the answer comes in the same sweet, low voice:—

> "'My son, the heart must faint and fail
> When all it loves lies cold.
> The dogs must howl, the sun grow pale,
> At sight of fresh-turned mould.'"

Again Yves sings:—

> "'Mother, oh mother, why these sounds,
> And why the passing bell;
> The priests go chanting through the street,
> What mean they, mother, tell?'"

This time the voice rises into a wail, as it answers:—

> "'My son, they nail a coffin close,
> The passing bell doth toll.
> The priests bear thy beloved one home,
> And pray for her poor soul.'"

The voice dies away in a moan, as of pain.

The bells toll faintly now; Yves hears the voice die away; and then comes a pause. He opens his eyes at last. It is night; all is still as death, and he is on his knees beside the window . . . .

He rises up with horror in his heart. This is the warning of God; if he resists it he will be damned to all eternity. It is the call of heaven to give up Eileen's fascinations and the fatal ease and prosperity which have tempted him from his duty; he must return to Brittany and to Liszen.

He seems again to hear the tolling of the bell—the warning of the song. It is possible that Liszen lies dying of grief at his prolonged absence. All at once he remembers that the marriage-day is fixed; he remembers, too, Eileen's love.

"No use—no use! everything must go," he cries in terror. "This is a warning from Heaven. If I do not obey it I am lost; and I must obey it instantly."

At first it seems to him that he must steal out of the house with his bundle of clothes, as poor as he came into it. He cannot take away with him any of the clock-maker's generous gifts. It is useless to seek an interview with Mr. Smith—how can he make himself understood?

Hours pass away in a tumult of conflicting and opposite feelings; but the daylight, as it glimmers into the street, brings calm with it into his struggling soul.

He kneels down and thanks God fervently for having brought him back to his duty before it was too late; and he vows solemnly, at whatever sacrifice, to obey the warning he has received.

Then he sits down on his bed to consider how this can best be done. All at once a new thought comes—why can he not write to the clockmaker? It is a gleam of light in his darkness.

He rises up, and as he walks up and down his room he tries to compose a letter to Mr. Smith. It is not easy work, but when he has set down his explanation in French, he gets the dictionary which Eileen gave him and taught him how to use, and after about two hours of labour he has produced a letter in which he has told his whole story. He explains the mistake caused by his words

to Eileen, how she mistook friendship for love, and then he tells the difficulty he has since felt in setting this straight. He repeats this over and over, so that there is no fear of not being understood now; and he expresses his deep sorrow—if he had only thought sooner of writing, then much evil might have been avoided and much disappointment spared. But he must go, he says —it is inevitable; and then he tells the solemn warning he has received, and his determination to return to Brittany. He ends his letter with penitent and humble thanks for the great goodness shown him, of which he has proved so unworthy.

It is still early. He steals softly out of his room, and slips the letter under Mr. Smith's door; then, going back, he dresses himself, makes up his clothes into a bundle, and waits.

An hour passes slowly. He hears the shutters taken down; he hears Eileen's bright laugh as she goes down stairs, and he turns pale as a ghost. There is noise and movement both in the house and in the street, but after a while he fancies that the sounds in the house grow hushed.

At last, there comes a step up the stairs; it is long past noon, but Yves has taken no heed of time.

Ever since he placed the letter under the door, he has been in a sort of stupor, and in this state he has waited as senseless as a dumb brute.

When he came back into his room he put a chair against his door to prevent a sudden entering; and now, when a tap comes, he has to move this aside before he can open the door.

There is no one outside, but as Yves listens he hears Bridget's heavy foot at the bottom of the staircase.

A plate of bread and meat and a glass of ale is set on the mat outside the door, and beside this lies a letter, addressed "Yves Duroc."

Yves's hands shake so, he can hardly open this; he feels that the letter is heavy, and then he remembers that several weeks' wages are due to him. His head swims as he tries to read, and at first he cannot grasp the meaning of the words; but it is too simple to mistake.

"How could you do a thing like this? Why did you not tell us sooner that you were engaged to another? We saw something was amiss, but never thought you had so deceived us. God forgive you! I dare not think how my poor child will bear the news. You must not meet again. You must go—the sooner the better; but as you have done your duty by me as a workman, with this I send a recommendation to a friend at Edinburgh who will give you employment, and pay you wages on which you can keep a wife. JOHN SMITH."

Besides the letter of recommendation, there was inclosed twice as much money as Yves expected to receive.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME.

YVES had been for several days on board the ship in which he had sailed from Bristol. The heavily-laden vessel was bound for Cherbourg, and it was to put in at the little seaport town below Ile Bréhat.

At first Yves had suffered greatly, being a bad sailor; he was tormented too with the thought of Eileen's sorrow; but after they had passed Bréhat, and when he saw the grey ruins in the bay, and soon after, rising behind them, the spire of his native church, he forgot all suffering, and his heart swelled with joy.

At last the vessel entered the inner harbour, and after some delay landed its passengers. Yves fell on his knees as soon as he reached the quay, and thanked the Blessed Virgin and his patron, Saint Yves, for his safe return.

As he hurries into the town, his sad presentiments vanish. It seems as if each time his feet press the beloved soil, his heart receives fresh strength.

The last few months, even the thought of Eileen and her sorrow,

fade away like a night vision; he is at home at last. Nothing can keep Liszen from him now.

He goes along quickly, and he looks in the face of each person he meets, but all are strange to him; his pulses throb with expectation.

There is only one principal street in the little town, and the widow Perrik's house is in a turning that leads out of this. Yves's heart beats fast as he approaches it. How sweet and pure the air is, he thinks—how freely one breathes. He stops a few doors off. Shall he go first to one of the neighbours? No, there will be the risk that some one may see him and carry to Liszen the news of his return.

But he goes slowly now; he does not know why, but fear is taking the place of hope.

He is in sight of the house, and all at once he stands still, gazing.

Liszen is there sitting at the window, but she does not see Yves. She sits looking sadly at her canary, while her sewing hangs idly between her fingers. Ah! how sad and worn she looks, and how the light has faded from her dark blue eyes; they are pale, and so is her sweet face; it looks wan beside the white edge of her cap.

The half-door of the house is not fastened; Yves pushes it open, bends his head under the low rounded entrance, and now he is in the room with Liszen.

She has heard his approach, and she stands an instant gazing with wide open eyes and parted lips, as if she saw a ghost. And then, with a low cry, she stumbles across the floor to meet Yves, and falls sobbing on his breast.

They stand silent, clasping one another closely; they cannot speak.

At last Yves says gently—

"Liszen! my poor Liszen!" in the Breton words so long unspoken. He puts her back from him a little, and looks at her face, and then, clasping her yet more tenderly, he presses his lips to hers.

She cannot speak, for at first her sobs are like to choke her, but soon they lose their bitterness, as she realises the great joy that has come. She has never doubted Yves, but it seems more than she deserves that he has come back to her as true and as fond as when he went away.

He draws her to the settle near the empty hearth; and there, with her head resting on his shoulder, he wins her to tell him what has been happening, and why she weeps so sorely.

He dares not ask for the widow Perrik; something tells him that for her he has come too late.

And then by degrees Liszen tells all that has befallen her, and how her mother was taken to her rest, and as she names the day of her death, Yves shudders and trembles, for he remembers too well it was in the night before that day that he heard the bell toll for departed souls, and answered the song of the betrothed from his window.

Liszen sees his agitation; she thinks his grief for her mother has caused it, and she asks no questions. Her sadness and fears are over. Tears are on her face, but she smiles through them. Yves has come back to her—her Yves whom she has so longed to see, and whose love she has never doubted.

"My poor Yves, I have forgotten," she says, tenderly, and then she draws herself away from him and rises; "all this time you are hungry and tired. Sit still by the hearth, and I will bring you food."

She sets before him black rye bread and buttermilk. It is all she has to offer; and Yves, accustomed to wholesome English living, thinks it is no wonder Liszen looks pale and wan if she lives on such food as this.

It adds to his joy that he can take her away for ever from her hard work and harder fare.

He goes up to her, and puts his arm tenderly round the pale girl.

"Liszen," he says, "we must not heed the year of mourning. I have to go back at once to my employment, and you will go with me, dear little one, as my wife?"

There is no shyness about Yves now. He speaks in a firm masterful tone, though his eyes rest lovingly on Liszen.

He feels a strange change in himself, as if his soul had been away from his body all these months, and had now suddenly returned. It seems to him that he must be father, mother, and husband too to Liszen.

He kisses her.

"You do not answer, little dove," he says. "Surely we need not wait any longer for our happiness."

She looks up at him with a sweet seriousness, and puts both her small brown hands in his.

"It shall be as you wish, Yves," she says, simply; "henceforth you only have the right to guide my life."

But even then it seemed to Liszen a great calamity to leave her native country for a foreign land; still her life is so bound up in Yves, that she feels her home must be wherever he wills to dwell.

They go together next day to the churchyard, and kneel together hand in hand beside the grave of the widow Perrik, marked, like so many others, by a black wooden cross, on which is painted in white a shower of tears.

"Adieu, mother," Yves says. "If I take your child away from you, it is because I seek to give her health and happiness. We will meet you, mother dear, on the shores of the departed, when the bell sounds to call our souls away."

But Liszen cannot bring herself to say adieu. She only weeps silently; and when at last she rises from her knees, it seems as if she is wrenching her heart away from the fibres that cling to the soil of Brittany.

A few days pass, and then they stand in the parish church before the altar, and the old curé who baptised Yves, and prepared them both for their first communion, blesses their marriage.

It is a very quiet wedding. Madame Kergrist the employer for whom Liszen has worked all these years beside her canary, goes to church with the motherless girl, and Yves finds an old comrade, once a fellow-workman at Rioc's to go with him. Then, when the ceremony is over, Madame Kergrist gives a wedding dinner at her house to the young couple and a few friends. But there is no boisterous joy, nor is there any of the lavish hospitality which generally forms part of a Breton wedding.

Gifts, too, are wanting, for the young pair have lost many friends by death or by removal, and Yves is so anxious to secure a new means of living, that he would not delay his marriage so as to give time for the customary announcements of it. He looks very happy on his wedding day. There is perhaps a trifle more of seriousness than might have been expected in so young a bridegroom, for Yves is not yet four-and-twenty years old; but then the lookers on say to one another he is taking a double charge on himself, in marrying a friendless orphan, and one whose health has never been strong. No wonder he should sometimes look serious in the midst of his joy.

Liszen's face is full of serene peace. She left her griefs on her mother's grave when she and Yves knelt beside it. The old life is over for her, and to-day she has begun the new one. Henceforth she is a part of Yves; all her life must be devoted to his happiness, his comfort, to please him; and as these thoughts fill her heart, her pale cheeks flush, her eyes glow with tender light, and Madame Kergrist who sits on the bridegroom's right hand, exclaims—

"You were in the right to hasten your marriage, Monsieur Duroc. See, it has given new life to our Liszen; she is no longer Liszen *la pâle.*"

Yves looks fondly at his bride.

"You may be sure she shall be well cared for," he says, tenderly. "She needs a long rest after her weary spell of work and sorrow."

When the meal is over, Yves draws his wife away from the guests.

"Little one," he says, "we have not yet visited the bay. Let us go and look at the old place once more."

Their friends propose to accompany them, but Yves, shaking his head, says with a grave dignity—

"I thank you for your goodness, and so does my beloved, but our hours in the dear home-land are numbered, and we must bid farewell to the loved haunts of our childhood by ourselves."

As they go along the hedge-bordered road, a few children follow them, for though Liszen's dress is simple, it is the marriage dress of her country, and her white shawl and lace cap are not ordinary garments; but Yves gives the little hangers on some centimes, and they are left in peace.

The sun shines as brightly on the bay as it did on that day when Liszen slept under the willow trees; but the wind blows chilly, and the edges of the wavelets look metallic in the sharpness of their curves.

The young couple are both dreamy-natured, and as they stand looking out to sea, they watch the white foam breaking over the brown rocks, and sometimes leaping high in anger as the wave below it rolls up more strongly against the hidden dangers of the bay.

Liszen begins to tremble while she still gazes at the sea. For the first time it seems terrible to her, an angry monster which may swallow up hundreds of lives.

"Husband," she says timidly, "we shall see the sea again, for we are going to meet its dangers. Let us turn and look at what we are leaving."

She turns as she speaks, and fixes her eyes on the abbey ruin rising out of the trees, and the grey manor-house beside it.

The little parterre in the open square of this can be seen from where they stand. It is brilliant with flowers which make almost a mocking contrast to the faded lichen-covered walls around them.

A deep sadness steals over Yves, but as he looks at Liszen he sees her eyes fill with tears, and love comes to help him against sorrow.

If he wanted a proof of the truth of his love for Liszen, he might find it in the energy with which he rouses himself from this mystic, dreamy contemplation to comfort and cheer her.

"My beloved;" he draws her close to him and kisses her. "You must not think only of the farewell, you must try to think of the return. See, I have come back safe and sound—why should not you do the same? Think rather, my beloved, of the joy we shall feel when we bring our little ones home to play with the pebbles of the bay, and to strew flowers on our mother's grave in the churchyard."

Liszen blushes and smiles; but the wind is very chill this evening, and Yves draw her shawl more closely round her shoulders.

"The wind is strong and cold too," he says, tenderly. "I must take you home, little wifie."

But though Liszen answers the ardour in his eyes with eyes full of love, yet, as she turns finally away from the bay, she trembles.

"If a ship were driven in among those rocks, it could not be saved," she thinks. "Ah, one must always pray fervently for mariners."

She glances up at her husband, and then she keeps her thought to herself. She cannot cloud the joy in his face by even a hint of sorrow.

CHAPTER XII.

"GONE AWAY."

Mr. Smith did not tell Eileen anything of what had happened until he knew that Yves was far away.

At breakfast-time she had wondered at her lover's absence, and her father accounted for it by saying that he was engaged on important business, which would detain him for some hours. So Eileen went fluttering between the parlour and the shop, anxious and impatient for his return.

But just when he knew Yves would be departing, her father called Eileen into the parlour to help him with some accounts. Every now and then the girl became conscious of the seriousness that was gaining on her, and then she burst into a bright

laugh to get rid of the unnatural pressure.

"How grave you are, father," she said.

Mr. Smith only shook his head reprovingly, "accounts are serious things," he said, and bent down over his papers.

But when dinner-time came, and still no Yves, Eileen grew sad and listless. Spite of her pre-occupation, she began to see that her father's manner was unusual.

He scarcely spoke, and once he answered Bridget so sharply that the old woman looked aghast and muttered to herself. At last he pushed his plate away, and Eileen saw that he had not eaten anything.

"This dinner is badly cooked—not fit to eat," he said, impatiently; he stretched out his hand for the bottle, and poured himself out a second glass of whisky, an indulgence so unusual that Eileen looked on in amazement.

He saw the look, and pushing his glass away, he went up stairs.

He was almost beside himself. His anger against Yves had soon burnt out in his intense fear for his child; he knew how fondly she loved the young Breton; how was he to tell her?

At last he went down again; he had a vague hope she might have gone out; but she sat waiting for him with a very earnest look on her sweet face.

"Father," she said, "sit down here," she patted the sofa on which she sat. "You are keeping something from me—I am sure you are. Something has happened that I do not know. Where is Yves? Bridget will not answer when I ask her. Where is Yves, father?"

The question was a relief. He must tell her now, and she had shown him how to begin his dreadful tidings.

"Yves has gone away, my darling." He put his arm round her while he spoke, but he leaned back so as not to see her face; he could not bear to look at the agony which he knew he must bring there.

"Gone away!" In an instant she had turned round; and now she started up, faced him, and put a hand on each shoulder as if she feared he would escape her; then, after a stupefied pause, words came back to her. "Father, father, what do you mean?" she said, in a high, imperious voice, and she shook him in her vehemence. "He is gone, but he is coming back—of course he is coming back—you know it as well as I do!"

The poor father had not counted on this violence. After the fashion in which we are apt to plan the probable conduct of others, and waste imagination in preparing ourselves to meet that which never happens, he had expected despair and floods of tears. His Eileen had always been so gentle that this mood was unexpected; he looked at her in wonder; he could not tell how to answer, and she shook his shoulders again in her anger.

"Tell me what has happened. You shall tell me at once what you have done with him. Ah! you have sent him away. Cruel—wicked father!"

Her wild eyes frightened him; he tried to sooth her.

"Hush, hush, machree! sit down beside me!" he pulled her onto the sofa and stroked her head softly. "I can tell ye nothin' while ye're so put about; ye must quiet yourself, Eileen."

She clasped her hands in her lap, and pressed her lips together.

"Look at me—I am quiet; but, father, I have been waiting hours, don't keep me a minute longer in suspense."

Her imploring eyes seemed to force the words from him. He had thought to tell her the truth little by little; but he felt that he must not hide it from her now; she would never rest till she knew the worst.

"It is very bad news I have for ye, me darlin'," he said, sadly, "an' I'm thinkin' whether ye can bear it."

"Go on," she said, impatiently, and she beat her foot on the ground.

"I blame myself"—her father's voice was growing hoarse with agitation. "God in heaven, child, I don't know how to tell ye at all at all;

but Yves was not what we thought him, me darlin'; he is a false-hearted deceiver, and he is a coward besides!"

"Father," she drew herself up proudly, "if you are going to speak ill of Yves, I will not listen; you are not speaking truth."

The colour flew over the clock-maker's face, and then he checked himself.

"I cannot tell ye what ye ask me, me child, unless I spake the truth," he said, sadly. "Eileen, machree, Yves had never any love to give ye. Before ye ever saw him he was promised to a girl across the sea in Brittany."

Eileen broke into a loud laugh.

"I like that," she said; "oh, I do, when he has said over and over again he loves me dearly! Why don't you tell the truth, father?" she went on, contemptuously; "why don't ye say 'I did not like a *poor* son-in-law, so I've sent him away?'"

"I!" the fond father put his hand to his forehead in intense bewilderment.

"Yes, you!" She spoke in such a strange, harsh voice, that he looked at her in alarm.

He was too much overwrought and oppressed to study her closely, or he might have seen that the blow had already fallen on Eileen. Yves's sadness, his avoidance of her society during these last days had brought back the doubts and fears which those few brief hours of love had chased from her heart; then these hours of bewildered suspense, her father's first words had struck death to any disbelief in them; she was not really struggling against the truth, she was only fighting her own despair; the waters were closing over her head—if she yielded tamely to this belief, she felt that she was lost.

"Eileen," her father's voice roused her from the stupor that was fast clouding over her powers of comprehension, "have I ever deceived ye, machree? have I not striven to make life pleasant for ye, darlin'? When yer blessed mother was taken from us, I knew that I'd a dale to make up to ye, alanna. An' now see," he said, hoarsely, "the very thing I set myself to do for your happiness has turned to sorrow. Bad luck to the day I ever set eyes on the skulking fellow!"

She rose up, her eyes bright with anger, a sudden hope flashed light into her darkness.

"Why should I believe you?" she said; "you talk and talk, but you give no proof of what you say. Yves would never slink away without leaving a word for me."

Her father hesitated; he had resolved not to show her Yves's letter—at least, not during the first outburst of her grief; but he did not know what other proof to give her.

"He is gone," he said, "Bridget saw him go away. Come, come, my poor child," he went on, fondly, and took both her hands in his, "Eileen, machree, you will not disbelieve your father?"

She snatched her hands away.

"He is gone, because you sent him. He was wrong to go in this way; if he had come to me, I would have gone too. I would have followed him all over the world! oh it is shamefully cruel."

"Well, then," the clock-maker's indignation made him forget all caution, "you had better know the whole truth, and then you will think differently. You have too much spirit to talk of following a man who has deceived you."

He took Yves's letter from his pocket and gave to her.

Eileen took the letter eagerly. She tried to read it, but she was trembling violently; she could scarcely hold it, and she gave it back to her father.

"Read it—I cannot read!" she said, in a choked voice, and she leaned back on the sofa to listen.

Mr. Smith cleared his throat, and began to read. As he went on he glanced nervously at Eileen, but she had clasped her hands over her face,

and he went on reading; when he came to the end he paused, but Eileen did not speak.

Her motionless attitude frightened him; he touched her arm, then she took her hands away, and he saw how sad her face was. She shook her head in answer to his anxious look.

"Leave me," she said, "leave me in peace."

"My poor darling," he bent over her and kissed her.

"Ah, go away," she said; "I don't want to be worried."

Her voice sounded pettish rather than angry. Her father felt relieved that she had taken the affair so quietly, and he rejoiced that the scene he had so dreaded was over.

He went to Bridget and told her not to disturb her mistress.

"She must be left in peace," he said.

So it happened that neither of them went into the parlour till evening. Then Bridget opened the door, and her outcry summoned the clock-maker.

Yes, peace had come to Eileen!

They found her lying where she had fallen forward on the floor. She had struck the side of her head a frightful blow in falling, but even this had not aroused her from her deadly unconsciousness. She lay senseless for hours, and when she roused, it was to long fits of delirium, in which she called on Yves, sometimes to return to her, sometimes to shield her from the cruelty of her father.

For days she lay between life and death. Her beautiful hair had been cut close to her head, for in those days remedies on the part affected were the sovereign cure for brain-fever. As she lay, white as death, except for the fever flush that burned fiercely below her distended eyes, her father gazing sadly at his unconscious child, cursed the day when his impulsive charity had led him to befriend Yves Duroc.

Bridget's imprecations were loud and deep. She called for every possible evil to light on the head of the young Breton.

The fever lasted for weeks, but even when this was subdued and Eileen was declared convalescent, the doctor looked troubled. "The mind had not kept pace with the body," he said, and he warned poor Smith that it was quite possible that the balance might never return to the reason of his daughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXILES.

Six years have gone by since Yves and his wife bade farewell to their native land.

Mr. Smith's recommendation to a clock-maker in Edinburgh proved successful, and Yves made rapid progress in his new master's favour.

He had now for some time had a business of his own, and was able to give Liszen all the comforts his heart desired for her; but lately she had drooped and faded.

Yves longed for a child, but in Liszen's delicate health this blessing could hardly be hoped for. The only trial their married life had known had been this wishful longing for a little one; there had been no hardships, few uncertainties, few anxieties; and there had been full measure of love and trust, of that sweet life which is lived for another, not for itself, and which strives to bear all burdens for the beloved.

The simple, rugged ways of the people seemed home-like to the young Bretons, and then the sea was so near at hand. Liszen had said to her husband, soon after their arrival—

"Life would be strange, would it not, Yves, without the sound of the sea?'

Liszen did not like the dull, closed-up Sundays in Edinburgh. "They oppress me," she said. "I feel as if I were living with the blind, when I see nothing but shutters everywhere."

So on summer Sundays they used to go down to Musselburgh or Newhaven, and sit gazing across the muddy stretch of sand. In the winter they would climb to the top of Arthur's Seat, and gaze at the splendid view of town and river and far-off sea. Then Liszen seemed to breathe more freely,

her eyes grew bright and eager as she gazed.

"I am so happy, dear husband," she said, fondly, stealing her hand into that of Yves; "but I always breathe better when I can see the sea. It brings back to me the air of beloved Brittany."

Yves smiled at her fancy, he did not pine after his native land; he liked his Scotch life, and he had Liszen. He hoped some day to take her back to see her mother's grave, but for the present he was content; he never dreamed that his quiet tender wife was secretly pining to return to Brittany.

She had always been delicate and weakly, but the scanty fare of her childhood, and then her life of constant toil and hardship, and the long waiting for Yves, had sapped the little strength she had, and disease made her an easy prey.

She had been so happy since her marriage that a bloom had come to her cheeks, and a light to her eyes, that looked like health. She was so sweet, so bright too, that Yves never dreamed that his darling was slowly wasting away.

But this year an unmistakable change had come; her eyes were still bright, but her cheeks had grown hollow, and the bloom on them had changed to a hectic flush. She had a constant cough too, and she stooped and put her hand to her side when the wearing fits of coughing came.

One day she asked Yves to take her for a walk. He had not done this lately, as he fancied she tired so soon; but she asked him so earnestly that he consented.

The wind was cold, and Liszen shivered.

"I am growing lazy," she smiled at her husband. "I feel as if strength had gone from me."

A violent fit of coughing choked her speech. She turned pale, and sank into her husband's arms.

Yves was terribly frightened. He got her home with difficulty; but he did not tell her his fears; and when she had quite revived, he tried to make light of her illness.

Liszen gave him a sad smile. She knew the truth, and her heart was full of grief.

But Yves had roused like a man from a dream. It seemed to him that all at once he saw Death written in the face of his beloved wife. How blind he had been all this while.

That night he went to a doctor, and learned the truth of his fears. The doctor came next day; and then he told Yves there was no hope for Liszen; but, in spite of his agony, the poor fellow kept his knowledge to himself. It was as much as he could do to bear to watch life ebb silently away; he could not increase this suffering by sharing it with her.

He never guessed that she had realised her state; that she often communed with herself when she knew he could not watch her face.

"I do not fear death," she said, the night after the doctor's visit, while Yves lay sleeping beside her. "I am going to God, and I shall see my mother, and I shall be ready to greet Yves when he comes to join us on the shores of the departed. I only grieve to leave him here alone; he will miss me so sadly." Then thought took another direction, "Oh, it is sad too to die away from the blessed shores of Brittany. What will my poor wandering soul do among stranger souls and heretics from the holy faith who do not even speak the same tongue? No, my soul will not rest away from the dear home-land."

Still when morning came she said no word to Yves. Instead, she strove to hide her suffering, and to make life as bright as she could.

But when night returned the same fancy came with it; it pursued her. Even when she fell asleep she seemed to hear the waves dashing against the rocks in the bay, or to see the old grass-grown churchyard in the town, where she longed to lie beside her mother.

Even when Yves asked her why she moaned in her sleep, she did not tell him the weary longing of her soul.

"I will not make him sad before the time comes," she said. "I have made him sad enough by my coughing, poor Yves. I will wait for the end before I speak."

Every day Liszen strove to show herself more loving, as if she were trying to make up to her husband the years she was taking away from his happiness.

Sometimes she was so gay, and her cheeks flushed so brightly that the poor fellow deceived himself, and began to hope against hope; and then Liszen grew white again, and his courage failed. Then he would rush away hurriedly that she might not see his sorrow.

The end came at last. She had been growing weaker and weaker, too weak to leave her bed; and one day she asked Yves to go for the priest, to whom she was in the habit of confessing. When the priest left her he promised to return next day.

In the night Yves, who was watching beside her, saw that her eyes were fixed earnestly on his. He saw her lips move, and he bent forward. Liszen spoke in a whisper.

"I am going to leave you, my beloved."

Yves fell on his knees beside the bed and clasped her hand. "Jesus spare her," he said to himself. Liszen was his guardian angel, the rudder of his life. How could he give her up? He could not speak.

"Yves," she said, softly, "put your ear close; will you make me a promise before I go?"

Yves burst into tears, and hid his face on the wasted hand he held.

"I will do what you bid me," he sobbed. "Oh, Liszen, do not go away."

"Yes—my darling, I am going," she smiled; but her voice was very feeble, it had sunk to a whisper. "You will take my body to Brittany and bury it by——"

Her voice stopped.

Yves was sobbing bitterly, but he fixed his eyes on the face of his dying wife.

"I promise," he said.

A bright smile shone on Liszen's face, and though the hand he held grew cold in his clasp, it seemed to Yves that life still lingered, and that the fingers strove to press his own.

But even while he gazed the brightness faded. Something went out of the wasted face. It was as if her marble image had taken the place of his loved Liszen.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALONE.

It seemed to Yves that life was over for him. He had lived for Liszen. What could he do without her; he only cared to earn money for her sake; for her sake he had rejoiced in his new home, and for her he had striven to make it pleasant and comfortable; for Liszen's sake too he had looked forward to return to their childish haunts. What would the little seaport town be without her loving presence; it would only torment him by memories of past hopes.

Surely no one had been so sadly tried as he. How long he had waited for his happiness! and now, just when by hard incessant toil he had begun to put by the beginning of what he hoped would be a fund for sickness and old age, his love was torn away from him. He found some comfort in the thought that he had not begun to lay by sooner—he had spent in comforts for Liszen little sums which his own hard earning had made him sometimes consider a robbery of the future. It was so very hard; Liszen had been so good and charitable that she had never sent a beggar from the door without an alms or some act of kindness. Why was her life cut short?

"I, too," Yves groaned. "What have I done? I am a sinner, but then we are all sinners. I have tried to do my duty. I have never made any one suffer by my fault."

He stopped, conscience-stricken. At the time of his marriage and for some time after the thought of Eileen had

often flung a sudden cloud over his joy; but after a while, in his present happiness, the sweet Irish girl faded from his memory—and his mean opinion of his own merits had never led him to suspect the amount of suffering he had inflicted.

Some time after his arrival he ventured to ask his Edinburgh employer after the health of the Smith family; and when he heard that all were well, his conscience was quieted; but he resolved, as soon as he was able, to send back the money so generously furnished him by the clock-maker. He had never told the story to Liszen; she would have forgiven him at once, but he knew that she would not have forgiven herself for having been a bar to Eileen's happiness.

And now the thought of Eileen pressed heavily; he was her beloved then, and he left her. How much worse pain he had inflicted than God had sent him—for his Liszen had loved him to the last, and there had been no sudden wrench to add bitterness to his sorrow.

But poor, poor Eileen; he had not only robbed her of his love, but he had proved to her that the love itself was a falsehood; that at the time she had thought him most fond, his heart had been full of another love. He shrank into himself, and covered his face with his hands. Why had he not seen all this sooner? He had been so selfishly given up to his own happiness that he had thought little of the grief of others; till the pangs of bereavement tortured his own heart, he had not realised their agony.

"And I can never—never atone for it," he said, sadly to himself.

His morbid belief in destiny assured him that this was retribution, that his beloved was taken from him as a punishment for the sorrow he had brought on Eileen. And yet he shrank from the memory of this fond, loving girl; he felt that he could never look on her again, not even to ask her forgiveness; for in the midst of his sorrow he shuddered to think how nearly he had missed the perfect bliss of these seven years of marriage with Liszen.

But soon he roused himself from these reveries. He had no time to lose if he meant to carry out his dead darling's wishes; and he went off to consult his old employer as to the best means of carrying Liszen to her last home.

He found the old Scotch clock-maker full of kindly sympathy. At first he deprecated the project, and deplored the money that would have to be spent in what he considered a useless waste; but when he saw how sadly resolute the young man was to obey his wife's last wish, he gave Yves directions how to proceed, and offered to help him in his arrangements.

"It's sair, vera sair;" he shook his grey head. "And unco' strange the way in which joy and greeting meets thegither; but yester morn we were drinking a wee drappie to the health o' a bonny bride an' noo the morn I have to think about your young wife's last journey. Eh, sirs, the ways o' Providence are not our ways. D'ye mind Eileen Smith, Duroc?"

"Yes, sir—what of Eileen?" he asked, in his broken way.

"Why, laddie, she was married yesterday to ain fra' her own country, a well-to-do guid mon, but ower auld I'm thinkin' for sik a bright an' bonny lass; but she was unco' changed when I saw her last; she has never been the same since her illness; I'm fain to think she's married."

Yves's face brightened.

"You have told me good news, Meester Macdonald. I thank you for it," he said, earnestly. "Will you do one more kindness for me?"

His pathetic tone touched the clock-maker.

"Speak out, mon," he said; "let me hear what you're wantin'."

"Will you say to Eileen"—Yves's eyes were full of tears—"that Yves Duroc rejoices in her happiness more than he has words to tell."

The Scotchman looked sharply at him, but Yves turned away.

"I will say farewell till this evening, my good friend," the Breton said, and he went.

The old man sat wondering. He remembered that the change in Eileen dated from a serious illness, and that her father had told him that this illness took place in the year of Yves's arrival in Edinburgh.

"And the laddie had spent the autumn in Bristol. Was it for love of Duroc, I wonder, she fell sick?" he pondered; "wha can say? Well, she's done better for herself. If her husband is a few years auld for her, he's a reet gude, kind mon, and he's got siller eno' and to spare for a wife and sax bairnies."

CHAPTER XV.

ONCE MORE TOGETHER.

The evening was dark, a gale had risen; but though there was much movement in the vessel, Yves continued to pace the deck.

He was very desolate; he had turned his back on Edinburgh for ever; and though he felt it would be impossible to live there without his wife, still it had been a severe wrench to leave the home where he had lived so happily with Liszen.

To provide the outlay needed to fulfil her last wish thus suddenly revealed, he found it necessary to sell some of his stock-in-trade. He therefore sold the whole, and giving up his house and all that it contained, he embarked, with the chest that carried his wife, on board a ship bound for the little sea-port.

To-night, as he walked up and down the deck of the vessel, he was thinking of another night when he had also walked up and down with Liszen beside him, her hand resting on his heart, sure that she would be the guiding star of his future life. In the dear delight of feeling that she was at last his own, that no stern poverty could keep them apart, he had almost conquered his regrets at leaving Brittany—the beloved land he had so longed to see again during his three years of wandering. Liszen's regret had been far stronger than his, it had preyed on her tender heart, and had perhaps helped to wear her life away. And now what was he going to do with the rest of his life? He did not know; he could not go back either to England or to Edinburgh. No, he would get enough employment to keep him alive in his native place, and he would stay near his Liszen, waiting till the bell sounded to call his soul to join hers in the shadowy land of which she had so often sung. The memory of her sweet voice brought back vividly the memory of the journey to Edinburgh. He had been so full of hope and joy, it seemed to him then that nothing could cloud his future; he would work, and Liszen would be always beside him—his joy and crown; and some day he would bring her back with their little ones to visit her mother's grave.

"And now," he said, sadly, "what is the reality? I am coming back; already we are near Bréhat; very soon we may be in port. I have Liszen with me; I am bringing her home; but she is in her shroud, and I am taking her to her grave. I shall pass by the empty window where she sat waiting for me all through those weary days. I can do nothing for my darling now but plant flowers on her grave, and ask for masses for her soul."

He walked up and down—up and down the deck; his head sunk on his breast; he took no heed of the howling wind or of the angry waves, which rose higher and higher, and dashed heavily against the creaking ship.

All at once the captain came across the deck, and Yves met him face to face.

"Go below—the gale is rising fast," he said, though the wind blew his words away before they were spoken. "We cannot make the port to-night," he roared out; "we must keep out to sea, or we shall founder on the rocks in the bay."

But it was too late. As he spoke, the vessel seemed to be thrown up out of the water, and then as she righted

herself, a huge wave swept over her; the mast cracked, the deck quivered and creaked from one end to the other, as though it were riven through.

Yves looked round him; he had clung to some rigging while the wave swept over him, and had with difficulty saved himself from being carried away. The captain had rushed forward and stood beside the man at the helm; but Yves saw with horror that both wind and waves were driving the ship to land. All at once there was another violent shock,—another monstrous wave, and two of the sailors were swept overboard into the boiling, raging sea. There was a loud outcry; the ship refused to obey the stress laid on it; the mast, injured by the first shock, fell with a crash across the decks, and the mad ship seemed to be flying like a hunted bird nearer and nearer to the dreaded coast.

Even the captain, a hardy Breton, stood for a moment paralysed by the danger; and still the ship flew on towards the brown rocks which grew each moment more distinct—the terrible rocks of that iron-bound coast.

Presently a hoarse voice sounded amid the din of headlong wind and water. It came from a heap of rigging which had been cut away from the fallen mast, and was close beside Yves.

"It is the corpse—it is the corpse that has raised the storm."

There was a pause, and then a deep murmur rose as in chorus to the warning—

"Yes, it is the corpse; overboard with it, and we are saved."

"Silence! hands off," the captain shouted; no one but Yves listened to his voice, the sailors were maddened; if the storm could be lulled at once, they might escape the rocks.

"Overboard with it!"

They have rushed below, and soon they have dragged the chest in which Liszen lies from its holdfasts. As they reach the deck with their burden, Yves sees them, and he forces his way through the sailors who have kept him off till now.

"Leave go," he says, "this is my property; touch it if you dare."

They will not listen, and he is pushed roughly aside. "Overboard with it," they cry, "and the storm will cease."

But a superhuman strength comes to Yves; he forces a way through them all, he flings himself on the chest, and clasps it in his arms.

"It is my wife," he says, "whom you would cast into the sea; but if she goes there, I go with her; you shall not divide us."

The sailors try to drag him away; but he clings fast, and there is a prolonged struggle. While Yves still clings desperately to the chest, a huge wave flings the vessel forward. There is a frightful crash, and then the sea pours in; the ship has parted asunder, the one half of her founders instantly, but the brown rocks on which she has been driven, clasp the other half in a close embrace. . . . .

Some half-drowned and shivering men cling wherever they can find a hold. They look fearfully at one another; they are but four. But where is the struggling group of sailors, and where is their passenger?

Yves Duroc and his loved treasure have disappeared in the furious boiling waves.

Next morning, when some fisher-boats put off from the Isle Bréhat to see what had become of the little vessel, a part of her was found wedged between the rocks, and two or three of the crew almost dead from exposure, were clinging near; but of Yves and Liszen there only remained the story of their love and death.

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LONDON: R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS, BREAD STREET HILL.

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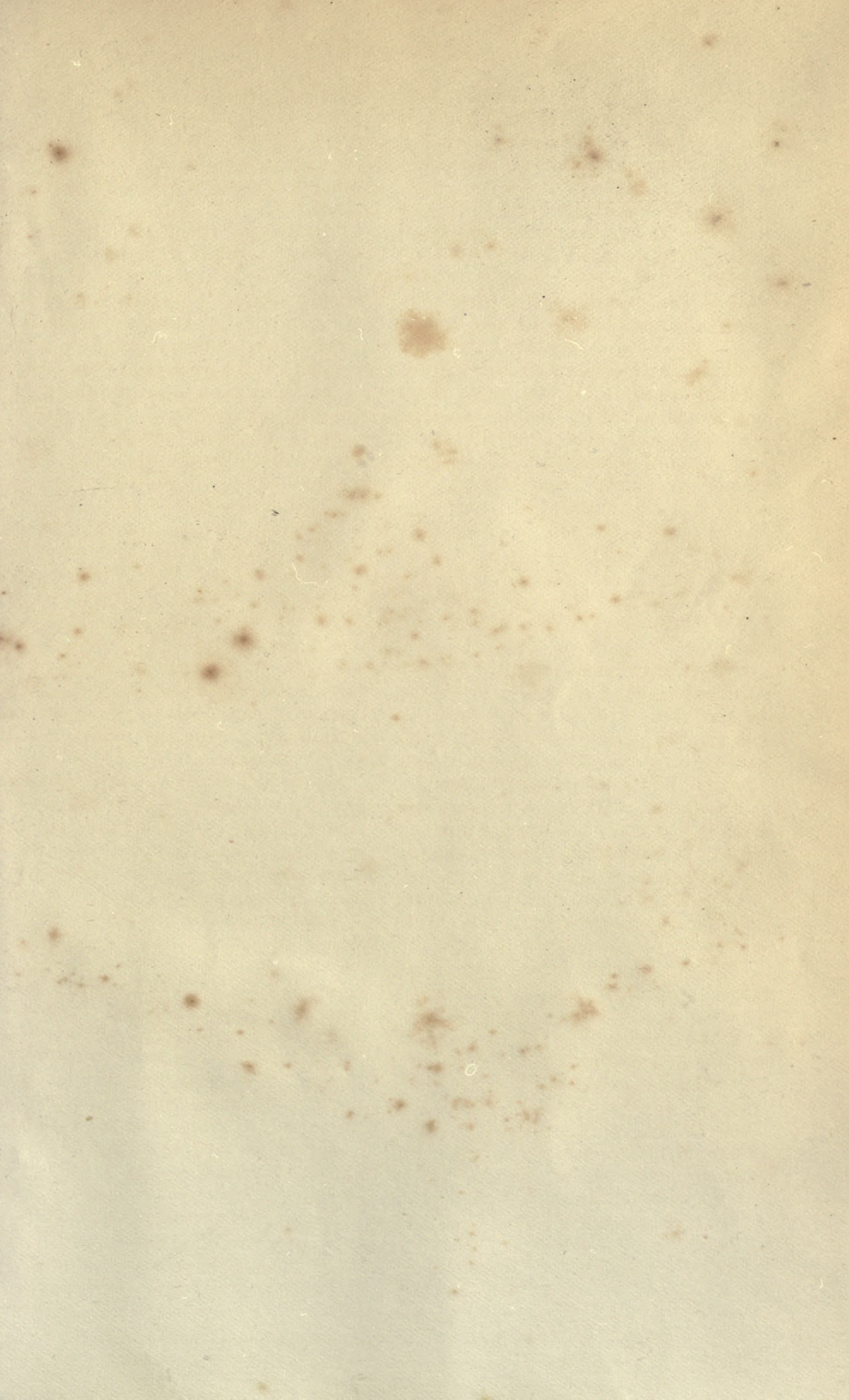

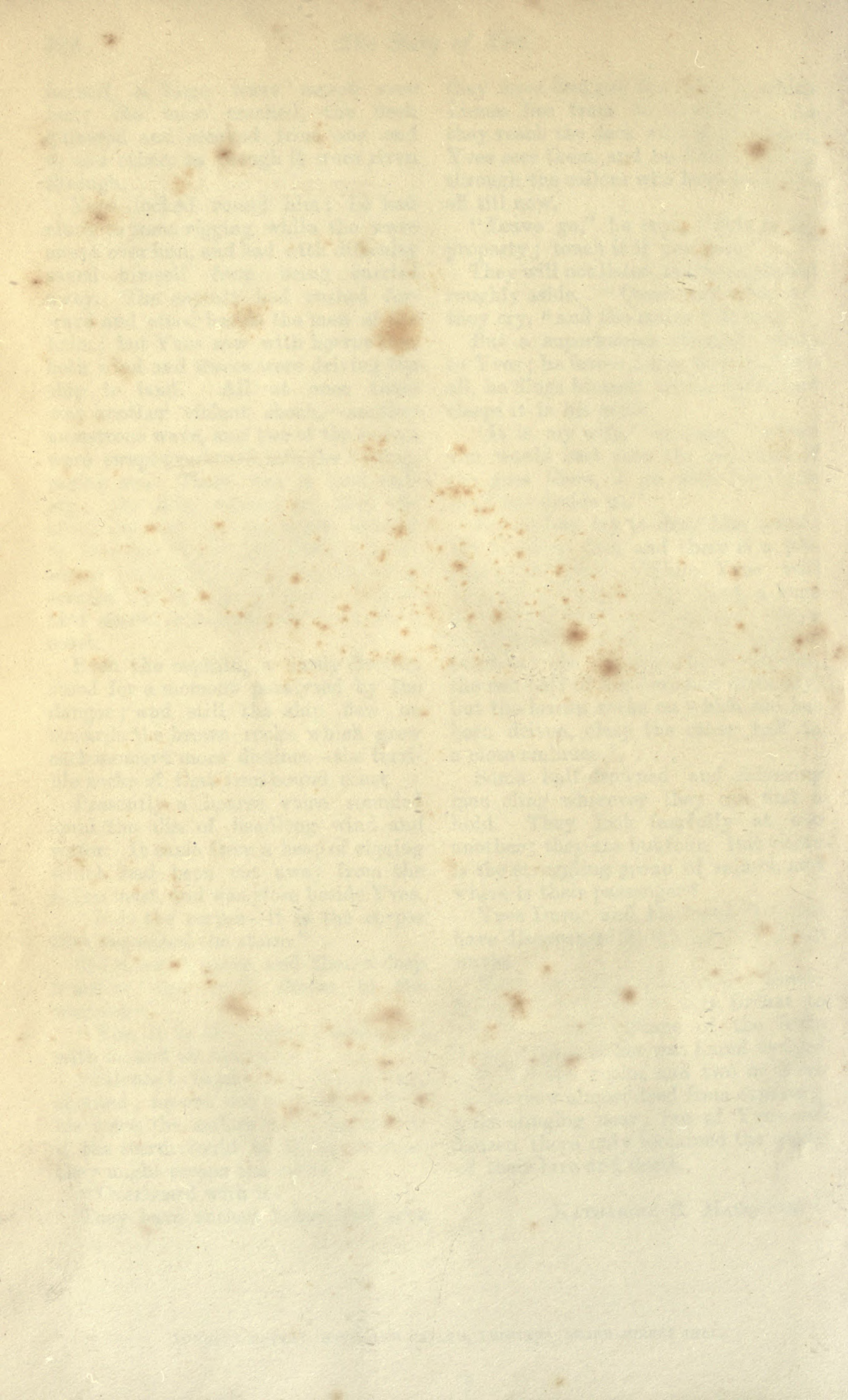

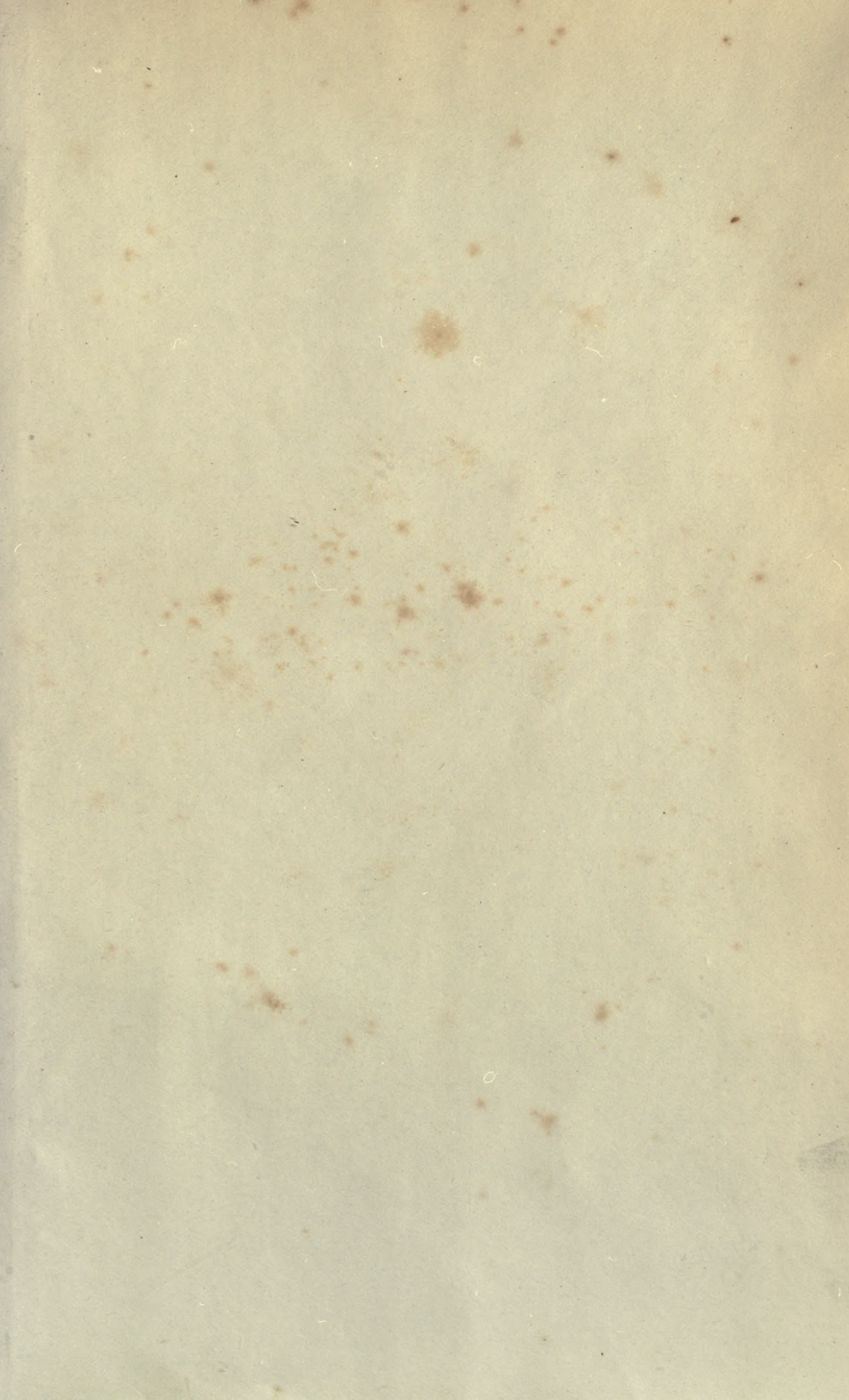

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