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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Art, The Pulse of English, in 1883	277
Christianity, The Emperor Julian's View of. By ALICE GARDNER	403
Corporal Punishment in Schools	481
Erin, A Bit of	208
French Souvenirs. By M. A. W.	141
Fisheries' Exhibition, The. By F. BARHAM ZINCKE	224
Fortune's Fool. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE :—	
Chapters XLI.—XLIII.	234
,, XLIV.—XLVI.	328
Conclusion	436
Garnier, Francis. By M. A. W.	309
Genius	494
Green, John Richard. In Memoriam. By JAMES BRYCE, M.P.	59
Greg, W. R. A. Sketch	109
Indian Policy, Plain Facts in. By SIR CHARLES HOBHOUSE, Bart.	465
Irish Local Government. By WILLIAM MORRIS	286
Land Nationalisation, The "Why" and the "How" of. By ALFRED R. WALLACE :—	
I.	357
II.	485
Land, State Socialism and Nationalisation of the. By the Right Hon. HENRY FAWCETT, M.P.	182
Mohl, Madame, Some Personal Recollections of. By M. C. M. SIMPSON	424
Naturalist's Paradise, A	42
Neglected Book, On a	414
Novelist, A Swiss Peasant. By M. A. W.	453
Panhellenic Festival of To-day, A	474
Ranche Life in the Far West	293
Renan's, M., Autobiography. By M. A. W.	213
Review of the Month :—	
May	74
June	156

	PAGE
Review of the Month (<i>continued</i>):—	
July	251
August	345
September	446
October	523
Scotch Universities Bill, The. By PROFESSOR JACK, LL.D.	50
Scramble for Wealth, The. By a LONDON ARTISAN	127
Sword, The Forms and History of the. By FREDERICK POLLOCK	195
Theatrical Criticisms, On some Recent. By MOWBRAY MORRIS	321
Trouting in England and America	368
Turkish Islands To-day, Two. By J. THEODORE BENT	299
Unwritten History. By PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., &c.	26
Virginian Gentleman, The Old	131
Vosges, In the Heart of the	394
Wizard's Son, The. By MRS. OLIPHANT:—	
Chapters XIX.—XXI.	1
,, XXII.—XXIV.	85
,, XXV.—XXVII.	165
,, XXVIII.—XXX.	261
,, XXXI.—XXXIII.	378
,, XXXIV.—XXXVI.	504
Wordsworth Society, Address to the. By MATTHEW ARNOLD	154

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1883.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XIX.

It would be difficult to describe the sensations with which Lord Erradeen found himself set at liberty, and on his way back, as he thought at first, to the easy mind, the quiet life, the undisturbed and undisturbing circumstances of his previous existence. He scarcely seemed to breathe till he had crossed the Border, and was outside of Scotland, feeling during that time, like a fugitive in full flight, incapable of thinking of anything except that he had eluded his pursuers and had escaped all possible risks and apprehensions. His trial had lasted nights and days, he could not tell how many. Now for the first time he had the calm, the leisure, the sense of safety, which were necessary for a review of all that he had gone through; he had seen the moon light up the pale line of the sea at Berwick, where Tweed falls into the waste of water, and the lights of Newcastle, turning into a shining highway the dark crescent of the Tyne, and then as the train pounded along through the darkness, with the throb and swing of life and speed, through the silence and night, his faculties seemed to come back to him, and his judgment to be restored. Through what a strange episode of existence had he passed since he saw the lights curve round the sides of

that river, and the great bridge striding over above the roofs of the sleeping town! And now he had escaped—had he escaped? He had time at least and quiet to think it all out and see where he stood.

He had been for nearly three weeks altogether on Loch Houran, during which time he had gone through the severest mental struggle he had ever known. It seemed years to him now since the moment when he had been suddenly confronted by the strange and mysterious personage who had assumed a tone towards him and claimed a submission which Walter had refused to yield. That this man's appearance had awakened in him a sensation of overwhelming excitement mingled with fear, that he had come in an unaccountable way, that he had been seen apparently by no one in the old castle but himself, that nobody had betrayed any consciousness of knowing who he was or how he was there, and yet that he had come and gone with a perfect acquaintance and familiarity with the place, the family, the estates, the story of the race; these were details which, with a tremulous sensation in his mind, as of a panic nearly over, he gathered together to examine and find out, if possible, what they meant. He had been unable during the time that followed, when he had taken refuge in Auchnasheen, to exercise any discriminating faculty, or use his own

judgment upon these facts. At the moment of seeing and hearing occurrences which disturb the mind, reason is hampered in its action. Afterwards you may ask yourself, have you really heard and seen? but not when a definite appearance is before your eyes, or likely to re-appear at any moment, and a distinct voice in your ears. The actual then overmasters the soul; the meaning of it must be got at later. He had seen this man whose faculties and pretensions were alike so extraordinary, he had listened to the claim he made, he had been bidden to yield up his individual will and to obey under threatening of evil if he refused, and promises of pleasure and comfort if he consented. And Walter had said "No." He would have said No had an angel out of heaven appeared before him, making the same demand. He had been subjected to this strange trial at the very height of independence and conscious power, when he had newly begun to feel his own importance, and to enjoy its advantages. It had seemed to him absurd, incredible that such a claim should be made, even while the personality of the strange claimant had filled him with a sensation of terror, which he summoned all his forces to struggle against, without any success. He had been like two men during that struggle. One a craven, eager to fly, willing to promise anything might he but escape; the other struggling passionately against the stranger and refusing—refusing, night and day. When he went to Auchnasheen the character of the conflict within him had become more remarkable still. The man who claimed his obedience was no longer visible, but he had been rent asunder between the power of his own resisting spirit and some strange influence which never slackened, which seemed to draw him towards one point with a force which his unwillingness to yield made into absolute agony. Still he had resisted, always resisted, though without strength to escape, until the moment had come when by sudden inspiration of natural justice and pity

he had broken loose—by that, and by the second soul struggling in him and with him, by Oona's hand holding him and her heart sustaining him. This was the history of these two tremendous weeks, the most eventful in his life. And now he had escaped out of the neighbourhood in which he could feel no safety, out of the influence which had moved him so strangely, and was able to think and ask himself what it was.

The night was dark, and, as has been said, the moon was on the wane. She shed a pale mist of light over the dark country, where now and then there broke out the red glow of pit or furnace fires. The train swung onward with a rock of movement, a ploughing and plunging, the dim light in the roof swaying, the two respectable fellow-passengers each in his corner, amidst his wraps, slumbering uneasily. Walter had no inclination to sleep. He was indeed feverishly awake; all his faculties in wild activity; his mind intensely conscious and living. What did it all mean? The events which had affected him to a passionate height of feeling with which his previous life had been entirely unacquainted—was it possible that there was any other way of accounting for them? To look himself in the face as it were, and confess now at a distance from these influences that the man to whom he had spoken in the language of to-day was one of the fabulous men in whom the ignorant believe, his own early ancestor—the still existing, undying founder of the house, was, he said to himself, impossible. It could not be; anything else—any hypothesis was more credible than this. There was no place for the supernatural in the logic of life as he had learned it. Now that he had recovered control of himself, it was time for him to endeavour to make out a reason for the hallucination in which he had almost lost himself and his sober senses. And accordingly he began to do it; and this is what he said to himself. His imagination had

been excited by all that had happened to him; the extraordinary change in his circumstances which seemed almost miraculous, and then the succession of incidents, the strange half-communications that had been made to him, the old, ruinous house in which he had been compelled to shut himself up, the wonderful solitude, full of superstitious suggestions, into which he had been plunged. All these details had prepared his mind for something—he knew not what. He felt a hot flush of shame and mortification come over him as he remembered how easily, notwithstanding all his better knowledge, he, a man of his century, acquainted with all the philosophies of the day, had been overcome by these influences. He had expected something out of nature, something terrible and wonderful. And when such a state of mind is reached, it is certain (he thought) that something will arise to take advantage of it. Probably all these effects had been calculated upon by the individual, whoever he was, who haunted Kinloch Houran to excite and exploit these terrors. Who was he? Even now, so far out of his reach, so emancipated from his influence that he could question and examine it, Walter felt a certain giddiness come over his spirit at this thought, and was glad that one of his fellow-passengers stirred and woke, and made a shivering remark, How cold it was, before he again composed himself to sleep. It was very cold. There was an icy chill in the air which penetrated through the closed windows. But nothing else could come in—nothing else! and it could be but a sudden reflection from his past excitement that made Walter feel for a moment as if another figure sat opposite to him, gazing at him with calm sarcasm, and eyes that had a smile in them. When the giddiness passed off, and he looked again, there was (of course) no one opposite to him, only the dark blue cushions of the unoccupied place. Who was this man then who held a sort of court in

Kinloch Houran, and demanded obedience from its proprietor? He was no creature of the imagination. Excited nerves and shaken health might indeed have prepared the mind of the visitor for the effect intended to be produced upon him; but they could not have created the central figure—the powerful personality from whom such influence flowed. Who was he? The circumstances were all favourable for a successful imposture, or even a mystification. Suppose it to be some member of the family aggrieved by the promotion of a far-off branch, some dependent with so much knowledge of the secrets of the race as to be able to play upon the imagination of a novice, with mysterious threats and promises; perhaps, who could tell, a monomaniac, the leading idea of whose delusion was to take this character upon him? Walter's breast lightened a little as he made out one by one these links of explanation. It was characteristic of his time, and the liberality of mind with which modern thought abjures the idea of absolute imposture, that the sudden suggestion of a monomaniac gave a great relief and comfort to him. That might explain all—a man of superior powers crazed in this point, who might have convinced himself that he was the person he claimed to be, and that it was the interest of the family he had at heart. Such a being, acquainted with all the mysterious passages and hiding places that exist in such old houses, able to appear suddenly from a secret door or sliding panel, to choose moments when nature herself added to the sense of mystery, hours of twilight and darkness when the half-seen is more alarming than anything fully revealed—this would explain so much that the young man for the moment drew a long breath of relief, and felt half-consciously that he could afford to ignore the rest.

And in the sense of this relief he fell asleep, and dreamed that he stood again at Mrs. Forrester's door in the Isle, and saw the light on the old tower

of Kinloch Houran, and felt the attraction, the drawing and dragging as of some force he could not resist; and woke up with the blow he gave himself against the rail that supported the netting on the opposite side of the carriage, against which he struck his head in his rush towards the place to which he had felt himself called. He staggered back into his seat, giddy and faint, yet thankful to feel that it was only a dream; and then had to begin his self-arguments over again, and trace once more every link of the chain. A monomaniac—yes, that might be the explanation; but whence then that power which drew him, which he had fought against with all the powers of his being at Auchnasheen, which he had never given in to, but which, even in the reflection of it given in his dream, was vivid enough to awaken him to a new branch of the question? Magnetism, mesmerism, he had heard of, and scorned as other names for charlatanism; but when you are searching anxiously for the means of accounting for mysterious phenomena you are glad to seize upon explanations that at another moment would be little satisfactory. Walter said to himself that the madman of Kinloch Houran—the monomaniac, must possess these strange powers. He might know many secrets, though his wits were gone astray. He might be sane enough to have a purpose, and to cultivate every possible means of affecting the mind he wished to work upon. Such curious combinations of madness and wisdom were not beyond human experience. Perhaps at the end of all his arguments, having fully convinced himself, the thread of the reasoning escaped him, for he suddenly shuddered and grew pale, and shrank into his corner, drawing his wraps close round him and raising the collar of his coat to his very eyes, as if to shut out some bewildering, overwhelming sight. But by this time the wintry day was breaking, and the stir of awakened life reached the other travellers, who woke and stretched themselves, shivering in

the chill of the dawn, and began to prepare for their arrival. One of them spoke to Walter, expressing a fear that he was ill, he looked so pale, and offering his services to “see him home.” The young man indeed felt as if he had come through a long illness when he stepped forth upon the platform at King’s Cross, and felt that he had escaped from his fever and his trouble, and had new ways and new thoughts—or rather the repose of old thoughts and old ways—before him for some time to come.

He remained in London all day, and after his bath and his breakfast, felt the rising of a new life, and began to remember all the good things which he had partially forgotten, but which surely were more than enough to counterbalance the evil things, of which, when you set your mind to it, after all, so feasible an explanation could be found. London was at its darkest, and nothing invited him in the foggy and murky streets; nevertheless he lingered with that mixture of old habit and mental indolence which wastes so much time and disperses so many admirable resolutions. He went in the morning to see the house which belonged to him in Park Lane, and which was empty for the moment. It was one of those which look out from pleasant, large bow-windows upon the brightness of the Park and the cheerful thoroughfare. Even at such a moment it had a kind of brightness—as much light as could be got in London. It gave Walter a real pleasure to think of furnishing it for his mother, of seeing her take her place there and enter upon a larger life, a mode of existence for which he felt—with a glow of pride in her—she was more qualified than for the smaller village routine at Sloebury. His energy even went so far as to direct that the house should be put in order and prepared for occupation. And if he had gone home at once after this feat, not all the threatenings of his mysterious enemy would have prevented a pleasant re-beginning of his

old life. But he did not; he lingered about the streets, about the hotel to which he had gone in the morning, for no particular reason, and it was late when he started for Sloebury—late and dark and cold, and his sleepless night and all the excitements from which he had fled, began to tell upon him. When he reached the familiar station his cheerfulness and good-humour had fled. And all the pleasant anticipations of the homecoming and the comfort with which he had remembered that existence, free of all mystery, in which he had seldom done anything but what seemed good in his own eyes, abandoned him as he stepped into the drizzle of a dark and rainy December night, into the poor and badly-lighted streets that surround a railway everywhere, and turn the worst side of every town to the eyes of strangers. He sent Symington and his baggage off before him, and himself set out to walk, with that incomprehensible pleasure in a little further delay which is so general. Stepping out into the mean streets had all the effect upon Walter's tired frame and capricious and impatient mind, of sudden disenchantment. His imagination perhaps had been affected by the larger atmosphere from which he had come, and he had forgotten the dinginess and poverty, which never before had struck him with the same force. The damp drizzle which was all there was for air, seemed to suffocate him; the pavement was wet and muddy, dirt and wretchedness pervaded everything. Then he began to realise, as he walked, the scene he was going to, which he could call up before him with such perfect distinctness of memory. Home! It used to be the centre, in books, of all pleasant thoughts—the tired wanderer coming to rest and shelter, the prodigal out of hunger and misery to forgiveness and the fatted calf, the "war-beaten soldier" from his cold sentry's march, the sailor from the wet shrouds and gloomy seas—to good fires and welcomes, kisses and a hot supper. But

that primitive symbol of imagination, like so many others, has got perhaps somewhat soiled with ignoble use; and it never was, perhaps, from this point of view that young men of Walter Methven's type regarded the centre of family life, to which they returned when there was nothing better to do, with a sort of penitential sense of the duties that were considered binding there, and the preposterous things that would be expected of them.

Lord Erradeen who had been longing for that safe and sensible refuge where no exaggeration or superstition prevailed, suddenly felt it rise before him like a picture of still life as he walked towards it. His mother seated knitting at one side of the fire, with a preoccupied look, listening for his step outside, the evening newspaper, and a novel from Mudie's on the table. Miss Merivale opposite working crewel work, and putting a question now and then as to when he was expected: the two lamps burning steadily, the tick of the clock in the foreground, so to speak, the soul of the silent scene. The other accessories of the piece were all conventional ones: fire blazing brightly, now and then breaking into the monologue of the clock with a sudden rush and jet of flame, or dropping of ashes; curtains drawn, sofas and chairs within the glow of the warmth, ready for the new-comer's choice. There would be a sudden springing up, a disturbance of the perfect order of all these arrangements, on his entrance. He would be made to sit down in far too warm a corner; his personal appearance would be commented upon; that he was looking well, or ill, or tired, or as fresh as possible. And then the cross-examination would begin. Walter reminded himself that this cross-examination was maddening, and that even as a boy at school he had never been able to bear it. When he had said that he was well, and consented, yes, that he had come home sooner than he expected, but no, that nothing was wrong, what was there more to say? To be sure he

had intended to say a great deal more, to pour forth all his troubles into his mother's sympathetic bosom; but that in any case could only have been when the two were alone. And would she understand him if he did so? Cousin Sophy—he could hear her in imagination—would give a sharp shriek of laughter at the idea of anything mysterious, at any suggestion of the supernatural (in which, of course, by this time Walter did not believe himself, but that was another matter). She would shriek even derisively at the idea that mesmerism could have affected any man in his senses. And his mother—what would she do? not shriek with laughter, that was not her way; but smile perhaps with a doubtful look to see whether it was possible that he could be in earnest in this incredible story of his. No, she would not believe him, she would think he was under the influence of some hallucination. She would look at him with a shock of something like contempt, an annoyed dismay that *her* son should be so incredulous, or so weak. Walter's imagination leaped back to the other warm and softly lighted room on the Isle, the innocent mother talking, who would have believed everything, the girl standing by who did understand, and that almost without a word. Ah, if that indeed were home! Thus with a sudden revulsion in his mind, shutting himself up, and double-locking the door of his heart—even before he had come to the door of the house, to which his mother, he knew, would rush to meet him, hearing and distinguishing his step—he went home.

Mrs. Methven who had been on the watch all day, opened the door to him as he foresaw. She was trembling with anxiety and pleasure, yet self-restrained and anxious not to betray the excitement which probably he would think uncalled for; she took his wraps from him, and helped to take off his great-coat giving an aid which was quite unnecessary, but which he, on his side commanding him-

self also, did his best to accept with an appearance of pleasure. "You have not dined," she said, "there is something just ready. We waited half an hour, but I thought you would prefer to come by this train. Come in and get thawed, and let me look at you, while they bring up your dinner." She took him by the arm as she spoke, and led him into the drawing-room where everything was exactly as he had imagined. And she drew him, as he had imagined, too close to the fire, and drawing the softest chair, said "Sit down, dear, and get warm."

"I am not a bit cold. I have walked, you know, from the station. How do you do, Cousin Sophy? Your room is too warm, mother, I always tell you so. However it looks very cheerful after the wet and mud outside," he said, with an attempt to be gracious.

"The rain makes everything dismal out of doors. Has it been raining all the way? You have had a dreadful journey, my poor boy."

"Of course it is warmer here than in Scotland," said Miss Merivale.

And then there was a pause, and his mother looked at him more closely by the light of the lamp. She was just going to say "You are not looking very well"—when Walter broke in.

"I hear a tray coming, and I am very hungry. I shall go into the dining-room, mother, and join you by and by."

"I will go too and wait upon you, Walter. I mean to wait upon you myself to-night. I hope your lordship has not grown too fine for that," she said with an attempt at playful ease. It was a relief to leave Miss Merivale, and have her son all to herself. She put his chair to the table for him, and brought the claret which had been warming, and handed him his plate with a smile of content. "It is pleasant to serve one's boy," she said, "and we don't want any third person. I have so much to hear, and to ask—"

An impatient prayer that she would

not begin the moment he sat down to worry a fellow with questions was on Walter's lips ; but he forbore, doing his very best to command himself. To sit in his old place, to feel his old impulse, to find the claret too warm, and the potatoes cold, was almost too much for him ; but still like a hero he forbore. And she took advantage of his magnanimity. She never relaxed her watch upon him. That is the penalty one pays for having one's mother to serve one : a servant is silent at least. She asked him if he would not have a little more, just this little piece which was very nicely done ? Some of the vegetables which were better cooked than usual ? A little salad ? Some stewed fruit with that Devonshire cream which he used to like ? A little of his favourite cheese ? She was not in general a fussy woman, but she was so anxious after the *rapprochement* that had taken place on the eve of his going away, to please him, to preserve that tenderer strain of feeling—if it could be done this way ! And yet all the time she was restraining herself not to say too much, not to worry him. A woman has to exercise such wiles often enough for her husband's benefit ; but it is hard to go through the process again for her son.

He bore it all with a devouring impatience, yet self-restraint too—not entreating her in words to let him alone for heaven's sake ! as he would so fain have done. Perhaps there was something to be said on his side also ; his mind was laden with care and anxiety, and wanted repose above all ; and this wistful over-anxiety and desire to propitiate by details was irritating beyond description. He did not know how to put up with it. Love itself is sometimes very hard to put up with—embarrassing, officious, not capable of perceiving that to let its object alone is the best. Mrs. Methven did not know how to propitiate him—whether to show her interest or to put on a form

of indifference. All her urgency about his dinner, was it not to spare him the questions which she knew he did not love ? But that succeeded badly, and her curiosity, or rather her anxiety, was great.

"How did you like Kinloch Houran ?" she ventured to say at last. What a question ! It seemed to Walter that a glance at his face would have shown her how inappropriate it was.

"Like Kinloch Houran !" he said. "If you want a categorical answer, mother—and I know you are never satisfied with anything else—not at all !"

"I am sorry for that, Walter, since it seems a place you must have a great deal to do with. Auchnasheen, then, was that better ? You must teach me to pronounce the name."

"Auchnasheen, if possible, was worse," he said. "I shall never be able to endure either the one or the other, or forget the associations. Don't make me think of them, please. When I got home I thought I should be able to escape all that."

"My dear, I beg your pardon : I did not know. Was the weather then so bad ? They say it always rains—and the place very dull, of course, so far in the wilds ? But you said in your letter that the lake was lovely, and that there were some pleasant people——"

He put up his hand, begging her to go no further. "It was lovely enough if you like, but I hate the place ; isn't that enough ? I shall never go back with my free will."

Mrs. Methven looked at him in astonishment. "I thought——" she said, "you remember how fantastic you thought it, and mediæval—that you had to make a periodical visit to the old home of the race ?"

His very lips trembled with irritation. He had written about all that in the first days of his absence, and even after his arrival at Loch Houran, making fun of the old world

stipulation. She might have divined, she thought, that it was a very different matter now. "I am sorry to keep you so long here, out of your own comfortable corner," he said. "You never like sitting in the dining-room. It is brutal of me to keep you here."

"No, Walter, it is my pleasure," she cried; then, poor soul, with that most uncalled-for, unprofitable desire for information, "And there are so many things I want to know——"

He commanded himself with a great effort. "Mother," he said, "I have not enjoyed my visit to Scotland. There are a great many things that perhaps I may be able to talk of hereafter if you will give me time, but that I don't want even to think of now. And I'm tired with my journey; and everything is not *couleur de rose*, as you seem to think. Let me alone, if you can, for to-night."

"Let you alone—if I can!" She was so startled, so bitterly disappointed, that for a moment or two she could not speak. And this aggravated Walter still more.

"Mother," he cried, getting up from his unsatisfactory meal, "I hope you are not going to make a scene the first night."

Thus, without any intention, with indeed the strongest desire to adopt a better way, this was how young Lord Erradeen resumed his intercourse with his mother. And yet Oona's mother, with all her little gentle affectations, with her kind effusiveness which there was no withstanding, had given him the sincerest sense of home and a refuge from trouble. Was it Oona's presence that explained all, or was there something more subtle underneath? There followed on this occasion no scene; but when Mrs. Methven returned to the drawing-room alone, leaving Walter, as she said, in peace to smoke his cigar after his dinner, Miss Merivale's keen eyes perceived at once that the traveller's meal had not been a happy ceremonial.

"I daresay he is tired," she said.

"Yes, he is tired—almost too tired to eat. Smoke is the grand panacea," said Mrs. Methven, with a smile.

"The worst of smoke is that it is so unsociable," said Miss Merivale, cheerfully, picking up her book. "I think I'll go to bed and leave you free for your talk with Walter when the cigar's done. Oh yes, you will get on better by yourselves. You will get more out of him if you are alone. But I dare say you won't get very much out of him. It will come by scraps—a little at a time; and he will be quite astonished that you don't know—by instinct, I suppose. Men are all like that."

It was very kind of Cousin Sophy. Mrs. Methven gave her a kiss of gratitude as she took her candle and went away. But the expedient after all did little good. Walter lingered over his cigar, growing less and less inclined for any confidences, while his mother lingered in the drawing-room, hoping he would come to her; and Cousin Sophy, by far the most comfortable of the three, established herself cosily in her easy chair by her bedroom fire, with a yellow novel. Miss Merivale had aspirations beyond Mudie. She thought the French writers far more subtle and searching in their analysis of character than her compatriots ever were, and she liked their boldness, and the distinctness with which they cut away all pretences and showed humanity as it was. She had no opinion of humanity—but yet she was in her way very good-natured, and would even go out of her way to show kindness to one of her fellow-creatures, as she had done to-night. Though her own room looked comfortable, and was so indeed up to a certain point, Miss Merivale, if nobody else, was aware that there was a draught which there was no eluding,—a draught which, whatever you might do, caught you infallibly in the back of the neck. She had taken down the curtains and put them up again. She had changed the position of her seat.

She had bought a folding screen. She had even changed her chair and procured a high-backed old-fashioned thing, something like that cushioned sentry-box in which porters delight; but in no way could she escape this draught, except in bed, and it was much too early to go to bed. Therefore she had made a distinct sacrifice of personal comfort in coming so soon up stairs. She sat there and mused, asking herself what boys were born for, or at least by what strange mistake Providence ever committed them to the charge of women; and why it was that they could not be happy or natural with the people they belonged to. "I feel almost sure now," she said to herself, "that I shall have a stiff neck to-morrow, to no purpose, and that those two down stairs are sitting in separate rooms, and will not say a word to each other."

It was a curious, very curious reading of an English home, could any spectator have looked through the secure covering of that respectable roof, or through the curtains that veiled the windows, and seen the two rooms in which these two persons sat each alone. How was it? Why was it? The mother had no thought but for her son. The son was not unkind or heartless, but full of good qualities. And yet at a moment when he had much to tell, and she was eager to hear, they sat in two separate rooms, as if they were fellow-lodgers and no more. Cousin Sophy, who was a sensible woman, with much kind feeling towards both, though she was not perhaps the kind of person from whom any high degree of unselfish devotion was to be looked for, sat and shook her head, and "wondered at it," as the ladies at Camelot did over Elaine. But it was a greater wonder than Elaine.

Was it, perhaps, the beginning of the fulfilment of that threat that everything would go ill with him, which had been made at Kinloch Houran? But if so it was no new ill, but only the further following out of an evil that had been growing for years.

CHAPTER XX.

SOMETHING of the same perversity which had turned all his good resolutions to nothing on the night of his arrival, affected Walter when he went out next morning into Sloebury. The place had narrowed and grown small in every way. There was no horizon, only lines of brick houses; no space, only the breadth of a street; no air to breathe for a man who had come from the wide solitude of the hills, and the keen freshness of the Highland breezes. Everything here was paltry, and monotonous, and small; the people who met him—and he met everybody, and there was not a man who could claim the slightest acquaintance with him, or a woman who had seen him once in her neighbour's drawing-room who did not make some use of the acquaintance with Lord Erradeen—seemed to have dwindled along with the scene. They had never been distinguished by intelligence or originality, but he had not been aware how paltry they were before. Had he seen Jeremy's new turn-out? all the men inquired of him. He had already heard of it from Miss Merivale, who had given him a sketch of the history of the town, and what had happened during his absence, at breakfast. It was a high phaeton "which I suppose must be the fashion," Miss Merivale said. "You should really see it," cried all the young men, with details about the harness, and the high-stepping mare which were endless. What did Lord Erradeen care for young Jeremy's phaeton or the high-stepping mare? but it was the only topic at Sloebury—that, and a report which Miss Merivale had also furnished him with, about Julia Herbert. "Your old flame: no doubt it was to console herself in your absence," said Cousin Sophy. This was disagreeable too. Walter did not care to hear that the girl who had distinguished himself and been distinguished by him should

make herself remarkable in a flirtation with another man. He did not want her indeed, but he objected to the transfer of her affections. And everything around looked so barren, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Perhaps it was the quickening of life which his recent experiences, painful though they had been, had brought him, which made him feel how dead-alive everything was. At Loch Houran his mind had gone back to the safe and peaceable commonplace of his native town with something like an enthusiasm of preference for its calm common sense, and superiority to the fever and excitements of that life upon the edge of the supernatural. Now it seemed to him that superstition itself, not to speak of the heats and chills of human passion, were higher things than this cynic-steadiness, this limit of matter-of-fact. What would Sloebury think of those things that had been so real to him, that had rent his very being asunder? He could imagine the inextinguishable laughter with which his story would be greeted, and blushed at the possibility of betraying himself. A seer of ghosts and visions, a victim of mesmerism! He would become in a moment the scorn, as he was at present the envy, of the town. Not a soul of them would understand. His experiences must be buried in his own bosom, and no one here must ever know that he had got beyond that surface of life to which all their knowledge was confined. When he met Underwood indeed this determination wavered a little: but then Underwood looked at him with an eagerness of inspection which was still more offensive. What did the fellow mean? Did he think it likely that he, a stranger, a person whom the better people disapproved, should be chosen as the confidant of Lord Erradeen?

"You have come back very soon," the captain said; as indeed did everybody whom he met.

"No—not sooner than I intended," said Walter, coldly. "It was busi-

ness merely that took me there at all."

Underwood examined his face with a curiosity that had knowledge in it. "I know that country so well," he said. "I should like to know what you think of it. Of course you were at Auchnasheen? I have been weeks there, with the late lord—and at the old castle too," he added, with a keen look.

"You were interested in the architecture, I suppose."

Underwood said nothing for a moment. Then suddenly—"I wish you'd come and talk to me about it!" he cried. "Any time that you will come I'll shut out everybody else. I'll keep myself free—"

"My dear fellow," Walter said in a supercilious tone, "why should I make Sloebury pay the penalty, and banish your friends from you for my selfish advantage?" To remember the time when this man had taken notice of him and been his superior, gave him a sense of impatient indignation. "Besides, I don't know that there is anything to say."

"Oh, as you please," said Underwood; but when they passed each other, he turned back and laid a hand on Walter's sleeve. "I keep early hours now," he said. "After ten I am always free."

Lord Erradeen walked away, half-angry, half-amused, by the man's presumption, who, after all, was a nobody; but yet, he made a secret note in his mind, almost outside of his consciousness. After ten—It might, in the dreadful blank of those hours after ten at Sloebury (or even before ten for that matter), be a resource.

He had not gone very much further when he fell into another lion's mouth. But how wrong, how cruel, to apply such a phrase to the red and smiling mouth, fresh as the cherries in the song, of Miss Julia Herbert, on her way from the rectory where she paid her old aunt a daily visit, to the cottage in which she was her mother's stay and solace! She had

been flirting a great deal in Walter's absence, no one could deny. A young Wynn, a relation on the other side of the house, had been staying there, on leave from his regiment, and on such an occasion what else was there to do? But young Wynn was gone, and his circumstances were not such as to have stood in competition for one moment with Lord Erradeen. As soon as she saw him, Julia began to smile and wave her hand. If there was a little sense of guilt in her, so much the more reason for even an excess of friendliness now. And perhaps there was in Walter a certain desire to let the little world about, which had insisted upon her little infidelities, perceive that she was as much under his influence as ever, as soon as he chose to appear. This was not the way in which the world regarded the matter, if Walter had known. Instead of looking at him as the conquering hero, who had but to show himself, the spectators said pityingly that Julia Herbert had got hold of poor Lord Erradeen again.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried; then changed her tone with a very pretty blush, and said, "I ought to have said Lord Erradeen: but it was the surprise. And so you have come home?"

"I have come *back*," he said, with a little emphasis.

"I see it all. Forgive me that I should be so silly—*back*, of course; that means a few days, that means you have come for your boxes, or to see your mother, or to know her wishes respecting the new furniture of the banquetting hall. Shall it be mediæval or renaissance? If you ask my advice——"

"I do; of course, I do. It is for that chiefly I am here."

"That is what I thought. Renaissance, then. There, you have my opinion—with plenty of cupids and good, fat garlands——"

She laughed, and Walter laughed too, though he was not very much amused. But, of course, he could not

speak to a lady as he had spoken to Underwood.

"Come now, tell me about it," the young lady said. "You cannot refuse such a little bit of novelty to one who never sees anything new except a novel: and there is so little novelty in them! About what? Oh, about Scotland, and the scenery, and the old castle: and whom you met, and what you did. Mayn't I show a little curiosity—in one whom," she added with that exaggeration of sentiment which leaves room for a laugh, "I have known all my life?"

"That, I hope, is not all the claim I have on your interest," said Walter in the same tone.

"Oh, no, not half. There have been moments!—And then the romance of you, Lord Erradeen! It is delightful to touch upon the borders of romance. And your rank! I feel a great many inches higher, and ever so much elevated in my own estimation by being privileged to walk by your lordship's side. When are you going to take your seat and help to rule your country? They say the House of Commons is to be preferred for that. But there is nothing so delightful as a peer."

"How lucky for me that you should think so. I may walk with you, then, to the——"

"Corner," said Julia, "not too far; oh, certainly, not too far: or we shall have all the old ladies, male and female, making comments."

"I don't care for the old ladies—or their comments," said Walter: the fun was languid, perhaps, but yet it afforded a little occupation when one had nothing else to do.

"You? Oh, of course not, as you will escape presently, and know all my wiles by heart already, it cannot make much difference to you. It is I who have to be considered, if you please, my lord. They will say there is *that* Julia Herbert at her old tricks, trying to take in poor Lord Erradeen—a poor, innocent young man in the snares of that designing baggage! They will probably add that the police

should put a stop to it," Miss Herbert said.

"The deluded old ladies! Without knowing that it is exactly the other way——"

"Now that is the prettiest speech you ever made," said Julia. "I never heard you say anything so nice before. You must have been in very good society since you went away. Tell me, who was it?" she asked with her most insinuating look.

They were old practitioners both. They understood each other: they had flirted since they had been in long clothes, and no harm had ever come of it. This is, no doubt, what Miss Herbert would have said had any feminine critic interposed; but there was something more serious, as the feminine critic would have divined, at once, in Julia's eye. She meant more, not less, than she said; and she was anxious to know, having her eyes upon all contingencies like a wise general, what rivals might have come in the way.

"I have met scarcely any one," said Walter. "You cannot conceive what a lonely place it is. Oh, of course there are people about. I was promised a great many visitors had I stayed. On the other hand, even in winter, it is wonderfully beautiful. Coming back to this perfectly flat country, one discovers for the first time how beautiful it is."

"Yes," said Julia, indifferently; the beauty of the country did not excite her. "I have seen a photograph of your old castle. You can only get to it by water, Captain Underwood says. Oh, he has been a great authority on the subject since you went away. One of your castles is on Loch Houran; but the others——"

"If you like to call them castles," said Walter, gently flattered by these queries, "there are two of them on Loch Houran. One I call a ruin, and the other a shooting-box——"

"Oh, you lucky, lucky person; and a house in town, and another grand place in Scotland! Aren't you fright-

ened to trust yourself among poor people who have nothing? Don't you feel alarmed lest we should rush at you, and tear you to pieces, and divide your spoils? I am very romantic. I should have the old castle," she said, with a side glance of provocation and invitation.

Her watchful eyes perceived a change in his countenance as she spoke. There were limits, it was evident, to the topics her flying hand might touch. She went on cleverly without a pause——

"You wonder what I should do with it? Restore it, Lord Erradeen. Build the walls up again, and make everything as it used to be. I should enjoy that——and then the furnishing, how delightful! Don't you know that the aim and object of every rational being now is to make a little Victorian house look like a big Queen Anne one? or if not that, an Eastern harem with quantities of draperies, and mats and cushions. How much more delightful to have the real thing to work upon!"

"But my house is not a Queen Anne house, or an Oriental——"

"You don't like to say the word, you good, delicate-minded young man! Of course not; but a castle like the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. At all events you must ask mamma and me to pay you a visit, and I shall take my lute like Emily in that beautiful story, and a small but well-chosen collection of books; and then whatever happens——suppose even that you shut my lover up in one of your dungeons——"

"Which I should certainly do; nay, hang him on the gallows-hill."

"No, no," she said, "not hang him; let him have the death of a gentleman. Here we are at the corner. Oh, you are going my way? Well, perhaps that makes a difference. You meant to pay your respects to mamma? I don't think that I can in that case, Lord Erradeen, interfere with the liberty of the subject; for you have certainly a right, if you wish it, to call on mamma."

"Certainly I have a right. I am prepared to obey you in every other respect ; but Mrs. Herbert has always been very kind to me, and it is one of my objects——"

"How much improved you are!" cried Julia. "How nice you are! How grateful and condescending! Tell me whom you have been consorting with while you have been away. The Scotch have good manners, I have always heard. Who is your nearest neighbour in your old castle, Lord Erradeen?"

Walter cast about in his mind for a moment before he replied. He had no mind to profane the sanctity of the isle by betraying its gentle inmates to any stranger's curiosity. He said—"I think my nearest neighbour is a Mr. Williamson—not a distinguished name or person—who has a gorgeous great house and everything that money can buy. That means a great deal. It has all been made by sugar, or some equally laudable production."

"And Mr. Williamson—no, it is not distinguished as names go—has a daughter, Lord Erradeen?"

"I believe so, Miss Herbert."

"How solemn we are! It used to be Julia—and Walter. But never mind, when one gets into the peerage one changes all that. 'One fair daughter, and no more, whom he loved passing well!'"

"There is but one, I think ; sons in an indefinite number, however, which lessens I suppose, in a commercial point of view, the value of the lady."

"Lord Erradeen, you fill me with amazement and horror. If that is how you have been taught by your Scotch neighbours——"

"Miss Herbert, I am following the lead you have given me—trying humbly to carry out your wishes."

And then they looked at each other, and laughed. The wit was not of a high order, but perhaps that is scarcely necessary to make a duel of this kind between a young man and a young woman amusing. It was more than amusing to Julia. She was excited,

her bosom panted, her eyes shone—all the more that Walter's calm was unbroken. It was provoking beyond measure to see him so tranquil, so ready to respond and follow her lead, so entirely unlikely to go any further. He was quite willing to amuse himself, she said to herself, but of feeling in the matter he had none, though there had been moments! And it did not once occur to her that her antagonist was clever enough to have eluded her investigations, or that the smile upon his face was one of secret pleasure in the secret sanctuary whose existence he had revealed to no one—the little isle in the midst of Loch Houran and the ladies there. He went back to them while all this lively babble went on, seeing them stand and wave their hands to him, as he was carried away over the wintry water. He had come away with relief and eagerness to be gone ; but how fair it all looked as he turned back out of this scenery so different from his loch, and from the side of a girl who wanted to "catch" him, Walter knew. Odious words! which it is a shame to think, much less speak, and yet which are spoken constantly, and, alas! in some cases, are true.

Notwithstanding this lively consciousness of the young lady's meaning (which in itself is always flattering and propitiates as much as it alarms), Walter accompanied Julia very willingly to the cottage. He had not thought of going there so soon. It was a kind of evidence of interest and special attraction which he had not meant to give, but that did not occur to him at the moment. The mother and daughter exerted themselves to the utmost to make his visit agreeable. They insisted that he should stay to luncheon, they sang to him and made him sing, and talked and made him talk, and burned delicate incense before him, with jibes and flouts and pretences at mockery. They had the air of laughing at him, yet flattered him all the time. He was such a prize, so well worth taking a little trouble

about. The incense tickled his nostrils, though he laughed too, and believed that he saw through them all the time. There was no deception, indeed, on either side; but the man was beguiled and the woman excited. He went away with certain fumes in his brain, and she came down from the little domestic stage upon which she had been performing with a sense of exhaustion, yet success. Miss Williamson, a country beauty, or perhaps not even a beauty, with red hair and a Scotch accent, and nothing but money to recommend her! Money was much to ordinary mortals, but surely not enough to sweep away all other considerations from the mind of a young favourite of fortune. No! Julia believed in a certain generosity of mind though she was not herself sufficiently well off to indulge in it, and she could not think that money, important as it was, would carry the day.

In the meantime, it was apparent to all the world that Lord Erradeen had spent the greater part of his first day at Sloebury, at the Cottage; he had stayed to luncheon, he had promised to come back to practise those duets. A young man who has just come into his kingdom, and therefore in circumstances to marry, and likely in all human probability to be turning his thoughts that way, cannot do such things as this with impunity. If he had not meant something why should he thus have *affiché'd* his interest in her daughter, Mrs. Herbert asked herself in polyglot jargon. There was no reason why he should have done so, had he not meant it. Thus Walter walked into the snare though it was so evident, though he saw it very well, and though the sportswoman herself trailed it on the ground before him and laughed and avowed her deep design. In such cases fun and frankness are more potent than deceit.

Walter continued in Sloebury for two or three weeks. He found the stagnation of every interest intolerable. He had nothing to do, and

though this was a condition which he had endured with much composure for years before, it pressed upon him now with a force beyond bearing. And yet he did not go away. He betook himself to the Cottage to practise those duets almost every day; and presently he fell into the practice of visiting Captain Underwood almost every night; but not to confide in him as that personage had hoped. Underwood soon learned that a reference to Loch Houran made his companion silent at once, and that whatever had happened there the young lord meant to keep it to himself. But though Walter did not open his heart, he took advantage of the means of amusement opened to him. He suffered Captain Underwood to discourse to him about the turf; about horses, of which the young man knew nothing; about the way in which both pleasure and profit might be secured, instead of the ruin to which it is generally supposed that pursuit must lead. Underwood would have been very willing to "put" his young friend "up" to many things, and indeed did so in learned disquisitions which perhaps made less impression than he supposed upon a brain which was preoccupied by many thoughts. And they played a great deal, that deadly sort of play between two, which is for sheer excitement's sake, and is one of the most dangerous ways of gambling. Walter did not lose so much as might have been expected, partly because his interest flagged after a certain moment, and partly that his companion had designs more serious than those of the moment, and was in no hurry to pluck his pigeon—if pigeon it was, of which he was not yet sure.

Thus the young man held himself up to the disapproval of the town, which, indeed, was ready to forgive a great deal to a peer, but "did not like," as all authorities said, "the way he was going on." He was behaving shamefully to Julia Herbert, unless he meant to marry her, which she and her mother evidently believed to the derision of

all spectators; and to mix himself up so completely with Underwood, and abandon the society of his own contemporaries, were things which it was very difficult to forgive. He did not hunt as he had intended, which would have been an amusement suited to his position, partly because there was a good deal of frost, and partly because it was not an exercise familiar to Walter, who had never had the means of keeping horses. And the football club belonged to the previous ages, with which he now felt so little connection. Therefore, it happened after a time, notwithstanding the charm of his rank, that Sloebury felt itself in the painful position of disapproving of Lord Erradeen. Strange to say, he was very little different from Walter Methven, who was a young fellow who had wasted his time and chances—a kind of good-for-nothing. It was something of an insult to the community in which he lived, that he should be “caught” by the most undisguised flirt, and should have fallen under the influence of the person most like a common adventurer of any in Sloebury. He owed it at least to those who had contemplated his elevation with such a rush of friendly feeling that he should be more difficult to inveigle. Had he still been plain Walter Methven, he could not have been more easily led away.

The house in which Walter was the first interest, and which had risen to such high hopes in his elevation, was held in the strangest state of suspense by this relapse into his old ways. The only element of agreeable novelty in it was the presence of Symington, who had taken possession of the house at once, with the most perfect composure and satisfaction to himself. He was the most irreproachable and orderly retainer ever brought into a house by a young man returning home. He gave no trouble, the maids said; he was not proud, but quite willing to take his meals in the kitchen, and did not stand upon his dignity. Presently, however, it appeared that

he had got everything in his hands. He took the control of the dinner table, made suggestions to the cook, and even to Mrs. Methven herself when she ordered dinner, and became by imperceptible degrees the chief authority in the house. In this capacity he looked with puzzled and disapproving eyes at his young lord. His first inquiries as to where the horses were kept, and where he was to find his master's hunting things, being answered impatiently, with an intimation that Walter possessed neither the one nor the other, Symington took a high tone.

“You will, no doubt, take steps, my lord, to supply yourself. I hear it's a fine hunting country: and for a young gentleman like you with nothing to do——”

“Don't you think I can manage my own affairs best?” the young man said.

“It's very likely ye think so, my lord,” with great gravity, Symington said. He was laying the table for luncheon, and spoke sometimes with his back to Walter as he went and came.

“I suppose you are of a different opinion?” Walter said, with a laugh.

“Not always—not always, my lord. I've seen things in you that were very creditable—and sense too—and sense too!” said Symington, waving his hand. “I'm just thinking if I were a young gentleman in your lordship's place, I would get more enjoyment out of my life. But we never know,” he added piously, “what we might be capable of, if we were exposed to another's temptations and put in another's place.”

“Let me hear,” said Walter, with some amusement, “what you would do if you were in my place.”

“It's what I have often asked myself,” said Symington, turning round, and polishing with the napkin in his hand an old-fashioned silver salt cellar. “Supposing ye were rich and great that are at present nobody in particular, what would ye do? It's an awful difficult question. It's far

more easy to find fault. We can all do that. Your lordship might say to me, 'That silver is no' what it ought to be.' And I would probably answer, 'It's been in a woman's hands up till now,' which ye had never taken into consideration. And I may misjudge your lordship in the same way."

"Do you mean to say that I too have been in a woman's hands? But that is uncivil, Symington, to my mother."

"I would on no hand be unceevil to my lady; and it was not that I was meaning. To my thinking, my lord, you just dinna get enough out of your life. There is a heap of satisfaction to be got out of the life of a lord, when he has plenty of money, and five-and-twenty years of age like you. It is true your lordship is courting, which accounts for many things."

"What do you mean by courting? Come, we have had enough of this," Lord Erradeen said.

"I did not expect, my lord, that you would bide it long, though you were very good-natured to begin with. Courting is just a very well kent amusement, and no ill in it. But I will not intrude my remarks on your lordship. There is one thing though, just one thing," Symington said, rearranging the table with formal care. "You'll no be going north again, my lord, as well as I can reckon, for nigh upon another year?"

"What have you to do with my going north?" Walter cried impatiently.

"Your lordship forgets that I will have to go with ye, which gives me a hantle to do with it," said Symington imperturbably; "but that will no be at least till it's time for the grouse? It will always be my duty:—and my pleasure, and my pleasure!" he added with a wave of his hand, "to follow your lordship to the place ye ken of, and do my best for you: but in the meantime I'm thinking this place suits me real well, and I will just bide here."

"Bide here, you old Solomon!"

Walter cried, between laughter and wrath; "how do you know that you are to bide anywhere, or that I mean you to stay with me at all?"

Symington waved his hand dismissing this question with the contempt it merited. "I am just a person much attached to the family," he said, "and ye would not find it comfortable, my lord, up yonder, without me. But in the meantime ye will get a younger lad with my advice. And I'll just bide where I am with my lady, your mother, who is a lady of great judgment. I am getting an auld man; and your lordship is a young one; and if you are over-quiet at present, which is my opinion, it is no to be expected or desired that the like of that can last. Ye will aye find me here, my lord, when you want me. It will suit me far better at my years than running to and from upon the earth at the tail of a young lad. But as long as I can draw one foot after another, I will go with your lordship *up yonder*, and never fail ye," Symington said.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE manner of life of which Symington disapproved went on till Christmas was over, and the new year had begun. It was not a new kind of life, but only the old, heightened in some of its features; less tragical in its folly because the young man was now no longer dependent upon his own exertions, yet more tragical in so far that life had now great opportunities for him, and means of nobler living had he chosen. He received business letters now and then from Mr. Milnathort and from Shaw at Loch Houran, which he read with impatience or not at all. Business disgusted him. He had no desire to take the trouble of making up his mind on this or that question. He let his letters collect in a pile and left them there, while he went and practised his duets, or lighted his cigar with the pink paper of the telegram which called his attention to

letters unanswered, and went out to play *ecarte* with Underwood. He did not care for the *ecarte*. He did not care for the duets. Poor Julia's devices to secure him became day by day more transparent to him, and Underwood's attempts to gain an influence. He saw through them both, yet went on day by day. He was disgusted with them and with himself, and vaguely saw the difficulties which he was preparing for himself, yet went on all the same. The Herberts, mother and daughter, spoke of him with a secure proprietorship, and Julia, though never without that doubt which adventurers know, had almost a certainty of the coronet upon her handkerchief which she worked upon a cigar case for him by way of making quite sure what a viscount's coronet was. It is a pretty ornament. She was rather ashamed of her old-fashioned name, but that above it made everything right. Underwood for his part shook off the doubt which had been in his mind as to whether Lord Erradeen was a pigeon to be plucked. He thought of a campaign in town carried on triumphantly by means of his noble victim. It was worth waiting for after all.

And thus Christmas passed. Christmas, that season of mirth! There was the usual number of parties, at all of which Lord Erradeen was a favoured guest, and allowed himself to be exhibited as Miss Herbert's thrall. In these assemblies she used to talk to him about Miss Williamson. "Oh yes, a lady in Scotland, whose wealth is untold; hasn't Lord Erradeen told you? It is to be a match, I understand," Julia would say with a radiant countenance. "Sugar—or cotton, I don't remember which. When one has estates in the west Highlands, that is part of the programme. One always marries—sugar. That is a much prettier way of putting it than to say one marries money." This tantalised Sloebury a little, and painfully mystified Mrs. Methven who had never heard Miss Williamson's name; but it did not change the evident fact

that Lord Erradeen must either be engaged, or on the point of being engaged—or else that he was using Julia Herbert very ill. When the new year began, and it was suddenly announced that he was going away there was a flutter and thrill of excitement over all the town. The rector, who met Walter on his way to the railway, and who was aware of all the expectations connected with him, stared aghast at the intimation. "Going away!" he said, then put forth a tremulous smile. "Ah, I see! going on some visits, to pot a few pheasants before the season is over."

"I don't think that would tempt me," Walter said. "I am going to town, and my mother will follow shortly. It is a removal, I fear—"

"You are going from Sloebury! But then—but then——" The old clergyman gasped for breath.

"My friends think I have wasted a great deal too much time in Sloebury," Lord Erradeen said, and he waved his hand to the rector, who went home with his lower lip dropped, and his cheeks fallen in, in a consternation beyond words. His excitement was as great, though of a different kind, as on that day when he ran in from church with his surplice still on, and the most extraordinary disregard of decorum to carry the news of Walter's elevation in rank to his wife. "That fellow is going off without a word," cried Mr. Wynn. "He has been amusing himself, that's all; but you never will listen to me. That girl has been going too far, a great deal too far, her mother ought not to have allowed it. And now I shall hear nothing else wherever I go," the rector said. He was almost ready to cry, being old and a nervous man by nature. "I thought it was settled this time, and that we should have no further trouble with her," which was a contradiction of himself after the words he had begun with. Mrs. Wynn soothed him as best she could, though indeed she had been the one who had all along doubted Lord Erradeen's

"intentions," and bade the rash Julia beware.

"Perhaps," she said, "they have come to an understanding, my dear. For it was quite true what he told you: he has wasted too much time in Sloebury. A young man in his position should not hang about in a place like this."

"A young man in his position—should not raise expectations that are never to come to anything," the rector said; which was a truth so undeniable that even his peace-making wife could find nothing to reply.

The change of sentiment which led Walter away from Sloebury was accomplished almost in a moment. In a capricious and wayward mind, a touch is sometimes enough to change the entire direction of a life. He had been kept indoors by a cold, and for want of something else to do had read his letters, and even answered one or two of them. There were several from Shaw relating the course of events at Loch Houran; but these might not perhaps have moved him, had he not found inclosed in one of them a note, now somehow out of date, from Oona. It was very short and very simple. "I found I was not authorised to do anything with the poor Frasers except to tell them you would not be hard upon them: and I took it upon me to assure old Jenny that whatever happened you would never take the coo, and Granny that she should die in peace in her own house even—which she would like, I think, for the credit of the glen—if she should live to be a hundred. I think you will not disown my agency by doing anything contrary to this. My mother sends her best regards." There was nothing more: but the words acted upon Walter's dissatisfied mind like the sudden prick of a lance. It seemed to him that he saw her again standing, with a somewhat wistful look in her eyes, watching him as his boat shot along the gleaming water—her mother with her waving handkerchief, her nodding head, her easy smile, standing by. Oona

had said nothing, made no movement, had only stood and looked at him. How little she said now! and yet she was the only living creature (he said to himself in the exaggeration of a distracted mind) who had ever given him real help. She had given him her hand without hesitation or coquetry or thought of herself, to deliver him from his enemy—a hand that had purity, strength in its touch, that was as soft—as snow, he had said: cool, and pure, and strong. The thought of it gave him a pang which was indescribable. He rose up from where he sat among a litter of paper and books, the accumulations of an idle man, and went hurriedly to the drawing-room, where his mother sat alone by her fire—so much the more alone because he was in the next room, a world apart from her. He came in with a nervous excitement about him.

"Mother," he said, "I am going to town to-morrow."

She put down her book and looked at him. "Well, Walter?" she said.

"You think that is not of much importance; but it is, as it happens. I am going away from Sloebury. I shall never do any good here. I can't think why I have stayed—why *we* have stayed indeed; for it cannot have much attraction for you."

She put down the book altogether now. She was afraid to say too much or too little in this sudden, new resolution, and change of front.

"I can understand your feeling, Walter. You have stayed over Christmas out of consideration for——" She would have said "me" if she could, but that was impossible. "For the traditions of the season," she added, with a faint smile.

"That is a very charitable and kind way of putting it, mother. I have stayed because I am a fool—because I can't take the trouble to do anything but what suggests itself at the moment. Perhaps you think I don't know? Oh, I know very well, if that did any good. I am going to get the

house ready, and you will join me when it is fit for you to live in."

"I, Walter?" she said, with a startled tone. Her face flushed and then grew pale. She looked at him with a curious mixture of pleasure and pain. It seemed like opening up a question which had been long settled. Death is better than the reviving flutters of life when these are but to lead to a little more suffering and a dying over again. She added, somewhat tremulously, "I think perhaps it would be better not to consider the question of removal as affecting me."

"Mother," he said, almost wildly, his eyes blazing upon her, "your reproaches are more than I can bear."

"I mean no reproach," she said, quietly. "It is simple enough. Your life should not be fettered by cares which are unnecessary. I am very well here."

"We can't go all over it again," he said. "We discussed that before. But you will say I have been as selfish, as careless as ever I was: and it is true—worse. Ah, I wonder if this was part of the penalty? Worse, in the old way. That would be a sort of a devilish punishment, just like him—if one were so silly as to believe that he had the power."

"Of whom are you speaking, Walter?" asked his mother, startled. "Punishment—who can punish you? You have done nothing to put yourself in any one's power."

He gazed at her for a moment as she looked at him with anxious eyes, investigating his face to discover, if she could, what he meant. Then he burst into an excited laugh.

"I am getting melodramatic," he said, "by dint of being wretched, I suppose."

"Walter, what is this? If there is indeed anything hanging over you, for God's sake tell me."

She got up hurriedly and went to him in sudden trouble and alarm, but the sensation of the moment did not carry him any further. He put away

her hand almost impatiently. "Oh, there is nothing to tell," he said, with irritation. "You take everything *au pied de la lettre*. But I am going to town to-morrow, all the same."

And this he did, after a night in which he slept little and thought much. It may be thought that Oona Forrester's letter was a small instrument to effect so much, but it is not thus that influences can be reckoned. His mother had done a great deal more for him than Oona, but nothing she could have done or said could have moved him like the recollection of that small, soft hand by which he had held as if it were the anchor of salvation. It kept him from a sort of despair as he remembered it, through this turbulent night, as he lay awake in the darkness, asking himself could this be what his adversary meant? Not misfortune or downfall, which was what he had thought of, feeling himself able to defy such threats: but this self-abandonment to his natural defects, this more and more unsatisfactoriness of which he was conscious to the bottom of his heart. It did not occur to him that in the dread that came over him, and panic-stricken sense of the irresistible, he was giving the attributes of something far more than man to his maniac, or monomaniac, of Kinloch Houran. It was not the moment now to question what that being was, or how he had it in his power to affect the life and soul of another. The anguish of feeling that he was being affected, that the better part was being paralysed in him and the worse made stronger, was what occupied him now. When he got a little sleep in the midst of his tossings and troublings of mind and body, it was by the soothing recollection of Oona's refreshing, strengthening touch, the hand that had been put into his own and had given him the strength of two souls.

And so it was that next morning, when he ought to have been practising those duets at Julia Herbert's side, he was hurrying up to London as fast

as steam and an express train could carry him. It was not perhaps the best place to go to for spiritual reformation, but at least it was a beginning of something new. And in the force of this impulse he went on for some time, proceeding at once to Park Lane, to push forward the preparations of the house, securing for himself a servant in the place of Symington, and establishing himself, for the interval that must elapse before the house was ready for him, in chambers. In this way he found occupation for a week or two. He made an effort to answer his letters. He suffered himself to go through certain forms of business with the London lawyers who were the correspondents of Mr. Milnathort; and so for a short time found himself in the position of having something to do, and, still more strange, of doing it with a lightness of mind and enlivenment of life which was extraordinary, and without a reflection in respect to the duets and the ecarte. They were over, these *délaissements*, and that was all about it. Why should there be any consequences to follow? He had meant nothing in either case, neither to marry Miss Herbert nor to make Captain Underwood his chosen companion, and why should they object to his withdrawal? He had not forced the duets upon Julia, or the play upon the captain. He had been invited, urged in both cases. But indeed he was so easy in his mind on those subjects that he did not even take the trouble to argue them out in this way. The argument passed vaguely through the background of his mind, as what might be said if any accusation were made against him: but he did not see that there was any ground for accusation, nor was he conscious of the least tinge of remorse or sense of guilt.

It was not such plain sailing however after the beginning. Established in chambers which were pleasant enough, with plenty of money, with youth and health, and what was still

more, as he thought, with rank and a title which had the effect of making everybody civil and more than civil to him, Lord Erradeen suddenly awoke to the fact that he was less than nobody in the midst of that busy world of London in which there are so many people who love a lord. Yes; but before you can love a lord, invite him, caress him, make his time pass agreeably, you must know him. And Walter knew nobody. The most curious, the most rueful-comic, insignificant-important of all preliminaries! The doors were open, and the entertainment ready, and the guest willing; but there was no master of the ceremonies to bring him within the portals. It had not occurred to him until he was there, nor had he thought, even had his pride permitted him to ask for them, of the need of introductions, and some helping hand to bring him within the reach of society. Society, indeed, had as yet scarcely come back to town, but yet there was a sprinkling at the club windows, men were to be seen in Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and even a few carriages with ladies in them frequented the park. But what did that matter to him who knew nobody? He had no club. He was a stranger from the country. No house was open to him; he went about the streets without meeting a face he knew. To be sure, this must not be taken as an absolute fact, for there were people he knew, even relations, one very respectable clan of them, living at Norwood, in the highest credit and comfort, who would have received him with open arms. And he knew Mr. Wynn, the rector's nephew, a moderately successful barrister, who called upon and asked him to dinner with extreme cordiality, as did one or two other people connected with Sloebury. But in respect to the society to which he felt himself to belong, Walter was like the Peri at the gate of Paradise. He knew nobody. Had ever any young peer with means to keep up his rank, been in such a position before? It

gave him a certain pleasure to think upon one other, born to far higher fortunes than himself, who had entered London like this in inconceivable solitude. Byron! a magnificent example that went far to reconcile him to his fate. Walter thought a great deal of the noble poet in these days, and studied him deeply, and took pleasure in the comparison, and consolation in the feeling that he could enter thoroughly into all those high, scornful-wistful, heroic utterances about mankind. The Byronic mood has gone out of fashion; but if you can imagine a youth, richly endowed by fortune, feeling that his new honours should open every door to him, and also a little that he was fit to hold his own place with the best, yet perceiving no door move on its hinges, and forced to acknowledge with a pang of surprise and disappointment, and that sense of neglected merit which is one of the most exquisite pangs of youth, that nobody cared to make his acquaintance, or even to inquire who was Lord Erradeen! It is all very well to smile at these sentiments where there has been no temptation to entertain them. But the young peer, who knew nobody, entered completely into Byron's feelings. He pondered upon the extraordinary spectacle of that other young peer strolling haughtily, with his look like a fallen angel, up between the lordly ranks to take his hereditary seat: all those representatives of the old world staring coldly at him, and not one to be his sponsor and introduce him there. The same thing Walter felt would have to happen in his own case, if he had courage enough to follow the example of Byron; and he felt how hollow were all his honours, how mean the indifferent spectators round him, how little appreciated himself, with all the keenness of youthful passion and would-be cynicism. Unfortunately, he was not a Byron, and had no way of revenging himself upon that world.

This curious and irritating discovery, after all his good resolutions, had, it

need scarcely be said, the reverse of an elevating influence upon him. He sought the amusement from which his equals shut him out in other regions. Strolling about town in an aimless way, he picked up certain old acquaintances whose renewed friendship was of little advantage. There will always be black sheep everywhere, and it is no unprecedented case for a boy from a public school, or youth from the university, to come across, six or seven years after he has left these haunts of learning, stray wanderers, who in that little time have fallen to the very depth of social degradation. When such a thing happens to a young man, the result may be a noble pity and profound impression of life's unspeakable dangers, and the misery of vice; or it may be after the first shock a sense that his own peccadilloes are not worth thinking of, seeing how infinitely lower down others have fallen. Walter stood between these two. He was sincerely sorry, and anxious to succour the fallen; but at the same time he could not but feel that in his position, who never could come to that, the precautions which poor men had to take were scarcely necessary. And what could he do? A young man must have something to amuse himself and occupy his time.

It was while he was sliding into the inconceivable muddle of an indolent mind and a vacant life that Underwood came to town. The captain's motives and intentions in respect to him were of a very mixed character, and require further elucidation: but the effect of his appearance in the meantime was a rapid acceleration of the downward progress. Underwood was "up to" many things which Lord Erradeen was not "up to" as yet, and the young man did not any longer, except by intervals, despise the society of the elder one, who brought, it could not be denied, a great many fresh excitements and occupations into his life. Under Captain Underwood's instructions he became acquainted with the turf, which as everybody knows is

enough to give a young man quite enough to do, and a good many things to think of. And now indeed the time had come when the captain began to feel his self-banishment to Sloebury, and his patience, and all his exertions, so far as Walter was concerned, fully repaid. There was no repetition of that Byronic scene in the House of Lords. Instead of proudly taking his seat alone, and showing the assembled world how little he cared for its notice, Walter discovered that he was indifferent to the world altogether, and asked himself, What is the good of it? with the philosophy of a cynic. What was the good of it, indeed? What was it but a solemn farce when you came to look into it? The House of Commons might be something, but the House of Lords was nothing; and why should a man trouble himself to become a member of it? Then as to the clubs. What was the use of struggling to get admission to White's, or Boodle's, or any other of those exalted institutions which Walter only knew by name — when at Underwood's club, where he was received with acclamation, you had the best dinner, and the best wine in London, and no petty exclusiveness? Walter was not by any means the only titled person in that society. There were quantities indeed of what the captain called "bosses" on its books. Why then should Lord Erradeen take the trouble to sue and wait for admittance elsewhere with these doors so open to him? In the midst of this new influx of life, it is scarcely necessary to say that the house in Park Lane came to a standstill. It stood through all the season profitless, of use to nobody; and Walter's life went on, alas, not to be described by negations, a life without beauty or pleasure; though pleasure was all its aim.

At Sloebury the commotion made by his departure had been great. At the Cottage there had been a moment of blank consternation and silence,

even from ill words. Then Mrs. Herbert's energies awoke, and her vivacity of speech. Fire blazed from this lady's eyes, and bitterness flowed from her tongue. She fell upon Julia (who, indeed, might have been supposed the greatest sufferer) with violent reproaches, bidding her (as was natural) remember that *she* had always been against it: a reproach in which there was really some truth. Julia, too, had a moment of prostration in which she could hold no head at all against the sudden disappointment and overthrow, and still more overwhelming realisation of what everybody would say. She retired to her room for a day, and drew down the blinds and had a headache in all the forms. During that period, no doubt, the girl went through sundry anguishes, both of shame and failure, such as the innocent who make no scheming are free from; while her mother carried fire and flame to the Rectory, and even betrayed to various friends her burning sense of wrong, and that Julia had been shamefully used. But when Julia emerged out of the shelter of that headache she put down all such demonstrations. She showed to Sloebury, all on the watch to see "how she took it," a front as dauntless, and eyes as bright as ever. In a campaign the true soldier is prepared for anything that can happen, and knows how to take the evil with the good. Had she weakly allowed herself to love Walter the result might have been less satisfactory; but she had been far too wise to run such a risk. Afterwards, when rumours of the sort of life he was leading reached Sloebury, she confided to her mother, in the depths of their domestic privacy, that it was just as well he was going a little wrong.

"Oh, a little wrong!" cried Mrs. Herbert vindictively. "If all we hear is true it is much more than a little. He is just going to the bad as fast as his legs can carry him—with *that* Captain Underwood to help him on;

and he richly deserves it, considering how he has behaved to you."

"Oh, wait a little, mamma," Julia said. "I know him better than any one. He will come round again, and then he will be ready to hang himself. And the prodigal will come home, and then—— Or, perhaps, my uncle Herbert will ask me up to town for the end of the season, after all the best is over, as he is sometimes kind enough to do. And I shall carry a little roast veal, just a sort of specimen of the fatted calf, with me to town." Thus the young lady kept up her heart and bided her time.

Mrs. Methven bore the remarks of Sloebury and answered all its questions with a heavier heart. She could not take any consolation in Walter's wrong-doing, neither could she have the relief of allowing that he was to blame. She accounted for the re-arrangement of everything which she had to consent to after taking many measures for removal, by saying that she had changed her mind. "We found the house could not be ready before the end of the season," she said heroically, "and what should I do in London in the height of the summer with nobody there?" She bore a fine front to the world but in reality the poor lady's heart had sunk within her. Oddly enough, Julia, the wronged, who at heart was full of good nature, was almost her only comforter. Julia treated Lord Erradeen's absence as the most natural thing in the world.

"I know what took him away in such a hurry," she said. "It was Miss Williamson. Oh, don't you know about Miss Williamson? his next neighbour at that Lock—something or other, a girl made of money—no, sugar. The next thing we shall hear is that you have a daughter-in-law with red hair. What a good thing that red hair is so fashionable! She is so rich, he was quite ashamed to mention it; that is why he never told you; but Walter," she cried, with a laugh, "had no secrets from me."

Mrs. Methven, in dire lack of anything to cling to, caught at Miss Williamson as at a rock of salvation. If he had fallen in love, did not that account for everything? She could only pray God that it might be true.

Symington had been bringing in the tea while Miss Herbert discoursed. When he came back to remove the tea things after she was gone, he "took it upon him," as he said, "to put in his word." "If you will excuse me, my lady," he said (a title which in a sort of poetical justice and amendment of fate Symington considered due to my lord's mother), "my lord could not do better than give his attention to Miss Williamson, who is just the greatest fortune in all the countryside. But, even if it's not that, there is nothing to be out of heart about. If he's taking a bite out of the apples of Gomorrah, he'll very soon find the cinders cranshing in his mouth. But whatever he is after, when it comes to be the time to go *up yonder* there will be an end to all that."

"My good Symington," said Mrs. Methven, "do you think it is necessary to excuse my son to me? It would be strange if I did not understand him better than any one." But notwithstanding this noble stand for Walter, she got a little consolation, both from the thought of Miss Williamson, and of that mysterious going *up yonder*, which must be a crisis in his life.

Thus winter ran into summer, and the busy months of the season went over the head of young Lord Erradeen. It was a very different season from that which he had anticipated. It contained no Byronic episode at all. The House of Lords never saw its new member, neither did any of those gay haunts of the fashionable world of which he had, once dreamed. He went to no balls or crowded dazzling receptions, or heavy dinners. He did not even present himself at a *levée*. He had indeed fallen out of his rank altogether, that rank which had startled him so, with a kind of awe in the

unexpected possession. His only club was that one of indifferent reputation to which Underwood had introduced him, and his society, the indifferent company which collected there. He began to be tolerably acquainted with racecourses, great and small, and improved his play both at billiards and whist, so that his guide, philosopher, and friend declared himself ready on all occasions to take odds on Erradeen. He spent a great deal of his time in these occupations, and lost a great deal of his money. They were almost the only things that gave him a semblance of an occupation in life. He was due at the club at certain hours to pursue this trade, which, like any other trade, was a support to his mind, and helped to make the time pass. At five-and-twenty one has so much time on hand, that to spend it is a pleasure, like spending money, flinging it to the right hand and the left, getting rid of it: though there is so much to be got out of it that has grown impossible to the old fogeys, no old fogey is ever so glad to throw it away.

And thus the days went on. They were full of noise and commotion, and yet, as a matter of fact, they were dullish as they dropped one after another. And sometimes as he came back to his rooms in the blue of the morning, and found as the early sun got up, that sleep was impossible, or on such a moment as a Sunday morning, when there was little or nothing "to do," Walter's thoughts were not of an agreeable kind. Sometimes he would wake from a doze with the beautiful light streaming in at his windows, and the brown London sparrows beginning to twitter, and would jump up in such a restlessness and fierce impatience with himself and everything about him as he could neither repress nor endure. At such moments his life seemed to him intolerable, an insult to reason, a shame to the nature that was made for better things. What was the good of going on with it day after day? The laughter and the noise, who was

it that called them the crackling of thorns—a hasty momentary blaze that neither warmed nor lighted? And sometimes, even in the midst of his gaiety, there would suddenly come into his mind a question—Was this what was to happen to him if he resisted the will of the dweller on Loch Houran? Psha! he would say to himself, what was happening to him? Nothing but his own will and pleasure, the life that most young fellows of his age who were well enough off to indulge in it possessed—the life he would have liked before he became Lord Erradeen: which was true; and yet it did not always suffice him for an answer. At such times curious gleams of instinct, sudden perceptions as by some light fitfully entering, which made an instantaneous revelation too rapid almost for any profit, and then disappeared again—would glance across Walter's soul.

On a fine evening in June he was walking with Underwood to the club to dine. The streets were cool with the approach of night, the sky all flushed with rose red and every modification of heavenly blue; the trees in the squares fluttering out their leaves in the coolness of the evening, and shaking off the dust of day, a sense of possible dew going to fall even in London streets, a softening of sounds in the air. He was going to nothing better than cards, or perhaps, for a caprice, to the theatre, where he had seen the same insane burlesque a dozen times before, no very lively prospect: and was cogitating in his mind whether he should not run off to the Continent, as several men were talking of doing, and so escape from Underwood and the club, and all the rest of the hackneyed round: which he would have done a dozen times over but for the trouble of it, and his sense of the bore it would be to find something to amuse him under such novel circumstances. As they went along, Underwood talking of those experiences which were very fine to the boys in Sloebury, but quite flat to Walter now—there suddenly appeared to him,

standing on the steps of a private hotel, in a light overcoat like a man going to dinner, a middle-aged, rustic-looking individual, with a ruddy, good-humoured countenance, and that air of prosperity and well-being which belongs to the man of money. "I think I have seen that man somewhere before," said Walter. Underwood looked up, and the eyes of all three met for a moment in mutual recognition. "Hallo, Captain Underwood!" the stranger said. Underwood was startled by the salutation; but he stopped, willingly or unwillingly, stopping Walter also, whose arm was in his. "Mr. Williamson! You are an unexpected sight in London," he said.

"No, no, not at all," said the good-humoured man, "I am very often in London. I am just going in to my dinner. I wonder if I might make bold, being a countryman and straight from Loch Houran, to say, though we have never met before, that I am sure this is Lord Erradeen?"

Walter replied with a curious sense of amusement and almost pleasure. Mr. Williamson, the father of the fabulous heiress who had been invented between Julia Herbert and himself!

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Lord Erradeen; you know our lands march, as they say in Scotland. Are you engaged out to your dinner,

gentlemen, may I ask, or are ye free to take pot luck? My daughter Katie is with me, and we were thinking of—or at least she was thinking—for I am little learned in such matters—of looking in at the theatre to see a small piece of Mr. Tennyson's that they call the *Falcon*, and which they tell me, or rather her, is just most beautiful. Come now, be sociable; it was no fault of mine, my lord, that I did not pay my respects to ye when ye were up at Loch Houran. And Katie is very wishful to make your acquaintance. Captain Underwood knows of old that I am fond of a good dinner. You will come? Now that's very friendly. Katie, I've brought you an old acquaintance and a new one," he said, ushering them into a large room cloudy with the fading light.

The sudden change of destination, the novelty, the amusing associations with this name, suddenly restored Walter to a freshness of interest of which the *blasé* youth on his way to the noisy monotony of the club half an hour before could not have thought himself capable. A young lady rose up from a sofa at the end of the room and came forward, bending her soft brows a little to see who it was.

"Is it any one I know? for I cannot see them," in simplest tones, with the accent of Loch Houran, Miss Williamson said.

To be continued.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

A LECTURE TO THE ETON VOLUNTEER CORPS.

(With some additions.)

I DOUBT not that you all joined in cheering Lord Wolseley and his companions in arms the other day, when they came to Windsor to receive their well earned honours at the hands of the Sovereign. If I had been among you I should have given a special cheer, on my own account, to the General—not so much to the successful soldier as to the man of science, who had thoroughly studied the conditions of the problem with which he had to deal; who knew what causes would produce certain desired effects; and whose experiments were followed by the predicted results more surely than sometimes happens with those which are made on a lecture table.

But a much larger interest attaches to the day of Tel-el-Kebir, with all that preceded and followed it, than if it were an isolated experimental investigation of the great “survival of the fittest” problem. These events of yesterday are but the latest episodes of a struggle between the social organisation of Asia and that of Europe for predominance in the countries which border the Ægean and the Levantine Seas, which has been going on for some thousands of years. To say nothing of earlier events, Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, the expedition of Alexander, the Punic wars of Rome, the Saracen occupation of Spain, the Crusades, the Turkish conquest of the Balkan Peninsula, the Egyptian expedition of the first Napoleon, are names of some of the long score of matches and return matches played between East and West in the terrible game of war. And, in my judgment, the grandson of the youngest boy here is not likely to see the winner finally declared. For

the contest depends not upon mere-dynastic interests, or the lust of conquest, but is the inevitable product of the struggle for existence between incompatible forms of civilisation, antagonisms of religion, and antipathies of race.

Twenty-four centuries, mainly occupied in fighting, do not afford a very pleasant retrospect at the best; and it would be altogether horrible, were not the affairs of this world so ordered that “there is a soul of good in things evil.” No doubt millions of men, women, and children have suffered grievous misery and wrong, and whole nations have been annihilated as the tide of conquest swept over them—now to the west, and now to the east. All that is sadly obvious; and, to those who can see only that which is obvious, these wars, like all others, must take the guise of purely diabolical evils. But a more patient and penetrating vision may discern that all this suffering is the school fee which the human race has had to pay for its education. As elsewhere, bright and dull pay alike, and the bright profit; which is, perhaps, no great satisfaction to the dull, but it is the rule of the school, and we have to put up with it.

In the present case, the Western nations are the bright boys. Your teachers of history are doubtless careful to point out to you all that Ancient Greece owed to its intercourse, whether hostile or peaceful, with the East; all the benefit which Saracen learning on the one hand, and crusading enterprise on the other, conferred on Europe in the middle ages; and how much the Turks, quite unin-

tionally, did for the revival of learning. It is not to such familiar truths as these that I wish to direct your attention, but rather to the fact that history, in the modern sense of the word, was born of the very earliest of the struggles to which I have adverted.

I say history, in the modern sense of the word, that is, not barely a chronicle of events and record of current traditions or venerable myths, but a narrative based upon evidence which has been critically sifted, and in which the narrator endeavours to trace, amidst the tangled occurrences of human life, the thread of natural causation which connects them with the needs and the passions of men. The chronicler is more or less of a gossip, the historian more or less of a man of science. For that which constitutes a man of science, is not the pursuit of this or that specialty, but a living faith in the supreme importance of truth, and an unshakable conviction that order reigns over all things, and that chance has no more place in human affairs than elsewhere.

Now the generation of the science of history took place in this wise. Somewhere in the earlier half of the fifth century, a sort of side skirmish of the Persian wars drove out of house and home a Greek gentleman—one Herodotus, with whose name you will be sufficiently familiar. He was a man of great intelligence and unflagging energy, well versed in all the learning of his time. The magnitude and the interest of the events which had taken place, either within his own memory or within that of men with whom he had talked, seems early to have taken strong hold of his mind, and he determined to devote his life to writing an account of them, in which truth should be sifted from error, and the causation of events displayed, to the best of his ability.

With this end in view, Herodotus was not content with collecting and collating all the information which he could obtain from trustworthy sources, but he determined to become person-

ally acquainted with the chief countries and people implicated in the contest. There lay the primary conditions of the problem which "the father of history" had set himself to study; and there is no better evidence of his strong scientific turn than the conviction on which he acted, that, if he would understand these conditions, he must know them of his own knowledge.

Egypt was one of the countries involved in the Persian wars. Herodotus visited the country somewhere about 450 B.C., and he has left a most curious and entertaining account of his own observations, and of the information which he obtained from the priests of Thebes and the literati of Heliopolis, with whom his interpreter, or dragoman, as we should now call him, brought him into contact.

I dare say you read the second book of Herodotus and know a great deal more about it than I do. Nevertheless it may not be superfluous to remind you that the historian speaks with admiration of the learning of the Egyptians, and of the remarkable pains which they took to preserve the memory of the past in their records. Among a great many other things, they read to him from a papyrus the names of 330 monarchs who had reigned over Egypt, from Menes, the first Pharaoh, to their own time.

The average length of the reigns of any long series of western sovereigns is about twenty-five years, so that, if the records of the Egyptians were to be trusted, and the average length of reign among them was the same, Menes should have ascended the throne more than 10,000 years ago.

Within my recollection it was very much the fashion to regard Herodotus as a garrulous old gentleman, who willingly allowed himself to be crammed with interesting fictions; and the pretension of the Egyptians to such prodigious antiquity of their state was regarded as one of the most patent examples of such figments. Yet it is probable that, in respect of this and

other pieces of information of like character, the learned Egyptians said no more, not only than they fully believed, but than they might fairly enough think they had good reason for believing; and modern investigations have shown that they were certainly much nearer the truth than sundry of their critics.

Among the achievements of scientific method in this century, none is, to my mind, more wonderful than the disinterment of so much of a past, to all appearance hopelessly dead, by the interpretation of the hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions in which the ancient inhabitants of the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates chronicled the events of their history. Thanks to the sagacity and the untiring toil of such men as Lepsius—just about to receive the congratulations of all the world on the completion of half a century of fruitful labour—of Birch, of Mariette, of Brugsch, the student of Egyptology, guided by the spirit of scientific criticism, is probably far more accurately informed about the ancient history of Egypt, than was the whole College of Heliopolis in Herodotus's time.

An exact chronology of Egyptian history is yet to be constructed; but those best qualified to judge agree that contemporary monuments tell us of the state of Egypt more than five thousand years ago; and since they prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the people who erected them possessed a complex social organisation, as replete with all the necessities and conveniences of life as that of any nation in Europe in the middle ages, and not inferior in literature or in skill in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, it is but rational to conclude that, even at this furthest point of time to which written records take us, the Egyptian people had, for long ages, left barbarism behind, and constituted a settled and a civilised polity. So that whether Menes was followed by 330 kings or not, the general impression of the

vast antiquity of the Egyptian state which Herodotus received, and has transmitted to us, has full justification.

But that which is so characteristically modern about Herodotus is that he was not satisfied to stop where written records halt, or to accept traditional accounts of an earlier time without discussion. His informants told him that when Menes began to reign, Lower Egypt was covered with water, a dismal and pestilent swamp, and that the first Pharaoh drained and rendered habitable that alluvial soil which they called "the gift of the Nile."

Herodotus was evidently very much interested in this statement. Perhaps he asked his Heliopolitan friends how they knew this. Perhaps they answered him as they did a countryman of his, "You Greeks always were and always will be children," asking the why of the wherefore. A true saying, which however it may have been intended, conveys high praise. For it is just because it is true that these mighty children became the fathers of natural knowledge. Men of science are eternal children, always asking questions of mother nature and never content with her answers.

But whether questions are childlike or childish, depends upon the knowledge and the intelligence of the questioner; and Herodotus, as I have said, was largely endowed with both. Let me remind you that he lived midway between Thales and Aristotle, in the very heart and centre of the great age of Greece; and let me also remind you of the fact of which people too often remain ignorant throughout their school and university career, that, if this was an epoch of great achievements in art, in literature, and in philosophy, it was no less distinguished for the sedulous cultivation of physical science. Democritus, the contemporary of Herodotus, was the great exponent of principles which have played, and still play, a great part in modern scientific specula-

tion. Half a century before Herodotus, Xenophanes had observed petrified marine shells and fishbones in the quarries of Syracuse and elsewhere; he had drawn the conclusion that the rocks in which they were contained were the hardened mud of the bottom of the sea in which the corresponding animals once lived; and he had laid down the general proposition that the geographical features of our earth are not constant, but that where land now is, sea has been, and where sea is, land has been. And it is a corollary from this proposition that the land which constitutes any country has not always been what it is and where it is, but that it has a history, unwritten save in the hieroglyphics of nature. Herodotus is not likely to have been ignorant of the speculations of Xenophanes, but it is in evidence that his extensive travels had enabled him to observe facts which led directly to like conclusions. The plain of Ilium and the estuary of the Mæander had shown him rivers at work in the formation of new land, and he adverts to the conclusions to be drawn from the presence of shells in the rocks which bound the Nile valley.

To a mind thus prepared by an acquaintance with elementary truths of physical science, the first glance at Egypt cannot fail to suggest inquiry, and, in fact, Herodotus says as much:—

“Any one who sees Egypt, without having heard a word about it before, must perceive, if he has the least intelligence, that the Egypt to which the Greeks go in their ships is a gift of the Nile to the Egyptians.”¹ That is to say, as he elsewhere explains, the rich soil of the great plain, or so-called delta of Egypt, has been formed out of the deposits left by the Nile during the annual inundation. The region occupied by the delta, he adds, was “evidently, at one time, a gulf of the sea. It resembles, to compare small things with great, the parts about Ilium and

Teuthrania, Ephesus, and the plain of the Mæander. In all these regions the land has been formed by rivers, whereof the greatest is not comparable in size with any one of the arms of the Nile.” After comparing the valley of the Nile with that of the Red Sea (which Herodotus appears not to have visited, and of the magnitude of which he has a very inadequate conception), he goes on to say: “Now if the Nile should choose to divert his waters from their present bed into the Arabian Gulf, what is to prevent it from being filled up by the stream within 20,000 years at most? For my part I think it might be filled up in half the time. Why then should not a gulf of even much larger size have been filled up in the ages before I was born, by a river which is so large and so given to working changes as the Nile?”

It is on the strength of these very sound and just physical considerations that Herodotus tells us he accepted Egyptian tradition:—

“Thus I gave credit to those from whom I received this account of Egypt, and am myself, moreover, strongly of the same opinion, since I remarked that the country projects into the sea further than the surrounding shores, and I observed that there were shells upon the hills.” Finally, he inquires into the origin of the population of Egypt:—

“I do not believe that the Egyptians came into being at the same time as the delta. I think they have always existed, ever since the human race began. As the land went on increasing, part of the population came down into the new country, part remained in the old settlements.”

Thus Herodotus commits himself to four very definite propositions respecting the unwritten history of Egypt.

1. That the delta was once an arm of the sea.
2. That it has been filled up and converted into dry land by the alluvial deposit of the Nile.
3. That this process of conversion

¹ Those and other citations are taken from Rawlinson's *Herodotus*.

into dry land probably took something like 20,000 years.

4. That the Egyptians existed before Lower Egypt, and migrated thence from Upper Egypt.

And it will be observed that the first three of these propositions at any rate are not mere guesses, but conclusions based upon a process of reasoning from analogy, just as sound in form as any which is to be met with in the discussion of a similar problem in a modern treatise on geology.

Herodotus wrote 2,300 years ago. In the course of twenty-one out of the twenty-three centuries which have elapsed since his time, I am not aware that any one rose above his level in the discussion of such problems as that which he attacked. And some quite modern writers have not yet reached it, for lack of as much knowledge of natural phenomena as Herodotus possessed. Let us look at the facts by the light of such knowledge of elementary physical science as is now happily accessible to every Etonian.

It has often been said, and with perfect truth, that Egypt is a land by itself, unlike any other part of the world. On approaching Alexandria from the sea, nothing can be less attractive than the flat shore which stretches east and west as far as the eye can reach, without an elevation of more importance than bare and barren sand dunes to break its even line. This monotonous coast extends for two hundred miles between the most extreme of the ancient arms of the Nile, from the Canopic in the west to the Pelusiatic in the east, and forms the northwardly turned base line of the triangular area of Lower Egypt, the shape of which led the Greeks to call it the delta.

In the journey from Alexandria southwards to Cairo, the traveller finds himself in a boundless plain, as flat as the flattest part of Lincolnshire or of Holland. At first, rising only here and there above the level of the Mediterranean, it is full of morasses

and stagnant lakes of great extent, the waters of which vary from salt to fresh and from fresh to salt, according as the Nile or the Mediterranean is the predominant contributor to their contents. Beyond this region, the wide expanse of black alluvial soil, intersected by innumerable watercourses, departs from absolute horizontality, rising some three or four inches in the mile. Here and there, low mounds bearing groups of date-palms, or thickets of sycamores and acacias, indicate the deserted site of an ancient city, or preserve from the periodic floods the assemblage of hovels which constitutes a modern Egyptian village. In autumn, the soil, save these mounds and their connecting dykes, disappears under the overflow of the flooded Nile; in early spring, the exuberant vegetation of the young crops no less completely hides it under a carpet of the brightest imaginable green.

For more than a hundred miles, as the crow flies, this is the general character of the country between Alexandria and Cairo. But, long before the latter city is reached, the plain begins to be limited by distant heights which spring up on either hand. First, a ridge of low hills makes its appearance on the western, or Libyan, side; and then, a range of more distant but bolder and loftier heights shows itself, far away, on the eastern or Arabian horizon. With every advance southward, the plain diminishes in extent, while its Libyan and Arabian boundaries approach, until, at Cairo, they are not more than six or seven miles apart.

Nothing can be more sharply contrasted than the aspect of the plain and that of its liminary heights. For the low rounded ridges on the west, and the higher plateau with its steep and cliffy face on the east, are utterly waterless—mere wastes of bare rock or sand—without a bush or a patch of soil on which it could grow, to veil their savage nakedness. Under our own pale and faintly-lighted sky, such

bare hills and rugged cliffs as those which bound the prospect here and everywhere in Upper Egypt would fitly represent the abomination of desolation. But, framed as they are in an atmosphere of limpid purity, with lights and shades and tints endlessly varying in shape and hue, from hour to hour, and almost from minute to minute, as the sun runs his course, they have a strange and unique beauty. Moreover, in early spring, the edges of the greenery of the plain lie as sharply defined against the yellow sands and grey-brown stones of the waste as if it were so much water.

When I was in Cairo, ten years ago, I delighted in wandering about the heights of the Mokattam range, which rise for some four or five hundred feet immediately to the east of the city. The Sahara itself cannot better deserve the name of desert than do these stony solitudes. Looking westward at sunset, the vultures, diminished to mere crows, wheeled about the face of the cliffs far below. Beneath and beyond them, the green expanse stretched northward, until it became lost in the horizon; while, towards the west, its even line followed the contour of the Libyan shore, as if it were the veritable sea water of the gulf of Herodotus. And sharply defined against the western sky, the great pyramid, which, even in its present mutilated state, reared its summit to the level of my eye, threw its long shadow eastwards like the gnomon of an appropriately gigantic dial-plate.

Indeed the comparison is not far-fetched. For the great shadow has veritably swept, from west to north and from north to east, day after day from the dawn of civilisation till now; since the toiling subjects of Chufu, with patient and skilful labour, piled the great stones of his tomb, one upon another, it has marked the birth-hour, and sometimes the death-hour, of each great nation known to history.

For all these ages, day after day, the shadow, as it lengthened eastward, has swept over the weary heads of

thousands upon thousands of orderly, cheerful, hard-working men, women, and children, who have been plundered, starved, beaten, decimated, now to serve the ambition or gratify the superstitious vanity of an ancient Pharaoh, and now to enable some thinly varnished savage of a modern Khedive to subsidise his opera troupe in Cairo, and squander the price of their blood among foreign harlots and foreign swindlers.

Six thousand years of grinding oppression, worse than it ever was during the last few centuries, seemed to me a curious reward for laying the foundations of civilisation; and yet there was no sign that the great shadow was likely, for another century or so, to mark the hour when Khedive, mudirs, commercial mamelukes of various nationalities, and all the rest of the "wolves that with privy paw devour apace and nothing said" should be swept away to make room for that even moderately decent and intelligent rule which is all the Egyptian people need, to become, at last, a contented and a wealthy nation.

But this, I say, was ten years ago; many things—Tel-el-Kebir among the rest—have happened since then; and perhaps the good time may be coming. At any rate, the great British panacea—constitutional government—is to be administered; and if the Fellaheen sheep do not find their affairs much improved when the representatives of their interests are mostly mongrel Arabo-Turkish wolves, (as they certainly will be), they must be unfit for free institutions, and we may wash our hands of them, conscious that we have exhausted the resources of political science in our intelligent efforts to improve their condition.

The extent of the land now under cultivation in Egypt is estimated approximately at 7,300 English square miles, that is to say, its area is about a fifth greater than that of the valley of the Thames (6,160 square miles). One half of this cultivated land lies

in the delta, and the other half in Upper Egypt. Under the Pharaohs, the cultivated area was of considerably greater extent; but not even the industry and thrift of the Fellaheen have been able to make head against the ignorance, sloth, and greed of their later rulers.

Above Cairo, the Libyan and the Arabian boundaries of the narrow valley of Upper Egypt, which runs in a southerly direction, through six degrees of latitude to Assouan in 24° N. are approximately parallel, here approaching and there diverging from one another though they are rarely more than ten or fifteen miles apart. The general inclination of the bottom of the long and winding stream, though rather greater than in the delta, does not exceed five or six inches in the mile. Hence, Assouan, some 500 miles distant, in a direct line, from Alexandria, is little more than 300 feet above the Mediterranean.

In Upper Egypt there is still less rain than in the delta. For though violent storms, accompanied by a heavy downpour, occur at intervals of perhaps twenty years, filling the parched ravines of the desert with short-lived torrents, there is usually either no rain, or, at most, a passing shower, in the course of each year. Hence, not only the boundaries of the valley, but all the country eastward as far as the Red Sea, and all westward (save where a rare oasis breaks the monotony of the waste) for hundreds of miles across the Sahara, over which the same meteorological conditions prevail, is, if it be possible, even more arid and barren than the desert which bounds the delta.

What are known as the "tombs of the kings" are excavated in the walls of a deep gorge which runs from the plain of Thebes far into the Libyan Hills, the steeply escarped faces of which rise 1,200 feet above the river. From the summit of one of these hills a panorama of appalling desolation presents itself. Except where the Nile lies like a brown

ribbon, with a broader or narrower green fringe on either side, north, south, east and west, the eye rests on nothing but rugged heights of bare rock, separated by a perfect labyrinth of steep walled valleys. Baked during the day by a cloudless sun, cooled, not unfrequently down to the freezing point, at night by radiation through the vapourless air, the surface rocks are shattered by the rapid expansion and contraction which they undergo, as if they had been broken by a road-maker's hammer; and the fragments collect in great heaps at the bottom of every steep incline. Not a blade of grass, not a drop of water is to be seen anywhere; and yet the form and arrangement of the ravines are such that it is impossible to doubt that they have been formed, like other valleys, by the scoring and denuding action of rapid streams.

I remember that one day, wandering in the desert, north-east of Cairo, in the direction of the petrified forest, I was exceedingly struck with the resemblance of the superficial scorings of the surface of the rocky soil to those which are ordinarily made by rain. I was puzzling myself to account for the fact, when a sudden storm, accompanied by very heavy rain, came up, drenched me to the skin and vanished, all in less than a hour. Immediately after the rain began to fall, every one of the ramified scorings which had interested me was filled by a stream of water, rushing to join with its fellows and flow down some bigger groove to a lower level. It was obvious that the resemblance which had struck me was not deceptive, and that all these ramified scorings were miniature "wadys"—the dry beds of minute rivulets produced by former sudden showers of the same sort as that which I had experienced.

It was a capital lesson in physiography, and I did not forget it when I looked down on the great wadys of the Libyan desert at Thebes. Twelve hours' heavy rain would send a roaring torrent, sweeping before it all the

accumulated *débris* of years, down every one of them. And if we suppose the process repeated only every twenty years; still, since the Libyan hills have certainly been where they are for the last 10,000 years, five hundred repetitions of the application of this most efficient rain plough would have cut some pretty deep furrows, even if, during all this time, rain has never been more frequent or more abundant than it is now.

Still further to the south, about El Kab, close upon the 25th parallel of latitude, the fringe of cultivable land which borders the Nile becomes narrower and narrower, and the limestones in which the valley has hitherto been excavated are replaced by sandstones as far as Assouan. The low hills of such rock (rarely more than 200 feet high) which lie on each side of the river at Gebel Selsileh, about forty miles north of Assouan, approach one another so closely that the gorge through which the stream passes is little more than 1,000 feet wide. There is every reason to believe that the opposite walls of this gorge were once continuous, and that the river swept as a rapid over the correspondingly elevated margin of the sandstone plateau, through which it has since cut its channel back to Assouan, until, at present, its bed, for the forty miles to that place, has no greater inclination than elsewhere.

Near Assouan, under the 24th parallel, on the frontier of Nubia, the granitic masses of the desert on the eastern or Arabian side, spread suddenly to the westward, and come to the surface in place of the sandstones. In the course of the six or seven miles between Assouan and Philæ the bed of the river rises sixteen feet,¹ forming a declivity, down which the stream

¹ The heights of points in the course of the Nile, given in books are widely discrepant and usually very inaccurate. I am indebted to the eminent civil engineer, Mr. John Fowler, for this and subsequent precise determinations. The height of low Nile above the sea is 363 feet at Assouan, 319 feet at Philæ.

rushes in a rapid, known as the First Cataract. The alluvial soil has almost vanished, and the river flows amidst a confused heap of granite blocks, with black and polished surfaces. For some eight degrees of latitude further south, the granite and sandstone plateau which rises so suddenly at Assouan extends through Nubia, increasing in elevation, until at the foot of the second cataract (Wady Halfa) the level of low Nile reaches 392 feet; at the third cataract, 659 feet; at the fourth, 745 feet. Where the White and Blue Niles join, just below Khartoum, in 16° N., the river is 1212 feet above the sea, or more than 900 feet above its height at Assouan.

Throughout the whole of this course the Nile receives but one affluent, the Atbara, which carries the drainage of a part of Abyssinia into it in about 18° N. And, as this solitary tributary is wholly inadequate to make good the loss which the main stream suffers by evaporation and percolation, on its course through thirteen degrees of one of the hottest and driest climates in the world, the Nile presents the singular spectacle of a river, the volume of water in which is conspicuously less than that poured into it by its feeders.

The Blue and the White Niles, which unite to form the main stream close to Khartoum, are in fact very large rivers, each of which drains an immense area abundantly supplied with water. The one receives the overflow of the great equatorial Nyanza lakes and the drainage of the vast swampy region of the Soudan to the north of them, in which the heavy intertropical summer rains accumulate. The other is fed not only by such rains, but by the snows among the mountain tops of Abyssinia, which melt, as the sun advances to the northern tropic.

The height of the water in the Nilometer at Cairo is contingent upon the meteorological conditions of a region more than a thousand miles off;

and the question whether Egypt shall have a year of famine, or a year of plenty, hangs upon the rainfall in Abyssinia and equatorial Africa. It is as if the prosperity of the agricultural interest in Berkshire depended on the state of the weather in Morocco.

The general course of the Nile is so directly north and south, that the 30th parallel of east longitude, which traverses the Albert Nyanza Lake on the equator, passes close to the Rosetta mouth at its outfall. The Albert Nyanza is 2,500 feet above the sea; and since the length of the part of the great circle inclosed between the points just mentioned is more than 2,000 English miles, the mean inclination of the river, if it ran straight, would somewhat exceed a foot per mile. Taking the actual bends into consideration, however, it must be considerably less than this amount.

Without a knowledge of the facts thus briefly sketched, the periodical inundation of the valley of Egypt by the Nile is unintelligible. And, since no one till long after Herodotus's time possessed such knowledge, we may proceed to consider this singular phenomenon without troubling ourselves about his curious speculations as to its causes.

In the month of May and the beginning of June, the Egyptian Nile is little better than a great sluggish ditch, the surface of which, in Upper Egypt, lies many feet below that of its steep banks of irregularly stratified mud and sand. A short distance north of Cairo, it divides into two main branches which take a northerly course through the delta and finally debouch, the one at Rosetta and the other at Damietta. Innumerable artificial canals connect these arms of the Nile with one another, and branch off east and west for purposes of irrigation; while, in the north, the complex system of water-courses communicates with the series of lakes and marshes, from Mariout, on the west, to Menzaleh on

the east, which, as I have already said, occupy a large portion of the area of the delta southward of the sea coast.

In the latter part of June, about the time of the summer solstice, the motion of the torpid waters of the Nile seaward is quickened, and their level rises, while at the same time they take on a green colour. The rise and the flow quicken, and the green colour is succeeded by a reddish brown; the water becomes turbid and opaque, and is found to be laden with sediment, varying in consistency from moderately coarse sand, which falls to the bottom at once when the water is still, to mud of impalpable fineness which takes a long time to subside. In fact, when the sun approaches the northernmost limit of his course, as the snows of Abyssinia begin to melt, and the heavy intertropical rains set in, a prodigious volume of water is poured into the White and Blue Niles, and drives before it the accumulated living and dead particles of organic matter which have sweltered in the half stagnant pools and marshes of the Soudan during the preceding six months. Hence, apparently, the preliminary flow of green water. The Blue Nile and the Atbara must sweep down a vast quantity of river gravel from the Abyssinian uplands, but it may be doubted whether any of this gets beyond the middle cataracts, except in the condition of fine sand. And I suspect that the chief part, if not the whole, of the coarse sediment of the waters of the high Nile must be derived from Nubia, from the weathering of the rocks, by the heating and cooling process already described, and the action of the winds in blowing the sand thus produced into the stream. The Nile continues to rise for three months until the autumnal equinox, by which time the level of its surface at Assouan is usually forty feet, at Thebes thirty-six feet, at Cairo twenty-four or twenty-five feet, and at Rosetta four feet higher than it is in May; and, before reaching the delta, it

flows at the rate of three or four miles an hour.

Under these circumstances, the river overflows its banks on all sides. When it does so, the movement of the water is retarded or even arrested, and the suspended solid matters sooner or later fall to the bottom, and form a thin layer of sandy mud. When the Nile waters spread out over the great surface of the delta the retardation is of course very marked. The coarse sediment is soon deposited, and only the very finest particles remain in suspension at the outflow into the Mediterranean. As the sun goes southward, his action on the Abyssinian snows diminishes, the dry season sets in over the catchment basin of the White Nile, and the water supply of the Nile diminishes to its minimum. Hence, after the autumnal equinox, the Nile begins to fall and its flow to slacken, as rapidly as it rose. By the middle of November, it is half-way back to its summer level, and it continues to fall until the following May. In the dry air of Nubia and of Egypt evaporation is incredibly rapid, and the Nile falls a prey to the sun. As the old Egyptian myth has it, Osiris is dismembered by Typhon.

Relatively to the bulk of water, the amount of solid matter transported annually by the Nile must be far less than that which is carried down by the rapid streams of mountainous countries in temperate climates—such, for example, as the Upper Rhone. We have no very satisfactory estimate of what that amount may be, but I am disposed to think that the ordinary computation, according to which the average deposit over the delta amounts to not more than a layer one-twentieth of an inch thick, annually, is, at any rate, not under the mark.

But this is a very interesting question, for it is obvious that, if we may assume that the deposit of the Nile has taken place uniformly at a known rate, it becomes possible, given the thickness of the alluvial deposit in the

delta, to calculate the minimum time occupied in its formation. The borings made under the direction of the late Mr. Leonard Horner in the upper part of the delta, and those subsequently conducted by Figari Bey, favour the conclusion that the natural loose soil which fills the flat basin of the delta nowhere exceeds sixty feet in depth. Assuming it to have this thickness in any spot, it follows that, at one-twentieth of an inch of deposit per annum, it must have taken at least 14,400 years to accumulate to that thickness at that place. And if so, Herodotus seems, at first, to have made a wonderfully good guess when he said that the Arabian Gulf and, by implication, that of the delta might have been filled up in "20,000 years, or even half the time."

I am afraid, however, that any such modern estimate has not a much surer foundation than the ancient guess. For, in the first place, there are many reasons for believing that the action of the Nile has not been uniform throughout the whole period represented by the deposit of alluvium; and in the second place, if it had been, the simple process of division of the total thickness of the alluvium by that of the annual deposit does not by any means necessarily give the age of the whole mass of alluvium in the delta, or, in other words, the time which elapsed during the filling of the delta, as it is sometimes supposed to do.

According to Figari Bey, the deepest, and therefore earliest, alluvium in the delta contains gravel and even boulders; so that, if these are fluvatile beds, which is perhaps not quite certain, they indicate that, at the time when they were deposited, the current of the Nile in this region was much more powerful than it is now, and, consequently, that its annual additions were much more considerable.

If the flow of the Nile in these ancient times was more rapid, the probabilities are that the volume of its waters was greater, and sundry obser-

uations have been adduced as evidence that such was the case. Thus, at Semneh, above the second cataract, Lepsius, many years ago, discovered inscriptions of a Pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty, Amenemhat III., who reigned between 2,000 and 3,000 B.C., which registered the level of the highest rise of the Nile at that time. And this level is nearly twenty-four feet higher than that of high Nile at the same place now. Another fact has been connected with this. Between the narrow gorge of the Nile at Selsileh and the first cataract, alluvial deposits, containing shells of animals now living in the river, lie on the flanks of the valley, twenty to thirty feet above the point which high Nile reaches at the present day. It has been suggested that, before the Nile cut the gorge, the sandstone bar at Selsileh, as it were, dammed up the Nile, and caused it to stand at a higher level all the way back to Semneh. But, as the late Dr. Leith Adams long ago argued, the sandstone strata of Selsileh could hardly have played the part thus assigned to them. The deposits in question indicate that the supposed barrier at Selsileh was about 30 feet high; while Semneh is at least 130 feet higher than Selsileh.

The cause of the difference of level of the Nile at Semneh, between the days of Amenemhat and now, is surely rather to be sought in the progressive erosion of the Nubian valley. If four thousand years have elapsed since Amenemhat reigned, the removal of one-thirteenth of an inch per annum from the bed of the river will be more than enough to account for its present depression. Considering the extraordinary activity of the denuding forces at work in Nubia, I see nothing improbable in this estimate. But if it is correct, there is no need to suppose that the Nile conveyed a greater body of water 4,000 years ago than it does now. Nor is there anything in the ancient records of Egypt which lends support to such an hypothesis.

But we are indebted to Dr. Leith Adams for proof that the Nile, between the first and the second cataracts, once stood very much more than twenty-five feet above its present level. From Assouan to Derr, in fact, he observed abundant patches and continuous terraces of alluvium, containing shells of the same kinds of freshwater mollusks as those which now inhabit the Nile, 100 to 120 feet above the highest level now reached by its waters; and he concludes that "the primæval Nile was a larger and more rapid river than it is now." I am disposed to think that the "primæval" Nile was so, but I question whether these terraces were made by the river in its youth. I see no reason why they should not be affairs of a geological yesterday—say, a mere 20,000 or 30,000 years ago.

There can be no reasonable doubt of the correctness of the view first, so far as I am aware, distinctly enunciated by M. Louis Lartet,¹ that the whole of the principal valley of the Nile has been excavated by the river itself. I am disposed, for my own part, to think that the Nile might have done this great work if the mass of its waters had never been much greater than now. And, with respect to the innumerable lateral ravines which debouch into the main valley, I think it would not be safe to affirm that they could not have been excavated by the rains, even if the meteorological conditions of the country had never been very widely different from what they are now.

But, in some parts of Lower Egypt, and in the peninsula of Sinai, many of the dry wadys exhibit such massive deposits of more or less stratified materials, that it is hardly credible

¹ *Essai sur la Géologie de la Palestine et des Contrées avoisinantes, telles que l'Égypte et l'Arabie*, 1869. The Rev. Barham Zincke, in his interesting work, *Egypt of the Pharaohs*, 1871, has expressed similar conclusions; and I may say that they forced themselves on my own mind in the course of my journey to the first cataract in 1872.

they can have been formed under anything like existing conditions. Indeed, in some localities, very competent observers have considered that there is good evidence of the former existence of glaciers in the valleys of Sinai. And it is well worthy of consideration whether, as Fraas and Lartet have suggested, these deposits were not contemporaneous with the so-called glacial epoch, when the climate of northern Europe resembled that of Greenland, and when the Mediterranean covered the Sahara and washed the western flanks of the Libyan range.

Under such changed conditions, Egypt must have been one of the wet countries of the world, instead of one of the driest; and, as there need have been no diminution in the bulk of water poured in by the White and Blue Niles, the accumulation of water in the valley of Egypt, partly in virtue of its own rainfall, and partly by the diminution of evaporation, may have been immense. Under such circumstances, it is easily conceivable that a swift and voluminous torrent, periodically swollen by the contributions of the great southern affluents, covered the delta with a permanent inundation and swept down gravel and boulders into the lowest part of its course.

That the outflow of the Nile once extended far beyond its present limits appears to be certain, for a long, deep, dry valley—so like an ancient river-bed that the Arabs call it the Bahrbela-Ma, or waterless river—runs from south to north in the Libyan desert along the western edge of the delta, and ends in the Mediterranean shore beyond Taposiris, far to the west of the Canopic mouth, the most westerly of the outlets of the Nile known during the historical period. And, in the extreme east, far beyond the most easterly arm known to the ancients—in fact, in the middle of the isthmus of Suez, about Lake Timsch—alluvial deposits, containing

Nile shells and hippopotamus' bones, show that the Nile once extended into this region, and perhaps poured some portion of its waters into the Red Sea, by way of anticipating the engineering operations of more modern days.

These facts tend to show that any calculation of the age of the delta, based upon the present action of the Nile in the way indicated, may need to be abbreviated. But, on the other hand, there are many obvious considerations which tend the other way.

It is easy to see that the time required for the deposition of a certain thickness of alluvial soil, in any one part of the delta, can only be a measure of the time required to fill up the whole, if the annual sediment is deposited in a layer of even thickness over the entire area. But this is not what takes place. When the river first spread out from the southern end of the delta, it must have deposited the great mass of its solid contents near that end; and this upper portion of the delta must have been filled up when the lower portion was still covered with water. And, since the area to be covered grew wider, the further north the process of filling was carried, it is obvious that the northern part of the delta must have taken much longer to fill than the southern. If we suppose that the alluvium about Memphis was deposited at the rate of one-twentieth of an inch per annum, and that there are fifty feet of it, 10,000 years may be the minimum age of that particular part of the delta; but the age of the alluvium of the delta as a whole must be very considerably greater. And indeed there are some indications that the shore line of the nascent delta remained, for a long time, in the parallel of Athribis, five and twenty miles north of Cairo, where the remains of a line of ancient sand dunes is said to attest the fact. Hence, all attempts to arrive at any definite estimate of the number of

years since the alluvial plain of the delta began to be formed, are frustrated. But the more one thinks of the matter, the more does the impression of the antiquity of the plain grow; and I, for my part, have no doubt that the extreme term imagined by Herodotus for the filling up of the Arabian Gulf—20,000 years—is very much below the time required for the formation of the delta.

Thus far we have traced the unwritten history of Egypt, and the gulf of the Mediterranean, postulated by Herodotus, is not yet in sight. Nevertheless, at a much more remote epoch—in that called miocene by geologists—the gulf was assuredly there.

Near the tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo (according to Schweinfurth, 200 feet above the level of the Mediterranean), in the neighbourhood of Sakkarah and in that of the great pyramids, the limestone rocks, which look so like a sea shore, were found by Professor Fraas to display the remains of a veritable coast line. For they exhibit the tunnels of boring marine mollusks (*Pholades* and *Saxicava*), and they are incrustated with acorn shells, as if the surf had only lately ceased to wash them. At the feet of these former sea cliffs lie ancient sandy beaches, containing shells of oysters, scallops, and other marine mollusks, with the skeletons of sea-urchins. The specific characters of these marine organic remains leave no doubt that they lived during the miocene, or middle tertiary, epoch. Marine beds of the same age occur at Ain Musa, between Cairo and Suez.

There can be no question, therefore, that, in the miocene epoch, the valley of the delta was, as Herodotus thought it must have been, a gulf of the sea. And, as no trace of marine deposits of this, or of a later age, has been discovered in Upper Egypt, it must be assumed that the apex of the delta coincides with the southern limit of the ancient gulf.

Moreover, there is some curious evidence in favour of the belief that, at this period, however remote as measured by our standards of time, the Nile flowed down from central Africa as it flows now, but probably in much larger volume. Every visitor to Cairo makes a pilgrimage to the “petrified forest,” which is to be seen in the desert a few miles to the north-east of that city. And indeed it is a spectacle worth seeing. Thousands of trunks of silicified trees, some of them twenty or thirty feet long, and a foot or two in diameter, lie scattered about and partly imbedded in the sandy soil. Not a trunk has branches, or roots, or a trace of bark. None are upright. The structure of wood, which has not had time to decay before silicification, is usually preserved in its minutest details. The structure of these trunks is often obscure, as if they had decayed before silicification; and they are often penetrated, like other decayed wood, by fungi, which, along with the rest, have been silicified.¹

Similar accumulations of fossil wood occur on the western side of the delta, about the Natron Lakes and in the Bahr-bela-Ma.

All these trunks have weathered out of a miocene sandstone; and it has been suggested that when this sandstone was deposited, the Nile brought down great masses of timber from the upper country, just as the Mississippi sweeps down its “rafts” into the Gulf of Mexico at the present day; and that a portion of these, after long exposure and knocking about in the flood, became silted up in the sandy shores of the estuary.

The greater part of the “petrified forest” is at present 1,000 feet above

¹ See Unger, “Der Versteinerte Wald bei Cairo,” *Sitzungsberichte der Wiener Akademie*, 1858. Dr. Schweinfurth (“Zur Beleuchtung der Frage ueber den versteinerten Wald,” *Zeitschrift der deutschen Geologischen Gesellschaft*, 1882) considers that the trees grew where they are found, but his arguments do not appear to me to be convincing.

the level of the sea, in the midst of the heights which form the eastward continuation of the Mokattam. It has, therefore, shared in the general elevation of the land which took place after the beginning of the miocene epoch. That such elevation occurred is proved by the fact, that the marine beds of that period lie upon the upraised limestone plateau of Lower Egypt; and it must have reached seven or eight hundred feet, before the *Pholades* bored the rocky shore of the gulf of the delta.

A flood of light would be thrown on the unwritten history of Egypt by a well-directed and careful re-examination of several points, to some of which I have directed your attention. For example, a single line of borings carried across the middle of the delta down to the solid rock, with a careful record of what is found at successive depths; a fairly exact survey of the petrified forest, and of the regions in which traces of the ancient miocene sea shore occur; a survey of the Selisleh region, with a determination of the heights of the alluvial terraces between this point and Semneh; and an examination of the contents of the natural caves which are said to occur in the limestone rocks about Cairo and elsewhere would certainly yield results of great importance. And it is to be hoped, that, before our occupation of the country comes to an end, some of the many competent engineer officers in our army will turn their attention to these matters.

But although so many details are still vague and indeterminate, the broad facts of the unwritten history of Egypt are clear enough. The gulf of Herodotus unquestionably existed and has been filled up in the way he suggested, but at a time so long antecedent to the furthest date to which he permitted his imagination to carry him, that, in relation to it, the historical period, even of Egypt, sinks into insignificance.

However, we moderns need not stop at the time when the delta was a gulf of the sea. The limestone rocks in which it is excavated and which extend east, west, and south for hundreds of miles, are full of the remains of marine animals, and belong, the latest to the eocene, the oldest to the cretaceous formation. The miocene gulf of the delta was, in fact, only the remains of the wide ocean which formerly extended from Hindostan to Morocco; and at the bottom of which, the accumulation of the shells and skeletons of its denizens gave rise to the ooze, which has since hardened into chalk and nummulitic limestone. And it is quite certain that the whole of the area now occupied by Egypt, north of Esneh, and probably all that north of Assouan, was covered by tolerably deep sea during the cretaceous epoch. It is also certain that a great extent of dry land existed in South Africa at a much earlier period. How far it extended to the north is unknown, but it may well have covered the area now occupied by the great lakes and the basins of the White and Blue Niles. And it is quite possible that these rivers may have existed and may have poured their waters into the northern ocean, before the elevatory movement—possibly connected with the outpour of the huge granitic masses of the Arabian range and of Nubia—commenced, which caused the calcareous mud covering its bottom to become the dry land of what is now the southern moiety of Upper Egypt, some time towards the end of the cretaceous epoch. Middle and northern Egypt remained under water during the eocene, and northern Egypt during the commencement, at any rate, of the miocene epoch; so that the process of elevation seems to have taken effect from south to north at an extremely slow rate. The northward drainage of the equatorial catchment basin thus became cut off from the sea by a constantly

increasing plain sloping to the north. And, as the plain gradually rose, the stream, always flowing north, scooped the long valley of Nubia and of Egypt, and probably formed a succession of deltas which have long since been washed away. At last, probably in the middle, or the later part, of the miocene epoch, the elevatory movement came to an end, and the gulf of the delta began to be slowly and steadily filled up with its comparatively modern alluvium.

Thus, paradoxical as the proposition may sound, the Nile is not only older than its gift, the alluvial soil of Egypt, but it may be vastly older than the whole land of Egypt; and the river has shaped the casket in which the gift lies out of materials laid by the sea at its feet in the days of its youth.

The fourth problem of Herodotus—the origin and the antiquity of the Egyptian people—is much more difficult than the other three, and I cannot deal with it at the end of a discourse which has already extended to an undue length.

But I may indicate a few cardinal facts which bear on the discussion.

According to Figari Bey's investigations, a marine deposit, which probably is of the same age as the miocene beaches of Cairo and Memphis, forms the floor of the delta. Above this, come the layers of sand with gravel already mentioned, as evidencing a former swifter flow of the river: then follow beds of mud and sand; and only above these, at three distinct levels, evidences of human handiwork, the last and latest of which belong to the age of Ramses II.

It is eminently desirable that these statements should be verified, for the doubts which have been thrown, to some extent justly, upon various attempts to judge the age of the alluvium of the Nile do not affect the proof of the relative antiquity of the human occupation of Egypt, which such facts would afford; and it is useless to

speculate on the antiquity of the Egyptian race, or the condition of the delta when men began to people it, until they are accurately investigated.

As to the ethnological relations of the Egyptian race, I think all that can be said is, that neither the physical nor the philological evidence, as it stands, is very satisfactory. That the Egyptians are not Negroes is certain, and that they are totally different from any typical Semites is also certain. I am not aware that there are any people who resemble them in character of hair and complexion, except the Dravidian tribes of Central India, and the Australians; and I have long been inclined to think, on purely physical grounds, that the latter are the lowest, and the Egyptians the highest, members of a race of mankind of great antiquity, distinct alike from Aryan and Turanian on the one side, and from Negro and Negrito on the other. And it seems to me that the philologists, with their "Cushites" and "Hamites" are tending towards a similar differentiation of the Egyptian stock from its neighbours. But, both on the anthropological and on the philological sides, the satisfactorily ascertained facts are few and the difficulties multitudinous.

I have addressed you to-night in my private capacity of a student of nature, believing, as I hope with justice, that the discussion of questions which have long attracted me, would interest you. But I have not forgotten, and I daresay you have not, that I have the honour to stand in a very close official relation to Eton as a member of the Governing Body. And I have reason to think that, in some quarters, I am regarded as a dangerous member of that body, who, if he were not restrained by his colleagues, would endeavour to abolish the traditional studies of the school, and set the sixth form working at the generation of gases and the dissection of crayfishes, to the exclusion of your

time-honoured discipline in Greek and Latin.

To put the matter very gently, that statement is unhistorical; and I selected my topic for the discourse which I have just concluded, in order that I might show you, by an example, the outside limits to which my scientific fanaticism would carry me, if it had full swing. Before the fall of the second empire, the French liberals raised a cry for "Liberty as in Austria." I ask for "Scientific Education as in Halicarnassus," and that the culture given at Eton shall be, at any rate, no narrower than that of a Greek gentleman of the age of Pericles.

Herodotus was not a man of science, in the ordinary sense of the word; but he was familiar with the general results obtained by the "physiologists" of his day, and was competent to apply his knowledge rationally. If he had lived now, a corresponding education would certainly have put him in possession of the very simple facts which I have placed before you; and the application to them of his own methods of reasoning would have taken him as far as we have been able to go. But, thirty years ago, Herodotus

could not have obtained as much knowledge of physical science as he picked up at Halicarnassus in any English public school.

Long before I had anything to do with the affairs of Eton, however, the Governing Body had provided the means of giving such instruction in physical science as it is needful for every decently-educated Englishman to possess. I hear that my name is sometimes peculiarly connected (in the genitive case) with certain new laboratories; and, if it is to go down to posterity at all, I would as soon it went in that association as any other, whether I have any claim to the left-handed compliment or not. But you must recollect that nothing which has been done, or is likely to be done, by the Governing Body, is the doing of this or that individual member; or has any other end than the deepening and widening of the scheme of Eton education, until, without parting with anything ancient that is of perennial value, it adds all that modern training which is indispensable to a comprehension of the conditions of modern life.

T. H. HUXLEY.

A NATURALIST'S PARADISE.

MANY passengers on board the steamers crossing from the Channel Islands to Granville must have noticed the little group of islands and rocks rejoicing in the title of the Archipelago of Chausey. Some perhaps inspect them with their field-glasses, and make a few exclamations of surprise, while others may indulge in a passing wonder as to whether the rocks are inhabited, and if so, by whom. Here the matter usually ends. The fortified promontory of Granville soon comes in sight on the other side of the vessel, and Chausey is forgotten. Perhaps a stray individual now and again is found who has more time to waste than is usual with tourists, and is not possessed with the idea that he is merely "passing through," and must hurry on as soon as he has looked at the various objects which he believes *ought* to be seen in the town, and has duly inspected the bathing performance on the sands at high tide.

Such a one may chance to see—if the day is fine and the horizon free from haze—as he lounges on the end of the pier at Granville, or strolls up to the castle looking out towards the channel, far away in the distance that same chain of low barren rocks, rising rather precipitously and all attaining much the same height, which he noticed from the steamer, and may thus be reminded of Chausey. He may even go so far as to make inquiries as to the possibility of crossing to the islands, and, after an interview with M. le Capitaine, may be induced to embark in *La Brise*, a small sailing boat hireable for pleasure excursions, and thus actually visit the famous archipelago. He will admire the sparkling blue sea and the great masses of shiny brown sea-weed seen through the clear water; he will wonder at the huge granite rocks,

and, if the tide is out, at the mud flats and sand banks extending for miles all around. He will leave in the afternoon, arriving at Granville in time for the table d'hôte at half-past six, and promising himself to return to Chausey some time in the future and see more of it. He always retains a pleasant recollection of his short visit, but probably he never repeats it, saying to himself, if he ever thinks of the matter, that after all he saw all that was to be seen, and that a second excursion might not be so successful—the day might be wet and stormy, or *La Brise* might be becalmed for some hours on the way home.

Some people have, however, stayed on Chausey—a few young naturalists, and probably an occasional wandering artist who comes to study blue waves and granite rocks. And now and again in summer a picnic party, from say, St. Malo, lands and scours the island for an hour or two, obtaining perhaps a boiled lobster or a dish of shrimps, from one of the fishermen's huts, and some delicious milk from the farm, to add to their lunch. These are the chances by which visitors, very few and far between, are brought to the Chausey isles.

Two of us, who went to Normandy and Brittany last summer with the avowed intention of avoiding beaten tracks, of going where we felt inclined at the moment, and of staying at a place when we liked it, were so struck by the look of the archipelago from Granville that we determined to make an expedition across to it, and if possible to stay on one of the islands for a few days. We had read that most charming book, Quatrefages' *Rambles of a Naturalist*, in which it is told how the author, then a young man, spent several months in the

summer of 1841, on the largest island of the *Chausey* group, exploring the caverns, ravines, and mud flats exposed by the retreating tide, and filling his jars and bottles with rare and interesting specimens, which, when driven home by darkness or the rise of the sea, he conveyed to the rude laboratory he had fitted up at the farm, and there worked far into the night, examining and dissecting his treasures, and drawing and describing their peculiarities.

So far our information in regard to *Chausey* was decidedly favourable, but on the other hand when we spoke of the matter in the hotel at *Granville*, they said, "Go to *Chausey*? Certainly. But stay there? no! There is no place—only a farmhouse, and they would not take you." Still we knew that there was a "Farm" on the main island, so it ended by our embarking one Monday morning early in *Le Goëland*, which after some three hours' tacking against a stiff breeze, over a sparkling, dancing, summer sea, ran into the comparatively sheltered sound of *Chausey*.

As the principal island, "*Grande-Ile*," upon which most of the houses are situated, is one of the furthest from the coast of Normandy, a good view of the greater part of the archipelago is obtained while winding along the sound—a narrow channel which runs between the islands, and leads to the little sandy bay forming the landing place and anchorage in front of the farm house and group of huts which may be considered as the capital of *Chausey*. The sound is beset with reefs of rock and sand banks, some of which are indicated by bunches of broom hoisted on the top of long poles, while others are not; and, as the tides run through the passage with considerable rapidity, navigation is at certain states somewhat complicated. However, we were soon safely landed in front of the much-talked-of farm, a substantially built long low house of grey granite, looking across the sound to the north-east;

and after interviewing our future landlord, Monsieur *Gibault*, the excellent and hospitable "*Gouverneur*" of the islands, we found ourselves and our baggage installed in two little rooms, the inner of which contained a "bed in the wall," while the outer had a deal table, a wooden cupboard and two chairs, and opened into the courtyard by a narrow, steep, wooden stair.

We had brought with us a light naturalist's dredge which could be used from a small rowing boat, two muslin tow-nets for collecting surface-life, a microscope, a large wooden box closely packed with jars, bottles, and tubes of various sizes containing spirits and other preservative fluids and reagents, and lastly, but by no means unimportant, as we found, some tins of preserved meats, tea, sugar, biscuits, and chocolate. On these provisions with the addition of what *Duchêne*—one of the farm men who acted as cook to the little settlement—could supply, we subsisted during the two weeks of our stay.

Duchêne's duties we found were to look after the cows, make butter, bake huge loaves of coarse bread which were usually about a yard long and of the most eccentric shapes, and preside over the large kitchen and eating-room which was immediately underneath our apartments. It was evident that this was a personage on whom our comfort and well-being to a considerable extent depended, so we took an early opportunity of encountering him in the byre, where he was bustling about in a conical straw hat, a very large blue blouse, and enormous sabots, and after a few friendly remarks contracted with him for a regular supply of hot coffee, milk, bread and butter twice a day, and hot potatoes and more milk at twelve noon—the fashionable dinner hour at *Chausey*.

During the first day our outer room was transformed into a laboratory. The work-table was placed in front of the window and was soon covered with basins and other vessels which we borrowed for aquaria, the microscope,

our dissecting instruments, note-books, and drawing materials; while various bottles of re-agents, preserving-jars, store-bottles, and tubes of all sizes were placed wherever there was room, on the window-sashes, the mantel-piece, or the floor. The wooden cupboard was, from the first, appropriated by the commissariat department, with which I did not interfere.

After thus disposing of our possessions we lost no time before commencing to examine the islands. Provided each with two or three small bottles for the reception of any rare specimens which might be encountered, we first made a rapid circuit of the island we were on, noting the peculiarities of the shore as we went, and then ascended the slight elevation towards the north-west extremity, "Gros Mont"—the highest point in the archipelago—so as to get a general view of the whole.

This view is very remarkable and striking, and one which I fear is difficult to describe. We saw it frequently during the succeeding two weeks, but it was never twice the same, so much is the effect altered by varying conditions of tide, wind, and sun. Far away to the eastward appeared dimly the low-lying coast of Normandy, on which perhaps, on clear days, the rocky promontory of Granville might be made out. Still more dimly to the south was occasionally seen a little bit of Brittany, while in the angle between, and nearly due south-east, the grand old Mont St. Michel rose precipitously from the sea, and looked, at this distance of over twenty miles, as if it might be an enormous volcano of fabulous height. With the exception of these far-distant lands, the great expanse of blue sea was unbroken save in the immediate foreground where it was dotted over by the rocks and other islands of the archipelago.

One of the fishermen who appeared to be the local wit, once told us that he believed there were 365 islands in the group, one for each day in the year, but that he had not counted them himself. They are certainly

very numerous, but the actual number depends entirely upon the state of the tide. Quatrefages states that there are only fifteen visible at high water, but as the tide falls, one black peak after another makes its appearance from the waves, thus greatly increasing the number. As the water still recedes these masses of granite become connected with one another by narrow strips of sand and mud, which gradually widen into long stretches joining the different islands and rocks; so that finally at low water the whole Chausey archipelago has been converted into one vast island extending for several miles, and intersected here and there by arms of the sea—narrow channels and gorges, lying between the islands, which are never completely emptied, and which contain untold treasures for the marine zoologist. Then after the tide has turned, the scene again changes—The water rushes in over the mud flats, covers the sand banks, and fills up the channels, leaving innumerable islets and rocks of all sizes and shapes. One by one these are swallowed up by the rapidly rising water, till finally the archipelago is reduced to the fifteen islands mentioned by Quatrefages.

Besides Grande-Ile, two or three only have a few huts each, two or three others are capped by patches of coarse grass; the rest are mere rocks. Grande-Ile, considering its very small size (about three-quarters of a mile in length, and quarter of a mile across at the broadest part), is wonderfully diversified both in outline and surface. The latter is very uneven, rising every here and there into masses of irregular hillocks which culminate in Gros Mont at the north-western extremity, and a plateau terminated by a range of cliffs at the south-eastern.

The coast line is most varied. In several places the sea dips in to form deep bays between bold headlands and long reefs of rock, and the shore as a whole is one that delights the heart of a naturalist. Ground suitable for almost any littoral animal, whatever its habits,

is to be found in the circuit of this small island. Sandy beaches frequented by species of *Venus*, and other kinds of bivalve shell-fish, and where you sometimes find great bunches of the black grape-like eggs of the cuttle-fish; mud flats for the worms and numerous other creatures which burrow in such places; sheltered rock-pools for sea-anemones of many kinds and hues, delicate species of *Lucernaria*, and hermit crabs covered with waving forests of creamy *Hydractinia*; deep caverns, crevices, and overhanging ledges of rock from which hang beautiful zoophytes, curiously shaped sponges and many coloured Ascidians; bold cliffs and long reefs of rock exposed to the full force of the waves, and yet frequented by many kinds of animals, ranging from shell-fish down to sponges; and lastly the more common-place-looking but often the most prolific of all shores to the naturalist, that composed of large stones and boulders lying loosely piled together, so as to leave numerous spaces between—small pools in which creatures can live quiet and protected lives, sheltered from the storms and shaded from the sun—all these and many other kinds of shore were revealed to our delighted eyes that morning as we stood on the summit of Gros Mont and looked around us on the Grande-Ile de Chausey.

Quatrefages speaks of the cold and damp, the constant rain and the biting winds which caused so much discomfort and inconvenience during his work. We had a happier experience. Every day, except one, was characterised by the perfection of weather for "beast-hunting," warm sunshine, blue skies, calm seas, and occasional slight breezes. And even the one exception we would not have had changed, for it showed us the grandeur and power of a storm at Chausey. The sea and the sky were leaden grey and the sun never appeared. The wind was from the west, and from morning till night it brought fierce driving gusts of rain, and heavy seas which dashed against the granite cliffs, and breaking

into spray, were carried half over the island.

We spent the forenoon in our workshop over the microscope and our aquaria, filled by a successful expedition on the previous afternoon, dissecting, examining and preserving specimens, noting and drawing peculiarities or novelties, and mounting and labelling microscopic objects. In the middle of it all we had a visit from our landlord M. Gibault, who took a great interest in our pursuits, and appeared rather to relish having his previous ideas about animals and plants overthrown by seeing sponges, zoophytes, and Ascidian larvæ through the microscope. In the afternoon we went out in the storm which was then at its height. On the western shore of the island not a human being was to be seen, and the sea was very grand as it dashed against the cliffs below the ruined Château and rolled in over the sandy beach at Port Homard.

The wind died away towards evening, and next morning a cloudless blue sky and a warm sun determine us to attempt an expedition we have planned to the extreme north-western part of the archipelago. It is low water—and a spring tide too—about 4 P.M., so after our 12 o'clock dinner we start off laden with wide-mouthed bottles and tubes of many sizes, a basket, a small net, forceps, strong knives, and pocket-lens, and clad of course in our oldest and strongest—all superfluities, such as stockings and collars, being omitted. At first we had used long fisherman's wading boots on these excursions, but we soon discarded them as being heavy and cumbersome, and on this occasion have only light canvas shoes to protect our feet from sharp shells and sea-urchin spines. It is impossible to keep dry at such times, and hence as the sea was fairly warm, we found the best way was to have as little on one as possible when wading about in search of animals.

After leaving the farm we cross the island, pass the never-failing spring which gives Chausey a constant supply

of delicious water, and leaving the ruins of the Château and the beach of Port Homard on our left, climb Gros Mont, and then on descending the other side reach the north-western shore of Grande-Ile. We now find ourselves on a plain of abominable tenacious cold grey mud into which one sinks over the ankles at every step. It is formed by the wearing away of the granite, and covers a good deal of the ground exposed at low tide between the islands. In its great extent it is very barren, but here and there where a depression occurs, there are vast waving prairies of green *Zostera* inhabited by a profusion of animal life. Shrimps and prawns and occasionally lobsters are to be seen darting about; while sponges, zoophytes, nudibranches, and Ascidians adhere to the long narrow leaves floating on the surface of the shallow water, and some molluscs and many Annelides of various kinds and curious forms are found burrowing around the roots in the sticky grey mud.

However, we have examined these *Zostera* plains before, and must now push on to more distant hunting grounds, as the sea is running out fast and sand banks are appearing above the shallow water in all directions. The way is long and rough, but by no means monotonous. After perhaps a quarter of a mile of the soft mud we plunge for a couple of hundred yards through a *Zostera* prairie, then across a long ridge of sand and shells, climb over a small island formed of huge irregular masses of granite piled together, and find ourselves on the edge of a deep channel running towards the sea with a strong current and which we have to follow for a hundred yards or so before we can wade it. Then more mud flats and *Zostera* pools and perhaps another island or two, and now after a tramp of two miles or more we have reached our destination; very wet, but quite warm, and rejoicing in the knowledge that there is still a good hour and a half before the tide turns—for you should always

begin work at least an hour before low water and follow the sea as it recedes.

Let us sit down for a few moments on this granite boulder and look at the surroundings while we recover breath, for that last wade through the *Zostera* pool was rather fatiguing. On each side rises a long rocky island, while between them lies a narrow winding channel. Far down to the left this opens into the sea, and to the right it may be traced to the edge of a large flat marked with patches of *Zostera*, and cut up by sand banks which increase rapidly in number and size as the area becomes drained by the stream before us. The main channel never, even at spring tides, gets quite dry, but as it is throughout almost its entire course very shallow, it affords several hundred yards of most superb collecting ground, the irregular masses of rock and smaller stones which form the banks and are strewed plentifully over its bottom being covered with a profusion of animal life.

We now commence work, and one on each side—for the centre is still rather too deep for wading—slowly make our way downwards along the stream. As we go, we turn over the stones and examine their lower surfaces, feel carefully around the edges of the boulders which are immovable, and peer into the crannies, down the crevices, and under the overhanging ledges, and at every step we become more astonished, and more delighted with the richness and beauty of the fauna inhabiting this zoologist's paradise. The grey granite of the boulders is almost hidden by a profusion of Hydroid Zoophytes, Polyzoa, and Algæ of gorgeous colouring; while the lower surfaces of the stones which we overturn are resplendent with many hued sponges, bright patches of *Lepralia*, and—most striking and beautiful of all—numerous compound Ascidians, jelly-like expansions of variable shape and of different tints and degrees of transparency, dotted over with small star-like bodies of

colours which contrast vividly with the generally greyish ground. They are sometimes of a deep velvety black, marked with lines and dots of cream colour, sometimes they are a strong blue ornamented with circles of rust-red, and often they are bright olive green, picked out with pale yellow. These and numerous other varieties occur: there are usually three or four kinds on each of the granite boulders. In fact compound Ascidiæ are very common in this locality, and you rarely find two colonies exactly alike. Each of the star-like bodies is a little cluster of zooids, or animals which have separate mouths, stomachs, hearts, and nervous systems, but are all united together by the investing jelly-like substance in which they are imbedded.

On the rocks, and under the stones are numbers of the beautiful "ear-shell" *Haliotis tuberculata* varying in size from one to five inches. A sharp unexpected blow generally serves to detach one, but if it fails, it is almost a hopeless task without the aid of a strong knife to get the animal off entire. The more you push it and pull it, the more firmly it seems to adhere by its broad muscular foot, until at last, if you persist, the shell breaks, or you tear it from the body of the animal, leaving the latter still sticking to the rock.

Further out in the current, attached to the stems of the *Zostera*, or to the broad *Laminaria* fronds which begin to make their appearance at this point, we find every here and there colonies of *Clavelina* and *Perophora*, those marvellous Ascidiæ in which the different members of the colony are connected by a delicate creeping rootlet which contains large blood vessels uniting all their hearts together—the result being that while each has a heart of its own, the blood which is propelled by these hearts belongs to the colony and may pass from one member to another. Both *Clavelina* and *Perophora* have clear crystalline outer coverings and are very favourable for observation

on account of the almost perfect transparency of most of their organs, which reveal under a low power of the microscope a great deal of their structure and action without killing or cutting up the animal in the least.

Mollusca are very abundant on the rocky shores of the ravine. Hungry, or greedy, individuals of *Nassa reticulata* may be seen actively prowling about in search of prey, congregating around the body of some dead crab, or prawn, or exploring and curiously probing some accumulation of decaying fragments of Algaæ. Various species of *Trochus*, including *T. magus*, *T. zizyphinus*, and *T. exasperatus*, are also common, and the two first attain a large size. The dainty little *Cypræa europæa*, and the large rough *Murex* occur plentifully, while less common forms, such as the key-hole limpet *Fissurella græca*, and the curious cup-and-saucer *Calyptraea sinensis* are also found. There is one anemone, *Anthea cerasu*, which we find in abundance, adhering by its crimped and wavy base to the long leaves of the *Zostera*, and swayed about with every motion of the water. It is an elegantly shaped creature, with long tapering tentacles, continually expanded and waving actively in all directions, but the most remarkable point about it is the variety of colours found in the species.

But we must linger no longer among these fascinating pools. The water is running out rapidly, and new regions are becoming exposed lower down the ravine, at which we must have a peep before the tide turns. And every now and again, as we hurry along the edge of the water, we come upon one of the most interesting sights to be seen at Chausey—an Ascidian cave. These are small caverns or holes, sometimes formed by two or three large boulders leaning against each other, and so large that you can just crawl in and turn round in them. But the whole of the roof and sides, and often the floor as well, is covered—the rock completely hidden—by a mass of small red simple Ascidiæ, like

peas or hazel nuts, sticking so closely together, although really not connected internally, that they form one continuous sheet. Each of these little animals has two minute apertures through which, when touched or alarmed, it emits fine jets of sea water usually to a distance of one or two feet. Hence one is liable in exploring an Ascidian cave to be met by a regular shower bath from these little "sea-squirts," or to receive unexpected volleys on the eyes and nose, or into the ears, which are at first somewhat startling and irritating.

Everywhere we come upon Annelides or sea-worms in abundance. Hiding under the stones and wriggling away with great rapidity when exposed, are large Polynoidæ and brightly coloured Nereids; while occasionally a green *Phyllodoce* or a brick-red *Terebella* may be seen twining around the sea-weed and zoophytes, or burrowing in the slimy mud at the roots of the *Zostera*. Now and again we discover a lobster, generally at the far end of some narrow crevice, from which it is impossible to dislodge him. Or we startle a large cuttle-fish—an *Octopus*—which was creeping warily over the stones, and now dashes into the open under cover of the cloud of inky fluid which he has emitted.

What is that curious-looking object lying on the sand in the centre of this pool? Seen through the shallow water it seems a creamy-white elongated object with a slight feathery expansion at one end. It is *Ocnus lacteus*, one of the sea-cucumbers. There is no difficulty in capturing it, as it is one of the most sluggish of animals, and exhibits no signs of disapproval in being handled, beyond a withdrawal of the feathery tentacles which surround the mouth at one end, and slight contractions of the whole body. This was the only Holothurian we saw at Chausey. Quatrefages discovered another and very different kind, *Synapta duvernoia*, which we were unable to find.

A few yards more and the sea is before us. It is wonderfully beautiful. We

have reached the end of the ravine, and the tide is just at its lowest ebb. The water is perfectly clear and sparkles in the warm afternoon sunshine, as it gently rises and falls on the smooth dripping brown seaweed. Behind us lies the narrow valley, along which we have been wading, its sides formed by the rugged masses of granite piled in wild confusion and looking in places as if they might topple over at any moment into the stream below. There is no sign of man far or near, and the silence is unbroken, except by the cry of an occasional sea-bird and by the slight swell as it gently breaks upon the stones at our feet. We stand for a minute or so admiring it all in silent enjoyment, and then to work again, for we know that we must commence to retrace our footsteps almost immediately if we wish to reach Grande-Ile in safety. We have several miles of most difficult ground to traverse, and the sea will soon be rushing in with great rapidity.

A few large stones at the water's edge and just beyond are rapidly overturned. They are covered by Polyzoa, Ascidians and Anemones, but we have grown fastidious now, and merely glance at them. Stay, what is that? That irregular, soft-looking, brownish, object. It is suspiciously unfamiliar. Ah! that is a treasure. That is the rare *Myriothela phrygia*, one of the most extraordinary of zoophytes. We are indeed in luck to-day, for we soon come upon several other specimens under neighbouring stones. It is a very remarkable animal, and although we have never seen one before, we know it at once: it cannot be mistaken for anything else. It is quite soft all over, and is coloured grey and brown. A basal, somewhat slug-like part adheres to the stone. From one end of this rises a large club-shaped body with a mouth at its upper end and having most of its surface covered with short irregular projections. These are the tentacles, some of them are wart-like, others are short knobbed clubs. Then at the

base of the body where it joins the slug-like adhering foot, there are a number of delicate branched organs projecting in all directions and bearing globular masses of eggs. It is not very easy to detach a *Myriothela* without injuring it, but we manage to get several specimens off entire, and transfer them to a small tube of sea-water, where they speedily recover from the shock they have sustained. Under the same stones, just at extreme low-water mark, we find also some specimens of a beautiful little *Lucernaria*, a delicate creature allied to both the Medusæ and the Sea-anemones, but different from either. In external appearance it is somewhat like a very small jelly-fish turned upside down and fixed by a short stalk-like prolongation from the top of the bell, while the margin or up-turned free edge of the bell bears at equidistant points eight clumps of short club-shaped tentacles.

And now—"Gather up your spoil, pocket the knives and forceps and as many of the tubes and small bottles as possible, and let us be off, for the tide has evidently turned and we must tear ourselves away." Having arranged our burdens as comfortably as possible, we start off up stream towards the central region of mud flats and *Zostera* pools across which our homeward way lies, discussing as we go the "finds" in our jars and tubes, what we might have found if we had had more time or if the tide had gone further out, what we would have lost had the ebb been less, and what our chances are of being cut off by an arm of the sea before we reach our own island.

The Chausey Archipelago is far from being a safe place to roam about on at low tide, unless one watches very carefully what is going on around and has a fairly correct notion of the way one has come. And we know that the tide has turned, and will soon come rushing in over the great mud flats, filling up the channels between the islands and sand-banks, and then woe betide the unfortunate fisherman or naturalist who finds himself between two such channels. When you are suddenly brought to a standstill by a deeper channel than usual, which it is impossible to wade, and on retracing your steps discover that the sea is now rushing into the last valley you crossed, and rapidly filling it up, I can assure you the situation is far from being a pleasant one.

The chances are, that under such circumstances you would manage to reach one of the smaller islets, and would spend the night sitting on a bare rock, perhaps with the spray dashing around you. And at one point on our homeward tramp we almost give ourselves up as doomed to this involuntary vigil, but fortunately by skirting the creek for a short distance we come to a shallow which can be forded with difficulty, and then we are safe. Half an hour later we reach the farm very tired, wet and hungry, but with a supply of animals which will keep us busy half the night examining and labelling, and many of which, preserved and mounted, will help us in our studies and investigations during winter when we have returned to civilisation.

THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES BILL.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago an Act was passed instituting a Scotch Universities Executive Commission, and setting the Scotch universities on a new and improved footing. That Act has resulted in great benefits. It has doubled the attendance of students. At present, there are about 6,500 students in Scotland, of whom Edinburgh has about 3,300, Glasgow about 2,200, Aberdeen about 700, and St. Andrews about 200. The average age of these students is about twenty-one years. Except in the faculty of Medicine, where the General Medical Council requires a preliminary examination in general education, access to the universities is open to all, and the fees for instruction amount to about 40*l.* for a complete four years course, or 30*l.* for a three years course, which suffices when a certain standard of knowledge is shown to exist at entrance. These courses end in the degree of master of arts. Besides students who intend to graduate, there has always been a large number, especially in Glasgow, who content themselves with attendance for a session or two on classes of their own selection. The question was raised five or six years ago, whether the increase of students had been met by corresponding improvements in the teaching staff—whether there were sufficient assistants—whether certain new chairs were not necessary—whether options ought not to be provided for persons wishing to obtain degrees through special excellence in one class of subjects—whether the appliances of the science chairs were adequate to modern requirements. An Inquiry Commission was appointed which reported upon these subjects five years ago. It was one of exceptional weight and character, and a

great deal of good was expected to result from its labours. Several of the most eminent and experienced Scotchmen, such as the Lord Justice-General, the Lord Justice-Clerk, and the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, served upon it, and Mr. Froude and Professor Huxley were specially added as distinguished non-Scotchmen to represent the general interests of literature and of science. The commissioners sat for two years, and published four volumes of evidence and a report. Their recommendations were mainly of two kinds. In the first place they invented, I think, ten new ways of arriving at the ordinary goal of academic life—the degree. Few voices, however, were raised at the time—hardly a whisper has been heard since—pointing to any change so large as these theoretical suggestions. Their other recommendations were more modest and practical. They suggested an assistantship here, a professorship there—some organised effort to raise the income of every professor to 600*l.* a year—money for museums and laboratories, and so on. These practical proposals needed only one thing—money; and in order to enable Government to decide whether it was reasonable to adopt all or any of them, and to issue a treasury order or to legislate accordingly, they drew out their recommendations in detail. But Governments need to be invited to draw on the treasury with a good deal of urgency, and the practical recommendations of the commissioners were neglected.

About eighteen months ago, however, there was a sudden revival of the Scotch university question. The financial condition of St. Andrews had become more than alarming, and after a good deal of hesitation, the Government promised to introduce a Bill pro-

viding for the wants of the universities and creating an Executive Commission. But the business of last session was terribly congested; and the Bill was dropped. Lord Rosebery, supposed to be the minister chiefly charged with it, declined, I thought unwisely, even to lay the measure before Parliament, in the belief that to do so would only enable its opponents to organise for its rejection. The secret of his ideas was kept with unusual fidelity and completeness till the present Bill was introduced and read a first time, without a word of explanation, in the small hours of the morning of Wednesday, the 4th of April. If the first draft of the Bill had been laid before Parliament last year, or if the Bill had been introduced in February instead of in April, public opinion would have had time to familiarise itself with its provisions, and a judgment would have been formed upon them at leisure. No doubt it was brought in as early as it was to enable the universities to take it into consideration before the close of their winter sessions. To secure that object, however, it ought to have been laid on the table within a fortnight of the meeting of Parliament. The half-yearly meeting of Council at St. Andrews, of which the Bill suggests the abolition, had already taken place, and they were within an ace of passing a resolution in approval before they had seen it. The Council in Aberdeen had to send it to a committee, to report to the next meeting, which cannot be held till six months after this, when Parliament must have finally disposed of the matter. The University of Edinburgh was in the very act of closing its session—it was only in Glasgow that three weeks were still left for consideration.

I do not propose to analyse the Bill in detail, but I may explain its principal provisions. These are:—

1. The Creation of a University Commission with absolute powers and with no guiding directions.

2. The removal of all payments now

made to the universities from public money from the votes of Parliament to the Consolidated Fund, a sum of forty thousand pounds per annum being set down for their future maintenance from this source “in full discharge of all claims, past, present, and future.”

3. The abolition of St. Andrews, if the Commissioners shall, before 1st November, 1884, declare that in their opinion, “in consequence of the want of sufficient endowments, it is no longer possible for the university to perform its functions with advantage,” with a general direction to them, in that event, to make “suggestions” for the creation of a new “corporation to which the whole or a part of the funds of St. Andrews may be transferred”—the corporation being meant (presumably) to include one college (at Dundee), which has several professors, but which otherwise has not yet come into operation, and perhaps a Scottish college for women, who are not, however, mentioned anywhere in the Bill.

4. A double provision affecting the theological chairs which at present exist in all the universities, and are held only by clergymen of the Established Church of Scotland.

(i.) That they shall cease to be so connected, and that no test of any kind shall be imposed on the holders, who may apparently be clergymen of any Church, or laymen of none.

(ii.) That they shall never have any claim to any increase of endowments from any public source.

5. Provision for a first examination to be made obligatory on all students who intend to graduate in arts or any other faculty.

6. That after the commissioners have ceased to exist, in 1886 or 1887, the university courts may make ordinances at any time, re-distributing the whole amount of public money payable to their university; but that they shall have no power to disturb the proportions of the total sums allocated from the 40,000*l.* to each university, as settled by the commissioners.

The *first* of these features of the Bill is emphasised by a very remarkable omission. The Inquiry Commissioners of 1876-1878 are so absolutely forgotten that they are not even referred to, and I have scarcely discovered a suggestion of theirs which is either approved or condemned in the Bill. The new commissioners are, of course, to have full powers to make their own inquiries, and they will naturally consider how far the labours of their predecessors relieve them of the duty of taking further evidence. But after their inquiries, or without making any, they are to have absolute power to do anything they choose with the Scotch universities. The clause which contains this provision is *the* clause of the new measure. It runs thus: "Subject to the provisions of this Act, *and in such particulars as it may be found necessary to amend the regulations presently in force*, to regulate by ordinance the powers, jurisdictions, and privileges of chancellors, rectors, assessors, professors, and all other members, or office-bearers of said universities and colleges, as also the CONSTITUTION, powers, jurisdictions, and privileges, of the Senatus Academicus, the general council, the university court, and in the university of Edinburgh, the court of curators." The words of this clause, with the exception of those in italics and the word "constitution," are copied from the Act of 1858. But there are two differences, and these differences are vital. Both clauses run: "Subject to the provisions of this Act"—but the Act of 1858 contained elaborate provisions defining who were to be chancellors, assessors, court, council, and what were to be the main functions of these bodies, and of the senate. The clause of 1858 enabled the commissioners to carry out the provisions enacted by Parliament, and to adjust them in practical detail. "This Act" of 1883 has *no* provisions of the kind, and the commissioners may, under it, change every portion of the university, altering the constitu-

tion and the functions of every university authority. Of course no commissioners could or would do anything so absurd, but it seems strange that a proposal giving such absolutely unregulated powers should appear in a Bill introduced under the responsibility of Government. The word CONSTITUTION, which is the only other novelty in the clause, makes it certain that nothing less is intended or involved. Such powers were never, I believe, given by Parliament over any such institutions. The Inquiry Commissioners of 1878 do not seem to have found the Scotch universities either paralysed or negligent of their national duties. Yet in the exercise of their powers, the commissioners are to be hampered by no directions, or indications of the views of the framers of the Bill. There is the ordinary formal reference to Parliament, and an appeal to Her Majesty in Council. The reference to Parliament scarcely ever leads to any result, unless when something has been done to provoke strong party feeling. The ordinary work of Parliament is enough to overwhelm it, and it never willingly returns upon anything. The appeal against ordinances is hampered by conditions borrowed from the former Act, and of which people have consequently had ample experience, such as to make it extremely expensive. Any aggrieved person who may petition Her Majesty in Council against an ordinance, is usually informed that he will be heard by *counsel* on the subject. The Privy Council may, if he persuades them to that effect, order the commissioners to hear him, again "by counsel," and they may afterwards, if they think fit, re-hear him themselves. Such an appeal is scarcely ever taken, I understand, at a less expense than 1,000*l.* In the Oxford and Cambridge Act of 1877, the appeal is given to the Universities Committee of the Privy Council, who are directed to hear the complainants, "by themselves or by their counsel." Such a provision would be most valu-

able. Persons interested in university questions are often able to state a case, though they may be unwilling to incur a probable expense of 1,000*l.* to get it stated by counsel.

The English University Act, to which I have referred, is in very marked contrast as to the powers given to the commissioners and the treatment of the universities. In the English Act, colleges are empowered to make statutes for themselves, which become law if the commissioners approve of them. If the college and the commissioners do not agree, the former chooses three members of its body to be consulting and voting assessors for the purpose of framing statutes for the college—the original commissioners being seven in number. The statutes so arrived at may be appealed against to the universities committee of the Privy Council. These provisions effectually reserve all rights of colleges, they compel careful attention to their statements, and in the end they leave the original commissioners power to carry out a scheme even when the college is anxious to obstruct it. The present Bill would be vastly improved, and the objections to the arbitrary discretion conferred on the commissioners would practically disappear, were provisions like those of the Oxford and Cambridge Act of 1877 adopted.

The *second* main feature of the Bill is the money clause. Unlike the English, the Scottish universities have always depended to a considerable extent on parliamentary grants. In England the colleges are corporations, existing in many cases before the Reformation, with large estates adequate to maintain numerous fellows devoting their lives to study and research as well as to teaching. I believe that the income of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge exceeds half a million annually. In Scotland the estates of the universities are small. In comparison with England they have few scholarships and hardly any fellowships, and they have had to depend to a

considerable extent upon grants under the control of Parliament. By the Bill this sum is to be fixed for ever at 40,000*l.* per annum in lieu of "all claims, past, present, and future." At first one imagines that if these prodigal children are to be finally dismissed to their far country, and asked never again to worry the Treasury, they are not to be sent away empty. Forty thousand pounds a year is a handsome sum. It would certainly enable Parliament to found a considerable number of new chairs, and to make many additions and improvements. But of course the 40,000*l.* is not a new sum. It is inclusive of the sum now paid, and it is to be taken so as to prevent all conceivable increase of that sum beyond the fixed amount. Dr. Lyon Playfair has moved for a return showing precisely how much the universities now receive. The calculations I have made put the sum now paid to the universities and to the Royal Observatory and Botanic Garden, which are to be transferred to the University of Edinburgh, at between 32,000*l.* and 33,000*l.* Paragraphs in some of the Scotch newspapers, obviously founded on direct information, say that the Treasury calculate that after providing for the charges as they stand at present, there will be a margin of about 8,000*l.* a year under the Bill for the better endowment of the Scotch Universities. The 32,000*l.* now paid include 19,032*l.* for ordinary university purposes, and 7,473*l.* for retiring pensions to aged and infirm principals and professors. These two sums, 26,500*l.*, are now on the Civil Service Estimates and are annually voted by Parliament. There is a sum of 3,300*l.* paid out of the Consolidated Fund—2,200*l.* of which is compensation for copyright privileges commuted in 1835. There is a further sum which last year seems to have amounted to about 2,500*l.* for the upkeep and occasional extension of university buildings in Aberdeen and St. Andrews and the Observatory at Edinburgh. These buildings are now maintained by the Board of

Works, and Edinburgh receives 500*l.* a year, Glasgow alone receiving nothing for maintenance.

It is thus clear that the margin of say 7,500*l.* is to bear the charge of everything new that may ever be proposed. It is in view of the urgency of many university requirements that the Government have been pressed to legislate or to create an Executive Commission with money and powers. The Inquiry Commissioners recommended extensions and improvements for Glasgow alone, independent of the maintenance of her buildings, which were estimated to cost between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* annually, so that it is plain that the margin of 7,500*l.* in satisfaction of "all claims, past, present, and future," would not go far to supply what the Inquiry Commissioners, five years ago, considered to be urgent wants.

But the worst objection—to my mind the fatal objection—to the scheme is that it removes these charges from the Estimates, and places them on the Consolidated Fund. When a charge is fixed and cannot be either increased or diminished—such, for instance, as the charge settled once and for all as the compensation for copyright privileges—the Consolidated Fund is its proper place. There are other portions, probably considerable portions, of the ordinary sums now paid to the universities, which are equally fixed, and might be so charged with equal propriety. For whatever is not so fixed, wherever the principle of the charge is all that is settled, while the amount may vary, the Consolidated Fund is altogether unsuitable. Practically, to place a charge upon it is to remove it from the review of Parliament.

The pension fund for aged and infirm principals and professors was created by the Act of 1858, and the Commissioners and the Treasury were directed to settle its conditions. In the end they decided that no professor retiring, except when disabled by age or permanent infirmity, should have any pension—that even when so disabled

he should have no right to a pension except after ten years' service—that his retiring pension should never rise above two thirds of his income, a maximum which can only be reached after thirty years' service—that it should be less proportionally for a shorter term of service, and that in view of these provisions the university courts could compel the retirement of a principal or professor if they saw cause. It was brought out in evidence that the average age at which a professor is appointed in Scotland is thirty-eight or thirty-nine, so that the average age of retirement with the maximum two-thirds of salary is sixty-eight or sixty-nine. The arrangements for retirement are in effect the same as those for sheriff-substitutes, who discharge functions very much like county court judges in England.

The advantages to be anticipated were vividly illustrated at St. Andrews where the Commissioners found that three out of the fourteen professors had not for years been teaching their classes, but had been paying a deputy half the income to do the whole of the work. One of these gentlemen, who was above eighty, died before the Commissioners and the Treasury could settle his retiring allowance. The benefit of these provisions has been universally acknowledged in Scotland. With the Scotch system of lecturing, it is essential to the efficiency of his classes that a professor should be alert and vigorous, and that he should be willing and able to devote the whole energies of his life to his work, even, at times, at serious risk to health. In England the Act of 1877 adopted the Scotch system and took the same powers of making provision for pensions to professors in Oxford and Cambridge.

Such a system obviously necessitates a varying and uncertain charge, not only in the total amount but in each of the universities. Two years ago I believe it amounted to 5,500*l.*; this year it is 7,500*l.* Five years ago the charge on it from Glasgow was

between 500*l.* and 600*l.* At present it is 3,283*l.* Under the present system these variations cause no trouble. No charge can be made until the Treasury is satisfied that the conditions of the ordinances and of the Act of Parliament have been met. But the case would obviously be wholly altered if the charge were to be made on a fixed portion of the 40,000*l.* to be allocated once for all by the commissioners to each university. Such a difference of charge in five years as that I have mentioned for Glasgow would utterly confuse and upset the financial administration of the university. To secure retiring allowances on the present scale, it would be necessary in each university to set aside inalienably a sum sufficient to provide for all calculable contingencies; and as the margin at the disposal of each university is limited, and limited for ever, any such reserve sum must continually present itself as a bar in the way of some urgently needed university improvement. There would be a double temptation to the court, to encroach on the reserve, and to tolerate or urge professors whose age or infirmities were likely to make their retirement a public advantage, to retain their offices. If the university margin was spent and the little bank was empty, the professor would have to wait patiently till Providence should free and discharge the claim of some retired predecessor entitled to as much as himself.

I think it hardly a smaller objection to the Consolidated Fund Scheme, that it would remove the universities from the annual review or notice of Parliament. At present any Scotch or English or Irish member can bring up any question which he thinks of sufficient importance on the estimates. In future the universities would be cut adrift until another university commission might be demanded or required. It was only the day after this Bill was introduced, and apparently forgetting the fact that his name was on the back of it, that the Home Secre-

tary entreated the House of Commons not to disturb the Universities Committee of the Privy Council clauses of the Oxford and Cambridge Act, because commissions so unsettle everybody connected with universities, as to be tolerable only at long intervals and after they have become absolutely necessary.

The *third* main point in the Bill is the possible abolition of St. Andrews. The Bill says that the commissioners are to report within twelve months whether the state of the endowments is such that it can no longer be carried on with advantage, and if the answer is unfavourable to make suggestions for its abolition.

No one in Scotland can think without pain of the fate thus foreshadowed for the oldest of all our universities. The question, however, is clearly within the competence of Parliament, and if Parliament chooses to give a decision prospectively in the event of a plain question being answered in one way, there is nothing to be said. But the proposal of the Bill is not so simple. The commissioners are to have the power to affiliate other colleges duly incorporated to the university, and in the event of their deciding against St. Andrews they are to have the power to make "suggestions" for creating "a new corporation" to which the funds and property of the university and colleges may be wholly or partly transferred. It is difficult to understand the precise force of the unusual phrase "to make suggestions," in an Act of Parliament. I presume that the effect is that the commissioners can do nothing with St. Andrews but report, and that their suggestions when made, either for its dissolution or for the creation of a new corporation to which the funds and property shall be transferred, can only be given effect to by a supplementary Act of Parliament, which, under the provisions of the Bill, cannot be obtained at the earliest till the session after next. How will it be possible in the meantime, and until the "suggestions" are disposed of, to

allocate the 40,000*l.* among the universities? How can any one foresee what charge upon it is to be made for St. Andrews as it is, or for the new corporation as it is to be? If the principals and professors are to be retired compulsorily, they must be fully compensated for their whole emoluments. The total emoluments of St. Andrews, returned on an average of the years 1870-1876, were 1,815*l.* from the exchequer, 2,936*l.* from college revenues, 449*l.* from other endowments, and 1,013*l.* from class fees. The income from class fees must be made up by compensation if the university is to be abolished. It is equally plain that whatever portion of the 5,200*l.* of income from other sources may be set aside for the new corporation to be suggested, must be made up from the scanty margin of the 40,000*l.* which is available for the whole wants of all the universities.

The *fourth* cardinal point in the Bill is its treatment of the Faculty of Theology. It is proposed that the university chairs of theology as it is now understood should henceforward be chairs of scientific theology, subject to no test. It is not made clear whether the present holders are to be relieved from the declarations they have already made, but it would, of course, be impossible to enforce them. The new chairs of theology might apparently be held in future by clergymen with any creed, or by laymen with none. The students who now attend the theological chairs are almost always preparing to be clergymen of the Established Church. The other two presbyterian denominations have chairs of theology of their own for their future clergymen. It is difficult to suppose that the Established Church would not find herself constrained to establish a theological hall like her nonconformist neighbours on the first occurrence of a vacancy, or on the first strong rumour of what she would consider heretical teaching, however scientific. Sooner or later these classes would probably be deserted by

their professional students. Whatever may happen, the professors of theology are to be debarred by statute from any share in the benefits which may accrue from the margin of 7,500*l.* Their grievance indeed is probably more theoretical than practical, for, in view of the inevitable claims for university extensions and for the scientific chairs, it may be predicted with confidence that no professor of any subject will receive personal benefit from the margin. There is no room in it for the phantasmal compensation for possible loss of fees or diminution of students which intelligent writers have uniformly represented as the inevitable accompaniment of great reforms. But it is obviously absurd to place those theological sciences, divorced from tests, which the Bill supposes to exist, under any special disqualification. The abolition of the faculties of theology in the universities would be an intelligible step in the direction of disestablishment of the Church—the creation of faculties of a new description of theology *nullius in verba magistri* is an experiment which many people would watch with a great deal of sympathy and interest, but of which it does not seem difficult to foreshadow the result.

I have probably wearied my readers with these details, but I shall deal very briefly with the last two important elements of the Bill. It directs, *fitfully*, that there shall be a first examination, to be incumbent on all who intend to graduate in arts or any other faculty, and on no others. A great deal of discussion has gone on in Scotland on the subject of an entrance examination, and the public in general is probably not aware that such a first examination as this would not be an entrance examination properly so called. The University of Glasgow is at present about to institute an entrance examination, failure to pass which will exclude all persons below seventeen. They are of opinion that in Scotland at present there is no such

general supply of secondary schools, to which candidates who fail to pass can be remitted, as to make it safe to fix the age higher. It is doubtful in my mind whether even after the labours of the new Endowment Commissioners have begun to bear fruit, we shall soon see the day when it will be safe to raise the age of a "compulsory excluding" entrance examination. For my own part I should much prefer such an examination to one which would operate only on graduands, and which would have no effect in raising the standard of preliminary education among the casual students who attend college for a year or two, and who are numerous, at least in Glasgow. We have derived great benefits from the stimulus which the last commission gave to graduation, having quadrupled the annual number of persons graduating in arts within the last twenty years. The new first examination may operate as a serious barrier against it. But I should despair of arguing out a technical question of this kind, either before Parliament or the country, and, for my own part, I should be the more content to accept the provision contained in the Bill, as it has in its favour the authority of the University of Edinburgh, and of the Inquiry Commissioners of 1878.

The *sixth* point in the Bill is very much like the first. After the commissioners have ceased from troubling, the university courts are for ever after to have many of the powers and privileges from which they shall have withdrawn—except that if the commissioners have made an allocation of the 40,000*l.*, so much to each university, the courts cannot go back upon it. This is a very wide power to give, and the only body whose approval is to be required—the Committee of Council for Education in Scotland—is a rather unsatisfactory body to appeal to. Mr. Ramsay, M.P., asked a question in the House about this committee last session, to which he had some difficulty in getting an answer. It appeared, if

I recollect right, that the committee had met twice in two years, and that although it nominally consisted of a fair number of members, it was in fact and practice made up of the couple of members of administration responsible for Scotch business. Such a body is unsuitable as a court of review, and it would not become much more suitable if its functions were discharged, as they would practically be, by a permanent official, responsible to nobody. The main duties of such an official must always be in connection with the primary education of the country. It seems an extraordinary power to confer on the university courts to enable them to vary at their pleasure for ever, subject only to such a review, charges, many of which have been unvaried for centuries, charges like the compensations in the copyright acts, for instance, which have been inalienably assigned to certain university purposes, and to do so without consultation with chancellor or senate or university council, or any one but themselves. If such a power were limited to the margin—if the pensions were once for all placed where they are now, on the annual votes of Parliament, and if any settled charges now made from these votes were converted into fixed charges, the power left to the university court might be reasonable. As the Bill stands the courts would become masters of the university, because they would be masters of its whole public purse. It is difficult to reconcile ourselves to such a future when we do not even know how these courts are to be constituted in 1887.

These six provisions constitute the Scotch Universities Bill, 1883. No doubt they may all be modified—five of them ought, I think, to be radically altered. The Bill is, in fact, more satisfactory in what it omits to do than in what it does. There is no revival in it of the proposal to fuse the universities of the different quarters of Scotland into one whole, or to constitute a single Scottish university with affiliated colleges.

What I have called the sixth clause of the Bill points, indeed, in an altogether opposite direction, and leaves each university court an almost unchartered independence. Its defects may possibly be removed, and the measure as far altered as that famous Bill which came out of Parliament with the word "whereas" alone left standing. There is a natural—there may be a general—temptation to hope, that however sweeping the powers conferred on any new body of commissioners, they may not, after all, prove very dangerous in the hands of a body of sensible and carefully selected men. But it is the essential duty of the legislature to fix the limits within which it will trust the discretion of any delegated body. If Parliament or Scotland is content to see institutions which are bound up with our national life and history flung into Medea's caldron, in the hope that in passing through the fire a new and more vigorous life may replace the decrepitude and palsy of their age, there is nothing more to be said. All human things have their fatal days, and trees which have weathered the storms of

centuries fall in the sudden gust of an evening. The pity of it is that these accidents are often irremediable; that what has grown up for generations cannot be set on its feet again as easily as it has been toppled over; that it is simpler to destroy an old thing than to create a new one. The proposals of the Bill about St. Andrews seem to me to be in the spirit of the whole measure. The old institution is provisionally doomed in the *hope* that valuable "suggestions" may be received from the commissioners for the foundation of a new "corporation." The financial proposals of the Bill seem to me radically bad; its general provisions amount to taking power to enable the commissioners to reconstruct the Scotch universities from top to bottom. For St. Andrews, they are to make "suggestions." With regard to the other universities they are not permitted to suggest their abolition, but in all other respects they are to be left, in the words of the Shorter Catechism to "the freedom of their own will."

W. JACK.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

As it is painful to speak of a friend when the sense of loss is still fresh and keen, so it is perhaps unwise, because the public is apt to suppose that words used at such a time are the expression rather of affection and regret than of deliberate judgment, and to refer them to the category of epitaphs and funeral orations. Nevertheless this is a risk which he must be content to take who, perceiving how quickly, in a society like ours, the waters close over a vanished life, fears to let slip the first opportunity of commemorating, however briefly and inadequately, gifts which deserve to be held in admiring remembrance. There must be many among those who read Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* who would willingly hear something more about him than was contained in the newspapers which announced his death in March last, from one who knew him well, but who desires to speak of him quite dispassionately.

John Richard Green was born in Oxford on December 12th, 1837, and educated first at Magdalen College School, and afterwards, for a short time, at a private tutor's. He was a singularly quick and bright boy, and at sixteen obtained by competition, a scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford, where he entered on residence in 1856. The members of that college were in those days almost entirely Welshmen, and thereby much cut off from the rest of the university. They had few social relations with other colleges, so that a man might have a high reputation for ability in his own society and remain unknown

to the larger world of Oxford. It so happened with Green. Though his few college friends had the highest estimate of his powers, they had so little intercourse with other colleges, either socially by way of breakfasts or wine-parties, or at the university debating society, or in athletic sports, that he remained unknown even to those among his contemporaries who were interested in the same things, and would have most enjoyed his acquaintance. The only eminent person who seems to have appreciated and influenced him was the late Dean of Westminster, then professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church. Green had attended his lectures, and Stanley, whose kindly interest in young men never failed, was struck by him, and had some share in turning his studies into a historical direction. He graduated in 1860, not having gone in for honours, partly, perhaps, because he had not received from the then tutors of the college the recognition to which he was entitled.

In 1860 he was ordained, and became curate in London at St. Barnabas, King's Square, whence, after two years' experience, and one or two temporary engagements, including the sole charge of a parish in Hoxton, he was appointed in 1865, to the incumbency of St. Philip's, Stepney, a district church in one of the poorest parts of London, where the vicar's income was ill-proportioned to the claims which the needs of his parishioners made upon him. Here he worked with great zeal and assiduity for about three years, gain-

ing an insight into the condition and needs of the poor—a view of the realities of life—which scholars and historians seldom obtain. He learnt, in fact, to know men, and the real forces that sway them; and he used to say in later life that he was conscious how much this had helped him in historical writing. Gibbon, as every one knows, made a similar remark about his experience as a captain in the Hampshire militia.

He threw the whole force of his nature into the parish schools, spending some time in every day in them; he visited incessantly; and he took a particularly active part in the movement for regulating and controlling private charity which led to the formation of the Charity Organisation Society. An outbreak of cholera and period of serious distress among the poor occurred during his incumbency, a period which drew some earnest workers from other parts of London to give their help to the clergy of the East End. Edward Denison, who is affectionately remembered by many who knew him in Oxford and London,¹ chose Green's parish to work in, and the two friends confirmed one another in their crusade against indiscriminate and demoralising charity. It was at this time that Green, who spent pretty nearly all his income as vicar upon the parish, found himself obliged, for the sake of his work there, to earn some money otherwise, and began to write for the *Saturday Review*. The addition of this labour to the daily fatigues of his parish duties told on his health, which had always been delicate, and made him willingly accept from Archbishop Tait, who had early marked and learnt to value his abilities, the post of librarian at Lambeth. He quitted Stepney, and never took any other clerical work.

Although physical weakness was one of the causes which compelled this step,

¹ Green has spoken of him in an article entitled "A Brother of the Poor," published in his *Stray Studies*.

there was also another. He had been brought up in Tractarian views, and was at one time (so, at least, I have heard), when a boy, on the point of entering the Church of Rome. This tendency passed off, and before he went to St. Philip's, he had become a Broad Churchman, and was much influenced by the writings of Mr. F. D. Maurice, whom he knew and used frequently to meet, and whose pure and noble character, even more perhaps than his preaching, had profoundly impressed him. However, his restlessly active mind did not stop long there. The same movement which had carried him away from Tractarianism made him feel less and less at home in the ministry of the Church of England, and must have led him, even had his health been stronger, to withdraw from clerical duties. After a few years he ceased to be addressed by his friends under the usual clerical prefix; but he continued to interest himself in ecclesiastical affairs, and always retained a warm affection for the Established Church.

On leaving Stepney he went to live in lodgings in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, and divided his time between Lambeth and literary work. He now during several years wrote a good deal for the *Saturday Review*, and his articles were among the best, perhaps the very best, which then appeared in that organ. The most valuable of them were reviews of historical books and descriptions from the historical point of view of cities or remarkable places, especially English and French towns. Some of these are masterpieces, and well deserve to be collected and republished. Other articles were on social, or what may be called occasional, topics, and attracted much notice at the time from their gaiety and lightness of touch. Politics he never touched, nor was he in the ordinary sense of the word a journalist, for with the exception of these social articles, his work was all done in his own

historical field, and done with as much care and pains as others would bestow on the composition of a book. Upon this subject I may quote the words of one of his oldest and most intimate friends who knew all he did in those days, and who conceives that it was a mistake to describe him, as some newspapers did in referring to his death, as a journalist :—

“The real history of this writing for the *Saturday Review* has much personal, pathetic, and literary interest.

“It was when he was vicar of St. Philip’s, Stepney, that he wrote the most. The income of the place was, I think, 300*l.* a year, and the poverty of the parish was very great. Mr. Green spent every penny of this income on the parish. And he wrote—in order to live, and often when he was wearied out with the work of the day and late into the night—two, and often three, articles a week for the *Saturday Review*. It was less of a strain to him than it would have been to many others, because he wrote with such speed, and because his capacity for rapidly throwing his subject into form, and his memory were so remarkable. But it was a severe strain, nevertheless, for one who, at the time, had in him the beginnings of the disease of which he died.

“I was staying with him once for two days, and the first night he said to me, ‘I have three articles to write for the *Saturday Review*, and they must all be done in thirty-six hours.’ ‘What are they?’ I said; ‘and how have you found time to think of them?’ ‘Well,’ he answered, ‘one is on a volume of Freeman’s *Norman Conquest*, another is a “light middle,” and the last on the history of a small town in England; and I have worked them all into form as I was walking to-day about the parish and in London.’ One of these studies was finished before two o’clock in the morning, and while I talked to him; the other two were done the next day. It is not uncommon to reach such speed, but it is very uncommon to combine this speed with literary excellence of composition, and with permanent and careful knowledge. The historical reviews were of use to, and gratefully acknowledged by, his brother historians, and frequently extended, in two or three numbers of the *Saturday Review*, to the length of an article in a magazine. I used to think them masterpieces of reviewing, and their one fault was the fault which was then frequent in that Review—overvehemence in slaughtering its foes. Such reviewing cannot be fairly described as journalism. It was an historical scholar speaking to scholars. I do not call it journalism when Mr. Gardiner writes an article on his own subject in the *Academy*.

“Another class of articles written by Mr. Green were articles on towns in England, France, or Italy. I do not know whether it was he or Mr. Freeman who introduced this custom of bringing into a short space the historical aspect of a single town or of a famous building, and showing how the town or the building recorded its own history, and how it was linked to general history, but Mr. Green, at least, began it very early in his articles on Oxford. At any rate, it was his habit, at this time, whenever he travelled in England, France, or Italy, to make a study of any town he visited.

“Articles of this kind—and he had them by fifties in his head—formed the second line of what has been called his journalism. I should prefer to call them contributions to history. They are totally different in quality from ordinary journalism. They are short historical essays.”

As his duties at Lambeth made no great demands on his time, he was now able to devote himself more steadily to historical work. His first impulse in that direction seems, as I have said, to have been received from Dean Stanley at Oxford. His next came from Mr. E. A. Freeman, who had listened to, and been much struck by, a paper of his at the meeting of a local archæological society (at Wellington in Somersetshire), and who became from that time his warm and steadfast friend. Green was a born historian, who would have been eminent without any help except that of books. But he was wise enough to know the value of personal counsel and direction, and generous enough to be heartily grateful for what he received. He did not belong in any special sense to what has been called Mr. Freeman’s school, differing widely from that distinguished writer in many of his views, and still more in style and manner. But he learnt an immense deal from Mr. Freeman, and he delighted to acknowledge his debt. He learnt among other things, the value of accuracy, the way to handle original authorities, the interpretation of architecture, and he received during many years of intimate intercourse, the constant sympathy and encouragement of a friend whose affection was

never blind to faults, while his admiration was never clouded by jealousy. It was his good fortune to win the regard and receive the advice of another illustrious historian, Dr. Stubbs, who has expressed in language perhaps more measured, but not less emphatic than Mr. Freeman's, his sense of Green's services to English history. These two he used to call his masters; but no one who has read him and them needs to be told that his was one of those strong and rich intelligences which, in becoming more perfect by the study of others, loses nothing of its originality.

His first continuous studies had lain among the Angevin kings, and the note-books still exist in which he had accumulated materials for their history. However, the book was never written, for when the state of his lungs (which forced him to spend the winter of 1870—71 at San Remo) had begun to alarm his friends, they urged him to throw himself at once into some book likely to touch the world more than a minute account of so remote a period could do. Accordingly he began, and in two or three years, his winters abroad interrupting work a good deal, he completed the *Short History of the English People*. When a good deal of it had gone through the press, he felt, and his friends agreed with him, that the style of the earlier chapters was too much in the eager, quick, sketchy, "point-making" manner of his *Saturday Review* articles, "and did not possess" (says the friend I have already quoted) "enough historical dignity for a work which was to take in the whole history of England. It was then, being convinced of this, that he cancelled a great deal of what had been stereotyped, and re-wrote it, re-creating, with his passionate facility, his whole style." In order to finish it, he gave up the *Saturday Review* altogether, though he could ill spare what his writing there brought him in. It is seldom that one finds such swiftness

and ease in composition as his, united to so much fastidiousness. He went on remoulding and revising till his friends insisted that the book should be published anyhow, and published it accordingly was, in 1874. Feeling that his time here might be short, for he was often laid up and disabled even by a catarrh, he was the readier to yield.

The success of the *Short History* was rapid and overwhelming. Everybody read it. It was philosophical enough for scholars, and popular enough for schoolboys. No historical book since Macaulay's has made its way so fast, or been read with so much avidity. And Green was under disadvantages which his great predecessor escaped from. Macaulay's name was famous before his *History* appeared, and Macaulay's scale was so large that he could enliven his pages with a multitude of anecdotes and personal details. Green was known only to a small circle of friends, having written nothing under his own signature except one or two papers in magazines or the Transactions of archaeological societies; and the plan of his book, which dealt with the whole fourteen centuries of English national life in eight hundred and twenty pages, obliged him to deal with facts in the mass, and touch lightly and briefly on personal traits. A summary is of all kinds of writing that which it is hardest to make interesting, because one must speak in general terms, one must pack facts tightly together, one must be content to give those facts without the delicacies of light and shade, the subtler tints of colour. Yet such was his skill, both literary and historical, that his outlines gave more pleasure and instruction than other people's finished pictures.

The success of the book put him at once in easier circumstances, and he soon afterwards removed to pleasanter lodgings in Connaught Street, Hyde Park, where he remained for two years. It also won for him a recog-

dition in the world which brightened his life. The University of Edinburgh, more prompt and generous than his own, conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D., and the Committee of the Athenæum Club exercised in his favour their power of electing eminent men to be members of the club without ballot, while Jesus College conferred on him an honorary Fellowship.

In 1876 he took, for the only time in his life, except when he had supported a working man's candidate for the Tower Hamlets at the general election of 1868, an active part in practical politics. In the early part of that winter, when war seemed impending between Russia and Turkey, fears were entertained that England might undertake the defence of Turkey, and a body called the Eastern Question Association was formed to organise opposition to what was supposed to be the warlike policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry. Green threw himself warmly into the movement, was chosen to serve on the Executive Committee of the association, and was one of a literary sub-committee of five (which included also Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. William Morris) appointed to draw up the manifesto convoking the meeting of delegates from all parts of the country, which was held in December 1876, under the title of the Eastern Question Conference. He continued to attend the general committee until, after the Treaty of Berlin, it ceased to meet, and took the keenest interest in its proceedings. But his weak health and frequent winter absences made public appearances impossible to him.

The next year, 1877, brought the chief happiness of his life, for it was then that he married Miss Alice Stopford, daughter of the late Archdeacon Stopford.

The reception of the *Short History* induced his publishers to collect and issue a selection from his anonymous articles under the title of *Stray Studies*.

It preserved some excellent work, and would doubtless have had a more complete success if its contents had been less miscellaneous. And about the same time he began to edit his series of primers in literature and history, a delicate task, which he discharged with great tact; and soon after he wrote, in conjunction with his wife, a book on the geography of the British Isles.

A more laborious undertaking was the re-casting of his *Short History* in the form of a somewhat larger book, which, under the title of *A History of the English People*, appeared in four octavo volumes between 1878 and 1880. This revised edition of the early work profited by the care which he spent, not only in correcting the minor errors of the latter, but in reconsidering the views and conclusions which had been there expressed, sometimes too broadly or too hastily. Thus the book gained in accuracy and solidity. It remains the latest and completest exposition of his ideas. But many readers thought that in being revised it was so toned down as to lose some part of its freshness and vivacity; and it does not seem likely to supplant the *Short History* in popular favour. In 1880 the concluding volume of this larger history appeared, and with characteristic activity he immediately set about a new project. He had always been intensely interested in the *origines* of English history, the settlement of the Teutonic invaders in Britain, the consolidation of their tribes into a nation with characteristic institutions and a settled order; and his desire to treat of them was possibly stimulated by the way in which some critics had sought to disparage his *Short History* as a mere popularising of other people's ideas; brilliant work, these critics said, but still second-hand work, and affording no evidence of original power. Unjust the criticism certainly was, for there was abundant originality in the views set forth in the *Short*

History; but it made his friends urge him to an enterprise where he would have to deal with original authorities only, and be forced to put forth those powers of criticism and construction which they knew him to possess. Thus he began afresh at the very beginning, at Roman Britain and the English Conquest. The work had not advanced far when he went to spend the winter in Egypt, and there unhappily caught an illness which so told on his weak frame that he was only just able to return to London in April, and would not have reached it at all but for the care and skill with which he was tended by his wife. Good nursing, and the extraordinary recuperative power which his constitution possessed, brought him so far round that in a few weeks he was able to resume his studies, though now forbidden to give to them more than two or three hours a day. However, what he could not do alone he did with and through his wife, who consulted the authorities for him, examined into obscure points, and wrote to his dictation. In this way, during the summer and autumn months of 1881, when often some slight change of weather would throw him back and make work impossible for days or weeks, the book was prepared, which he published in February 1882, under the title of *The Making of England*. Even in those few months it was incessantly rewritten; no less than ten copies were, I believe, made of the first chapter. It was received in the warmest way by the highest authorities. But he was himself far from satisfied with it on the literary side, thinking that a reader would find it at once too speculative and too dry, deficient in the details needed to make the life of primitive England real and instructive. If this had been so, it would have been due to no failing in his skill, but to the scantiness of the materials available for the first few centuries of our national history. But he felt it so strongly that he was often

disposed to recur to his idea of writing a history of the last seventy or eighty years, and was only induced by the encouragement of a few friends to pursue the narrative which, in the *Making of England*, he had carried down to the reign of Egbert. The winter of 1881 was spent at Mentone, and the following summer in London. He continued very weak, and sometimes unable to go out driving—he never walked now—or to work at home for weeks together. But the moment that an access of strength returned, the note-books were brought out, and he was again busy going through what his wife's industry had tabulated, and dictating for an hour or two till fatigue forced him to desist. Those who saw him during that summer were amazed, not only at this brave spirit which refused to yield to physical feebleness, but at the brightness and clearness of his intellect, which was not only as forcible as it had ever been before, but as much interested in whatever passed in the world. Those who came to see him were inclined to leave forthwith when they saw how he sat propped up with cushions on the sofa, his tiny frame worn to mere skin and bone, his voice interrupted by frequent fits of coughing; but when they had stayed for a little, all was forgotten in the fascination of his talk, and they were in danger of remaining till the effort, not of thinking but of speech, had exhausted him.

In October, when he returned to Mentone, the tale of our early history had been completed, and was in type down to the death of Earl Godwine in A.D. 1052. He had hesitated as to the point at which the book should end, but finally decided to carry it down to A.D. 1085, the date of the dispersion of the last great Scandinavian armament which threatened England. As the book dealt with both the Danish and Norman invasions, he proposed to call it *The Conquest of England*, and it is to be shortly published, wanting, in-

deed, those expansions in several places which he had meant to give it, but still such a work as none but he could have produced, full of new light, and equal in the parts which have been fully handled to the best work of his earlier years.

Soon after he returned to Mentone he became rapidly worse, and unfit to do any continuous work, or even to quit the house, except to sit in the garden during an hour or two of morning sunshine. There I saw him in the end of December, keen and active in mind as ever, aware that the most he himself could hope for was to live long enough to complete his *Conquest*, but reading with avidity every new book that came to him from England—the last, which he began only a week or two before his death, was the *Life of Lord Lawrence*—starting schemes for various historical books sufficient to fill three lifetimes, and ranging in talk over the whole field of politics, literature, and history. It seemed as if the intellect and will, which strove to remain in life till their work was done, were the only things which held the weak and wasted body together. The quenchless ardour of his spirit prolonged life amid the signs of death. In January there came a new attack, and in February another unexpected rally. On the 2nd of March he remarked that it was no use fighting longer, and on Wednesday, the 7th, he expired, at the age of forty-six.

Incomplete as his life seems, maimed and saddened by the sense of powers which ill health would not suffer to produce their due results, it was not an unhappy one, for he had that immense power of enjoyment which so often belongs to a vivacious intelligence. He delighted in books, in travel, in his friends' company, in the constant changes and movements of the world. Society never dulled his taste for these things, nor was his spirit, except for passing moments, darkened by the shadows which to

others seemed to lie so thick around his path. He enjoyed, though he never boasted of it, the fame his books had won, and the splendid sense of creative power. And the last six years of his life were brightened by the society and affection of one who entered into all his tastes and pursuits with the most perfect sympathy, and enabled him, by her industry and vigour, to prosecute labours which physical weakness must otherwise have checked before the best of all his work had been accomplished.

I would willingly linger over those incidents of his life and characteristics of his mind which endeared him to his friends; but it is better to proceed to that which the public knows him by, and endeavour to present some sort of estimate of his gifts for history, and the place to which his historical work is entitled. He had powers which would have made him eminent in many walks of life, just as he had a brilliance in talk which shone out over the room whatever might be the topic that came up. History was, however, the subject towards which the whole current of his intellect set, and it was interesting to notice how everything fell with him into history; how he inevitably looked at it as an historian would.

Now what are the capacities which the historian specially needs? Firstly, he must be accurate, and so fond of the true fact as to be willing to spend much time and pains in tracing it out even when it seems to others comparatively trivial. Secondly, he must be keenly observant, that is to say, he must be able to fasten on small points, and discover in isolated data the basis for some generalisation, or the illustration of some principle. Thirdly, he must have a sound and calm judgment, which will subject both his own and other people's inferences and generalisations to a searching review, and weigh in delicate scales their validity. These two last mentioned qualifications taken together make up what one calls

the critical faculty; the power of dealing with evidence as tending to establish or discredit facts, and those conclusions which are built on the grouping of facts. Acuteness alone is not enough, though men often speak of it as if it were the main thing needed. Nor is the judicial balance alone enough, though etymologically the critic is the judicially-minded person. We all know people sharp in observation and fertile in suggestion, whose conclusions have little value, because they cannot distinguish between strong and weak arguments, just as we know solid and well-balanced minds who never enlighten a subject because, while seeing the errors of others, they cannot seize on the positive significance of facts known, but hitherto unscrutinised. The true critic, in history, in philosophy, in literature, in psychology, even largely in the sciences of nature, is he whose judgment goes hand in hand with his observation, as the heat of the electric current is evolved where its light kindles. Fourthly, the historian must have imagination, not indeed with that intensity which makes the poet, else his realisations of the unseen may carry him too far above the earth, but in sufficient measure to let him feel the men of other times and countries to be living and real like ourselves, to present to him a large and crowded picture of a distant world as a world moving, struggling, hoping, fearing, enjoying, believing, like the world of to-day—a world in which there is a private life infinitely vaster, more complex, more interesting than that public life which is sometimes all that the records of the past have transmitted to us. Our imaginative historian may or may not be able to reconstruct that private life for us. If he can, he will. If the data are too scanty, he will wisely forbear. Yet he will still feel that those whose movements on the public stage he chronicles and judges, had their private life, and were steeped in an environment of natural and human

influences which must have affected them at every turn; and he will so describe them as to make us feel them human, and give life to the pallid figures of far-off warriors and law-givers. To these four, some will think there ought to be added the faculty of literary exposition. But one who possesses in large measure the last three, or even the last alone, cannot fail to interest his readers; and what more does a talent for literary exposition mean?

Taking these four, we shall find that historians fall into two classes, according as there predominates in them the critical or the imaginative faculty. I am far from saying that any one can attain greatness without both: still they may be present in very unequal degrees. Some will investigate facts and their relations with more care, and will occupy themselves chiefly with that side of history in which positive and tangible conclusions are (from the comparative abundance of data) most easily reached—that, namely, which relates to constitutional and diplomatic matters. Others will be drawn towards the dramatic and personal elements in history, primarily as they appear in the lives of famous individual men, secondarily as they are seen, more dimly but not less impressively, in groups and masses of men, and in a nation at large, and will also observe and dwell upon incidents of private life or features of social and religious custom, which the student of stately politics passes by.

As Coleridge divided thinkers into two classes and took Plato as the type of one, Aristotle of the other, so one might take as representatives of these two tendencies among historians Thucydides for the critical and philosophical, Herodotus for the imaginative and picturesque. The former does not indeed want a sense of the dramatic grandeur of a situation; his narrative of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse, to take the most

obvious example, is like a piece of Æschylus in prose. The latter is by no means without a philosophical view of things, nor without a critical instinct, although his generalisations are rudimentary and his critical apparatus is imperfect. Each is so splendid because each is wide, with all the great gifts largely, although not equally, developed.

Green was an historian of the Herodotean type. He possessed, as I shall attempt to show, the capacities which belong to the other type also; he was diligent, critical, sceptical, perhaps too sceptical, and he was eminently philosophical. Yet, the imaginative quality was the leading and distinctive quality in his mind and writing. An ordinary reader, if asked what was the main impression given by the *Short History of the English People*, would answer that it was the impression of picturesqueness and vividity — picturesque in the externals of the life described, vividity in that life itself.

I remember to have once, in talking with Green about Greek history, told him how I had heard a distinguished scholar, in discussing the ancient historians, disparage Herodotus and declare him unworthy to be placed near Thucydides. Green answered, almost with indignation, that to say such a thing showed that this eminent scholar could have little feeling for history. "Great as Thucydides is," he said, "Herodotus is far greater, or at any rate far more precious. His view was so much wider." I forget the rest of the conversation, but what he meant was that Herodotus, to whom everything in the world was interesting, and who has told us something about every country he visited or heard of, had a more fruitful conception of history than his Athenian successor, who practically confined himself to politics in the narrower sense of the term, and that even the wisdom of the latter is not so valuable to us as the miscellaneous budget of information which Herodotus pours out

about everything in the primitive world.

This was thoroughly characteristic of himself. Everything was interesting to him because his imagination laid hold of everything. When he travelled, nothing escaped his quick eye, perpetually ranging over the aspects of places and society. When he went out to dinner, he noted every person present, and could tell you afterwards something about them. He had a theory, so to speak, about each of them, and indeed about every one with whom he had ever exchanged a dozen words. When he read the newspaper, he seemed to squeeze all the juice out of it in a few minutes. Nor was it merely the large events that fixed his mind: he drew from stray notices of minor current matters evidence of principles or tendencies which escaped other people's eyes. You never left him without having a flood of new light poured over the questions of the hour. His memory was retentive, but it was not so remarkable as the sustained keenness of apprehension with which he read, and which made him fasten upon everything in a book or in talk which was significant, which could be made the basis for an illustration of some theory. This is what I mean by calling him Herodotean. Nothing was too small nor too apparently remote from the main studies of his life to escape him or be without interest for him. His imagination vitalised it, and gave it immediately its place in those pictures he was always sketching out.

As this faculty of discerning hidden meanings and relations was one index and consequence of his imaginative power, so another was found in that artistic gift to which I have just referred. To give literary form to everything was a necessity of his intellect. He could not tell an anecdote or repeat a conversation without unconsciously dramatising it, putting into people's mouths better phrases

than they would have themselves employed, and giving a finer point to the moral which the incident expressed. Verbal accuracy sometimes was impaired, but the inner truth came out the more fully.

Though he wrote very fast, and in the most familiar way, the style of his letters was as good, I might say as finished, as that of his books. Every one of them had a beginning, middle, and end. The ideas were developed in an apt and graceful order, the sentences could all be construed, the words were choice. It was of course the same with the short articles which he at one time used to write for the *Saturday Review*. They are little essays, worthy to live not only for the excellent matter they contain, but for the delicate refinement of their form. Yet they were all written swiftly, and sometimes in the midst of physical weakness and exhaustion. The friend I have previously quoted describes the genesis of one. He reached the town of Troyes early one morning with two friends, and immediately started off to explore it, darting hither and thither through the streets like a dog trying to find a scent. In two hours the examination was complete. They lunched together, took the train on to Basel, got there late and went off to bed. Green, however, wrote before he slept, and brought down to breakfast with him next morning an article on Troyes, in which its characteristic features were brought out and connected with its fortunes and those of the Counts of Champagne during some centuries, an article which was really a history in miniature. Then they went out together to look at Basel, and being asked some question about that city he gave on the spur of the moment a sketch of its growth and character equally vivid and equally systematic, grouping all he had to say round two or three leading theories. Yet he had never been in either place before, and had not made a special study of either.

He could apparently have done the same for any other town in France or the Rhineland.

One other result of his imagination must be mentioned—the extreme quickness of his sympathy. It had served him well in his work among the East End poor. It made him an immense favourite with young people, in whose tastes and pursuits he was always ready to be interested. It enabled him to pour life and feeling into the figures of a bygone age, and become the most human, and in so far the most real and touching, of all who have dealt with English history. Whether or not his portraits are always true, they are always life-like. They seem to breathe.

There was perhaps nothing that struck one so much in daily intercourse with Green as this passionate interest of his in human life. One may divide people—people (that is to say) who are pronounced enough to be classifiable at all—into those whose primary interests are in nature and what relates to nature, and those whose primary interests are in and for man. He was the most striking type I have known of the latter class, not merely because his human interests were so strong, but also because they excluded, to a degree singular in such an active and strenuous mind, interests in purely natural things. He did not seem to care for or seek to know any of the sciences of nature except in so far as they bore upon man's life, were capable of explaining it or of serving it. He had a wonderfully keen eye for country, for the direction and character of hills, the position and influence of rivers, forests, and marshes, of changes in the line of land and sea. Readers of *The Making of England* will recall the picture of the physical aspects of England as the Teutonic invaders found it, as an unrivalled piece of reconstructive description. So on a battle-field or in an historical town, his perception of the features of the ground or the site was

swift and unerring. He perceived and enjoyed natural beauty. But his perception and his enjoyment must always have reference to human life. The study of the battle-field and the town site were aids to the comprehension of historical events. The exquisite landscape was exquisite, because it was associated with people dwelling there, with the processes of their political growth, with their social usages, or their ideas. I remember to have had from him years ago the most vivid descriptions of the towns of the Riviera and of Capri, where he used to pass the winter, but he never touched on anything which did not illustrate or intertwine itself with the life of the people, leaving one quite uninformed on matters purely physical. Facts about the height or steepness of the mountains, the relation of their ranges to one another, or their geological structure, or the trees and flowers of their upper regions, the prospects their summits command, the scenes of beauty in their wild glens, or beside their wood-embosomed lakes—all, in fact, which the mountain lover delights in, and which are to him a part of the mountain ardour, of the passion for pure nature unsullied by the presence of man—all this was cold to him. But as soon as a touch of human life fell like a sunbeam across the landscape, all became warm and lovable.

It was the same with art. With his delight in the creative ages and their work, his delicate perception of merit in every department, he had a great fondness for painting and sculpture, and used to describe what he saw in the galleries and churches of Italy with extraordinary power. But here too it was the human element that fascinated him. Technical merits, though of course he observed them, for he observed everything, were forgotten; he dwelt only on what the picture expressed or revealed. And for this reason pure landscape painting gave him comparatively little pleasure.

It seems a truism to say that a his-

torian ought to care for all that bears upon man in the past or in the present. But there are really very few who have cared as he did, for there are few who have taken so wide a view of the historian's functions, and have so distinctly set before them as their object the comprehension, and realisation, and description of the whole field of bygone human life. The Past was all present to him in this sense, that he saw and felt in it not only those large events which annalists or state papers have recorded, but the every-day life of the people, their ideas, their habits, their external surroundings. And the Present was always past to him in this sense, that in spite of his strong political feelings, he looked at it with the eye of a philosophical observer, he disengaged leading principles from details, permanent tendencies from passing outbursts. This great complex mass of moral and physical forces playing round us, and driving us hither and thither by such a strange and intricate interlacement of movements that we seem to perceive no more than what is next us, and are unable to say whither we are tending, this roaring loom of Time, as Goethe calls it, was always before his mind, whose keen and steady gaze tried to follow every flash of the shuttle, and to discover a direction and a relation amidst apparent confusion. His imagination visualised, so to speak, the phenomena as in a picture; his speculative faculty harmonised them under laws, measured them, and sought to forecast their effects. Hence it was a necessity to him to know what the world was doing. The first thing he did every day, whatever other pressure there might be on him, was to read the daily newspaper. The last thing that he ceased to read, when his remaining life began to be counted by hours, was the daily newspaper. Closely as he followed and sympathised with the fortunes of his friends, his interest in the world was warmer still. This is the keynote of his *History of the English*

People. It is the whole nation that is ever present to him, as it had been present before to no other historian.

Such power of imagination and sympathy as I have endeavoured to describe is enough to make a brilliant writer, yet not necessarily a great historian. One must see how far the other qualifications, accuracy, acuteness, judgment are also possessed.

His accuracy has been much disputed. When the first burst of applause that welcomed the *Short History* had subsided, several critics began to attack it on the score of minor errors. They pointed out a number of statements of fact which were doubtful, and others which were incorrect, and spread in some quarters the impression that he was on the whole a careless and untrustworthy writer. I do not deny that there are in the first editions of the *Short History* some assertions made more positively than the evidence warrants, but this often arises from the summary method of treatment. A writer who compresses the whole history of England into eight hundred pages of small octavo, making his narrative not a bare narrative but a picture full of colour and incident, but incident which, for brevity's sake, must often be given by allusion, cannot be always interrupting the current of the story to indicate doubts or quote authorities for every statement in which there may be an element of conjecture; and it is probable that in some instances when the authorities are examined their result will appear different from that which the author has given them. On this head the *Short History*, if not perfect, is open to no grave censure. Of mistakes, strictly so called—*i.e.* statements demonstrably incorrect and therefore ascribable to haste or carelessness—there are enough to make a considerable show under the hands of a hostile critic, yet not more than any one who has read a good deal of history will be prepared to expect. The book falls far short of the accuracy

of Bishop Thirlwall or Ranke, short even of the accuracy of Gibbon or Carlyle; but it is not much below the standard of Mr. Grote's care, it is up to that of Macaulay or Robertson, and decidedly above Dean Milman or David Hume. I take famous names, and could easily put a better face on the matter by choosing for comparison contemporary writers whose literary eminence is higher than their historical. And Green's mistakes, although as I admit pretty numerous, were (for they have been corrected in later editions) nearly all in very small matters. He puts an event in one year which happened in the preceding December; he calls a man John whose name was William. These are mistakes to the eye of a civil service examiner, but they seldom make any difference to the general reader, for they do not affect the doctrines and pictures which the book contains, and which give it its permanent value as well as its literary charm. Still they are a blemish, and it is pleasant to be able to add that his later and more detailed work, the *Making of England*, though it contains plenty of debatable matter, as in the paucity of authentic data any such book must do, has been charged with very few misstatements in matters of fact.

In considering his critical gift, it is well to distinguish those two elements of acute perception and sober judgment which were specified a few pages back, for he possessed the former in much larger measure than the latter. The same activity of mind which made him notice everything while travelling or moving in society, played incessantly upon the data of his historical works, and supplied him with endless theories as to the meaning of a statement, the source it came from, the way it had been transmitted, the conditions under which it was made. No one could be more keen and penetrating in what the Germans call *Quellenforschung*—the collection, and investigation, and testing of the

sources of history—nor could any one be more painstaking. His inaccuracies did not arise from an indolence that left any stone unturned, but rather from an occupation with the idea which sometimes drew his attention away from the details of time and place. The ingenuity with which he built up theories was as admirable as the literary skill with which he stated them. People whom that skill fascinated sometimes fancied that it was all style. But the style was the least part of it. The bright facility in theorising, the power of grouping facts under new aspects, the skill in gathering and sifting evidence were fully as remarkable as those artistic qualities which expressed themselves in the paragraphs and sentences and phrases. What danger there was arose from this facility. His mind was so fertile and so imaginative, could see so much in a theory and apply it so dexterously, that his judgment sometimes suffered. It was dazzled by the brilliance of his invention. I do not think he loved his theories specially because they were his own, for he often modified or abandoned them, and he was always ready to give an eager attention to any one else's suggestions. But he had a passion for light, and when a new view seemed to him to explain things previously dark, he found it hard to acquiesce in uncertainty or patiently to suspend his judgment. Some of his theories he himself dropped. Some others he probably would have dropped, as the authorities he respected have not embraced them. Others have made their way into general acceptance, and will become still more useful as future inquirers work them out. But it may safely be said of his theories, that whether right or wrong, they were always instructive. Every one of them is based upon some facts, whose importance had not been so fully seen before, and suggests a point of view which is worth considering. He may sometimes appear extravagant—he is

never weak, or silly, or perverse. And so far from being credulous, his natural tendency was towards doubt.

On its imaginative side, his mind was constructive: on its logical side, it was solvent and sceptical. Imagination is doubtless to most men the faculty by whose aid construction takes place; but it is seldom that a strong imagination is coupled with so unsparring a criticism as his was of the materials on which the constructive faculty has to work. Sometimes the one power, sometimes the other, carried the day with him. But his later tendencies were rather towards scepticism, and towards what one may call a severe and ascetic view of history. While writing the *Making of England*, and the (still unpublished) *Conquest of England*, he used to lament to me the scantiness of the materials, and the barren dryness which he feared the books would consequently show. "How am I to make anything of these meagre entries of marches and battles which make up the history of whole centuries? Here are the Norsemen and Danes ravaging and occupying the country; we learn hardly anything about them from English sources, and nothing at all from Danish. How can one conceive and describe them? how have any comprehension of what England was like in the districts they took and ruled?" I tried to get him to work in the Norse Sagas, and remember in particular to have entreated him when he came to the battle of Brunanburh to eke out the pitifully scanty records of that great fight from the account given of it in the famous story of the Icelandic hero, Egil, son of Skallagrim. But he answered that the Saga was unhistorical, a bit of legend written down more than a century after the event, and that he could not, by using it in the text, appear to trust it, or mix up authentic history with fable. It was urged that he could guard himself in a note from being supposed to take it for more than what it was,

a most picturesque embellishment of his tale. But he stood firm. Throughout these two last books, he steadily refrained from introducing any matter, however lively or romantic, which could not stand the test of his stringent criticism, and used laughingly to tell how Dean Stanley had long ago said to him, after reading one of his earliest pieces, "I see you are in danger of growing picturesque. Beware of it. I have suffered for it."

If in these later years he was more cautious, and reined in his imagination more tightly, the change was certainly due to no failing in his ingenuity. Nothing in all his work shows higher constructive quality than the *Making of England*. He had to deal with a time which has left us scarcely any authentic records, and to piece together his narrative and his picture of the country out of these records, and the indications, faint and scattered, and often capable of several interpretations, which are supplied by the remains of Roman roads and villas, the names of places, the boundaries of local divisions, the casual statements of writers many centuries later. The result is nothing less than wonderful, and will remain the most enduring witness of his historical power. For here it is not a question of mere literary brilliance. The results are due to unwearied patience, exquisite penetration, sober weighing of evidence, joined to that power of realising things in the concrete by which a picture is conjured up out of a mass of phenomena, everything falling into its place under laws which seem to prove themselves as soon as they are stated.

Of his literary style nothing need be said, for every one has felt its charm. But it is not without interest to observe that so accomplished a master of words had little verbal memory. He used to say that he could never recollect a phrase in its exact form, and readers of his history will recall instances in which, speaking

from memory, he has unconsciously varied some recorded expression. Nor had he any turn for languages. German he never knew at all, a fact which makes the compass of his historical knowledge appear all the more wonderful, and though he had spent several winters in Italy, he did not speak Italian except for the elementary purposes of travelling. The same want of mere verbal memory may have borne a part in this, but it was not unconnected with the vehemence of his interest in the substance of things. He was so anxious to get at the kernel that he could not stop to examine the nut. In this absence of linguistic gifts, as well as in the keenness of his observations he resembled the late Dean of Westminster, who though he had travelled in and brought back all that was best worth knowing from every country in Europe had no facility in any language but his own. Another taste, however, whose absence used to excite surprise in that admirable master of style, I mean the love of music, was present in Green, whose feeling for that most emotional of the arts was deep and fine.

He was not one of those whose personality is unlike their books, for there was in both the same fertility, the same vivacity, the same keenness of sympathy. Nevertheless those who knew him used to feel that they got from his conversation an even higher impression of his intellectual power than they did from his writings, because everything was so swift and so spontaneous. Such talk has rarely been heard in our generation, so gay, so vivid, so various, so full of anecdote and illustration, so acute in criticism, so candid in consideration, so graphic in description, so abundant in sympathy, so flashing in insight, so full of colour and emotion as well as of knowledge and thought. One had to forbid one's self to visit him in the evening, because it was impossible to break off before two o'clock in the morning. And un-

like many illustrious talkers, he was just as willing to listen as to speak. Indeed one of the chief charms of his company was that it made you feel so much better than your ordinary self. His appreciation of whatever had any worth in it, his comments and replies, so stimulated the interlocutor's mind that it moved faster and could hit upon apter expressions than at any other time. The same gifts which shone out in his talk, lucid arrangement of ideas, perfect command of words, and a refined skill in perceiving the tendencies of those whom he addressed, would have made him an admirable public speaker. I do not remember that he ever did speak, in his later years, to any audience larger than a committee of twenty. But he was a most eloquent preacher. The first time I ever saw him was in St. Philip's, Stepney, some seventeen years ago, and I shall never forget the impression made on me by the impassioned sentences that rang through the church from the fiery little figure in the pulpit with its thin face and bright black eyes.

What Green did, precious as it is to students and delightful to the public, seems to those who used to listen to him little in comparison with what he would have done had longer life and a more robust body been granted him. Some of his greatest gifts would not have found their full scope till he came to treat of a period where the materials for history are ample, and where he could have allowed himself space to deal with them, such a period, for instance, as that of his early choice, the Angevin kings of England. Yet, even basing themselves on what he has done, they will not fear to claim for him a place among the foremost writers of our time. He has certainly left behind him no one who combines so many of the best gifts. We have historians equally learned, equally industrious. We have two or three whose accuracy is more scrupulous, and their judgment more uniformly

sober and cautious. But we have no one, and we may not for many years to come have any one, in whom so much knowledge and so wide a range of interests are united to such ingenuity, acuteness, originality of view, and to such a power of presenting results in rich, clear, and pictorial language. A great master of style may be a worthless historian. A skilful investigator and sound reasoner may be unreadable; the conjunction of the highest gifts for investigation with the highest gifts for exposition is a rare conjunction, which cannot be prized too highly, for it not only advances history, but it creates a taste for history, and brings historical methods as well as historical facts, within the horizon of the ordinary reader.

Of the services he has rendered to English history, the first, and that which was most promptly appreciated, was the intensity with which he realised, and the skill with which he brought out the life of the people of England, and taught his readers that the exploits of kings and the intrigues of ministers, and the struggles of parties in Parliament, are, after all, secondary matters, and important only in so far as they affect the welfare or stimulate the thoughts and feelings of the great mass of undistinguished humanity in whose hands the future of a nation lies. He changed the old-fashioned distribution of our annals into certain periods, showing that such divisions often obscured the true connection of events, and suggesting new and better groupings. And, lastly, he has laid, in his latest books, a firm and enduring foundation for our mediæval history by that account of the Teutonic occupation of England, of the state of the country as they found it, and the way they conquered and began to organise it, which has been already dwelt on as the most signal proof of his constructive power.

Many readers will be disposed to

place him near Macaulay, for though he was less weighty he was far more subtle, and not less fascinating. To fewer perhaps will it occur to compare him with Gibbon, yet I am emboldened by the opinion of one of our greatest living historians to venture on the comparison. There are indeed wide differences between the two men. Green's style has not the majestic march of Gibbon: it is quick and eager almost to restlessness. Nor is his judgment so uniformly grave and sound. But the characteristic note of his genius was also that of Gibbon's, the combination of a perfect

mastery of multitudinous details, with a large and luminous view of those far-reaching forces and relations which govern the fortunes of peoples and guide the course of empire. This width and comprehensiveness, this power of massing for the purposes of argument the facts which his art has just been clothing in its most brilliant hues, is the highest of all a historian's gifts, and is the one which seems most of all to establish his position among the leading historical minds of our century.

JAMES BRYCE.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

DYNAMITE, after making the tour of the Continent, has now established itself in England. The past month has been a month of explosives, although fortunately, thanks to the vigilance of the police, not a month of explosions. For some time past it was well known that the so-called dynamite campaign, long threatened by O'Donovan Rossa and Hibernian patriots of that stamp, was about to begin. But it was not until March that a serious effort was made by the terrorists to carry out their designs. On the night of the 15th of March, a canister of dynamite or nitro-glycerine was exploded in Charles Street, Westminster, in front of a basement window in the Local Government Offices. The report of the explosion was heard as far off as Croydon. The damage, beyond broken windows, the glass from which littered the adjoining streets, was confined to the room in front of which the explosive was fired. Simultaneously an abortive effort was made to damage the *Times* office by leaving a box of explosives on a window-sill in Printing House Square, but it was discovered, and removed before it fired. Up to that time the combined efforts of the dynamite brigade had been almost *nil*. Some score of explosions in all parts of the kingdom had cost perhaps three or four lives, and inflicted about as much damage on buildings and property as would be covered by the insurance on a single first-class steamer. But the explosion at the Local Government Office, although comparatively trivial, impressed the imagination. Gloomy memories of the Winter Palace, and the more deadly crime which deprived Russia of her Czar, rose in the minds of men, and an uneasy feeling of insecurity began to prevail. Five hundred men were added to the Metropolitan police.

Soldiers with fixed bayonets were stationed outside every public building; and London saw with half-stupid amazement warriors decorated with medals and stars won at Tel-el-Kebir and Kassassin keeping guard over edifices threatened by a more dangerous foe than those who manned the earthworks of Arabi.

Hardly had these precautions been taken when England was startled by the simultaneous arrest of several Irish-Americans, who had been detected in manufacturing nitro-glycerine in Birmingham, and conveying it as luggage into the busiest thoroughfares of London. The story of their detection and their arrest, which forms one of the most satisfactory chapters in the annals of our detective police, is too familiar to all to need recapitulation. Whitehead, the chemist of the gang, took a shop ostensibly as a painter in Birmingham, and there carried on for weeks the manufacture of nitro-glycerine. Given a sufficient quantity of nitric acid—a chemical which can be bought anywhere in any quantity at fourpence per pound—any chemist can make the deadliest explosive in his own cellar. Glycerine treated with nitric acid becomes nitro-glycerine; cotton becomes explosive under the same influence; and blasting gelatine, the most powerful of all, can be made by combining the two. Whitehead confined himself to the manufacture of nitro-glycerine. Several hundredweights were made, and in process of making, when suspicion was excited in the mind of a Birmingham detective—who had acquired a smattering of chemistry by attending the local science and art classes—by the large quantities of glycerine delivered at the shop, that a nitro-glycerine factory was established in the town. No soldiers

advancing to the cannon's mouth over a hidden mine could have displayed more splendid indifference to personal danger than the detectives who pursued their investigations amid carboys—beside which a live torpedo was but a plaything—and sampled explosives until they had secured evidence to justify the seizure of the stock and the arrest of its owner. Before the final seizure at Birmingham, a parcel of two hundredweight of nitro-glycerine was despatched to London by train, as the personal luggage of an ordinary passenger, and then carried through the streets in a cab as if it had been so much Dutch cheese. He was followed by a detective, who, in the expressive American phrase, "shadowed" his man to an hotel in Southampton Street, where he was arrested and the nitro-glycerine confiscated. Next day another parcel of nitro-glycerine of equal weight was seized in Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road; other arrests were made in Liverpool and Glasgow. Before the week was out eight dynamitards were in custody, and the public heard of a plot to secure the independency of Ireland by burying London in its own ruins.

The excitement was considerable. A stringent Bill, increasing the penalties for the illegal possession or manufacture of dynamite was hurried through both Houses of Parliament in a single night. It passed without amendment, but not without discussion, although the criticism of the Radicals in one House and of Lord Salisbury in the other partook more of the nature of unavailing protests against the rapidity with which permanent alterations in the criminal law were enacted in a moment of panic. The panic was natural, but the particular necessity for such headlong hurry was not very apparent.

It was, however, a relief to the feelings, a kind of legislative oath discharged against evil-doers. Consoling, no doubt, to an overstrained Home Secretary and a sympathetic House of

Commons, but otherwise of little practical utility. Men who are willing to take their lives in their hands, and live for weeks in the midst of a mine of nitro-glycerine, are not likely to be deterred because their detection will be followed by eighteen years' penal servitude instead of two years' hard labour. The measure had hardly received the Royal Assent before a reaction set in. Dynamite—6,000 tons of which are manufactured annually in this country—is by no means a realisation of the mysterious vril, in *The Coming Race*. As a substitute for an earthquake, it is not to be compared to gunpowder. But for the effect it produces upon the imagination by the report and annihilating impact at short range, it would be recognised as a far less effective weapon of the enemies of the human race than the vulgar petroleum or the commonplace torch.

Apart from the menace of the portent visible in the introduction of nitro-glycerine into the arena of English politics, an indirect effect of the discoveries has been singularly reassuring. It revived, if indeed it would not be more accurate to say it created, popular confidence in the efficiency, courage, and intelligence of a police force trained and controlled by the most democratic municipality in England. It manifested once more the singular self-control of the masses of the English people, now suddenly brought face to face with the worst form of the revolutionary spectre. But more than anything else, it contributed to reassure popular confidence in the efficiency of popular government by the passing of the Explosives Act in twenty-four hours. It was precipitate, and it may be unwise, but it revealed to a public, incredulous of the possibility of parliamentary activity, that there were circumstances when Parliament could decree a ukase as expeditiously as a Czar, and that in an emergency the two Houses could act with the rapidity of volition. It is bad to act on the spur of the moment as a general rule, but there are

times in the life of nations, as of individuals, when an inability to take instantaneous action entails ruinous disaster. As by a curious coincidence, this unprecedented display of legislative activity occurred simultaneously with the first meeting of the Grand Committee on Trade on which Parliament has devolved the consideration of the Bankruptcy Bill. The work of devolution was carried a step further when the second Grand Committee began its sittings on the following Thursday. The Committee on Trade, sitting on Mondays and Fridays, is charged with the consideration of the Bankruptcy Bill, and the Bill reforming the law of Patents and Trade Marks. The Committee on Law, sitting on Tuesdays and Thursdays, has to deal with the Bill establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal, and the proposed Criminal Code. Each Committee is composed of eighty members, and they sit from two to four in the afternoon. The Committee on Trade has hitherto fulfilled all expectations of the gain in efficiency and practical usefulness likely to accrue from the new system. The Committee on Law has been less happy. The lawyers talk more than the men of business. There is more party spirit, and the progress is in consequence much less rapid. The experiment however is but begun. So far it promises well for a further development at no distant date.

Since Parliament reassembled after the Easter recess, the grit seems in some unexplained fashion to have disappeared from the wheels of the legislative machine. The Irish members are still in their places, nor are they silent, but they do not obstruct, and even Mr. Warton seems to have exhausted his resources in the blocking of no fewer than thirty-two Bills. A fair and reasonable progress has been made with public business. The Law Bills and the Patents Bill have been read a second time and referred to the Grand Committees. Important debates have taken place on the

Transvaal, Local Taxation, Irish migration or emigration, and a sovereignty of the Congo, and the growth of expenditure. Mr. Childers in a highly effective Budget speech, has vindicated the finance of the Cabinet, and foreshadowed a series of useful reforms, of which one of the most important is the conversion of Chancery stocks into terminable annuities, an arrangement by which the national debt will be reduced 172,000,000*l.* in the next twenty years. The three-halfpenny income tax imposed for the Egyptian war was taken off, 170,000*l.* was set aside for the introduction of sixpenny telegrams, and 135,000*l.* to provide for the reduction of the passenger duty. The Patents Bill foreshadowed a further reduction, amounting to 160,000*l.*, the proceeds of the active brains by which the state has hitherto discouraged inventors. The acceptance of the resolution in favour of retrenchment may not improbably mark the close of the era when a reduction of expenditure was an effective party cry. The pressure of the constituencies, here as in France, is being exerted not in favour of retrenchment but of expenditure. The democracy is developing new wants, and is seeking to satisfy them at the expense of the Exchequer. When the few spent and the many paid, the many were in favour of economy. The tables are turned. The few pay, the many spend. Economy is becoming an unpopular virtue, and every year witnesses a fresh demand upon the public purse.

In Ireland, the lull which set in last year continues. Public attention is preoccupied with the trial of the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Slow-footed Nemesis has overtaken the murderers at last, and one after another of the band of Invincibles is consigned to the condemned cell. On the 14th May, one year and eight days after the murder in Phoenix Park, its perpetrators will be hanged. The informer and the hangman have done more to tranquillise Ireland than

all the other agencies combined. The country is settling down, it may be into more steadfast detestation of English rule, but for the moment there is a calm surface. Farmers pay their rent, constables go their rounds, the courts sit, juries convict. The traffic returns are improving, bank deposits are increasing, it is months since a landlord was shot. Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan have got the country thoroughly in hand. Yet the pacification of Ireland is so far from being accomplished that when the first of the Phoenix Park murderers was convicted, every barrack-room in Dublin was crowded with troops ready to be employed at a moment's notice in crushing a popular outbreak of sympathy with the assassin. Popular government does not exist in Ireland. The island is now in a state of siege. According to the theory of Liberalism, this is a temporary expedient indispensable for the speedy development of popular government. When law is vindicated, reform can begin. Unfortunately, the successful vindication of law is regarded as an excuse for the indefinite postponement of reform. We travel eternally in the fatal circle. When Ireland is in disorder reform is postponed until order is restored. When order is restored, reform is forbidden as a species of disturbance. Not one member of the present Government, hardly any member of the present Parliament, would deny that the Irish Land Act requires amendment in order to make it correspond to the avowed intentions of its authors. Yet when Mr. Parnell and the Ulster members united in voting for such an amendment they were opposed by the whole strength of the Government, and the amendment of the Land Act is postponed to the Greek Kalends. Even more striking was the rejection of Mr. Healy's Bill. For a quarter of a century England has admitted that the state of county government in Ireland was a scandal which cried aloud for redress. A few years ago

almost every member of the present Government went into the lobby in support of Mr. Butt's Bill for reforming the existing system, but this month when Mr. Healy's version of Mr. Butt's Bill was brought forward in the House of Commons, both the great English parties, headed by the Government, combined to throw it out. English convenience was once more made the measure of justice to Ireland, and the Irish were again forbidden to enter the water until they had learned to swim.

For a wonder public attention has of late been directed for a season from the debates at Westminster, and the conspiracies of Dublin, to the administration of India. In India the object of our Government has always been held to be something much nobler than the mere superimposition of a new caste of white Brahmins upon two hundred millions of Asiatics. Here, as everywhere, the duty of the dominant caste is, as speedily as is consistent with the due performance of its immediate duties, to soften its domination as to leadership, and substitute for the hated despotism of the conqueror, the welcome leadership of the experienced statesman. To that end it has always been held that we were in duty bound to educate our subjects, to train them in duties of administration, to facilitate their entrance into public life, and in short to govern India, not only for the people, but as much by the people, as in the nature of things was possible.

In pursuance of this wise and statesmanlike policy, Lord Lytton, when he was viceroy threw open one-sixth of the appointments in the Covenanted Civil Service to natives. In pursuance of the same policy, Lord Ripon proposed that those natives admitted to high magisterial rank should not be disqualified by reason of their race from sitting in judgment upon English offenders. To persist in maintaining this interdict would be to allow Englishmen in one-sixth of India to defy the law with impunity, for the

nationality of one-sixth of the magistrates would debar them from exercising jurisdiction on a white offender. Cases could of course be carried to the nearest district where an English magistrate could be found, but to deny redress at the local tribunal is usually to deny redress altogether. To prevent this, Mr. Ilbert's Bill was introduced. It gave criminal jurisdiction over Europeans to natives provided that they were either district magistrates, or session judges, or were especially selected as qualified to exercise this jurisdiction by the Government.

To lay a finger upon the privileges of a dominant caste is, in the eyes of the privileged few, as the sin of Uzzah, who rashly laid his hands upon the ark of the covenant. An outcry against the Bill and its author, begun at first to satisfy a professional grudge, was caught up by the sounding-board of class prejudice, and it speedily re-echoed all over India. Non-official Anglo-India rose in wrath. It cursed the Bill, burnt its author in effigy, and sounded in the ears of the natives a rank truculent assertion of race superiority. The native press was not slow to respond, and for a time the leaden lake of Indian apathy was lashed into a storm. The Bill has been adjourned till November, but the mischief has been done. Simultaneously with the introduction of the Native Jurisdiction Bill, Lord Ripon's government was pressing forward a Bill for the development of local self-government in Indian municipalities. The Bill, primarily introduced in order to relieve overworked English officials of a portion of the ever-growing burden of local administration, was prefaced by a somewhat high-pitched series of resolutions, which were capable of being represented as foreshadowing the introduction of parliamentary institutions into India. No such intention, it is needless to say, was in the minds of the authors of the Bill. It was a sincere attempt to develop the pecu-

liar and hereditary faculty for local government, which is almost the only administrative talent the natives possess. In accordance with the advice of great authorities, it was proposed to exclude English officials from the municipal boards. This afforded a handle on which the enemy was prompt to seize. Lord Ripon was accused of asserting the saving principle of government by the sword all along the line, and the Local Government Bill, even more than that conferring jurisdiction over tenure magistrates, was held to be proof conclusive of his treason to his race. The subject was solemnly debated in the House of Lords, on the motion of Lord Lytton, who, in a speech of marked ability and moderation, impeached the policy of his successor from the standpoint of autocracy. He was supported by Lord Cranbrook, in the speech of a partisan, and by Lord Salisbury, who laid down the singular doctrine that as we were confronted by a Malthusian difficulty in India, we were bound to subordinate our policy to the wishes and even to the prejudices of those whose capital alone could hope to stave off the evil day when the increase of population will exceed the means of subsistence. So far have we travelled since the days when the East India Company regarded the private adventurer as the enemy of the human race. To govern India by the wisdom of the ablest officials is a task almost surpassing human skill. To try to govern India by officials liable to be overruled at every turn by an irresponsible oligarchy of planters, and to whom India is merely a milch cow, is attempting the impossible, and to render inevitable the catastrophe which all wish to avert.

After Ireland, and after India, Egypt has been the chief source of our outside preoccupations. Lord Dufferin's eloquent despatch, demonstrating the impossibility of developing in a few months independent national institutions among a people trodden under foot for millenniums by foreign or native tyrants, has led many to

despair of realising the ideal of Egypt for the Egyptians.

But slowly the new order is being evolved from the chaos which followed the overthrow of Arabi. Gen. Wood is reorganising the army. Sir Auckland Colvin is supreme at the exchequer. Colonel Hicks has gone to fight the Mahdi in the Soudan. An English lawyer is to be named Procureur-General of the native tribunals, which are to be manned by judges from Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland. The Gendarmerie is placed under English command. An Anglo-Indian officer is to be placed in charge of the irregular service, with absolute control over the distribution of the water, without which Egypt would relapse into desert. A topographical survey is to be undertaken by officials from the ordnance department. The whole system of government is to be reformed from its base by the Khedive acting under the inspiring influence of his English advisers, and protected in the exercise of his power by the constant presence of a reorganised native army. To furnish the edifice, an elaborate constitution of a Cabinet, a General Assembly, and a legislative Council, resting upon provincial Councils and the village constituencies, has been devised, not so much as a present power, as affording a germ for the development of genuinely popular representative institutions.

It is a moot question with many whether, on the whole, the influence of England outside our own shores is a power that makes for righteousness, progress, and the general happiness of mankind. If it is to be exercised on the principles lately attempted in South Africa, it is to be feared that the pessimists will find few to gain-say them. The luckless Bechuana—a tribe of some promise, familiar to Englishmen from the labours of Moffat and the adventures of Livingstone—were encouraged to regard themselves as allies of the English when the Transvaal was annexed. They incurred the hostility of the

Boers, and, when the Transvaal was surrendered to the victors of Majuba Hill, some attempt was made in the wording of the Convention to secure for our quondam allies protection from their former foes. But as there was no Act of Parliament through which O'Connell could not drive a coach and six, so there is no international parchment through whose provisions it is not possible for unscrupulous men to make their way. A long-standing tribal feud between rival chieftains of the Bechuana afforded an opportunity for the restless adventurers, broken men, and ruined colonists, who form the vanguard of European advance to enlist as volunteers in the service of one or other of the warring chiefs. The most of them were Boers, and they naturally allied themselves with the chief whose frontier marched with the Transvaal. The Government of the Transvaal, which has ever been more weak than wicked, had no means of compelling its subjects to refrain from participating in these tribal feuds. The volunteers increased in numbers and audacity until they became the masters of the chiefs whom they had undertaken to serve. What had at its inception been a mere tribal quarrel, developed into a filibustering expedition of the most odious kind. The lands of the Bechuana were seized, and a robber Republic was established on territory which had been recognised as belonging to the dispossessed chieftains. The luckless Bechuana were forbidden even to be supplied with powder by the Colonial authorities. The subject was debated and again debated in Parliament, but without any result. The Government feebly proposed to salve its conscience by providing compensation for a couple of the Bechuana chiefs. Mr. Forster demanded the despatch of horse, foot, and artillery, to smite the filibustering Boers, while the Opposition eagerly seized the sequel of their own mistake to excite odium against the Government. It is a miserable business at the best, and

one reminder the more of the danger of undertaking unnecessary responsibilities, and the cruelty of a policy of inconsiderate philanthropy. Since Sir Bartle Frere went out to Cape Town we have interfered by turns on behalf alike of Boer and black; and the net result is that both Boer and black are much worse off to-day than they would have been if we had never interfered at all, while we have lost hundreds of lives and millions of money; and instead of the testimony of an approving conscience, we have an unpleasant consciousness of humiliation and dishonour.

The conception of England maintaining a Roman peace among the savage races of the world, and of the Government of this small island playing the part of a terrestrial providence in distant continents is so majestic that few have been able to resist its fascination. As long as both parties were agreed in the main as to the principles on which this civilising sovereignty were to be exercised, the idea was not without plausibility. But the imperialist fever of a few years ago has seriously impaired its attractions. Instead of a restraining and moderating influence, England became a provocative aggressive force, and it was discovered that the power which could only be beneficially exercised by Ormusd had been grasped by Ahriman. Englishmen may well hesitate before accepting every extension of the power and influence of their country as a gain for peace, order, and good government throughout the world.

Absolute non-intervention, it is true, is absolutely impossible. England has undertaken too much to abandon all. Nor would the peace of the world be a gainer by the sudden abdication by this country of her place in the councils of the nations. It is rather in the wise and resolute avoidance of all paths of useless violence, and in the persistent pressure in the direction of concerted action to secure the supremacy of law in the ordering of

international affairs, that her influence can be exerted most beneficially in the affairs of men. Of this an excellent illustration has been furnished by the success of the international regulation for the navigation of the Danube, which has just received anew the consecration of an European Conference. To extend that great and fruitful principle, and to accustom Europe not only to deliberate but also to act in concert, is a task to which the influence of England can worthily be directed. The indignant protests against the recognition of Portuguese authority over the mouth of the Congo has supplied an opportunity of which it is to be hoped our Government will not be slow to take advantage, by placing the free navigation of the great highway of Central Africa under the control of an international commission representing all the interested powers. Only by the strong restraint of the associated nations can the promptings of private greed or of militant philanthropy be safely and effectually suppressed; and in the joint intervention of many powers for specified objects can be found the best preventive of the aggressive action of any single state.

The difficulty of placing a curb upon the expansive tendencies of the English race has been aptly illustrated within the last few days by the news of the annexation of a score miles of African coast line between Sierra Leone and Liberia by Lord Derby, and the formal declaration of the annexation of New Guinea by the infant colony of Queensland. In the one case the step was prompted by the necessities of the colonial custom-house; in the other the annexation was due to the dread of the colonists lest the island of New Guinea should pass into the hands of a great European power.

If this could take place when Mr. Gladstone is Prime Minister, and Lord Derby is in charge of the Colonies, what may not happen when in the days to come the advocates of an expansive policy again are supreme

in Downing Street? In a remarkable address delivered in the course of a series of political discourses in the Midlands, Lord Salisbury defined the policy of the Conservative party of the future as virtually that of ascendancy abroad and socialism at home. Conservatism was to house the democracy admitted within the pale of the constitution in England, while abroad it was to go forth to impose the authority of the pale-faced caste over all the dusky myriads of the earth, among whom were also to be included the Irish race.

The policy which Lord Salisbury advocated at Birmingham is the policy of the French republic. The combination of military adventure abroad with semi-socialistic legislation at home is realised in France. The results can hardly be said to be reassuring. The salient feature of the foreign politics of the month has been the disclosure of a pact said to have been concluded between the Austrian-German powers and Italy last November, by which each member of the triple alliance guaranteed the integrity of its allies' dominions. By it the isolation of France is complete. From Russia the Republic is cut off by a gulf of antipathy and distrust, too deep to be covered in the lifetime of the present Czar, and now Italy, Austria, and Germany are leagued together for mutual protection against French aggression. Distrust of France is the ruling motive of European Cabinets, and it is significant that the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Russia to ward off the danger accruing from the decay of the Ottoman Empire should have been succeeded by the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy to guarantee the good behaviour of France. The ring of steel that is thus thrown around France in Europe has diverted all her energies to other continents. Colonial extension is the watchword of her foreign minister, M. Challemeil Lacour, and it is endorsed even by so prudent a states-

man as M. Léon Say. Tunis is not yet absorbed, but French ambition sighs after the conquest of Madagascar and fits out an expedition for the seizure of Tonkin. M. de Brazza, with three hundred *tirailleurs*, is attempting to conquer kingdoms on the Congo; a little war is being waged in Senegambia; and M. Waldeck Rousseau proposes to conquer the New Hebrides and to colonise them with the habitual criminals of France. In Syria, France vetoes the reappointment of Rustem Pasha as Governor of the Lebanon. In Egypt, she counts the dismissal of every French *employé* as an offence; and even in far Ashantee six thousand savages cannot change their allegiance without filling her with dread for the development of her worthless stations on the Gold Coast. France is intriguing through her consuls, pushing her influence by her missionaries, annexing by her explorers, or menacing by her gunboats, all round the world.

The domestic policy of the Republic is characterised by the same semi-socialism which found favour in the eyes of Lord Salisbury. Political questions are temporarily in abeyance. The revisionist campaign set on foot by M. Clemenceau has had no success. Not 5 per cent. of the provincial councils have accorded it any support. The Government is more concerned with the distress that prevails among the workmen of Paris than with any great measure of political reform. "Our mission, our duty," recently said M. Bertholin, deputy of St. Etienne, "is before all to labour to relieve the miseries of the working classes, to decree laws, and to found institutions destined to secure their enfranchisement and their well-being." M. Waldeck Rousseau, the Minister of the Interior, recently launched a remarkable manifesto on the social question, declaring that the state should co-operate with the trades unions in seeking to substitute for the present wage system co-operative associations of working

men, trading upon borrowed capital and dividing their profits. The budget will not balance because of the gigantic system of public works undertaken by Mons. Freycinet which the Government dare not abandon. The expenditure on elementary education, creditable as it is to the intelligence of the French democracy, has been raised to a figure which makes a serious inroad upon the revenue. To make the parallel still closer, the Ferry ministry has drafted a bill by which the Credit Foncier is to advance under a municipal guarantee two millions sterling to all who will build houses, one half of the habitable surface of which must be let out in lodgings at from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a week. These houses are to be free from registration, land, door, and window tax, and their materials are to be exempted from the octroi. - The Minister of Finances, at his wits' end for fresh resources, proposes to reduce the interest on the five-per-cent. stock to four and a half, but the miserable saving of 1,400,000*l.* thus effected will be swallowed up in the Tonkin expedition, even if by disturbing the confidence of the peasant rentiers it does not cost the treasury more than it saves.

But it is not only in France that the social question is the first order of the day. The German Reichstag has been startled this month by the unexpected receipt of a royal rescript praying it to proceed at once to dispose of the budget for 1884-85 in order that it may be free to devote the whole of its next autumn and winter session to the work of social and economic reform. "Legislation," says the emperor, "for dealing with social democracy must not be restricted to police and repressive measures, but also seek to eradicate or at least to alleviate the evils embittered by penal laws, by the introduction of reforms, calculated to improve and assure the welfare of the working classes." It is true that the Imperial Government has very little to propose save a

trumpery Accident Assurance Bill, and a vague scheme not yet drafted for pensioning aged workmen, but the sentiment is none the less remarkable on that account. The necessity for dealing with the social question must indeed be overpowering when it extorts such a declaration from a Government which the previous week had placed in temporary arrest the German deputies who had attended the Socialist Congress at Copenhagen.

We have only space for a hurried glance at some of the salient features of the month's events. In the United States, although the tariff has been reduced for financial reasons, the drift in the direction of free trade is perceptible chiefly to the eye of the optimist. Across the Atlantic, as in the older world, the development of theories hostile to great accumulations of wealth in private hands, is distinctly visible, and measures for restraining the powers of land-trading corporations and monopolists, are discussed in almost every state. As in this country, so in the Greater England beyond the sea, there is a welcome revival of moral earnestness showing itself in many ways, but more conspicuous in the increased vigour of the assault upon intemperance, and in the growing recognition of the right of women to share the educational and other privileges at present monopolised by the stronger sex.

In Russia, Nihilist trials continue to furnish evidence as to the desperate nature of the colossal duel in the dark which is being waged without ceasing between the aristocracy and the soldiers of despair, whose only hope is the annihilation of all that is to make room for the better world that is to be. The coronation, which was fixed for May 27th, is reported to have been postponed for a fortnight, owing to an inauspicious anniversary; and Europe will breathe more freely when the ceremonial is over. In the Ottoman Empire the *status quo* continues. The Pope has assented to the persistent

demand of Austria that the junction of the Servian-Turkish and Bulgarian railways shall take place at Vrania, the half-way house to Salonica; but it has secured as a concession that the line shall be sent by a circuitous route through Prestina, instead of taking the direct line through Uskub. The railway will be sixty miles longer in consequence, and it will cost 400,000*l.* more, but the Prestina route gives the Turks strategic advantages for resisting an Austrian advance upon the *Ægean*. On that point the Sultan was obdurate, and Austria gave way. Tenacious, indeed, is the grasp with which the sovereign on the Bosphorus clings to his slowly vanishing inheritance. The Prince of Bulgaria on his way to Athens has been received as a *persona grata* at Constantinople by his suzerain. Servia has accomplished an ecclesiastical revolution in an Erastian sense, deposing her hierarchy and consecrating by the aid of a prelate from Austria-Hungary a new patriarch without any scruples as to the new subservience of the Church to the State. Roumania still sullenly refuses to accept the decision of the European Conference as to the regulation of the Danube. The difficulty as to the governorship of the Lebanon is not yet settled. Rustem's reappointment is rendered impossible by the veto of France. A somewhat bold proposal to make the Albanian prince, Bib Doda, governor of the Lebanon, seems to have fallen through owing to the opposition of England and Russia, and the question may remain open till the return of Lord Dufferin to Constantinople.

In Italy, the Ministry has suddenly and emphatically declared itself in favour of protection, specie payments

have been resumed, and a comprehensive measure for the reform of criminal and provincial government has been introduced, in which, among other clauses, there is one conferring the municipal and provincial franchise upon women. Spain anticipating the action of England has passed an Affirmation Bill. As there was hardly a deputy on the Cortez who had not sworn to be faithful to at least two or three dynasties, no further illustration was needed as to the inutility of the oath. The Government continues obstinately in the path of protection, and even the commercial treaty with Germany hangs fire. In the south, Spain is honeycombed with secret socialist organisations, one of which, known as the society of the Black Hand, recently assumed so menacing an attitude as to necessitate the prompt intervention of the authorities. In the Scandinavian countries, the sovereigns and their subjects are still at variance. The King of Denmark has prorogued his parliament in despair of coming to an agreement with the elective chamber. And in Norway the ministers are undergoing impeachment at the hands of the representatives of the people. A prolonged ministerial crisis in Holland has been terminated by the formation of a ministry under M. Heemskerck; but more interest is excited in the forthcoming International Exhibition at Amsterdam than in the rise and fall of cabinets at the Hague. Europe, on the whole, although harassed with many troubles, is yet comparatively tranquil. No great convulsion is immediately impending. No sign of coming war arrests the ploughshare in the furrow, or summons the worker from the loom.

April 23, 1883.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1883.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE room was large with that air of bare and respectable shabbiness which is the right thing in a long-established private hotel—with large pieces of mahogany furniture, and an old-fashioned carpet worn, not bare exactly, but dim, the pattern half obliterated here and there, which is far more correct and *comme il faut* than the glaring newness and luxury of modern caravanseries. As Mr. Williamson, like a true Englishman (a Scotsman in this particular merely exaggerates the peculiarity), loved the costly all the better for making no show of being costly, it was naturally at one of these grimly expensive places that he was in the habit of staying in London. A large window, occupying almost one entire side of the room, filled it with dim evening light, and a view of roofs and chimneys, against which Katie's little figure showed as she came forward asking, "Is it any one I know?" It was not a commanding, or even very graceful figure, though round and plump, with the softened curves of youth. When the new comers advanced to meet her, and she saw behind her father's middle-aged form, the slimmer outlines of a young man, Katie made another step forward with an increase of interest. She had expected some contempor-

aries of papa's, such as he was in the habit of bringing home with him to dinner, and not a personage on her own level. Mr. Williamson, in his good-humoured cordiality, stepped forward something like a showman, with a new object which he feels will make a sensation.

"You will never guess who this is," he said, "so I will not keep ye in suspense, Katie. This is our new neighbour at Loch Houran, Lord Erradeen. Think of me meeting him just by chance on the pavey, as ye may say, of a London street, and us next door to each other, to use a vulgar expression, at home!"

"Which is the vulgar expression?" said Katie. She was very fond of her father, but yet liked people to see that she knew better. She held out her hand frankly to Walter, and though she was only a round-about, bread-and-butter little girl with nothing but money, she was far more at her ease than he was. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Lord Erradeen," she said. "We were just wondering whether we should meet you anywhere. We have only been a week in town."

"I don't think we should have been likely to meet," said Walter with that tone of resentment which had become natural to him, "if I had not been so fortunate as to encounter Mr. Williamson as he says, on the *pavé*."

Katie was not pleased by this speech. She thought that Walter was rude, and implied that the society which he frequented was too fine for the Williamsons, and she also thought that he meant a laugh at her father's phraseology, neither of which offences were at all in the young man's intention.

"Oh," Katie cried, resentful too, "papa and I go to a great many places—unless you mean Marlborough House and that sort of thing. Oh, Captain Underwood!" she added next moment in a tone of surprise. The appearance of Captain Underwood evidently suggested to her, ideas not at all in accordance with that of Marlborough House.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Williamson: you scarcely expected to see me. It is not often that a man is equally intimate with two distinct branches of a family, is it? But I always was a fortunate fellow, and here I am back in your circle again."

Walter's mind was considerably pre-occupied by his own circumstances, and by the novelty of this new meeting; but yet he was quick-witted enough to remark with some amusement the recurrence of the old situation with which he was quite acquainted—the instinctive repugnance of the feminine side everywhere to this companion of his, and the tolerance and even friendliness of the men. Katie did all but turn her back upon Underwood before his little speech was ended. She said, "Will you ring for dinner, papa?" without making the slightest reply to it; and indeed, after another glance from one to the other, retired to the sofa from which she had risen, with a little air of having exhausted this new incident, and indifference to anything that could follow, which piqued Walter. Had she been a noble person either in fact or in appearance, of an imposing figure and proportions even, it might have seemed less insupportable; but that a little dumpy girl should thus lose all interest in him, classifying him in a

moment with his companion, was beyond Lord Erradeen's patience. He felt bitterly ashamed of Underwood, and eager even, in his anger at this presumptuous young woman's hasty judgment, to explain how it was that he was in Underwood's company. But as he stood biting his lip in the half-lighted room, he could not but remember how very difficult it would be to explain it. Why was he in Underwood's company? Because he could get admittance to none better. Marlborough House! He felt himself grow red all over, with a burning shame, and anger against fate. And when he found himself seated by Katie's side at the lighted table, and subject to the questions with which it was natural to begin conversation, his embarrassment was still greater. She asked him had he been here and there. That great ball at the French Embassy that everybody was talking about—of course he had been there? And at the Duke's—Katie did not consider it necessary to particularise what duke, confident that no Christian, connected ever so distantly with Loch Houran, could have any doubt on the subject. Was the decoration of the new dining-room so magnificent as people said? Walter's blank countenance, his brief replies, the suppressed reluctance with which he said anything at all, had the strangest effect upon Katie. After a while she glanced at Captain Underwood, who was talking with much volubility to her father, and with a very small, almost imperceptible shrug of her little shoulders, turned away and addressed herself to her dinner. This from a little girl who was nobody, who was not even very pretty, who betrayed her plebeian origin in every line of her plump form, and fresh little commonplace face, was more than Walter could bear.

"You must think me dreadfully ignorant of the events of society," he said, "but the fact is I have not been going out at all. It is not very long, you are aware, since I came into the

property, and—there have been a great many things to do.”

“I have always heard,” said Katie, daintily consuming a delicate *entrée*, with her eyes upon her plate as if that was her sole interest, “that the Erradeen estates were all in such order that there was never anything for the heir to do.”

“You speak,” said Walter, “as if they changed hands every year.”

“Oh, not that exactly; but I remember three, and I might have remembered others, for we have only been at Loch Houran since papa got so rich.”

“What a pleasant way of remembering dates!”

“Do you think so, Lord Erradeen? Now I should think that to have been rich always, and your father before you, and never to have known any difference, would be so much more pleasant.”

“There may perhaps be something to be said on both sides,” said Walter; “but I am no judge, for the news of my elevation, such as it is, came to me very suddenly, too suddenly to be agreeable, without any warning.”

Katie reconsidered her decision in the matter of Lord Erradeen; perhaps though he knew nobody, he might not be quite unworthy cultivation, and besides, she had finished her *entrée*. She said, “Didn’t you know?” turning to him again her once-averted eyes.

“I had not the faintest idea; it came upon me like a thunderbolt,” he said. “You perceive that you must treat me with a little indulgence in respect to dukes, &c.—even if I had any taste for society, which I haven’t,” he added, with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

“Oh,” said Katie, looking at him much more kindly; then she bent towards him with quite unexpected familiarity, and said, lowering her voice, but in the most distinct whisper, “And where then did you pick up that odious man?”

Walter could not but laugh as he

looked across the table at the unconscious object of this attack.

“I observe that ladies never like him,” he said; “at home it is the same.”

“Oh, I should think so,” cried Katie, “everybody thought it was such a pity that Lord Erradeen took him up—and then to see him with you! Oona Forrester would be very sorry,” Katie added after a pause.

“Miss Forrester!” Walter felt himself colour high with pleasure at the sound of this name, and feeling it a sort of self-betrayal, coloured yet more. “You know her?”

Katie turned round upon him with a mixture of amusement and disdain. “Know her! is there any one on the loch, or near it, that doesn’t know her?” she said.

“I beg your pardon,” cried Walter. “I forgot for the moment.” Then he too retired within himself for so long a time that it was Katie’s turn to be affronted. He devoted himself to his dinner too, but he did not eat. At last “Why should she be sorry?” he asked curtly as if there had been no pause.

“How can I tell you now while he sits there?” said Katie, lowering her voice; “some other time perhaps—most likely you will call in the daytime, in the morning, now that we have made your acquaintance.”

“If you will permit me,” Walter said.

“Oh yes, we will permit you. Papa has always wanted to know you, and so have I since—if you are let come: but perhaps you will not be let come, Lord Erradeen.”

“Will not be let? What does that mean? and since when, may I ask, have you been so kind as to want to know me? I wish I had been aware.”

“Since—well, of course, since you were Lord Erradeen,” said the girl, “we did not know of you before: and people like us who have nothing but money are always very fond of knowing a lord—everybody says so at least. And it is true, in a way. Papa likes

it very much indeed. He likes to say my friend, the Earl of —, or my friend, the Duke of —. He knows a great many lords, though perhaps you would not think it. He is very popular with fine people. They say he is not at all vulgar considering, and never takes anything upon him. Oh, yes, I know it all very well. I am a new person in the other way—I believe it is far more what you call snobbish—but I can't bear the fine people. Of course they are very nice to me; but I always remember that they think I am not vulgar considering, and that I never pretend to be better than I am."

There was something in this address spoken with a little heat, which touched Walter's sense of humour, a faculty which in his better moods made his own position, with all its incongruities, ruefully amusing to him. "I wonder," he said, "if I pretend to be better than I am? But then I should require in the first place to know what I am more distinctly than I do. Now you, on that important point, have, I presume, no doubt or difficulty?"

"Not the least," she said, interrupting him. "The daughter of a rich Glasgow man who is nobody—that is what I am—everybody knows; but you, my lord, you are a noble person of one of the oldest families, with the best blood in your veins, with—" She had been eying him somewhat antagonistically, but here she broke off, and fell a laughing. "I don't believe you care a bit about it," she said. "Are you going with us to the theatre to see the *Falcon*, Lord Erradeen?"

"What is the *Falcon*?" he said.

"You have not seen it nor heard of it? It is Mr. Tennyson's," said Katie with a little awe. "How is it possible you have not heard? Don't you know that lovely story? It is a poor gentleman who has nothing but a falcon, and the lady he loves comes to see him. She is a widow (that takes away the interest a little, but it is beautiful all the same) with a sick child. When he sees her coming he has to prepare an entertainment for

her, and there is nothing but his falcon, so he sacrifices it, though it breaks his heart. And oh, to see the terrible stage bird that is brought in, as if that could be his grand hawk! You feel so angry, you are forced to laugh till you cry again. That kind of story should never be brought to the literal, do you think it should?"

"And what happens?" said Walter, young enough to be interested, though not sufficiently well-read to know.

"Oh, you might guess. She had come to ask him for his falcon to save her child. What could it be else? It is just the contrariety of things."

"You cannot know very much, Miss Williamson, of the contrariety of things."

"Oh, do you think so! Why shouldn't I? I think I am precisely the person to do so. It seems to me in my experience," she added, fixing a look upon him which seemed to Walter's conscience to mean a great deal more than it was possible Katie could mean, "that almost everything goes wrong."

"That is a most melancholy view to take."

"But so is everything melancholy," said the girl. Her little simple physiognomy, her rosy cheeks and blue eyes, the somewhat blunted profile (for Katie had no features, as she was aware) and altogether commonplace air of the little person who produced these wonderful sentiments amused Walter beyond measure. He laughed perhaps more than was strictly decorous, and drew the attention of Mr. Williamson, who, absorbed in his talk with Underwood, had almost forgotten his more important guest.

"What is the joke?" he said. "I am glad to see you are keeping his lordship amused, Katie, for the captain and me we have got upon other subjects concerning the poor gentleman, your predecessor, Lord Erradeen. Poor fellow! that was a very sad business: not that I would say there was much to be regretted before the present bearer of the title," the rich man added with a laugh; "but at your age

you could well have waited a little, and the late lord was a very nice fellow till he fell into that melancholy way."

"I told you everything was melancholy," said Katie in an undertone.

"And I," said the young man in the same suppressed voice, "shall I too fall into a melancholy way?" He laughed as he said so, but it was not a laugh of pleasure. Could he do nothing without having this family mystery—family absurdity—thrust into his face?

"If you want your cigar, papa—" said Katie getting up, "and you can't live without that, any of you gentlemen—I had better go. Let laws and learning, wit and wisdom die, so long as you have your cigars. But the carriage is ordered at a quarter to ten, and Lord Erradeen is coming, he says. In any case *you* must come, you know. I can't go without you," she said, with a little imperative air. It was enough to make any one laugh to see the grand air of superiority which this little person took upon her, and her father greeted her exit with a loud laugh of enjoyment and admiration.

"She is mistress and more, as we say in Scotland," he said, "and there must be no trifling where my Katie is concerned. We will have to keep to the minute. So you are coming with us, Lord Erradeen? What will you do, Underwood? I'm doubting if what they call the poetical dramaw will be much in your way."

To which Underwood replied with some embarrassment that it certainly was not at all in his way. He liked Nelly Somebody in a burlesque, and he was always fond of a good ballet, but as for Shakespeare and that sort of thing, he owned it was above him. Good Mr. Williamson disapproved of ballets utterly, and administered a rebuke on the spot.

"I hope you are not leading Lord Erradeen into the like of that. It is very bad for a young man to lose respect for women, and how you can keep any after those exhibitions is beyond me. Well, I will not say I

take a great interest, like Katie, in poetry and all that. I like a good laugh. So long as it is funny I am like a bairn, I delight in a play: but I am not so sure that I can give my mind to it when it's serious. Lord! we've enough of seriousness in real life. And as for your bare-faced love-making before thousands of people, I just can't endure it. You will think me a prejudiced old fogey, Lord Erradeen. It makes me blush," said this elderly critic, going off into a laugh; but blush he did, through all the honest red upon his natural cheeks, notwithstanding his laugh, and his claret, and his cigar. Was he a world behind his younger companion who glanced at him with a sensation of mingled shame, contempt, and respect, or was he a world above him? Walter was so confused in the new atmosphere he had suddenly begun to breathe, that he could not tell. But it was altogether new at all events, and novelty is something in the monotony of life.

"I'll see you at the club after," said Underwood, as they loitered waiting for Miss Williamson at the hotel door. But Walter made him no reply.

Now Lord Erradeen, though he had been perverse all his life, and had chosen the evil and rejected the good in many incomprehensible ways, was not—or this history would never have been written—without that finer fibre in him which responds to everything that is true and noble. How strange this jumble is in that confusion of good and evil which we call the mind of man! How to hear of a generous action will bring tears to the eyes of one whose acts are all selfish, and whose heart is callous to sufferings of which he is the cause—with what a noble fervour he will applaud the self-sacrifice of the man, who in that language by which it is the pleasure of the nineteenth century to make heroism just half-ridiculous, and so save itself from the highflown "never funk'd and never lied; I guess he didn't know how:" and how

he will be touched to the heart by the purity of a romantic love, he who for himself feeds on the garbage—and all this without any conscious insincerity, the best part of him more true and real all the time than the worst! Walter, to whom his own domestic surroundings had been irksome, felt a certain wholesome novelty of pleasure when he set out between the father and daughter to see what Mr. Williamson called the “poetical dramaw,” a thing hitherto much out of the young man’s way. He had been of late in all kinds of unsavoury places, and had done his best to debase his imagination with the burlesques; but yet he had not been able to obliterate his own capacity for better things. And when he stood looking over the head of Katie Williamson, and saw the lady of the poet’s tale come into the poor house of her chivalrous lover, the shock with which the better nature in him came uppermost, gave him a pang in the pleasure and the wonder of it. This was not the sort of heroine to whom he had accustomed himself: but the old Italian romancer, the noble English poet, and the fine passion and high perceptions of the actors, who could understand and interpret both, were not in vain for our prodigal. When that lady paused in the humble doorway clothed in high reverence and poetry, not to speak of the modest splendour of her mature beauty and noble Venetian dress, he felt himself blush, like good Mr. Williamson, to remember all the less lovely images he had seen. He could not applaud; it would have been a profanation. He was still pure enough in the midst of uncleanness, and high enough though familiar with baseness, to be transported for the moment out of himself.

The other two formed a somewhat comical counterbalance to Walter’s emotion; not that they were by any means unfeeling spectators. Mr. Williamson’s interest in the story was unfeigned. As Mrs. Kendal poured

forth that heartrending plea of a mother for her child, the good man accompanied her words by strange muffled sounds which were quite beyond his control: and which called forth looks of alarm from Katie who was his natural guardian, and who herself maintained a dignified propriety as having witnessed this moving scene before. But the running commentary *sotto voce*, which he kept up throughout, might have furnished an amusing secondary comedy to any impartial bystander. “Bless us all!” said Mr. Williamson, “two useless servants doing nothing, and not a morsel in the house! How do ye make that out!” “Lordsake! has he killed the hawk? but that’s just manslaughter: and a tough morsel I would say for the lady, when all’s done.” “What is it she’s wanting—just the falcon he’s killed for her. Tchick! Tchick! Now I call that an awful pity, Katie. Poor lady! and poor fellow! and he has to refuse her! Well, he should not have been so hasty. After all she did not eat a morsel of it; and what ailed that silly old woman there to toss up a bit omelette or something, to save the bird—and they’re so clever at omelettes abroad,” the good man said, with true regret. “Oh, papa, how material you are! Don’t you know it’s always like that in life?” cried Katie. “I know nothing of the kind,” said her father, indignantly. “What is the use of being a poet, as you call it, if ye cannot find some other way and not break their hearts? Poor lad! Now that’s a thing I can’t understand—a woman like that come pleading to you, and you have to refuse her!” Katie looked round upon her father with her little air of oracle. “Don’t you see, papa, that’s the story! It’s to wring our hearts he wrote it.” Mr. Williamson paid no attention to this. He went on softly with his “Tchick! tchick!” and when all was over dried his eyes furtively and got up with haste, almost impatience, drawing a long breath. “It’s just all nonsense,” he said. “I’ll not be

brought here again to be made unhappy. So she's to get *him* instead of the bird—but, bless me! what good will that do her? *that* will never save her bairn."

"It will satisfy the public, more or less," said a voice behind.

Walter had been aware that some one else had come into the box, who stood smiling, listening to the conversation, and now bent forward to applaud as if aware that his applause meant something. Katie turned half round, with a little nod and smile.

"Did you hear papa?" she said. "Oh, tell Mr. Tennyson! he is quite unhappy about it. Are you unhappy too, Lord Erradeen? for you don't applaud, or say a word."

"Applaud!" Walter said. "I feel that it would be taking a liberty. Applaud what? That beautiful lady who is so much above me, or the great poet who is above all? I should like to go away and draw breath, and let myself down——"

"Toots!" said Mr. Williamson, "it is just all nonsense. He should not have been so hasty. And now I would just like to know," he added, with an air of defiance, "what happened to that bairn: to want a falcon and get a stepfather! that was an ill way to cure him. Hoots! it's all nonsense. Put on your cloak, Katie, and let us get away."

"But I like you, Lord Erradeen, for what you say," cried Katie. "It was too beautiful to applaud. Oh, tell Mrs. Kendal! She looked like a picture. I should like to make her a curtsey, not clap my hands as you do."

"You will bid me tell Boccaccio next?" said the new-comer. "These are fine sentiments; but the actors would find it somewhat chilly if they had no applause. They would think nobody cared."

"Lord Innishouran," said Katie, "papa has forgotten his manners. He ought to have introduced to you Lord Erradeen."

Walter was as much startled as if he had been the veriest cockney whose

bosom had ever been fluttered by introduction to a lord. He looked at the first man of his rank (barring those damaged ones at Underwood's club) whom he had met, with the strangest sensation. Lord Innishouran was the son of the Duke—the great potentate of those northern regions. He was a man who might make Walter's career very easy to him, or, alas! rather might have made it, had he known him on his first coming to London. The sense of all that might be involved in knowing him, made the young man giddy as he stood opposite to his new acquaintance. Lord Innishouran was not of Walter's age. The duke was the patriarch of the Highlands, and lived like a man who never meant to die. This gentleman, who at forty-five was still only his father's heir, had taken to the arts by way of making an independent position for himself. He was a *dilettante* in the best sense of the word, delighting in everything that was beautiful. Walter's enthusiasm had been the best possible introduction for him; and what a change there seemed in the young man's world and all his prospects as he walked home after taking leave of the Williamsons with Innishouran's, not Underwood's, arm within his own!

"I cannot understand how it is that we have not met before. It would have been my part to seek you out if I had known you were in town," his new friend said. "I hope now you will let me introduce you to my wife. The duke has left town—he never stays a moment longer than he can help. And everything is coming to an end. Still I am most happy to have made your acquaintance. You knew the Williamsons, I suppose, before? They are excellent people—not the least vulgarity about them, because there's no pretension. And Katie is a clever girl, not without ambition. She is quite an heiress, I suppose you know——"

"I don't know—any one, or anything," Walter said.

"Come, that is going too far," said

the other, with a laugh. "I presume you don't care for society. That is a young man's notion; but society is not so bad a thing. It never answers to withdraw from it altogether. Yes, Katie is an heiress. She is to have all the Loch Houran property, I believe, besides a good deal of money."

"I thought," said Walter, "there were several sons."

"One—one only; and he has the business, with the addition also of a good deal of money. Money is a wonderful quality—it stands instead of a great many other things to our friends there. I am fond of intellect myself, but it must be allowed that the most cultivated mind would not do for any man what his money does at once for that good neighbour of ours—who is a most excellent fellow all the same."

"I have met him for the first time to-day," said Walter, "in the most accidental way."

"Ah! I thought you had known them; but it is true what I say. I look upon money with a certain awe. It is inscrutable. The most perfect of artists—you and I when we most look up to them, do also just a little look down upon them! No, perhaps that is too strong. At all events, they are there on sufferance. They are not of us, and they know it. Whether they care for us too much, or whether they don't care at all, there is still that uneasy consciousness. But with this good-natured millionaire, nothing of the sort. He has no such feeling."

"Perhaps because his feelings are not so keen. Miss Williamson has just been telling me what you say—that her family are considered not vulgar because they never pretend to be better than they are."

"Ah!" cried Lord Innishouran, startled, "did Katie divine that? She is cleverer than I thought—and a very fine fortune, and an ambitious little person. I hope her money will go to consolidate some property at home, and not fall into a stranger's

hands. I am all for the Highlands, you see, Erradeen."

"And I know so little about them," said Walter.

But nevertheless he knew very well what was meant, and there was a curious sensation in his mind which he could not describe to himself, as if some perturbation, whether outside or in he could not tell which, was calmed. He had a great deal of talk with his new friend as they threaded the noisy little circle of the streets, among the shouting link-boys and crowds of carriages, then reached the calm and darkness of the thoroughfares beyond. Lord Innishouran talked well, and his talk was of a kind so different from that of Underwood's noisy coterie, that the charm of the unusual, added to so many other novel sensations, made a great impression upon Walter's mind, always sensitive and open to a new influence. He felt a hot flush of shame come over him when walking thus through the purity of the night, and in the society of a man who talked about great names and things, he remembered the noise of the club, the heated air full of smoke and inanities, the jargon of the racecourse and the stables. These things filled him with disgust, for the moment at least, just as the duets had given him a sense of disgust and impatience at Sloebury. His new friend only left him at the door of his rooms, which happened to lie in Lord Innishouran's way, and bade him good-night, promising to call on him in the morning. Walter had not been in his rooms so early for many a day. He hesitated whether or not to go out again, for he had not any pleasure in his own society; but pride came to the rescue, and he blushed at the thought of darting out like a truant schoolboy, as soon as the better influence was withdrawn. Pride prevented him from thus running away from himself. He took a book out of the shelves, which he had not done for so long. But soon the book dropped aside, and he began to review the strange circumstances of the evening. In a moment, as it seemed,

his horizon had changed. Hitherto, except in so far as money was concerned, he had derived no advantage from his new rank. Now everything seemed opening before him. He could not be unmoved in this moment of transition. Perhaps the life which was called fast had never contained any real temptation to Walter. It had come in and invaded the indolence of his mind and filled the vacant house of his soul, swept and garnished but unoccupied, according to the powerful simile of Scripture; but there was no tug at his senses now urging him to go back to it. And then he thought, with a certain elation, of Lord Innishouran, and pleurably of the Williamsons. Katie, was that her name? He could not but laugh to himself at the sudden realisation of the visionary Miss Williamson after all that had been said. What would Julia Herbert say? But Julia Herbert had become dim to Lord Erradeen as if she had been a dozen years away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEXT morning Lord Innishouran fulfilled his promise of calling, and made his appearance almost before Walter, following the disorderly usages of the society into which he had fallen, was ready to receive him. The middle-aged eldest son was a man of exact virtue, rising early, keeping punctual hours, and in every way conducting himself as became one whose position made him an example to the rest of the world. And he was one who had a deep sense of the duties of his position. It seemed to him that this young man was in a bad way. "He is at a crisis, evidently at a crisis," he had said to his wife, "and a good influence may be everything for him." "He should marry Katie Williamson," said Lady Innishouran. "The Erradeens may be odd as you say, but they always manage to do well for themselves." "Not always, not always, my dear; the property seems to grow, but the men come to little," Innishouran

said, shaking his head; and he left his house with the full intention of becoming a "good influence" to Walter. He proposed at once to put him up at the most irreproachable and distinguished of clubs, and asked him to dinner on the spot. "I am afraid there is nobody of consequence left whom I can ask to meet you," he said; "but in any case Lady Innishouran is anxious to make your acquaintance."

The Innishourans belonged to the ranks of those very great people for whom the season ends much earlier than for others. The duke had gone home early in June, and his son held that in the end of that month there was nobody of consequence left, except, he said to himself, cabinet ministers, who were perhaps something too much for a young Highland lord.

"And you must take your seat," he said, "that is a matter of duty. If we had met earlier the duke would of course have been one of your supporters. I am sure my father will regret it very much. But, however, it can't be helped, and I, you know, don't occupy the necessary position; but there will be no difficulty in that respect."

This was very different from Walter's fine misanthropic Byronic idea of solitary grandeur, and defiance of the staring ranks of superannuated peers. "I am no politician," he said awkwardly. "I had scarcely thought it was worth the while." "It is always worth while to assume the privileges of your position," Lord Innishouran said. Walter was taken possession of altogether by this good influence. And forthwith his path lay in a course of golden days. It was characteristic of Walter that it gave him no trouble to break his old ties, perhaps because of the fact that he had not, so to speak, made them by any exercise of his will, but simply drifted into them by the exertions of those who meant to benefit by his weakness. He did not, perhaps, put this into words, but yet felt it with a sort of interior conviction which was deeper than all those superficial shades of sentiment which bind

some men to the companions of the day, even when they care little for them. Perhaps it was selfishness, perhaps strength—it is difficult sometime to discriminate.

Thus Captain Underwood, after his interrupted, but latterly almost unbroken, sway over the young man's time and habits, found himself suddenly left in the lurch, and quite powerless over his pupil. The captain tried in the first place the easy tone of use and wont.

"Come, Erradeen," he said, "we shall be late. You forget the engagement you made with So-and-so, and So-and-so—"

"I think it was you who made the engagement," Walter said. "I am not going to keep it anyhow. I am going with Innishouran to——"

"With Lord Innishouran!" the other cried, overawed. "So then," he said, with such a sneer as is often effectual with the young and generous, "now that you have got in with the big-wigs you mean to throw your old friends over."

"I don't know much about old friends," Walter said. "I don't call the fellows at your club old friends."

And then Captain Underwood made one of those mistakes which persons of inferior breeding are so apt to make. "You were glad enough to have them when you had nobody else to take any notice of you," he said. This was after two or three attempts to recover his old standing, and when he began to feel a certain exasperation. Walter, though he was irritable by nature, had so much the best of the argument at this moment that he kept his temper.

"I don't think," he said, "that I ever was very glad. I allowed myself to be drawn into it *faute de mieux*."

"And now I suppose you think you can throw me off too, like an old glove, in your infernal Scotch, cold-blooded way!" cried the captain.

"Am I Scotch?" said Lord Erradeen.

It was not much wonder, perhaps, if Underwood lost his temper. But

another time he took matters more wisely. He would not give up in a fit of temper the hold he thought he had obtained upon the young man. Was it a want of feeling on the part of Walter thus to separate himself without compunction from the man who had in his way exerted all his powers to please him? The question is a difficult one. Lord Erradeen's eyes (however, he said to himself) had been open all the time: he had always known what Underwood's object was.

And yet as always it was a little difficult to formulate the motives of Underwood. Very few indeed have their motives cut and dried to be classified at the pleasure of the spectator. He was an adventurer by profession, and lived by his wits, preferring that existence of haphazard to other more steady and certain ways of existence. He had been the companion and associate of the late Lord Erradeen, who was weak and undefined in all his ways, one of those who are, as people say, easily led away. When that unfortunate person fell into the gloom in which he died, which some people said was disease of the mind and some of the body, Captain Underwood had found his occupation gone; and it had occurred to him that the best thing he could do was to put himself in the path of the new lord, whose claims were very well known in Scotland, and among the hangers-on of the family, though not to himself. He had spent a great deal of time and trouble in securing, as he thought, this new lord. And if he was not altogether in despair now, it was because Walter Methven had already slipped through his hands, and been secured again; a course of incident which might be repeated. And though he had considered Walter as a pigeon to be plucked, as a weakling to be twisted to his own purposes, as a sort of milch cow to supply him with the luxuries and ready money he wanted, it must not be supposed that his intentions to Walter were wholly evil. He had

already saved him more than once from plunderers more remorseless than himself, and it had always been a question with him whether he might not employ his knowledge of the family history for Walter's advantage as well as for his own. He meant, it is scarcely necessary to say, to secure his own in the first place; but when that was done, he was willing enough to be of use to Walter too. If the young man had ever confided in him, Underwood would have advised him to the best of his judgment. He would have warned him not to kick against the pricks, to give in to that which was evidently the leading influence in the family, whatever it was, and to shape his life according to that guidance. He would have impressed upon him the uneasy life and untimely end of his predecessor. He had it in him, he felt, to have been the good genius of young Erradeen. But that haughty young fellow would not hear a word; and what could he do except treat him as a pigeon to be plucked, though still with a benevolent intention, in accordance with his old allegiance to the family, to save him from other plunderers as far as possible? He was very unwilling, as may be supposed, to resign his *protégé* and victim, and made spasmodic attempts to regain his "influence." At all times this "influence" had been held precariously, and had it been a virtuous one like that of Lord Innishouran, Walter's mentor and guide might have called forth the sympathy of the spectator; for he had many things to bear from the young man's quick temper, and the occasional dissatisfaction with himself and all things around which made him so difficult to deal with. Underwood, however, after his first disappointment, did not despair. The changeable young fellow, upon whom no one could calculate, whose mind was so uncertain, who would shoot off at a tangent in the most unexpected way, might as suddenly, as he had abandoned, turn to him again.

Miss Williamson received her new acquaintance very graciously when he

went to see her next day. She met him with all the ease of an old acquaintance.

"Papa has been so busy," she said, "putting John into the business, that we have only got here at the very end of the season. Yes, it is a nuisance; but think how many people there are much better than I, that never come at all. Oona Forrester for instance. You think perhaps she is too good even to wish to come? Not at all; there never was a girl so good as that. Besides I don't think it would be good. A girl ought to see the world as much as a boy. When you don't know the world, it makes you uninteresting—afterwards; you don't know how to talk to people. Not Oona you know. I don't think there is any want of interest about her; but most people. Well, did you like Lord Innishouran? He is very kind, and fond of exerting a good influence. I felt that he was the very person for you."

"You think then that I stand in need of a good influence?" Walter said.

"Yes, after Captain Underwood," said Katie, calmly. "I think it was very lucky that you met papa, and that Lord Innishouran was at the theatre and came into our box. Perhaps you will look back to it and think—if you had not happened to come here, what people call accidentally, as you passed——"

"I might go a step further," said Walter, "and say if I had not happened to be with Captain Underwood, who knew your father, I should never have known what good fortune was standing upon these steps, and never have made the acquaintance of Miss Williamson."

"You are making fun of me," said Katie. "I do not mind in the very least. But still it is just as well, perhaps, that you made the acquaintance of Miss Williamson. What were you going to do with yourself? Nothing so good I am sure as seeing the *Falcon*, and making friends with Lord Innishouran who can be of a great deal of use to you. We cannot do much for

you, of course. All sorts of people ask us, but still you know we are not of your class. We are only not vulgar, because— I told you last night.”

Walter laughed with guilty amusement, remembering how Lord Innishouran had justified Katie's estimate of the world's opinion.

“I do not understand,” he said, “how any one can think of you and vulgarity in the same day.”

“Well,” said Katie, calmly, “that is my own opinion. But still between me and Oona Forrester there is a great difference. I don't meet myself about that. And why is it? I am— oh, some hundred times more rich. I can do almost whatever I like; that is to say I can turn papa, as people say, round my little finger (that is rather vulgar, by the way). I come up here, I go abroad, I meet all kinds of interesting people: and yet I am not like Oona when all is said. Now how is that? It does not seem quite fair.”

She looked at him with an honest pair of blue eyes out of a prepossessing, sensible little face, as she asked this question with all the gravity of a philosophical investigator. Notwithstanding a little figure which threatened in after life to be dumpy, and a profile of which the lines were by no means distinctly drawn, Katie Williamson at twenty had enough of the *beauté du diable* to make her rather an attractive little person. But as Walter looked at her, he too seemed to see a vision of the other with whom she compared herself. He always thought of Oona as she had stood watching his boat pushed off; his mind at the time had been too hurried and eager to remark her look; but that deeper faculty which garners up a face, a look, an act which we do not seem to notice at the moment, and makes them afterwards more real and present to us than things that are under our eyes, had taken a picture of Oona as she stood in that profoundest deep of emotion, the most poignant moment of her life, with something of the won-

dering pang in her eyes which was in her heart. How many times since then had he seen her, though he had not seen her at the time! Looking at her in his mind's eye, he forgot altogether the question Katie was putting to him, and the necessity of protesting politely that she did herself wrong. Indeed he was not roused to this till Katie herself, after pausing for reply, said with a little sharpness, “You don't make me any answer, Lord Erradeen: you ought to tell me I have no reason to be so humble-minded, but that I am as good as Oona. That is what any polite person would say.”

Thus challenged, Walter started with a certain sheepishness, and hastened to inform her, stammering, that comparisons were odious, but that there was nobody who might not be flattered, who ought not to be pleased, who in short would not be happy to think themselves on the same level—

Katie broke through his embarrassed explanations with a laugh. “You quite agree with me,” she said, “and that is what I like you for. I am not a girl who wants compliments. I am an inquirer. And things are so funny in this world: everything about ourselves is so droll—”

“What is that you are saying about being droll, Katie?” said Mr. Williamson coming in. “You do say very daft-like things, my dear, if that is what you mean. And how are you this morning, my Lord Erradeen? none the worse of that *Falcon*? Bless me, that falcon—that just set your teeth on edge the very sight of it. I am glad it was not served up to me. But you will stay to your lunch? We are just going to lunch, Katie and I; and we are both very fond of company. Now just stay. I will take it very kind if you have nothing better to do; and afterwards we'll stroll together to the Caledonian Club, which you ought to be a member of, Lord Erradeen, for auld Scotland's sake. I will put you up if that is agreeable to you. Come, Katie, show Lord Erradeen the way. I have been knocking about all the

morning, and I am bound to say I'm very ready for my lunch."

And in this way affairs went on. Unaccustomed as he was to consider what any change of direction might lead to, it suited Walter very well to have a place where he was always welcome within his reach, and to be urged to stay to lunch, to go to the opera and the theatre, to be the audience for Katie's philosophies, which amused him. The atmosphere was new and if not, perhaps, exciting, was fresh and full of variety. He had never in his life encountered anything like the easy wealthiness and homeliness, the power to do whatever they pleased, yet extreme simplicity in doing it, which characterised both father and daughter. And there was so much movement and energy about them that he was kept amused. Katie's perfectly just impression of the opinion of the world had no embittering effect upon that little philosopher, whose consciousness of well-being, and of the many ways in which she was better off than her neighbours, gave her a composure and good humour which were delightful. By and by, though Walter himself was not aware of this, he began to receive invitations to entertainments at which the Williamsons were to be present, with that understanding on the part of society which is so instinctive, and which though sometimes without foundation, rarely fails to realise its purpose. He was not indeed at all dependent upon them for his society. Lord Innishouran had opened the way, which once open, is so very easy for a young peer, whose antecedents, even if doubtful, have never compelled general disapproval. He who had known nobody, became in a month's time capable of understanding all the allusions, and entering into that curious society-talk which the most brilliant intellects out of it are confused by, and the most shallow within gain a certain appearance of intelligence from. After a little awkwardness at the beginning, easily explained by the benevolent theory that he had only just come to town, and knew

nobody, he had speedily picked up the threads of the new existence, and got himself into its routine. To a new mind there is so much that is attractive in it—a specious air of knowing, of living, of greater experience, and more universal interests is diffused over it. And how indeed should it be possible not to know more in the midst of that constant multiplicity of events, and in sight and hearing of those that pull the strings and move the puppets everywhere? There is something in brushing shoulders with a minister of state that widens the apprehension; and even the lightest little *attaché* gives a feeling that it is cosmopolitan to the circle in which he laughs and denies any knowledge of European secrets. Probably the denial is quite true, but nobody believes it, and the young lady with whom he has flirted knows a little more of the world in consequence—that is of the world, as it is understood in those regions which claim that name for themselves. This tone Walter acquired so easily that it surprised himself. He did it better than many to the manner born, for to be sure there was to him a novelty in it, which made it feel real, and kept him amused and pleased with himself. He took his seat in the House of Lords, not in the Byronic way, and thought a great deal more of the House of Lords ever after. It seemed to him an important factor in European affairs, and the most august assembly in the world. No—that term perhaps is sacred to the House of Commons, or rather was sacred to the House of Commons, at the time when there were no other popular chambers of legislators to contest the dignity. But a hereditary legislator may still be allowed to think with awe of that bulwark of the constitution in which he has a share.

Lord Erradeen became one of the immediate circle of the Innishourans, where all "the best people" were to be met. He became acquainted with great dignitaries both of Church and State. He talked to ambassadors—flirted—but no, he did not flirt very

much. It was understood that he was to be asked with the Williamsons by all the people who knew them; and even among those who were a little above Miss Katie's range, it was known that there was an heiress of fabulous wealth, whose possessions would sensibly enlarge those of Lord Erradeen, and with whom it was an understood thing—so that flirtation with him was gently discouraged by the authorities. And he himself did not perhaps find that amusement necessary; for everything was new to him—his own importance, which had never up to this time been properly acknowledged, and still more the importance of others with whom it was a wonder to the young man to feel himself associating. The Underwood crew had always secretly angered him, as undeniably inferior to the society from which he felt himself to be shut out. He had been disgusted by their flattery, yet offended by their familiarity, even when in appearance *bon camarade*. And the sense of internal satisfaction now in having attained unmistakably to "the best people" was very delightful to him, and the air of good society a continual pleasure. Probably that satisfaction, too, might fail by and by, and the perennial sameness of humanity make itself apparent. But this did not occur within the first season, which indeed had begun to wane of its early glories as a season, the duke being gone, and other princes, high and mighty, before Walter appeared in it at all. There was, however, a great deal to be done still in the remnant of June and the early part of July: the heat, the culmination of all things, the sense that these joys will presently be over, and another season, which, in its way, is like another lifetime, departed into the past—producing a kind of whirl and intoxicating impulse. People met three or four times a day in the quickening of all the social wheels before they stopped altogether—in the park in the morning, at luncheon parties, afternoon receptions, dinners—two or three times in the evening—town growing more and

more like the "village," which it is sometimes jocularly called.

Through all this Walter spent a great deal of his time with Katie Williamson. Society flattered the probable match. He had to give her his arm to dinner, to dance with her, to talk to her, to get her shawl and call her carriage; her father, in his large good-humoured way, accepting with much placidity, a sort of superior footman in Lord Erradeen. "You are younger than I am," he would say occasionally, with a laugh. He, too, began to take it for granted. It could not be said that it was Lord Erradeen's fault. He indeed gave in to it with a readiness which was unnecessary, by those continual visits at the hotel, luncheons, dinners, attendances at theatre and opera, which certainly originated in his own will and pleasure. But all that was so simple and natural. He had a sincere liking for Katie. She was a refuge to him from the other society which he had thrown over. Why should he refrain from visiting his country neighbours? There seemed nothing in the world against it, but everything in its favour. They asked him to be sure, or he would not have gone. Mr. Williamson said—"We'll see you some time to-morrow," when they parted; and even Katie began to add—"We are going to the So-and-so's; are you to be there?" Nothing could be more natural, more easy. And yet a girl who had been properly on her guard, and a young man particular not to have it said that he had "behaved ill" to a lady would have taken more care. Had Katie had a mother, perhaps it would not have been; but even in that case, why not? Walter was perfectly eligible. Supposing even that there had been a sowing of wild oats, that had not been done with any defiance of the world, and it was now over; and the Erradeens were already a great family, standing in no need of Katie's fortune to bolster them up. The mother, had she been living, would have had little reason to interfere. It was all perfectly natural, suitable in every way, such a marriage indeed as

might have justified the proverb, and been "made in heaven."

It would be scarcely correct to say, as is sometimes said, that the last to know of this foregone conclusion, were the parties chiefly concerned. It might indeed be true in respect to Walter, but not to the other principal actor, who indeed was perfectly justified in her impression that he was a conscious agent throughout, and intended everything he was supposed to intend. Katie, for her part, was not unaware of the progress of events upon which all the world had made up its mind. She expected nothing less than to be called upon to decide, and that without any great delay—perhaps before she left town, perhaps shortly after her return home—whether or not she would be Lady Erradeen. She did not think of the coronet upon her handkerchief, as Julia Herbert had done, but of many things which were of more importance. She frankly avowed to herself that she liked Lord Erradeen; as to being in love with him, that was perhaps a different matter. She was much experienced in the world (or thought herself so) though she was so young; having had no mother, and feeling herself the natural guide of her other less enlightened parent. And she was very fond of her father. She could "turn him round her little finger." Wherever she wished to go he went; whatever she wished to do, he was ready to carry out her wishes. She was not at all sure that with a husband she would have half so much of her own way. And Katie liked her own way. She could not fancy herself blindly, foolishly in love as people were in books; but she liked Lord Erradeen. So far as that went it was all simple enough; but on the other hand, there were mysteries about the family, and Katie scorned and hated mysteries. Suppose he should ask her to believe in the Warlock lord? Katie knew what would follow; she would laugh in his face, however serious he might be. To her it would be impossible to believe in any such supernatural and anti-

quoted nonsense. She felt that she would scorn even the man who was her husband did he give faith to such fables. She would not listen to any evidence on the subject. Sometimes words had dropped from him which sounded like a belief in the possibility of such influences. To think that she, Katie, should have to defer to superstition, to be respectful perhaps, of absurdity such as this! *That* she would never do. But otherwise she allowed in her sensible, much-reasoning, composed little mind, that there was very little to object to in Lord Erradeen.

Walter himself was not half so ready to realise the position. He liked Katie, and had not been much accustomed to deny himself what he liked even in his days of poverty. He did not see now why he should not take the good with which the gods provided him in the shape of a girl's society, any more than in any other way. He was a little startled when he perceived by some casual look or word that he was understood by the world in general to be Katie's lover. It amused him at first: but he had so just an opinion of Katie that he was very sure she had no disposition to "catch" him, such as he had not doubted Julia Herbert to have. He might be vain, but not beyond reason. Indeed it was not any stimulus to vanity to be an object of pursuit to Julia Herbert. It was apparent enough what it would be to her to marry Lord Erradeen, whereas it was equally apparent that to marry anybody would be no object, unless she loved him, to Katie. And Katie, Walter was sure, betrayed no tokens of love. But there were many things involved that did not meet the common eye. Since he had floated into this new form of "influence," since he had known the girl whom it would be so excellent for the Erradeen property that he should marry, a halcyon period had begun for Walter. The angry sea of his own being, so often before lashed into angry waves and convulsions, had calmed down. Things had gone well with him: he had come into the society

of his peers ; he had assumed the privileges of the rank which up to this time had been nothing but a burden and contrariety. The change was ineffable, not to be described ; nothing disturbed him from outside, but, far more wonderful, nothing irritated him within. He felt tranquil, he felt good : he had no inclination to be angry ; he was not swayed with movements of irritation and disgust. The superiority of his society was perhaps not sufficient to account for this, for he began to see the little ridicules of society after a month's experience of it. No, it was himself that was changed ; his disturbances were calmed ; he and his fate were no longer on contrary sides. It seemed to the young man that the change all about and around him was something miraculous. He seemed to stand on a calm eminence and look back upon the angry waters which he had escaped with a shiver at the dangers past, and a sense of relief which was indescribable. If he could get Katie to marry him that calm perhaps might become permanent. There would be no guilt in doing this, there would be no wrong to any one. And then he thought of Oona on the beach, looking after his boat. What was she thinking then, he wondered ? Did she ever think of him now ? Did she remember him at all ? Had she not rather dismissed that little episode from her mind like a dream ? He sighed as he thought of her, and wondered, with wistful half-inquiries ; but, after all, there was no ground for inquiries, and no doubt she had forgotten him long ago. Other questions altogether came into his mind with the thought of Katie Williamson. If he married her would not all the elements of evil which he had felt to be so strong, which had risen into such force, and against which he had been unable to contend—would they not all be lulled for ever ? It would be no yielding to the power that had somehow, he no longer reasoned how, got him in its clutches : but it would be a compromise. He had not been bidden to seek this wealthy bride, but in his

heart he felt that this way peace lay. It would be a compromise. It would be promoting the interests of the family. Her wealth would add greatly to the importance of the house of Erradeen. And if he made up his mind to a step which had so many advantages, would it not in some sort be the signing of a treaty, the establishment of peace ? He thought with a shudder, out of this quiet in which his spirit lay, of those conflicts from which he had escaped. He was like a man on firm land contemplating the horrors of the stormy sea from which he had escaped, but amid which he might be plunged again. It was possible that the disposition in which that sea itself should be braved, rather than accept its alternative, might return to him again. But at the present moment, in full enjoyment of so many pleasures, and with the struggles of the former period in his mind, he shuddered at the prospect. Katie, it seemed to him, would be a compromise with fate.

The other person most deeply concerned—to wit, Mr. Williamson—was in a state of rapture, and chuckled all day long over the prospect. He would have had Lord Erradeen with them wherever they went. Not a doubt on the subject, not a possibility that all was not plain sailing, crossed his mind. There was no courtship indeed between them, such as was usual in his own more animated class and age. It was not the fashion, he said to himself, with a laugh ; but what did the young fellow come for so constantly if it were not Katie ? “It's not for my agreeable conversation,” he said to himself, with another guffaw. When a young man was for ever haunting the place where a girl was, there could not be two opinions about his motives. And it would be very suitable. He said this to himself with an elation which made his countenance glow. To think of losing Katie had been terrible to him, but this would not be losing Katie. Auchnasheen was next door to Birkenbraes, and they should have Birken-

embraes if they liked—they should have anything. John was splendidly provided for by the business and all the immense capital invested in it; but Katie was his darling, and from her he could not be separated. A pretty title for her, and a very good fellow for a husband, and no separation! He thought, with a sort of delighted horror as of some danger past, that she was just the girl that might have fallen in love with a lad going out to India or to the ends of the earth, and gone with him, whatever any one could say; and to think by the good guiding of Providence she had lighted on one so ideally suitable as Lord Erradeen! The good man went about the world rubbing his hands with satisfaction. It was all he could do, in his great contentment, not to precipitate matters. He had to put force upon himself when he was alone with Walter not to bid him take courage, and settle the matter without delay.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THINGS went on in this way till nearly the end of July, when the parks were brown like heather, and a great many people already had gone out of town. Those who remained kept up their gaieties with a sort of desperation of energy, intent upon getting as much as possible out of the limited time. And what with the drawing closer of the bonds of society, and the additional fervour of the pace at which everything went on, Walter spent almost his entire time in Katie's society, meeting her everywhere, and being, by universal consent, constituted her partner and escort wherever they did meet. She had half begun to wonder herself that nothing further came of it, and that he did not speak the words which would settle every question, so far at least as he was concerned. Miss Williamson, for her own part, reserved her personal freedom. She would not say even to herself that she had finally made up her mind. She would

see what he had to say for himself and then— But Katie was very prudent, and would not be premature. Walter, too, rather wondered at himself that he did nothing conclusive. He perceived for the first time in his life that the position was not one which could be glided over, which he could terminate simply by going away. He had come to that, that Katie must cut the knot, not he: or else, which was most likely, bind it closer. She was a girl of whom nobody could think lightly—not a good girl only, but a little personage, of distinct importance. No doubt she would make such a wife as a man might be very well satisfied with, and even proud of in his way. She was even pretty—enough: she was clever, and very well able to hold her own. At the head of a table, at the head of a great house, Katie, though with in every way a pronounced yet not unrefined Scotch accent (as indeed in the wife of a Scotch lord was very appropriate), would be quite equal to the position. And peace would come with her: no young man could do more for his family than bring such an accession of fortune into it. It would probably save him from further vexation about small matters of the estate, and those persecutions about leases and investments to which he was now subject. This had been the one drawback of his life since he had known Katie. He had been asked to decide on one side and another: he had concluded against Peter Thomson the sheep farmer, in sheer vexation with Shaw's importunity. He had thought more than once that he saw old Milnathort shake his head, and was subject to the factor's outspoken blame. But if he brought Katie into the family, what would it matter about these small things? One or two unsatisfactory tenants would be little in comparison with that large addition of fortune. And he liked Katie. In herself she was very agreeable to him—a companion whom he by no means wished to lose. There was something in her independence, her almost boyishness, her philosophies

and questionings, which made her unlike any other girl with whom he had ever been brought into contact. The thing was not that they were in love with each other, but that they could get on quite well together. Notwithstanding, Walter, being quite content with the circumstances as they were, took no new step, but let the course of events run on day by day.

They had gone together to one of the last celebrations of the waning season—the evening reception at the Royal Academy. Everybody who was in town was there; and Walter, who had now an abundance of acquaintances, went from one group to another, paying his respects to the ladies, but always keeping somewhere within reach of the Williamsons, with whom he had come. Katie expected him to be within reach. It had come to be a habit with her to look round for Lord Erradeen, to beg him to get her what she wanted, to take her to this or that. Her father always most dutifully in attendance, yet naturally found persons of his own age to talk with; and he was apt to say foolish things about the pictures, and say them at the top of his voice, which made Katie cautious not to direct his attention to them more than was necessary; but Walter, who on the whole considered her something of an authority on art, and was not unwilling to accept her guidance to some extent, was here a very agreeable companion. She had just intimated to him her desire to look at something of which the artist had been speaking to her—for Katie considered it her duty even in presence of society to show a certain regard for the pictures, as the supposed object of the meeting—and taking his arm was going on to the corner indicated, when somebody all at once made a little movement towards them with a quick exclamation of pleasure, and saying, "Walter!" suddenly laid a finger upon Lord Erradeen's unoccupied arm.

This sudden incident produced a curious dramatic effect amid the many groups of this elegant company. Some

of the bystanders even were attracted, and one enterprising young painter took in his mind's eye an instantaneous sketch of the three figures enacting a scene in the genteel comedy of life. Walter in the midst, startled, looking a little guilty, yet not losing his composure, replied readily enough, "Julia!" holding out his hand to the somewhat eager stranger, who leaned forward towards him with sparkling eyes, and the most arch and smiling expression of pleasure and interest. Katie, on the other hand, held back a little, and looked very gravely at the meeting, with a manifest absence in her countenance of that pleasure which the others expressed, whether they felt it or not. She did not withdraw from Walter's arm, or separate herself in any way, but gazed at the new-comer who addressed him so familiarly with a look of grave inspection. Katie meant to look dignified, and as a girl should look who was the lawful possessor of the attention to which an illegitimate claimant had thus appeared; but her figure was not adapted for expressing dignity. She was shorter than Julia, and less imposing, and her *beauté du diable* could not bear comparison with Miss Herbert's really fine features and charming figure. Julia was as much, or indeed more, a country girl than the other; but she was much handsomer, and had all the instincts of society. Her face was radiant with smiles as she gave her hand to Walter, and half-permitted, half-compelled him to hold it a moment longer than was necessary in his.

"I thought we could not be long of meeting," she said, "and that you were sure to be here. I am with my cousins the Tom Herberts. I suppose you know them? They have asked me up for the fag-end of the season. I always told you my season was the very end—and the result is, I am quite fresh when you jaded revellers have had too much of it, and are eager to hurry away."

And indeed she looked fresh, glowing, and eager, and full of life and

pleasure; her vivid looks seemed to take the colour out of Katie, who still stood with her hand upon Walter's arm. For his part he did not know what to do.

"You would not think, to look round these rooms, that it was the fag-end of the season," he said.

"Ah! that's your usual benevolence to make me think less of my disadvantages," said Julia. "You know I don't encourage illusions on that subject. You must come and see me. You must be made acquainted with my cousins, if you don't know them."

"In the meantime, Lord Erradeen, will you take me to my father, please," said Katie, on his arm.

"Oh," cried Julia, "don't let me detain you now. We have just come. You'll find me presently Walter, when you are at liberty. No, go, go, we shall have plenty of time afterwards for our talks. I insist upon your going now."

And she dismissed him with a beaming smile, with a little pat on his arm as if it had been she who was his lawful proprietor, not Katie. Miss Williamson said nothing for the moment, but she resisted Walter's attempt to direct her towards the picture she had meant to visit. "I think I will go to papa," she said. "I must not detain you, Lord Erradeen, from your—friend."

"That doesn't matter," said Walter; "I shall see her again. Let us do what we intended to do. What is the etiquette on such an occasion, Miss Williamson? Would it be correct for me, a mere man, to introduce two ladies to each other? You know I am a novice in society. I look for instruction to you."

"I can't tell, I am sure," said Katie. "I don't think the case has occurred to me before. You seem to know the lady very well, Lord Erradeen?"

"I have known her almost all my life," Walter replied, not quite at his ease. "We have played together, I suppose. She comes from Sloebury where my mother is living. They

have all sorts of fine connections, but they are poor, as you would divine from what she said."

"I did not listen to what she said. Conversation not addressed to one's self," said Katie with some severity, "one has nothing to do with. I could see of course that you were on the most friendly terms."

"Oh, on quite friendly terms," said Walter; he could not for his life have prevented a little laugh from escaping him, a laugh of consciousness and amusement and embarrassment. And Katie, who was full of suspicion, pricked up her little ears.

"I should have said on terms that were more than friendly," she said in a voice that was not without a certain sharp tone.

Walter laughed again with that imbecility to which all men are subject when pressed upon such a question.

"Can anything be better than friendly?" he said. "Poor Julia! she has a very kind heart. Was not this the picture you wanted to see?"

"Oh," cried Katie, "I have forgotten all about the picture! This little incident has put it out of my head. Human interest is superior to art. Perhaps if you had not left Sloebury, if your circumstances had not changed, your friendship might have changed into—something warmer, as people say."

"Who can tell?" cried Walter in his vanity; "but in that case we should have been two poverties together, and that you know would never do."

"I am no judge," cried Katie; "but at all events you are not a poverty now, and there is no reason—Oh, there is papa; he is talking to *that* ambassador—but never mind. Patience for another minute, Lord Erradeen, till we can make our way to him, and then you shall go."

"But I don't want to go," Walter said.

"Oh, that is impossible; when Miss—Julia—I am sure I beg your pardon, for I don't know her other name—was so kind as to tell you

where to find her. You must want to get rid of me. Papa, give me your arm; I want to show you something."

"Eh! what do you want to show me, Katie? I'm no judge, you know. You will find it very much better, I'm confident, to show it to young Erradeen."

"Thank you, Lord Erradeen," said Katie, making him a curtsy. She took her father's almost reluctant arm, and turned him suddenly away at once from his ambassador, and from Walter, who stood astonished to find himself thus thrown off. "Look here, papa, it is in this direction," the young lady said.

Mr. Williamson's voice was rather louder than good manners allowed. "What! is it a tiff?" he said, with a laugh. "That's according to all the rules, Katie. I'm astonished you have not had one before."

Walter heard this speech as well as Katie, and it threw the last gleam of reality on the position in which he stood. That he was looked upon by her father as her lover, and no doubt by herself too, or what would the encounter with Julia have mattered to her, was plain enough. He had known it vaguely before, but only from his own side of the question, and had debated it as a matter of expediency to himself. But when he saw it from the other side, recognising with a shock that they too had something to say in the matter, and coming right up against that barrier of a *must*, which was so obnoxious to his character, everything took a very different aspect. And Julia, too, had assumed an air of property—had made a certain claim of right in respect to him. What! was he to be made a slave, and deprived of free action in respect to the most important act of his life, because he had freely accepted invitations that were pressed upon him? The thing was ridiculous, he said to himself, with some heat. It might be well for him to offer himself to Katie, but to have a virtual demand made upon him, and acknowledge a necessity, that was not to be borne.

Still less was he likely to acknowledge any right on the part of Julia Herbert. In her case he was altogether without responsibility, he said to himself; and even in the other, was it a natural consequence of Mr. Williamson's perpetual invitations and hospitality that he should put himself at the disposal of Mr. Williamson's daughter? He seemed to hear that worthy's laugh pealing after him as he took his way hastily in the opposite direction to that in which he had met Julia, with a determination to yield to neither. "A tiff!" and, "according to all the rules!" A lovers' quarrel, that was what the man meant; and who was he that he should venture to assume that Lord Erradeen was his daughter's lover?

Walter hurried through the rooms in the opposite direction, till he got near the great staircase, with its carpeted avenue, between the hedges of flowers, and the group of smiling, bowing, picturesque Academicians in every variety of beard, still receiving the late, and speeding the parting guests. But fate was too much here for the angry young man. Before he had reached the point of exit, he felt once more that tap on his arm. "Walter! I believe he is running away," said a voice, close to him; and there was Julia, radiant, with her natural protectors beside her, making notes of all that passed.

This time he could not escape. He was introduced to Lady Herbert and Sir Thomas before he could move a step from amid that brilliant crowd. Then Julia, like Katie, declared that she had something she wished to show him, and led him—half-reluctant, half, in the revulsion of feeling, pleased, to have some one else to turn to—triumphantly away.

Sir Thomas, who was tired, protested audibly against being detained; but his wife, more wise, caught him by the arm, and imposed patience.

"Can't you see!" she cried in his ear, "what a chance it is for Julia—Lord Erradeen, a most eligible young man. And think the anxiety she is, and

that one never can be sure what she may do." "She is a horrid little coquette; and you may be sure the man means nothing serious, unless he is a fool!" growled Sir Thomas. But his wife replied calmly, "Most men are fools; and she is not a bad-hearted creature, though she must have some one dangling after her. Don't let us interfere with her chance, poor thing. I shall ask him to dinner," Lady Herbert said. And Sir Thomas, though he was rather a tyrant at home, and hated late hours, was kept kicking his heels in the vestibule, snarling at everybody who attempted to approach, for nearly an hour by the clock. So far, even in the most worldly bosoms, do conscientious benevolence and family affection go.

"Come, quick!" said Julia, "out of hearing of Maria. She wants to hear everything; and I have so many things to ask you. Is it all settled? That was Her, of course. How we used to laugh about Miss Williamson! But I knew all the time it would come true. Of course that was *her*," Julia said, leaning closely upon his arm and looking up into his face.

"I don't know what you mean by *her*. It is Miss Williamson certainly," he said.

"I was sure of it! She is not so pretty as I should have expected from your good taste. But why should she be pretty? She has so many other charms. Indeed, now that I think of it, it would have been mean of her to be pretty—and is it all settled?" Julia said.

She looked at him with eyes half laughing, half reproachful, full of provocation. She was as a matter of fact slightly alarmed, but not half so much as she said.

"I am not aware what there is to settle. We are country neighbours, and I meet them frequently—they go everywhere."

"Ah! so are we country neighbours, *amis d'enfance*: but I don't go everywhere, Lord Erradeen. Yes, I called you Walter; that was for a purpose, to pique her curiosity, to

make her ask who was that forward, horrid girl. Did she? I hope she was piqued."

"I heard nothing about any forward, horrid girl. She is not that sort of person. But I prefer to hear about yourself rather than to discuss Miss Williamson. When did you come? and where are you? What a pity," Walter said hypocritically, "that you come so late."

"Ah, isn't it? but what then? We are too poor to think of the season. This is what one's fine friends always do. They ask us for the last week, when everything is stifled in dust—when all you revellers are dead tired and want nothing so much as to go away—then is the moment for poor relations. But mind that you come to Bruton Street," Julia said. "It gives me consequence. They are not very much in society, and a title always tells."

"You do not leave any ground for my vanity. I am not to suppose that I am asked for any other reason."

Julia pressed his arm a little with her fingers. She sighed and gave him a look full of meaning.

"The Tom Herberts will think a great deal of you," she said; "they will instantly ask you to dinner. As for me—what am I that I should express any feeling? We are country neighbours, as you were saying. But enough of me. Let us return to our—lamb," cried Julia. "Tell me, have you seen a great deal of her? How little I thought when we used to laugh about Miss Williamson that it would come true."

"It has come true, as it began, in your imagination," said Walter, provoked, and thinking the reiteration vulgar. He was aware that a great many people who knew him were remarking the air with which this new young lady hung upon his arm. They were not equal in this respect. She had few acquaintances, and did not care, nay, would have been pleased that she should be remarked; whereas he began to throb with impatience and eager desire to get away from

the comment he foresaw, and from the situation altogether. Julia was very pretty, more pretty and sparkling in the pleasure of having met and secured him thus at the very outset of her too-short and too-late campaign in town, than he had ever known her, and there was nothing that was objectionable in her dress. The Tom Herberts were people against whom nothing could be said. And yet Lord Erradeen, himself not much more than a novice, felt that to everybody whom they met, Julia would be truly a country neighbour, a girl whom no one knew, and whose object, to secure a recreant lover, would be jumped at by many fine observant eyes. There was no return of tenderness in his sentiments towards her. Indeed there had been no tenderness in his sentiments at any time he said to himself with some indignation, which made it all the more hard that he should thus be exhibited as her captive before the eyes of assembled London now. But notwithstanding his impatience he could not extricate himself from Julia's toils. When, after various little pretences of going to see certain pictures, which she never looked at, she suffered him to take her back to her friends, Lady Herbert showed herself most gracious to the young man. She begged that as Julia and he were, as she heard, very old friends, he would come to Bruton Street whenever it suited him. Would he dine there to-morrow, next day? It would give Sir Thomas and herself the greatest pleasure. Dear Julia, unfortunately had come to town so late: there was scarcely anything going on to make it worth her while: and it would be so great a pleasure to her to see something of her old friend. Julia gave him little looks of satirical comment aside while her cousin made these little speeches, and whispers still more emphatic as he accompanied her down stairs in the train of the Herberts, who were too happy to get away after waiting an hour for the young lady. "Don't you think it is beautiful to see how concerned she is

for my pleasure: and so sorry that I have come so late! The truth is that she is delighted to make your acquaintance. But come, do come, all the same," she said, her cheek almost touching Walter's shoulder as she looked up to him.

Need it be doubted that with the usual malign disposition of affairs at such a crisis, the Williamsons' carriage drew up behind that of the Herberts, and that Walter had to encounter the astonished gaze of good Mr. Williamson, and the amused but not very friendly look of Katie as he appeared in this very intimate conjunction? Julia's face so full of delighted and affectionate dependence raised towards him, and his own head stooped towards her to hear what she was saying. He scarcely could turn aside now to give them one deprecating glance, praying for a suspension of judgment. When he had put Julia in her cousin's carriage, and responded as best he could to the "Now, remember to-morrow!" which she called to him from the window, he was just in time to see Mr. Williamson's honest countenance with a most puzzled aspect, directed to him from the window of the next as the footman closed the door. The good man waved his hand by way of good-night, but his look was perplexed and uncomfortable. Walter stood behind on the steps of Burlington House amid all the shouts of the servants and clang of the hoofs and carriages, himself too much bewildered to know what he was doing. After a while he returned to get his coat, and walked home with the sense of having woken out of a most unpleasant dream, which somehow was true.

As for Katie she drove home without a remark, while her father talked and wondered, and feared lest they had been "ill bred" to Lord Erradeen. "He came with us, and he would naturally calculate on coming home with us," the good man said. But Katie took no notice. She was "a wilful monkey" as he had often said, and sometimes it would happen to her like this, to take her own way.

When they reached the hotel, Captain Underwood, of all people in the world, was standing in the hall with the sleepy waiter who had waited up for them. "I thought perhaps Erradeen might be with you," the captain said apologetically. Katie, who on ordinary occasions could not endure him, made some gracious reply, and asked him to come in with the most unusual condescension though it was so late. "Lord Erradeen is not with us," she said. "He found some friends, people just newly come to town, so far as I could judge, a Miss Julia—I did not catch her name—somebody from Sloebury."

"Oh!" said Underwood, excited by his good fortune, "Julia Herbert. Poor Erradeen! just when he wanted to be with you! Well that's hard; but perhaps he deserved it."

"What did he deserve? I supposed," said Katie, "from the way they talked, that they were old friends."

Underwood did not in his heart wish to injure Walter—rather the other way; he wanted him to marry Katie, whose wealth was dazzling even to think of. But Walter had not behaved well to him, and he could not resist the temptation of revenging himself, especially as he was aware like all the rest, that a lovers' quarrel is a necessary incident in a courtship. He smiled accordingly and said, "I know: they are such old friends that the lady perhaps has some reason to think that Erradeen has used her rather badly. He is that kind of a fellow you know: he must always have some one to amuse himself with. He used to be dangling after her to no end, singing duets, and that sort of thing. Sloebury is the dullest place in creation—there was nothing else to do."

Katie made very little demonstration. She pressed her lips tightly together for a moment and then she said, "You see, papa, it was not ill-bred, but the most polite thing you could have done to leave Lord Erradeen. Good-night Captain Underwood." And she swept out of the room with her candle, her silken train rustling after her, as

though it too was full of indignation with the world. Her father stood somewhat blankly gazing after her. He turned to the other with a plaintive look when she was gone.

"Man," said Mr. Williamson, "I would not have said that. Don't you see there is a tiff, a kind of a coolness, and it is just making matters worse? Will you take anything? No? Well it is late, as you say, and I will bid you good-night."

It was thus that the effect produced by Julia's appearance was made decisive. Walter for his part, walking slowly along in the depth of the night towards his rooms, was in the most curiously complicated state of feeling. He was angry and indignant both at Miss Herbert's encounter, and the assumption on the part of the Williamsons that it was to them that his attention belonged; and he was disturbed and uneasy at the interruption of that very smooth stream which was not indeed true love, but yet was gliding on to a similar consummation. These were his sentiments on the surface; but underneath other feelings found play. The sense that one neutralised the other, and that he was in the position of having suddenly recovered his freedom, filled his mind with secret elation. After he had expended a good deal of irritated feeling upon the girl whom he felt to be pursuing him, and her whom he pursued, there suddenly came before his eyes, a vision, soft, and fresh, and cool, which came like the sweet Highland air in his face, as he went along the hot London street—Oona standing on the beach, looking out from her isle, upon the departing guest. What right had he to think of Oona? What was there in that dilemma to suggest to him a being so much above it, a creature so frank yet proud, who never could have entered any such competition? But he was made up of contradictions, and this was how it befell. The streets were still hot and breathless after the beating of the sun all day upon the unshaded pavements and close lines of houses. It

was sweet to feel in imagination the ripple of the mountain air, the coolness of the woods and water. But it was only in imagination. Oona with her wistful sweet eyes was as far from him, as far off as heaven itself. And in the meantime he had a sufficiently difficult imbroglio of affairs on hand.

Next morning Lord Erradeen had made up his mind. He had passed a disturbed and uneasy night. There was no longer any possibility of delay. Oona, after all, was but a vision. Two or three days—what was that to fix the colour of a life? He would always remember, always be grateful to her. She had come to his succour in the most terrible moment. But when he rose from his uneasy sleep, there was in him a hurrying impulsion which he seemed unable to resist. Something that was not his own will urged and hastened him. Since he had known Katie all had gone well. He would put it, he thought, beyond his own power to change, he would go to her that very morning and make his peace and decide his life. That she might refuse him did not occur to Walter. He had a kind of desire to hurry to the hotel before breakfast, which would have been indecorous and ridiculous, to get it over. Indeed, so strong was the impulse in him to do this, that he had actually got his hat and found himself in the street, breakfastless, before it occurred to him how absurd it was. He returned after this and went through the usual morning routine, though always with a certain breathless sense of something that hurried him on. As soon as he thought it becoming, he set out with a half solemn feeling of self-renunciation, almost of sacrifice. If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly. This was not a very lover-like frame of mind. He felt that he was giving up everything that was visionary, the poetry of vague ideals, and even

more, the inspiration of that face, the touch of that hand which had been as soft as snow. Katie's hand was a very firm and true one. It would give him an honest help in the world; and with her by his side the other kind of aid, he said to himself, would be unnecessary. No conflict with the powers of darkness would be forced upon him. His heated imagination adopted these words in haste, and did not pause to reflect how exaggerated and ridiculous they would sound to any reasonable ear.

He found Mr. Williamson alone in the room where Katie was usually ready to receive him in her fresh morning toilette and smile of welcome. The good man wore a puzzled look, and was looking over his bill with his cheque-book beside him on the table. He looked up when Lord Erradeen came in, with a countenance full of summings up.

"Yes," he said, "I am just settling everything, which is never very pleasant. You need to be just made of money when you come to London. Katie is away this morning by skreigh of day. Oh, yes, it was a very sudden resolution. She just took it into her little head. And here am I left to pay everything, and follow as soon as I can. It is breaking up our pleasant party. But what am I to do? I tell her she rules me with a rod of iron. I hope we'll see a great deal of you in autumn, when you come to Auchnasheen."

Walter went back to his rooms with a fire of resentment in his veins, but yet a sense of exhilaration quite boyish and ridiculous. Whatever might happen, he was free. And now what was to be his next step? To play with fire and Julia, or to take himself out of harm's way? He almost ran against Underwood as he debated this question, hurrying towards his own door.

(To be continued.)

W. R. GREG : A SKETCH.

It is perhaps a little hard to undertake to write about the personality of a thinker whose ideas one does not share, and whose reading of the events and tendencies of our time was in most respects directly opposite to one's own. But literature is neutral ground. Character is more than opinion. Here we may forget the loud cries and sounding strokes, the watchwords and the tactics of the tented field, and fraternise with the adversary of the eve and the morrow in friendly curiosity and liberal recognition. It fell to the present writer at one time to have one or two bouts of public controversy with Mr. Greg. In these dialectics Mr. Greg was never vehement and never pressed, but he was inclined to be—or, at least, was felt by an opponent to be—dry, mordant, and almost harsh. These disagreeable prepossessions were instantly dissipated, as so often happens, by personal acquaintance. He had not only the courtesy of the good type of the man of the world, but an air of moral suavity, when one came near enough to him, that was infinitely attractive and engaging. He was urbane, essentially modest, and readily interested in ideas and subjects other than his own. There was in his manner and address something of what the French call *liant*. When the chances of residence made me his neighbour, an evening in his drawing-room, or half an hour's talk in casual meetings in afternoon walks on Wimbledon Common was always a particularly agreeable incident. Some men and women have the quality of atmosphere. The egotism of the natural man is surrounded by an elastic medium. Mr. Greg was one of these personalities with an atmosphere, elastic, stimulating, elevating, and yet composing. We do wrong to

narrow our interests to those only of our contemporaries who figure with great lustre and *éclat* in the world. Some of the quiet characters away from the centre of great affairs are as well worth our attention as those who in high-heeled cothurnus stalk across the foreground.

Mr. Greg, it is not necessary to say, has a serious reputation in the literature of our time. In politics he was one of the best literary representatives of the fastidious or pedantocratic school of government. In economics he spoke the last word, and fell sword in hand in the last trench, of the party of capitalist supremacy and industrial tutelage. In the group of profound speculative questions that have come up for popular discussion since the great yawning rents and fissures have been made in the hypotheses of theology by the hypotheses of science, he set a deep mark on many minds. "We are in the sick foggy dawn of a new era," says one distinguished writer of our day, "and no one saw more clearly than W. R. Greg what the day that would follow was likely to be." To this I must humbly venture to demur; for there is no true vision of the fortunes of human society without Hope, and without Faith in the beneficent powers and processes of the Unseen Time. That and no other is the mood in which our sight is most likely to pierce the obscuring mists from which the new era begins to emerge. When we have said so much as this, it remains as true as before that Mr. Greg's faculty of disinterested speculation, his feeling for the problems of life, and his distinction of character, all make it worth while to put something about him on record, and to attempt to describe him as he was, apart from the opaque influences of

passing controversy and of discussions that are rapidly losing their point.

Mr. Greg was born at Manchester in 1809. The family stock was Irish by residence and settlement, though Scotch in origin. The family name was half jocosely and half seriously believed to be the middle syllable of the famous clan of Macgregor. William Rathbone Greg's grandfather was a man of good position in the neighbourhood of Belfast, who sent two of his sons to push their fortunes in England. The younger of the two was adopted by an uncle, who carried on the business of a merchant at Manchester. He had no children of his own. The boy was sent to Harrow, where Dr. Samuel Parr was then an assistant master. When the post of head master became vacant, Parr, though only five-and-twenty, entered into a very vehement contest for the prize. He failed, and in a fit of spleen set up an establishment of his own at Stanmore. Many persons, as De Quincey tells us, of station and influence both lent him money, and gave him a sort of countenance equally useful to his interests by placing their sons under his care. Among those who accompanied him from Harrow was Samuel Greg. The lad was meant by his uncle to be a clergyman, but this project he stoutly resisted. Instead of reading for Orders he travelled abroad, acquired foreign languages, and found out something about the commercial affairs of the continent of Europe. His uncle died in 1783, and the nephew took up the business. It was the date of the American Peace. Samuel Greg was carried forward on the tide of prosperity that poured over the country after that great event, and in a moderate time he laid the foundation of a large and solid fortune. The mighty industrial revolution that was begun by the inventions of Arkwright was now in its first stage. Arkwright's earliest patent had been taken out a few years before, and his factory in Derbyshire had by this time proved a practical success. Instead of sharing

the brutish animosity of the manufacturers of Lancashire to the new processes that were destined to turn their county into a mine of gold, Greg discerned their immense importance. The vast prospects of manufacturing industry grew upon his imagination. He looked about him in search of water-power in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and at length found what he wanted a dozen miles away at Wilmslow, over the Cheshire border. Here the stream of the Bollen cuts through a flat and uninteresting table-land, and forms a pretty valley of its own, as it winds between banks of red sandstone. When the mill was built, and a house close to it, Quarry Bank became the home of the family, and it was here that W. R. Greg passed his childhood, youth, and early manhood.

His mother was fifth in descent from Philip Henry, one of the two thousand uncompromising divines who were driven out from their benefices on that Black Bartholomew's Day of 1662, which is still commemorated by the severer Nonconformists of the old school. His son was the better known Matthew Henry, whose famous commentary on the Bible has for more than a century and a half been the favourite manual of devotional reading in half the pious households all over England and the United States. Something of the Puritan element was thus brought into the family. In Ireland the Gregs belonged to the Presbyterians of the New Light, and their doctrine allowed of a considerable relaxation in the rigours of older orthodoxy. Many, again, of the Puritans of the North of England had favoured the teachings of Priestley. The result of these two streams of influence was that the Gregs of Manchester joined the Unitarians. In this body W. R. Greg was brought up. His mother was a woman of strongly marked character. She was cultivated, and had some literary capacity of her own; she cared eagerly for the things of the mind, both for herself and her children; and in spite of ill health and

abundant cares, she persisted in strenuous effort after a high intellectual and moral standard. A little book of Maxims compiled by her still remains; and she found time to write a couple of volumes of *Practical Suggestions towards alleviating the Sufferings of the Sick*. One volume is little more than a selection of religious extracts, not likely to be more apt or useful to the sick than to the whole. The other is a discreet and homely little manual of nursing, distinguished from the common run of such books by its delicate consideration and wise counsel for the peculiar mental susceptibilities of the invalid. The collection of Maxims and Observations was designed to be "an useful gift to her children, gleaned from her own reading and reflection." Though not intended for publication, they found their way into a few congenial circles, and one at least of those who were educated at Dr. Carpenter's school at Bristol can remember these maxims being read aloud to the boys, and the impression that their wisdom and morality made upon his youthful mind. The literary value of the compilation is modest enough. Along with some of the best of the sayings of Chesterfield, La Rochefoucauld, Addison, and other famous masters of sentences, is much that is nearer to the level of nursery commonplace. But then these commonplaces are new truths to the young, and they are the unadorned, unseen foundations on which character is built.

The home over which this excellent woman presided offered an ideal picture of domestic felicity and worth. The grave simplicity of the household, their intellectual ways, the absence of display and even of knick-knacks, the pale blue walls, the unadorned furniture, the well-filled bookcases, the portrait of George Washington over the chimney-piece, all took people back to a taste that was formed on Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Channing. Stanley, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, and father of the famous Dean of our own

day, was rector of the adjoining parish of Alderley. Catherine Stanley, his wife, has left a charming memorial of the home of the Gregs.

"Have you ever been to Quarry Bank? It is such a picture of rational, happy life. Mr. Greg is quite a gentleman; his daughters have the delightful simplicity of people who are perfectly satisfied in their place, and never trying to get out of it. He is rich, and he spends just as people do not generally spend their money, keeping a sort of open house, without pretension. If he has more guests than the old butler can manage, he has his maid-servants in to wait. He seldom goes out, except on journeys, so that with the almost certainty of finding a family party at home, a large circle of connections, and literary people, and foreigners, and Scotch and Irish, are constantly dropping in, knowing they cannot come amiss. You may imagine how this sort of life makes the whole family sit loose to all the incumbrances and hindrances of society. They actually do not know what it is to be formal or dull: each with their separate pursuits and tastes, intelligent, and well-informed."

Mrs. Fletcher, again, that beautiful type of feminine character alike as maiden and mother, whose autobiography was given to the world a few years ago, tells how the family at Quarry Bank struck and delighted her. "We stayed a week with them," she says, "and admired the cultivation of mind and refinement of manners which Mrs. Greg preserved in the midst of a money-making and somewhat unpolished community of merchants and manufacturers. Mr. Greg, too, was most gentlemanly and hospitable, and surrounded by eleven clever and well-conducted children. I thought them the happiest family group I had ever seen."¹

Samuel Greg was one of thirteen children, and he in his turn became the father of thirteen. W. R. Greg was the youngest of them. The brightness and sweetness of his disposition procured for him even more than the ordinary endearment of such a place in a large family. After the usual amount of schooling, first at home under the auspices of an elder sister,

¹ *Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher*, p. 97. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1876.

then at Leeds, and finally at Dr. Carpenter's at Bristol, in the winter of 1826-7 he went to the University of Edinburgh, and remained there until the end of the session of 1828. He was a diligent student, but we may suspect, from the turn of his pursuits on leaving the university, that his mind worked most readily out of the academic groove. After the manner of most young men with an aptitude for literature, he competed for a prize poem in John Wilson's class, but he did not win. When he was in low spirits,—a mood so much more common in early manhood than we usually remember afterwards,—he drove them away by energetic bursts of work. On one occasion, he says, "When I was so bad that I thought I should have gone distracted, I shut myself up and for three days studied all the most abstruse works that I could find on the origin of government and society, such as Godwin, Goguet, Rousseau, *et cætera*, from seven in the morning till twelve at night, which quite set me up again." "Natural history," at another time he tells his sister, "is my principal pursuit at present, and from half-past six in the morning to twelve at night I am incessantly at work, with the exception of about two hours for exercise, and two more for meals."

Sir William Hamilton was the chief intellectual influence in Edinburgh at this time, and Greg followed his lectures with lively interest. He was still more attracted by the controversy that then raged in Edinburgh and elsewhere on the value of Phrenology and Animal Magnetism. Hamilton, as all students of contemporary philosophy are aware, denounced the pretensions of Phrenology with curious vehemence and asperity. It was the only doctrine, his friends said, that he could not even tolerate. On Animal Magnetism he held a very different opinion, and he wrote to Greg encouraging his enthusiasm in that direction. "There has always," he said, "seemed to me a foundation of

truth in the science, however overlaid with a superstructure of credulity and enthusiasm. . . . I foresee as great a clamour in favour of the science as there is at present a contempt and prejudice against it, and both equally absurd."

It was in this field, and not in literature or philosophy, that Greg's interests were most actively aroused during his university career. When his life as a student came to an end, he returned home with his whole faculties of curiosity and enthusiasm concentrated upon natural history, phrenology, and animal magnetism. "I have a canine appetite for natural history," he told his brother in 1828. He describes with all the zeal of a clever youth of nineteen how busily he is employed in macerating skulls, dissecting unsavoury creatures before breakfast, watching the ants reduce a viper to a skeleton for him, and striving with all his might to get a perfect collection of animal and human skulls. All this, however, was rather an accidental outbreak of exuberant intellectual activity, than serious and well-directed study. He was full of the vague and morbid aspirations of youth.

"As for me [he writes to his elder brother], I am pining after change, I am thirsting for excitement. When I compare what I might be with what I shall be, what I might do with what I shall do, I am ready to curse myself with vexation. 'Why had I, who am so low, a taste so high?' I know you are rather of a more peaceful and quiet temper of mind than I, but I am much mistaken if you have not much of the same desire for some kind of life more suited to man's lofty passions and his glorious destiny. How can one bear to know how much is to be seen and learned, and yet sit down content without ransacking every corner of the earth for knowledge and wonder and beauty? And after all, what is picking a few skulls (the occupation which gives me the greatest pleasure now), when compared with gaining an intimate and practical acquaintance with all the varieties of man, all the varying phases of his character, all the peculiarities of his ever changing situations?"¹

We may smile, at the youthful rhetoric, as the writer proceeds to de-

¹ August 28, 1828.

scribe how shameful it would be to remain inactive in the sight of exertion, to be satisfied with ignorance when in full view of the temple of knowledge, and so forth. But it is the language of a generous ardour for pure aims, and not the commoner ambition for the glittering prizes of life. This disinterested preference remained with Greg from the beginning to the end.

William Greg's truest delight at this time lay in his affectionate and happy intercourse with his brother Samuel. There were three elder brothers. One of them died comparatively young, but Robert and John were eminently successful in the affairs of life; the former of them represented Manchester; they both lived to be octogenarians, and both left behind them the beneficent traces of long years of intelligent and conscientious achievement. In Samuel Greg, an interesting, clear, and earnest intelligence was united to the finest natural piety of character. Enough remains to show the impression that Samuel Greg made even on those who were not bound to him by the ties of domestic affection. The posthumous memorials of him disclose a nature moulded of no common clay; and when he was gone, even accomplished men of the world and scholars could not recall without emotion his bright and ardent spirit, his forbearance, his humility.¹ The two brothers, says one who knew them, were "now both of them fresh from college: their interest was alike keen in a great variety of subjects—poetry, philosophy, science, politics, social questions. About these the two brothers were never tired of talking together. They would pace up and down all the evening under the stars, and late into the night, discussing things in heaven and earth with a keen zest that seemed inexhaustible. Their appetite for knowledge was

insatiable, and their outlook over the rich life that was opening before them was full of hope and promise."

The energetic and high-minded mother of the house died at the end of 1828, and the tenderness and skill of her youngest son in the sick-room surpassed the devotion of women. In the following year he went to manage one of his father's mills at Bury, where he went to reside. The Gregs had always been distinguished for their efforts to humanise the semi-barbarous population that the extraordinary development of the cotton industry was then attracting to Lancashire. At Quarry Bank the sedulous cultivation of their own minds had always been subordinate to the constant and multifarious demands of their duties towards their workpeople. One of the curious features of that not very distant time was the Apprentices House. The employer procured children from the workhouse and undertook the entire charge of them. The Gregs usually had a hundred boys and girls between the ages of ten and twenty-one in their apprentices house, and the care of them was one of the main occupations of the family. They came from the refuse of the towns, yet the harmony of wise and gentle rule for the young, along with dutifully adjusted demand and compliance between the older hands and their employers, ended in the transformation of the thin, starved, half-dazed creatures who entered the gates of the factory into the best type of workpeople to be found in the district. The genial side of the patriarchal system was seen at its best. There is a touch of grace about the picture of the pleasant house with its old beech trees and its steep grassy lawns sloping to the river, with the rhythmic hum of the mill, the loud factory bell marking the hours like the voice of time itself, the workers pouring through the garden in the summer morning on their way to Wilmslow church, and receiving flowers and friendly salutation from the group at the open door of the great

¹ See the little volume entitled *A Layman's Legacy*; published in 1877 (Macmillan and Co.), with a prefatory letter by the late Dean of Westminster.

house. It was little wonder that these recollections acquired a fascination for William Greg that never passed away, and gave that characteristic form to his social ideas which they never lost.

At Bury and at Quarry Bank the two brothers were unresting in their efforts both to acquire knowledge for themselves and to communicate it to their neighbours. They delivered courses of lectures, and took boundless trouble to make them interesting and instructive. In these lectures William Greg took what opportunities he could find to enforce moral and religious sentiment. "I lay it down," he said, "as an indubitable fact that religion has double the effect on Saturday that it has on Sunday; and weekday morality, incidentally introduced, meets with far more attention than the tautology of Sabbath subjects, treated in the style in which they generally are by professed teachers." A more questionable diligence displayed itself in the zealous practice of experiments in animal magnetism and mesmerism. With a faith that might have moved mountains the two brothers laid their hands upon all sorts of sick folk, and they believed themselves to have wrought many cures and wonders. William Greg described animal magnetism as a "discovery bearing more immediately and extensively on the physical happiness of the world than any which the last three centuries have witnessed." The cowardice of doctors and others, who believed but were afraid to speak, stirred all the generous fire of youth. "Here, of itself," he cries out to his sister (September 4, 1829), "is a bitter satire upon human nature, and a sufficient answer to all who moralise on the impropriety of flying in the face of received opinions and public prejudice. I assure you it is a knowledge of how often the ridicule and contempt of the world has crushed truth in the embryo or stifled it in the cradle, which makes me so eager to examine and support those opinions which mankind generally condemn as visionary and irra-

tional." In later times these interests became a bond between W. R. Greg and Miss Martineau. He finally let the subject drop, with the conviction that years of practice had brought it no further on its way either to scientific rank or to practical fruitfulness. The time would have been better spent in severer studies, though these were not absent. From Green Bank he writes to his sister in 1830:—

"Sam and I are at present engaged in some calculations on population, which have brought us to a very curious, beautiful, and important conclusion hitherto overlooked by all writers on the subject whom I have consulted, and which threatens to invalidate a considerable part of Malthus's theory. It respects the increase or diminution of fecundity; but I will write you more fully when we have quite established our facts. I have just finished a number of very tedious tables, all of which confirm our conclusions in a manner I had not ventured to anticipate. . . .

"I am now (September 3, 1830) very busy reading and arranging and meditating for my lectures on history, which will be ten times the labour of my last; also collecting from all history and all science every fact, or principle, or opinion, or admission, or event, which can in any way bear upon magnetism, or suggest any argument for its correctness, whereby I have amassed a profusion of ancient and modern learning, which I think will astonish the natives when I bring it forward.

"My other occupations at present are reading through the best authors and orators of our country—to get a perfect command of language and style—as Hooker, Taylor, Burke, Canning, Erskine, Fox, &c., after which I shall take to French literature, and make myself as well acquainted with Voltaire, Molière, Bossuet, Massillon, Fléchier, and Condorcet, as I am with *Mdme. de Staël* and Rousseau and Montesquieu and Volney. This will be work enough for another year; and what fit may then come upon me, it is impossible to see. My views on population are confirmed by every fresh calculation I see, and Sadler's new work affords me the means of controverting his theory and establishing my own. The moral, physical, and political influence of manufactures and Poor Laws I must next examine."

A little later he writes:—

"Everything bears indications of some approaching struggle between the higher and lower classes, and the guilt of it, if it does come, will lie at the door of those who, by their inflammatory speeches, public and private, and by their constant and monotonous complaints, have raised among the people a uni-

versal spirit of rebellion and disaffection to everything and everybody whom Nature has ordained to rule over them. We are all waiting in some alarm and much indignation for the result, and in the meantime (*entre nous*) I have written a small pamphlet, addressed to the higher classes on the present state of public feeling among the lower, urging them to moderate and direct it, if they can. But sooner than the present state of things should continue, I would adopt any principles, conceiving it to be the duty of all men, as Burke says, 'so to be patriots as not to forget that we are gentlemen, to mould our principles to our duties and our situations, and to be convinced that all (public) virtue which is impracticable is spurious.' I write to induce the people to leave politics to wiser heads, to consent to learn and not endeavour to direct or teach."

We here see that before he was one-and-twenty years old, Greg was possessed by the conception that haunted him to the very end. When the people complain, their complaint savours of rebellion. Those who make themselves the mouthpieces of popular complaint, must be wicked incendiaries. The privileged classes must be ordained by Nature to rule over the non-privileged. The few ought to direct and teach, the many to learn. That was Greg's theory of government from first to last. It was derived at this time, I suppose, from Burke, without the powerful correctives and indispensable supplements that are to be found in Burke's earlier writings. Some one said of De Tocqueville, who afterwards became Mr. Greg's friend, and who showed in a milder form the same fear of democracy, "Il a commencé à penser avant d'avoir rien appris; ce qui fait qu'il a quelquefois pensé creux." What is to be said for Mr. Greg, now and always, is that he most honourably accepted the obligations of his doctrine, and did his best to discharge his own duties as a member of the directing class.

He did not escape moods of reaction. The truth seems to be, that though his life was always well filled, he inherited rather the easy and buoyant disposition of his father, than the energy and strenuousness of his mother, though he too could be energetic and strenuous

enough upon occasion. Both William Greg and his favourite brother were of what is called, with doubtful fitness, the feminine temperament. It was much less true of William than of Samuel Greg; but it was in some degree true of him also that, though firm, tenacious, and infinitely patient, "he rather lacked that harder and tougher fibre, both of mind and frame, which makes the battle of life so easy and so successful to many men." It may be suspected in both cases that their excessive and prolonged devotion to the practice of mesmerism and animal magnetism had tended to relax rather than to brace the natural fibre. Samuel Greg broke down at a comparatively early age; and though his brother's more vigorous system showed no evil results for many long years to come, there was a severe reaction from the nervous tension of their mesmeric experimentation.

Those who trace despondent speculations of the mind to depressed or morbid conditions of body will find some support for their thesis in Mr. Greg's case. When he was only one-and-twenty he writes to his sister (December 2, 1830):—

"I am again attacked with one of those fits of melancholy indifference to everything, and total incapacity for exertion, to which I am so often subject, and which are indeed the chronic malady of my existence. They sometimes last for many weeks, and during their continuance I do not believe, among those whose external circumstances are comfortable, there exists any one more thoroughly miserable. . . . For nearly four years these fits of melancholy and depression have been my periodical torment, and as yet I have found no remedial against them, except strong stimulants or the society of intimate friends, and even these are only temporary, and the latter seldom within my reach, and the former I abstain from partly on principle, but more from a fear of consequences. Every one has a thorn in the flesh, and this is mine; but I am egotistical, if not selfish, in inflicting it upon others. I begin to think I have mistaken my way both to my own happiness and the affections of others. My strongest passion has always been the desire to be loved—as the French call it, 'le besoin d'être aimé.' It is the great wish, want, desire, necessity, desideratum of my life, the source through which I expect

happiness to flow to me, the ultimate aim and object which has led me on in all the little I have done, and the much that I have tried to do."

From these broodings the young man was rescued by a year of travel. It was one of the elements in the domestic scheme of education that the university should be followed by a year abroad, and in William Greg's case it had been postponed for a season by the exigences of business and the factory at Bury. He went first through France and Switzerland to Italy. At Florence he steeped himself in Italian, and read Beccaria and Machiavelli; but he had no dæmonic passion (like Macaulay's) for literature. "Italian," he said, "is a wonderfully poor literature in everything but poetry, and the poets I am not up to, and I do not think that I shall take the trouble to study them." When he reached that city which usually excites a traveller as no other city on earth can excite him, dyspepsia, neuralgia, and vapours plunged him into bad spirits, and prevented him from enjoying either Rome or his books. The sights of Rome were very different fifty years ago from those that instruct and fascinate us to-day. Except the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and a few pillars covered thick with the filth of the modern city, the traveller found the ancient Rome an undistinguishable heap of bricks. Still, when we reflect on the profound and undying impression that Rome even then had made on such men as Goethe, or Winckelmann, or Byron, the shortcoming must have been partly in the traveller. In truth, Mr. Greg was not readily stirred either by Goethe's high artistic sense, or by Byron's romantic sense of the vast pathos of Rome.

"I pass my time here [he says] with extreme regularity and quietness, not knowing, even to speak to, a single individual in Rome; and the direction to my valet when I start on my perambulations, 'al Campidoglio,' 'al Foro,' forms the largest part of my daily utterances. . . . In a fit of desperation I took to writing a kind of political philosophy, in default of my poetical aim, which is quite gone

from me. It is a setting forth of the peculiar political and religious features of the age, wherein it differs from all preceding ones, and is entitled the *Genius of the Nineteenth Century*. I do not know if I shall ever finish it; but if I could write it as I have imagined it, it will at least be entitled to come under Mr. Godwin's definition of eloquence. That gentleman being in a company of literati, who were comparing their notions of what eloquence could be defined to consist in, when his opinion was asked replied, 'Eloquence is truth spoken with fervour.' I am going on with it, though slowly, and fill up the rest of my leisure time with Dante and Machiavelli (with which last author I am delighted) in the morning, and with Boccaccio and our English poets in the evening. Sight-seeing does not occupy much of my time."¹

From Rome Mr. Greg and a companion went to Naples, and from Naples they made their way to Sicily. I have said that Mr. Greg had not Byron's historic sense; still this was the Byronic era, and no one felt its influence more fervently. From youth to the end of his life, through good and evil repute, Mr. Greg maintained Byron's supremacy among poets of the modern time. It was no wonder, then, that he should write home to his friends,—"I am tired of civilised Europe, and I want to see a *wild* country if I can." Accordingly at Naples he made up his mind to undertake what would be a very adventurous tour even in our day, travelling through Greece and Asia Minor to Constantinople, and thence northwards through Hungary to Vienna. This wild and hazardous part of his tour gave him a refreshment and pleasure that he had not found in Swiss landscapes or Italian cities, and he enjoyed the excitement of the "wild countries" as thoroughly as he had expected. On his return to England he published anonymously an account of what he had seen in Greece and Turkey, in a volume which, if occasionally florid and imaginative, is still a lively and copious piece of description. It is even now worth turning to for a picture of the ruin and distraction of Greece after the final expulsion of the Turk.²

¹ November 30, 1831.

² *Sketches in Greece and Turkey, with the Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Turkish Empire*. London: Ridgway, 1833.

On his return he found the country in the throes of the great election after the Reform Bill. Perhaps his experiences of the sovereign Demos on that occasion helped to colour his opinions on popular government afterwards.

“December 5, 1832.—On Tuesday we nominated—there was a fearful crowd of 10,000 ruffians, Grundy’s friends from the country. A tremendous uproar. I seconded Mr. Walker’s nomination, but was received with yells and groans, owing chiefly to the prosecution which I have instituted against the other candidate and four of his supporters for intimidation of voters. The ruffians roared at me like so many bulls of Bashan, and shook their fists at me, whereupon I bowed profoundly; and finding it impossible to obtain a hearing, I turned to the opposite candidate and his immediate supporters on the hustings and spoke to them. When we concluded, the uproar was fearful. I was warned to escape as I could, which I did, amid groans and hisses, but no violence. The next morning we started polling. I had the honour of giving the first vote, and at four o’clock the poll was decided in our favour—Walker, 301; Grundy, 151. The next day I returned from Manchester, and had not been in the mill two hours before I was summoned to assist in quelling a riot. I rode down immediately with three other gentlemen and a magistrate to the scene of faction. We found plenty of broken windows and heads, but no one killed. Here were two parties of such bludgeon men as I never before witnessed, evidently bent on mischief. We read the Riot Act—sent for the military and the Haslams! I rode among the ruffians. They were in a state of extreme exasperation, especially against me, but listened to my exhortations, and after shaking their bludgeons at me, came at last to shake hands. About dusk I received several hints to take care of myself, so rode back to Green Bank, and lay with my blunderbuss and sword, ready to give entertainment to any visitor.”

It is little wonder that in a man of his literary temperament and predispositions a strong reaction followed close behind these energetic performances.

“Do you know [he writes, December 29], I am sick of public life. I mean sicker than ever. The reward, or rather success, is so very inadequate to the sacrifice; and the exertion, and the injury to one’s character, mentally, morally, and religiously, is so great, and one’s real happiness suffers yet more. My love for retirement and the country, scientific studies, and calm, quiet, and refreshing society, such as the country only can afford, which has always been a sort of passion, is now urging

No. 284.—VOL. XLVIII.

me more strongly and imperiously than ever, to weigh conflicting interests and tastes, and to hold fast that which is good. And is it not far better to retire in the full vigour of life, when the energy of application is still unimpaired, and can be usefully directed?”

In 1833 Mr. Greg started in business on his own account at Bury. He inherited his father’s mechanical taste, and took a lively interest in the improvements that were constantly being made in those years in the wonderful machinery of the cotton manufacture. With his workpeople his relations were the most friendly, and he was as active as he had ever been before in trying to better their condition. A wider field was open for his philanthropic energies. Lancashire was then the scene of diligent social efforts of all kinds. Mr. Greg was an energetic member of the circle at Manchester (Richard Cobden was another) which at this time pushed on educational, sanitary, and political improvements all over that important district. He fully shared the new spirit of independence and self-assertion that began to animate the commercial and manufacturing classes in the north of England at the time of the Reform Bill. It took a still more definite and resolute shape in the great struggle ten years later for the repeal of the Corn Laws. “It is among these classes,” he said, in a speech in 1841, “that the onward movements of society have generally had their origin. It is among them that new discoveries in political and moral science have invariably found the readiest acceptance; and the cause of Peace, Civilization, and sound National Morality has been more indebted to their humble but enterprising labours, than to the measures of the most sagacious statesman, or the teachings of the wisest moralist.”

In 1835 Mr. Greg married the daughter of Dr. Henry, an eminent physician in Manchester, and honourably known to the wider world of science by contributions to the chemistry of gases that were in their

day both ingenious and useful. Two years after his marriage he offered himself as a candidate for the parliamentary representation of Lancaster. He was much too scrupulous for that exceedingly disreputable borough, and was beaten by a great majority. In 1841 the health of his wife made it desirable to seek a purer air than that of the factory district, and in the spring of 1842 they settled in a charming spot at the foot of Wansfell—the hill that rises to the south-east above Ambleside, and was sung by Wordsworth in one of his latest sonnets:—

“Wansfell! this household has a favoured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while morn first crowns thee with
her rays;
Or when along thy breast securely float
Evening's angelic clouds. . . .

When we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words
attest

How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
'Thy visionary majestics of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found
rest.”

Such a step had long been in his mind. From Naples when on the threshold of active life, he had written (February 6, 1832):—

“I am becoming more and more anxious to realise a competence speedily, every time I look to the future, and reflect on the true objects of life, and the likeliest means of procuring them. I am desirous to be able to realise the projects I have formed before the age of feeling and acting be past, and before the energy of youth has been evaporated by long repression. Life and talents and desires were not given me to be wasted in a situation where the power of doing good is at best very limited, and where that of acquiring the higher kinds of knowledge and enjoying the best gifts of life, is still more confined.”

The nearer prospect of the world of business and actual contact with it, made no change in the perpetual refrain.

“I wonder [he writes, May 15, 1833] how long philosophy or indecision will induce to continue the dog's life I am leading here. I never open a book, but shun them as if they were poison, rise at half-past five o'clock, go

to bed at ten, and toil like a galley slave all day, willy, nilly. Man labours for the meat which perisheth, and the food which satisfieth not.”

The move to the Lakes, though it enriched his life with many delicious hours, and gave him leisure for thought and composition, yet seems to have led directly to commercial difficulties. At first he spent alternate weeks at Bury and at Wansfell, and for a little time he even removed to Macclesfield. But business fell by insensible degrees into the second place. Mr. Greg's temperament, moreover, was too sanguine in practical affairs, as Cobden's was; and we might almost gather from his writings that he had not that faculty of sustained attention to details which is the pith and marrow of success in such a business as his. At last the crash came in 1850. Three years before this the health of his brother Samuel had broken down, and William Greg added the management of his affairs to his own. The strain was too great, and a long struggle ended in defeat. Both mills were closed, and the forty thousand pounds of capital with which Mr. Greg had begun business were almost entirely swept away. At the age of forty-one he was called upon to begin life afresh. The elasticity of his mind proved equal to all the demands upon it, and they were severe. The illness of his wife cast the shadow of a terrible cloud over his house, and for long periods it was deprived of a mother, and he of a companion. Yet amid these sore anxieties and heavy depressions he never lost either his fortitude, or, what is much rarer than fortitude, that delicate and watchful consideration for others which is one of the most endearing of human characteristics. When he was twenty years younger, he had written of himself to one of his sisters (January 14, 1830):—

“Nature never cut me out for a happy man, for my mind is so constituted as to create difficulties and sorrows where I do not find them, and to strive with and overcome them when I meet them. I am never so happy as in

times of difficulty and danger and excitement, and I am afraid my line of life will furnish me with but few of these times, so that I shall remain in the ground like the seed of a strong plant, which has never found the soil or the atmosphere necessary for its germination."

The judgment was not an unjust one, and the apprehension that life would bring too few difficulties was superfluous, as most of us find it to be. When the difficulties came, he confronted them with patient stoicism. His passionate love of natural beauty was solace and nourishment to him during the fifteen years of his sojourn in that taking, happy region of silver lake and green mountain-slope. He had many congenial neighbours. Of Wordsworth he saw little. The poet was, in external manner and habit, too much of the peasant for Greg's intellectual fastidiousness. He called on one occasion at Rydal Mount, and Wordsworth, who had been re-graveling his little garden-walks, would talk of nothing but gravel, its various qualities, and their respective virtues. The fine and subtle understanding of Hartley Coleridge, his lively fancy, his literature, his easy play of mind, made him a more sympathetic companion for a man of letters than his great neighbour. Of him Mr. Greg saw a good deal until his death in 1849.¹ Southey was still lingering at Greta Hall; but it was death in life. He cherished and fondled the books in his beloved library as if they had been children, and moved mechanically to and fro in that mournful "dream from which the sufferer can neither wake nor be awakened." Southey's example might, perhaps, have been a warning to the newcomer how difficult it is to preserve a clear, healthy, and serviceable faculty of thinking about public affairs, without close and constant contact with

¹ Hartley Coleridge must, in Mr. Greg's case, have overcome one of his prepossessions. "I don't like cotton manufacturers much, nor merchants over much. Cobden seems to be a good kind of fellow, but I wish he were not a cotton-spinner. I rather respect him. I'm always on the side of the poor."

those who are taking the lead in them.² There was a lesson for the Cassandra of a later day in the picture of Southey when Mrs. Fletcher took tea with him in 1833.

"I never saw any one [she said] whose mind was in so morbid a state as that of this excellent poet and amiable man on the subject of [the present political aspect of affairs in England. He is utterly desponding. He believes the downfall of the Church and the subversion of all law and government is at hand; for in spite of all our endeavours to steer clear of politics, he slid unconsciously into the subject, and proclaimed his belief that the ruin of all that was sacred and venerable was impending."³

The condition, say of Bury, in Lancashire, at that time, contrasted with its condition to-day, is the adequate answer to these dreary vaticinations.

One resident of the Lake District was as energetic and hopeful as Southey was despondent. This was Harriet Martineau, whom Mr. Greg first introduced to the captivating beauty of Westmoreland, and whom he induced in 1850 to settle there. Other friends—the Speddings, the Arnolds at Fox How, the Davys at Ambleside, the Fletchers at Lancrigg—formed a delightful circle, all within tolerably easy reach, and affording a haven of kind and nourishing companionship. But, for a thinker upon the practical aspects of political and social science, it was all too far from—

"Labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar."

For during these years Mr. Greg did not handle merely the abstract principles of politics and sociology. A

² I do not forget the interesting passage in Mill's *Autobiography* (pp. 262-3), where he contends that "by means of the regular receipt of newspapers and periodicals, a political writer, who lives many hundreds of miles from the chief seat of the politics of his country, is kept *au courant* of even the most temporary politics, and is able to acquire a more correct view of the state and progress of opinion than he could acquire by personal contact with individuals."

³ *Autobiography*, p. 214.

very scanty livelihood would have come by that way. He discussed the men, measures, and events of the day; and most of what strikes one as unsatisfactory in the discussion is probably due to a want of that close observation of facts which was hardly possible to a student on the shores of Windermere. On the other hand, it is still more certain that it was in these meditative scenes that the germs were ripened of those grave, ingenious, and affecting speculations which afterwards came to their full growth in the *Enigmas of Life*—to most of us by so much the most interesting of all its author's performances. His notebook shows that the thoughts that are suggested in this short but important volume were springing up in his mind for years, and that it touches the problems that were most constantly present to him in his best moments. It was during his residence at Windermere that he worked out and published (1851) his memorable book on the *Creed of Christendom*. It is enough here to remind ourselves how serious a place is held by that work in the dissolvent literature of the generation. The present writer was at Oxford in the last three years of the decade in which it appeared, and can well recall the share that it had, along with Mansel's *Bampton Lectures* and other books on both sides, in shaking the fabric of early beliefs in some of the most active minds then in the University. The landmarks have so shifted within the last twenty years that the *Creed of Christendom* is now comparatively orthodox. But in those days it was a remarkable proof of intellectual courage and independence, to venture on introducing to the English public the best results of German theological criticism, with fresh applications from an original mind. Since then the floods have broken loose. One may add that Mr. Greg's speculations show, as Hume and smaller men than Hume had shown before, how easily scepticism in theology allies itself with

the fastidious and aristocratic sentiment in politics.

As was to be expected under the circumstances, much of Mr. Greg's time was given to merely fugitive articles on books or groups of passing events. Even the slights of them, so far as they are known to me, show conscience and work. In 1852, for example, he wrote no less than twelve articles for the four leading quarterlies of that date. They were, with one exception, all on political or economical subjects. "Highland Destitution," and "Irish Emigration," "Investments for the Working Classes," "The Modern Exodus";—these were not themes to be dealt with by the facile journalist, standing on one foot. Mr. Greg always showed the highest conception of the functions and the obligations of the writer who addresses the public, in however ephemeral a form, on topics of social importance. No article of his ever showed a trace either of slipshod writing or of make-believe and perfunctory thinking. To compose between four and five hundred pages like these, on a variety of grave subjects, all needing to be carefully prepared and systematically thought out, was no inconsiderable piece of work for a single pen. The strain was severe, for there was insufficient stimulus from outside, and insufficient refreshment within his own home. Long days of study were followed by solitary evening walks on the heights, or lonely sailing on the lake. In time, visits to London became more frequent, and he got closer to the world. Once a year he went to Paris, and he paid more than one visit to De Tocqueville at his home in Normandy. I remember that he told me once how surprised and disappointed he was by the indifference of public men, even the giants like Peel, to anything like general views and abstract principles of politics or society. They listened to such views with reasonable interest, but only as matters lying quite apart from their own business in the world. The states-

man who pleased him best, and with whom he found most common ground, was Sir George Cornwall Lewis.

Like most men of letters who happen to be blessed or cursed with a prudential conscience, Mr. Greg was haunted by the uncertainty of his vocation. He dreaded, as he expressed it, "to depend on so precarious a thing as a brain always in thinking order." In every other profession there is much that can be done by deputy, or that does itself, or is little more than routine and the mechanical. In letters alone, if the brain be not in working order, all is lost. In 1856 Sir Cornwall Lewis, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, offered Greg a place on the Board of Customs, and he accepted it. Yet, as he said, he did so "with some loathing and great misgiving." Five years earlier he would have entered upon it with eagerness, but in five years he was conscious of having made "sad progress in that philosophy whose root is idleness, indulged freedom, and increasing years." To James Spedding he wrote on the 24th of May, 1856:—

"My position every one but myself seems to think most enviable. I contrast Lower Thames Street with The Craig, and my heart sinks into my shoes. The attendance is onerous; the actual work is not. It seems to be a place wherein a man may grow old comfortably. There is a good salary (nominally 1,200*l.*), and a liberal retiring allowance when you are worked out. A board every day—except for two months' holiday, varied only by occasional tours of inspection—sounds horrible slavery to a man accustomed to wander at his own free will; and finally, at my time of life, I have an indefinite dislike to anything involving a total change of life and habits. *En revanche*, I have a provision for old age and for my family, and shall be almost as glad to be spared the necessity of writing for bread—for butter at least—as sorry to be tied out from scribbling when and where the spirit moves me.

"My last quarter's labours are an article on America in the *National*, and on Montalembert in the *Edinburgh*, and one on Macaulay in the *North Briton*, of which I am *not* proud. Froude's History I have not yet seen. I hope now, as I write less, I shall have more time for reading. It seems to be somewhat paradoxical. By the way, is not Carlyle sadly gone off? I met him the other day, and he

did nothing but blaspheme, and pour out a torrent of bad language against blackguards, fools, and devils, that was appalling to listen to."

On the whole, when the time came, his new employment brought him moderate interests of its own. What may be called the literary part of the work, such as the drawing up of reports, naturally fell into his hands. The necessity of working with other people, which does not always come easily to men accustomed to the isolation and independence of their own libraries, he found an agreeable novelty. Still he was not sorry when, at the end of 1864, the chance came to him of a move to the Stationery Office. Here he was the head of a department, and not merely a member of a Board, and the regulation of his hours fell more into his own hands.

From the time when he came to London, until his death five-and-twenty years later (November 1881), his life was for the most part without any incident in which the world can have an interest. He formed many acquaintances according to the cheerful and hospitable fashion of London, and he made a number of warm and attached friends. In 1873 his wife died. In the following year he married a daughter of Mr. James Wilson, well known as the fellow-worker of Cobden and Bright in the agitation against the Corn Laws, and as Finance Minister in India, where he sank under the cares of his office in 1860. Mr. Wilson had been Greg's intimate friend from the days of the League down to the time of his death. When by and by Mr. Greg retired from his post as Controller (1877), he wrote:—

"For myself, since I gave up office, I feel comparatively and indeed positively in haven and peace, and with much and rather unusual brightness and sunshine round me, and with my interest in the world, both speculative and practical, quite undiminished, and finding old age on the whole cheerful and quiet, and the position of a *spectator* by no means an unenviable one."

This was his attitude to the end. A heavy shock fell upon him in the

death of his brother-in-law, Walter Bagehot (1877), that brilliant original, well-known to so many of us, who saw events and books and men with so curious an eye.

"He was quite a unique man [Mr. Greg wrote to Lady Derby], as irreplaceable in private life as he is universally felt to be in public. He had the soundest head I ever knew since Cornewall Lewis left us, curiously original, yet without the faintest taint of crochetedness, or prejudice, or passion, which so generally mars originality. Then he was high-minded, and a gentleman to the backbone; the man of all I knew, both mentally and morally, best worth talking things over with; and I was besides deeply attached to him personally. We had been intimates and *collaborateurs* in many lines for twenty-five years; so that altogether there is a great piece gone out of my daily life, and a great stay also—the greatest, in fact. There is no man living who was, taken all in all, so much of me."

There is a pensive grace about one of his last letters to the widow of the favourite brother of earlier days:—

"I cannot let Christmas pass, dear Mary, without sending you a word of love and greeting from us both, to all of you of both generations. It cannot be a 'merry' Christmas for any of us exactly; there is so much around that is anxious and sad, and indeed almost gloomy, and life is passing away to our juniors. But we have still much to make us thankful and even happy; and, as a whole, life to those whom it concerns, much more than to us, to most of them at least, is reasonably cheerful. At least they are young and vigorous, and have pluck to face the battle of years to come. We have little to do now but watch and sympathise, and give what little help we can."

Greg's own departure was not much longer deferred. He died in November, 1881.

He was not one of the fortunate beings who can draw on a spontaneous and inexhaustible fund of geniality and high spirits. He had a craving both for stimulation and for sympathy. Hence he belonged to those who are always happier in the society of women than of men. In his case, this choice was not due, as it so often is, to a love of procuring deference cheaply. It was not deference that he sought, but a sympathy that he could

make sure of, and that put him at his ease. Nobody that ever lived was less of a pedant, academic don, or loud Sir Oracle. He was easy to live with, a gay and appreciative companion, and the most amiable of friends, but nothing was further from his thoughts than to pose as guide and philosopher. His conversation was particularly neat and pointed. He had a lucidity of phrase such as is more common in French society than among ourselves. The vice of small talk and the sin of prosing, he was equally free from; and if he did not happen to be interested, he had a great gift of silence.

The grace of humility is one of the supreme moral attractions in a man. Its outward signs are not always directly discernible; and it may exist underneath marked intrepidity, confidence in one's own judgment, and even a strenuous push for the honours of the world. But without humility, no veracity. There is a genuine touch of it in a letter which Greg wrote to a friend who had consented to be the guardian of his children:—

"I have no directions as to their education to give. I have too strong a sense of the value of religion myself, not to wish that my children should have so much of it (I speak of feeling, not of creed) as is compatible with reason. I have no ambition for them, and can only further say in the dying words of Julie, 'N'en faites point des savans—faites-en des hommes bienfaisans et justes.' If they are this, they will be more than their father ever was, and all he ever desired to be."

This sentiment of the unprofitable servant was deep in his nature—as it may well be in all who are not either blinded by inborn fatuity, or condemned by natural poverty of mind to low and gross ideals.

Though he took great delight in the enchanted land of pure literature, apart from all utility, yet he was of those, the fibres of whose nature makes it impossible for them to find real intellectual interest outside of what is of actual and present concern to their fellows. Composition, again, had to him

none of the pain and travail that it brings to most writers. The expression came with the thought. His ideas were never vague, and needed no laborious translation. Along with them came apt words and the finished sentence. Yet his fluency never ran off into the fatal channels of verbosity. Ease, clearness, precision, and a certain smooth and sure-paced consecutiveness, made his written style for all purposes of statement and exposition one of the most telling and effective of his day. This gift of expression helped him always to appear intellectually at his best. It really came from a complete grasp of his own side of the case, and that always produces the best style next after a complete grasp of both sides. Few men go into the troubled region of pamphleteering, article-writing, public controversy, and incessant dialectics, without suffering a deterioration of character in consequence. Mr. Greg must be set down as one of these few. He never fell into the habitual disputant's vice of trying to elude the force of a fair argument; he did not mix up his own personality in the defence of his thesis; differences in argument and opinion produced not only no rancour, but even no soreness.

The epicurean element was undoubtedly strong in him. He liked pleasant gardens; set a high value on leisure and even vacuity; did not disdain novels; and had the sense to prefer good wine to bad. When he travelled in later life, he showed none of the over-praised desire to acquire information for information's sake. While his companions were "getting up" the Pyramids, or antiquities in the Troad, or the great tomb of Alyattis, Mr. Greg refused to take any trouble to form views, or to pretend to find a sure footing among the shifting sands of archaeological or prehistoric research. He chose to lie quietly among the ruins, and let the beauty and wonder of the ancient world float silently about him. For this poetic indolence he had a great faculty. To a younger

friend whom he suspected of unwholesome excess of strenuousness, he once propounded this test of mental health: "Could you sit for a whole day on the banks of a stream, doing nothing and thinking of nothing, only throwing stones into the water?"

The ascetic view of things was wholly distasteful to him. He had a simple way of taking what was bright and enjoyable in life, refusing to allow anything but very distinct duty to interfere with the prompt acceptance of the gifts of the gods. Yet, as very seldom happens in natures thus composed, he was before all things unselfish. That is to say, he struck those who knew him best as less of a centre to himself than most other people are. Though thoroughly capable of strong and persistent wishes, and as far as possible from having a character of faint outlines and pale colours, it came to him quite naturally and without an effort to think of those for whom he cared, and of himself not at all. There was something of the child of nature in him. Though nobody liked the fruits of cultivated life better—order, neatness, and grace in all daily things—yet nobody was more ready to make short work of conventionalities that might thrust shadows between him or others and the substance of happiness.

It would be difficult for me here to examine Mr. Greg's writings with perfect freedom and appropriateness. The man rather than the author has prompted this short sketch. His books tell their own story. There is not one of them that does not abound in suggestion both in politics and in subjects where there is more room for free meditation and the subtler qualities of mind, than politics can ever afford. Mr. Greg is not one of the thinkers whom we can place in any school, still less in any party. It may be safely said of him that he never took up an idea or an opinion, as most writers even of high repute are not afraid of doing, simply because it was proffered to him, or because it was held by others with whom in a general

way he was disposed to agree. He did not even shrink from what looked like self-contradiction, so honest was his feeling for truth, and so little faith had he in the infallibility of sect and the trustworthiness of system. In the *Enigmas of Life* (1875) there is much that is hard to reconcile with his own fundamental theology, and he was quite aware of it. He was content with the thought that he had found fragments of true ore. Hence the extraordinary difficulty of classifying him. One would be inclined to place him as a Theist, yet can we give any other name but Agnostic to a man who speaks in such terms as these?—

“I cannot for a moment *not* believe in a Supreme Being, and I cannot for a moment doubt that His arrangement must be right and wise and benevolent. But I cannot also for a moment feel confident in any doctrines or opinions I could form on this great question.”¹

The same impossibility of classification meets us in his politics. He was certainly in a philosophic sense a Conservative; he was anti-popular and anti-democratic. Yet he was an ardent champion of the popular and democratic principle of Nationalities; he was all for the Greeks and Bulgarians against the Turks, and all for the Hungarians and Italians against the Austrians.² Nor had he any sympathy with the old ordering of society as such. He had no zeal, as far as one can see, for an hereditary peerage and an established church. He threw himself into the memorable battle of the Reform Bill of 1832 with characteristic spirit and energy. His ideal, like that of most literary thinkers on politics, was an aristocracy, not of caste, but of education, virtue, and public spirit. It was the old dream of lofty minds from Plato down to

Turgot. Every page of Greg's political writing is coloured by this attractive vision. Though as anxious as any politician of his time for practical improvements, and as liberal in his conception of their scope and possibility, he insisted that they could only be brought about by an aristocracy of intellect and virtue.³ But then the great controversy turns on the best means of securing sense and probity in a government. The democrat holds that under representative institutions the best security for the interests of the mass of the community, is that the mass shall have a voice in their own affairs, and that in proportion as that security is narrowed and weakened, the interests of the mass will be subordinate to those of the class that has a decisive voice. Mr. Greg had no faith in the good issues of this rough and spontaneous play of social forces. The extension of the suffrage in 1867 seemed to him to be the ruin of representative institutions; and when that was capped by the Ballot in 1872, the cup of his dismay was full. Perhaps, he went on to say, some degree of safety might be found by introducing the Ballot inside the House of Commons. De Tocqueville wrote Mr. Greg a long and interesting letter in 1853, which is well worth reading to-day in connection with *scrutin de liste* and the Ballot.⁴ De Tocqueville was for both. He was, as has been said, “an aristocrat who accepted his defeat,” and he tried to make the best of democracy. Greg fought against the enemy to the last, and clung to every device for keeping out the deluge. He could not get on to common ground with those who believe that education is no sort of guarantee for political competency; that no class, however wise and good, can be safely trusted with the interests of other classes; and, finally, that great social and economic currents cannot be checked or even guided by select political oligarchies,

¹ To the Rev. E. White.

² “When the Hungarian exiles were in England,” writes Professor F. W. Newman, “he was not too rich, nor had I any close relations with him, but he voluntarily gave me ten pounds for any service to them which I judged best.”

³ See his two volumes of reprinted articles, *Essays on Political and Social Science* (1853).

⁴ *Correspondence*, vol ii. pp. 212-20.

on whatever base any such oligarchy may rest.

Lord Grey's prescription for correcting the practical faults revealed by experience in our present system of representation, consisted of the following ingredients:—the cumulative vote; not fewer than three seats to each constituency; universities and some other constituencies, necessarily consisting of educated men, to have increased representation; a limited number of life members to be introduced into the House of Commons, the vacancies to be filled, when not less than three had occurred, by cumulative vote within the House itself. On all this Mr. Greg wrote to Lord Grey (May 28, 1874): "I quite agree with you that this impending danger we both foresee might be averted, if our country would listen either to you or to me."

Tenderness for these truly idle devices for keeping power in the hands of a restricted class was all the less to be expected in Mr. Greg, as he had made a serious study of French politics prior to 1848. Now the Monarchy of July maintained a narrow and exclusive franchise, and its greatest minister was the very type of the class from whom Mr. Greg would have sought the directors of national affairs. If ever there was a statesman who approached the fulfilment of Mr. Greg's conditions, it was Guizot. Guizot had undergone years of patient historic study; nobody of his time had reflected more carefully on the causes and forces of great movements; he had more of what is called the calm philosophic mind, than any one then eminent in literature; he overflowed with what Mr. Greg describes as the highest kind of wisdom; his moral pretensions were austere, lofty, and unbending to a fault. No man of any time would seem to have been better entitled to a place among the Wise and the Good whom nations ought to seek out to rule over them. Yet this great man was one of the very worst statesmen that ever governed France. The severe morality of the

student was cast behind him by the minister. He did not even shrink from defending, from considerations of political convenience, the malversations of a colleague. The pattern of wisdom and goodness devised and executed a cynical and vile intrigue, from which Sir Robert Walpole would have shrunk with masculine disgust, and that would have raised scruples in Dubois or Calonne. Finally, this famous professor of political science possessed so little skill in political practice, that a few years of his policy wrecked a constitution and brought a dynasty to the ground.

All these political regrets and doubts, however, cannot lessen or affect our interest in those ingenious, subtle, and delicate speculations which Mr. Greg called *Enigmas of Life*. Though his *Creed of Christendom* may have made a more definite and recognisable mark, the later book rapidly fell in with the needs of many minds, stirred much controversy of a useful and harmonious kind, and attracted serious curiosity to a wider variety of problems. It is at this moment in its fifteenth edition. The chapters on Malthus and on the Non-Survival of the Fittest make a very genuine and original contribution to modern thought. But it is the later essays in the little volume that touched most readers, and will for long continue to touch them. They are as far as possible from being vague, or misty, or aimless. Yet they have, what is so curiously rare in English literature, the charm of reverie. As the author said, they "contain rather suggested thoughts that may fructify in other minds than distinct propositions which it is sought argumentatively to prove." They have the ever seductive note of meditation and inwardness, which, when it sounds true, as it assuredly did here, moves the spirit like a divine music. There is none of the thunder of Carlyle (which, for that matter, one may easily come in time to find prodigiously useless and unedifying); there is not the piercing concentrated ray of Emerson: but the

complaints, the misgivings, the aspirations of our generation find in certain pages of Mr. Greg's book a voice of mingled fervour and *recueillement*, a union of contemplative reason with spiritual sensibility, which makes them one of the best expressions of one of the highest moods of this bewildered time. They are in the true key for religious or spiritual composition, as Rousseau's Savoyard Vicar is; thought and emotion are fused without the de-

corations of misplaced rhetoric. That meditations so stamped with sincerity, and so honestly directed to the actual perplexities of thoughtful people, should have met with wide and grateful acceptance, is no more than might have been expected. Least of all can their fine qualities be underrated even by those who, like the present writer, believe that, ponder these great enigmas as we may, we shall never get beyond Goethe's majestic psalm:—

“ Edle sey der Mensch,
Hülfreich und gut!
Denn das allein
Unterscheidet ihn
Von allen Wesen
Die wir kennen. . . .

“ Denn unführend
Ist die Natur:
Es leuchtet die Sonne
Ueber Bös' und Gute,
Und dem Verbrecher
Glänzen, wie dem Besten,
Der Mond und die Sterne. . . .

“ Nach ewigen, ehrnen
Grossen Gesetzen
Müssen wir alle
Unseres Daseyns
Kreise vollenden.

“ Nur allein der Mensch
Vermag das Unmögliche;
Er unterscheidet
Wählet und richtet
Er kann dem Augenblick
Dauer verleihen.”

J. M.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR WEALTH.

BY A LONDON ARTISAN.

We live in an era, beyond all other eras in the world's history, progressive, enlightened, prosperous. We are not likely to forget that it is so, for wherever a few Britons are assembled together there the fact is sure to be loudly proclaimed. Your after-dinner speaker is a veritable dunce, a man unfitted for his post, if he cannot glibly pour out a sparkling stream of figures concerning imports, exports, inland revenue, customs, manufactures, &c., all testifying to the glory of the age we live in, each grand array of statistics exposing the contemptible insignificance of the age we have left behind. The post-prandial orator waxes warm behind his broad expanse of white waistcoat as he tots up the secrets that have been wrenched from the heart of Dame Nature by the patience, the skill, the energy, the daring of man during the present century. We can carry on the ocean trade of all nations, we can send out an army on the shortest notice to defend the honour of our common country in the remotest corner of the globe; we can supply all the world with manufactured goods, and money too, if they want it, but we cannot prevent a man dying of starvation in our midst.

In a gloomy cellar that is flattered with the title of kitchen, in the centre of one of our great cities, lives a woman and four children. By working thirteen or fourteen hours per day at making match-boxes, they are enabled to earn in a week the sum of twelve shillings. Their life is one dreary round of work, and, after all, it is only a hand-to-mouth existence. The slightest accident occurring to stop the miserable routine would mean ruin—starvation, or the workhouse. It is said such people are not unhappy, because they have never known

what it is to lead a different life. In the same spirit the Billingsgate fish-wife declared it could be no cruelty to cut up living eels, because they were used to it. Those to whom Fortune has been kind, and are satisfied with such brutal reasoning, cannot be too often reminded that although the suffering poor are as tractable as the fish-wife's eels to-day, it may not always be so. There is a limit to human endurance, and frenzied mobs of starving people are not likely to act logically or kindly towards the upholders of the theory that use is second nature. We are, as a people, so busy, our time is so fully occupied, our attention is so distracted with affairs of imperial interest, that only a very few take the trouble to explore the unfashionable quarters of our great cities and discover the germs of social diseases which, unless they are destroyed in time, will assume a growth before which the wisest and best statesmen will stand appalled—helpless to prevent disaster, too late to apply the healing balm. The ruling classes are composed mainly of those who have come into the world to find it all wealth, luxury, and ease, and those whose fortunes have prospered with the growth of the empire. To these the prodigious array of statistics under the heads of imports and exports is food for pleasant reflection: they are a part of the greatest nation in the world, and they swell with pride at the thought. But go to the woman who has to earn her bread by making match boxes in a city cellar. Tell her that the wealth of England has more than doubled since 1840; that while at that date it averaged only 158*l.* per inhabitant, it now averages 249*l.* Tell her that during the last fifty years railway property has increased to the extent of over 700,000,000*l.*,

house property over 1,000,000,000*l.*, and shipping 100,000,000*l.* Tell her that we are digging up over 100,000,000 more tons of coal every year than did our grandfathers, and that our trade with foreign countries has increased over 50,000,000 of tons since 1840. Great Britain may be the grandest nation in the universe, but to these poor waifs it is a veritable *inferno*. What shall it comfort the poor wretch in a city garret, who is starving for lack of bread, to know that the sun never sets upon his country's might, or that the morning drum-beat of her majesty's troops echoes round the world?

As a nation we are not blind to the fact that the most hideous forms of poverty haunt the pathway of our national prosperity. We do not steel our hearts against the poor, on the contrary, we pour out through thousands of charitable channels millions of money every year; but money cannot stamp out poverty. There was a world of meaning in the exclamation of a clergyman in the East end of London when he answered an offer of help for the poor in his district with the words—"For God's sake don't send us money!" Money at the best can be but a temporary remedy, and often does more harm than good. If we sincerely desire to lessen the sum of human misery we must aim at the causes that bring it about. The sanitary officer who discovers the hidden cesspool may save a hundred lives while the physician in the sick-room is striving to save one. If we could gaze upon the world from afar, and penetrate the labyrinths of bricks and mortar with all-seeing eyes, we should most likely lose sight of all else in the one prominent, all-absorbing fact brought to view—that the myriads of human beings at our feet were all struggling, fighting, kicking, screaming for the possession of certain discs of metal, and that the good things of life were apportioned according to the number of metal discs scraped together by individual members of the riotous assembly. We should see the weak and

the helpless pushed on one side and trampled upon by the healthy and strong. We should hear the lips professing the gospel of peace and goodwill on earth, and see the hands acting up to the gospel of each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. Has not this unedifying scramble for wealth something to do with the world's unhappiness? We have heard much about thrift lately. A great number of eloquent speeches have been made and interesting books written on the subject by people whose hearts and consciences have been sorely troubled at the misery within a stonethrow of their drawing-room windows. Thrift is a toothsome morsel for the philanthropist, but it too often leads him astray. It is a word that flies, crisp and clear, from the tongue, a doctrine requiring little application to master, lending itself readily to the manufacture of fine sentences, but it is not so free from guile as it appears to be. It would be possible for the most thrifty nation to be the most unhappy under the sun. It is the scramble for wealth that makes the world more like a gigantic den of wild beasts than a home for men and women endowed with hearts and brains, and in the thickest of the indecent scrimmage the most thrifty people are to be found. It must be acknowledged, however, that they are there more through pressure of circumstances than any faults of their own.

As society is at present constituted the man who is born with aspirations and hopes, the man who desires to gratify an intuitive love of art, such as is often found among the poorest; the man who has a taste for books, and longings to gratify it; the man whose love of music is a passion, and who yearns to commune with sympathetic hearts; all such men as these, however pure their motives may be, quickly discover that the surest way to gratify their desires is to "get on in the world." They see that doors are open to wealth and social position, where love of art, accompanied

with comparative poverty, seeks for admission in vain. If they have sons endowed with exceptional intellectual powers, capable of being fashioned into men who would do the country service, they may knock at the doors of universities in vain, and will be hustled on one side to make way for mediocrity, or even incompetent stupidity, whose golden key opens the doors like the traditional talismans of a past age. They are crushed by caste, and reminded of their low position in the social scale at every turn. The temptation to move among men and women of a higher caste and enjoy like privileges, is too great for the majority to overcome. Noble minds may hesitate and tender hearts falter, but, eventually, into the scramble for wealth they go, helter-skelter, scratching, clawing, struggling—every better feeling stifled in the all-absorbing desire to get on in the world. Certain social advantages, certain privileges, certain pleasures, things that we feel sure would make life worth living—all these can only be obtained by possessors of wealth—therefore wealth we must have, at any cost of heart and conscience. This is the line of thought adopted by the people who are desecrating their bodies and sacrificing their better selves to the Juggernaut of what is called success in life.

It may not be in the power of the present generation of men and women to put an end to this miserable, cruel, and debasing social war, but it is in their power to do much to pave the way for a better, a more peaceful condition of life; that the men, women, and children of the future may not have to endure the agonies that make the life of the present day to so many a desolate, hopeless, unbeautiful heritage. What can we do to check this all-round scramble for wealth and social position? The problem is not so hopelessly insoluble as it appears to be. If the social barriers that mistrust and caste have set up were but levelled to the ground, we should find our task

an easy one. The rich man says to the artisan—"Work, take your wage, be thankful for it; you have a shelter; you can purchase enough food to keep your family from starving; be content, praise God and honour the king." But it is not in the power of any intelligent being to be content with any such bare regime, and the consequence is that the best of the artisan class, being dissatisfied with their lot in life, even they, in their poor, miserable little way, join in the cruel scramble for wealth, and do their level best—though perhaps unconsciously—to add to the sufferings of humanity. And so, grade upon grade, each class finding itself labouring under social disadvantages as compared with the class above it, expends its energy, not in endeavouring to make the world happier, not in working to raise its intellectual and moral standard, not in making the particular sphere in which it moves more pleasant and more easy to live in, but in a painful, undignified struggle to purchase a place in a higher caste.

The distinction of classes is perhaps in no case more prominently inhuman than in that of workmen and their employers. The average employer of labour holds himself stiffly aloof from those in his service; he treats them as menials, not as his fellow men, forgetting how his interests are at their mercy from morning until night. If their work is conscientiously and honestly performed, he imagines that when the weekly dole of wages has been paid out that both parties can cry quits, as if mere money could ever be adequate remuneration for really good work. He goes home at night to his well-appointed villa, and his workmen find their way to homes that are not by any means well-appointed, if they are not exceedingly wretched. The lives of the two classes are distinct, they are strangers to each other. This holding aloof, this inhuman indifference and utter absence of social feeling breeds distrust, envy, and even malice. Would the workman toil with

less zeal if he were the friend of his employer, instead of his underling? One hears on all sides complaints of drunken workmen, thriftless workmen, workmen careless and indifferent, without a thought above the public-house. Ask the complaining employers if they have ever once entered into the social life of the men they are grumbling about; have they ever moved a hand to assist their workmen to spend their leisure profitably and happily? Have they ever said to the men who devote too much time and money to the gin-palace, "Come, see my library, and borrow a good book"—"Come, have a half-hour with me among my pictures"—"Come, you who are fond of music; don't go to that music-hall, with its drink and stupidity; bring your wife or sweetheart, and hear my wife sing a good wholesome song"? If this were the attitude assumed by employers to workmen, if this feeling of affection and good-fellowship extended to all classes, how much happier and brighter life would be. The typical case of workman and employer will hold good if applied to all grades in the social scale. The workman, if treated as a friend and equal by those to whom Fortune has been more kind, if estimated by all classes according to his own true worth as a man, and not according to the quality of the cloth upon his back; if his children are allowed the same chance of developing their abilities as the children of the rich, he will feel no inclination to devote his life to a cruel struggle with

his fellows for a higher position. The truth will dawn upon him that the workman's life is as honourable as any other, and that no man need be ashamed of living and dying a workman, providing his work has been done well. No praiseworthy ambition would be checked, for the communion of all classes would lead to sterling ability rising speedily to the surface, instead of toiling on in the dark, unknown and uncared for.

If the professional classes, philanthropists, politicians, and economists, had been accustomed all their lives to mix freely with the proletariat, we should be inflicted with less of the twaddle and useless verbosity that daily flows forth from platform and pen concerning the problems of industrial life. Men are sent to parliament to frame laws on which the life's happiness of millions may depend, who, in spite of their belief to the contrary, know far less about the real work-a-day life of the people of this country than they do about that of the Zulus or the Japanese. With all classes guarded jealously by social barriers, and, as a result, misunderstanding and mistrusting each other, who can wonder that in spite of all advances in art and science, a miserable, unholy scramble for money absorbs the energies of the ablest men and women, while wrongs go unrighted, Hunger and Want carry off their victims, and millions work, week in week out, for the privilege of suffering?

THE OLD VIRGINIAN GENTLEMAN.

No man with a soul within him could enter Virginia for the first time with the same feelings of indifference that he would cross the borders of Ohio or Indiana. Shocking as is the Englishman's ignorance of America's past, the fields of Virginia, at least, even through the windows of a Pulman car, will call up dim visions of George Washington and the Fairfaxes; of Captain Smith and Pocohontas; of La Fayette; of Mr. Jefferson, in his blue coat and three-cornered hat, jogging along the country road; of Patrick Henry thundering at King and Parliament; and if all these figures are not outlined so distinctly on the traveller's memory as perhaps they should be, there will be at least a lurking tenderness for the scenes of that dreamy old plantation life that through the medium of wandering minstrels in more recent times fascinated our childhood, and with the echoes of its banjos gave us the romantic side of slavery. Then it is but yesterday that slavery itself perished upon these self-same fields, and made them the theatre of one of the most gigantic wars of modern times. Here, winding beneath the railroad is an obscure brook, whose name twenty years ago was, in every Englishman's mouth as it ran red with the blood of slaughtered thousands. Here a country village, where the fate of a great nation hung for twenty-four hours upon the balance; and if any monument is wanting of this Titanic struggle, where would you find one so complete as in the great graveyards that, scattered over Virginia, bristle thick with tombstones of Federal and Confederate dead. It is at a little station not 150 miles south of Washington that I would ask the reader to alight. For several hours we have been running south, and been gradually drawing nearer to a chain of blue mountains,

whose wavy outlines have been following us since mid-day upon our right, and climbing gradually higher and higher into the western sky. Between us and them lies an undulating landscape of field and forest, rich in the gorgeous colouring of the south, and bathed in the warm light of declining day.

Our old friend the general's carriage, is there to meet us, and the beaming black face of his grey-headed Achates, greets us with grins of recognition from the box, and with numerous tugs at the brim of his shabby wide-awake, as we and our trunks and the mail-bags are hustled on to the platform, by the snorting and impatient train. He wears no livery, it is true. The carriage has not been cleaned for a month. The horses probably have been taken this very afternoon from the plough; but what of that? Is not the hospitality all the greater on that account. The station-master does not rush out and touch his hat, but the general is quite as much honoured as if a cloud of obsequious porters and powdered footmen had assisted in our removal from the train to the trap; not from a standpoint merely of mutual respect—that might apply as well in Nebraska or Ohio—but simply on social grounds alone, as a Montague of Berkeley County, Virginia, who has in no way failed to maintain the credit of that highly-respected and aristocratic family. The founder of the Berkeley Montagues, it is well-known, surveyed in 1710 those large tracts of land upon Tuckahoe creek in that county, which was then a wilderness poorly protected from Indians by a block house, which they still in part own, while the title deeds of the family are a grant given under the hand and seal of "Good Queen Anne."

In our five mile drive we pass numbers of farm-houses of all sorts and sizes—some new, some old, some large, some small, sometimes with shady porches embowered in annual creepers, and sometimes old straggling gardens full of box and honeysuckle and myrtle, thyme, and balm, and many half-forgotten herbs; but these are not inhabited by Montagues. Rippling streams cross the road in every valley, for it is mostly up and down hill. Nothing can be more picturesque than the country through which we are travelling; sometimes the rough and winding road leads us through woodlands whose large leaves wave above our heads, sometimes through open fields, where the tobacco just ripening for the cutter's knife is spreading its dark green leaves above the warm red soil, and where the tall Indian corn in all the splendour of its full foliage rustles gently in the evening wind. Here, too, to the right and left, stretch wide stubble fields with their deep carpet of annual weeds over which in a month's time the sportsman's setters will be ranging for the coveys of quail, but now half grown. In the valleys soft meadows spread their level surface fresh from recent rains along the margin of willow-bordered streams that water and enrich them, while over their soft turf the shadows of overhanging woodlands grow longer and longer as the light of day declines. From the tall tobacco barns comes the familiar odour of the curing of the first cut plants, and thin clouds of smoke above their roofs hang clearly against the reddening sky. Negro cabins of squared logs cluster upon the roadside on sunny hill tops, or in shady glens, while from field and forest comes the wild melody with which the Ethiopian cheers his hours of toil. Behind all, though many miles away, the grand masses of the Blue Ridge mountains lie piled against the western sky, their rocky summits, their chestnut shaded slopes, their deep ravines hollowed by white cascades

that thunder ceaselessly through hemlock groves and shrubberies of rhododendrons and of kalmias, all mellowed into a uniform tint of the softest and the deepest blue.

We are now upon the ancestral acres of the Montagues, or what is left of them, and the horses without shout or effort on Caleb's part, turn suddenly from the main road, where the latter is bounded on both sides by an oak forest, and dash along a tortuous track, whose character of privacy as roads go, no one would for a moment venture to doubt, as Caleb, with the skill of constant practice, ducks his head beneath, or dodges it to one side of the hanging boughs that every now and then scrape familiarly along the roof of the carriage. A big white gate, hung upon by half a dozen negro urchins, armed with books and slates, lets us out again into the open country, and there, upon a hill in front of us, with groves of oak behind, and apple-orchards before it, the fortress of the Montagues looks out over the surrounding country. Once more we drive into a valley, and once more the horses are standing knee-deep in a little river, while Caleb, for the last time, assists them to appease their apparently quenchless thirst.

This is the famous Tuckahoe creek mentioned in Queen Anne's grant. It has been dear since then to generations of Montagues. As men it has turned their grist and saw mills; as children they have paddled in its gravelly shallows among the darting minnows; as boys they have learnt to swim in its swirling pools or dragged the seine-nets for chub and perch, or stalked the blue-winged ducks that now and then in early autumn go whistling along its surface. Many a field of the Montague tobacco too has it washed away or buried in the mud, and many a deep channel has it cut through cornfield and meadow in those occasional freshets whose violence has caused the years in which they occurred to stand out as local landmarks in the flight of time by

the fireside of the negro and the poor white. No Montague has ever built a horse-bridge across it. Railway companies and city corporations are the only people that build bridges in Virginia; and many an impatient lover and returning wanderer, in summer thunder-showers or in winter storms, has waited in despair on its further bank while the turbid waters have been rolling six feet above the gravelly bed of the ford, and rippling over the hand-rail of the little foot-bridge, that in fair weather does excellent service in its way.

A short struggle up the hill beyond brings us to the plateau on which the homestead stands. In front is the mansion itself with its two acres of lawn and as much more of kitchen garden, surrounded partly by a wall, and partly by a picket-fence. Behind are the barns, outbuildings, negro cabins, resonant at this hour of sunset with all the sounds incidental to a southern farmhouse at close of day. Negresses, their heads bound round with coloured handkerchiefs, and carrying tin milk-pails on them, come calling down the lane for the long line of cows that are slowly splashing through the ford beneath; negro ploughmen are coming in on their mules and horses singing lustily to the accompaniment of their jangling trace chains; pigs and calves from diverse quarters, and in diverse keys, hail the approach of their common feeding hour, while through all, the dull thud of the axe from the wood-pile seems to strike the hour of the evening meal.

If picked to pieces there is nothing specially attractive about the general's house; but to any one who had been wandering among the whitewash, and fresh paint, and crudeness of the ordinary northern or western rural districts, there will be much that is refreshing in this old Virginia home. The present house, built upon the site of the original homestead, dates back only to the year 1794, and was planned, a family tradition relates, by Mr.

Jefferson, who was a second cousin of the then proprietor. However that may be, we have at any rate the long portico resting on white fluted columns which the great statesman is said to have done a great deal in making characteristic of southern country houses. The high brick walls are unrelieved by ivy or by creepers, but the green venetian shutters thrown wide open almost covers the space between the many windows, while behind, innumerable offices and buildings of every conceivable shape and material, and set at all angles, gradually lose themselves among the stems of a grove of stately oaks.

In the lawn fence before which our carriage stops, fifty yards short of the front door, there used to be a big gate, and a sweep up to the house for driving purposes, but in these rough and ready days, when there is no regiment of juvenile dependents to keep the weeds picked off, the turf has been allowed to usurp everything that it will, and little vestige is left of the once frequented gravel track. So we dismount at the wicket gate which now is sufficient for all purposes, not, however, before Caleb has rent the air with a tremendous shout, and brought from the back quarters of the house a stout negro woman, and a very irresponsible looking boy of the same persuasion, whose black faces beam with the Ethiopian instinct of pleasure at anything like company. Nor are these the only answers to the stentorian appeals of Caleb which in the south do duty for door bells, but half a dozen foxhounds and setters come bounding towards us with open mouths and bellowing throats. From behind the masses of annual creepers, that, trained on wires, stretch from pillar to pillar of the portico and screen its occupants from view, the flash of a newspaper is for a moment seen, and an elderly gentleman descends the stone steps and comes towards us with hospitable haste. His hair and moustache are as white as snow, his face well chiselled, his figure

erect, and his eye clear. A somewhat shabby garb is forgotten in the gentleman as he greets us cordially and simply, but with an old-fashioned, gracious hospitality—this undecorated and unpensioned hero of a hundred fights. It is no disparagement to the breeding of an Englishman or of a Northerner to say that he has a charm of manner that they in their busier and more populous world have long forgotten.

As we cross the lawn the shadows of half a dozen great oaks in which the General takes especial pride, are just dying from off the grass. The "bull-bats" or nighthawks in the air above us are circling to and fro. Against the dark hedges of box and arbor vitæ and trellises laden with honeysuckles, the fire-flies, when the short twilight fades into night, will soon begin to dance their ceaseless round; various trees, both deciduous and evergreen, have been scattered about at different times by different Montagues. Here are mulberries that speak of a time some forty years ago when the culture of the silk worm was being urged by the French upon the Virginian planters as a means of utilising the mass of female and decrepit labour that was increasing on their hands. Here the mimosa, most beautiful of trees, invites the humming birds, which in summer mornings hover among its fragile leaves. The shapely maple from the forests of western Virginia, the silver aspen, the acacia, the cherry, all are there. An English holly, brought from eastern Virginia, where it is indigenous, has for many a year given the genuine touch to Christmas decorations of house and church, of which the general, who planted the tree as a boy, has always been proud, though not so proud as he is of the magnolia which he brought himself from Louisiana, long before the war, and which now taps the eaves of the house at the corner where, as a mere shrub, he planted it.

As from the depths of a cane chair

upon the broad verandah we see the short twilight fade, and through the waving streamers of bignonia, cypress, and Madeira vines, we watch the full moon rising slowly into the sky, and shedding its light over mountain, field, and woodland, there is a sense of peace and softness over everything that speaks of a happy latitude where the extremes of northern and southern climes temper one another, and where a singularly picturesque country echoes to the sounds of a singularly picturesque and old-world life. There would most probably come over the senses of the stranger a feeling of having at last lit upon a spot in rural America that had not been regarded as the mere temporary abode of a family engaged in the production of dollars, but where there is the look of a race having long taken root, to whom dollars were not everything. The sights and sounds of farm-house life are near the door it is true, yet it is the old home of a family whom you would have no difficulty in believing, did you not know it, who had been something more than farmers.

Within the house a broad hall reaches from end to end; its floors shining and slippery with polish; its walls wainscoted half way to the ceiling, their upper half simply white-washed and covered with emblems of rural life. Antlers of deer killed fifty years ago in the dense forests on the eastern border of the county, or trophies of more recent expeditions across the Blue Ridge to the wild hunting grounds of the Alleghanies. Suspended from these hang old shot flasks and powder horns that have served the general and his generation in days gone by, before trouble fell upon the land. In the corner stands the Joe Manton and the long Kentucky rifle, that five-and-twenty years ago were the weapons of the southern squire in stubble and in forest respectively. Here, on another wall, a younger generation of nephews from Richmond or Baltimore, who look on the home

of their fathers as a happy hunting ground for autumn holidays, have hung their "Greeners" and their cartridge belts. The remainder of the wall is relieved by a map of the county, a picture of the University of Virginia, the Capitol at Richmond, and several illustrated and framed certificates of prizes taken by the general at agricultural shows.

It is in the drawing-room, however, that the treasures of the family are collected. Here again oak wainscoting and whitewash, with carved chimney-pieces clambering up towards the ceiling, silently protest against your conventional ideas of America; and here too the floor—for the winter carpets have not yet been laid down—shines with polish, and is treacherous to walk upon. Brass dog-irons of ponderous build, and as old as the house, shine against the warm brick hearth, waiting for the logs that the cool October nights will soon heap upon them. Old-fashioned tables that suggest all kinds of grandmotherly skill in silk and worsted, cluster in the corners of the room. Upon the walls hang the celebrities that the good Virginian delights to honour. Here Washington, surrounded by the notables of his time, both men and women, is holding his first reception. Here Mr. Jefferson looks down upon an old cabinet containing bundles of his private letters to the general's grandfather, full of the price of wheat, and the improvement of the county roads, dashed now and again with allusions to the advantage which the young Republic would gain from sympathy with France rather than with her unnatural parent Great Britain. Here too, Patrick Henry, the greatest popular orator America ever produced, with his long face and eagle eye, hangs above an arm-chair which a family legend treasures as having rested the old man groaning under the ingratitude of his countrymen upon his last political campaign. There engravings of the Vienna Congress, of Queen Victoria, and of the famous Royalist

Colonel Tarleton, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, remind you that blood after all is thicker than water. Two or three ladies in the costume of the first George, and as many gentlemen in wigs and swords, could tell you, if they could speak, of the big square mansion of English bricks upon the Chesapeake shore which they still looked upon as the home of their race, and there too in the post of honour above the high chimney-piece is the general's uncle, the senator, who, as every one in America knows, was minister to France in 183—.

Here, too, in utter defiance of the commonest rules of modern decorative art, hang specimens of the earlier efforts of photography, framed moreover in fir cones and in forest leaves! French-looking men in grey uniforms with stars upon the collars of their tunics. In the centre are Lee and Jackson. Around them are those of this family and their friends who fought and bled by their side. The other rooms apart from the furniture are much the same. There is a library where the books are kept in high glass covered shelves, and where modern periodicals, Richmond, New York, and local papers, with pirated editions of some of the English Reviews, lie scattered on the table. A dining-room also wainscoted and white-washed, with a long table in the centre, surrounded by cane-bottomed chairs, a bare floor, a sideboard containing some curious specimens of old silver, and a chimney-piece devoted entirely to petroleum lamps—a room meant to eat in not to sit in. There is no bell in the house, but it is not much wanted, as an obsequious darkey even in these days of freedom follows you to your room and anticipates your wants.

When supper is over (for late dinner has never crept into southern life, even Baltimore still dines at unearthly hours), we drift naturally into the verandah. The general's wife has appeared and made tea, but you will not see much of her. She has a soft

voice, has once been pretty, and was a Harrison of Sussex county—a distinction which in southern ears has the same sort of ring as that of a Courtenay of Devon, or a Percy of Northumberland would have in this more exacting land. She will tell you, if you ask her, that there were many months between '61 and '65 in which she was glad to get a little corn-flour, and green coffee, and also of how she buried the plate beneath the magnolia on the lawn when the Yankee general threatened to make "Oak Ridge" his head-quarters, and how the negroes remained faithful to her all through the war, and cried when they were told they were free and had to go. She captivated the general thirty years ago at the White Sulphur Springs; and in the comprehensive ideas of kinship which exist in Virginia they doubtless up to that time ranked as cousins.

The general has sent to the barn for some tobacco, and through bowls of red clay such as were smoked by the father of Pocohontas, and long reed stems from the swamps of North Carolina, we blow clouds into the balmy night, and listen to the general's stories of the past.

The general, of course, talks over old days. He has sobered down about the war. In fact, like many of his neighbours, he was himself against secession, or all thoughts of it, till the mutual aggravations and the complications of those feverish times drove him into the struggle in which he so pre-eminently distinguished himself. He is immensely proud of the part his state played in the war, however, and if you saw him every day for six months, he might bore you on the subject; but who can be surprised that the stirring scenes of those five years should be uppermost in the evening of a life that has otherwise been spent in the unbroken monotony of country pursuits?

He never liked the north, and never had anything in common with them. Their ways were not his ways, and for years the intolerance of either

waxed stronger from a mutual ignorance born of absolute social separation. He has, however, little rancour left, and is conscious rather of having come well out of the struggle in at least public estimation. His fallen grandeur is soothed by being made the hero of the novels and the magazine articles of his prosperous and triumphant but generous foe. He lives in dignified retirement, courting no man, and civil to all; but they, in the fulness of their heart, forget the stubbornness of his rebellious blade, and in the growing cosmopolitanism of their rampant prosperity, pat him on the head as a curious historic and social relic of which nationally they are proud. He rather likes all this, but takes it with his tobacco, puts it in his pipe, and smokes it, in fact, as he used to thirty years ago the bloodhound stories. Outside opinion to the general and his generation are not of much consequence, as death alone will put an end to the conviction that he and his compeers are representatives of a past social state that was superior to everything, not only in America, but on earth.

The general's only brother was a captain in a U.S. Cavalry regiment when the war broke out, and he will tell you of the struggle of conscience that decided the latter against his worldly interests to a course that some partisan historians have flip-pantly stigmatised as treachery—a treachery that very often gave up comfort and future honours, friends, and professional devotion, for the cause their native state had seen fit to embrace, whose hopelessness was far better realised by such men than by their civilian and untravelled brethren at home. He was killed at Shiloh, and his sword hangs in the hall; while our friend, his brother, who had never seen anything till then but a militia muster, rose to be a general.

It is a common fallacy to credit the southern planter with an unusual amount of profanity. Whatever may

be the case in the extreme south, the ordinary conversation of the Virginian of all classes is more free from bad language than that of any Anglo-Saxon community on either side of the Atlantic I have ever come across. The general is certainly no exception to this rule, and as a fair specimen of his class, has a strong reverence for religion, and respect for the Episcopal Church of which he, like his fathers before him, is a member. The parson who officiates in the building whose wooden spire we could see peeping above the general's woods were it daylight, has *ex-officio* eaten his Sunday dinners at Oak Ridge ever since the Montagues revived episcopacy in the county after the lapse caused by its identification with Toryism during and after the revolutionary war.

The general still reads the lessons on Sundays, and when some unusually ancient and "good old tune" is sung, his deep voice may be heard booming lustily above the piercing notes of the rustic choir. Here upon the verandah, with his legs crossed and his chair tilted back against the wall, he will talk to you of the glorious days of old, of the hundred negroes of all ages and sizes that every Christmas assembled beneath his roof, and when barn and cabin echoed to the thud of their stamping feet and to the banjo's twang, when a gentleman was a gentleman, and people knew how to "place" one another. Of how most of his old friends who sat upon the bench of the county court with him in the old days when magistrate were gentlemen of influence and property, are dead, or gone to the great cities, and the country homes with which their names have been associated passed into other hands. "I know it's foolish," says he, "but somehow I hate to see the old Virginia ways and fashions passing away. The war was necessary; we were a parcel of fools together, and got well whipped for our pains, though we gave the Yankees some trouble to do it, and I own everything turned out for the best; but I tell you, gentlemen, I

wish the old arrangement had lasted my time any how. There were no happier people on earth than we were. Take this county"—and as the general says this, he drops the front legs of his chair and his feet simultaneously on to the porch floor, and waves his hand out to where the moonlight is streaming over the lawn and the woods behind, and the stubble-fields and the pastures and the winding stream in valley beneath—"there were perhaps a dozen such places as this, owned by people of our class. We were all brought up more or less together. We fought and scuffled at the local school when we were youngsters, and followed one another as young men to the University of Virginia, fox-hunted and shot together, danced, raced, and intermarried, till we had lost all count of our relationships. We rarely travelled abroad, because we couldn't leave our large households of slaves and the responsibilities entailed by them for so long; and to tell you the truth, we were not very flush of money as a rule. To say that we were generally in debt, though true, would leave a false impression. Our plantations, dear to us though they were, were of nothing like the value of our slave property, whose increase we preferred to borrow money upon rather than to sell, from motives of pride and kindness towards our dependents; but we were heavily overstocked, and often lived for years on paper.

"I know we were provincial and egotistic. We thought ourselves bigger men than we really were, but our political control at Washington did much in saving us from the mental stagnation that our bare literary record might imply.

"Whatever else we were, we were always farmers and country gentlemen. but, in addition, were often judges, senators, bankers, physicians; that the Yankees, when the war broke out, thought we were enervated by luxury, is a proof of how little the two sections knew of one another in those days (and I sometimes think they don't know much

more now). There never was luxury in your sense of the word in Virginia. Such as you see my home to-day it has always been, and the meal my wife gave you to-night you would have got in 1860,—for thank God and a good plantation and a taste for farming, I have never since the year after the war had to want for the ordinary comforts of life. I pay more attention to grass and improved cattle than of old. I have seeded much of my alluvial low ground to timothy, and cut all the hay I require every year from them, and the rest produces as heavy crops of Indian corn per acre as the Ohio valley, and has done so from time immemorial. Upon the poorer uplands I range my cattle, and grow what wheat and oats my own people and horses require. I have set out a vineyard which is fast coming into bearing, and have planted several hundred peach and apple trees, for the benefit, if not of myself, at any rate of those that come after me. Negro tenants cultivate the odd corners of the property in tobacco and corn on shares with me, and upon the whole I have no great cause to complain.

“Twenty years ago, however, it is not at all likely you would have been sitting in the porch alone with me as you now are. The chances are, there would have been half a dozen here, and double the number of young folks frolicking in the parlour. We sometimes scare up a right smart crowd, even now, when the city people are out here in the summer; but, bless me, I’ve seen the men lying so thick on the floors, tucked up for the night, you could hardly get about the house without treading on them.

“Then, in those days, as I before said, you knew who was who. Now if your daughter goes out to a dance in the neighbourhood, the chances are she is escorted home by young Smith whose father kept the store at the forks of the road yonder when I was a boy, or young Jones who measures calico in a dry-goods store in town. Perhaps that’s all right; mind you, I

don’t want to say anything against it. We are a free country now, and a republic (worse luck to it), but I sometimes feel like the old Lord Fairfax, who, on hearing in the backwoods of Augusta County, of Cornwallis’s surrender at Yorktown, told his servant to ‘carry him up stairs to die, as there was no use in his living any longer.’

“Then there was a large class of good, honest yeoman farmers living amongst us, also slave holders, that were welcome to a seat at our table, or a bed for that matter, if they came along, and with whom we were on a familiar and friendly footing, but still they were not of us. Their families and ours did not even pretend to associate. The annual call they made perhaps as neighbours was a mere relic of very old colonial days when families were more dependent on one another, and a sort of feeble protest against class distinctions—a mere show of equality that hurt nobody and amounted to nothing, and that the very negroes laughed at. But if we held our heads above the large yeoman who very often had considerable property, and nearly as many negroes, sometimes more than we had, they in their turn looked down on the smaller farmers, who again revenged themselves by their contempt for the overseers and the poor whites. In fact,” says the general, laughing, “we were a powerfully aristocratic people, I promise you, and you will find the fires still smouldering through the country now, and working with the new elements if you lived here long enough to get below the surface—”

“Mar’se George. Oh,¹ Mar’se George.” The voice is Caleb’s from out the darkness; he has stolen round the house and his white teeth are flashing on us from the foot of the verandah steps.

¹ Oh—the universal southern prefix when calling any one is barely spellable, and is pronounced in various ways, and long or short according to the distance the voice has to travel. Oh, aw-er, aw, waw-er, as nearly represents the actual sounds as anything could.

"Hullo, Caleb, what's up?"

"Mar'se George, sah dars suthin the matter wid dat ar sorrel mar agin, 'pears like she's powerful oneasy a snortin' an' a gwine on; I thote I'd jes git you to step round an' look at her."

While the general, who, like all Southerners, can not only break, buy, and ride a horse, whether he be farmer, merchant, or lawyer, but doctor one, too, in a rough and ready fashion, gets his stable lantern and hurries across the lawn towards the lodging of the "sorrel mar," we revel silently in the balmy night. The ceaseless trill of frogs and tree crickets seems to grow louder now; all sounds of human voices have ceased; great-winged beetles and cockchafers go swinging through the trellis work of cypress and trumpet flowers, and fall with a thud upon the verandah floor; bats flit backwards and forwards before the lighted windows; the night owl hoots gloomily from the orchard, and the whip-poor-will fills the valley below with his plaintive song; fire-flies dance against the dark background of shrubbery, while the great oak trees above us gently rustle their leaves on which the moonlight is streaming from a sky cloudless and twinkling with a myriad stars.

"Then as for sport," continued the general, having once again seated himself at his favourite angle, "those antlers in the hall were of course not taken here. Of partridges and turkeys we had plenty, and still have, but my father was a great sportsman, and we owned, like many other families, a quantity of wild land in one of the south-western mountain counties. In fact, nearly the whole of — County at that time belonged to us. It did not amount to very much as a property. Our Virginia mountaineers are tough customers, and they squatted all over the valleys at a nominal rent, which had to be drawn from them like their eye teeth. The old gentleman, however, had a fancy for the place, and used to come home with a

whole string of horses behind him as the revenue of his principality. But we boys, and indeed all our friends, used to look forward keenly to the annual excursion to the mountains. My father had a pack of hounds of which he was exceedingly proud, and with which he would hunt foxes at home, and deer when we went to — County. A long cavalcade it used to be that every October started from this door for the mountains. My father and one of his old cronies in the big carriage, two waggons full of provender, ammunition, blankets, &c., and fifteen or twenty friends and servants, mounted on saddle horses in the rear. The ninety miles used to give us three days of travelling, and at the end our mountaineer tenants used to throng to meet us at the rude shooting-box with stories of deer and 'bar,' wonderful to listen to, and with eyes looking wistfully at the corner where the whisky jar always stood. I could fill the night with stories of the odd ways and curious simple lives of these mountaineers. though none of them were such curiosities as old Jake, my father's negro huntsman. Caleb here was his nephew, and helped him as a boy with the dogs, and moreover is the grandest liar we have in these parts. He's sitting up with the horse, so we'll call him and make him give you a specimen, before we turn in. Caleb, these gentlemen want to hear about Uncle Jake's great Christmas fox-chase.

"Lor me, Mar'se George, them ar' times done gone so long now, I most disremember all 'bout 'em."

"Why it's not six weeks since I caught you telling it to those New York gentlemen in the stable; let's have it now without any variations."

"Well, gen'l'mens, it wur some fifteen or twenty years befo' s'render, when I wur just a chap sorter helpin' roun' Uncle Jake, now the ole jedge, that is Mar'se George's pa, had been fooled ever so many times by an ole red fox in Carter's mountain, not a great ways from yer, and got sorter mad with the

dogs, an' ole Jake who loved dem ar' hounds jes' as if they'd bin folks, swore he'd catch that fox if it took him the whole of Christmas week to do it in. The jedge had a big 'dinin' o' the quality on Christmas day, an' ole Jake he jest slipped off with the hounds 'bout day in the mornin' and struck that fox's trail right to onst. He'd got sorter used to de ole red, and knowed what line he'd take, fo' sho'. He never went far from home, but jes' kept gwine on roun' and roun', more like a grey fox. 'Bout dinner time I guv' over, as the plough mule on which I rode began to get kinder played out, but ole Uncle Jake had taken the best horse in the stable, and jes' pitched right on near the hounds, who were all the time on the trail and makin' a heap o' fuss. After dinner I took another horse and slipped out to see if I could hear anything o' the ole man, an' there sho' nuff the hounds were travellin' roun' the mountain where they'd first found the fox. I soon cotched em, and kep' along with Uncle Jake till sundown, and when I began to talk 'bout gwine home fo' dark the ole man jes' ripped and cussed, and said he'd stay wid dat ar fox till the new year, fo' he'd let him go. Well, gen'l'mens, I jes' thote he'd got may be a 'tickler' o' whisky in his pocket, and was sorter uppish on that account, so left him my fresh horse an' rode, or rather led, his'n home. In the morning when I went round to the stables and quarters, I didn't see no hounds, nor horse, nor yet no Uncle Jake. So, says I, I'll jes' put the saddle on the grey colt, and a pone o' corn bread and some meat in my pocket, and slip out and see if the ole man's still at it. Well, sirs, I rode roun' till near mid-day when suddenly I sees a dog cross the road befo' me, then a

whole string comes along, and I sees Jumper—Frolic—Beauty, and the rest of them, you could 'most see through 'em they were so thin, and though they had their mouths open, and was tryin' to raise a bit of a fuss it warnt no manner o' use.

"I knew Uncle Jake warnt far behind and presently sho' nuff there was a rustlin' in the wood, and he cum out right agin me, the miserablest sight you ever seed. He didn't 'pear to notice me much 'cept just to slip off his horse and to git on mine. I put the pone o' bread an' the meat in his pocket, an' he went lopin' off after the dogs on the colt.

"There wur no show fur me but to git home with the mar' who looked as tho' she'd drop dead in her tracks. I dursn't fool with no mo' horses, an' jes' quietly sot up for Uncle Jake that night, but durn me if I warnt for nothin', two o' the hounds cum sneakin' in 'bout sundown, but that wur all. Next mornin', I went to ole mar'se, the jedge, and he an' the company with him thote it a mighty good joke, and the biggest kind of a crowd started out to look for the chase. There wur nothin' left to hear, an' it wur about eleven o'clock he struck right in agin the whole gang, and I wur with him, or no one would believe, gen'l'mens, what I tell you now for, fo' God sar, *the fox wur walkin', the hounds were walkin' an' ole Jake on the colt were walkin'* all within twenty steps of one another. Lord! you should ha' seen the ole jedge, I thote he'd a bust hisself with laughin'. He sent for a waggon an' put the fox, the hounds, and ole Jake inter it, and had 'em druv home. That's jes' as true, gen'l'mens, as I'm a livin' man."

FRENCH SOUVENIRS.

DURING the last two or three years the French literary public has been enjoying a surfeit of autobiography. All the world has been engaged in writing *Memoirs* or *Reminiscences*. From M. Renan and those well-known names on the staff of the *Revue de deux Mondes*, which have been sounding for half a generation in the ears of the French reader, down to the deputy or journalist of yesterday, the literary and the political worlds seem to have agreed that old things are passing away, and that before a new literary epoch, or a new political departure sets its mark upon the rising talent of to-day, it is well that the young should be made to hear what the old have to say—that the present should stand aside for a moment and let the past marshal her phantom procession across the stage. As far as recent political autobiographies are concerned, we may perhaps content ourselves with the caustic comment of a French critic: “Ah! messieurs, write your memoirs as many as you please. It is better to be relating past blunders than to be committing new ones.” But upon French literature and French thought, those two subjects which have such an invincible attraction for any mind into which they have once penetrated, two or three of these collections of memoirs give us a mass of welcome information, with an authority and a distinction which leave nothing to be desired. M. Renan’s *Memories of Childhood and Youth* stand at the head. They touch the note which vibrates deepest in the modern world—the note of religious difference—and they are written in that style which, with all its strange weaknesses and defects, is still unapproachable as a literary style by any other European writer. We hope to find some

future opportunity of dwelling on this remarkable book. Meanwhile, unquestionably next on the list, the most interesting from the mundane point of view, as M. Renan’s are the most important from the philosophical, come the *Literary Souvenirs* of M. Maxime du Camp. M. du Camp is a member of the French Academy, and the author of a good many books which have borne rather the marks of industry and a high mental cultivation than of genius. His most important work on *Paris, Her Organs, Her Functions, and Her Life in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century*, is a repertory of necessary knowledge for the French economist or politician; while his *Convulsions of Paris* has taken the position of the standard account of the events of 1871 from the Conservative point of view. In his volume of poems, *Modern Songs*, written apparently under the influence of some Saint-Simonist friends, he devoted himself, in the teeth of his romantic traditions, to the celebration of the triumphs of modern industry and progress. Théophile Gautier, his friend and critic, had little to say in praise of his attempts to sing “the fairy tales of matter, the electric telegraph, or the locomotive—that dragon of steel and fire;” but we have his word for it “that among the *Modern Songs* there are to be found a certain number of charming poems, delightful variations on those three ancient themes, beauty, nature, and love, which up till now have been enough for poets unconsumed by the desire for novelties.”

The two volumes, however, which M. du Camp has just published, of which we propose this month to render some account, are of much greater interest, and will probably

last far longer than any other work of his. A man of independent fortune, attached by family to Legitimist and Orleanist circles, by temperament and training to the world of artists and writers, his reminiscences introduce us to all the chief literary figures of France since 1840. Of the older writers, Lamartine, Musset, George Sand, and Chateaubriand, he gives us indeed little more than glimpses, for his generation was not theirs, and he has wisely forbore to force into his narrative criticisms and comments which do not properly belong to it, and which concern people he did not really know. At the same time, everything that he can honestly find to say of these giants of his youth is worth hearing, and there is no less freshness and independence in his blame of Lamartine's affectations than there is in his ardent defence of Chateaubriand's literary greatness. But the chief interest of the book lies undoubtedly in its half-dozen full-length portraits of the author's intimate friends, and in the picture which it gives of the ideas and aims which have been influencing French literary men during the last thirty years. Within these limits the writer's observation is extraordinarily vivacious and minute. All that the world will ultimately care to remember about a certain distinguished group of French literary men is probably contained within these pages.

At the same time, with a few striking exceptions, the whole subject, with all its temptations to indiscretion, has been handled with a tact and reserve which may well be recommended to the notice of any English *littérateur* tempted to follow in the footsteps of biographers like Mr. Froude. Upon some points perhaps M. du Camp's reserve is almost excessive, for at the end of two volumes we really know less about himself than about any one of his friends. He is indeed perfectly frank with us as to his literary projects, his friendships, his travels, and his political hopes and

fears. Nor is the book without its pages of real pathos and tenderness. The lines in which the successive deaths of his dearest friends are described are instinct with a grief which is not only harmonious, but real—and the force of the tie which bound him to those friends is evident without the need of any literary heightening throughout the whole narrative. And when the last page is turned, if some of the first requirements of the English reader, familiarised with the infinities of English biography, have been left unsatisfied, we feel, at any rate, that we have been living in good company, that we have been seeing the best side of French literary life, and have carried away an impression of good faith, of industry, and of disinterestedness which may well weigh heavily in the future against those many impressions of disgust and irritation so easily gathered from any chance contact with the intellectual France of to-day.

Du Camp seems to have passed through his school life in that spirit of mingled revolt and dreariness from which so many French boys suffer. To the recognition of its existence most of the efforts which have been made of late years to improve French schools are greatly owing. But in Maxime du Camp's school-days the old methods were still in full force, and he got very little real education out of his long years in the Lycée or at college. In the Lycée the system of mutual teaching was in full force; each boy in turn instructed the class to which he belonged under the superintendence of a master. The master's vigilance had naturally its moments of slumber; moments of which daring creatures like the future novelist Ernest Feydeau, who was one of Du Camp's school-mates, delighted to take advantage for the declamation of episodes from the Napoleonic legend, on which the whole class hung enthralled. Outside, the romantic movement was surging in full flood. Du Camp was eight years old when the famous per-

formance of *Hernani* in 1830 impressed those who were most determined not to see, with the force of the new literary wave; but in the nurseries of French education, in the Lycées and the university, Hugo and his school were looked upon as so many sinister invaders of the literary garden of France, before whose barbarous onslaught all its trim delights were to be reduced to a wild and tangled chaos. Once, in class, under a professor named Taranne, much liked for his gentle and agreeable manners, a general conversation on poets and poetry sprang up. "At last one of the boys ventured—'And Victor Hugo?' The little man, generally so quiet, became scarlet, and cried, striking his chair, 'Let me hear nothing of your M. Hugo, he is a scoundrell!' But unluckily the professor was weak enough to give instances of verses which, in his opinion, were enough to send a man to perdition. The boys were ingenious and eager, and readily paralleled Hugo's enormities with lines from Virgil; but in vain. "'Do not insult Virgil,' cried the indignant Taranne. 'The licences you quote are in him a mark of genius, in Hugo—' he stopped for a word, and finished by saying, in a low voice, 'they are a mean action! But let us talk no more; the subject is too painful.'"

Naturally under such treatment as this, Hugo's young admirers only worshipped him the more. Those who abused him were *perruques*, and the only true faith was the faith of *Hernani* and *Cromwell*. After Du Camp left school, from which he tells us he carried away "some knowledge, a great many false ideas, and an independence of character developed by confinement," he passed a year in preparing for his Bachelor's degree. At this time he and Louis de Cormenin were inseparable, and spent all the time they could save from their degree work in planning novels and writing poems. For some time it was all a fool's paradise of glowing composition

and of dreams for the future. At last, intoxicated with the effect of some verses they had been reciting to each other, Louis boldly demanded, "How can we prove to ourselves that our verses are good, and that we are capable of becoming poets? I will send mine to Alfred de Musset; you shall send yours to Victor Hugo, and we will see what they say." Musset's letter, in reply to Louis, is a piece of charming French; but there was one sentence in it that fell coldly on the ears of eighteen. "Your poems, sir, are young; you also no doubt are the same." "That is to say," said Louis, with frank despair, "your poems are bad; you must work, if you wish to write any better." But the balm which Victor Hugo poured upon Maxime overflowed even into Louis' wounds. "My glory, sir," said the great man, at that moment the idol of all the *jeunesse* of France, "if I possess such a thing, is less in what I say than in the answers men make to me; less in my voice than in my echoes. You alone would be enough to prove it. I do not know if I am a poet, but I know that you are one. Courage, sir; study, dream, learn, grow in every way. You are already a poet, make yourself a man. I thank you much for your beautiful poems.—Victor Hugo."

The first effect of this letter was overwhelming. But in a few hours the Frenchman's sense of comedy asserted itself. "We re-read the stanzas which the poet called 'beautiful verse'; a gleam of good sense descended upon us; our verses were pitiable, we confessed it; it was painful but it was wholesome. Of the letter we retained nothing but one counsel—work—and we worked." In a little while the lesson was pressed home still more closely by the candour of an elder friend. "Poor boy, it is really too bad to laugh so cruelly at children! If Hugo read your verses he thought them wretched; he tells you, on the contrary that they are good. He pours out for you a glass of his

strongest praise, he intoxicates you, and makes of you a *claqueur* for his next play! I have seen more than fifty letters like this, written by him to idiots without either rhyme or rhythm. So long as he is adored, what does the adorer matter to him?" This, backed up by a great deal of sensible advice to read Voltaire, La Bruyère, Montesquieu, and the classics, was hard to bear. Du Camp went to find Louis de Cormenin, and the two steeped themselves for a time in that short-lived despair which is the luxury of youth, especially of French youth.

However, the die was cast, and no disappointments availed to turn either Maxime or his friend from the path of letters. When the degree of Bachelor in Arts had been gained came the choice of profession. If Du Camp hesitated at all it was between poetry or prose, both of them, to quote Théophile Gautier, "equally abominable to families," but there was no hesitation in his rejection of any other career. Diplomacy, magistracy, the civil service, it was all one, he would have none of them. His family were bitterly hostile to his project of a literary life, but the youth of twenty stood firm, and adds the writer, now sixty years of age, "during the forty years which have elapsed since I took this resolution, I have never once regretted it."

But what were the letters to which the young Maxime was devoting himself? At the moment, France was passing through the last phase of the romantic movement. The great school which Chateaubriand, the Catholic, had founded, and Victor Hugo, the free-thinker and republican, had carried to the height of glory, was running out into weakness and extravagance. The "bourgeois" who to the youth of 1830 played much the same part as the "philister" did in the mind of Heinrich Heine was beginning to revenge himself for some of the measureless contempt which had been heaped upon him. "Re-action had begun already, and would soon be

evident to all the world." "We," says Du Camp, "belonged to a small group, the last to enter the romantic school, and our youth was thrown upon that time of crisis when the fusion of all literary theories was about to produce a sort of eclecticism in which each would have the right to do as he pleased." What the world was marching towards indeed was a theory something like the opinions so well expressed in the second volume. "To restrain art, to artificialise it, to prevent it from expanding, to confine it in a formula—classical, romantic, realist, idealist, naturalist, or what else—is to lessen it, to misunderstand it, and to make of it a hieratical thing which may be interesting, but which soon becomes unbearable. Art lives only by diffusion. Big words count for nothing in it; whether one evokes the respect for traditions or the study of nature, nothing in the end is worth anything but the individual initiative. In art, in religion, in everything there is nothing fruitful but liberty." This is well said, and none the less worth saying because at bottom it is a commonplace which has passed into the minds of all of us. But in 1848 there were still enthusiasts entering upon life, for whom the romantic formula was omnipotent. And in Maxime du Camp the romantic passion was quickened and sustained by an intimate friendship which sprung up when he was twenty-one, between himself and one of the greatest writers of modern France, Gustave Flaubert.

When Du Camp first made his acquaintance, Flaubert was a few months older than himself, and "heroically handsome." "Those who only knew him in his later years, grown heavy, bald and grey, with drooping eye-lid, and pale complexion, cannot imagine what he was at the moment when we were about to link our lives in an imperishable friendship. With his brilliant and delicate colouring, his long silky hair, his tall, broad-shouldered figure, his abundant golden

beard, his enormous eyes, green like the sea, hidden under black eye-brows: with his trumpet-like voice, his extravagant gestures and his noisy laugh, he was like one of the young Gaulish chiefs who fought against the Roman armies." Like all the other members of Du Camp's small circle, Flaubert, in whose extraordinary novel *Madame Bovary* French realism, to quote Mr. James, has said its last word, was at this time a Romanticist of the purest water. He had been formed on Chateaubriand and Hugo, and he was consumed at once with that passion for the past and that insatiable curiosity as to the intimities of actual life and thought, which have made the Romanticism of 1830-40 the source of such divergent streams, of French historical science on the one hand and of the naturalist school of novelists on the other. A few words may be allowed us later on as to his gifts and character, for M. du Camp's book is more than anything else a study of Flaubert. But at present we are more especially concerned with his effect upon Du Camp's development, which was great. For a time, indeed, Flaubert was reserved as to his own literary occupations, and Du Camp could only gauge his new friend by the talk which day after day carried himself and Flaubert, Louis de Cormenin, and a friend of Flaubert's, Alfred de Poitevin, backward and forward over the great field of literary speculation. At last, however, Flaubert broke silence, and read a manuscript novel to Maxime. Thenceforward they were brothers-in-arms. Each poured out his heart to the other, and as each project was revealed in the golden confidence of twenty-one, "We cried to each other, 'It will be superb!'" It was decided that we should be together as much as possible, and we laid down our mode of life."

The plan which the two friends drew up was a remarkable one, and may be recommended to those, who like that bold German observer, Karl Hillebrand, think that there is no serious-

ness in the French literary character! They were twenty-one; nine years were to be spent in acquiring all knowledge; at thirty, production was to begin, and to be carried on uninterruptedly till forty:—at forty they agreed man is used up; memory is possible, creation is no more to be thought of; letters, as such, must be abandoned, and all that can be done is to seek some useful occupation which may add to the knowledge though not to the pleasure of mankind, and lead the labourer peacefully to his quiet grave. Flaubert thought that some investigation of the philological connections of the Romance languages would probably meet the necessities of the case, and the two gravely occupied themselves with the details of the work which would, they calculated, be employing them at sixty. "Ten years in which to learn everything!" exclaims Maxime du Camp. "Well, we have learnt since that one wants a good deal more to learn something and produce a little. Still these great intellectual ambitions of youth are useful; one must perhaps have dreamed of making *chefs d'œuvre* if one is to succeed in writing one or two volumes which shall be not altogether bad. Our dreams at least brought us across the most diverse studies, and taught us to meddle with an infinity of things. I think that we were born insatiable. Gustave Flaubert was so till the end, and I feel that I am so still."

Just before 1848, Du Camp and Flaubert took a tour together in Brittany. They prepared for it as one might for the exploration of an unknown land. "Gustave reserved for himself the historical part, and found at the Rouen Library such books as he wanted. I took charge of all that concerned the geography and ethnology, the manner and archaeology. In our letters we talked of nothing but Brittany. I would say to him: 'Work up your war of succession between Jean de Montfort and Charles de Blois!' and he would answer, 'Look

well to your *menhirs* and your cromlechs!"

Thus equipped, the two friends set forth through a country which was almost as strange and as little known to a Frenchman of that day as Hungary or Poland. One great strategical road running across the district, in preparation for any future Vendéean rising; and for the rest, rough lanes and sandy tracks, leading across boundless commons of heath and gorse; in place of French, the Keltic Breton, in place of cathedrals those strange mysterious monuments of man's remotest past with which the soil of Brittany is strewn; in fact "the 'Gallia Comata' of the time of Julius Cæsar." But the imagination of the two friends clothed everything in sunlight and charm, and the highest moment of all was reached when "we stood before the Château of Combourg and placed our feet on the stone steps leading up to Chateaubriand's old house. Instinctively we had taken off our hats as though in a sacred place, and when we entered the little room where he had grown up, where he had dreamed, where he had struggled against that terrible love of which he scarcely dares to speak in his memoirs, Flaubert with wet eyes leant over the table as if he would gladly draw within himself something of that great spirit." A year later, while France was in full revolution, Chateaubriand passed away from a world which the Catholic idea had not been able to save; and his body was borne to that last resting place prepared for it in the little island off the coast of Brittany, so finely described in these lines of Flaubert:—

"The island is uninhabited, and covered with scanty grass, mingled with great nettles and a small purple flower. At the top there is a dismantled fort with a court of crumbling walls. Below this ruin, half-way to the shore, a space of some ten feet square has been cut out of the slope; in the midst rises a tomb surmounted by a Latin cross. The tomb is made

of three pieces—one for the base, one for the slab, one for the cross. He will sleep beneath it, his head turned towards the sea; and in this grave, built upon a reef, his immortality will pass as his life has passed, deserted by his fellow-men, and environed by storms. The waves will murmur century after century around this grand memory. In tempest they will leap to his very feet; in the summer dawns, so long and sweet, when the white sails swing out, and the swallow returns to us from beyond the seas, they will bring to him the voluptuous melancholy of the distance, and the caress of the sweeping breezes; and as from day to day the flow of his native tide sways backwards and forwards between his cradle and his grave, the heart of René, grown cold, will slowly, slowly fall into nothingness, to the endless rhythm of an eternal music."

"The Revolution of February, 1848," says Du Camp, "was a surprise, and as it led France to the empire, it missed the goal at which it aimed, and became ridiculous." Elsewhere, in an independent book, he has given us his views of the situation and his remembrances of the time. In the present volume, however, he makes it frankly clear to us that in spite of all the turmoil around him, he was, even in the years of 1848 and 1849, far more deeply interested in books than in presidents and parliaments. A sort of rage came across him as he saw one friend after another touched by the political fever. Louis de Cormenin was a candidate for the Chamber; another literary friend of his and Flaubert's, Louis Bouilhet, had taken the same irrational course, and even Flaubert himself was dreaming of some impossible office which might take him at his country's expense to Athens and Constantinople. Upon Flaubert at least his friend's angry admonitions had some effect, and the penitent novelist, once more convinced of the inalienable mission and supreme dignity of the man of

letters, confessed, "You are right and I am a wretch; be magnanimous and pardon me a moment of folly!"

There is a touch of comedy in such zeal at such a time for the exclusive rights of Apollo and the Muses. The Du Camp however, of later life, is perfectly prepared to defend the views of his earlier self. What, he asks, have the children of letters ever gained from contact with the world of affairs? Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, is it not true that when you touch their political side, you touch what is weakest in them, and what posterity will forget if it can? He quotes Renan's saying that "in our heavy modern races, it takes at least the drainage of thirty or forty millions of men to produce a great poet, a genius of the first order;" and when the world has at last got such a being, how absurd to squander him in affairs which any man of ordinary brains can do—and do better. "At the touch of politics a poet deteriorates," and not only the poet, but the historian and the man of letters. The typical instance of this truth, as he believes it to be, M. du Camp finds in the career of Prévost-Paradol. In him, he maintains, literature lost a son who would have done her infinite credit, and politics gained a discontented and ineffective recruit. At the same moment, when Flaubert was disturbing his friend's evenings with denunciations of the war-conversation of Paris in 1870, not because he had any opinion about the war, but because none but *bourgeois* ought to concern themselves with matters which were not "fine verse" or "sonorous prose"—at that time, Prévost Paradol was expressing to Du Camp the contempt which the practical man so often feels towards the maker of books.

One day, in a walk, Du Camp had suggested to him the composition of a *History of Parliamentary Ideas*. He answered me with a benevolence which showed his faith in himself: "How happy you are, still

to be able to believe in books, in phrases, and to amuse yourself with these useless toys which are the pastime of the idle!" After a moment's silence he resumed, "There is nothing real but power! To lead men, to direct their destinies, to bring them to greatness by roads unknown to them, to prepare facts, to command events, to force the obedience of fortune—there is the goal, which is worth aiming at, and which is reached only by strong wills and lofty intelligences." We were in the great centre of the alley of the Tuileries, from which the palace is visible. I said to him, "Tell me, what is your dream?" He stopped and pointing to the Clock Pavilion, he replied with a sort of exaltation I had never seen in him before: "The master of France is there; well, I should like to be the master of that master." Du Camp's reply was a laughing request to be allowed to work in the archives of the Court of Appeal when the new Richelieu should come into power. A few weeks later, Prévost-Paradol was on his way to Washington. "He seemed to me melancholy, and spoke of the distance of Washington. 'Bah!' I replied, 'you will soon come back, and in two years you will be a minister.' He answered me by a question: 'And you, what are you going to do?' 'I shall go on with my book on Paris—that is all.' With a sad intonation he replied, 'You are perhaps in the right of it.'" It is an old quarrel this between the party of thought and the party of action. Is it really possible to deny that in most respects, the more the two classes merge in one another, the better it is for mankind? But the poets at any rate are better out of the *mêlée*. One may safely prophesy that Victor Hugo's politics will have grown a little ridiculous even in the eyes of Frenchmen, long before his verse has lost a fraction of its savour for posterity. And Goethe was perhaps better advised than the author of the *Châtiments* when he spoke of that high region of

cosmopolitan sympathies, above the strife of parties, above even the individual interest of nations into which the true man of letters should seek to enter.

The years 1849 and 1850 were mostly filled up for Du Camp and Flaubert by a long Eastern journey. Before they set out, Flaubert formally invoked the opinion of his two friends, Bouilhet and Du Camp, upon a book which had occupied him for several years, and the conclusion of which had been expected with feverish curiosity by his little circle. This was the *Temptation of St. Antony*, a modified form of which he published towards the end of his life. The scene in which the two friends sit in judgment on it is a remarkable page in literary history. One sees the French character at its best; its capacity for friendship, for delicate sincerity, its tact and its finesse. "I have just finished *St. Antony*," wrote Flaubert; "come." The two friends took the next train and went, and for two or three days, Flaubert read aloud incessantly. Before the last reading, Bouilhet and Du Camp held an anxious conference. Their impression of the long expected book was wholly unfavourable. They thought it diffuse, extravagant, little more in fact than a collection of fine phrases, and they bravely determined that they would say so to Flaubert without the smallest reserve. "It was a question of a literary future in which we had an absolute faith. Flaubert must be stopped from pursuing a road in which he was wasting his finest qualities." In the evening accordingly, after the last page, "towards midnight, Flaubert, striking the table, said to us: 'Now then, tell me frankly what you think.' Bouilhet was timid, but no one could show himself more decided than he in the expression of a thought when he had once determined to make it known. He answered: 'We think that you had better throw all that into the fire and never speak of it again.' Flau-

bert sprang up with a cry of horror! Then there began one of those talks at once severe and strengthening, such as can only occur among those who trust each other completely, and are bound together by a genuine affection."

The talk, indeed, as Du Camp gives it, is a fine piece of literary criticism. "Flaubert drew out his poor phrases which his mind had nursed so long and tenderly, held them up before his friends, protesting, as he rolled them out, '*That* surely is good.' 'Yes,' we answered, 'it is good, but its goodness has nothing to do with the value of the book. You have been confounding style and rhetoric; remember the precept of La Bruyère: if you want to say, it rains, say, it rains. When Chateaubriand, whom you quote so readily, writes: "I have never perceived a shepherd's movable hut at the corner of a wood without thinking that with you it would suffice me amply. More blessed than those Scythians of which the Druids discoursed to me, we would carry our dwelling from solitude to solitude, and our home would have no more to do with the earth than our life"—there you have style. When he writes: "These horsemen encase their limbs in blackened hide, the spoil of the wild buffalo," there you have rhetoric. Now in the *Temptation of St. Antony* you have nothing but such horsemen and such spoils of the wild buffalo. There are excellent passages in it, there are echoes of antiquity which are exquisite, but it is all lost in the inflation of the language; you meant to make music and you have only made a noise.'" Hard counsels! but well deserved, for the book was and is an extraordinary performance—two volumes of dialogues, through which defile the Sphinx, the Chimera, the Queen of Saba, Simon the Magician, Apollonius of Tyana, the Origin, Basilides, Montanus, Manes, Hermogenes, and every heretical sect. Flaubert had given full rein to the roving spirit of romanticism, and the result,

in the opinion of his friends, was mere lost time. What was to be done? The three talked from midnight till ten o'clock in the morning, and the next day saw the endless debate resumed. The issue of it was the famous novel of *Madame Bovary*. In view of Flaubert's rooted "lyrism" they urged him to choose a subject "where lyrism would be so ridiculous that you would, perforce, have to control yourself and give it up. Take a common theme—one of those incidents of which middle-class life is full—something like *La Cousin Bette*, or *Le Cousin Pons* of Balzac, and force yourself to treat it in a natural, almost familiar tone, rejecting all episodes and digressions, however fine in themselves, which are useless to the development of your conception and tedious to the reader." Flaubert, rather conquered than convinced, replied, "It will be hard enough, but I will try." Before the meeting separated the subject even of *Madame Bovary* had been suggested to him by Bouilhet, and during the long eastern ramble on which he and Du Camp started almost immediately afterwards, the novel was simmering in Flaubert's mind, to the considerable detriment, sometimes, of his powers of enjoying the scene before him.

Poor Flaubert indeed could from no point of view be regarded as a desirable fellow-traveller. He took no interest in Egypt, and was only fatigued by Palestine and Syria. At Beyrout he cleverly managed to persuade Du Camp to give up his previous plan of visiting Mesopotamia and Persia, and the two friends started homeward through Greece and Italy, countries in which Flaubert's literary sensibility did at last stir him into something like admiration. Italy, when they passed through her, was almost at the end of her long night, and the dawn was near. "At one end, towards the north-west, there was a ray of wavering light, always, it seemed, on the point of dying out. That light floated over Piedmont—Was it a beacon just lit? Was it a grave-lamp just expiring?"

No. 284.—VOL. XLVIII.

Who could tell? But there was there also, a little man of forty years, short-sighted, ironical, curt, stout, and perspicacious. It was Camille Cavour, who was beginning his political career, guided by that historical *mot* of a Prince of the House of Savoy. 'Italy is an artichoke which one must eat leaf by leaf.' Seventeen years after Novara, Piedmont was at Milan, at Naples, and Venice."

Upon his return home in 1851, Du Camp plunged at once into professional literature, in connection with the resuscitated *Revue de Paris*. He, Arsène Houssaye, Théophile Gautier, and Louis de Cormenin, became joint editors and proprietors of the Review. Their intention was to make it specially a means of expression to young authors of talent, to maintain, in fact, towards the *Revue des deux Mondes*, with its staff of established and well known contributors, the same sort of position which the Odéon holds, towards the Comédie Française. The Review lived for seven years, and may be said to have died of the Orsini bombs, in company with a good many other journals suppressed at the same time and for the same reasons. But while it lived it did good service to the cause of letters, and Du Camp and De Cormenin were able by its means to secure a hearing and vantage ground to the friends in whom they believed. The second number contained a poem of three thousand lines, by Bouilhet. The experienced prophesied ill for a magazine which could make its *début* with such an imprudence. But the magazine notwithstanding made its way, and that it should have been the means of introducing Flaubert to the world is, in M. du Camp's eyes, a lasting justification for its existence.

The chapter on "Ghosts" is filled with a number of miscellaneous literary memories, with stories of that strangest of men and poets, Charles Baudelaire; of Philoxène Boyer, of Charles Barbara, of Gerard de Nerval, and of men like Etienne Eggis, or Emile Lamé, who had scarcely

emerged from the crowd of the unknown and the undistinguished, when death or madness, that scourge of French genius, swept them into the world of the forgotten. Baudelaire was a savage, untamed creature, scorning society, despising women, and delighting in any eccentricity which might bring him into public notice. Like Flaubert, he was a pessimist in philosophy, but the famous *Fleurs du Mal* showed a systematised cynicism of which Flaubert, with his fine susceptibility to beauty, and his family affection, was never capable. The true explanation of Baudelaire's extraordinary career seems to be that he was mad—mad like Barbara, or Emile Lamé, or Gerard de Nerval. Surely of all the tragic figures of a time of stress and excitement, Gerard de Nerval is the most tragic. Born with a touch of madness in the nature which, but for this congenital blur, would seem to have been specially framed for all purposes of delicate pleasure, Gerard de Nerval dragged his youth through the mire of Paris like some being of a brighter world who had lost his way among us, and bespattered his useless wings with tears and travel-stains. He had all the finely-adjusted gifts of the poet or the critic, and to add to them a gentleness and serenity of spirit, so long as the dark hour held aloof, which attached to him men of the most different stamp. But never was there a more suffering life, or a more forsaken death, than his. During his last years he was a homeless wanderer, sleeping on a bench in the Tuileries gardens, or taking shelter from the weather in a common lodging-house with the lowest waifs of Paris. His friends knew it was useless to attempt to control him. When he asked for a napoleon it was ready for him, and he would wander till it was gone, never squandering it, and making pathetic attempts to work wherever a fragment of torn paper and a bench to rest it on provided him with the necessary tools. At last, one night, a

bitter winter's night, Gerard de Nerval came in upon the three friends, Du Camp, Flaubert, and Gautier, sitting in Du Camp's comfortable rooms. They noticed with a pang his pallor and emaciation, the thin great coat, and the shivering hands. But madness feels no cold, and Gerard protested with a smile that all was well. Each offered him shelter, clothes, money; but all were gaily refused. The four went out together, and in a few minutes the darkness had separated Gerard from the friends he was never to see again. It is supposed that he wandered about in the state of gentle exaltation in which his friends had last seen him, till, in the chill of the early dawn, the sense of cold at last seized him. He seems to have knocked for admittance at the door of a miserable lodging-house in a miserable street. He was roughly sent away, and a cloud of sudden despair descended upon the poor heart which, in spite of all evil and misery, had so seldom despaired. The next morning the body of the wanderer was found hanging near the inhospitable door from which he had been spurned.

Saint-Simonism had a strong influence on Du Camp's middle life. The opinions of the sect seemed to him for the most part absurd; but the men who held them, with their good faith, their brotherliness, their zeal for human progress, their optimist views of the future, were delightful to him, and the *Chants Modernes* appear to have been written while the writer was in close contact with Saint-Simonist modes of thought and action. His attractive account of *Enfantin* and his followers remind us, among other things, of the long-forgotten fact that the Suez Canal was a Saint-Simonist dream, that it was actually begun in some sort by Saint-Simon's "children" long before M. de Lesseps appeared upon the scene, and that the firman which had been applied for by *Enfantin* was only issued to M. de Lesseps by a kind of accident.

From the Saint-Simonist ideals of

peace and industrial progress the book passes on to stormier subjects—to the Sicilian expedition in which Du Camp took part, to the struggles of French journalism, the jealousies of French artists, and the final tragedy of 1870. We can only allow ourselves two more extracts, one from the art gossip in which the second volume abounds, the other from the sombre chapter headed "Disaster." To enjoy the first it must be remembered that about 1855 Eugène Delacroix was the accepted representative of the romantic temper in French art. He had won his fame as a colourist, and his weakness as a draughtsman was the cause of many a struggle with himself and many a triumph to his enemies. Ingres, his great rival, plumed himself, as we all know, on exactly those qualities of accuracy and precision in which Delacroix was wanting, and while Delacroix was soft-hearted and hated nobody, Ingres had something of the temperament of the bully, and cordially hated Delacroix. The two unluckily met at dinner at the house of a banker better instructed in the intricacies of the Stock Exchange than in the jealousies of the French artistic world.

"Towards the middle of dinner Ingres began to show signs of impatience; he had just learned that Delacroix was among the guests. He, Ingres, the adorer of the god Sanzio, of whom he was the Grand Lama, he, the light of orthodoxy, seated at the same table as this heretic! In vain he tried to calm his rising temper; it was of no use. After dinner, holding in his hand a cupful of coffee, he brusquely went up to Eugène Delacroix, who was standing by the fire, and said to him—"Drawing, sir, drawing is honesty! Drawing, sir, drawing is honour!" In his agitation the cup of coffee capsized and poured over his shirt and waistcoat. He seized his hat in a fury. 'This is too much! I shall go; I will not let myself be insulted any longer.' He was surrounded, soothed, entreated in vain. After

reaching the door he came back—"Yes, sir, it is honour! Yes, sir, it is honesty!" Delacroix remained perfectly silent. Diaz, who was there, slapped his wooden leg and said to the disconcerted mistress of the house—"Madame, take no notice of him, he is an old boor; if it were not for the respect I owe you I would have run my stump through him." We laughed, but the incident had been disagreeable, and our enjoyment was gone. Delacroix showed good taste and dwelt upon the qualities which made Ingres an eminent painter, adding, 'Talent is apt to be exclusive; narrowness is often the condition of its existence.'

In the chapter on the war the writer dwells with great force upon the dawn of better things which had preceded the fatal Olivier ministry, and what seems to him the causes of the collapse of 1870. In his opinion the most truly liberal *régime* inaugurated in France between 1822 and the present day, was that which prevailed under the ministry of Chasseloup-Laubat which came into office in July, 1869. But for the violent breach caused by 1870 he believes that France would have gone on thenceforward uninterruptedly and naturally with the development of liberal ideas, and would have been saved the embitterment and dislocation of the present day. But the higher were his hopes in 1869 the profounder was his despair in 1870. After Woerth he foresaw the bitter end, and found perpetual irritation in Flaubert's more sanguine views.

"All is night and chaos," he wrote to Flaubert on the 10th of September, 1870. "This war, undertaken by a phantom, is continued by shadows. Crémieux follows Napoleon the Third, an old man grown childish succeeds a somnambulist! The nation weeps and complains, declares that she is innocent, and that the Empire alone is guilty. The nation is wrong; she has had her destinies in her own hands; what has she done with them? We are destroyed by a hypertrophy of ignorance and presumption. We have

no men, because we have no ideas ; we have no principles, because we have no morals. We are steeped in rhetoric ; we have the make-believes, the façades of beliefs and opinions ; but behind there is nothing." There is no mistaking the bitterness of soul which speaks in these trenchant lines. They may be compared with Merimée's last cry of "*Finis Galliaë*," as he lay dying in his villa at Cannes.

Three years ago the last of M. du Camp's intimate friends, Gustave Flaubert, passed away. Louis de Cormenin, the upright and delicate-minded politician, Bouilhet, in whose poetical future his friends had so long and generously believed, died before the war. Théophile Gautier followed them in 1875, and Flaubert, the last but one to rise from the common task, in 1880.

Gustave Flaubert has been revealed to us in this book of his friend's in all his strength and weakness. More than anything else, it is a study of his character and gifts ; and the study is one which will probably remain a part of literary history. Flaubert's greatest performance, the novel of *Madame Bovary*, is not much read in England. The subject is too revolting, the method too pitiless for English taste. But let it never be confounded with the work of the later naturalist school. Flaubert did his work in a spirit of scientific coolness which enabled him to show us vice as it is, divested of the glamour of passion. He had no conscious moral end ; to point a moral would have seemed to him no part of the artist's business. He has only photographed with extraordinary skill a repulsive passage of ordinary experience. But it has had upon French thought something of the moralising effect which experience itself has upon life in the long run. "Practically," says Mr. James, "M. Flaubert is a potent moralist ; whether, when he wrote his book, he was so theoretically, is best known to himself." For the rest M. du Camp shows him to us as habitually laborious and fru-

gal, as a faithful friend, and as a devoted son and brother. The man who was never tired of abusing the *bourgeois*, found his only comfort, as life went on, in the practice of all *bourgeois* virtues.

He had, indeed, great personal defects. It is hardly possible to reconcile one's taste to him as he moves through these volumes. But for some of his prejudices and coarsenesses we may perhaps account by the mysterious nervous seizures described by M. du Camp, which attacked him in early youth, and forced him to spend the best years of life in a sickly isolation particularly harmful to such a character. For the result of this chronic ailment, which ultimately killed him, was that he lived the greater part of his life alone or in a *tête-à-tête* with Louis Bouilhet, whose interests and tastes were identical with his own. The two friends "lived too long opposite each other, reflecting and reproducing each other, and forming by themselves a universe from which the rest of the world was excluded. To every question one could address to them they would reply, 'What has that to do with literature ?' It seemed to me that they had grown hard in the constant effort after fixity and concentration." The great human interests were indifferent to them. Love in its highest sense of tenderness and self-devotion was unknown to them, and they were for ever occupied with form, for ever neglectful of spirit. Upon Bouilhet, indeed, the sense of something missed and lost descended with crushing force towards the end of his life, and he gave a poet's utterance to it in the despairing lines called *La Dernière Nuit*.

Mon rêve est mort sans espoir qu'il renaisse ;
Le temps m'échappe, et l'orgueil imposteur
Pousse au néant les jours de ma jeunesse,
Comme un troupeau dont il fut le pasteur.

Pareil au flux d'une mer inféconde
Sur mon cadavre au sépulcre endormi
Je sens déjà monter l'oubli du monde,
Qui, tout vivant, m'a couvert à demi.

Oh, la nuit froide ! Oh, la nuit douloureuse !
Ma main bondit sur mon sein palpitant ;

Qui frappe ainsi dans ma poitrine creuse,
 Quels sont ces coups sinistres qu'on entend ?
 Qu'es tu ? qu'es tu ? Parle, ô monstre
 indomptable,
 Qui te débats en mes flancs enfermé ?
 Une voix dit, une voix lamentable :
 " Je suis ton cœur, et je n'ai pas aimé ! "

Two or three leading impressions seem to us to be left behind by M. du Camp's interesting book. One is that sad impression, embodied in some sort in Bouilhet's sombre verses, of the uselessness of the struggle so often renewed by the spoilt children of genius against the common laws, the common forces, of human conduct. Through untold centuries men have been wresting word after word from the great ethical mystery. And certain words, at least, the human conscience has won for ever. Generation after generation men question them—in vain; the mark of their triumph or their vengeance is only graven the deeper on the story of the questioner.

Another is the impression of the material difficulties which surround the French literary man. As we all know, pure literature is nowhere a very lucrative profession. But certainly it would seem that in France the intelligent reading public is more limited and the rewards of the critic or the poet more scanty than amongst ourselves. Alfred de Musset would gladly have sold the copyright of *all* his poems, towards the end of his life, for a life-income of 100*l.* a year. Théophile Gautier earned a bare pittance out of his dramatic *feuilleton* for the *Presse*, and found existence a hard struggle to the end. Flaubert, after his generosity to his family had ruined him, thankfully accepted a post of about 100*l.* a year at the Mazarin Library, well knowing that he could not count upon his pen to support him. Charles Barbara was all but killed by the intensity of the writer's struggle to live; and so on. In England the reading public is more widely diffused;

in France, for literary as for political purposes, Paris is the country.

And last, but by no means least, comes the impression of the industry and faithfulness with which the French critic or novelist devotes himself to *belles lettres*. We can understand that the historian or the man of science should give himself endless trouble about his facts. But the difficulty of the art of words, as such, is a difficulty which the English writer recognises far too little. The passion for form may run to ludicrous extremes, as it did in the case of Flaubert, to whom it was self-evident that politics were a bagatelle compared with the perfecting of French methods of expression. But, on the whole, we have everything to learn from this effort after harmony and measure, which any French writer of importance makes unceasingly. "Inferior in poetry to the subtle and divine poets of England, initiated by the Germans into the secrets of music, and by the Italians into those of the plastic arts, we are the absolute kings of prose, of this form of the written phrase." So writes a modern French critic. The English reader brought face to face with such a claim will no doubt succeed in applying certain qualifications and deductions. But in the main it is just and must be allowed. The French are the kings of prose, and the secret of their sovereignty is to be found in the seriousness with which the French writer takes his art, in the reality of that struggle with the imperfect means of human expression which the Frenchman maintains in all departments of thought by virtue of his French instincts and training, and which, by whatever ways—of Romanticism, Realism, what you will—leads him naturally towards those classic goals of clearness, precision, grace, which the English prose-writer touches rarely and, as it were, by chance.

ADDRESS TO THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY.

MAY 2ND, 1883.

AT your last year's meeting you did me the honour, although I was not a member of your society, to elect me your President for this year. I had declined to join the Wordsworth Society for the same reason that I decline to join other societies—not from any disrespect to their objects or to their promoters, but because, being very busy and growing old, I endeavour to avoid fresh engagements and distractions, and to keep what little leisure I can for reflexion and amendment before the inevitable close. When your election of me came, however, I felt that it would be ungracious to decline it; and, as generally happens, having decided to accept it and to join you, I soon began to find out a number of excellent reasons for doing what I had resolved to do. In former days, you know, people who had in near view that inevitable close of which I just now spoke, people who had had their fill of life's business and were tired of its labour and contention, used to enter a monastery. In my opinion they did a very sensible thing. I said to myself: Times and circumstances have changed, you cannot well enter a monastery; but you can enter the Wordsworth Society. The two things are not so very different. A monastery is under the rules of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Well, and he who comes under the discipline of Wordsworth, comes under those same rules. Wordsworth constantly both preached and practised them. He was "frugal and severe"; he ever calls us to "plain living and high thinking." There you have the rule of poverty. His chosen hero and exemplar, the Pedlar of the *Excursion*, had had held upon him by the Scottish Church in his youth, with a power which endured all his life long, "the strong hand of her purity."

There you have the rule of chastity. Finally, in an immortal ode, Wordsworth tells us how he made it his heart's desire and prayer to live the "bondman of duty in the light of truth." There you have the rule of obedience. We live in a world which sometimes, in our morose moments, if we have any, may almost seem to us, perhaps, to have set itself to be as little poor as possible, and as little chaste as possible, and as little obedient as possible. Whoever is oppressed with thoughts of this kind, let him seek refuge in the Wordsworth Society.

As your President, it is my duty not to occupy too much of your time myself, but to announce the papers which are to be read to you, and to introduce their readers. It was hoped that a paper would have been read by Lord Coleridge. There was an additional reason for joining your Society! But the paper has had to be put off, alas, till next year. There is a reason for continuing to belong to you! Mr. Stopford Brooke—whose published remarks on Wordsworth, as on other great English writers, we all know, and excellent they are—Mr. Stopford Brooke, I am glad to say, will read us a paper. Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who has given us more interesting and trustworthy reports of Wordsworth in his old age than any one except Miss Fenwick—Mr. Aubrey de Vere has prepared a paper, which will be read by our secretary—if he is not more properly to be called the author of our being—Professor Knight. Other matters, too, will come before you, and I must leave way for them. But suffer me, before I sit down, to say seriously and sincerely what pleasure I find in the testimony afforded by the prosperity of your society, and by the numbers present here to-day, to the

influence of Wordsworth. His imperfections, the mixture of prose with his poetry, I am probably more disposed than some members of this Society to admit freely. But I doubt whether any one admires Wordsworth more than I do. I admire him, first of all, for the very simple and solid reason that he is such an exceedingly great poet. One puts him after Shakespeare and Milton. Shakespeare is out of comparison. Milton was, of course, a far greater artist; probably, also, a greater force. But the spiritual passion of Wordsworth, his spiritual passion when, as in the magnificent sonnet of farewell to the River Duddon, for instance, he is at his highest, and "sees into the life of things," cannot be matched from Milton. I will not say it is beyond Milton, but he has never shown it. To match it, one must go to the ocean of Shakespeare. A second invaluable merit which I find in Wordsworth is this: he has something to say. Perhaps one prizes this merit the more as one grows old, and has less time left for trifling. Goethe got so sick of the fuss about form and technical details, without due care for adequate contents, that he said if he were younger he should take pleasure in setting the so-called art of the new school of poets at naught, and in trusting for his whole effect to his having something important to say.¹ Dealing with no wide, varied, and brilliant world, dealing with the common world close to him, and using few materials, Wordsworth, like his great

¹ See Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe*, ii., 260-2:—"Es ist immer ein Zeichen einer unproductiven Zeit, wenn die so ins Kleinliche des Technischen geht, und eben so ist es ein Zeichen eines unproductiven Individuum's, wenn es sich mit dergleichen befasst. . . . Wäre ich noch jung und verwegen genug, so würde ich absichtlich gegen alle solche technische Grillen verstossen . . . aber ich würde auf die Hauptsache losgehen, und so gute Dinge zu sagen suchen, dass jeder gereizt werden sollte, es zu lesen und auswendig zu lernen."

contemporary the Italian poet Leopardi, who also deals with a bounded world and uses few materials—Wordsworth, like Leopardi, is yet so profoundly impressive, because he has really something to say. And the mention of Leopardi, that saddest of poets, brings me, finally, to what is perhaps Wordsworth's most distinctive virtue of all—his power of happiness and hope, his "deep power of joy." What a sadness is in those brilliant poets of Italy—what a sadness in even the sweetest of them all, the one whom Wordsworth specially loved, the pious and tender Virgil!

"Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit"—

"the best days of life for us poor mortals flee first away;" *subeunt morbi*, "then come diseases, and old age, and labour, and sorrow; and the severity of unrelenting death hurries us away." *Et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.*² From the ineffable, the dissolving melancholy of those lovely lines, let us turn our thoughts to the great poet in whose name we are met together to-day; to our Westmorland singer of "the sublime attractions of the grave," and to the treasure of happiness and of hope—

"Of hope, the paramount *duty* which heaven
lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering
heart"—

which is in him. We are drawn to him because we feel these things; and we believe that the number of those who feel them will continue to increase more and more, long after we are gone.

² "Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque
senectus
Et labor; et duræ rapit inclementia
mortis."

Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 66-8.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

DESPONDENCY on one side, deepening into demoralisation; on the other hope kindling into exultation, have been the characteristics of the month in the House of Commons. The Affirmation Bill was the logical corollary of the fundamental principle of modern Liberalism. It was an affirmation of the elementary truth—that civil rights should not be dependent upon the nature of religious belief. Yet it was rejected, and rejected by the most Liberal House of Commons that has ever assembled at Westminster. The majority was a small one, but it was sufficient. A majority of three against Ministers in a House where their normal majority is over fifty was decisive. The effect of the vote was immediate and disastrous. The loss of the Affirmation Bill was the least of its consequences. The principle asserted in relation to that measure was equally fatal to the whole basis of modern Liberalism and inconsistent with the existence of a Liberal ministry. The ground moved beneath the feet of the majority; they felt as men do after an earthquake. Only one building may have been toppled down by the convulsion, but the sense of security is gone.

For the first time since the general election, a measure supported by the whole strength of the Government had been defeated in the House of Commons. No ministerial crisis followed the adverse division; but in the heated imagination alike of their followers and of their foes, the Ministry seemed to reel beneath the blow. For the first time since the memorable hour of their humiliating reverse in 1880, the Opposition took heart. They began to hope. Victory no longer seemed to be forever beyond their grasp. Their reviving confidence deepened the gloom

on the ministerial benches. Nothing succeeds like success, and in the exultation of the hour, the rejection of the Affirmation Bill seemed to herald the overthrow of the Government. A variety of unfortunate accidents contributed to intensify this impression. The night after the defeat of the Affirmation Bill Mr. Bradlaugh was heard at the bar in support of his plea that he might be allowed to take the oath and his seat. Sir Stafford Northcote, acting as leader of the majority, moved that the junior member for Northampton should be forbidden to take the oath. Mr. Labouchere moved the previous question and divided the House. Mr. Gladstone and most of his colleagues voted with Mr. Labouchere. No party summons was issued. The Liberal whips did not tell for Mr. Labouchere; but when the previous question was rejected on the 4th of May by 271 to 165, the house was confronted with the spectacle of the Prime Minister in a minority a second time within two days. From that time the House seemed to get out of hand, and nothing went well for the Government. A mistake made in disposing of the Crown rights over the Southport foreshore to the landlords instead of to the municipality, exposed Mr. Dodson to a damaging attack from Mr. Jesse Collings. On the same night, the Government being unable to secure a sufficient attendance of its own supporters to carry Mr. Cross's amendment to Mr. Stanhope's resolution in favour of an immediate reduction of the expenditure of India, was obliged to stave off a defeat by promising to find a day for the resumption of the debate before the middle of July. This was on Tuesday, the 8th; on Thursday, the 10th, the Government was defeated

in committee on the Inland Revenue Bill, the House striking out, on the motion of Mr. Slagg, by 168 to 161, the clauses transferring on certain conditions the collection of income-tax from local collectors to Inland Revenue officers. To crown all, and to bring this unlucky week to an appropriate close, the introduction of the ministerial Tenant Right Bill at one o'clock in the morning, was immediately followed by notices for its rejection by Mr. Howard and Mr. Barclay, the representatives of the Farmers' Alliance, whose agitation had brought the measure within the range of practical politics.

It is therefore by no means to be wondered at that when the House rose on the 11th for the Whitsun recess, the spirits of the ministerialists were at a lower ebb than they had been since the Dublin murders. The Opposition was jubilant. "We see our opponents," said Mr. Gibson, "disunited, dispirited, demoralised," while both Conservative leaders and rank and file are "united, energetic, and courageous." Hopeful seemed at last to have discovered the key with which he could release himself and his Conservative companions from the gloomy dungeon of Giant Despair. This dependency of the Liberals and exultation of the Conservatives was largely factitious. But the significance, the ominous significance, of the division on the Affirmation Bill was even greater than that attributed to it by Parliament men. They no doubt exaggerated its import from a party point of view, but the danger that it revealed went much deeper than party. It portended not peril to the Government, so much as peril to all Governments. The blow which it inflicted was dealt at the essence of the parliamentary system. For the vote of the 3rd of May was the first time in the present Parliament that the Irish Nationalists were able to manifest their strength. The Government was defeated, but the victory remained with Mr. Parnell. The

Affirmation Bill was sacrificed to the shades of the liberties of Ireland, and the Coercion Act was avenged.¹ That it was more than a mere passing defeat was instinctively divined by both parties, and the truth was obvious on a moment's reflection. In ordinary cases, when Ministers have been defeated on a crucial division, they have either resigned office, leaving it to the triumphant Opposition to take their places, or they have dissolved Parliament and appealed to the country to decide the issue. Neither course was taken on the present occasion, and for obvious reasons. The majority against the Government was not homogeneous. It had no elements of cohesion beyond the bond of common antipathy, an antipathy which in the case of one of the contracting parties would be extended impartially to their allies the moment they were installed in Downing Street. No English Government can depend for its existence upon the support of the Irish party. That section is now a clearly defined, powerful, and not too scrupulous group, the object of whose existence is not to assist in governing the realm, so much as to render all government impossible except on its own terms. But if the Opposition could not accept office, neither could Ministers dissolve. A dissolution, the usual sovereign specific for all parliamentary ills, would only have aggravated the mischief. The most sanguine Liberal could not hope to improve the position of his party by an appeal to the polls. The most sanguine Conservative does not venture to assert that a general election would give the Opposition a workable majority over the Liberals and Home Rulers combined. According to universal belief, an appeal to the

¹ If the Irish members had been absent the Affirmation Bill would have been carried by a decisive majority. The division list shows that of English, Scotch, and Welsh members there voted for the Bill 286, and against it only 225; showing a majority of 61 in favour of the second reading.

country would result, not in establishing an overwhelming preponderance of Liberals or Conservatives in the new House, but in restoring an equipoise between the two parties. But it is when the English parties are nearly balanced that the Irish vote becomes supreme. If it is baleful occasionally to have Mr. Parnell master of the situation, what must it be to have him and his colleagues permanently established in that position?

It is idle to forecast in detail the result of the next general election. But as the estimate which is formed of the issue of the next appeal to the people necessarily governs every consideration of political strategy, it may not be amiss to glance briefly at the prospects before English statesmanship. Both parties agree that whoever else loses Mr. Parnell will increase the number of his followers. Some say that his score of adherents will multiply themselves by three; but no one expects to see fewer than fifty Irreconcilables from Ireland in the next Parliament. What chance is there of the Liberal party securing a sufficient accession of strength to enable it to defy the coalesced Conservatives and Parnellites? They have lost the Irish, and have to bear the accumulated burden of the petty disappointments and vexations that every administration of necessity incurs. That alone is sufficient to render as certain as anything electoral can be that their majority is more likely to be reduced than to be strengthened. The evidence of bye-elections tells in the same direction. Since the close of 1880 the Government has lost seats at Coventry, St. Ives, Knaresborough, North Lincolnshire, North Durham, Stafford, and Salisbury. The Liberals have only gained the second seat in East Cumberland and the minority seat at Liverpool. Even more significant than the net balance of five seats gained in two years, is the increase of the Conservative poll in constituencies where they either failed to carry their

man or repelled a Liberal attack. If to all these signs there is added the fact that the next general election will be fought under another chief than the leader of the Midlothian campaign, there needs no more to account for the Liberal despondency which set in after the ministerial defeats in May.

These calculations, however, although only too familiar to the wirepuller and the statesman, have not as yet penetrated to the rank and file of the party. Of this a notable illustration was afforded by the extraordinary reception accorded to Ministers by the representative assembly of provincial Liberals which met at the Aquarium in Westminster in the same week as the rejection of the Affirmation Bill. There were nearly two thousand persons present, representing constituencies in every part of the country, and nothing could have been more exhilarating than the enthusiasm with which they hailed the appearance of their leaders. It was more of a parade than a display of oratory. Lord Granville's only point was the difficulties under which Ministers were struggling owing to the veiled obstruction of the Opposition; and Mr. Gladstone did little more than to add to this denunciation of an evil, veiled to the point of invisibility, an overingenious analysis of Liberal expenditure, which was more dazzling as a display of financial legerdemain than convincing as a plain statement of figures and facts. No doubt Ministers may be justified in holding their predecessors responsible for much of their expenditure, but it was perhaps straining a good argument when the whole cost of the Transvaal war and the Egyptian expedition was included among the *post obits* of Imperialism. The speeches, however, were not heard, but if they had been they would have been cheered not less heartily, for the meeting was not an assemblage of disciples seeking to be taught, but a gathering of veterans anxious to inspire their leaders with renewed

courage for the fray. No more remarkable gathering has been witnessed in London since the St. James's Hall Conference, in 1876. The provincial Liberals, it was said, were still in the temper of 1880, *plus* an angry not-to-be-reasoned-with impatience at the delay in overtaking the arrears of legislation. The chariots of the Liberal majority drive heavily. Things seem not to get forward, and in the opinion of impatient provincials the cause must be sought in the baleful enchantments of the Conservative magician.

The Conservative magician, in the somewhat prosaic shape of Sir Stafford Northcote, was not indisposed to accept the compliment. He even compared himself to Leonidas, and drew an ingenious parallel between his followers and the obstructive three hundred who barred the path of the invading Persian. As a matter of fact, however, of obstruction, technically so-called, there has been this session very little. The New Rules have worked fairly well. There has been too much talk about the Address; the Affirmation Bill was discussed at tedious length; and on one or two occasions, the progress of public business has been wantonly retarded. But, on the other hand, the Grand Committees are making satisfactory progress. The House has made considerable headway with the business of the session, and there has been a very considerable quantity of hard work conscientiously performed. If the Liberal chariot drives heavily, and if the work of overtaking the arrears of legislation is retarded, it is not so much because of the skill of the Conservative magician, or the valour of the Conservative Leonidas, as because the Liberal chariot is overloaded, and the charioteer has sometimes driven it a little through the sand.

The enormous growth of subjects demanding the attention of Parliament, the substitution of a belief in the necessity of a parliamentary Providence for the older doctrine of

laissez faire, the great increase of points of international contact consequent on the development of steam and electricity, the anomalous condition of Ireland, where a nation, ruled as a crown colony under the mask of constitutional forms, wreaks its revenge by consuming the time of Parliament in discussing every detail of Irish government, are sufficient to account for a much more hopeless deadlock than that which actually exists. Of course, in such circumstances, the influence of the obstructives for evil is enormously increased. A single costermonger's cart upset in a crowded street will block the thoroughfare for half a mile on either side, and every vehicle that is added to the string increases the potency of the costermonger's *liberum veto*. But the real cause for the legislative block lies deeper than mere obstruction. There is hardly a legislature in the world that is fairly abreast of its work. The State Legislature of New York, which rose at the beginning of the month, had almost as dismal a record of bills abandoned as could be shown in the worst session of the British Parliament.

Congress is afflicted with a chronic inability to get through its business. Even in France, where the closure is in constant use, and debates seldom last beyond a single sitting, there are great complaints that legislation makes no progress. There is almost as long a list of reforms unaccomplished to be exhumed from the electoral addresses of deputies as from the Midlothian speeches. Ministers come and Ministers go, but the Chamber and the Senate do little more than mark time, causing impatient Radicals to cry out for a revision of the constitution, and royalists to sneer at the impotence of the Republic.

Matters are not much better in Germany. Emperor and Chancellor combine their forces to induce the Reichstag to hasten its steps, and the Reichstag with stolid determination refuses to abandon its regular pace. It will refer the budget, as usual, to

a commission ; it will not be hurried for the sake of all the beneficent legislation that the Imperial Chancellor ever planned ; it will even inflict stinging little defeats upon his schemes for increasing the revenue by wood duties and the like ; but it will not hurry. Deliberative Assemblies must act deliberately. Government by public meeting cannot be conducted as expeditiously as Government by a dictator ; but unless the work of legislation gets very much in arrear, increased speed would be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of the advantages of popular government. Nor does it by any means follow that if the advantages were sacrificed, gain would follow. The experience of Russia, where, after a delay of two years, the Emperor will be crowned on the 27th of this month, is sufficient to prove that despotism is not always expeditious, and that it is possible for Imperial Chancelleries to be as dilatory in drafting an ukase as it is for the House of Commons to pass a Bill through Committee.

However that may be, there is no doubt that the rising impatience of the constituencies at the non-fulfilment of the brilliant legislative programme of 1880 will re-act against the Ministry, and contribute, however slightly, to increase the swing of the pendulum in the Conservative direction. Hence urgent appeals have been made to the Government to keep Parliament sitting till all its programme is disposed of—appeals to which at present the Government have prudently returned non-committal answers. The strain on Ministers, to say nothing of members, is too severe. What with the work of their departments, attendance on Grand Committees, and the regular sittings of the House they can with difficulty get through the session. Last year Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Childers all but collapsed. Human nature could not stand the strain of a permanent session. However reluctant

they may be, Ministers will have to lighten the ship.

Liberals console themselves with reflecting upon the remarkable revival of moral enthusiasm on the part of the masses. Sunday closing, Blue Ribbonism, local option, the movement against certain odious and nameless Acts, are all indications that there is a new spirit stirring in the constituencies. That is true. But it increases the perils of the situation. It is not a decisive ascendancy on either side that is so much to be expected as the approach of the balance of parties to an equilibrium. There is little ground to hope that these sectional enthusiasms will rally an overwhelming majority to the Liberal banner. Most of those who feel the inspiration of the new crusade have always been Liberals ; nor can these revivals of moral earnestness be confidently relied upon as electoral influences. Two years ago, nay, even one year ago, the success of a prohibition movement in Kansas seemed to have led to a most remarkable advance all along the line in other States in favour of restriction. But this year the movement seems to have failed. State after State has rejected prohibitory bills, and in the few cases where success has crowned the efforts of the reformers constitutional difficulties have robbed them of the fruit of their labour. The tide ebbs as rapidly as it flows, and the average level is seldom both suddenly and permanently raised.

Under these circumstances it is natural that Liberals should be anxiously discussing what should be done. The favourite specific of the more energetic members of the party is to bring in a County Franchise Bill next session, pass it through to the House of Lords, and appeal to the country when the Lords throw it over with the double cry against the Lords and the existing franchise. That the Peers would reject a Franchise Bill is certain, and they would do it on the onerous plea that the reduction of the suffrage should

be accompanied by a redistribution of seats. If both measures were sent up to them, they would again reject them, because in a matter of such importance, in which the Liberal majority is divided—as it would be on the question of proportional representation—they would be constitutionally and morally justified in insisting upon an appeal to the electorate before sanctioning a constitutional revolution. It is very doubtful what would be the result of an appeal to the country on those terms. No cry, however taking, would bring back the Irish vote, or diminish the influence of Mr. Parnell over the Irish electors. Neither is it absolutely certain that the emancipation of the county householder would excite much enthusiasm among the twelve-pounders whom he would swamp; or that the promised redistribution of seats would enable the Liberals to sweep away the numerous small boroughs which they proposed to disfranchise. In Roumania this month a proposed democratic reform of the electoral laws has enabled the Liberals to reduce the number of the Opposition to thirteen, while the advocates of reform number over 130. But for such a brilliant success the Liberals of this country dare not even to hope.

If we look abroad, turn where we may, the horizon is dark with thunder clouds, which might burst above our heads if our rulers were to attempt to dispel the storm after the favourite fashion of South African wizards by the brandishing of weapons.

Lord Dufferin has quitted Egypt for Constantinople, leaving on record in his parting letter to Cherif Pasha, the statement, neatly veiled beneath glowing panegyrics, that “the misuse of arbitrary power, corruption in official circles, and a thousand injustices still prevail.” “But what else can be expected in a country still without law or any semblance of constitutional freedom?” The vigorous demand of the British shipowners to be allowed to construct a new canal across the

Suez isthmus has inflamed to white heat the rage of French holders of canal stock, and added a very serious element to the causes of dispute between England and France. The Alexandrian claims for indemnity are mounting up, and it is becoming more than ever evident that unless the law of liquidation is modified, the second state of Egypt will be worse than the first. Far in the south, in the Soudan, Colonel Hicks has met and defeated the Mahdi, clearing the provinces of Sennaar and Kordofan of the rebels, and establishing anew the Khedive's hold on the India of Egypt. So far from an English government being at a loss to find pretexts to remain permanently in Egypt, the only difficulty is to discover some decent semblance of an opportunity to leave the country. The present Ministry may be able to clear out of the Nile valley, but to their successors it would be practically impossible. Such at least is the universal conviction both at home and abroad, and it is easy to see what a fierce and unwelcome stimulus such a conviction would give to the disruptive forces of Europe. The East is seething with elements of disorder. In Armenia oppression and anarchy have reached a phase that compel the protests of European diplomacy and justify the Armenians in imploring Russian intervention as their only hope. In the Lebanon, Rustem Pasha, a capable and experienced governor, has been set aside because his capacity and courage rendered him an insurmountable obstacle to the success of French intrigues. His successor, Wassa Pasha, a Catholic Albanian, may succeed in keeping the peace of the mountain, but that will be just as France pleases. The Balkan is full of rumours—none portending peace. The recent journey of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria to Athens and Cettinge, is an omen bodeful of approaching storm. Prince Karageorgevich, late claimant to the Servian throne, is now said to be intriguing from Bucharest for the sovereignty of the big Bulgaria, which every Bul-

garian believes will shortly absorb both the Principality and Eastern Roumelia. In Albania, the normal state of anarchy has reached so abnormal a development, that Austrian intervention may at any moment become imminent. The Conference à Quatre has formally signed the convention for the construction of the railway by which Austria hopes to descend to the Ægean; and affairs are so threatening that it is even reported that the Sultan contemplates the reassembling of the Turkish Parliament. But neither that nor any other measure will prevent, although it may expedite, the liquidation of the Ottoman Empire.

French restlessness is almost as serious a menace to peace as Turkish decay. This month, by 358 to 50, the French Chamber has voted the credit of 200,000*l.* demanded by the Government for the conquest of the province of Tonkin, and the reduction of the kingdom of Annam to a state of vassalage to the French Republic. Annam is claimed as a vassal by China, and the menaces of France have led the Chinese to order troops southward to the defence of their ally. The disembarkation of these forces has been forbidden by the French Government, and their admiral has orders to prevent it, if need be, by force. France will be lucky indeed if she escapes without a war with China, and a war with China would raise as many opportunities of collision with England as a Russian war with Turkey. Nor is it only in the further East that French operations are endangering the peace of the world. The French war ships told off on the expedition against Madagascar are mustering at Nosse Be, and an English and French man of war lie side by side off Tamatave. The Hovas are preparing a determined resistance, and Lord Shaftesbury has already uplifted a cry of horror in Exeter Hall at the spectacle of the hoof of Anti-Christ trampling under foot the nascent Christianity of Madagascar. Since the end of April, news has come of no fewer than four fresh attempts by

French officers to plant the tricolor in Africa. M. de Brazza, who has served on the Congo, has seized another port, and a collision is now expected between him and the natives, armed and encouraged by Mr. Stanley. A French admiral has taken steps to establish a protectorate over the Comoro Islands off the Eastern Coast; while on the western side of the continent French agents have attempted to gain a footing at Bonny, and at Ponta Nova, near Lagos, among some tribes who claim the protection of England.

England, it may be said, need not concern herself about these miserable attempts at petty larceny. Africa is large enough for all the powers to plunder, but no one conversant with the history of our West Coast settlements can forget the extent to which the difficulties of administration are increased by the presence of European stations in close proximity to our own. To rid ourselves of the presence of the Dutch at Elmina we incurred the last Ashantee war, and at this very moment there is a little war going on with some tribes south of Sierra Leone, because of the rounding off of our custom's frontier by the annexation of the coast line between Sherbro Island and Liberia. An attempt, or rather the mere rumour of an attempt, to possess ourselves of the Portuguese claim to Whydah, has brought about a cessation of trade with the kingdom of Dahomey, and if the cession is completed, it may have a similar sequel to the cession of Elmina. If it was worth running so much risk to clear out the stolid Dutchman and the apathetic Portuguese, we can hardly contemplate with equanimity the intrusion of the restless and aggressive Frenchman. It was long ago remarked that the difficulty has always been not to find cause for a quarrel with France, but to avoid those which lie thick on every hand. In the present humour of the Republic it may well be doubted whether such a dispute could long be avoided if the Forward policy now in favour at Paris

found a counterpart in a similar policy of advance on this side of the Channel.

But it is not only the Frenchman who troubles the horizon of English policy on the African continent. There is the Dutchman in the Transvaal and Bechuanaland, the Basuto on the slopes of the Drakensberg, and the Zulu to the north of Natal. Mr. Kruger, who has been elected president of the Transvaal, has signalled his election by making a demand for the revision of the Convention. The discovery of gold mines in the Transvaal promises to attract a swarm of English adventurers, whose appearance would revise the Convention in another sense, and between the two revisions the opportunities for collision would be innumerable. Cetewayo is washing his spears in northern Zululand, and so far has got the worst of it. His strength seems to have departed with his captivity, and the wholesale slaughter of his followers will pave the way to the inevitable annexation. In Basutoland civil war has again broken out. The Cape Colony wishes to abandon its troublesome possession, but the Free State holds the Imperial Government responsible for the good behaviour of the Basuto tribes, whose tutelage was undertaken by the treaty of Aliwal North. The situation, in short, is one that calls for wary walking, and is about the last into which a government inflamed with dreams of imperialistic ambition could be accepted as a safe guide.

Along the whole zone of Central Asia from Kuldja, where the Russians have finally abandoned the province to the Chinese, to the shores of the Black Sea, where Russian enterprise is working wonders in developing the industrial resources of their recent acquisitions, a change of Ministry would effect a change for the worse. A state of tension would replace a condition of cordiality. No Cossack could move towards the Oxus without a shudder of alarm at Calcutta, and an advance into the rocky

wilderness of Afghanistan would only be a question of time. This month, Englishmen have heard with indifference that the Ameer had been fighting with the Shinwarris. If another policy had been in favour at the India Office, that tribal feud would have a matter of State importance, and we should have expected to hear that the existence of our Indian Empire depended upon the fortunes of these border brawls.

Probably even the most Chauvinistic of governments would find in the complications of the Old World sufficient to absorb its energies. No English statesman would now advocate armed intervention to suppress the Negro insurrection in Hayti or to restore order in revolutionary Equador. But it is not altogether impossible that an enterprising administration might contrive to get into very hot water by yielding to a benevolent desire to compose the interminable war between Chili and Peru. Here are bondholders' interests at stake. Trade is injured. Humanity is outraged. British capital is rendered valueless. Our representative at Lima, it is said, has repeatedly pressed for English intervention. Yet there could hardly be a more signal illustration of the cruelty of foreign intervention than is supplied by this very war. The United States, departing from their usual wise rule, intervened on behalf of the defeated Peruvians. But in Admiral Garcia's words, "the promise of the United States Minister proved a delusion and a snare. It ended the war by leaving Peru at the absolute mercy of her enemy." Since that time Peru has been buoyed up by the hope of receiving assistance from abroad. If she had been from the first resolutely left alone, and compelled to face the fact that she had to make what terms she could with her conqueror, without hope of help from without, the war might have been over three years since. But with a cruel kindness foreign sympathisers protested against the Chilian terms,

Peruvian patriotism snatched like a drowning man at the straw, and the war has been protracted to this day. Rumours are current as to a treaty of peace signed with Iglesias, "president of Northern Peru," for the cession of Southern Peru to Chili. But no such instrument affords any prospects of a restoration of peace to the southern Pacific, and the quarrel between Chili and Peru is likely to remain open for some time to tempt ambitious governments prone to intervention to burn their fingers in their neighbours' broils.

There only remains to be noticed, in concluding this rapid review of the affairs of the month, the Pope's condemnation of the Parnell Testimonial Fund, and the angry protests against papal intervention which the Pope's circular to the Irish Bishops has evoked in Ireland. On the day after Brady, the murderer of Mr. Burke, was hanged at Dublin, amid the sympathising laments of thousands of his countrymen in Ireland and beyond the sea, the newspapers published a circular from the Pope to the Irish Bishops, roundly condemning the part that many priests, one archbishop, and not a few of the hierarchy had been playing in collecting subscriptions for the Parnell Testimonial, and peremptorily forbidding such conduct in the future. The blow against Irish agitation thus at last delivered after long delay roused fierce resentment in the national party. Archbishop Croke perforce was silent, and the priests were dumb, but the Irish Catholic laity lost no time in apprising the world in general, and the Holy Father in particular, that they regarded his in-

terference in Irish politics as an unwarrantable impertinence. Mr. Sexton, in an able speech, deplored that the paternal heart of the Holy Father should have been misinformed by dishonest and incapable informants, and expressed his confident belief that if he had been able to gain access to the Vatican this deplorable circular would never have been issued. But it was directed solely to the clergy. The laity were free, and the laity, while respecting the authority of the head of their Church in matters of theology, bowed to the authority of Mr. Parnell in matters of policy. The movement was too sacred to be arrested even by the veto of the Pope. With the priests or without them the agitation would go on. To a similar effect wrote Mr. Healy and Mr. Davitt from their prison cells, and clamorous threats to "Boycott the Pope" by refusing the usual levy of Peter's pence were raised on both sides of the Atlantic. It remains to be seen whether the tardy attempt of the Pontiff to assert his authority over the faithful sons of the Church in the Isle of the Saints will not succeed in giving a much needed stimulus to the fund which he sought to suppress. It has long been evident elsewhere that the great political and economic movements of our time can no more be controlled by the occupant of the chair of St. Peter than the course of the Gulf Stream or the rush of a comet round its ellipse. Hildebrand could bring an emperor barefooted to Canossa, but Leo the Thirteenth cannot even suppress a testimonial to Mr. Parnell.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1883.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was late in October, when summer was gone even from the smooth English lanes about Sloebury, and autumn, with that brave flourish of flags and trumpets by which she conceals decay, was in full sway over the Scotch hills and moors when Lord Erradeen was next heard of by those interested in him. He had gone abroad at the end of the season, without even returning to Sloebury to see his mother, and very little had been known of him during this disappearance. Mrs. Methven, it is to be supposed, knew something of his movements, but the replies she gave to questions addressed to her were short and vague. She generally answered that he was in Switzerland; but that is rather a wide word, as everybody said, and if she was acquainted more particularly with his whereabouts she chose to keep the information to herself. And in Scotland there was nothing at all known about him. All kinds of business waited till he should be there, or should answer to the appeals made him. Letters elicited no reply, and indeed it was by no means certain that he got the letters that were sent to him. Mrs. Methven writing to Mr. Milnathort, avowed, though with reserve, that she was by no means sure of her son's address, as he was travelling about; and at his club they

had no information. So that all the details of the management of the estates, about which their proprietor required to be consulted, had accumulated, and lay hopelessly in the Edinburgh office, sometimes arranging themselves by mere progress of time, though this the angry lawyer, provoked beyond measure, would not allow. The Williamsons had returned to Loch Houran, to their magnificent modern castle of Birkenbraes, in August, for the grouse: it being the habit of the hospitable millionaire to fill his vast house for those rites of autumnal observance; but neither did they know anything of the wandering peer. "We saw a great deal of young Erradeen in London," Mr. Williamson said; "but at the end he just slipped through our fingers like a knotless thread." "That seems to be his most prominent characteristic," said Lord Innishouran, who for a time flattered himself that he had "acquired an influence" over this unsatisfactory young man; and the other potentates of the county shook their heads, and remarked that the Erradeens were always strange, and that this new man must be just like the rest. But there can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the indignant manner in which Katie had darted away after discovering the previous relations of Walter with Julia Herbert, and hearing Underwood's mali-

scious statement that "he must always have some one to amuse himself with," there was yet in that little person's mind a conviction that something more must be heard of Lord Erradeen. He would write, she thought, when he found that she had not waited for any explanation from him. It was not possible that after the close intercourse that had existed he would disappear and make no sign. And when this, which she thought impossible, really happened, Katie was more surprised than she would confess. He had "slipped away like a knotless thread." Nothing could be more true than this description. From the moment when she turned away from him in the great room at Burlington House, she had heard or seen nothing more of Walter. Whether it was that he had been drawn back to his allegiance to Miss Herbert — who Katie magnanimously allowed was very pretty — or whether he had been affronted by her own withdrawal, or whether — which was perhaps the most likely of all — he had acted on mere impulse without intention of any kind, she could not tell. Her heart was quite whole, and there was not any personal wistfulness in her questionings; but she was piqued, and curious, and perhaps more interested in Lord Erradeen than she had ever been before. It was almost a matter of course that she should take Oona into her confidence in this respect. For Oona was known, on his first appearance, to have "seen a great deal" of Lord Erradeen. This she herself explained with some eagerness to mean that she had met him three times — one of these times being the memorable moment of the eviction which he had put a stop to, an incident which had naturally made a great commotion in the countryside. But Mrs. Forrester had never felt the slightest reluctance to talk of their intercourse with the young lord. She had declared that she took a great interest in him, and that she was his first friend on Loch Houran: and an-

ticipated with cheerful confidence the certainty of his coming back, "more like one of my own boys than anything else," she said. The fact that the Forresters were the first to know, and indeed the only people who had known him, did indeed at the time of his first appearance identify them with Lord Erradeen in a marked way. The minister and the factor, though not matchmakers, had allowed, as has been said, to steal into their minds, that possibility which is more or less in the air when youth and maiden meet. And there were others who had said — some that Oona Forrester would make a capital wife for Lord Erradeen, a young man who was a stranger in the country; some that it would be a good thing for Oona to secure, before any one else knew him, the best match on the loch; and some even, that though Mrs. Forrester looked such a simple person, she had her wits all about her, and never neglected the interests of her family. In the course of time, as Lord Erradeen disappeared and was not heard of any more, this gossip drooped and died away. But it left a general impression on the mind of the district that there was a tie of friendship between Lord Erradeen and the ladies of the Isle. They had something to do with him — not love, since he had never come again; but some link of personal knowledge, interest, which nobody else had: any information about him would naturally be carried there first; and Katie, having elucidations to ask as well as confidences to make, lost no time in carrying her budget to the Isle.

The true position of affairs there was unsuspected by any one. The blank which Oona anticipated had closed down upon her with a force even stronger than that which she had feared. The void, altogether unknown to any one but herself, had made her sick with shame and distress. It was inconceivable to her that the breaking off of an intercourse so slight (as she said to herself), the absence of an

individual of whom she knew so little, not enough even for the most idiotical love at first sight, should have thus emptied out the interest of life, and made such a vacancy about her. It was a thing not to be submitted to, not to be acknowledged even, which she would have died sooner than let any one know, which she despised herself for being capable of. But notwithstanding all this self-indignation, repression, and shame, it was there. Life seemed emptied out of all its interest to the struggling, indignant, unhappy girl. Why should such a thing be? A chance encounter, no fault of hers, or his, or any one's. A few meetings, to her consciousness quite accidental, which she had neither wished for nor done anything to bring about. And then some strange difficulty, danger, she could not tell what, in which he had appealed to her for her help. She would have refused that help to no one. It was as natural for her to give aid and service as to breathe. But why, why should a thing so simple have brought upon her all this that followed? She was not aware even that she loved the man; no! she said to herself with a countenance ablaze with shame, how could she love him? she knew nothing of him; and yet when he had gone away the light had been drawn out of her horizon, the heart out of life. It was intolerable, it was cruel; and yet so it was. Nobody knew with what a miserable monotony the old routine of existence went on for some time after. She was so indignant, so angry, so full of resistance, that it disturbed her temper a little, and perhaps the irritation did her good. She went on (of course, having no choice in the matter), with all her old occupations just as usual, feeling herself in a sort of iron framework within which she moved without any volition of her own. The winter months passed like one long blank unfeatured day. But when the spring came, Oona's elastic nature had at last got the upper hand. There began again

to be a little sweetness to her in her existence. All this long struggle, and the slowly acquired victory, had been absolutely unsuspected by those about her. Mysie, perhaps, spectator as servants are of the life from which they are a little more apart than the members of a family, divined a disturbance in the being of her young mistress who was at the same time her child; but even she had no light as to what it was; and thus unobserved, unknown, though with many a desperate episode and conflict more than bloody, the little war began to be over. It left the girl with a throbbing experience of pain such as it is extraordinary to think could be acquired in the midst of so much peace, and at the same time with a sort of sickening apprehension now and then of the possibility of a renewal of the conflict. But no, she said to herself, that was not possible. Another time she would at least be forewarned. She would put on her armour and look to all her defences. Such a cheap and easy conquest should never be made of her again.

She had thus regained the command of herself without in the least forgetting what had been, when Katie came with her story to claim her advice and sympathy. Katie came from her father's castle with what was in reality a more splendid equipage than that which conveyed her with swift prancing horses along the side of the loch. She came attended by a crew of gentlemen, the best in these parts. Young Tom Campbell of the Ellermore family was her bow oar. He was furthest off, as being hopelessly ineligible, and not having, even in his own opinion, the least right to come to speech of the heiress, for whom he had a hot boyish passion. Scott of Inverhouran, a Campbell too by the mother's side and not far off the head of his clan, was stroke; and between these two sat the son of a Glasgow trader, who could have bought them both up, and an English baronet who had come to Birkenbraes nominally for

the grouse, really for Katie. Tom of Ellermore was the only one of the crew who might not, as people say, have married anybody, from the Duke's daughter downwards. Katie was accompanied by a mild, grey-haired lady who had once been her governess, and a pretty little girl of fifteen, not indisposed to accept a passing tribute from the least engaged of the gentlemen, who was the daughter of the same. Katie deposited her companions and her crew with Mrs. Forrester, and calling Oona aside, rushed up stairs to that young lady's bedchamber, where it was evident nobody could pursue them.

"Oh, Oona, never mind *them*," she cried. "Your mother will give them their tea and scones; but I want you—I want your advice—or at least I want you to tell me what you think. They will do very well with Mrs. Forrester." Then she drew her friend into the little elbow-chair in the window, Oona's favourite seat, and threw herself down on the footstool at her feet. "I want you to tell me—" she said, with a certain solemnity, "what you think of Lord Erradeen."

"Of Lord Erradeen?" said Oona, faintly. She was taken so completely by surprise that the shock almost betrayed her. Katie fixed upon her a pair of open, penetrating brown eyes. They were both fair, but Oona was of the golden tint, and Katie of a less distinguished light brownness. Katie, with her little profile somewhat blurred and indistinct in the outlines, had an air of common sense and reason, while Oona's was the higher type of poetry and romance.

"Yes; you know him better than any one about here. But first, I will tell you the circumstances. We saw a great deal of him in London. He came everywhere with us, and met us everywhere——"

"Then, Katie," cried Oona, with a little burst of natural impatience; "you must know him a great deal better than I."

Said Kate calmly—"I am a quite

different person from you, and I saw him only in society. Just hear me out, and you will know what I mean. People thought he was coming after me. I thought so myself more or less: but he never said a word. And the last night we met another girl, who got hold of him as some girls do—you know? Oh, not taking his arm with her hand, as you or I should do, or looking at him with her eyes; but just with a fling, with the whole of her, as those girls do. I was disgusted, and I sent him away. I don't think yet that he wished it, or cared. But of course he was obliged to go. And then Captain—I mean one that knew him—told me—oh, yes, he was like that; he must always have some one to amuse himself with. I would not see him after: I just came away. Now what does it mean? Is he a thing of that sort, that is not worth thinking about; or is he—?—oh, no, I am not asking for your advice: I ask you what you think."

Oona was not able to quench the agitation that rose up in her heart. It was like a sea suddenly roused by an unforeseen storm.

"I wish," she said, "you would not ask me such questions. I think nothing at all. I—never saw him—in that light."

"What do you think?" said Katie, without changing her tone. She did not look in her friend's face to make any discovery, but trifled with the bangles upon her arm, and left Oona free. As a matter of fact, she was quite unsuspecting of her companion's agitation; for the question, though very important, was not agitating to herself. She was desirous of having an unbiassed opinion, but even if that were unfavourable, it would not, she was aware, be at all likely to break her heart.

Oona on her side was used to having her advice asked. In the interval she schooled herself to a consideration of the question.

"I will tell you, Katie, how I have seen him," she said, "here with my

mother, and among the poor cotters in the Truach Glas. How could I tell from that how he would behave to a girl? He was very pretty with my mother. I liked him for it. He listened to her and did what she told him, and never put on an air, or looked wearied, as gentlemen will sometimes do. Then he was very kind to the cotters, as I have told you. To see them turned out made him wild with indignation. You may judge by that the kind of man he was. It was not like doing them a favour; it was mending a miserable wrong."

"I have heard all that before," said Katie, with a slight impatience, "but what has that to do with it? You are telling me facts, when I want your opinion. The one has nothing to do with the other. I can put this and that together myself. But what I want is an opinion. What do you *think*? Don't put me off any longer, but tell me that," Katie cried.

"What do you want my opinion about?" asked the other, with also, in her turn, some impatience in her voice.

Then Katie ceased playing with her bangles, and looked up. She had never before met with such an unsatisfactory response from Oona. She said with a directness which denoted a natural and hereditary turn for the practical—"Whether he will come; and if he comes, what it will be for?"

"He will certainly come," said Oona, "because he must. You that have lived on the loch so long—you know what the lords of Erradeen have to do."

"And do you mean to say," cried Katie, with indignation, "that an old silly story will bring him—and not me? If that is your opinion, Oona! Do you know that he is a man like ourselves? Lord Innishouran thinks very well of him. He thinks there is something in him. For my part, I have never seen that he was clever; but I should think he had some sense. And how could a man who has any sense allow himself to be led into that?" She jumped up

from her seat at Oona's feet in her indignation. "Perhaps you believe in the Warlock lord?" she said, with fine scorn. "Perhaps *he* believes in him? If Lord Erradeen should speak of that to me, I would laugh in his face. With some people it might be excusable, but with a man who is of his century!—The last one was a fool—everybody says so: and had his head full of rubbish, when he was not going wrong. By the by!" Katie cried—then stopped, as if struck by a new thought which had not occurred to her before.

"What is it?" said Oona, who had been listening with mingled resignation and impatience.

"When we took Lord Erradeen up he was with that Captain Underwood, who used to be with the old lord. I told him you would be sorry to see it. Now that I remember, he never asked me the reason why; but Captain Underwood disappeared. That looks as if he had given great importance to what I said to him. Perhaps after all, Oona, it is you of whom he was thinking. That, however, would not justify him in coming after me. I am very fond of you, but I should not care to be talked about all over London because a gentleman was in love with *you*!"

Oona had coloured high, and then grown pale. "You will see, if you think of it, that you must not use such words about me," she said, with an effort to be perfectly calm. "There is no gentleman in—as you say—with me. I have never put it in any one's power to speak so." As she spoke it was not only once but a dozen times that her countenance changed. With a complexion as clear as the early roses, and blood that ebbs and flows in her veins at every touch of feeling, how can a girl preserve such secrets from the keen perceptions of another? Katie kept an eye upon her, watching from under her downcast eyelids. She had the keenest powers of vision, and even could understand, when thus excited, characters of a higher tone than her own. She did not all at

once say anything, but paused to take in this new idea and reconcile it with the other ideas that had been in her mind before.

"That is very funny," said Katie, after an interval. "I never thought anything dramatical was going to happen to me: but I suppose, as they say in books, that your life is always a great deal more near that sort of thing than you suppose."

"What sort of thing?" said Oona, who felt that she had betrayed herself, yet was more determined than ever not to betray herself or to yield a single step to the curiosity of the world as embodied in this inquiring spirit. She added, with a little flush of courage, "When you, a great heiress, come in the way of a young lord, there is a sort of royal character about it. You will—marry for the sake of the world as well as for your own sake; and all the preliminaries, the doubts, and the difficulties, and the obstacles that come in the way, of course they are all like a romance. This interruption will be the most delightful episode. The course of true love never did run——"

"Oh stop!" cried Katie, "that's all so commonplace. It is far more exciting and original, Oona, that we should be rivals, you and I."

"You are making a great mistake," said Oona, rising with the most stately gravity. "I am no one's rival. I would not be even if——. But in this case it is absurd. I scarcely know Lord Erradeen, as I have told you. Let us dismiss him from the conversation," she added, with a movement of her hands as if putting something away. It had been impossible, however, even to say so much without the sudden flush which said more to the eyes of Katie, not herself addicted to blushing, than any words could do to her ears.

"It is very interesting," she said. "We may dismiss him from the conversation but we can't dismiss him from life, you know. And if he is sure to come to Kinloch Houran, as you say,

not for me, nor for you, but for that old nonsense, why then he will be—— And we shall be forced to consider the question. For my part, I find it far more interesting than I ever thought it would be. You are proud, and take it in King Cambyses' vein. But I'm not proud," said Katie, "I am a student of human nature. It will take a great deal of thinking over, and it's very interesting. I am fond of you, Oona, and you are prettier and better than I am; but I don't quite think at this moment that I will give in even to you, till——"

"If you insist on making a joke, I cannot help it," said Oona, still stately, "but I warn you, Katie, that you will offend me."

"Oh, offend you! Why should I offend you?" cried Katie, putting her arm within that of the Highland princess. "It is no joke, it is a problem. When I came to ask for your opinion I never thought it would be half so interesting. If he has good taste, of course I know whom he will choose."

"Katie!" cried Oona, with a violent blush, "if you think that I would submit to be a candidate—a competitor—for any man to choose——"

"How can you help it?" said Katie, calmly. "It appears it's nature. We have a great deal to put up with, being women, but we can't help ourselves. Of course the process will go on in his own mind. He will not be so brutal as to let us see that he is weighing and considering. And we can have our revenge after, if we like: we can always refuse. Come, Oona, I am quite satisfied. You and me, that are very fond of each other, we are rivals. We will not say a word about it, but we'll just go on and see what will happen. And I promise you I shall be as fond of you as ever, whatever happens. Men would say that was impossible—just as they say, the idiots, that women are never true friends. *That* is mere folly; but this is a problem, and it will be very interesting to work it out. I wonder if those

boys have eaten all the scones," Katie said, with the greatest simplicity, as she led Oona down stairs. She was so perfectly at her ease, taking the command of her more agitated companion, and so much pleased with her problem, that Oona's proud excitement of self-defence melted away in the humour of the situation. She threw herself into the gaiety of the merry young party down stairs, among whom Mrs. Forrester was in her element, dispensing tea and the most liberal supply of scones, which Mysie, with equal satisfaction, kept bringing in in ever fresh supplies, folded in the whitest of napkins. Katie immediately claimed her share of these dainties, intimating at once, with the decision of a connoisseur, the kind she preferred, but when supplied remained a little serious, paying no attention to "the boys," as she, somewhat contemptuously, entitled her attendants, and thinking over her problem. But Oona, in her excitement and self-consciousness, ran over with mirth and spirits. She talked and laughed with nervous gaiety, so that Hamish heard the sound of the fun down upon the beach where he watched over the boats, lest a passing shower should come up and wet the cushions of the magnificent vessel from Birkenbraes, which he admired and despised. "Those Glasgow persons," said Hamish, "not to be disrespectful, they will just be made of money; but Miss Oona she'll be as well content with no cushions at all. And if they'll be making her laugh that's a good thing," Hamish said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE first to see the subject of so many thoughts was not any one of those to whom his return was of so much importance. Save for the fact that old Symington, who in the meantime had taken entire control of her house, and direction of everything in it, had announced to her one day the necessity he was under of leaving her

for a short time to attend upon my lord, Mrs. Methven was entirely ignorant of her son's whereabouts. And Symington, whom she of course closely interrogated on the subject, did not profess to have had any communication from his master. "But my lord will have nottage," said Symington, "and I make no doubt of finding him there."

Neither was it at Kinloch Houran that Walter first appeared. On a cold October evening, in one of the early frosts from which everybody augurs a severe winter, and in the early twilight which makes people exclaim how short the days are getting, he knocked suddenly at the door of Mr. Milnathort's house in Edinburgh. Being dark everywhere else, it was darker still in the severe and classic coldness of Moray Place. The great houses gathered round, drawing, one might have thought, a closer and closer circle; the shrubs in the inclosure shivered before the breeze. Up the hill from the Firth came the north-east wind, cutting like a scythe. It was a night when even a lighted window gives a certain comfort to the wayfarer; but the Edinburgh magnets had scarcely yet returned from the country, and most of the houses were dark, swathed in brown paper and cobwebs. But winter or summer made but little difference to the house of Mr. Milnathort, and there a certain light of human welcome was almost always to be found. Lord Erradeen came quickly along the Edinburgh streets, which are grim in the teeth of a north-easter. His frame was unstrung and his spirit unsatisfied as of old. He had been "abroad"—that is to say, he had been hurrying from one place to another in search of the unattainable one which should not be dull. Most places were dull; there was nothing to do in them. He took in at a draught the capabilities of folly that were there, then passed on in the vain quest. Had he been wholly ignoble he would have been more easily satisfied. But he was not so.

In the worst he seemed to want something worse, as in the best he wanted something better. He was all astray upon the world, desiring he did not know what, only aware that nothing was sufficient for his desires. Underwood, who was his companion, had catered vulgarly for the unhappy young man, who used with scorn the means of distraction provided him, and was not distracted, and upon whom disgust so soon followed novelty that his companion was at his wits' end. And now he had come back, obeying an impulse which he neither understood nor wished to obey. A necessity seemed laid upon him; all in a moment it had risen up in his mind, a sense that he must get back. It was so involuntary, so spontaneous, that it did not even occur to him at first to resist it, or to think of it as anything but a natural impulse. He had not been able to rest after this strange inclination came upon him, and it seemed to him in the heat of it that he had always had the same desire, that all the time this was what he had wanted, to get back. He hurried along over land and water, sometimes in the stream of summer tourists coming home, sometimes crossing the other tide of the sick and feeble going away—and when he touched English soil again, that he should have hurried to Edinburgh, of all the places in the world, was beyond Walter's power of explanation even to himself. He had felt a barrier between himself and the home of his youth. His mother was separated altogether from his new existence. She would not comprehend it, he thought; his heart turned from the explanations that would be necessary. He could not go to her; and to whom could he go? The suggestion that came into his mind was as fantastical as the whole strange story of his recent life. He was nothing indeed but a bundle of caprices, moved and played upon as if by the winds. And it had seemed a sort of relief to his uncertain mind and consuming thoughts when it occurred to him to

come to Moray Place to see the invalid who had known so much about him, while he knew nothing of her. It relieved him, as any resolution relieves an uncertain mind. It was something between him and that future which always failed to his expectations. When he had made up his mind he reflected no more, but went on, and even had an uneasy nap in the railway carriage as he came north; nor ever asked himself why he was coming till he went up the steps at Mr. Milnathort's door, and then it was too late for any such question. He mounted the long stone staircase with all the throbbings of fatigue in his brain, the sweep and movement of a long journey. Only once before had he been in this house, yet it seemed familiar to him as if it had been his home, and the unchanged aspect of everything affected him as it affects men who have been away for half a life-time—so many things happening to him, and nothing here. This gave him a certain giddiness as he followed the same servant up the same stairs. He was not the same. He had been unconscious of all the peculiarities of his fate when he crossed that threshold before. He had known the good, but not the evil; and now the very carpets, the sound of the door rumbling into the echoes of the tall, silent house, were the same—but he so far from being the same! Then in a moment out of the dim night, the half-lighted stair, he came upon the soft blaze of light in which Miss Milnathort delighted. She lay on her sofa as if she had never stirred, her old-young face in all its soft brightness, her small delicate hands in continual motion. She gave a little cry at the sight of Walter, and held out those hands to him.

"You have come!" she cried. "I was looking for you;" raising herself on her couch as much as was possible to her, as if she would have thrown herself into his arms. When she felt the pressure of his hands, tears sprang to her eyes. "I knew," she cried,

"that you would come. I have been looking for you, and praying for you, Lord Erradeen."

"Perhaps," said Walter, moved too, he could scarcely tell why, "that is how I have come."

"Oh, but I am glad, glad to see you," the poor lady said. "You never came back, but I will not reproach you—I am too glad to have you here. And where have you been, and what have you been doing? To see you is like a child coming home."

"I have been in many different places, and uneasy in all," said Walter; "and as for what I have been doing it has not been much good: wandering about the face of the earth, seeking I don't know what; not knowing, I think, even what I want."

She held out her hand to him again: her eyes were full of pity and tenderness.

"Oh how I wanted you to come back that I might have spoken freely to you! I will tell you what you want, Lord Erradeen."

"Stop a little," he said, "I don't want to plunge into that. Let us wait a little. I think I am pleased to come back, though I hate it. I am pleased always more or less to do what I did not do yesterday."

"That is because your mind is out of order, which is very natural," she said. "How should it be in order with so much to think of? You will have been travelling night and day?"

"Rather quickly; but that matters nothing; it is easy enough travelling. I am not so effeminate as to mind being tired; though as a matter of fact I am not tired," he said. "So far as that goes, I could go on night and day."

She looked at him with that mingling of pleasure and pain with which a mother listens to the confidences of her child.

"Have you been home to see your mother?" she asked.

Walter shook his head.

"I have had no thought but how to get to Scotland the quickest way. I have

felt as if something were dragging me. What is it? All this year I have been struggling with something. I have sometimes thought if I had come back here you could have helped me."

"I would—I would! if I could," she cried.

"It is not a thing that can be endured," said Walter; "it must come to an end. I don't know how or by what means; but one thing is certain, I will not go on bearing it. I will rather make an end of myself."

She put a hand quickly upon his arm.

"Oh do not say that; there is much, much that must be done before you can despair: and *that* is the thought of despair. Some have done it, but you must not. No—not you—not you."

"What must I do then?"

She caressed his arm with her thin, little, half-transparent hand, and looked at him wistfully with her small face, half child half old woman, suffused and tremulous.

"Oh!" she said, "my bonnie lad! you must be good—you must be good first of all."

Walter laughed; he drew himself back a little out of her reach.

"I am not good," he said. "I have never been good. Often enough I have been disgusted with myself, and miserable by moments. But if that is the first thing, I do not know how to attain to it, for I am not good."

She looked at him without any change in her face while he made this confession. It did not seem to make much impression upon her.

"I can tell you," she said, "how to overcome the devil and all his ways; but it costs trouble, Lord Erradeen. Without that you will always be as you are, full of troubles and struggles: but you should thank your God that you cannot be content with ill-doing like those that are the children of perdition. To be content with it—that is the worst of all."

"Well, then, I am in a hopeful way, it appears," said Walter with a sort of laugh, "for I am certainly far enough

from being content." After a minute's pause he added—"I said we should not plunge into this subject at once; tell me about yourself. Are you well? Are you better?"

"I am well enough," she said, "but never will I be better. I have known that for many years—almost from the moment when, to get away from *him*, I fell off yon old walls, and became what you see."

"To get away from—whom?" He glanced round him as she spoke with a look which was half alarmed and half defiant. "I know," he said, in a low voice, "what delusions are about."

"From *Him*. What he is, or who he is, I know no more than you. I have thought like you that it was my own delusion. I have wondered from year to year if maybe I had deceived myself. But the upshot of all is what I tell you. I am lying here these thirty years and more, because, being very young I had no command of myself, but was frightened and flew from *Him*."

"It is against all possibility, all good sense, against everything one believes. I will not believe it," cried Walter; "you were young, as you say, and frightened. And I was—a fool—unprepared, not knowing what to think."

Miss Milnathort shook her head. She made no further reply; and there was a little interval of silence which Walter made no attempt to break. What could he say? It was impossible, and yet he had no real scepticism to oppose to this strange story. In words, in mind, he could not allow that either of them were more than deceived, but in himself he had no doubt on the subject. His intelligence was easily convinced indeed that to attribute the events that happened to him to supernatural influence was in contradiction to everything he had ever been taught, and that it was superstition alone which could invest the mysterious inhabitant of Kinloch Houran with power to act upon his mind across great seas and continents,

or to set any occult forces to work for that purpose. Superstition beyond all excuse; and yet he was as thoroughly convinced of it in the depths of his being as he was defiant on the surface. There was perfect silence in the room where these two sat together with a sense of fellowship and sympathy. As for Lord Erradeen, he had no inclination to say anything more. It was impossible, incredible, contrary to everything he believed: and yet it was true: and he did not feel the contradiction was anything extraordinary, anything to be protested against in this curious calm of exhaustion in which he was. While he sat thus quite silent Miss Milnathort began to speak.

"Thirty years ago," she said, "there was a young Lord Erradeen that was something like yourself. He was a distant cousin once, that never thought to come to the title. He was betrothed when he was poor to a young girl of his own condition in life. When he became Lord Erradeen he was bidden to give her up, and he refused. Oh, if he had lived he would have broken the spell! He would not give up his love. I will not say that he was not terribly beaten down and broken with what he heard and saw, and what he had to bear; but he never said a word to me of what was the chief cause. When the summons came he got us all to go to see the old castle, and perhaps, with a little bravado, to prove that he would never, never yield. How it was that I was left alone I can never remember, for my head was battered and stupid, and it was long, long, before I got the command of my senses again. It was most likely when Walter (he was Walter too; it is the great Methven name) was attending to the others, my brother and my mother, who was living then. I was a romantic bit girlie, and fond of beautiful views and all such things. When I was standing upon the old wall, there suddenly came forward to speak to me a grand gentleman. I thought I had never seen such a one

before. You have seen him and you know; often and often have I thought I have seen him since. And it may be that I have," she said pausing suddenly. It was perhaps the interruption in the soft flowing of her voice that startled Walter. He made a sudden movement in his chair, and looked round him as if he too felt another spectator standing by.

"I am not frightened now," said the invalid with her calm little voice, "lying here so long putting things together I am frightened no more. Sometimes I am sorry for him, and think that it is not all ill that is in that burdened spirit. I have taken it upon me even," she said, folding her little, worn hands, "to say a word about him now and then when I say my prayers. I never thought at that time that he was anything more than the grandest gentlemen I ever saw. He began to speak to me about my engagement, and if I thought of the harm I was doing Walter, and that it was his duty to think of the family above all. It was like death to hear it, but I had a great deal of spirit in those days, and I argued with him. I said it was better for the family that he should marry me, than marry nobody—and that I had no right to take my troth from him. Then he began to argue too. He said that to sacrifice was always best, that I could not love him if I would not give up everything for him. It might have been Scripture. What could I answer to that? I was just dazed by it, and stood and looked in his face: he looked like a prophet of God, and he said I should give up my love, if I knew what true love was. I have little doubt I would have done it, after that; but just then my Walter's voice sounded up from where he was, calling out to me. 'Where are you, where are you? nothing can be done without you,' he cried. Oh, how well I remember the sound of his voice filling all the air! I turned round and I said, 'No, no, how can I break his heart'—when there came an awful

change upon the face you know. His eyes flared like a great light, he made a step forward as if he would have seized me with his hands. And then the terror took hold upon me, a kind of horrible panic. They say I must have started back. I mind nothing more for months: and months," the soft little voice said.

The young man listened to this strange tragedy with an absorbed and wondering interest; and the sufferer lay smiling at him in a kind of half childlike, half angelic calm. One would have said she had grown no older since that day; and yet had lived for long ages with her little crushed frame and heart. He was overawed by the simplicity of the tale. He said after a pause, "And Walter—how did it end?"

For a moment she did not say anything, but lay smiling, not looking at him. At last she answered softly with a great gravity coming over her face—"Lord Erradeen, after some years and many struggles, married the heiress of the Glen Oriel family, and brought a great deal of property to the house. He was to me like an angel from heaven. And his heart was broken. But how could I help him, lying crushed and broken here? What he did was well. It was not the best he could have done; because you see he could not give his heart's love again, and that is essential; but he did no harm. There was just an ending of it for one generation when I fell over yon wall. And his son died young, without ever coming to the age to bear the brunt, and the late lord, poor man, was just confused from the commencement, and never came to any good."

"What is the best he could have done?"

She turned to him with a little eagerness. "I have no instruction," she said, "I have only the sense that comes with much thinking and putting things together, if it is sense. I have lain here and thought it over for years and years, both in the night when

everybody was sleeping, and in the day when they were all thinking of their own concerns. I think one man alone will never overcome that man we know. He is too much for you. If I have gleaned a little in my weakness, think what he must have found out in all these years. But I think if there were two, that were but one—two that had their hearts set upon what was good only, and would not listen to the evil part—I think before them he would lose his strength; he could do no more. But oh, how hard to be like that and to find the other. I am afraid you are far, far from it, Lord Erradeen."

"Call me Walter—like my predecessor," he said.

"You are not like him. He was never soiled with the world. His mind was turned to everything that was good. And me, though I was but a small thing, I had it in me to stand by him. Two souls that are one! I am thinking—and I have had a long, long time to think in—that this is what is wanted to free the race from that bondage."

"Do you mean—that there has never been such a pair to do what you say?"

"Perhaps it is that there never has been a cripple creature like me," she said with a smile, "to find it out. And at the best it is just a guess of mine. I have thought of everything else, but I can find nothing that will do. If you will think, however," said Miss Milnathort, "you will find it no such a light thing. Two of one mind—and that one mind set intent upon good, not evil. They will have to know. They will have to understand. The woman might miss it for want of knowing. She would have to be instructed in the whole mystery, and set her mind to it as well as the man. Do you think that is too easy? No, oh no, it is not so very easy, Lord Erradeen."

"It would be impossible to me," said Walter with keen emotion, "my mind is not intent upon good.

What I am intent on is—I don't know that there is anything I am intent on: except to pass the time and have my own way."

Miss Milnathort looked at him with the seriousness which changed the character of her face. "He that says that," she said, "is near mending it, Lord Erradeen."

"Do you think so?" he cried with a harsh little laugh, "then I have something to teach you still, ignorant as I am. To know you are wrong, alas! is not the same as being on the way to mend it. I have known that of myself for years, but I have never changed. If I have to decide a hundred times I will do just the same, take what I like best."

She looked at him wonderingly, folding her hands.

"I think you must be doing yourself injustice," she said.

"It is you that do human nature more than justice," said Walter; "you judge by what you know, by yourself, who like what is good best; but I—don't do so. It is true—to know what is good does not make one like it, as you think. It is not a mistake of judgment, it is a mistake of the heart."

"Oh, my dear," said the poor lady, "you must be wronging yourself; your heart is tender and good, your eyes filled when I was telling you. I have seen that when there was any talk of fine and generous things, your eyes have filled and your countenance changed. You have forgotten by times, and been turned away from the right way; but you will not tell me that, looking it in the face, you prefer what is wrong. Oh no, Lord Erradeen, no, no."

"Perhaps," he said, "I never look anything in the face; that may be the reason or part of the reason; but the fact is that I do not prefer good because it is good. Oh no, I cannot deceive you. To be fully convinced that one is wrong is very little argument against one's habits, and the life that one likes. It does not seem worth while to test small matters by such a

big standard, and, indeed, one does not test them at all, but does—what happens to come in one's way at the moment."

A shade of trouble came over the soft little face. She looked up wondering and disturbed at the young man who sat smiling upon her, with a smile that was half scorn, half sympathy. The scorn, perhaps, was for himself; he made no pretence to himself of meaning better, or wishing to do better than his performance. And Miss Milnathort's distress was great.

"I thought," she said, faltering, "that the truth had but to be seen, how good it is, and every heart would own it. Oh, my young lord, you have no call to be like one of the careless that never think at all. You are forced to think: and when you see that your weirdless way leads to nothing but subjection and bondage, and that the good is your salvation, as well for this world as the world to come——"

"Does not every man know that?" cried Walter. "Is it not instinctive in us to know that if we behave badly, the consequences will be bad one way or another? There is scarcely a fool in the world that does not know that—but what difference does it make? You must find some stronger argument. That is your innocence," he said, smiling at her.

At that moment the young man, with his experiences which were of a nature so different from hers, felt himself far more mature and learned in human nature than she; and she, who knew at once so much and so little, was abashed by this strange lesson. She looked at him with a deprecating anxious look, not knowing what to say.

"If the victory is to be by means of two whose heart is set on good, it will never be," said Walter with a sigh, "in my time. I will struggle and yield, and yield and struggle again, like those that have gone before me, and then, like them, pass away, and leave it to somebody else who will be hunted out from the corners of the earth as I

was. And so, for all I can tell, it will go on for ever."

Here he made a pause, and another tide of feeling stole over him. "If I were a better man," he said with a changed look, "I think I know where—the other—might be found."

Miss Milnathort's soft, aged, childish countenance cleared, the wistful look vanished from her eyes, her smile came back. She raised herself up among her pillows as if she would have sat upright.

"Oh, my young lord! and does she love you like that?" she cried.

Walter felt the blood rush to his face; he put up his hands as if to stop the injurious thought. "Love me!" he cried.

To do him justice, the idea was altogether new to him. He had thought of Oona often, and wondered what was the meaning of that softness in her eyes as she looked after him; but his thoughts had never ventured so far as this. He grew red, and then he grew pale.

"It is a profanity," he said. "How could she think of me at all? I was a stranger, and she was sorry for me. She gave me her hand, and strength came out of it. But if such a woman as that—stood by a true man—Pah! I am not a true man; I am a wretched duffer, and good for nothing. And Oona thinks as much of me, as little of me as—as little as—she thinks of any pitiful, unworthy thing."

He got up from his chair as he spoke, and began to pace about the room in an agitation which made his blood swell in his veins. He was already in so excitable a state that this new touch seemed to spread a sort of conflagration everywhere; his imagination, his heart, all the wishes and hopes—that "indistinguishable throng" that lie dormant so often, waiting a chance touch to bring them to life—all blazed into consciousness in a moment. He who had flirted to desperation with Julia Herbert, who had been on the point of asking Katie Williamson to

marry, was it possible all the time that Oona, and she only, had been the one woman in the world for him? He remembered how she had come before his thoughts at those moments when he had almost abandoned himself to the current which was carrying his heedless steps away. When he had thought of her standing upon the bank on her isle, looking after him with indefinable mystery and wistful softness in her eyes, all the other objects of his various pursuits had filled him with disgust. He said to himself, in the excitement of the moment, that it was this which had again and again stopped him and made his pleasures, his follies, revolting to him. This was the origin of his restlessness, his sometimes savage temper, his fierce impatience with himself and everybody around him. In fact, this was far from the reality of the case; but in the flood of new sensation that poured over him, it bore a flattering resemblance to truth, which dignified the caprice of his existence, and made him feel himself better than he had thought. If love had, indeed, done all this for him, struggling against every vulgar influence, must it not, then, be capable of much more—indeed, of all?

Meanwhile Miss Milnathort lay back upon her pillows, excited, yet pleased and soothed, and believing too that here was all she had wished for, the true love and the helping woman who might yet save Erradeen.

“Oona!” she said to herself, “it’s a well-omened name.”

This strange scene of sentiment, rising into passion, was changed by the sudden entry of Mr. Milnathort, whose brow was by no means so cloudless or his heart so soft as his sister’s. He came in, severe in the consciousness of business neglected, and all the affairs of life arrested by the boyish folly, idleness, and perhaps vice of this young man, with endless arrears of censure to bestow upon him, and of demands to place before him.

“I am glad to see you, my Lord Erradeen,” he said briefly. “I have

bidden them put forward the dinner, that we may have a long evening; and your things are in your room, and your man waiting. Alison, you forget when you keep Lord Erradeen talking that he has come off a journey and must be tired.”

Walter had not intended to spend the night in Moray Place, and indeed had given orders to his servant to take rooms in one of the hotels, and convey his luggage thither; but he forgot all this now, and took his way instinctively up another flight of those tall stairs to the room which he had occupied before. It brought him to himself, however, with the most curious shock of surprise and consternation, when he recognised not the servant whom he had brought with him, but old Symington, as precise and serious as ever, and looking as if there had been no break in his punctilious service. He was arranging his master’s clothes just as he had done on the winter evening when Lord Erradeen had first been taken possession of by this zealous retainer of the family. Walter was so startled, bewildered, and almost overawed by this sudden apparition, that he said with a gasp—

“You here, Symington!” and made no further objection to his presence.

“It is just me, my lord,” Symington said. “I was waiting at the station, though your lordship might not observe me. I just went with your lad to the hotel, and put him in good hands.”

“And may I ask why you did that without consulting me; and what you are doing here?” Walter cried, with a gleam of rising spirit.

Symington looked at him with a sort of respectful contempt.

“And does your lordship think,” he said, “that it would be befitting to take a young lad, ignorant of the family, *up yonder*?” With a slight pause of indignant, yet gentle reproach after these words, he added—“Will your lordship wear a white tie or a black?” with all the gravity that became the question.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THERE is in the winter season, when the stream of tourists is cut off, a sort of family and friendly character about the Highland railways. The travellers in most cases know each other by sight, if no more; and consult over a new comer with the curiosity of a homely community, amid which a new figure passing in the street excites sentiments of wonder and interest as a novelty. "Who do you suppose that will be at this time of the year?" they say; and the little country stations are full of greetings, and everybody is welcomed who comes, and attended by kindly farewells who goes away. There was no doubt this time as to who Lord Erradeen was as he approached the termination of his journey; and when he had reached the neighbourhood of the loch, a bustle of guards and porters—that is to say, of the one guard belonging to the train, and the one porter belonging to the station, familiarly known by name to all the passengers—ushered up to the carriage in which he was seated the beaming presence of Mr. Williamson.

"So here ye are," said the millionaire. "Lord Erradeen! I told Tammas he must be making a mistake."

"Na, na, I was making no mistake," said Tammas, in a parenthesis.

"And what have ye been making of yourself all this time?" Mr. Williamson went on. "We have often talked of ye, and wondered if we would see ye again. That was a very sudden parting that we took in London; but Katie is just a wilful monkey, and does what she pleases; but she will be well pleased, and so will I, to see you at Birkenbraes." And the good man took his place beside the new comer, and talked to him with the greatest cordiality during the rest of the journey.

Thus Walter was received on his second arrival with the friendly familiarity natural to the country side.

There seemed to him something significant even in the change of association with which his visit began. He had to promise to present himself at once at Birkenbraes, and the very promise seemed to revive the feelings and purposes which had been growing in his mind during that interval of social success in London which, on the whole, had been the most comfortable period of his life since he came to his fortune. His mind was occupied by this as he was rowed once more round the half ruined pile of Kinloch Houran to his renewed trial. The afternoon was bright and clear, one of those brilliant October days that add a glory of colour to the departing summer; the water reflected every tint of the ruddy woods, thrown up and intensified everywhere by the dark background of the firs. He thought of the encounter before him with a fierce repugnance and indignation, rebellious but impotent; but there were no longer in it those elements of apprehension and mystery which had occupied all his being when he came here for the first time; and the other circumstances of his life had room to come in with even a certain seductive force in the midst of his excitement. Something swept the current of his thoughts towards Katie, with a secret impulse, as the water of the loch was swept by some force unseen into the current which the boatmen avoided with such care. Walter did not avoid the spiritual stream; he allowed himself to be carried away upon it, with a grateful sense of reconciliation to fate. Katie would smooth away his difficulties, though not in the way Miss Milnathort suggested. She would bring him peace at least for the moment. He had proved himself very little able to contend with the influence which swayed his race; all that he had done hitherto had been to run away from it, to make what endeavour he could to forget it, to avoid the tyranny that overshadowed him by abandoning all his duties. But this was not a thing which he could do

for ever. And the moment had come when some other course must be decided upon.

This time it was clear he must make up his mind either to conquer the mysterious power which he could no longer ignore—or persuade himself to consider it a delusion—or to yield to it altogether. He had listened to Miss Milnathort's suggestion with a momentary elevation of mind and hope; but what was he, a "miserable duffer" as he had truly called himself, to make such an effort? A heart set for good and not evil: he laughed to himself with contemptuous bitterness, when he thought how far this description was from anything he knew of himself. Thus it was from the outset impossible that the redemption of his race could be carried out by him. The only alternative then was to yield. Was it the only alternative? To conduct his own affairs only as the tool and instrument of another, to sacrifice affection, justice, pity, every generous feeling to the aggrandisement of his family—Walter's heart rose up within him in violent refusal and defiance. And then he thought of Katie Williamson. The storms in his bosom had been quieted from the moment when he had come into contact with her. The evil circumstances around him had changed; even now a lull came over his mind at the thought of her. It was not the highest or the best course of action. At the utmost it would only be to leave once more to those who should come after him the solution of the problem; but what had he to do with those that came after him, he asked himself bitterly? In all probability it would be a stranger, a distant cousin, some one unknown to him as he had been to his predecessor; and in the meantime he would have peace. As he thought of it, it seemed to him that there was something significant even in that meeting with Mr. Williamson. When he came to the loch for the first time, with high hopes and purposes in his mind, meaning to

leave all the frivolities of life behind him and address himself nobly to the duties of his new and noble position, it was Oona Forrester whom he had encountered unawares on the threshold of fate. All the circumstances of his intercourse with her flashed through his mind; the strange scene on the isle in which her touch, her presence, her moral support, had saved him from he knew not what, from a final encounter in which, alone, he must have been overthrown. Had he not been a coward then and fled, had he remained and, with that soft strong hand in his, defied all that the powers of darkness could do, how different might have been his position now! But he had not chosen that better part. He had escaped and postponed the struggle. He had allowed all better thoughts and purposes to slip from him into the chaos of a disordered life. And now that he was forced back again to encounter once more this tyranny from which he had fled, it was no longer Oona that met him. Who was he to expect that Oona would meet him, that the angels would come again to his succour? He could not now make that sudden unhesitating appeal to her which he had made in his first need, and to which she had so bravely replied. Everything was different; he had forfeited the position on which he could confront his tyrant. But a compromise was very possible, and peace, and a staving off of trouble, was in Katie Williamson's hand.

It is needless to enter into all the sensations and thoughts with which the young man took possession again of the rooms in which he had spent the most extraordinary crisis of his life. It was still daylight when he reached Kinloch Houran, and the first thing he did was to make a stealthy and cautious examination of his sitting-room, looking into every crevice in an accidental sort of way, concealing even from himself the scrutiny in which he was engaged. Could he have found any trace of

the sliding panel or secret entrance so dear to romance, it would have consoled him; but one side of the room was the outer wall, another was the modern partition which separated it from his bedroom, and of the others one was filled up with the bookshelves which he had been examining when his visitor entered on the previous occasion, while the fourth was the wall of the corridor which led into the ruinous part of the castle, and had not a possibility of any opening in it.

He made these researches by intervals, pretending other motives to himself, but with the strangest sense that he was making himself ridiculous, and exposing himself to contemptuous laughter, though so far as his senses were cognisant there was nobody there either to see or to laugh. The night, however, passed with perfect tranquillity, and in the morning he set out early on his way to Birkenbraes. The morning was grey and cold, the hills shrouded in mist as he rowed himself across to the other side of the loch. There were horses and carriages awaiting him at Auchnasheen, had he cared to take advantage of them; but the house in which he had suffered so much was odious to him, and he preferred to walk. To an excited and disturbed mind there is nothing so soothing as bodily exercise. Walter went along very quickly as if trying to keep up with the pace of his thoughts; but there was one spot upon which he came to a sudden pause. The road, as became a Highland road, was full of variety, going up and down, now penetrating through clumps of wood, now emerging into full view of the surrounding landscape. He had skirted the "policies" of Auchnasheen, behind which the high road lay, and climbed the rising ground beyond, when suddenly the path came out

once more on the side of the loch, and he saw, rising out of the gleaming water below, the feathery crest of the Isle with the roofs of the lonely house showing through the branches. Walter stopped with a sudden pang of mingled delight and pain; he stood as if he had been rooted to the ground. There it lay on the surface of the loch, dimly reflected, overhung by low skies, hanging in grey suspense between the dull heaven and dark water. There was no wind to ruffle the trees, or shake off the autumn leaves which made a sort of protest in their brilliant colours against the half tones of the scene. A line of blue smoke rose into the still air, the solitary sign of life, unless indeed that gleam of red on the rocks was the shirt of Hamish, fishing as he had been a year ago when first Lord Erradeen set foot upon that hospitable spot. After a while he thought even he could see a figure before the door looking up the loch towards Kinloch Houran. The young man for the moment was transported out of himself. "Oona!" he cried, stretching out his hands to the vacant air which neither heard nor replied. His heart went out of his bosom towards that house in which he had been sheltered in his direst need. Tears gathered into his eyes as he stood and gazed. There was salvation; there was love, and hope, and deliverance—Two, that should be one. He seemed to feel once more in his own the touch of that pure and soft hand "as soft as snow," the touch which gave to him the strength of two souls, and one so spotless, so strong, and simple, and true. He stood holding out his hands in an instinctive appeal to her who neither saw nor knew. For a moment his life once more hung in the balance. Then with a stamp of his foot, and a sense of impatience and humiliation indescribable in words he turned and pursued his way.

(To be continued.)

STATE SOCIALISM AND THE NATIONALISATION OF THE LAND.¹

It has been pointed out that the most characteristic feature in the socialism of the present day is the reliance which it places on the intervention of the state. The most distinguished advocate of this new form of socialism was probably Lassalle; between him and the late Herr Schulze-Delitzsch there was for many years in Germany a keen and active contest. They respectively became the founders of two rival schools of social and industrial reformers, and there was in almost every respect the widest divergence in the ideas propounded by each of these schools. Herr Schulze-Delitzsch gave a most important stimulus to the co-operative movement; and the guiding principle which influenced him was that the people were to rely for their improvement upon self-help. Lassalle, on the other hand, thought that what the people chiefly needed was a greater amount of aid from the state. The movement which he set on foot became embodied in the society known as the International. The International put forward various proposals, nearly all of which involve state intervention. The agency however on which the internationalists, and the socialists generally of the present day, place by far the greatest reliance is the scheme which is known as the nationalisation of the land and the other instruments of production. As this plan of nationalisation may be regarded as the most important development of state socialism, it will be desirable to consider it before describing other socialistic schemes the adoption of which

¹ In preparing the forthcoming edition of my *Manual of Political Economy*, I found it necessary to devote a separate chapter to State Socialism and the Nationalisation of the Land. This chapter is reproduced in the present article.

H. F.

would involve pecuniary aid from the state. The subject of nationalisation of the land has moreover lately attracted special attention in consequence of two books which have been recently published on the subject, the one by Mr. Wallace, the well known naturalist, the other by Mr. Henry George.² It has rarely happened that a book dealing with social and economic questions has been more widely read than Mr. George's work. It therefore becomes the more important carefully to examine the proposals there advocated. Although Mr. George writes in a style which is often particularly attractive, yet we have frequently found it extremely difficult to arrive at the exact character of his proposals. There seems however little room for doubt that if his scheme were carried out the existing owners of land would obtain no compensation at all, or would receive as compensation an amount which would be only equivalent to a small proportion of the present selling value of their property. Nothing, in our opinion, can be more unjust than for the state to take possession of land without paying the full market price to its owners. It is sometimes urged in defence of such a course that the land originally belonged to the people, and that the state had no right to alienate national property in order to enrich a few favoured individuals. But the question as to whether or not it was expedient to have completely relinquished the rights which the state, as representing the nation, originally possessed in the land, appears to us to have no bearing upon the question of appropriating land at

² *Land Nationalisation, its Necessity and its Aims*, by Alfred Russel Wallace. *Progress and Poverty*, by Henry George.

the present time without giving adequate compensation to existing owners. Land has changed hands an indefinite number of times since the principle of private property in land was first recognised : and it would consequently be most indefensible if the state were to take possession, either in whole or in part, of the land of the country. In describing the injustice and inexpediency of the suggested schemes of land nationalisation, it must not be supposed that it would be desirable for the state to surrender its proprietary rights in the land in those countries where it still possesses them. In India, for example, almost the whole of the land is owned by the state ; the cultivator, instead of paying rent to a private landowner, pays it to the state in the form of a land-tax ; the land revenue which is thus yielded amounts to about 22,000,000*l.* a year, and represents a sum nearly equivalent to what is raised by all the imperial taxes that are imposed in India. As evidence of the fact that the cultivators would not be necessarily better off if the state had relinquished its proprietary rights in the land, it may be mentioned that by the celebrated permanent settlement of Lord Cornwallis in 1793, over a considerable portion of Bengal, the proprietary rights were transferred to the tax-collectors or zemindars for a fixed annual payment. The result has been that with the increase in wealth and population, the cultivators in the permanently settled districts pay, in the form of rent to the zemindars, three or four times as much as the zemindars pay to the government. A large amount of revenue has consequently been sacrificed for the benefit of a special class, whilst the cultivators' position has been in no way improved ; but on the contrary, the injury which has been inflicted on them may in some degree be measured by the amount of the additional taxation which they have to bear in consequence of a large amount of revenue having been needlessly sacrificed. If

the permanent settlement in Bengal had never been effected, the additional revenue which would now be obtained from the land would be sufficient to enable the government to repeal so burdensome an impost as the duty on salt.

The extent to which it is expedient for a government to dispose of its proprietary rights in the land suggests considerations of the utmost importance for many recently settled countries, such for instance as Australia. In that country vast tracts of land have been sold by the government, and when the amount received is used as ordinary revenue the inquiry is at once suggested whether it can be wise to adopt an arrangement which virtually allows capital to be devoted to income. We cannot help thinking that it is unadvisable for a state thus completely to divest itself of the proprietary rights it possesses in the land. Although we believe that too much importance can scarcely be attributed to the economic advantages which result from associating the ownership with the cultivation of the land, yet the industrial stimulus which is given by the feeling of ownership would, we think, still continue in active operation if in such a country as Australia the government, instead of completely relinquishing its rights in the soil, retained some share of the property in the form of a land-tax which, instead of being commuted as it has been in our own country for a fixed money payment, should be equal to some small proportion of the annual value of the land. If, for instance, in Australia the land had been sold with the condition that one-tenth or even one-twentieth of its annual value should be paid in the form of a land-tax, no discouragement would have been offered to enterprise, and the revenue which might be yielded as the country advanced in population and wealth would be a valuable national resource, which might be utilised in rendering unnecessary the imposition of many taxes

which will otherwise have to be imposed.

It has been thought necessary to make these remarks in order to bring out with distinctness the very different issues which are involved in surrendering proprietary rights which are still possessed by the state, or in resuming possession of those rights when, as in England, they have been long since surrendered. In considering the proposals which are now being brought forward for nationalising the land of England, it will be desirable, in the first place, to endeavour to describe some of the consequences which would result if no compensation, or inadequate compensation, were given to existing owners; and we shall then proceed to discuss the subject on the supposition that full compensation is given, the land being bought by the state at its present market value. As a result of careful inquiry, we have come to the conclusion that until the appearance of Mr. George's book almost every one in England who advocated nationalisation, even including the members of such a society as the International, never entertained the idea that the land should be taken without full compensation. In England perhaps, more than in most countries, a respect for the rights of property is widely diffused, and the fact has certainly not been lost sight of by many of the working classes, that if the policy of taking land without compensation were once embarked upon, it is not only the property of the wealthy owner which would be confiscated; the small proprietor who by years of careful thrift and patient toil had acquired a plot of land—he too would be engulfed in this whirlpool of spoliation. It would be impossible to say where this wholesale appropriation would stop. The large landowner and the peasant proprietor would not be its only victims. If the state were to take without compensation all the land of the country, the workman who through the agency of a building society is now able to call

his house his own, would find himself dispossessed of the land on which it stands. If the nationalisation of the land without compensation is thus flagrantly unjust, it can, we think, be shown that nationalisation with compensation, though not so unjust, would prove incalculably mischievous in its consequences. In the opinion of a well-known statistician, Mr. Robert Giffen, the annual rent of the agricultural land in this country is about 66,000,000*l.* Take this at thirty years' purchase; and the amount of compensation required for the agricultural land alone would be 2,000,000,000*l.*, or nearly three times the amount of the national debt. And when the state had become the possessor of all the land, what is going to be done with it? What principles are to regulate the rents to be charged? Who is to decide the particular plots of land that should be allotted to those who apply for them? If the rent charged is to be determined by the competition of the open market, in what respect would a cultivator be better off if he paid a competition rent to the state instead of to a private individual? And if the market price is not to be charged, who is to bear the loss? From what fund is the deficiency to be made good? There is only one answer to this question; it must be made good from the general taxation of the country; and increased taxation means still more taken from the hard-won wages of the people.

But the subject may further very properly be looked at from another point of view. If the government owned the land, and once began letting it on any other terms than those which regulate the transactions of ordinary commercial life, there would be opened indefinite opportunities for state patronage and favouritism, and the demoralising corruption that would ensue would be more far-reaching and more baneful in its consequences than even the pecuniary loss which the scheme would involve. If land was to be allotted as a matter of patron-

age, who would have the fertile plots and who would be relegated to those barren soils, which, under the most favourable conditions, will scarcely pay for cultivation? It would therefore appear that the nationalisation of the land would inevitably lead to this dilemma: if the land were let at less than its market price, not only would there be an unlimited field for state patronage, with all its attendant corruption and demoralisation, but the difference between the amount at which the land would be let, and its letting value, if a competition rent were charged, would involve an enormous annual deficit that would have to be made good at the expense of the general body of the taxpayers of the country.

It is further to be remarked that this deficit would by no means represent the whole loss that would be involved; because it cannot be doubted that the raising of so large a loan as 2,000,000,000*l.* which, as has been stated, is the estimated value of the agricultural land, would considerably affect the credit of the state. The government would have to borrow upon less favourable terms; and the more unfavourable were the terms, the greater would be the difference between the amount yielded by the land and the annual interest on the loan; consequently the greater would be the loss which the community would have to bear. If in order to escape from this loss, and to provide a remedy against the difficulty of distributing the land among the various applicants, it should be decided, instead of letting the land at what is termed a fair price, to offer it to be competed for in the open market, the rents that would then be paid would be rack-rents; and in what better position would the cultivators be if instead of paying a rack-rent to a private individual they paid at least as high a rent to the state? Instead of the position of the cultivator being improved, he would, in numerous instances, be far worse off than he was

before. A private owner can take account of many circumstances which it would be scarcely possible for the state to regard. It not unfrequently happens, for instance, under the present system, that the claims of an old tenant for consideration are not ignored, and there are many landowners who would not think of displacing an old tenant, although it may very likely happen that if the land were put into the market a somewhat higher rent might be obtained. It cannot, we think, be too strongly insisted upon that, in order to provide a security against favouritism and patronage, the state would have to administer its property according to strictly defined rules. If the state owned the land, rent would have to be levied with just the same rigour as an ordinary tax, and thus, so far as the cultivators are concerned, the result of nationalisation would be that they would hold the land under a system of the most rigid rack-renting.

It is sometimes contended that if the land were nationalised the disadvantages, to which reference has just been made, would be counterbalanced by the introduction of an improved system of land tenure. Thus, it is said, if the cultivator rented directly from the state he would be protected against capricious eviction, and would be secured adequate compensation for any improvements that might be effected in the land through his capital and skill. Nothing is farther from our intention than in any way to underrate the importance of the cultivator enjoying these advantages; but it has been shown by the Irish Land Act of 1881, and by the Tenants' Compensation Bill for England and Scotland which is now before Parliament, that it is possible to confer these advantages on the cultivators without bringing into operation all the evils which, as we believe, would result from nationalisation. The idea which forms the foundation of all these schemes of nationalisation is that with the advance in the wealth and popu-

lation of the country the value of land constantly increases, and that the portion of the additional value which does not result from an application of capital and labour, but is the consequence of the general progress of the nation, is a property belonging rather to the nation than to the individual, and might therefore be fairly appropriated by the state. Practical effect was sought to be given to this idea in the proposal made by Mr. J. S. Mill not long before his death, that the state should appropriate what he termed the unearned increment in the value of land. But although this proposal with regard to the "unearned increment" of the land, sanctioned by his high authority, is deserving of most careful consideration, it seems to us that it can neither be defended on grounds of justice nor expediency. If the state appropriated this unearned increment, would it not be bound to give compensation if land became depreciated through no fault of its owner, but in consequence of a change in the general circumstances of the country? Although there is perhaps no reason to suppose that the recent depression in agriculture will be permanent, yet it cannot be denied that in many districts of England there has been a marked decline in the selling value of agricultural land within the last few years. If, therefore, the state in prosperous times appropriates an increase in value, and if in adverse times the falling-off in value has to be borne by the owner, land would at once have a disability attached to it which belongs to no other property. If we purchase a house, a manufactory, or a ship, we take the purchase with its risks of loss and chances of gain; and why with regard to land, and to land alone, should a purchaser have all the risks of loss and none of the chances of gain? If thirty years ago 100,000£ had been invested in agricultural land, and if at the same time another 100,000£ had been invested in such first-class securities as railway, bank-

ing, insurance, water or gas shares, it can scarcely be doubted that if the latter investment had been made with ordinary judgment there would be, at the present time, a very much larger unearned increment of value upon the shares than upon the land. The increase in the value of the shares would have taken place quite independently of any effort or skill on the part of the owner, and therefore, it may be asked, why should this unearned increment remain as private property, if the unearned increment in the value of land is to be appropriated by the state?

We cannot help thinking that such proposals as those we have been considering either to nationalise the land or to appropriate the unearned increment, would take us with regard to land reform exactly in the opposite direction to that in which we ought to move. If we associate with the ownership of land any disability or disadvantage which does not belong to other kinds of property, a direct discouragement is offered to the investment of capital in the improvement of the soil: whereas what above all things should be striven after is to promote the free flow of capital to agriculture. At the present time so great is the accumulation of capital in this country that it flows in a broad and continuous stream towards almost every quarter of the world. This takes place at a time when the productiveness of millions of acres of land in this country might be increased by improved cultivation. As the field for the employment of labour on the land extended, wages would be increased, a stimulus would be given to the general industry of the country, and the extra food which would be yielded would bring additional comfort to every humble home.

It therefore appears to us that the chief end to be sought in the reform of land tenure is to free the land from all restrictions which limit the amount of land that is brought into the market. The existing laws of primogeniture,

settlement and entail, combined with a costly system of conveyancing, impede the transfer of land, and thus lessen the opportunities of associating the ownership with the cultivation of the soil. Such an association would, in our opinion, not only offer the best security for efficient agriculture, but would in various other ways be highly advantageous to the entire community. Some idea may be formed of the advantage which may result from uniting the ownership with the cultivation of the soil, if we consider how little chance there would be of manufacturing industry in our country successfully encountering the close competition with which it has now to contend, if in England manufactories generally had to be rented, whereas in other countries they were owned by the manufacturers. It can be at once seen at what a disadvantage English manufacturers would be placed, if every time they wished to introduce new machinery, or to carry out other improvements, they had to calculate whether or not a portion of the resulting profits would not be taken away from them in the form of increased rent. Legislation may give the tenant an important security for his improvements, but we believe it will be found that in all industry, no legislation can give the same security as that which is obtained when a man feels that he is applying his capital and labour to increase the value of his own property.

The next scheme of State Socialism to which it will be desirable to direct attention is the construction of railways, canals, and other public works from funds supplied by the government. Although a demand has sometimes been put forward that public works should be undertaken at the public expense, yet the system has hitherto in this country only been carried out to a very limited extent. Under certain conditions, government loans are advanced to municipalities and other public bodies. The Public Works' Loan Commissioners, through

whom these loans are made, only make an advance upon adequate security, such as the rates. In India, the government regularly spends large sums of money on public works; but the motive which prompts this expenditure is not to find work for the unemployed, but it is supposed that the mass of the Indian people not having obtained the same social advancement as those by whom they are governed, it is requisite to construct for them railways, canals, roads and other works which would not be carried out through the private enterprise of the people themselves. Although considerations such as these may justify the government extending public works in India, yet experience has shown that even in India the greatest care and watchfulness are required to prevent very serious evils arising. It has often happened that the construction of public works in India has involved the government of that country in very grave financial difficulties. When the return upon the works is not sufficient to pay the interest on the loans raised for their construction, the deficit has to be made good by an increase in general taxation; and in a country such as India, where the mass of the people are extremely poor, and where the resources of taxation are very limited, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the harm that may be done if it becomes necessary to resort to increased taxation.

In France the construction of public works by the government has been undertaken from motives altogether different from those which prevail in India. The primary object in France is to give additional employment to the labouring classes. It cannot be for a moment supposed that any remunerative public work would not be supplied through private enterprise and private capital. In no country, probably, is there a more general diffusion and greater accumulation of wealth than in France, and the enormous sums which are forthcoming whenever a new loan has to be raised

show that it is scarcely possible to place any assignable limits to the amount of capital which the French people are willing to supply whenever they consider that an opportunity is offered of a safe and profitable investment. If therefore any particular public work is not constructed in France through private enterprise, it can be fairly concluded that in the judgment of the French people it does not afford a reasonable prospect of profit. As all experience shows that an industrial work carried out by a government is not likely to lead to greater economy than if it is constructed through private agency, a work which is not carried out by private enterprise because it is unremunerative, will in all probability be still more unremunerative if it is undertaken by the government. We are thus again brought face to face with the same difficulty which had to be met when considering the schemes for the nationalisation of the land, and we have to ask on whom would fall the loss which would result? To such an inquiry only one answer can be given: the state, as we have often had occasion to remark, far from having any great store of wealth from which draughts can be freely made without any one being the poorer, has to obtain every shilling it expends from taxation. It cannot moreover be too constantly borne in mind that all taxation takes from the pockets of the people a great deal more than it yields to the state. It is probably a moderate estimate to assume, when account is taken of the expenses of collection and of the hindrance to trade involved in taxation, that if the carrying out of a public works policy led to a deficit of 5,000,000*l.*, the real loss to the community would not be less than 6,000,000*l.*

There is another consideration which demands most serious attention. The expenditure by the state of large sums upon public works disturbs the natural flow of labour. Great masses of workmen are aggregated in particular

districts, and when expenditure begins to slacken they are naturally eager for fresh employment, and the government, in order to appease political discontent, may not improbably be forced to commit itself to still further outlay. As an instructive warning of the straits to which a government may be forced if it interferes with the natural development of trade, it may be mentioned that in the spring of this year there was much distress amongst the workmen of Paris; many of them had been attracted from the country districts by tempting offers of employment, which were made during the time when public works on a large scale were carried out in Paris. The demand for work became so persistent that it was seriously proposed to order new furniture for all the government offices in Paris, not because it was wanted, but in order that employment might be found for the distressed cabinetmakers. It would be scarcely more unreasonable to engage some one to break all the lamp-posts with the view of giving work to those who would replace them.

Considerations similar to those to which reference has just been made apply to all the schemes that are from time to time brought forward for carrying out various industrial undertakings by state funds instead of by private enterprise. Thus it has often been advocated in the programme of modern socialists that co-operative institutions should be aided by capital advanced by the state. Whilst placing the highest value upon the extension of co-operation, we believe that no more fatal injury could be inflicted upon the movement than that the founders of co-operative institutions should be accustomed to rely, not upon their own efforts, but upon state help. It is particularly worthy of remark that of the many French co-operative institutions which received assistance from the state at the time of the revolution of 1848, not one obtained any permanent success. It is not difficult to explain their failure.

Every trade is certain sometimes to have to contend with the reverses of bad times ; the surest way of triumphing over these difficulties is to exercise patience, care, and perseverance ; and nothing is so likely to lead to failure if encouragement is given to a relaxation of effort by the feeling that if fresh funds are required recourse can be had to the coffers of the state. If the credit of any commercial undertaking is good, there is no difficulty in its obtaining an advance of capital from bankers and others, whose special business it is to secure a profitable investment for the large sums placed at their disposal. If the state makes loans in cases where they cannot be obtained from ordinary commercial sources, it is clear that, in the judgment of those who are best qualified to form an opinion, the state is running a risk of loss which may necessitate increased taxation.

Although in England very little support has been given to proposals to assist co-operative institutions by state loans, yet within the last few years other schemes, which we believe may produce consequences very similar to those just described, have received much public favour. In Ireland three-fourths of the purchase-money is advanced by the state to enable small farmers to purchase the land they cultivate, and it is evident that an effort will be made to extend the system to England and to Scotland. If the plan is simply considered in its financial aspects, it is at once evident that public funds are used in a manner that may lead to a loss which will have to be borne by the general body of taxpayers. For if the public money which is advanced could be regarded as a safe investment, there would, as previously remarked, be no necessity to have recourse to state assistance. If, moreover, the aid of the state can be evoked to enable small farmers to become the owners of the land they cultivate, it can hardly be doubted that gradually the system of state assistance will have to be extended.

The workmen in the towns would not unnaturally think that they should share the advantages of state help ; and they might urge that they should receive some assistance to enable them to become the owners of the houses in which they live. Such demands would be most powerfully stimulated if it became necessary to impose additional taxation in consequence of losses that might accrue on advances made by the state ; because a feeling would inevitably arise that if the community were fined for the sake of providing advantages for a special class, these advantages should be shared by all who had to bear the burden. We fear, however, that the financial loss may be by no means the most serious evil resulting from a large extension of the plan of creating small properties in land by means of government loans. It is at any rate deserving of most careful consideration whether similar results will not follow the scheme of creating peasant properties by state help to those which have been produced by the attempt in a similar manner to foster co-operative institutions. If some hundreds of thousands of small farmers were debtors to the state, it might not improbably happen that in a period of agricultural depression they would not encounter their difficulties by increased energy and enterprise, but would be encouraged to seek a remedy in the tortuous courses of political agitation. The state would be represented as a hard taskmaster, mercilessly exacting the uttermost farthing from the suffering and the impoverished, and political support might be given to those who would most deeply pledge themselves to secure a partial remission of the debts that had been incurred.

It seems probable that the scheme of State Socialism which, in England during the next few years, is likely to assume most importance is the erection of improved dwellings for the poor by funds supplied either from imperial or local taxation. It is

almost impossible to overstate the evils which result from the overcrowding of a large portion of the population in wretched and unhealthy dwellings. As recently stated by Mr. Bright in his rectorial address at Glasgow, it appears that even in that wealthy city no less than forty-one out of every hundred families live in a single room, and that beyond these forty-one, thirty-seven families out of every hundred live in two rooms.¹ In view of such a state of things no effort should be spared to bring into operation every agency which is calculated to improve the dwellings of the poor. Admitting that there can be no difference of opinion as to the desirability of the object to be attained, the question is at once suggested whether this object is likely to be promoted by erecting dwellings at the public expense. There is a wide distinction to be drawn between interference of the state on sanitary grounds, and its interference with the object of supplying houses on more favourable terms than they can be provided by private agency. There are strong grounds for concluding that it is expedient for the state to interpose both with the object of preventing unhealthy houses being built and in prohibiting houses continuing in so bad a sanitary condition that they not only are dangerous to

their inmates, but may become centres of disease to the neighbourhood. It can, however, be easily shown that immediately the state steps beyond these limits of interference, and attempts to control the rents that are charged by building houses with public funds, endless difficulties are at once suggested. If the rent asked for houses built by the state or by a municipality is not sufficient to pay the interest on the money expended in building them, the deficiency must be made good either by an increase in imperial or local taxation. Additional imperial taxation must in part ultimately be paid by the poor, and without discussing here the intricate question of the incidence of local rates, it is sufficient to say that rates are in a large part paid by the occupiers of houses. If therefore it became necessary, as the result of a municipality entering into building operations, to increase rates, the inevitable result must be that those who were fortunate enough to be selected as tenants by the municipality would be virtually shifting a portion of the rent which they would otherwise have to pay, from themselves upon the rest of the inhabitants. Not only would this be manifestly unjust, but the very evil which it was sought to cure would in many instances be aggravated. A workman can only afford to spend a certain portion of his wages upon house-rent; suppose the amount spent by one who is earning 30s. a week is, for rent and rates combined, 6s., the rent being 4s. 6d. and the rates 1s. 6d. If his rates are increased by 6d. a week the amount then remaining to him to spend in rent is reduced from 4s. 6d. to 4s. a week, and the accommodation which he will ultimately obtain will be proportionately diminished.

There is yet another difficulty to be considered. What process of selection is to be adopted by the municipal authorities in deciding who should be the favoured individuals to enjoy the advantage of living partly at the

¹ The deplorable state of things disclosed by these figures is probably in large measure due to the fact that the Scotch, compared with the English, have hitherto made scarcely any effort to provide themselves with better houses through the agency of building societies. It is estimated that, at the present time, there are in the United Kingdom no less than 750,000 members of building societies; and out of this number only 14,000 belong to Scotland and 7,000 to Ireland. No satisfactory explanation can be given of this striking disparity. The difference between England and Scotland is probably in part due to the fact that the system of registration of building societies is less complete in Scotland. But after making due allowance for this circumstance, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion that the thrift for which the Scotch are proverbial has unfortunately in too many cases not hitherto assumed the form of providing themselves with good dwellings.

public expense in houses with rents artificially reduced? It is obvious that poverty cannot be made the controlling principle of selection; because, if this were done, a direct and powerful inducement would be held out to improvidence. Nothing could be more disastrous than to make the industrious poor feel that they were taxed in order to provide those who were impoverished by intemperance or improvidence with better and cheaper houses than they could themselves obtain. If no principle of selection were adopted, and if the houses built by the state or by the municipality were let at the highest rent they would fetch, is there any reason to suppose that a state or a municipality would, in such a trade as house building, be able successfully to compete with private enterprise? This being the case, the result would be that although those who lived in the houses built with public funds would be paying competition rents, yet in all probability these rents would not be sufficient to return the interest on the outlay and the expenses of management, and the deficit would have to be made good either by adding to taxation or by an increase in rates.

Probably, however, the most mischievous consequence that would result from the state or a municipality undertaking to supply houses, is the effect it would have in discouraging the efforts which the working classes are now making to provide themselves with houses. There is no fact connected with the social condition of the people more hopeful than the remarkable development of building societies in recent years. It is estimated, as previously stated, that at the present time these societies have no less than 750,000 members, all of whom, by the setting aside of small savings, have either become, or are in process of becoming the owners of the houses in which they dwell. There is, we believe, no surer way of drying up this great stream of self-help and self-reliance than to teach the working classes that

they should look, not so much to their own efforts, but to the state or the municipality to provide them with the house accommodation they may need.

The next scheme of state socialism to which it is desirable to direct attention is the proposal which has been sanctioned by the high authority of Prince Bismarck to create a fund, partly obtained from a special tax levied upon employers, for the purpose of providing insurance against accidents and an allowance during sickness for workmen. It has been sometimes suggested that the scheme is a natural outgrowth of that system of militarism which has assumed its highest development in Germany, and that so severe a strain has been imposed upon the industrial classes by compulsory military service that it is necessary to resort to exceptional measures to relieve it. It would, however, be foreign to our purpose in this place to consider the scheme in other than its economic aspects. With the object of clearly explaining the economic results which may be produced, it will be desirable to assume that the scheme is carried out in the simplest possible manner, and that the money required to give effect to the proposal is in part obtained by a special tax, say of 10 per cent., levied upon the profits of the employers. It will be necessary, in the first place, to consider what will be the effect of this tax, not only upon the employers, but also upon the rest of the community. Three questions are at once suggested;

(1.) Will the tax be really paid by the employers?

(2.) Will the employers be able to compensate themselves by a rise in the price of commodities, and thus shift the burden upon the general body of consumers?

(3.) Will the employers be able, in consequence of the tax, to reduce wages and thus cause the tax to be really paid by the workmen?

We believe, from the answers to be given to these three questions, it will

be clearly shown that the tax will ultimately have to be borne wholly or in large part by the workmen. Suppose that the tax, in the first instance, is paid by the employer, and that his profits are consequently proportionately decreased. This diminution in profits will render it less desirable to embark capital in the industry of the country ; because if capital were employed in some other way, such as the purchase of government loans, or if it were exported for investment abroad, the payment of the tax would be avoided. This lessening of the inducement to apply capital to home industry could have no other result than to diminish the demand for labour ; wages would consequently decline, and the tax, though paid by the employers, would really, in large part, be contributed by the labourers.

It can be easily shown that very serious results might ensue if the employers attempted to compensate themselves for the loss inflicted by the tax by a rise in the price of commodities. In every country there is in the great majority of industries a keen and closely contested competition between the home and the foreign producer ; if the price of home products is artificially raised, the inevitable result will be at once to place home trade at a disadvantage ; business would become less active, profits and wages will both decline, and it may very possibly happen that the loss alike to employers and employed will be considerably greater than the amount of the tax. Even if there were not the competition just supposed, and if it were possible to maintain a rise in prices sufficient to compensate the employer for the tax, the labourers, being by far the most numerous class in the community, would, by having to pay an extra price for commodities, be just as certainly taxed as if the larger part of the tax were in the first instance levied from them. The same result would, of course, take place, if, as a consequence of imposing the tax upon the employer, he, in order to place himself on an

equality with his foreign competitors, reduced wages.

We therefore arrive at the conclusion that no course can be suggested which will prevent the tax, either wholly or in large part, being paid by the labourers ; and therefore the effect of the scheme will be the same as if the labourers were directly taxed with the object of forming an insurance and annuity fund for their benefit. Amongst many objections that may be urged to such a plan of compulsory thrift, it may be mentioned that it would be impossible for the government to obtain money for an insurance fund either from those who are unemployed or from those who only earn wages just sufficient to provide themselves with the necessaries of life. The certain result of the government making such an attempt would be to arouse a bitter feeling of resentment. Many forms of providence, such as insurance and making provision for old age and sickness, which are now rapidly spreading, would become unpopular ; and we believe it would be found that not only would a government hopelessly fail to introduce a system of compulsory thrift, but that the reaction that would result from the attempt would lead to there being far less thrift amongst the labouring classes than if it had never been sought to force it upon the people.

Although a government may by unwise interference materially retard social and economic movements which are calculated greatly to improve the condition of the people, yet we think that a government may exert a very beneficial influence in making available various agencies that will render the practice of providence more easy. Unmixed good has, for instance, resulted from the introduction of savings banks, which are now so rapidly spreading in our own and other countries ; and it may be confidently anticipated that the people are more likely to make a prudent provision for the future if they feel that they can enjoy the security

of the state, and that years of thrift will not be lost to them by intrusting their savings to insolvent societies. It is, however, of the first importance that any scheme which is supported by the state should be conducted on sound commercial principles, and should be entirely self-supporting. Thus the savings banks which are administered through the Post-office, far from throwing any charge upon the general taxpayers of the country, yield a profit which is sufficient to secure the state against any risk of loss. If this principle were once departed from, nothing but mischief would result. If, for example, in order to promote thrift, the state allowed a higher rate of interest on savings bank deposits than it could afford to pay, the general community would be taxed for the benefit of a special class, and rival political parties prompted by a desire to gain popularity might, having once departed from the path of sound finance, bid against each other by offering a still higher rate of interest, and thus an increasing burden would be thrown upon the community.

In thus directing attention to the mischief which is likely to result from bringing into operation various schemes of State Socialism, we think it ought not to be concluded that an institution must necessarily be condemned because it may have associated with it some of the characteristics of socialism. As an example it may be mentioned that our poor law system is undoubtedly based upon socialism, because it confers upon every destitute person a legal right to be maintained at the public expense. It would not, however, be safe to conclude that the poor law ought to be abolished because of the socialism which attaches to the system. Such a question ought to be determined by a careful balancing of advantages and disadvantages; and we believe that when this is done the conclusion will be that the abolition of the poor law, from the stimulus which would be given to all the evils

associated with indiscriminate charity, would produce consequences which would be far more serious than any mischief which results from a poor law system when carefully and properly administered. Experience, however, has abundantly shown that a government, in entering so far upon the path of socialism as to guarantee maintenance to all destitute applicants, incurs a responsibility so grave that if it is not safeguarded with the utmost caution it may bring the most serious dangers upon the community. Before the introduction of the new poor law in 1834, for instance, pauperism was so much encouraged by the carelessness and laxity of administration which had previously prevailed, that English industry seemed likely to be permanently crippled by the burdens imposed upon it. If great watchfulness is not exercised in checking out-door relief, similar evils may again occur; poverty and suffering naturally evoke so much sympathy that a demand for a more liberal administration of poor relief may easily be created.

Proposals are also frequently brought forward to widen the application of the principle involved in poor law relief. Thus there are many who urge that as some of the poor find it difficult to pay for the education of their children, free education should be given at the public expense to all who choose to avail themselves of it. Amongst the pleas that are urged in favour of this proposal, it is said that as the money which free education would require would be contributed by the taxpayers and ratepayers of the country, parents would still pay for the education of their children, although in an indirect way. Precisely the same argument would justify such an extension of the present poor law system as would cause maintenance at the public expense, not to be confined as it now is to the destitute; the right of enjoying it might also be conferred upon all who chose to avail themselves of it. It is also

sometimes argued that a system of compulsory education has been introduced because it is in the interest of the state that the community should be properly educated, and that therefore, as the arrangement is carried out in the interests of the state, it is only fair that the state should bear the expense. But if this principle is accepted the responsibilities of the state might be indefinitely increased. It is to the national advantage that the people should be well fed, well clothed, and well housed, and therefore it might be proposed that the feeding, clothing, and housing of the people should be undertaken by the state. It is, moreover, to be remarked that the chief justification for the interference between parent and child involved in compulsory education is to be sought in the fact that parents who incur the responsibility of bringing children into the world ought to provide them with education, and that if this duty is neglected the state interposes as the protector of the child. It no doubt may be said that a very large part of the expense of popular education is now defrayed by grants obtained either from imperial or local taxation, and that as consequently so great an advance has been made towards free education, no harm could result from its complete introduction. In our opinion, however, great care ought to be taken to preserve some recognition of the individual responsibility which

every parent owes to his children in reference to education, and instead of entirely sweeping away this responsibility, the people should be rather encouraged to regard the present system only as a temporary arrangement, and that as they advance, the portion of the charge for the education of their children which can now be shifted upon others should, instead of being increased, be gradually diminished.

In bringing these remarks to a conclusion we cannot help thinking that for some years to come many of the schemes which have been here considered may in various forms engage a large share of public attention. In endeavouring to explain some of the consequences which their adoption would involve, we should greatly regret to do any injustice to the motives of those by whom they are advocated. Mischievous as we believe many of these schemes would prove to be, the great majority of those by whom they are advocated are undoubtedly prompted by no other desire than to promote social, moral, and material advancement. The conclusion, above all others which we desire to enforce, is that any scheme, however well intentioned it may be, will indefinitely increase every evil it seeks to alleviate, if it lessens individual responsibility by encouraging the people to rely less upon themselves and more upon the state.

HENRY FAWCETT.

THE FORMS AND HISTORY OF THE SWORD.¹

THERE seems to be a culminating point not only in all human arts, but in the fashion of particular instruments. And it so happens that the pre-eminent and typical instruments of war and of music attained their perfection at nearly the same time, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Within that period the violin, chief minister of the most captivating of the arts of peace, and the sword, the chosen weapon of skilled single combat and the symbol of military honour, assumed their final and absolute forms—forms on which no improvement has been found possible. Strangely enough, the parallel holds a step further. In each case, although nothing more could be added to the model or the workmanship, it was yet to be long before the full capacities of the instrument were developed. A quartet of Beethoven hardly differs more from the formal suites and gavottes of such composers as Rameau than does the sword-play of the school of Prévost or Cordelois from the nicely balanced movements and counter-movements taught and figured in the works of De Liancour or Girard. Nor has fencing been without its modern romantic school; we may even say that it has had its Berlioz in the brilliant and eccentric De Bazancourt, a charming writer on the art, and—as he has been described to me by competent authority—*un tireur des plus fantaisistes*. And in both cases we may truly say that the period of academic formality was the indispensable predecessor of the more free and adventurous development of our own time. But before the modern small-sword could even exist—the sword, as it is called eminently and

without addition in its land of adoption, *épée* as opposed to *sabre*—a long course of growth, variation, and experiment had to be run through. To give some general notion of the forms and history of the sword is what I shall now attempt. And though there are perhaps not many of us nowadays who would, like Claudio before he fell in love, walk ten mile a-foot to see a good armour, I think we shall find the story not without interest.

The sword is essentially a metal weapon. Here at the outset we are on disputable ground; one cannot take a part either way without differing from good authorities. But some part must be taken, and on this point I hold with General Pitt-Rivers. The larger wooden or stone weapons, clubs and the like, were not and could not be imitated in bronze in the early days of metal-work, for the one sufficient reason that metal was too scarce. We start then with spear-heads of hammered bronze, imitating the pointed flints which doubtless were still used for arrow-heads until bronze was cheap enough to be thrown or shot away without thought of recovering it. The general form of these spear-heads was a kind of pointed oval, a type which has continued with only minor variations in the greater part of the spears, pikes, and lances of historical times. It is difficult to say whether the spears thus headed were oftener used as missile or thrusting weapons, though the javelin has also forms peculiar to itself, of which the most famous example is the Roman *pilum*. In the semi-historical warfare of the Homeric poems the spear is almost always thrown; in the later historical period it is held fast as a pike; the Romans, carefully practical in all matters of military equipment, had

¹ A discourse delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday evening, June 1, 1833.

different spears for different kinds of service. In mediæval Europe the missile use of spears had, I believe, disappeared altogether, except in the defence of walls and in naval combats. However these things may be, the need of a handier weapon than the spear for close quarters, and a readier and more certain one than the club, must have been felt at an early time. A spear broken off short would at once give a hand-weapon like the Zulu "stabbing assegai." When metal becomes more abundant, and skill in working it more common, such weapons are separately designed and made; the spear-head is enlarged into a blade, with but little alteration of form, and we have a bronze¹ dagger of the type known to English archæologists as "leaf-shaped," the characteristic type of the bronze period everywhere. Some of the Greek bronze daggers, indeed, are rather smaller than the full-sized spear-heads. With increasing command of metal the length of blade is increased; and we have in course of time a true sword. This leaf-shape is the continuing type of the Greek sword throughout ancient Greek history; and it is not only thus persistent, but now and then recurs at much later times in unexpected ways. It is exactly reproduced in a pattern of short sword for the French dismounted artilleryman, dated 1816, which may be seen in the Musée d'Artillerie at the Invalides, and in some recent experimental sword-bayonets.² As the blade lengthened, the leaf-shape was less marked, and

in the days of the Roman empire, and the barbarian dynasties which were built up on its ruins, the symmetrical curvature had disappeared, leaving a straight and broad blade which became the European sword of the middle ages. Meanwhile the leaf-shape had thrown out other offshoots elsewhere. From the mediæval type of sword, or in some cases from one of these other forms, are derived all the weapons of this class now employed by the European races of man.

In Homer the sword is insignificant. So far as anything can be inferred from the allusions of the Greek tragedians, and from a few historical details like the improvements in equipment introduced by Iphicrates, it had a better relative position among the arms of Greek warriors in post-Homeric times. Probably this was due to the supplanting of bronze by iron—a process which was complete so long before Thucydides wrote that iron was in his language the natural and obvious material of weapons. To wear arms is for him to wear iron: in old times, he says, every man in Greece "wore iron" in every-day life, like the barbarians nowadays. But it is in the Roman armies that we find the first distinct evidence of the use of the sword being studied with anything like system. We learn from Vegetius—a writer of the late fourth century A.D., and of no great authority for his own sake, but likely enough to have preserved genuine traditions of the service—that the Roman soldier was assiduously practised in sword exercise. What is more important, the Romans had discovered the advantage of using the point, and regarded enemies who could only strike with the edge as contemptible. Vegetius assigns as reasons for this both the greater effectiveness of a thrust and the less exposure of the body and arm in delivering it; reasons which though not conclusive are plausible, and show that the matter had been thought out. Further, the Roman practice, notwithstanding the tempta-

¹ It is not universally true that bronze was known and worked before other metals. Iron came first where, as in Africa, it was most accessible. But I speak here with a view to the European development only.

² The Londoner need not even trouble himself to walk into a museum, for the leaf-shaped Greek sword of classical times has been carefully copied from the best authorities in the weapon held by the statue at Hyde Park Corner taken from the group of the Dioscuri on Monte Cavallo, disfigured by a total perversion of the original motive, and absurdly re-named Achilles.

tion to keep the shielded side foremost, was to advance the right side in attacking, as modern swordsmen do. The weapon was a thoroughly practical one: the straight and short blade was mounted in a hilt not unlike that of a Scottish dirk, scored with well-marked grooves for the fingers, and balanced with a substantial pommel: this last point, by the way, is too much neglected in our present military swords. A shorter and broader pattern was worn by superior officers, sometimes in a highly ornamented scabbard, of which there is a very fine specimen in the British Museum. Longer swords were used by the cavalry and by the foreign troops in the Roman service.¹ There is no evidence, however, that the Romans ever attained the point of cultivating swordsmanship in the proper sense, that is, making the sword a defensive as well as an offensive arm.

After the fall of the Roman empire the sword in general use is a longer and larger weapon, but handled, we may suspect, with less skill and effect. It is straight, heavy, double-edged, and of varying length apparently determined by no rule beyond the strength or the fancy of the owner. A good historical specimen of this type is the sword of Charles the Great, exhibited in the Louvre. As often as not the earlier mediæval swords are rounded off at the end; and from this, as well as from the fact that some centuries later the "foining fence" of the Italian school was regarded as a wholly new thing, it appears that the Roman tradition of preferring the point to the edge had been lost or disregarded. There is every reason, indeed, to believe that the mediæval form is the continuance

of a pre-historic one. Swords dug up in various parts of Europe from several feet of gravel show no essential difference of pattern from those which were common down to the sixteenth century. The hilts of the pre-historic swords do indeed affect (though not invariably) a shortness in the grip which seems to modern Europeans absurd, though a parallel to it may be found in modern Asiatic swords; and very short handles occur in European weapons as late as the thirteenth century. From three to three and a half inches, or sometimes even less, is all the room given to the hand. The modern European swordsman's grip is flexible; he requires free space and play for the fingers, and for the directing action of the thumb which is all but indispensable in using the point. The short grip is intended to give a tight-fitting and rigid grasp, so that the whole motion of the cut comes from the arm and shoulder; and this is the manner in which Oriental swords are still handled. Apart from this difference in the size of the grip, a mediæval knight's sword, or one of the Scottish swords to which the name of claymore (commonly usurped by the much later basket-hilted pattern) properly belongs, has little to distinguish it from the arms of unknown date which, for want of a more certain attribution, are vaguely called British in our museums. But one thing of great curiosity happened to the sword in the middle ages; it became a symbol of honour, an object almost of worship, the chosen seat and image of the sentiment of chivalry. This may be accounted for in part by the accident of the cross-guard seeming to the newly converted barbarians to invest it with a sacred character; I say accident, for the cross-guard is certainly pre-historic and therefore pre-Christian. Still the religious associations of the cross must have given a quite new significance and importance to such customs as that of swearing by the sword—itself a widely spread one, and of extreme

¹ Lindenschmit, *Tracht und Bewaffnung des römischen Heeres während der Kaiserzeit*. Braunschweig, 1882. Complete reconstructions of both Greek and Roman equipments of various periods (among others) may be seen in the excellent historical collection of *Costumes de guerre* in the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris.

antiquity.¹ I think that other though not dissimilar influences also came into play. In the Old Testament the sword is much oftener mentioned than the spear, and is a recognised symbol of war and warlike power. Thus, to take one of the best known passages, we read in the forty-fifth Psalm, "Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty:" in the Vulgate, *Accingere gladio tuo super femur tuum, potentissime*. Now it is no matter of conjecture that such a passage deeply affected the mediæval imagination. These words are quoted by a man of peace, our own Bracton, writing in the thirteenth century, when he speaks of the king's power, and of the counsellors and barons who are his companions, girt with swords, assisting him to do judgment and justice. It seems hardly too fanciful to think that the fascination and pre-eminence of the sword which were at their height in Bracton's time, and are not extinct yet, were in some measure derived from that one triumphant note of the Psalmist. Not that others were wanting; there is the two-edged sword in the hands of

the saints: *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum, et gladii ancipites in manibus eorum*, a verse that was in time to serve the Puritans as it had served the Crusaders.

But to follow out the associations of the sword with knighthood, semi-religious military vows and enterprises, and military honour in general, would be matter for a discourse of itself. Let us return to the fashion and development of the weapon. There was little variation from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, save that the decoration of the scabbard and mountings (of which I do not propose to speak) grew more elaborate with the growth of art and luxury, and that the average length tended to increase. After the twelfth century the sword is generally pointed as well as two-edged, and the point was sometimes used with effect. In a fourteenth century MS. in the British Museum, engraved in Hewitt's *Ancient Armour and Weapons*, a mounted knight is delivering a thrust in quarte (as we now say), which completely pierces his adversary's shield. In the sixteenth century the blade is made narrower and lighter, and the sword-hand is for the first time adequately guarded. First the plain cross-bar puts on various curved forms intended to arrest or entangle an enemy's blade with greater effect. Then rings project on either side of the root of the blade, and are worked, as time goes on, into a more or less complex system of convolutions according to the costliness of the weapon and the skill and fancy of the maker. These curved guards are known as *pas d'âne*, while the cross-pieces in the plane of the blade, now slender and elongated, and often curving towards the point, are called *quillons*. Next the guard throws up one or more branches, covering or encircling the exposed outer part of the hand. These branches form a shell or basket pattern, their ends are solidly joined to the pommel (after an interval of hesitating osculation, well exemplified in a sword now

¹ It is common among the Rájputs, and is met with, in conjunction with peculiar formalities, among certain hill tribes. Wilbraham Egerton, *Handbook of Indian Arms* (published by the India Office, 1880), pp. 77, 105-6. It is also a very old Teutonic custom. Grimm, *D.R.A.*, pp. 165, 896, cp. Ducange, s.v. *Juramentum* (*super arma*). The implied imprecation was probably, "May the god of war abandon me in fight if I swear falsely," hardly "May I perish by the sword," for it was held disgraceful to a free man to die otherwise than in battle. In the sixteenth century Spanish fencing-masters, on their admission to the guild, took an oath—"super signum sancte crucis factum de pluribus ensibus." *Revue archéologique*, vi. 589. Not unfrequently the sword itself was the object of worship; the feeling is more easily revived in fighting times, even now, than men of peace are apt to think, as Körner's well-known sword-song shows. Compare General Pitt-Rivers's Catalogue of his collection (Stationery Office 1877), p. 102. Some of the formulas in Ducange suggest the meaning, "What I assert or promise I am ready to make good with the sword;" but this I suspect is a later rationalising of the original ceremony.

in the museum of the United Service Institution which was borne by Cromwell at Drogheda), and nothing but a process of selection and simplification is now needed to produce all the modern patterns of sword-hilts. It was at Venice that the basket-hilt came first into regular use in the swords named *Schiavone*, from being worn by the Doge's body-guard (*Schiavoni*, Slavs, *i.e.* Dalmatians). In these it is of a flattened elliptical shape. The Scots, renowned before the middle of the sixteenth century for their careful choice of weapons, took up the model, and in the course of another generation or two developed it into the well-known basket-guard still used by our Highland regiments, the most complete protection for the swordsman's hand ever devised without undue loss of freedom. Meanwhile the *pas d'âne* solidifies into a hollowed disc or even a deep bell-shaped cup, the characteristic feature of the guard of the Spanish rapier and the modern duelling sword. One cannot help speaking of the works of men's hands, when one traces them in historical order through their several forms, as if they were organic and grew like flowers, or like variations of a natural species; and in truth it is not an idle conceit, for the development of design and workmanship answers to a real organic development in the men from whose brain and hand the work proceeds; every generation takes up from its fathers, if it is worthy of them, a new starting-point of imagination and aptitude, and the strange conservatism of the imitative faculty is a sure warrant of continuity.

The latter half of the sixteenth century was the time when the sword stood highest in artistic honour. Then it was that Holbein designed its ornaments for Henry VIII., and that Albert Dürer engraved a crucifixion on a plate of gold for the boss of a sword or dagger of the Emperor Maximilian's. Both the sword and its ornament disappeared at an early time, the prey of some greatly daring collector,

and nothing is now known of their fate: the design survives, for impressions were taken as from an ordinary engraver's plate, and some are still in existence, though a good example is extremely rare. But in the true armourer's or swordsman's eyes the work even of a Holbein and a Dürer is only extraneous adornment, and must yield in interest to the qualities of the blade. And at this time the sword-smith became again, as he had been in the ruder ages when metal working was the secret of a few craftsmen, a man of renown. In Spain, in France, in Germany, and in Italy there rose up masters and schools of sword-cutlery. There was a time when the blades of Bordeaux and Poitiers had the best price in the English market; but soon those of Toledo, combining beauty, strength, and elasticity, gained that eminence of which the tradition still clings to them. Othello's "sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper," was such an one as these now before us. And Shakespeare, be it noted, knew here as always exactly what he was speaking of; for it was long believed that the quality of the finest blades depended on their being tempered in mountain streams. Germany was not far behind in the race either; the Solingen blades, stouter and rougher than the Spanish ones, but for that reason fitter for common military service, made their trade-mark of a running wolf known throughout the north of Europe. The wolf, or hieroglyphic symbol that passed for one, was easily taken for a fox. Hence, it should seem, the cant name of fox for a sword, which is current in our Elizabethan literature. "O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox," cries Pistol to his captive on the field of Agincourt. A still greater reputation was gained by the strong and keen broadswords bearing the name of Andrea Ferrara, long a puzzle to antiquaries from the want of positive knowledge whether he was of Italian or Spanish origin. The story that he

was invited to Scotland by James V. appears to be mere guess-work. There exists, however, contemporary evidence that some time after 1580 two brothers, Giovan Donato and Andrea dei Ferari, were well-known sword-makers working at Belluno in Friuli, the Illyrian territory of Venice; and this goes far to settle the question between Spain and Italy.¹ Probably the name of Ferrara became a kind of trade-mark, and was used afterwards by many successors or imitators.

During this time the Spanish and Italian rapier was undergoing its peculiar development, and leading the way to the modern art of fencing. But this takes us out of the general line of history into a distinct branch. We have henceforth to consider the sword, not as the simple following out of a given primitive form, but as a weapon diverging from that form in two directions. It may be specialised as a cutting or as a thrusting arm. In the military sabre of our own time we find both qualities reconciled by a sufficiently effective compromise, but only after a long course of experiments.

For many centuries the armourers and swordsmen of the East have cultivated the edge at the expense of the point, and have attained a partly just and partly fabulous renown. The point, after being neglected since the days of the Romans, has made up its lost time in the West, and made it up triumphantly; for it is now admitted that the swordsman who would be a complete master of the edge must have learnt the ways of the point also. Let us take the earlier stage first, as shown in the cutting swords of the East. Broadly speaking, their characteristic feature is a decidedly curved blade as opposed to the straight or nearly straight European form.

Its most ancient form was probably short, and broader at the point than at the handle (the scimitar properly so called); an exaggerated representation

of this type is the conventional weapon of Orientals and barbarians among the painters of the Renaissance or even later. Passing over earlier stages, however, let us come to the sabre which was made known to Western Europe by the crusades, and whose form and fashion have continued to our own day without notable change. These Indian and Persian arms exhibit the perfection of a specialised type. Great cutting power is gained by the curvature, which ensures an oblique section of the blade, and therefore an acuter angle of resistance, being presented to the object struck. Everything else is sacrificed to the power of the edge, and sacrificed deliberately. The small grip and the partial or total neglect of protection for the sword-hand are part of the same plan. Defence is left to the shield and armour. The curious projecting pommel of the commonest pattern of Indian sabre may act, indeed, as a guard for the wrist, but it has other uses; it may become a weapon of offence at close quarters, it balances the weight of the blade, and it may be grasped with the left hand for a two-handed blow. Scottish broadswords not uncommonly have a kind of outside loop made in the hilt for the same purpose.

More time and labour have been given to the making and adornment of choice weapons in Syria, Persia, and India than in any other part of the world. The best steel always came, it appears, from India. Damascus has given its name to the characteristic processes of Oriental metal-work, but has long ceased to be the chief seat of the art: "the best blades at the present day are still made in Khorassan, where the manufacture has been carried on since the time of Timour, who transported thither the best artificers of Damascus."¹ Nevertheless Damascus blades, or what purport to be such, are still freely sold to travellers in the East. One such purchaser, I am told, observed that a

¹ *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xii., p. 192, (August, 1865).

² Egerton, *Handbook of Indian Arms*, p. 56.

number of these swords had the same inscription in Arabic characters. He was unable to read it himself, but afterwards consulted an Orientalist, who informed him that the writing signified—"I am *not* a Damascus blade." It may be believed that the interpretation was faithful, for the jest is quite in the Persian manner. The damasked or "watered" appearance of the blades which are most highly esteemed in the East appears to have been originally due to an accidental crystallisation of the steel in the process of conversion. The production of it was long thought a secret, but Western experts have now both explained and imitated it.²

While we are among Indian weapons, we may learn from them that the development of the sword from the dagger by successive steps and modifications is not a matter of mere archæological conjecture. Almost conclusive proof is given by the series of intermediate forms between the straight broad dagger (Kaṭār), with a handle formed by a pair of cross bars set close together between two other bars parallel to the axis of the blade which serve as hand-guards, and the long sword with gauntlet hilt called Patá. The dagger, as far as the blade goes, is of a widespread type: the mediæval short swords, for example, called by modern antiquaries "anelace" or "langue-de-bœuf" (though there is some doubt as to what anelace or anlas, a name peculiar to England and of unknown origin, really means), are not unlike it. But the mounting is peculiar, and enables us to follow the transitions. First the blade is made about a third or a half longer. Then a kind of shell covering the back of the hand is added to the bars of the hand-guard. In this form the weapon is called "Bara jamdádú" (death-giver), and seems to be known only in a limited part of Southern India. Finally the blade is lengthened into a double-edged sword, and

the hand-guard is closed in so as to make a complete gauntlet-shaped hilt. The original cross-bar handle remains, making the grip entirely different from that of an ordinary sword.² One does not see how an arm thus mounted can be used except for a sweeping blow, no room being given for the slightest play of the wrist. It is not uncommon to find old Spanish or other European blades mounted in these gauntlet hilts—a fact worth noticing to correct the popular impression that Eastern swords are better than European ones. This is far from being generally true. Not only may old Spanish, Italian, or German blades be found in collections of Oriental arms, but in quite modern times Indian horsemen have been known to use by preference English light cavalry swords, remounted in their own fashion, and to do terrible execution with them. European swords have been found ineffective in Indian warfare not because they were bad in themselves, but because they were not kept sharp like the Indian ones. "A sharp sword will cut in any one's hand," said an old native trooper to Captain Nolan in answer to questions as to the secret of the Indian horsemen's blows. And if European sword-smiths do not produce habitually such elaborate work as those of Persia and Damascus, it is not because they have not the secret of their Eastern fellow-craftsmen, but because the time and expense required for watered blades are such as would not be compensated by the price obtainable in the Western market. Only in the East, where men seem to take no count of time, and where centuries have passed without historians and without any means of fixing dates, could this branch of the armourer's art have arisen, or be regularly practised.

Similarly, we have all read in Walter Scott's *Talisman* the spirited (though,

² Examples of all the stages may be seen in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum, or still better in the Pitt-Rivers collection, where a case is specially arranged to show the transition.

¹ Wilkinson, *Engines of War* (1841), pp. 200 *seq.*

it must be confessed, inaccurate¹) description of the sword-feats performed by Richard and Saladin; and most readers probably imagine the cutting of the cushion and the veil to require some temper to be found only in Oriental blades, or some refinement of address peculiar to Oriental hands. But these and other feats of Eastern swordsmen have been and are repeated with success by Europeans in our own time. It is true that a light and very sharp sword, not the service arm, is used for that special purpose.

Various peculiar types of curved swords and more or less similar weapons occur in different parts of the East. One which deserves special mention, from the distances to which it has travelled, is the yataghan type. The doubly-curved blade of the yataghan, still a constant part of the armed Albanian's equipment, and a favourite Turkish weapon,² is identical in form with the short sword or falchion (Kopis) figured on sundry Greek monuments, and with the Kukri of Nepal. This last, indeed, is commonly broader and more curved; but there is an elongated variety of it which cannot be distinguished from the yataghan, and which occurs in Nepal itself, in the Deccan, and in Sind. A precisely similar arm, probably imported by Roman auxiliaries, has been found at Cordova and elsewhere in Spain, and may be seen in the Pitt-Rivers collection and the Musée d'Artillerie. It makes a very handy and formidable weapon, combining, if not too much curved, a strong cutting edge with considerable thrusting power. Of its birthplace, I

believe, nothing is known; it is more or less used in all the Mohammedan parts of Asia, and the geographical distribution would point to Persia or thereabouts for a common origin; but then Persia is just the country where the thing seems to be least common, and the word is purely Turkish. It is not impossible that, notwithstanding the strong temptation to make out a pedigree, we have here a case of independent invention in two or more distinct quarters; and in fact the Kukri of the Gorkhas is stated (on what authority I do not know) to be derived from a bill-hook used for wood-cutter's work in the jungles. In modern times the yataghan has been the parent of the French sword-bayonet, and it was even proposed by Colonel Marey, the author of a full and ingenious monograph on the forms and qualities of swords, to make the infantry officer's sword of this pattern.

We pass now to the other special line of development, that of the rapier and small-sword. Whatever differences of opinion may be possible about the sabre, there can be no doubt that the straight sword which ultimately became a thrusting sword is an extension of the dagger. The East is rich in daggers of many forms, so rich that in India alone a score of distinct names for distinct varieties of the weapon appear to be current. There is a broad difference, however, between the straight and the curved daggers, and the modes of using them; the straight ones being held like a sword, the curved ones the reverse way, with the little finger next the blade. Among the curved species is one of which the shape would be puzzling if it were not known to be simply copied from a buffalo horn. The proof is that a dagger of this class is sometimes nothing but the split and sharpened buffalo horn itself. I am not sure that all the curved daggers may not be due to some imitation of this kind, and thus be quite unconnected with the course of development leading up to the modern sword. That

¹ Richard I. is made to wield a two-handed sword, a weapon unknown in his time, and used only by foot soldiers when it did come in some three centuries later; and Saladin's is described as having a *narrow* curved blade, whereas Indo-Persian sabres are, on the average, broader if anything than European swords.

² I do not think it was adopted by the Greeks. In the Klephtic ballads it seems to be opposed, as the Turkish arm, to the Greek sword (Spathi).

the curved sabre is modified from a straight sword, not enlarged from a curved dagger, is, I think, too plain for discussion. The broad-bladed straight dagger which lengthened into the gauntlet-hilted sword has already been mentioned. But neither in this nor in any other case does the enlargement of the dagger appear to have suggested in the East the fabrication or use of a full-sized sword with thrusting for its chief or sole purpose. The rapier, the duelling sword, and the art of fencing, are purely Western inventions. Before going further, let us put a needful distinction of terms beyond mistake. A duelling sword and a rapier are not the same thing, though they are often confused. The rapier is a cut-and-thrust sword so far modified as to be used chiefly for pointing, but not to the complete exclusion of the edge. The duelling sword is a weapon made, and capable of being used, for pointing only. Such a construction would be naturally first applied to the dagger, as its cutting edges could never be of much offensive service unless it were of a large and clumsy type. Cutting power being once regarded as secondary or superfluous, the two-edged blade is narrowed for convenience of carriage, perhaps also of concealment, until thickening becomes necessary to make it strong enough. This reinforcement may be effected by a ridge on either side of the blade, or by a ridge on one side only, which soon becomes as much or as little of an edge as the original and now degraded edges of the blade. From the narrow two-edged blade strengthened by a single "median ridge" we get a purely thrusting blade of triangular section, or an approximately bayonet-shaped blade as we should now call it. From the blade with a double "median ridge" we get a blade of quadrangular section, not corresponding to anything now in familiar use. Both the three-edged and the four-edged shape occur among mediæval daggers; they are also found, though exceptionally, in

Indian specimens. It is difficult to say when they were introduced. We have a distinct record of three-edged swords or long daggers having been employed at the battle of Bovines (A.D. 1214); they are specially described by the chronicler as a novelty.¹ But no example of so early a date appears to be either preserved or figured anywhere; and it was as nearly as possible five centuries afterwards that the bayonet-shaped small-sword prevailed over the rapier. It is worth noticing that some of the Scottish broadswords of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries have a "median ridge" so strongly marked as to make them almost three-edged.

As for the two-edged rapier, its parentage is obvious. It is the military sword of all work, in the form it had assumed in the first half of the sixteenth century, lengthened, narrowed, and more finely pointed.² The interesting question is what led to the use of the point being studied and developed at that particular time. It may seem a paradox to say that the art of fencing is due to the invention of gunpowder; but I believe it to be true. So long as the body was protected by armour, there was no necessity and no scope for fine swordsmanship. Hard hitting was the only kind of attack worth cultivating. Fire-arms, however, made armour not only of less value, but at short ranges a source of positive danger, just as

¹ *Guillelmi Armorici liber* (Guillaume le Breton), anno 1214, § 192, (p. 283 of ed. 1832, published by the Société de l'histoire de France).—" . . . Ante oculos ipsius regis occiditur Stephanus de Longo Campo, miles probus et fidei integre, cultello recepto in capite per ocularium galee. Hostes enim quodam genere armorum utebantur admirabili et haecenus inaudito; habebant enim cultellos longos, graciles, triacuminés, quolibet acumine indifferenter secantes a cuspidé usque ad manubrium, quibus utebantur pro gladiis. Sed per Dei adjutorium prevaluerunt gladii Francorum," &c.

² It has been said that the rapier and its distinctive manner of use were derived from an elongated dagger employed for piercing the joints of plate armour; but I have met with nothing to support this view.

nowadays, when the side of an iron-clad is once penetrated by shot, the splinters make matters worse than if there had been no resistance at all. Armour being abandoned as worse than useless against fire-arms, it became needful to resort to skill instead of mechanical protection for defence against cold steel at close quarters. Various experiments were tried; the shield was reduced in dimensions to make it more manageable, and in England sword and buckler play, which had long been a favourite national pastime, still had, at the very end of the sixteenth century, its zealous advocates against the new-fashioned rapier. But the point, of no avail against complete armour, soon manifested its superior power when this barrier was removed. There is some obscurity about the local origin of the rapier and of fencing. A credible tradition refers it to Spain, whence it was imported into Italy by the Spanish armies early in the sixteenth century. The finest old rapiers are Spanish, and there is mention of very early Spanish books on the subject, which however do not seem to be extant.¹

From Italy the fashion came into France and England, and spread apace, not without grumbling from the older sort of gentlemen and soldiers, of which the echoes are yet audible to us in sundry passages of Shakespeare. At some time between 1570 and 1580 the rapier became the favourite companion of the exquisites of London. "Shortly after (the twelfth or thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth)," says Howes, the continuer of Stow's *Annals*, "began long tucks, and long rapiers, and he was held the greatest gallant, that had the deepest ruff and longest rapier: the offence to the eye of the one, and the hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other, caused her Majesty to make

proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffs and break the rapiers' points of all passengers that exceeded a yard in length of their rapiers, and a nail of a yard in depth of their ruffs." A later writer fixes the date of this proclamation to 1586, and adds that it forbade rapiers to be "carried, as they had been before, upwards in a hectoring manner," but says nothing of the ruffs.² In 1594-5 two English treatises appeared on the new art of fence, one translated from the Italian of Giacomo di Grassi, the other the work of Vincentio Saviolo,³ an Italian master established in England. The translator of Grassi tells us in his "Advertisement to the Reader," that "the sword and buckler fight was long while allowed in England (and yet practice in all sorts of weapons is praiseworthy), but now being laid down, the sword, but with serving-men, is not much regarded,⁴ and the rapier fight generally allowed, as a weapon because most perilous, therefore most feared, and thereupon private quarrels and common frays most shunned." On the other hand, some partisans of the old sword and buckler play maintained its excellence on the express ground that men skilled in it might fight as long as they pleased without hurting one another; and others denounced the rapier as "that mischievous and imperfect weapon

² Stow, *Annals* continued by Edmond Howes, Lond. 1614, p. 869; *Survey of London*, ed. 1755, vol. ii. p. 543 (in Strype's additional matter). Such a proclamation was, according to modern ideas, quite illegal; but much else of the same kind was acquiesced in all through Elizabeth's reign.

³ There is a second book of this treatise with a separate title-page, "Of honor and honorable quarrels," supposed by Warburton to be alluded to in Touchstone's exposition of the lie seven times removed. I cannot think this at all certain; the coincidence of matter is not very close, and it appears from Saviolo that other books of the kind were in existence.

⁴ Cp. Florio, *First Fruits* (1573), cited by Malcne on *King Henry IV.*, part i., act i., sc. 3, where the buckler is called "a clownish, dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

¹ See Nicolao Antonio, *Bibl. Hispana Vetus*, tom. 2, p. 305, and *Bibl. Hispana Nova*, tom. 1, p. 468, who names two Spanish authors as having written in 1474.

which serves to kill our friends in peace, but cannot much hurt our foes in war" (George Silver, *Paradoxes of Defence*, 1599). But they were soon discomfited. In 1617 we find one Joseph Swetnam, a garrulous and not original author, declaring that the short sword or back-sword (a stout sword so called from having only one edge) is against the rapier "litttle better than a tobacco pipe or a fox tail." We must not suppose that the rapier fight of the sixteenth century resembled modern fencing. It was the commoner practice to hold a dagger in the left hand for parrying; this, by the way, has an odd analogy in China, where instruments like blunt skewers are used for the same purpose. And not only did the use of the dagger, or in its absence of the gauntleted left hand, make the conditions different from those of the modern fencing school, but the principles and methods were as yet crude and unformed. The fencing-match in *Hamlet* is now presented according to the modern fashion, and Dumas and Gautier, both of whom knew the historic truth well enough, freely introduce the modern terms and rules into the single combats of their novels. In each case this course is justified by artistic necessity. But if we look to the engravings in Saviolo or Grassi, we shall find that Hamlet and Laertes, when the play was a novelty at the Globe Theatre, stood at what would now be thought an absurdly short distance (for the lunge, or delivery of the thrust by a swift forward movement of the right foot and body, with the left foot as a fixed point, was not yet invented), with their sword-hands down at their knees, the points of their rapiers directed not to the breast but to the face of the adversary, and their left hands held up in front of the shoulder in a singularly awkward attitude. A great object was to seize the adversary's sword-hilt with the left hand; and this perhaps explains the "scuffling" in which Hamlet and

Laertes change foils—a thing barely possible in a fencing-match of the present day. An incidental illustration of the part of the left hand in defence is given in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it is related that Mercutio

"with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt."

The duel with rapier and dagger had particular rules of its own; and the handling of a "case of rapiers" (that is, a rapier in either hand) was also taught, but, one would think, only for display.

During this period the use of the edge was combined with that of the point, but the point was preferred. "To tell the truth," says Saviolo, "I would not advise any friend of mine, if he were to fight for his credit and life, to strike neither mandrillas nor riversas" (the technical names of direct and back-handed cuts), "because he puts himself in danger of his life; for to use the point is more ready, and spends not the like time." In the books of the seventeenth century the instructions for mandrillas and riversas disappear accordingly, and at the beginning of the eighteenth we find the small-sword in existence and the rapier gradually giving place to it. Experiments had already been made with thrusting blades of triangular or quadrangular section; at least, specimens of such, ascribed to the early seventeenth or even the end of the sixteenth century, may be seen in museums. In some of these cases, however, one would like to ascertain that a more recent blade has not been mounted in a hilt of the period attributed to the weapon. Be that as it may, the small-sword completely prevailed over the two-edged rapier some time about 1715. At the same time that the form of the blade was changed, its length, which had been excessive, was reduced to a handier and not less effective compass. As regards the mounting and guard also there was a marked return to simplicity. The

elaborate work of the Spanish rapier hilts disappears, to be replaced by a plain shell guard for the duelling sword, and a very light hilt, capable, however, of much decoration if desired, for the walking sword which every gentleman habitually wore until near the end of the last century. Meanwhile the art of fencing made rapid progress, and may be said to have been fixed in substance upon its modern lines by 1750 or thereabouts. To give an account of its development before and since that time would require not a part of a discourse, nor a whole discourse, but a book.

One is tempted in the various forms and uses of the sword to see a reflection of the general temper, and even the tastes and style of the age. The sword of each period seems fitted by no mere accident to the gentlemen, both scholars and soldiers, like Bassanio, who wore and handled it. The long rapier, with its quillons and cunningly wrought metal-work, and somewhat rigid hand-hold, is a kind of visible image of the stately and involved periods of Elizabethan prose. I can persuade myself that it was not in the nature of things for Sidney or Raleigh to be otherwise armed. When we come to the great forerunners of modern English, Hobbes (who has in nowise forgotten to put a sword in the right hand of the mystical figure representing the might of the State in the frontispiece to his *Leviathan*) seems to wield an Andrea Ferara, such a blade and so mounted as Cromwell's, dealing nimbly and shrewdly with both edge and point. And in the exquisite dialectic of Berkeley and Hume, as clear and graceful as it is subtle, and without a superfluous word, we surely have the true counterpart of the finished play of the small-sword, the perfection of single combat. Warfare is on a grander scale now, the controversies of philosophers as well as the campaigns of generals. There are modern philosophical arguments which profess to be more weighty, as they are certainly more

voluminous, than Hume's or Berkeley's, and which remind one not of an assault between two strong and supple fencers in which every movement can be followed, but of a modern field-day, where there is much hurrying to and fro, much din, dust, and smoke, and extreme difficulty in discovering what is really going on.

But our story is not fully done. At the same time, or almost the same time, with the small-sword there came in an offshoot of this class of weapons which has a curious little history of its own, namely the bayonet, a modified dagger in its immediate origin, but influenced in its settled ordinary form by the small-sword, and by the sabre and yataghan in various experimental forms which have ended in the sword-bayonet largely used in Continental services, and to some extent in our own.

A word is also due to the modern military sabre. This, broadly speaking, is a continuation of the straight European military sword of the sixteenth century, lengthened and lightened after the example of the rapier, but one-edged instead of two-edged, and in many cases more or less curved after the fashion of the Eastern swords. The rapier and the small-sword are weapons of single combat, not of general military use; the small-sword is too fragile, the rapier both too fragile and too long, for a soldier's convenience. It is true that it was proposed by no less an authority than Marshal Saxe to arm cavalry with long bayonet-shaped swords, and his opinion has been followed by at least one modern writer. But it is founded on the erroneous notion that a good cutting sabre cannot have a good point, and therefore either the edge or the point must be wholly sacrificed; a notion which has so far prevailed that late in the eighteenth century an excessively curved light cavalry sabre (apparently copied with close fidelity from an Indian model) was introduced throughout the armies of Europe. It was the weapon of our light dragoons

all through the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, and effective for cutting, but almost or quite useless for pointing. Even now there remains a certain difference in most services between the shape of the light and the heavy cavalry swords, the heavy cavalry sword being straighter, or sometimes perfectly straight. But it is pretty well understood by this time that one and the same sword can be made, though not so perfect for thrusting as the duelling sword, nor so powerful for cutting as an Indian talwár or the old dragoon sabre, yet a very sufficient weapon for both purposes. A blade of moderate length, not too broad, and lightened by one or more grooves running nearly from hilt to point, may be shaped with a curve too slight to interfere gravely with the use of the point, yet sensible enough to make a difference in favour of the edge. This plan is now generally followed.

The use of the edge, after being unduly neglected in consequence of the startling effectiveness of the rapier-point, has also been more carefully studied in modern times. Closely connected with the error just now mentioned, that the same blade cannot be good for both cutting and thrusting, is an equally erroneous belief that a cut cannot be delivered with sufficient force except by exposing one's whole body. The old masters of rapier-fence already knew better. What says Grassi in the contemporary English version? "By my counsel he that would deliver an edge-blow shall fetch no compass with his shoulder, because whilst he beareth his sword far off, he giveth time to the

wary enemy to enter first; but he shall only use the compass of the elbow and the wrist: which, as they be most swift, so are they strong enough if they be orderly handled." This is exactly what the best modern teachers say. Though sabre-play cannot rival the refinements of the lighter and more subtle small-sword, there is much more science in it than would be supposed by any one not acquainted with the matter; and it may easily be seen that a pair of single-stick players who have learnt from a good master do, in fact, expose themselves wonderfully little. Nor is it easy to say on which side the advantage ought to be in a combat between foil and sabre, the players being of fairly equal skill, and each acquainted with the use of both weapons.

My final word, albeit it savour of egotism, shall be one of practical testimony and counsel to a generation of students. I must add my voice to those of a long chain of authorities, medical and other, to bear witness that the exercise of arms, whether in the school of the small-sword, or in the practice, more congenial, perhaps, to the English nature, of the sturdier sabre, is the most admirable of regular correctives for the ill habits of a sedentary life. It is as true now as when George Silver wrote it under Queen Elizabeth that "the exercising of weapons putteth away aches, griefs, and diseases, it increaseth strength and sharpeneth the wits, it giveth a perfect judgment, it expelleth melancholy, choleric, and evil conceits, it keepeth a man in breath, perfect health, and long life."

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

A BIT OF ERIN.

If the ruined castles of one era, and the grass-grown cabin sites of another, appeal strongly to the imagination of the visitor to Ireland, there is nothing to my mind half so pathetic as the forlorn aspect of the smaller country houses which the social convulsions following the famine, and the Encumbered Estates Act, denuded of their occupants. Most of these have become the habitat of farmers, and, amid the decayed relics of their former finery, look almost, though not quite as melancholy, as those few that have for different reasons been absolutely abandoned to the bats and owls.

Not far from the centre of Ireland, and almost exactly equidistant between the Atlantic and the Irish Sea, the traveller from Dublin to Cork will see a range of mountains spring from the flat country far away upon his right, and follow the railway upon the verge of sight for many miles, rising and falling in dark waves against the western sky. All along the base of these hills lay at one time one of the thickest populations in Ireland, and the whole surrounding district has been made famous in connection with these and other times of disturbance and convulsion by the pen of one who was a leading resident and actor in them.

Fifty years ago a local gentry clustered thickly in the low country on either side of the mountains—a gentry of various subtle degrees doubtless, but all entitled to shoot at one another at twelve paces, to get drunk like gentlemen, to hunt in scarlet, and with a proper contempt for trade. The economic disturbances which swept most of these away are too recent for time to have effaced or even to have made much impression on the walls and roofs which sheltered

them, though the cabins which made their existence possible have left no traces but the grass grown potato patches, and here and there the stone chimneys where their peat fires blew.

It is one of these deserted mansions, hardly old in the generally accepted sense of the term, but prematurely grey and worn, from neglect, that has fastened itself on my mind, I hardly know why, except that no lapse of years, no length of absence, ever seems to reveal the smallest change on its plain, wan face. It is not the hunting-box of a nobleman, nor is it the house of a squire, whose rent-roll, could he collect it, would enable him to live there; but a relic rather of other days, an anachronism upon the present face of the country. The five hundred acres of timber and grazing land, and the almost worthless stretch of bog and mountain above them that form the estate, was sufficient in the old potato days before the famine, when the population had run to nine millions, and this part of the country was at least maintaining the average of increase, to produce, at any rate by the number of its petty tenants, and with a little help perhaps from other sources, rent sufficient to maintain a family living as gentry, and ruffling it after the manner of those times about the country side. To keep however the bleary-eyed ghostly mansion upon its legs in these days, much less to restore it to its pristine splendour, would require something more than the three or four hundred acres of grass-land round it, even supposing its owner had the inclination and the knowledge to turn farmer, and apply both time and attention to the family acres.

This particular inheritance however survived the famine days, survived the Incumbered Estates Act, and the rent

of the land still goes into the pockets of the "ould race," though its representative has so far forgotten the pride of his ancestors, and the traditions of the cock-pit and the race-course, as to be placidly bowling around some English watering place in a doctor's brougham, with little left to mark from whence as a boy he came, but an aptitude for getting hold of better horses at lower figures than his brother practitioners. The grass lands have been let for many a long year to a neighbouring proprietor of the same calibre who has remained an Irishman by turning farmer in his youth, but the house has remained uninhabited, and has shivered and shaken and rattled in the gales of a score of winters. It stands far back from the public road that leads from the railroad and market-town some twelve miles off to the mountains immediately at its back, whose height and extent cut off the neighbourhood from all outside intercourse upon the north and west. There is not much traffic upon this part of the high road, even now-a-days. Strings of carts carrying townwards on market-days the produce—and the families—of the mountaineers, the same procession coming homeward at dusk, the wife driving, and the husband lying drunk in the straw.

The little river that takes its rise some ten miles up in the heart of the mountains, and has here spread out into a broadish stream, bends round two sides of the demesne, and the thick growth of woodland that for a long distance hangs over the water, often turns the occasional angler into the pathway that, crossing the fields in front of the house, cuts off the elbow and joins the river lower down, where it sweeps out of the plantations on to the boggy pastures beyond. It is no easy matter to get out of the belt of woodland that skirts the river; a dense undergrowth of holly has everywhere spread rank and thick, while the paths and tracks of former days are covered deep with the leaves of beech or ash that have blown and

gathered and rotted there for years and years. Broken limbs that have tumbled from the trees above lie rotting where they fell, save where they are collected and piled upon the gaps in the fence that divides us from the open fields. Once outside a faint path leads us across the velvety, daisy-flecked turf, on which good-looking cattle, fresh from the yards, are cropping at the sweet, short grass with the eagerness of a first bite, and slowly shedding their rough winter coats. Spring is rampant everywhere, the may and the gorse blaze in the sun from the broken banks that divide field from field. The thorn trees rustle in full summer dress, and atone for the oaks beyond them which are still almost bare, and the newly-arrived swallows sweep round and round high up against an almost cloudless sky. What was once the carriage drive beneath an avenue of limes, abruptly terminates our path. If you follow the former back to the high road, you will find its outlet marked by two ponderous stone gate-posts. Upon one of these a mutilated and unrecognisable device of the same material lifts its disfigured head. At the foot of the other the remains of a similar heraldic monster will be found with the rusted half of an iron gate buried in the long grass, weeds, and nettles that grow close up to the fence. Beside the gateway are the roofless walls of a cabin that must have done duty in halcyon days as a lodge. Following what was once a drive, but is now a mere farm track towards the house, another gateway, bearing the same evidence of former aspirations, divides the lawn from the large pasture field, the arrangement of whose timber, and the big swampy depression in the far end of it, that has evidently been a pond, argues that tendency to parks and lakes—to misplaced and incongruous efforts at display which the satirists of old rural Ireland so particularly rejoiced in.

The short gravel sweep to the house is now as green as the lawn through which it runs, and sprinkled with the

débris of the tall beech trees which line it. The stucco has fallen in layers from the front of the plain square house, and the slates upon the sunken roof are bleached almost white with age and weather. Everywhere around, however, the greenery of spring blooms and blossoms in the straggling shrubberies and in the walled kitchen garden that stretches away at the back—blooms more luxuriantly perhaps from the very wildness born of neglect.

It would be hard to find a more charming spot. Everything at this season, but the grey block of the deserted house, is fresh and bright, rich and warm. The music of mountain streams fills the air, but the barrenness of bog and mountain is hidden by belts of woodland, where rooks cluster in limes and beeches, and where wood-pigeons mate unmolested in the sobbing pines, within sound almost of the crowing of the grouse in the heathery hills whose summits can be just seen rising above the tree tops.

It may seem strange that house property of this kind should be practically valueless within a few hours' run of London, and the constant demand for opportunities of playing the *rôle* of country gentlemen upon a modest scale that drives Englishmen, not only all over Great Britain, but into remote colonial and transatlantic wilds where such a *rôle* is neither appreciated nor understood. One would suppose that a soil, sympathetic and congenial in most things for such a purpose, would have attracted more of those tieless wanderers whose ambition and whose tastes tend in that direction. For even if Englishmen were much given to nerves, the stranger who avoided all connection with land, and confined his attention to his house, his garden, and the hunting-field, would be as safe in Ireland as in Hampshire.

At the corner of the property, the main road before mentioned that leads towards the mountains crosses the river by a grey stone bridge of two arches. Under one of these the swift

stream, narrowing suddenly from the sunny shallows above, shoots in dark current over polished slabs of limestone. Under the other a shallow backwater carries big flakes of frothy foam slowly round and round an almost stagnant pool where shoals of minnows sport in the three or four inches of clear water that covers the shining sand. An aged man in a raiment of many hues, and many holes, is leaning over the parapet of the bridge gazing aimlessly with watery eyes into the depths below. A rude rod with a still ruder line attached to it lies on the dusty road at his feet, and proclaims the poor old tatterdemalion a disappointed disciple of Izaak—as well he may be with such weapons. He is ready enough, however, with his confidences. He is no longer able to work, but has an allowance of four shillings a week from the rates. The wretched hovel in which he lives is within a stone's throw, and his rent is thirty shillings a year. As we are talking, a farmer whom the questionable gift of such oratory as fascinates rural Ireland has transformed from a very thriftless agriculturist into a very thriving patriot, drives by in his gig, and suggests the thought that our ancient friend's opinion of Mr. Parnell's organisations might be interesting. He has not much to say upon the subject, but as a retired labourer with his pension of four shillings a week, neither more nor less, independent of party and class, and as the father of a family of labourers, what he has to say is said with unquestioned decision, and considerable bitterness, and to the effect that as far as he and his are concerned, whatever benefits the class above them may have received, their own position is only not altered for the worse because that would be impossible. You suggest that the late concessions should enable the farmer to hire more labour. "Faix, yer honour," says the old cynic, "it's to the public house the savin' o' the rint goes, not to the labourer." Nor could any one who was a frequent traveller on this very road to the market-town, and familiar with the

spectacle it presented on certain days in the week deny that the statement was at least in strong accordance with outside appearances. Great as are the changes that fourscore years must have witnessed in these parts, the old man's memory is dull. The famine, however, to him seems but as yesterday, and he points to a cutting by the roadside long grown over with turf, where a big shed was erected, and "stirabout" dispensed to all those who were strong enough to crawl to the spot. Potatoes too were good enough eating for people in health, but when sick or weakly were unwholesome, though as a matter of fact they cannot have been more so than the bakers' bread and poisonous tea at high prices which have to a great extent usurped their place in the Irish cabin of these parts. At the edge of the wood in the field yonder there is a broken wall, and a heap of *débris* lying buried under a wilderness of nettles and rank weeds that the old man remembers to have been in his boyhood the kennels of a pack of barriers, whose very existence is but a tradition to the present generation of local sportsmen, while the moss has grown this many a long year on the graves of those who cheered them on over the hills and fields of an Ireland that is as much a thing of the past as they.

Beyond the bridge the road divides, leading in one direction down the valley, in the other up the long face of the mountain. Following the former one sees little but grass land, some clean and fresh, some spongy, coarse, and wet. Some almost monopolised by rushes, but of more account as summer feeding land than to an English eye would at first sight appear possible. Farm houses of fair size that argue moderate holdings, skirt the road with white-washed walls, steep thatched roofs, and muck-heaps before the door. Others of a more substantial build with slate roofs and ill kept gardens in front.

Here and there too, of a size beyond the demands of a two hundred acre farm, and surrounded by planta-

tions grown ragged from want of care, the dwellings of forgotten gentry, now sunk into farmhouses, look sadly out upon the passer-by. Lower down upon the bank of the river rises grimly up into the blue sky one of those nameless ruins to whose history the haziest local tradition gives no clue, except to assume, as a matter of course, that its wreck was Cromwell's handiwork, though the spot is at least thirty miles from the line of any of that dread avenger's marches. However that may be, the rude walls tell no tale, all but the corners have crumbled down, and these, held together in the angles, rear their heads like ragged columns some sixty feet above the green turf and the dark peaty water, that here in slow course laps against the alders at their feet.

If the oblivion in which the past history of this crumbling fortress lies takes away something of the interest attached to it from one point of view, from another, that very mystery, and the wild scene of bloodshed that its situation just outside the pale must have made it witness of, lends an additional fascination as one contemplates the vast pile of unhewn stone, and wonders what manner of men and women huddled round the rude fireplaces that in the upper stories are still clearly traced against the wall, or looked out over what was then probably a wild stretch of bog and swamp from the gaping windows through which the winds of three centuries at least have blown at will. The loopholes at the corner commanding what was evidently once a ford, but now has been washed out by floods and drainage, are there, and there, too, stretching far out into the meadow at the back are the foundations of the walls that surrounded the court-yard, where wretched kernes and lean cattle huddled at the first sound of war's alarms.

In England or Scotland neither history nor fiction has spared anything in its efforts to paint in realistic colours the life that once throbbed in such monuments as these, while

wealth and taste perhaps trains the ivy on their grey walls, and spreads around them lawns and flower-beds such as in their palmiest days they never knew.

With the Irish ruin it is not often so, and the imagination is left unassisted to picture the opposing races, who fought for its cheerless shelter, sweeping backwards and forwards in ceaseless conflict, forcing one another over barren bogs and swampy meadows, marrying and intermarrying, murdering and slashing, stealing and raiding, each for himself, either directly or indirectly, till Celt and Norman, Celto-Norman and Saxon, were rolled into Irishmen (whatever that may mean); forming and reforming with each generation to the distant echoes of English party strife, under opposing sides, for which the pretexts of race and religion were but as excuses for the congenial occupations of slaughter and plunder. When property beyond a day's ride from the capital meant nothing but a horde of half-naked savages and a good balance of lean bullocks, till some other wave of Englishmen makes a clean sweep of half a province, driving before it Celt, Norman, and Saxon, and re-settles it like New England or Virginia. Then, as the student might fancy, there was at least clean ground to work on, back comes the returning flood of Irish and quasi-Irish under the influence of the party exigencies of distant legislators, pouring over the colonised districts, settling down among the colonists in equal numbers, mixing with them in future generations hopelessly and irretrievably, till by the beginning of the eighteenth century questions resting on race distinction in the unhappy island begin to get bewildering. The Englishman who has honestly struggled with Irish history from the fascinating pages of Froude to the passionate generalisms of Duffy, may be pardoned if, at the end of the nineteenth, he fails, amid the cries of nationalism, the rights of race, to see anything but a paradox in the silent sympathy with which

the country applauds some tenant farmer of solid Saxon name, the descendant very likely of Cromwellian settler, as he pours a charge of slugs and buckshot, on the score of prior possession, into the back of some undoubted descendant of Celtic chieftains whom his own ancestors or their allies robbed, but who happens now to be again a landowner; or, again, when some gentleman, whose not very remote ancestors came from Devonshire, or Northumberland, or Glasgow, poses in the mantle of Brian Boru, and denounces from the hill of Tara as aliens and usurpers the race to which he owes his being.

Going back to the bridge and taking the other road, we strike the mountains almost immediately, and begin a long ascent which the grey limestone road climbs gradually through several miles of bleak country, where in past years man and nature would seem to have struggled long for mastery. The fight, however, is now over: mossy turf and rushes run everywhere up and down the old potato ridges, patches of land that were once cultivated in wheat and rye grow heather high above the sunken banks which separated them. Heaps of stones, and here and there a bit of a wall, mark the spot where cabins once stood, and now and again some wretched hovel, its windows stuffed with dirty rags, and its thatched roof waving with long weeds, still proclaim that clinging to the soil in its dreariest aspects so characteristic of the Irish peasant. While all over these low foot hills that rise gradually to the base of the mountain, the wind whistles through the rushes and heather, the coarse grass and the broom, which covers the ruins of a once thick settlement; on the steeper slopes beyond green fields and larch plantings break at long intervals the brown wilderness that along the whole horizon meets the sky, and white-washed farm-houses, with grey stone barns, overhung with gnarled beeches, here and there at points wide asunder, save the landscape from being one of utter desolation.

M. RENAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.¹

LAST month we endeavoured to render some account of M. du Camp's *Souvenirs*, and to retrace in some sort the picture which he gives of French literary society during the last forty years. In taking up M. Renan's Reminiscences of his Youth, after M. du Camp, we find ourselves once more within the fascinating ground of French letters. But how different is our guide, and how remote are the paths through which he leads us, from those pleasant work-a-day roads along which M. du Camp beguiled his reader! The friend of Flaubert and of Gautier showed us the artist side of French life, and made us listen to the talk of people who would have died rather than moralise, to whom a fine phrase, an exquisite combination of images, was infinitely more valuable than all the philosophy of the philosophers, and who found politics, speculation, and science trivial beside the immortal attractions of sonorous verse or rhythmical prose. Paris again filled the canvas—Paris, with its *cafés*, its theatres, its scandals, and its coteries, varied only by pictures of the East, drawn now from the point of view of the archæologist, now from that of the politician, every sketch illustrating the experiences or enforcing the opinions natural to the rich and well-bred man of the world. From this whirl of Parisian art and politics M. Renan's *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* recall us to harsher and austerer things—to the solitudes of Breton heaths, to the ascetic routine of Catholic training, to the bitterness of the student's struggle to know and to understand, carried on as it so often is at the peril of what he loves. For the scene is laid either in rural

Brittany, or within the walls of a seminary, or in the garret of the scholar. And in place of a stream of literary or political anecdote, the whole stress of the book is laid upon the inner development of one mind, so that the subject of it may almost be summed up in a sentence: "How to account for the *Vie de Jésus*."

About the style indeed of the *Souvenirs* there is nothing harsh or austere. The argumentative portions are admirably clear, and in the earlier parts we could perhaps have wished for a little more severity of style. The first three chapters of M. Renan's book, indeed, taken together with the last, offer a curious illustration of the special dangers which surround that French art of writing we have all of us so much cause to admire. "A man will say but few solid things if he is always seeking to say extraordinary ones," said Vauvenargues long ago, and the saying applies with peculiar neatness and point to much of M. Renan's later style. He has come, as he frankly tells us, to be fully aware that what the general public reads him for is not so much his philosophy, or his scholarship, as for some magical power of phrase-making which in him is natural and inborn. And whereas in the first days of his fame he was perpetually conscious that this gift of style was not without its dangers, and that a good writer should aim above all things at soberness and simplicity of statement, in the *Souvenirs* he has, as it were, allowed himself to cast away certain restraining influences, and has given full play to a power of words which in its own way is unrivalled. "At Paris," he tells us, "as soon as I had shown the little *carillon* which was in me, the world was pleased

¹ *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calman Lévy.

with it, and so perhaps for my misfortune I have gone on ringing it ever since." Never indeed have the acute or musical or subtle changes of which the intricate mechanism of modern speech is capable, been better illustrated than in this remarkable autobiographical essay, and especially in its earlier chapters, and yet the whole result of many pages of complicated effort is too often disappointing. The simple sights and incidents of rural Brittany, at any rate, have very little congruity with all this cleverness; the separate portraits of sailor or peasant are too highly finished, the stories too delicately rounded, the lights and shadows too carefully distributed. And during those pauses for meditation, with which every description of an individual life is naturally interrupted, the artificiality in which even M. Renan's facts are steeped becomes more and more evident in the course of his comments upon them. For he has not employed those pauses, as we might perhaps have expected, upon topics which would have diverted the reader's attention from the book's main theme of Ernest Renan. On the contrary, he has used them for purposes of concentrated self-discussion and self-analysis, and never have his qualities of irony, of sentiment, of crisp startling assertion, been employed with greater lavishness than on these interludes of self-criticism. The prayer to Athene, written on the Acropolis; the review of his early education with which he closes the Breton souvenirs; and the close examination through which he puts himself in the last chapter of all, are instances of what a foreign public will certainly call bad taste. There is something in the northern mind, at any rate, that rebels against self-analysis of this dainty elaborated kind. With us a John Stuart Mill reviews his life in the same sincere and dignified spirit as that in which it has been lived. Carlyle's cry of remorse and passion reconciles us by

its rude truth to the faults of temper and taste which abound in him. Newman's *Apologia* has fallen into fine literary shape, as it were, unconsciously. Nobody can suppose that the writer's first aim was literary, or that he chose to describe the most intimate moments of his life and development because the subject suggested itself to him as one admirably susceptible of the finest literary treatment. But this is too much the impression left by certain portions of M. Renan's book. The three central chapters, indeed, are free from this drawback. Everything, or almost everything, in them was worth saying for its own sake, and the luminous brilliancy of the style has done nothing more than set off matter weighty in itself. But throughout the early reminiscences, and especially in the general meditation that fills up the last chapter, we are far too much conscious of the French artist with his eye on the public. The public indeed, M. Renan tells us, is itself to blame for all this posing. "It is here the grand corrupter. It encourages one to do evil; it leads the writer to commit faults for which it blames him afterwards, like the respectable *bourgeoisie* of former times, who applauded the actor, and at the same time excluded him from the church. '*Damne-toi, pourvu que tu nous amuses!*' Here is the feeling which lies too often at the bottom of the most flattering invitations of the public. One succeeds above all by one's defects. When I am well pleased with myself, I am approved by ten persons; when I let myself run into perilous confidences, where my literary conscience hesitates, and where my hand trembles, thousands implore me to go on."

And so, according to M. Renan, it is the public's fault that we have passages like this: "It is above all in character that I have remained essentially the pupil of my old masters. My life, when I go over it again,

seems to me a mere application of their qualities and their defects. Only these qualities and these defects brought out into the world have led to the most original dissonances. All is well that ends well, and the whole result of existence having been for me very agreeable, I amuse myself very often like Marcus Aurelius on the banks of the Gran, in counting up what I owe to the diverse influences that have crossed my life and have woven the tissue of it. Well, Saint-Sulpice has always seemed to me the principal factor among them. I speak of all this very much at my ease, for I have very little part in it. I was well brought up; that is all. My gentleness, which comes often from a fund of indifference; my indulgence, which is very sincere, and springs from my clear vision of the injustice of men towards each other; my conscientious methods, which are a pleasure to me; the infinite capacity I have for patience under boredom, the result perhaps of an inoculation of *ennui* in my youth so strong that I have remained impervious to it during the rest of my life;—all these are explained by the *milieu* in which I lived and the profound impressions I received from it. Since I left Saint-Sulpice I have done nothing but degenerate, and yet with the quarter of a Sulpician's virtues I have still been, I think, a good deal above the average."

Or again: "I have always been very unjust by instinct towards the *bourgeoisie*. On the other hand, I have a strong liking for the people, for the poor. *I alone, in my century, have been able to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi.*"

This last sentence, which we have underlined, has already become famous. To our mind there is little to be said about it; perhaps the best comment upon it is another saying of Vauvenargues, an untranslatable saying, "*L'esprit ne nous garantit pas des sottises de notre humeur.*" M. Renan will find himself freely

accused of egotism, of blindness, of an audacious contempt for average opinion, so long as he allows himself to write in the tone which underlies these strange confessions. For ourselves, we are only anxious to insist that passages of this kind are literary *sottises*, blunders, in which a mood like M. Renan's, a mood so confident, so detached, so gay, finds its natural scourge.

So much the English critic can hardly help saying in protest against the less pleasant aspects of this curious book. But so great is M. Renan's charm that it is well to say these things to begin with and while the sense of them, so to speak, is still hot within one. The more one lingers over these pages, with their mixture of seriousness and gaiety, of sentiment and cynicism, the more one feels the spell of a nature which, in its worst defects, is still original and stimulating. No other French writer can claim to have moulded M. Renan, and he himself would have us believe that he is the least literary of men, and that both thought and style are, in him, the direct, inevitable product of two things—his race and his education.

Upon this matter of race he lays great stress. Pure Breton on his father's side, he had inherited from his mother a strain of Gascon blood, and thus to the romantic temper, the devotion, the tenacity of the Celt, fate had joined in him the quick mobility of the South. "I sprang" he says, "from the old idealist race in its purest form. In the district of Goëlo or Avaugour on the Trieux there is a place called the Ledano, because there the Trieux spreads out, and forms a lagoon before it falls into the sea. On the brink of the Ledano is a large farm called Keranbelac or Miskanbelac. There was the centre of the clan of Renan, honest people who had migrated from Cardigan under the guidance of Fragan about the year 480. They lived an obscure life there for thirteen hundred years, accumulating thoughts and sensations of

which the stored-up capital has fallen to me. I feel that I think for them, and that they live in me. Not one of these respectable people ever tried their hand at making money; they were therefore always poor. My incapacity for malice, even for the appearance of it, comes from them. They knew only two kinds of occupation, how to cultivate the soil, and how to venture themselves and their boats among the estuaries and rocky archipelagoes, formed by the Trieux at its mouth." Ernest Renan's grandfather left the country home of the clan for Tréguier shortly before the revolution. Tréguier is a little seaport town, owing its foundation to one of the many Celtic monasteries by which in the fifth century so much of Armorica was civilised. Before the revolution it had a bishopric and innumerable convents. The revolution dispersed the convents, and the bishopric was suppressed by the Concordat. But the conventual buildings of the place were unfit for anything but ecclesiastical uses, and when Ernest Renan was a boy, by the help of a church college which had established itself in the old seminary, and of various religious associations which had taken fresh possession of the deserted convents, the place was almost as monastic and as much separated from the world as it had been under the ancient *régime*. All about it spread the Breton country, in wild solitudes of heather, studded with chapels and shrines in whose ritual certain older cults still penetrated through the Christian disguises which had been imposed upon them; or with farm houses, in some of which lingered the last traces of the old tribal nobility, the clan aristocracy of the soil, whose mere existence seemed to link the Brittany of the restoration with an immemorial antiquity. The little old-world town with its granite cathedral, the neighbourhood where all the peasant population lived in an atmosphere of dreams "as deeply penetrated almost with mythological fancies as that of Benares

or Jagatnata," the beliefs of his family, the lessons of the old priests who taught him—all these things left an ineffaceable impression upon the delicate last born child of the Renans. Only one thing is missing in the vivid, perhaps too vivid, picture, which M. Renan has drawn for us of his childhood in the volume now before us. It is the figure, the noble and sympathetic figure, of his sister. And yet no constant reader of M. Renan can be ignorant of the part played in his career by the devoted Henriette, whose death in 1860 has been the one great grief in a peculiarly tranquil life. Twenty years ago indeed M. Renan wrote a short monograph on his sister "for those who had known her." It was privately printed and circulated only among the author's personal friends. In issuing the present volume of *Souvenirs*, M. Renan tells us that he was strongly tempted to bind up with them the monograph of 1862, but finally decided against publishing it until after his death, when it will be reprinted with additions. The decision is to be regretted, for in this beautiful essay of some eighty pages there is little, if anything, more intimate or confidential than is contained in the *Souvenirs* now given to the world. And published side by side with these papers the earlier record with its quiet simplicity and pathos would have corrected and disarmed many a harsh judgment that may perhaps be passed on the later.

M. Renan will scarcely quarrel with us if we make some use of this rare little book to complete the picture he has recently traced for us. Its beauty and sacredness are such that in face of the determination of the author to withhold it for some time longer from the public, much direct quotation from it would carry us beyond our rights; but here and there, at least, one may gather details from it which can serve no other purpose than to widen the range of our sympathies for the writer. It is in these pages that one finds the pretty picture of the elder

sister of seventeen conveying the small brother of five to church on winter evenings, hidden from the weather under her long cloak: "What a delight it was to me to trample the snow, thus sheltered on every side!—" or the pathetic story of Henriette's tears over Ernest's threadbare clothes, and of the girl's resolution to be through life, as far as she could, his protector from poverty and hardship. Henriette Renan seems to us to have had a good deal of the temper of the Brontës in her. Like them she sprang from a strong and taciturn stock; her reserve, like theirs, was but the mask of affections all the stronger for habitual repression; and her nature too was at once apt for the widest intellectual freedom and tempered to the lowliest offices of human service. Upon her brother she seems to have exercised through life a supporting and guiding influence. She was content to sit beside him through long hours of silence while he worked, content to labour for him with hand or head, now making notes for him on Gothic art, or criticising his proofs, and now bending all her woman's ingenuity to the wants of the frugal household, which, but for her savings and her economy, could scarcely have existed. And she had her reward—in the formation and permanence of one of those beautiful ties, detached alike from passion and from interest, which are the fruits of self-forgetting and of noble aims pursued in common.

But this is anticipating. We must return to the Tréguier school and the effect of its training upon the young Renan. The teaching there was admirably solid, but, of course, very limited in range. "We made a great many Latin verses; but since the poem on *Religion* of the younger Racine, it was not admitted that any French poetry had existed. The name of Lamartine was pronounced with a smile of ridicule; the existence of Victor Hugo was unknown. To write French verse would have been considered a most dangerous practice,

and would probably have led to expulsion. History and natural science were equally ignored. On the other hand, we were carried on tolerably far in mathematics, for which I developed a passion." As soon as the boy began to show his natural aptitude for books, his vocation, as it were, determined itself. In that romantic Breton world, commerce or the professions or any lucrative employment were regarded as good only for those who could do nothing better. For a boy with intelligence, there opened inevitably the nobler way of the priesthood. Ernest Renan's docile, dreamy nature took the direction given to it without the slightest difficulty. "Persuaded by my masters of two absolute truths: in the first place, that a man who respects himself will only labour for an ideal end, that everything else is secondary, inferior, almost disgraceful, *ignominia seculi*; and in the second, that the ideal is summed up in Christianity, it was inevitable that I should regard myself as destined for the priesthood. The possibility of a secular career did not even enter my head. My masters became my models, and I had no other ambition than to be, like them, professor at the Tréguier college, poor, without worldly cares, esteemed and respected as they were."

"And I should have made an excellent priest," says M. Renan, with gentle complacency. "I should have been indulgent, paternal, charitable, irreproachable. My flock would have loved me as my family has done, and I should have made my authority as little disagreeable to them as possible. At twenty-two I should have been professor at Tréguier, at fifty a canon, perhaps grand-vicar at Saint Brieuc, an excellent man, much esteemed, a good and safe director. I should have showed my dislike for the Jesuits by never speaking of them. Like many another good ecclesiastic, I should have set a watch over my lips on the subject of the Vatican council, and an inner fund of Gallicanism would have disguised itself under cover of a

profound knowledge of the canon law! As it is," he complains, "*Je suis un prêtre manqué*—my faults are priest's faults; my virtues are the virtues of my early training."

As for the critics who have found a subject for wonder in the fact that Catholicism should ever have reigned supreme over the author of the *Vie de Jésus*, M. Renan points out satirically that Christianity is not such mere child's play as the ordinary Frenchman believes. "Because a Parisian *gamin* puts aside with a jest, beliefs from which the intellect of a Pascal did not succeed in breaking free, one need not conclude that 'Gavroche' is superior to Pascal. Sometimes, I confess, it has humiliated me to feel that it took me five or six years of ardent research—Hebrew, the Semitic languages, Gesenius, Ewald—all just to arrive at the result which this little urchin reaches at a bound. These pilings up of Ossa upon Pelion appear to me then like a huge illusion. But Father Hardouin said that he had not got up at four o'clock in the morning for forty years only to think like the rest of the world at the end of it. And I, too, cannot admit that I gave myself so much trouble to fight a mere *chimæra bombinans*. No, I cannot believe that my labours were all vain, nor that in theology one can be so cheaply right as the laughers think. In reality few persons have the right to disbelieve in Christianity. I reproach myself sometimes," he adds, recalling the sceptical village politician of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, "for having contributed to the triumph of M. Homais over his curé. *Que voulez-vous?* It is M. Homais that is right. Without M. Homais we should all have been burnt alive. But I repeat, when one has given one's self a great deal of trouble to discover the truth, one feels it hard to confess that it is the frivolous persons, the persons who have made up their minds never to read St. Augustine nor St. Thomas Aquinas, who are the true wise men. Gavroche and M. Homais arriv-

ing all in a moment, and with so little trouble at the last word of philosophy!—one finds it hard to accept."

A curious passage, instinct with that jealousy of shallowness so natural to the scholar. But, after all, to whom does Gavroche owe his confidence or M. Homais his arguments? Both are the playthings of the *Zeitgeist*, and the *Zeitgeist* is the result of the accumulated labour of generations, from the Fathers to M. Renan. It is the same with every secret of science; yesterday it was the property of the student, to-day every street Arab is as much master of it as he. M. Renan has been the teacher of Gavroche, let him shrink from his pupil as he may.

In 1836 Ernest Renan carried off all the prizes of his class in the college of Tréguier. Accident brought his success under the notice of M. Dupanloup, then the newly appointed head of the old seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, and the result was an offer of a scholarship to be held at the seminary. St. Nicolas, however, in the eyes of its director, was much more than a clerical training college. The young aristocratic abbé, who had made his *début* in life, so to speak, with the death-bed conversion of M. de Talleyrand, was full of projects for the social elevation of the clergy, and to this end St. Nicolas was to become under him half-secular, half-clerical. His ideal was to make it a meeting-ground of classes, under the shelter of the Church. The children of the most aristocratic families in Paris, destined for the highest positions in the state, were to learn there side by side with the peasant, whose highest ambition was to become a priest, and within the walls of St. Nicolas itself no privileges but those of talent were to be recognised. Thus the aristocracy was to give the Church of its polish, in return for the edification to be gained from such close contact with things spiritual, while noble and peasant alike were to be civilised by a liberal education, in which Virgil should count almost for as much as the Bible, and

the arts of expression should be placed on a level only second to that of the Christian virtues. It was an interesting experiment, and none but M. Dupanloup could have carried it successfully through. But his fine tact, his personal charm, his literary eminence, made him such a power in the life of his pupils that all went well so long as he was there to inspire or to blame. The house had no punishments: every week the notes were read out and commented on by the superior, and each of the two hundred boys looked forward to this weekly ordeal with unflinching anxiety and eagerness. The tone of the house was far more literary than theological; it stood open, as it were, to the noise of Paris, and the great literary debate of the time—classic or romantic—swept through it without impediment. "For the rest, my Breton Christianity," says M. Renan, "was no more like what I found at St. Nicolas than a piece of old linen, hardened with use, is like delicate cambric. It was not the same religion. My old priests, with their heavy-hooded cloaks, appeared to me like magi having the words of eternity; what was now presented to me was a religion of muslin and calico, a be-ribboned and scented piety, a devotion of tiny wax candles and tiny pots of flowers, a theology for young ladies, without solidity or precision." But the first home-sickness over, the first revolt of the Breton against the Parisian temperament appeased, Ernest Renan learnt much from his new life. It gave him quickness, and those literary weapons without which a writer has no chance of success in the struggle to be heard; and it opened glimpses to him of the width of the world, which stirred the sensitive many-fibred nature in ways hitherto unknown to it. Between himself and Dupanloup there sprang up a bond of personal friendship based mainly on the devotion of both to their mothers. His affection for his mother meant to the Breton youth affection for the

whole remote and simple world in which he had been brought up, and the same feeling lay at the heart of M. Dupanloup's busy and brilliant life. "It was from him," says M. Renan, "that I learnt certain excellent rules which, indeed, I had always practised, such as that one should never *tutoyer* one's mother, and never finish a letter to her without bringing in the word 'respect.'" On this common ground of feeling the two minds came into living contact with each other. "I began to exist for him, and he was for me, what he was for all—a principle of life, a sort of god."

But at the end of his three years at St. Nicolas the young Renan was already wearied of what he calls the "superficial humanism" of the training given there. The literary element in him had been forced on prematurely, the scientific element was in danger of starving. Christianity, in spite of the modifying and chilling influences of Paris, was still to him the great fact of the world and of his own inner nature. But how was he to make himself, so to speak, a specialist in Christianity? How was the vast fabric of its past and present life to be scientifically studied? The methods of the great and exclusively clerical seminary of St. Sulpice provided the answer, and it was with gladness of heart that the Breton scholar entered there upon four years of incessant labour, to be devoted to two subjects only—theology and the Bible. The two chapters in which he has traced the history of these four years will live, we imagine, as long as anything that M. Renan has written. For they carry us with an extraordinary clearness and moderation of statement through an experience which is typical of our time, and which with varying degrees of elaboration reproduces itself among us day by day in the most different lives. No literary instance at any rate can be pointed out of such complete investigation of the Christian claims, followed by such complete rejection of

them. M. Renan indeed has remained Christian in feeling and in temper; his modes of thought are still to a great extent religious, and his philosophy is nothing if not spiritualist. But the result upon him of seven years close study of the Christian system from the Christian point of view, was the formation of the habit of mind which produced the *Origines du Christianisme*, and which is expressed with all possible frankness and concentration in passages like the following: "The effect upon me of learning German was," he says, "very great. I felt myself in contact with a new genius, altogether different from that of our seventeenth century, and I admired it all the more that I did not at first perceive its limits. The individualist spirit so rife in Germany at the end of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, seemed to offer me what I sought, the reconciliation of the religious with the critical temper. I regretted at times that I was not a Protestant, so that I might have been philosophical without ceasing to be Christian. But in the end I recognised that it is only the Catholics who are logical. One single error proves that a church is not infallible; one single weak part proves that a book is not revealed. Outside of rigorous orthodoxy, I saw finally nothing possible but the free thought of the French eighteenth century school. Thus my initiation into German studies placed me in a false situation; for on the one side it showed me the impossibility of an exegesis without concessions; on the other I saw perfectly well that my masters at St. Sulpice were right in not making concessions, since one single avowal of mistake ruins the edifice of absolute truth, and brings it down to the rank of human authorities, from which each may make his choice according to his personal tastes."

Again: "Supposing that among the thousand skirmishes which occur between the critic and the orthodox apologist as to the details of the

so-called sacred text, there are some, where by accident and in the teeth of appearances, the apologist is right: it is impossible that he should be right in a thousand ventures of the same kind, and it is enough that he should be wrong in one single instance to annihilate altogether the thesis of inspiration.—The reasons which led me to abandon my old position," he impresses upon us in effect, "were not philosophical or moral. They were all of them literary and critical. If it had not been for the contradictions between the fourth Gospel and the Synoptics, I should have troubled myself very little about the Syllabus or Philip II.; if it had not been for the conclusions at which I arrived on the subject of the Pentateuch and Jewish prophecy, none of the philosophical objections which have been so often raised against this or that Christian doctrine would have stood at all in my way."

As for what calls itself liberal Catholicism, M. Renan, here as elsewhere cannot find words strong enough to express his contempt. "One of the worst intellectual dishonesties," he says, "is to play upon words, to present Christianity as imposing scarcely any sacrifice on the reason, and by the help of this artifice to attract to it people who do not know to what they are really pledging themselves. There is the illusion of the so-called liberal Catholics. Knowing neither theology nor exegesis they turn Christian membership into a mere adhesion to a coterie. They take and they leave; they accept one dogma and reject another, and are indignant when one insists that they are not true Catholics. Whoever has gone through his theology is no longer capable of such a want of logic. As all rests for him upon the infallible authority of Scripture and the Church, there is no room left for choice. One single dogma abandoned, one single teaching of the Church rejected, is the negation of the Church and of Revelation."

It was thus a close and scientific study of the Christian texts and of the whole system of the Christian evidence that led M. Renan to throw up the career which had been his ambition since childhood. Certainly if any man ever had a right to appeal to the circumstances surrounding an important decision in his life, as proving the disinterested character of the motives which led to it, he had such a right. He came to St. Sulpice with every prospect of rising high in a profession to which his gifts and temperament seemed to have destined him from the beginning. He left it to begin the hard struggle of the scholar's life, oppressed by his mother's lamentations, and conscious of the ambiguous and difficult position reserved for the priest who has thrown over the priesthood in all Catholic countries. From any violent rebound of feeling, from any bitterness against his former ideals, he was protected by two things—the ardour of his own passion for knowledge, and a certain generous and grateful quality of nature in him. His clerical teachers, however they might have failed to impress him intellectually, had won his affections, and it would seem that he also had won theirs. In the autumn of 1845, when he had made up his mind irrevocably, he went to see M. Dupanloup and frankly explained to him the state of the case. “The scientific side escaped him altogether; when I talked to him of German criticism he was surprised. The philological works of M. Le Hir were almost unknown to him. The Scriptures in his eyes were only useful for providing preachers with eloquent passages, an object for which the study of Hebrew is of no profit at all. But what a good, what a great and noble heart! I have here under my eyes a little note written by him. ‘Do you want any money? it would be natural enough in your situation. My poor purse is at your service. I wish I could offer you more precious things. My offer—a very simple one—will not hurt you, I hope.’”

At the moment when Ernest Renan descended for the last time the steps of St. Sulpice, his sister Henriette was enduring a long exile in Poland. She had taken a post as governess in a Polish private family about the year 1840, as a means of paying off by her savings certain of her father's debts, which had long been a burden on their widowed mother. Religious and ascetic by nature, she had nevertheless attained long before her brother to an advanced Liberalism in opinion, and the news of Ernest's determination was very welcome to her. At the critical moment she sent him a small sum out of her savings, which enabled him to settle with a tranquil heart in the modest *pension* to which he betook himself after leaving St. Sulpice. “That fifty pounds has been the corner-stone of my life,” M. Renan writes in the monograph we have already described; “I have never spent them, but they gave me the peace of mind necessary for thinking at my ease, and dispensed me from overloading myself with drudgery that would have stifled me. Her exquisite letters, too, at this decisive moment of my life, were my consolation and support.” A few years later the brother and sister met at Berlin, and travelled back to Paris together to begin a common life. We prefer to dwell a little upon the beautiful description of it given in the memoir, to following M. Renan through the dangerous confidences and confessions of the last chapter of the *Souvenirs*. The two rented a little *appartement* at the bottom of a garden in an out-of-the-way part of Paris, and devoted themselves there to a life of thought, of labour, of frugality, that will recall to the English reader the memory of William and Dorothy Wordsworth in their Dorsetshire cottage. How indispensable in one shape or another is this introductory withdrawal from the world, for all those who in the end are to influence it deeply! Think of Milton at Horton, of Wordsworth at Racedown, of Carlyle at Craigen-

puttoch,—in each case the same spiritual need, the same expedient for satisfying it. During the quiet years of their joint household Ernest Renan and his sister followed the old paths and found in them the old joys. The life of ideas, of wholesome and fruitful effort, brought with it its own reward, and one may well linger over the picture in this age of excitement and restlessness.

“ We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics and behold the poles ;
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own souls.”

From all this frivolous struggle to outshine and to enjoy, these two French people, with an instinct rare in the French character, withdrew themselves so far as they could, and it is to the simplicity of life thus founded, the nobility of temper thus fostered, that M. Renan owes more than to anything else his unique position in French thought. Many have been the critics of Christian orthodoxy, but few indeed have criticised it with the urbanity, the dignity, the reasonableness of M. Renan. And it is this urbanity, this dignity, this reasonableness which have been his strength, and may well make us indulgent towards those less admirable qualities which years of uninterrupted popular success have perhaps lately tended to develop in him.

Alas! the quiet Parisian household to which the addition of wife and child had only brought a deeper happiness, was not to be long undisturbed by loss and death. In May, 1860, Napoleon III. intrusted to M. Renan an archæological and exploring mission in the ancient Phœnicia, and he left France for Syria with his wife and sister. Madame Renan was obliged before long to return to her children, and the brother and sister were left together. Henriette had never shown herself more active or more helpful. She was capable of riding eight or ten hours a day, and

her intimate knowledge of her brother's methods of work made her the most valuable of secretaries. The flowery Syrian spring, the wide horizons, the radiant air, enchanted her. “ When I showed her for the first time from Kasyoun above Lake Huleh all the region of the Upper Jordan, and in the distance the basin of Lake Genesareth, the cradle of Christianity, she said to me that I had repaid her for everything by bringing her there. Our long wanderings in that beautiful district, always in sight of Hermon, with its deep ravines drawn in lines of snow against the azure sky, have remained in my memory like dreams of another world.”

For the later summer they settled at Ghazir, a little town high up on the Lebanon range overlooking the Bay of Kesrouan. Here the *Vie de Jésus* was begun and carried on from day to day, under the stimulating influence of all that they had seen and were still seeing. “ Henriette was my confident day by day as the work went on, and as soon as I had finished a page she copied it by stealth. ‘ I shall love this book of yours,’ she would say to me, ‘ first because we have done it together, and next because it pleases me.’ Never had her mood been so lofty. In the evening we walked together on our terrace under the starlight, and she poured out to me thoughts full of tact and profundity, some of which were like revelations to me. Her happiness was complete, and these were no doubt the sweetest moments of her life.”

By the 17th of September they were at Amschit, a day's journey from Ghazir on some business connected with the mission, and Henriette had shown some signs of illness. By the 19th she was worse, and Ernest Renan himself had been attacked with similar symptoms to hers. A few more hours and both were in the full grip of Syrian fever. “ Our night was terrible ; but that of my poor sister seems to have been less painful than mine,

for I remember that in the morning she had still strength to say to me, 'All your night seems to have been one groan!'" By the morning of the 25th, Henriette Renan was dead, and her brother lying unconscious beside her, knew nothing of her last hours. She died alone.—"*Dieu n'a voulu pour elle que les grands et d'après sentiers.*"

The mind, fortified with orthodox beliefs, will naturally ask—What was M. Renan's consolation under a blow like this? How does his philosophy fit in with grief, that mysterious universal experience against which Christianity alone has ever ventured to measure itself with confidence? Well, the consideration in which M. Renan takes comfort will not perhaps count for much with such a questioner beside the certainties of Christian expectation. Nevertheless they are real and potent. Every year such thoughts as these are telling more and more upon human life; their form grows less shadowy, their meaning deeper. "Her memory remains with me as a precious argument of those eternal truths which every virtuous life helps to demonstrate. For myself, I have never doubted the reality of the moral order; but I see now with absolute conviction that all the logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown, if such lives were only illusion and mistake." "*For myself I have never doubted the reality of the moral order.*" these words, which form, as it were, a conclusion to the memoir of one in whom the effort after moral perfection had gathered to itself all the passion and warmth of religious feeling, may serve as the epitome of all that is positive in M. Renan's belief. The high purpose and destiny of the human conscience, the reality of moral ends, here are the two articles of his creed. Instead of dwelling on

the tranquil optimism with which in the *Souvenirs* he concludes his review of what he calls "my charming promenade across reality," let us turn back, before we part with him, to earlier and graver utterances of his, more worthy of the thinker who has played so important a part in the progress of modern speculation. "There is one thought," he wrote in 1859, "which I place far above opinions and hypothesis; it is that morality is the serious and true thing *par excellence*, and that it suffices by itself to give life a meaning and an end. Impenetrable veils conceal from us the secret of this strange world, of which the reality at once awes and overwhelms us; philosophy and science will for ever pursue, without attaining it, the formula of this Proteus, which no reason can measure, which no language can express. But there is one indubitable basis which no scepticism can shake, and in which man will find to the end of time the one fixed point of his uncertainties: goodness is goodness, evil is evil. Science and criticism in my eyes are secondary things beside the necessity of preserving the tradition of goodness. I am more convinced than ever that the moral life corresponds to an *object*. If the end of life were happiness merely, there would be no reason for distinguishing the destiny of man from that of inferior beings. But it is not so; *morality* is not synonymous with *the art of being happy*. As soon as sacrifice becomes a duty and a need for man, I see no limit to the horizon which opens before me. Like the perfumes from the islands of the Erythrean sea, which floated over the surface of the waters, and lured the mariner on, this divine instinct is to me an augury of an unknown land, and a messenger of the infinite."

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

FISHING was a far earlier mode of supporting human life than agriculture. However far back in the stream of terrestrial events we may suppose it allowable to carry the date of man's appearance on the scene, still he must have been preceded by fish. The rivers, lakes, and seas, when he first looked upon them, must have been peopled very much as they are at this day. There was as great a variety of species, and probably much the same infinitude of individuals in some of those species. And as a savage population must be always sparse, and in any locality few in number, their supply of food from this source could only have been limited by their inability to capture it. What the wild game of the forest and of the open plains were to the inland hunting tribes, the fish of the fresh and of the salt water were to the riverine and maritime tribes. Between these early days and the first beginnings of agriculture vast periods of time must have elapsed. First because in these, and more or less in all latitudes, nature offered to man no plant that in its unimproved state was worth cultivating. The suitable form had to be evolved or created by long processes of observation and selection. This is why we know nothing of the parentage of wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans, or maize; and why the tropical bread-fruit, plantain, banana, and sugar-cane have lost the power of producing seed, and so of reproducing themselves; this must have been a result of long ages of human selection. Nothing of the kind had to be done for fish. There it was as fit for human food on the first day that man stood on the river bank, or the sea shore, as it is at this day. Agriculture also required implements to clear and stir the ground, and to gather in the crops with; and these

implements we know were the result of a long series of discoveries, improvements and advances. Primæval man, therefore, as we now read his history, could not have lived by, or known anything of, agriculture. Nor could he have lived by wild fruits, for they are not continuous throughout the year. They have their season, and that a brief one. He must then have lived by hunting and fishing; and of the two fishing would be the most continuous and unailing throughout the changing seasons; the most valuable of all qualities for those ill-supplied times. It would not be more difficult to hook, and spear, and net, and trap fish, and to gather mollusks from the rocks and sandbanks, than to trap, or pierce with arrows, wild game. Our immediate comparison, however, is with agriculture; and we may be sure that not in it were the foundations of society laid, but in hunting and fishing; and that of these two, as the great carnivores at first had possession of the forest and of the plain against intruding man, fishing was the main primæval occupation and means of subsistence.

Virgil notes that it was their wants that sharpened the wits of mankind (*curis acuens mortalia corda*). There is no inquiry more interesting, or indeed that we are more concerned in, than that of how the human mind has grown to be what it is in ourselves. The fishing, which was an initial, and a very long stage in man's career, has had much to do with this growth. The ingenuity in adapting means to ends, and the patience required in the fisherman, when he had to go without food if he could not catch fish, was one of the earliest, most general, and most powerful stimulants of his mental development. He had to elaborate the idea of the hook and line, and of the net, while

as yet there were no materials for them except for the hook, wood and bone, or for the net but the intestines of animals, strips of leather, and some very poor vegetable fibres. To work out the conception of these instruments with nothing to start from except a knowledge of the existence of the fish, and to put them into form with no other materials than those just mentioned, required much observation and thought. Here was the first human training that mind received. The habits of the fish had to be carefully noted, and the instruments nicely adjusted to the conditions under which they had to be used. Another mental quality this early pursuit drew out and established was that of patience, both patience in waiting, and patience under exposure to heat, and cold, and wet.

After a time a further step was taken; there arose in the mind the thought of pursuing the fish on their own element, at a distance from the bank, or the shore. This must have been first attempted on a log of wood; then on two or more logs fitted and tied together, which would be a kind of raft; then on a burnt-out, or dug-out trunk, which would be a canoe. We are thinking, by the aid of what may still be observed of the ingenuity of savages, and by the light that can be derived from prehistoric archæology, of what were the attempts of the primæval savage to extend the area of his fishing, in times prior to the possession of iron tools. Some, instead of using the trunk of the tree, may, like the North American Indians, have used its bark; others, like the Irish, may have constructed their boats of hides; others of the skins of seals, like the Eskimo. Here was a very fruitful germ. It was not commerce that set man afloat on the waters. We are looking back into times long antecedent to the first beginnings of commerce. When in a very distant future the time for commerce shall have come, the vessels, and the men to navigate them it will

require, will be ready for it. It will not have to invent the one, or to train the other. The fishing craft step by step elaborated, and the knowledge of how to manage their vessels slowly accumulated by the fishermen of the antecedent periods, will be the machinery of transport for nascent commerce. Its first essays, therefore, were made in undecked vessels, drawn up on the beach at night and in bad weather. Between them and the ocean shipping of our day the distance is great, the steps are many. The first step, however, of all was taken by the primæval fisherman. His log and his dug-out have had in an ever-ascending order a goodly progeny. The starting point was in him. He originated what those who came after him, as the conditions of their times required and permitted, only enlarged.

In looking on the early stages of the art and industry of fishing, as far as we can recover its history from what may be found in caves and shell-mounds, we see everywhere all over the earth that, however much men may have differed in the conditions of their lives, and in their climatic and other surroundings, they hit upon the same contrivances for capturing their scaly prey. Everywhere there was an adaptation of the idea of the hook and line, and of the net which would allow the water to pass but not the fish. Among all tribes of men in all latitudes these were the primitive ideas and practices. Then came the contrivances for floating and moving on the water ending in the canoe. Since those days many discoveries, many advances have been made; command has been acquired over many new materials. The primitive ideas and practices, however, have not been departed from. The hook and line and the net are still the universal implements of the fisherman. This sameness, however, in the apparatus amongst all people, which in the Exhibition is almost wearisome, has its interest and instruction. It shows the identity of mind, and as mind is almost man, the

identity of the race. All, under the most diverse circumstances, have dealt with the same problem in the same fashion. The iteration in gallery after gallery of nets and hooks, and of hooks and nets, goes some way towards establishing unity as against plurality of origin in mankind.

It is also interesting, and somewhat of a corrective to modern pride, to see that the devices adopted by our earliest and rudest ancestors in this matter, have throughout all times been maintained, and are still practised by ourselves. We have not worked out anything better than their original thought. Just so has it been with many other matters of primary importance. It was our prehistoric ancestors who subdued to the use of man the ox, the sheep, the pig, the horse, the dog. We are still benefited by their thought, their inexhaustible patience, and their success. In this matter we have added nothing. So with the plants they selected and improved by cultivation. So again with the arts of spinning and weaving. In all these master arts of life we are only doing to-day what was done before even traditional history begins. Some of these processes we can carry on with greater ease and rapidity. This is all we can claim. For the idea of the thing, for thinking out how it was to be done, we are indebted to our remote unknown predecessors. We are as much indebted to them for all these essential arts as we are for our language.

It would have very much added to the interest and instructiveness of the Exhibition, if a page had been put in circulation on which were tabulated the estimated magnitude and value of the fisheries of the different countries of the world, and the number of hands they severally employ. Some particulars of this kind we will endeavour to extract from the notices contained in the Official Catalogue, adding as we go along such comments as the matter before us may seem to require. Professor Leone Levi, on page 102, tells

us that the fishermen of the United Kingdom number 120,000 men, and that the value of the fish they capture is 11,000,000*l.* By these 120,000 men he means those actually afloat and engaged in fishing, for he says that with their dependants, by which I suppose he means women and children, they give a population of 400,000. To these, when we are estimating the fishing industry of the country, must be added all the people engaged in building and equipping their boats, and in providing them with salt, barrels, &c., and in transporting and distributing the fish. This may go some way towards doubling the numbers already given. But as fuel, clothing, food, and houses are as necessary for fishermen as their boats and nets, and as the people who supply them with these necessaries are as dependent on the fish taken as the fishermen themselves, they too must be added to our total of those who are maintained by our fisheries. This will in all give about 1,000,000 souls, or three per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom. Of this calculation, however, only the foundation, or the 120,000 men afloat and employed in fishing, is actually ascertained by enumeration. This is about as many as the effectives of the British army, and nearly three times the number of the seamen in the British navy.

How Professor Leone Levi obtained the 11,000,000*l.* he gives as the value of the fish taken in the British and Irish fisheries, he does not tell us. When in Scotland last year I was told that the take of the previous year had been sold for 2,250,000*l.* Of this 800,000*l.* had been taken at the fishing towns on the Aberdeenshire coast, which is a sum greater than the assessed rental of the whole county. Those of us whose memories go back to the days of old Smithfield Market will recollect that it used then to be said that more money was paid for fish at Billingsgate than for cattle and sheep at Smithfield. But this was

before London had grown to its present vastness, and when Billingsgate was in a greater degree than it is now the fish market for the whole country.

It would be interesting to know the rank of the different fish in the order of value. I suppose the herring, the poor man's fish, would rank first. The Scotch sometimes export more than 1,000,000 barrels in a year. To this we must add what are reserved in Scotland for home consumption, and then the whole of the English herring fishery, the produce of which, as fresh herrings, bloaters, and red herrings, is, I suppose, mainly consumed in this country. Possibly the fish that would occupy the second place would not be cod or mackerel, but the sole, which is in season all the year, is a general favourite, and is seen in every fish shop in every town almost without fail every day, excepting when a continuance of bad weather has put a stop to trawling. Our two most expensive fish, salmon and turbot, would, I suppose, in their respective aggregates, on account of the relative smallness of their supply, fall below cod.

To the fish already mentioned a great many other names must be added to complete the list of our common sorts—whiting, smelts, pollack, eels, halibut, skate, sprats, john dories, pilchards, gurnets, haddock, ling, bass, red and grey mullet, not to mention trout, or any other freshwater fish. In Yarrell's work on English fish two hundred and twenty-one species are figured and described. Far the greater part of these are gastronomically and economically useless. But the number shows how well adapted the seas which surround us are to fish life.

While endeavouring to form an estimate of our fisheries, we must not omit our mollusks and crustaceans—lobsters, shrimps, prawns, cockles, periwinkles, pinpatches, mussels, crabs, oysters. Most of these are taken in surprising quantities, but in none probably does the supply reach the

demand. I do not know how many Norwegian lobsters are added yearly to the produce of our own coasts, but fifty years ago Yarrell mentioned that we took 1,000,000 of them annually from the Dutch, who had caught them on the coast of Norway. One would like to know what the supply of shrimps reaches. This is the luxury of the million, and especially of the wives of the million. The poor woman, who after a day's or a week's hard work, thinks some little addition to her tea-table allowable, generally indulges herself in a pint of shrimps. Last year we took 2,650,500 pounds of shrimps from the Dutch.

The supply of oysters has long been deplorably deficient, and there appears no probability of our ever again being able to obtain what we require from our own resources. Sixteen years ago, after a visit to the United States, during which I had seen how apparently inexhaustible is the abundance of this mollusk along their eastern and southern coasts, I suggested that we might draw upon them for supplementing our failing supply. Three years ago we paid them 70,000*l.* for fresh oysters. But this source of supply is not to be depended on, for in the States the mass of the people are so well off, and the population increases so rapidly—the yearly addition being now above 2,000,000 souls—that they may themselves, before many years have passed, consume all that their coasts can yield.

Our opposite neighbours, the French, the Dutch, the Danes, the Norwegians, and Swedes, in the matter of fisheries participate in our advantages, but not to an equal extent, for though they more or less fish in the same kind of water as ourselves, yet they have not, as we have, a northern, a southern, and an eastern coast, in addition to a western. They have a one-sided, we a four-sided fishing ground. Still they make a great deal of their scantier advantages.

The French are very successful fishermen. Boulogne, as many of us

know, is great in fishing. It need not fear comparison with Yarmouth, Grimsby, Whitby, Scarborough, or Filey. Unfortunately the French can hardly be said to have put in an appearance at South Kensington. Since their great catastrophe they have shown great backwardness in coming forward in such matters as exhibitions, or indeed in any way, with the exception just now of filibustering in the China seas, and round about Africa, in places where they suppose—but in defiance of the possibilities of the coveted regions—that they will be able to establish profitable colonies. Their home fisheries are worth to them more than all these expected conquests are ever likely to prove. In 1881 they supported 80,875 fishermen, who had 22,125 vessels, of an aggregate capacity of 150,000 tons. To these their report adds 55,485 riparians, men, women, and children, who have to assist in the fishing operations from the shore. The produce of their fishing for 1880 was valued at 87,000,000 francs. In 1881 it was somewhat less through a falling off in the take of sardines. Their oyster fishing is worth 18,000,000 francs a year.

The amphibious Dutch are bad to beat on land or water, but particularly on the water. Two or three centuries ago they were the boldest, most ingenious, and most successful fishermen in the world. Amsterdam, their great trading port, was said to have been built on herring bones. For their export of salt herrings, and the wealth it brought them, they were indebted to one Wilhelm Beukelzoon, a native of Biervliet. What he discovered was a method of so salting the herrings that they might be packed in barrels for exportation, for of course it was not to him first of all men that the idea of salting herrings occurred. Three centuries before his day the herring fisheries of the Baltic are mentioned, and in some way or other their produce must have been salted; and in 1290 dried her-

rings, which must have been previously salted, are mentioned among the articles used in victualing a vessel sent from Yarmouth to Norway. What the immortal Beukelzoon hit upon appears to have been the happy idea, not to dry them, but to pickle them in moist salt, and so pack them in bulk in barrels, with the certainty that they would remain untainted. This was a speedily effected and cheap process, and the result was a much cheaper and much better article. The great man died A.D. 1449, and was buried in his native town of Biervliet, and a grateful country decreed a statue to his memory. Nearly a century afterwards the biggest potentate the world had seen since the days of the Roman Cæsars, the great Emperor Charles V., having capacity enough to understand how much pickled herrings had done for the Netherlands, went on a pilgrimage to this tomb at Biervliet. But we cannot suppose that he went so far in his thoughts as to compare the effects Beukelzoon's discovery had had upon his country with the effects his own ambition, high politics, and wars had had upon Europe; or that he asked himself which of the two, the herring curer or the emperor, had been the greatest benefactor to mankind?

The Dutch now take in the North Sea somewhat over 200,000,000 herrings annually. These are salted and barrelled according to old Beukelzoon's receipt. They also take about 50,000,000 a year in the Zuider Zee. These, for the most part, are sold fresh. But these figures are insignificant compared with those of the Scotch herring fishery, the export of which is 1,000,000 barrels or at least 700,000,000 fish. The Dutch have also a very large anchovy fishery in the Zuider Zee, which employs 1,200 boats, and in a good year gives 70,000 baskets of 3,500 fish each, or 250,000,000 anchovies. We pay them very large sums for fish taken by them in the North Sea. Fifty

years ago, in the time of protection, and so of high duties on foreign fish, and before the days of packing fish in ice and carrying it so packed to market in steamers, we paid them, on Yarrell's authority, 80,000*l.* a year for turbot, and 15,000*l.* for the lobsters that were to accompany it to table. The Dutch have also a very large cod fishery. A great part of what they take on the Dogger Bank is sold fresh. Of salted codfish Germany and Belgium took from them about 2,000,000*lbs.*

The Belgians are, for their numbers, large consumers of fish. It is sold annually to the amount of about 170,000*l.* in the market of Ostend. More than half of this is taken by Belgian fishermen. The rest is bought, chiefly from French and English boats. We may suppose that Antwerp also does something considerable in the fishing business. A great deal, too, of fish is imported by rail from Holland.

The fisheries of Denmark proper are worth about 250,000*l.* annually. The most important of the fish taken in the Danish waters are the eels of the two Belts and of the Sound. Germany is the chief customer for Danish fish. The cod fishery of Iceland is worth about 4,000,000, and the herring about 1,300,000 crowns, that is together about 250,000*l.* a year.

We have now reached the fisheries of Norway, which possess a higher historic interest than even those of Holland. In Norway a far more considerable proportion of the population is employed in fishing than in any other country in Europe. As far back as we know anything about the matter, it never was otherwise. There never was a time known to history when its people did not obtain a large proportion of their sustenance from the sea. Nature had given them little on land, but in the sea more than she had given to any other people. She had also given them inexhaustible forests for building their vessels, and, at the same time, a coast which, with its innumerable fjords, was the most

convenient in the world for fishing. It would have been strange if, at some time or other, something had not come of this combination of advantages; and something did come of it which has left its mark on the world. These advantages it was that a thousand years ago made them such redoubtable sea-rovers. If the Norsemen had not been a people of hardy and venturesome fishermen, discontented with their own *terra firma*, they would not have settled in France; William of Normandy would not have brought the language of France and his Norman barons here; the language in which Shakespeare thought would not have been created; the English would not be what they are, nor would the people of the United States and of Australia be what they are. What this Exhibition brings before us is fish, fishing, and fishermen; and now we are carried back to a point in the history of our subject which invests it with profound interest. It was the fish, the fishing, and the fishermen of Norway which, at a peculiar juncture in the course of human affairs, originated and set in motion a series of events which formed the English race and their descendants, the American and the Australian; and these are they who are to possess and people half the world. The forests of dreary Norway and the shoals of codfish that peopled its waters created the Norse sea-rover. In him was the fountain-head of a stream of events which has already had more effect on the world than the conquests and laws of Rome; and the effects of which, through our descendants, will continue to expand till they are felt by the whole human race. This it is that makes the exhibit sent by Lady Brassey of the reproduction of a Viking vessel, which was lately found in a sepulchral mound in Norway, one of the most interesting objects in the Exhibition, and one too that is most closely connected with its purpose. We are afraid, however, that the vast majority

of visitors as they stand by it will not feel so much emotion as they will think they ought to feel while looking at the feather cloak exhibited by the same lady, and which speaks to the mind of nothing beyond barbarian vanity, the cruel sufferings of myriads of harmless birds, and an enormous amount of misapplied human labour.

The present fisher population of Norway, though it is in these days, compared with what are now the resources of other nations, relatively powerless, yet is in itself something considerable. The last census returns it at about 80,000 men, or 11 per cent. of the whole population, while 50,000 men, or 7 per cent. more of the population, are employed in the shipping business; that is, if the two be combined, 18 per cent.; and if to these we add those dependent on them, we reach to half the population. Of these 80,000 fishermen, 26,309 are employed in the great Lofoten cod-fishery in 6,800 open boats resembling the Viking vessel just mentioned. These men take on an average of late years 26,300,000 codfish. The time must come when, vast as is this quantity of fish, none of it will be salted, but the whole of it be packed in ice, and so carried by steamers and railways to the inland markets of Europe. Norway has the fish which all would be glad to get. She has also the ice for preserving it. The steamboats and railways for distributing it already exist. Nothing is required but the capital for providing the machinery for using the already existing means of transport and for distribution, and the mind capable of seeing what is required, and how it is to be done. On the other side of the Atlantic a single season would suffice for setting all the necessary arrangements in complete and successful operation. We, however, in the old world continue to feel and act as if the seas and national boundaries which separated us from one another centuries ago, were still as prohibitive as ever of intercourse and interchange.

In the northern cod fisheries, between the Lofoten Island and the North Cape, 14,000 men are employed in 4,000 vessels. In the southern fisheries, between Cape Stat and Trondjem, 2,000 vessels are manned by 7,000 men. To these three main branches of the cod fishery must be added some smaller deep-sea fisheries. These export together yearly 75,000,000 fish dried and salted, which if sold fresh would equal 375,000 tons. Norway is able to supply every family in Europe (supposing the number of families to be 60,000,000, each containing 5 souls) with 30 lbs. of fresh fish annually. The export of pickled herrings is about 600,000 barrels a year.

The value of the Swedish fisheries does not reach 500,000*l.* a year.

Germany has some advantages for fishing in both the extent and the variety of its water area. It has access to the North Sea, and possesses the whole of the southern shore of the Baltic. From its numerous large rivers, and the vast number of lakelets spread throughout its eastern provinces it derives very considerable supplies of many species of the salmon and carp tribes. But the most remarkable fact connected with its fisheries is their inadequacy to meet the demands of so large an inland population. Germany has, therefore, in these days of cheap and rapid transport, become a larger importer of foreign fish than any other country. Stimulated by this shortness of the home supply the Germans have of late given much attention to fish-breeding, and to legislation which aims at increasing the supply. Notwithstanding, however, all this, we find the city of Berlin exporting annually thirty millions of cray-fish, chiefly to Belgium and France; not at all because they are not appreciated at Berlin, but because the Berliners are unable to pay for them the price obtainable elsewhere. The introductory notice to the German fisheries—it happens indeed to be almost all that Germany

contributes to the Exhibition—makes mention of “prehistoric discoveries, which have brought to light surprising facts, which show how closely connected with the dawn of civilisation was the practice of fishing.” It goes on to tell us that “in historic times fishing was a highly important factor in the economy of the nation; and that it was to a great extent the source from which the Hanseatic League derived its power.”

The facts connected with the fisheries of Italy that are most worthy of notice are the variety of fish captured, for the Mediterranean species outnumber those of the coasts of western Europe; the smallness of the money value of the capture (1,600,000*l.*), compared with the number of men engaged in the fisheries (60,000); and the inadequacy of the supply, for the imports amount to 860,000*l.* a year. The most valuable product of the Italian seas is coral. After that come the anchovy, the tunny, and the sardine.

The fisheries of Spain are no exception to the general paralysis which has in that country overtaken every description of effort and of industry. All kinds of deep fisheries have been abandoned. But even the small take of their inshore fisheries is more than the Spaniards themselves require, for they export fish to the value of about 80,000*l.* a year.

The most interesting and satisfactorily executed introductory notice in the Official Catalogue is that of the United States Commissioner. It is everywhere quite intelligible. It gives all one wants to know, and states the grounds of its calculations; for instance, it distinguishes—and nowhere else do we find this distinction—between the prices received for his products by the fisherman and the wholesale market rates. We find that in 1880 the first price, that received by the fishermen, was nearly 9,000,000*l.*, but that last year, a great advance having been made in the meantime both in the amount of fish taken and

in the prices, the wholesale market price must have been about 20,000,000*l.* In the excellence and finish—these in the end are true economy—of their apparatus and implements, in the size of the vessels employed, in the extent of water fished over, and in the value of the fish taken, our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic already stand at the head of this industry. This fact is highly significant when we recall the dearness of labour in the United States, and that all the hands that can be had are required for the pressing work of reclaiming and rendering habitable their new continent only now in course of occupation. Nature, however, has not bestowed on any other country such a field for fisheries as on them. It is indeed a field that embraces the two great oceans; they both are open to American enterprise from the Arctic to the Antarctic zone, in both of which the hardy and adventurous fishermen of New England pursue the whale and the seal. Their own coasts on the east in Florida, and in the west in California and New Mexico all but touch the northern tropic. Their vast lakes, their mighty rivers, their enormous extent of coast give them 1,500 species of fish. But all these advantages would run to waste in the hands of a dull and lazy race. They have all along taken to fishing, and succeeded in it, because they came of a good fishing stock. The first settlers of New England came chiefly from Norfolk and Devonshire, our two chief fishing counties. The effect of this is visible in the motive which guided them in the selection of the spot chosen for their first settlement. It was because they saw that that part of the coast possessed peculiar advantages for the prosecution of fisheries. This was in the year 1620. A hundred and fifty years later New England was employing 4,405 men and 665 vessels in the Newfoundland fisheries: a great venture for those still infant communities. A little more than another century has passed.

and we find them in possession of absolutely the largest fishing industry in the world.

The greatest contrast in the Exhibition is that between the fisheries of the youngest nation in the world, at which we have just been looking, and those of the most ancient. In the exhibits of the United States every appliance is characterised, almost without regard to cost, by the effort to adapt it to its purpose as completely as thought and materials now available allow. In China the ruling idea is to do everything as cheaply as possible, and as much as possible in the way that was found to be the cheapest some thousands of years ago, and all the while to have very scant consideration for the human agent. The fishing boat is generally the only home of the fisherman and of his family; they live on as little as life can be supported on; all the apparatus is as cheap and simple as is compatible with taking enough fish to support the family.

There is nothing in the twenty-three acres the Exhibition covers, or in the six hundred pages of its catalogue, more suggestive than this contrast between the exhibits of China and those of the United States. They represent two very opposite views of human life, and two very opposite methods of dealing with nature and of extorting from her the means of subsistence. Will the people who have grown to 300,000,000 already—an expansion no other people have ever reached, an homogeneous population equal to the aggregate of all the nations of Europe—who are able and ready to work well for less than any other people, who can live where any other people would starve, who can labour in every climate, and are content with any form of government, will they at last burst the invisible bonds which have hitherto kept them within their own boundaries, and which there now appears in them some disposition to burst, and overflow other parts of the world, and displace existing populations by getting

possession of the means of living, through their ability to work harder and to live upon less? Or, to look at the question from the other side, will the most progressive people in the world, who take it for granted that what those who have gone before them did is no more than the starting-point from which they themselves are to advance; who, without shrinking from manual labour, labour with the brain as no other people ever did, in order not merely to live but to live well; who regard the whole world as the field for their activity; and who look upon the ways in which the forces of nature may be subdued to human purposes and the materials of nature turned to the best account, as so many problems which they are called upon to solve, will they be hemmed in, beaten, and displaced by the Chinaman?

It has been said if a Chinese Napoleon were to arise he would cut out very ugly work for the rest of the world. That apprehension, however, I think we may summarily dismiss, because the future can only grow out of the past, and China during its thousands of years of existence, and out of its hundreds of millions of people, has produced no Napoleon. The contrast just dwelt upon seems to meet satisfactorily the apprehensions on this subject with which some minds are at present troubled. Who can doubt that fifty years hence the Chinaman with the same appliances as he sets before us in this Exhibition, will be capturing about the same amount of fish he captures at this day, and which is probably the amount his ancestors captured in the same fashion two or three thousand years ago? This interesting and instructive Exhibition shows, among many other things, that the history and present condition of the fisheries of all people, together with the amounts of enterprise and hardihood displayed severally by their fishermen, constitutes a very fair measure of the character of the people themselves.

F. BARHAM ZINCKE.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH BRYAN INDULGES TO THE FULL HIS INIMITABLE VEIN OF HUMOUR; AND PROPOSES A SCHEME FOR THE BENEFIT OF LADY MAYFAIR'S HEART, WHICH HAS THE EFFECT OF UPSETTING HER NERVES.

Two days previous to the meeting of Bryan and Maurice at the club, Bryan, clad in morning attire of the most unexceptionable fashion and quality, had made a call on Lady Mayfair. His acquaintance with this lady had begun a good many years ago, and had at one period been more intimate than her nearest friends probably suspected. He now saw much less of her than formerly; yet the easy terms on which he stood with her were apparent in the fact that he was always admitted to her presence without delay or question, and treated with an absence of formality that most men would have envied. The present occasion proved no exception to the rule; the footman who opened the door bowed him up stairs at once, without previously "inquiring whether her ladyship was at home," and he was ushered immediately into the presence of the Queen of London Society.

Bryan appeared to be in a most genial and engaging frame of mind. "How charming you look to-day, Alexandra," he exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair, as soon as they were alone together.

"I owe you an immense debt, as embodying for me my ideal of what a lady of rank and fashion ought to be. Not to speak of other debts, too numerous to mention, and to which you yourself, with a delicacy too rare in this vain-glorious world, have forborne ever to allude. Really, you are

an almost perfect woman; and I despair of ever repaying you a tithe of your favours; especially as I am now about to increase the balance against me."

Lady Mayfair looked at him with an expression on her beautiful face which her friends, who were accustomed to see her all smiles and graciousness, would have been surprised to behold there. It told of weariness, hopelessness, and aversion controlled by fear. It made her look old, dimmed the brightness of her eyes, and traced lines round the corners of her mouth, and across her brow. Her hands moved nervelessly in her lap, as she asked in a voice without resonance—

"What is it now, Bryan?"

"What is it now?" repeated he, comically mimicking her tone. "My dear soul, what is the matter with you? Now that I look at you more closely, I believe your nerves are out of order. I see how it is; your devotion to the interests of others has overstrained your sensitive organisation. You need change of scene, and rest. A trip to the Continent would be just the thing for you; and by the by—curiously enough—that is precisely what I came to suggest to you! How fortunately things turn out! A week or so in Paris will be capital for both of us, for you, because you need it, and for me because I need you!" While saying this, Bryan smilingly drew off his gloves, and deposited them in his immaculate silk hat, which he placed upon an inlaid table. He then folded his arms, and contemplated Lady Mayfair benignantly.

"I don't understand what you mean; but I cannot leave London at present," she said, after some pause.

"If you require money, of course I will do what I can—"

"Now, Alexandra, this is unkind!" interrupted Bryan, with a humorously pathetic air. "You will never believe in my reform. Money, forsooth! Did I not travel to the ends of the earth for the express purpose of making a fortune for myself directly from the bosom of nature, without injury or loss to any other human being? Did I not attain my pious object? and have I ever borrowed a fi'pun' note of you since? No, no! Money is beneath me—so long at all events as I have my pockets full of it; and what I want of you, my dear creature, is not pecuniary supplies, but moral support. Yes, moral support!" And here Bryan shook his great shoulders, and chuckled.

Lady Mayfair shuddered slightly, as her eyes wandered over her hilarious visitor, and her lips moved silently. "I suppose you will explain," she said at length.

"You are so frigid and discouraging," rejoined Bryan ruefully. "You know how timid I am in the presence of ladies, and you take advantage of it. Ah, Alexandra, why cannot you be to me as you once were? There was a time—eh, wasn't there? or have you forgotten it? Heartless woman! I believe you have. Would I could rival your impassiveness! But I never can; my nature is as susceptible and simple as a child's, and yet, though wax to receive, 'tis marble to retain. Indeed, were my natural memory to fail me, I have always, you know, this *memoria technica* to fall back upon." So saying, he drew from his pocket a bundle of letters and other documents tied up with a blue ribbon; drew his thumb across the edge of them, as one ruffles a pack of cards, and returned them to their place. "Blessed relics!" he exclaimed, folding his hands over his breast with a romantic air; "worlds should not buy you of me; and yet she who penned you would deny her own handwriting now—if she could!"

"Why will you remind me how much I hate you?" demanded Lady Mayfair, her slender hands tightening on the arms of her chair. "I should like to forget that!"

"How naturally you say that! just as if you meant it!" remarked Bryan, with undiminished good-humour. "What mysteries and enigmas you women are—dear delightful riddles! And, bless my stars! how you must enjoy deluding and tyrannising over us poor artless men! Seriously, my lovely Alexandra, just consider your own position for a moment. Here you are, practically at the head of the wealthiest and proudest society in the world. You are revered, admired, worshipped. Dukes sue for your fair hand; to be seen in your drawing-room is a brevet of nobility; you set the fashion in bonnets and pelisses; your reputation is spotless; your career is splendid. And with all, and in spite of all, how entirely you are a woman! No one would believe how much so—who didn't know. Why, fancy what a sensation it would create if I, after leaving you, were to drive down to the club, and say to any chance knot of fellows smoking their cigars in the coffee-room, 'Ah! you think you know Lady Mayfair, do you? Do you know, then, that a certain number of years ago—she being newly a widow, and susceptible—she met a man, a plain, rough man, very much such a fellow as I am (or was), for instance, and that she fell in love with him? Would you believe that when, in an ecstasy of bewilderment and delight, this man who so resembled myself professed a return of her passion, she lavished upon him the whole wealth of her maiden—I mean, widowed—affections; that she wrote him quantities of passionate love letters, which he always carries in his pocket; that she consented to contract a secret marriage with him, and that, on a certain day, a ceremony actually took place, which——'"

"Oh! why does God let such a demon live!" cried Lady Mayfair in

a low voice, clasping her hands in her lap.

"You interrupt my eloquence!" said Bryan reproachfully. "I was going on, of course, to explain that the ceremony in question subsequently turned out null and void, owing to the tender consideration of her lover, who, fearing she might repent the rash step she was taking, had the generosity (although he was so like myself) to employ an amateur priest to tie an imitation marriage knot. And yet this devoted woman, whose reputation is without a flaw, never failed (though separated from her imitation husband) to supply him from her abundance with all such substantial necessaries as he from time to time required—paid him large annuities, in fact, only not to say that he had ever pretended to marry her at all; and would do so this very day, if requested, though (alas for human fickleness!) she is now in love with another man, and he with another woman—do you know all this? (I would say to the knot of fellows round the club fire,) and if you don't, do you pretend to say you know Lady Mayfair? Then, taking from my pocket——"

"I cannot feel any more torture," interposed her ladyship quietly. "You may as well tell me now what brings you here, and then leave me."

"If I didn't know what an arch, jocose creature you are," said Bryan, "you would hurt my feelings—upon my word you would! But there! we understand each other. As to what brought me here, it is, as I intimated, a matter for our mutual advantage. To begin with, we are both in love; and we have hopes—or at least expectations—of our love being returned."

"You may assume what you please," said her ladyship, striving to speak indifferently, "so far as I am concerned."

"You are in love with Jack—I beg his pardon! with Lord Castlemere—of course; that is just what I was going to say. And I, for my part, am in love (*pace* my hopeless passion

for you) with Madeleine Vivian. Now, it so happens, as you are doubtless aware, that these two young people have certain common interests; or to speak more accurately, they have an interest in common. A large fortune is, or was, in dispute between them; and the gentleman got it. This gentleman happens to be, like myself, one of those simple-hearted, chivalrous creatures whose tendency it is to give way to all manner of Quixotic and magnanimous impulses; and when, therefore, he realises the fact that the other party in the suit is left approximately penniless, and is also young and handsome, what does he do by way of compensating her for the discourtesy of the law in deciding against her?—he incontinently goes and makes her the offer of his hand and possessions; she accepts him; they are married; poetical justice is done, and you and I are left in the lurch to console each other as best we may!"

"You—you are telling me a falsehood!" said Lady Mayfair, her cheeks flaming, and then becoming deadly pale.

Bryan leaned back in his chair and chuckled. "By Jove! you are worse hit even than I thought," he said: "what a wonderful thing a woman's heart is! what recuperative power, eh? No, no, reassure yourself, my dear; I was only telling you, in a lively and dramatic style, what would shortly occur, if you and I don't put our heads together to prevent it. I needn't point out to you, I suppose, that you would make Jack a much better wife than Madeleine would; and on the other hand, that it better accords with my experience than with his unsophisticatedness to manage the caprices of so capricious and wilful a young lady as Miss Madeleine. I propose, therefore, that we should do what in us lies to prevent their fatal meeting; and to that end, that you should chaperone Madeleine on a trip to Paris."

"Is that all?" demanded Lady Mayfair, seeing that he paused.

"What more? And now you see with what undeserved severity you have been treating me."

"There must be more. You would not have subjected me to all that devilish torture, only to require of me such a thing as this. You are keeping back something, and it must be something very wicked—even for you. You may as well tell me what it is. Oh, Bryan Sinclair, you need not fear to injure yourself in my estimation! It would take a very black crime not to look as white as a virtue compared with what I know your heart to be!"

Bryan clapped his hands. "Brava! Alexandra the Great; that was a touch of your old vivacity. Love is renewing your youth. Well, one good turn deserves another. The fact is, my charming comrade, I must get Madeleine away from London. The propinquity of her friends and relatives is injurious to her, and hostile to my interests. I desire to remove her from these harmful influences, and to place her where she can enjoy the undisturbed advantage of my companionship, and be inaccessible to, and concealed from, everybody else. But the young lady is wilful, as I said, and capricious; she will, I fear, object to take the simple course of accepting my sole escort; she will want some third person to set her conventional scruples at rest; and who, my dear Alexandra, is so fitted to win her confidence as you? With your support, she would set out for Tartarus at an hour's notice, and be convinced that it was a very aristocratic and fashionable region."

"Do you say she loves you?" asked Lady Mayfair, quietly as before, but with an intonation much as if she had inquired whether the girl were to die on the rack. The evident unconsciousness with which she delivered the thrust caused it to penetrate Bryan's skin more sharply than the most violent deliberate blow would have done. His face hardened, and his manner changed.

"She loves me enough for my purposes," said he.

"Is it your purpose to marry her?"

"That is no concern of yours. You had better be satisfied with what I choose to tell you, Alexandra. She goes to Paris to make her *debüt* on the stage, and I take a friendly interest in her success. You will be ready to give her board and lodging in the meantime. That's all you need to know."

"You mean to ruin her," said Lady Mayfair, while her eyes began to darken, "and you intend to make me your stalking-horse. You mean to use my house, and the trust she places in me, as one woman in another, to— Ah, this is worthy of you; this is the most hideous of all! If I were the most shameless and degraded of womankind, I think an insult like this ought to go far towards expiating my sin. You dare to suggest this to me, Bryan Sinclair, and you sit there and expect me to answer you! Get out of my sight, you loathsome creature—or shall I call my scullions to kick you out of my door?"

Bryan rose to his feet, with a terrible smile on his face, and stepping up to Lady Mayfair, who had also risen, he laid his grasp on her arm. They stood thus for a moment or two, looking into each other's eyes. At last, Bryan loosed his grip, and the woman fell back into her chair, an uncontrollable tremor pervading her from head to foot.

"You must not let yourself get excited, Alexandra," said Bryan, in a voice as cold and malignant as poison turned to ice. "Your voice is not melodious when raised, and your nerves, as you see, do not obey your will. When will you be ready to set out for Paris?"

"No, I cannot!" said Lady Mayfair, hiding her face in her shaking hands. "Don't do it, Bryan!" she continued, looking up at him with a kind of wild misery. "Deny yourself this one thing! When it is done, what is it? Have you not made despair enough in the world?"

"My good creature, you must be delirious: I am anxious about you!" said Bryan. "You certainly must have an immediate change of air. You must start for Paris to-morrow morning."

"I will not do it!" said Lady Mayfair, bending her body forward on her knees, and pressing her clenched hands against her temples, in the agony of her resistance.

"You will do it, Mrs. Sinclair!"

"Thank God, I am not quite that!" she said, with a half frenzied laugh.

"My friends at the club——"

"Tell them! tell them! Such shame will be delicious—compared to the other!"

"My poor soul," said Bryan slowly, and after a pause, "you are certainly not yourself this afternoon. I am the least exacting of men. I wouldn't for the world hurry you in your packing. I will come here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock precisely. At that time I shall find you gracious, amiable, smiling, and impatient to be off for Paris. It would cost me an uneasy night if I could believe that your mental aberration would last any longer than till ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Were it to do so, of course I should have to take such measures as would prevent you from continuing to mingle with sane people any more. Society must not be endangered by a mad woman, even when she is so great and charming a personage as Lady Mayfair. There—think it all over, and take as many boxes as you like. You are about Madeleine's figure; I daresay you might supply any accidental deficiencies in her wardrobe. Compose yourself, my dear: your nose is quite red. Till to-morrow at ten o'clock then—*au revoir!*"

When he had gone, Lady Mayfair slid down to the floor, and lay on her face, with her white fingers clutching the soft rug. She did not weep; she did not think; but lay like one who waits for death, and cares not.

After a long while, she got slowly to her feet, and stood dizzily, swaying

from side to side. There came a knock at the door, but she did not hear it until it had been twice repeated. She leaned with her hand upon the table, and said, "Come in!"

"Lord Castlemere, my lady," said the servant, opening the door. "Shall I say your leddysh'p's out?" he added, after a dismayed glance at her face.

"Tell him to come to me," she replied, lifting her head defiantly.

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY MAYFAIR AND LORD CASTLEMERE
PLAY A GAME AT CROSS-PURPOSES, PRE-
CEDED BY MUSIC; AND AFTERWARDS,
HER LADYSHIP WRITES A NOTE.

SELDOM in her life had Lady Mayfair presented so striking an appearance as she offered to Lord Castlemere's eyes, when he entered the room. The emotion which had just passed over her like a thunderstorm had not impaired her beauty, but had given to it a wild and pathetic character which rendered it more than usually attractive. The absence of all conscious graces had imparted a strange charm to the native loveliness of her aspect. She stood her naked self, as it were, simple and defenceless, and therefore appealing more irresistibly than at any other time to sympathy and admiration. Her luxuriant hair had partly fallen on her shoulders; her rich dress was disordered; her eyes burned with a singular brilliance; one of her cheeks was flushed, the other pale. She bent upon Castlemere a gaze at once wandering and concentrated, as if she more perceived his spiritual than his bodily presence. No smile moved her lips; but her countenance and attitude gave out a forlorn and passionate aroma of welcome, as one welcomes help and humanity in extremest need.

"I did not know what I wanted—till now!" she said uncertainly. "But now—you are here!"

Lord Castlemere contemplated her attentively, and nodded his head, but said nothing. He was carelessly

dressed, and looked as if he had been up all night; his face was unshaven, and his hair, which had again begun to grow longer than was fashionable, clustered disorderly about his head. Weariness was apparent in the carriage of his tall, athletic figure; but it seemed the fatigue of mind and sensation rather than of bone and muscle. His eyes were no less clear than usual, but there was a gravity in their expression that almost amounted to sullenness. He carried under his left arm his banjo, sheathed in a covering of fringed and embroidered buckskin. He gave his right hand to Lady Mayfair, and after holding hers for a moment, he relinquished it, and touched her dishevelled hair, causing it to fall to its full length. The touch seemed to her a caress, and she drew a deeper breath, and looked up at him appealingly. But he presently drew back, seated himself in the chair which Bryan had lately occupied, and began to untie the strings of the buckskin cover. Lady Mayfair still remained standing where he had left her.

"The only place in London where I like to be, is here!" observed Lord Castlemere, these being the first words he had spoken.

"Why have you not come more often? I wanted you," said Lady Mayfair.

"There is no peace anywhere but here," continued his lordship. "There is noise everywhere, and people come about me; I forget whether I am myself. Being rich, and a noble, hinders a man, not helps him. I used to think nobles were like mountain-tops—high up, and alone. But the Queen's nobles are like carrion, towards which all birds of prey fly. But in this room I can think my own thoughts, and be happier even than when I am quite alone."

"Happier, Lord Castlemere?" said Lady Mayfair softly.

"Yes, for my lonely thoughts are not as happy as they used to be; but being with you gives them a sort of happiness."

"You bring me the only happiness I shall ever care for," Lady Mayfair said. She moved to an ottoman, flung back her hair, and sat down.

Meanwhile, Lord Castlemere had extricated his banjo from its covering, and was tuning it. Although the banjo is an instrument little cultivated by educated musicians, and now fallen into ignorant and vulgar hands, it possesses rare and valuable qualities. Its music—as discoursed by one who understands its capacities—is more immediately the expression of the human player than either the guitar or the violin, or than any instrument except the voice itself. The most subtle shade and variety of feeling answer back from the strings, until it almost seems as if they were indeed the strings of the heart, tuned to harmony by the emotions. The melody changes colour with the mood, and the same air seems at different times, as different as the same landscape in sunshine and in storm. There is, moreover, a homely and primitive simplicity in the aspect and organisation of the banjo, in accord with the quaint and sweet purity of the sounds it utters, bringing the listener into as close contact with the archaic source of music's elements as does the warble of a bird—enriched, however, by the human balance of part with part, which the bird cannot give. Sometimes, too, the note is as low as the echo of a thought; and again it rings out and fills the ear, and gratifies the wish that it inspires. Pan with his pipes is a delicious picture; but had his deityship bethought himself to invent the banjo, his picturesqueness would have been none the less, and he might have produced even sweeter harmonies, especially if, as is probable, he could sing as well as play.

As for Lord Castlemere, he knew his banjo as well as (and, possibly, much better than) he knew himself; and he not only could express what he pleased with it, but a large part of his nature would have lacked a means of expression, had the banjo been elimi-

nated. It was a delight to hear him play it, and another delight to see him do so; for the banjo, more than any other instrument, admits of skilful and graceful movements of the hands and arm. It was a marvel to behold this young man sweep and modulate the strings with swift and seemingly heedless passes, which, nevertheless, were as sure as they were easy, and made him appear not so much to play as to incite the banjo to sympathetic utterance. His voice, moreover, was singularly melodious and true, and capable of conveying finer and more touching impressions than merely musical ones. The songs he sang were, for the most part, of an original and peculiar character, wild, mirthful, or pathetic, according to the singer's humour of the moment; sometimes they were not so much songs as chants, or simple rhythmical echoes of the voices of nature, such as the sweep and sough of the wind across the grass of the prairie and among the narrow passes of the rocks; the ghostly bark and whine of the remote coyote; the liquid babbling and tinkling fall of brooks; the chorus of birds and insects in the hot midsummer woods. His communion with the banjo, recalling, as it did, all that was sweetest in his Indian life, and importing its harmony and beauty into the irksomeness of the present, must have been an invaluable resource and consolation for the young baron; and, unlike some selfish consolations, it had the advantage of being almost as agreeable to other persons as it was to him.

On this occasion it was evident that music had become a pressing necessity for him, insomuch that if he had not come here for the sole and express purpose of indulging in it, it was at all events an indispensable preliminary of whatever else he had come to do. Lady Mayfair, also, had been wrought into a state of mind and body that music only—and, perhaps, only this musician—could soothe; and, as she half reclined on the cushions of her ottoman, she thanked Providence

for having sent her such timely and congenial succour.

At length the player laid down his instrument, passed his hand over his forehead, and became once more aware of his surroundings. He seemed refreshed and quieted; and the pulses of his beautiful companion likewise beat more equably, and the threatenings of social disaster wore no longer so terrible an aspect to her imagination as before. A part of Lady Mayfair had suffered death at Bryan's hands, or was soon to do so; but not the essential part, nor the worthiest. What remained was becoming conscious of the stirrings of a fresher and purer life than she had known since her girlhood, when all the world was before her, and all its evil was unknown. Her eyes rested upon Lord Castlemere, and she thought of their first argument on the merits of civilisation and society. She remembered all they had said. . . . He had been more right than she: the mode of existence she had so plausibly advocated—was it not, after all, little better than a struggle, a jealousy, a slavery, with the Sword of Damocles ever poised overhead? Brilliant, conspicuous, triumphant though her career had been, was any inducement sufficient to encourage her to endure the like again? No; even were the possibility of something infinitely dearer not within her reach. She would never return to those arid and glittering deserts. Better the Valley of Humiliation, or even of the Shadow of Death, than that.

By a slight movement of her hand, supplemented more unmistakably by her eyes, she signed to the young man to come and sit beside her.

"Your music is like yourself," she said languidly and tenderly; "there is nothing else like it in the world. I wish there were to be no time when I might not hear it."

"I am going to leave London soon," he replied.

"I am not London—not any longer,"

she said with a smile. "I am going to leave it too."

"It always seemed to me that either you did not belong here, or London did not. When I'm away, I shall be glad to think that you are not here. I have seen all the rest of it, and I hate it."

"You don't hate me, then?"

He looked at her.

"You're the most beautiful woman in the world," said he.

Lady Mayfair's bosom heaved gently. She had received as splendid compliments before, but none had ever reached her heart till now.

"I would not be content to be less than the most beautiful, for him!" she thought. "Why are you going away?" she asked aloud.

"Because I can never be like the others. I've tried; but perhaps I began too late. They and I don't understand one another; I can't do their work, nor they mine; and we do not like each other's pleasures. I don't know how to do good with my money, and there seems nothing else to do except harm. There is nothing of my father in me, except the thing that made me want to see some other world than the one I was born in. I am not entirely anything. I cannot see why I was born."

"Perhaps you were born to make others happy?"

"I've done the opposite of that, so far."

"If the woman you called the most beautiful in the world has any happiness, it is of your giving."

"Music is not happiness; it only makes us remember and wish for it."

"I don't mean your music; I mean you."

He shook his head.

"What do you mean to do away from here?" resumed she after a pause.

"To study my art, and to educate my daughter to be what I could not."

"Is she like—her mother?"

"I hope she will be."

"You loved her mother, then?"

"The man I was at that time, loved her. I have lost the power to love such a woman now."

"But you have not lost the power of loving?"

"I love my daughter."

"I should like to love her, too."

"And my art—I love that."

"Yes," said Lady Mayfair. She had been sitting with her hands folded on her knee, her face turned towards Lord Castlemere, but looking a little away from him. Her tone and manner had been marked by a certain anxiety and restlessness, and, occasionally, by a shadow of misgiving or perplexity. Simple and straightforward though the young baron was, the woman of the world could not fathom him; she could not discover what was in his mind, much less in his heart. Was it that she did not know how to question him, or that he knew not how to answer? At all events, they had not yet felt each other. She had told him a dozen times that day, by look, by tone, by inference, almost by the very words, that she loved him; but he had neither responded, nor showed that he understood. He had told her she was the most beautiful of women; he had touched her hair; he had said that only her presence could render London tolerable to him; he had admitted having outgrown the love of his youth; and yet he had not said that he loved Lady Mayfair. Did he love her? What was the meaning of this mysterious reserve? Did it arise from ignorance, or timidity, or insensibility? There was no sign of these defects in his bearing, or in the glance of his eyes. He was at all points a man, and one capable of the most vivid passion. Was she, then, not lovable as well as beautiful?

The strain and torture which Lady Mayfair's spirit had lately undergone had rendered her, for the time being, as sensitive as a child; and the music, and the presence of the man she loved, had still more poignantly wrought upon her feelings. The world in which she had heretofore existed had

been taken from her; there was nothing left to her except this man; were he to fail her, what would happen? The reflection wrung her heart with a sense of exquisite forlornness and desolation; and all at once the tears overflowed in her eyes; she bent over and hid her face in the cushions, and sobbed helplessly and without restraint.

Lord Castlemere's experience had not trained him to witness such a sight unmoved; but neither had it taught him the proper and prudent course of action in circumstances of such delicacy. An ordinary man of the world might, indeed, have improved the opportunity easily enough; but Castlemere had not as yet received those finishing touches of civilisation which might have enabled him to adopt a purely selfish and cynical view of the situation. He took many things seriously, and some things sacredly. On the other hand he was still, in great measure, a creature of impulse.

He knelt down by Lady Mayfair, took one of the hands with which she was hiding her face, and pressed it strongly between his own. He was thinking at the moment of how his little daughter, Manita, sometimes wept, and how he was wont to soothe and comfort her. He kissed Lady Mayfair's hand; then he bent lower and kissed her cheek. A slight shiver passed through her; she turned her face towards him; their lips met.

It was not the kind of kiss that he was wont to give Manita. When he raised his face, it felt burning hot. Fire seemed to be in his thoughts, but they were confused, and as if they belonged to another than himself. He murmured some half-formed words, and gazed at the beautiful woman with a sort of fierce intensity. As she looked up at him, her eyes were wet with tears, and her lips were slightly parted with the promise of a smile that a deeper emotion held in abeyance. The dawn of that delicious happiness that comes to a passionately loving woman who believes herself beloved, gave a tender illumination to

her aspect. She looked, at that moment like a girl whose first dream of love has just come true. But his expression was perplexed, troubled, almost threatening.

She stretched forth her hand and touched his cheek and his hair.

"How splendid you are! How happy I am!" she said, scarce audibly; "and oh! I was so miserable a little while ago!"

Lord Castlemere heaved a short, heavy sigh, passed a hand across his eyes, and looked down.

"Do not be sad, my lord—my love!" she continued. "You are more to me than a hundred Londons. Don't fear that you can take me from anything I would not gladly leave. I am no longer a woman of fashion, a leader of society; I am yours; my only wish and happiness is to be with you and love you always. Can you love me so much?"

"Love you!" he repeated, not looking at her.

"Yes, your kiss told me that you love me," she said, leaning nearer to him and encircling his arm with hers. "But I have had so little love. I can hardly believe it—that it will be for ever."

"You—for ever?" he said, turning, and eying her strangely. "What has happened? Is this love?"

"I am your love; I am Alexandra!" she answered playfully. "Don't you know me?"

"Something is wrong!" said he, drawing away from her.

"What wrong!" she demanded falteringly, for the first time taking alarm.

"It was like love; but there is more in love than a kiss."

"But a kiss is the beginning."

"Something is wrong!" he repeated; and added, after a pause, "I hate myself for feeling what I felt towards you."

Lady Mayfair recoiled, gazing at him with a shrinking, terrified look, as if he had struck her, and she feared a second blow.

"We had no right to do it," he con-

tinued. "We have created something monstrous—the body of love without the soul. It is not alive: it is dead—and horrible! The soul should come first; but it can never come from you. We do not belong together."

"What do you mean?" she demanded faintly, holding her hand over her heart. "My love is not dead—it has a soul—it is all of me! It cannot die without taking my life away; and that can only be if you—if you love some one else."

"Some one else! Who?" said he, raising his head.

"I cannot tell—Madeleine, perhaps!"

She had uttered the name heedlessly, with a sort of recklessness born of the unrestrained mood into which they both had fallen—a mood which, leaving nothing unsaid, must produce irrevocable results for good or evil on their future relations. But the sound of that name seemed to kindle an unexpected light in Castlemere's mind. He rose to his feet with a new energy, and with a gesture as if shaking himself free from some bewildering imprisonment. A range of memories and feelings, extending back to boyhood, and hitherto disconnected and misinterpreted, started at once into coherence and significance.

"Madeleine!" he exclaimed; and flung out his arms, as if to take to his heart the one woman in existence whose spirit and nature mated with his own. For a moment, so vivid were his action and expression, it almost seemed as if she, whom he addressed, must actually be present. The man's spiritual passion, stimulated in sympathy with that of his body, had at first been perplexed, because he could not recognise in Lady Mayfair the true object of his super-sensual devotion. But the mention of Madeleine had presented her before his aroused and groping perceptions in a sudden splendour of imaginative comprehension, and he understood, at once and for ever, that it was her and no other whom he loved. He did not know—and it would have been as

nothing to him, at that instant, had he known—that Madeleine, and the heiress whom he had dispossessed of the estates, were one and the same. All mortal and temporary considerations vanished in the great light of realisation that had burst upon him. She who had been to him heretofore a star, a vision, an ideal, scarcely partaking of the warmth and substance of human nature, now appeared as a living and breathing woman, and as such, not the less, but the more sweet, adorable, inspiring. He felt himself a man, awake, veritable, with a place and a purpose in the world. He loved her. Did she love him? He did not ask himself the question. To love her was happiness enough. To love her was goodness and truth, and nothing resulting from it could be evil. No fears or doubts harassed him. He stood firm, and was content.

"You love her!" a voice said. He looked round in surprise. It was Lady Mayfair who had spoken. He had forgotten her. A long time—years seemed to have passed since she had last addressed him, and he had grown and altered much since then. And what familiar truism was this that she was repeating—what fact as familiar to him as the beating of his own pulses? That he loved Madeleine? He looked down at her with a smile.

"Yes, I love her," he said heartily. "What were we talking about? I am going to Paris; at least—I don't know where I shall go. I came to say good-bye."

"What are you? a man? Are all men devils? You take my heart from me and trample on it. You kill me, and smile at me! No, I will not die, Lord Castlemere! I have some power yet—to injure as well as to be injured! Oh, my heart will break! You made me believe you loved me!"

She flung forth the last words with bitter and passionate vehemence. Was this humiliated, slighted, and half-frenzied woman that same Alexandra the Great who was wont to reign over her innumerable subjects with such illustrious serenity and sparkling

grace? Had the worlds which she had conquered turned upon her at last, and brought her so low! And the forlornest part of the tragedy was, that Castlemere was so little able to appreciate it.

"I never thought of loving you, except as something beautiful," he said, with a touch of unstrained friendliness in his tone that went like ice through Lady Mayfair's burning veins. "I have dreams or visions sometimes that deceive me and mislead me; but how could a vision make you believe that I loved you—unless," he added, musingly, "it made me think that you were Madeleine! Perhaps that was it; something seemed wrong, I remember."

Lady Mayfair had been standing before him, her head bowed, and her hands hanging clasped. Spasmodic undulations, which she made no attempt to control, and of which she seemed unconscious, went through her at times from head to foot; they somewhat resembled the involuntary tremblings which occasionally precede death from bodily wounds. They gradually ceased, and were succeeded by a cold and stolid calm. A superficial observer might have said that she had recovered her self-possession; but there was very little left of her to possess. She now looked at Lord Castlemere with a face haggard, but wholly impassive.

"If you did mistake me for another person, I will be on my guard against your falling into the mistake again," said she. "We all have had our visions, good or bad; sometimes they turn out realities, sometimes not. And let me warn you, my lord, that what we take for realities sometimes turn out to be visions. You are going to Paris, I think you said, and came to say good-bye. Well, you have said it very effectively. Good-bye!"

When Lady Mayfair was again alone, she seated herself at her writing-table, and put pen and paper before her. She did not write immediately, however, but remained for an hour

with her cheek resting on her hand, apparently absorbed in thought. Nevertheless, no connected thoughts passed through her mind, nor any of a comprehensive character. Though endowed with many brilliant, lovable, and even great qualities, Lady Mayfair was not an heroic personage; she was not a queen royal enough not to survive discrowning. Perhaps, too, she lacked the moral support of feeling that the love she had proffered Lord Castlemere was altogether pure and unselfish. Those passages in her past career—well, let them have silence. The brotherhood of sin and the brotherhood of humanity are terribly near being identical.

When Lady Mayfair wrote her letter, day was just verging into night. It was a short letter, and hurriedly written, as if the contents had long been in the writer's mind. She sealed it, and addressed it to Mr. Bryan Sinclair; and having rung for the servant, she ordered him to convey it at once to Mr. Sinclair's club.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH IT IS INCIDENTALLY DEMONSTRATED THAT IF BRYAN HAD CALLED ON MADELEINE BEFORE CALLING ON LADY MAYFAIR, A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE WOULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED.

MR. SINCLAIR, meanwhile, had not been idle. It was still early in the afternoon when he left Lady Mayfair's, and it seems to have occurred to him that he could not better improve his spare time than by making another call. Accordingly, he gave directions to his coachman, and ten minutes later he was admitted to the presence of Madeleine Vivian.

She was plainly dressed in black, buttoned up to her throat, with a white collar; a bow of crimson ribbon was on her breast, and another in her hair. Her dark braids were compactly arranged, her face clear and pale. She received Bryan quietly, letting her eyes rest upon him fre-

quently and long, with an expression in their depths that sometimes seemed to be a remote smile, sometimes a penetrating inquiry. Madeleine always gave the impression, even to Bryan, of inaccessible heights and unsounded depths in her character; of being able to withdraw, if she chose, into unattainable regions, whence she could exercise powers beyond the scope of ordinary humanity. It was therefore with a sense of uncertainty—with an obscure perception of unexpended resources on her part—that her most intimate friends approached her: no one could foretell what, if need were, she might not decide or dare to do. Thus she made afraid the timid and fascinated the bold. And, no doubt, she herself had confidence in the reserves of her own strength. Seeing all things imaginatively and dramatically, and conscious of her ability intellectually to reproduce the sentiments and passions of the most diverse characters, it naturally seemed to her that there was scarce any moral or emotional achievement to which she was unequal. But, as a matter of fact, the individual nature and temperament limit in a remarkable degree the practical possibilities of action and suffering; and it is the dangerous peculiarity of this truth, that only actual experience can prove it true.

Although Bryan's interview with Lady Mayfair had not, apparently, had quite the issue that he would have desired, it was his cue to assume a confident and optimistic tone. Perhaps he believed that reflection would have the effect of modifying her ladyship's scruples; and, in any case, nothing would be lost by taking the best for granted, until the other thing happened. He consequently comported himself towards Madeleine with gaiety and ease.

"My dear girl," he said, after they had chatted for a few minutes, "I have been racking my poor brains about what you had better do. It is a serious question, and a pressing one. If you're going to do anything, the sooner you set about it, the better.

Sticking in this hole will do you no good. You must change the air, morally and physically."

"You mean that you want me to go to Paris," said Madeleine, who was standing in her favourite position before the mantel-piece, with one arm resting upon it.

"That will be the best place for you, in my humble opinion, and for a good many excellent reasons."

"What are they?" she asked, looking at the rings upon her hand.

"In the first place, the best dramatic traditions are there. The audiences know what acting is, and they will stimulate you and prune you; and what is more, they'll appreciate you. You will need all that at your first beginning."

"Yes, I shall need that."

"Well, then you've got a rival; you've got Rachel. The Parisians know Rachel, and they are jealous of her. But when they are cured of their jealousy, they'll love you all the better for it; and the one and only way of curing them is to beat Madame Rachel on her own ground. That is what you have got to do, my dear; and I believe you can do it. It must be that or nothing, mind you! Either the first place, or no place at all!"

"Yes," said Madeleine, gazing at him profoundly, and moving her head slowly in assent.

"Rachel, you know, is tremendous in certain directions: in her own special line no one can ever do more than equal her; but then her line is a narrow one. You've got breadth, and tenderness, and humour, and education; you can assume ten characters to Rachel's one; and you've had more technical training already, thanks to your energy and obstinacy, than most actresses have had when they retire. In short, my dear, you can play Shakespeare as he ought to be played. Rachel can only scare and astound her audiences; you can fascinate and charm them as well; and the fact that you are somewhat of her complexion and figure will only make your superior beauty more conspicuous."

"She has splendid eyes," remarked Madeleine, dropping the lids of her own.

"Piercing; but yours can melt as well as pierce," returned Bryan, nodding his head.

"Are there any other reasons?" she inquired.

"Yes; and the best of all! You'll have freedom—liberty to be yourself, and to do what you please! There, you'll be known only for what you prove yourself to be; here, you have your name and your connections for a millstone round your neck. You can appear there under a stage name, and when you've made your reputation, it will become as much your own as your real one—or more so. Then you can come back and conquer London, and they'll be so absorbed in what you are, that they'll never stop to ask who you were."

"I shall appear as Mademoiselle Madeleine," said she, quietly.

"*Convenu!* That will be ambiguous enough, at any rate. And now, as I said before, the sooner you do appear, the better."

"I think so too," said Madeleine.

Bryan paused. Madeleine's demeanour puzzled him a little. She was unusually quiet and cool; there was something almost ironical in the sober manner in which she listened to him, agreed with him, and—waited for him. What was she waiting for? The moment had come when it was necessary for Bryan to unfold his scheme for getting Madeleine to Paris, and he felt the need of all his powers of diplomacy. If she were to suspect his designs, and refuse, it was difficult to see what means he could use to compel her. Was it possible that she had been forewarned? Not, certainly, by Lady Mayfair; nor was it more likely that Kate Roland had divined his plans. So far, therefore, he was safe; and yet he could not help feeling apprehensive. It is hard to foresee all contingencies, especially, perhaps, when the mind is pre-occupied with the consciousness of villany.

While he hesitated, Madeleine herself took the initiative.

"How am I to go to Paris?" she demanded.

"That's precisely the question I've been asking myself since our last conversation on the subject," he exclaimed, throwing himself back in his chair with an air of engaging candour. "Our decision then was that neither Kate Roland nor your Aunt Maria was available. Well, what was to be done? Somebody must be found, of the female sex, of irreproachable social standing and moral character, friendly disposed towards you, whose presence would be the fullest protection to you, who would be interested in our scheme, and who would not be averse to lending her countenance to a little preliminary mystification."

"Mystification?"

"Why, to be sure! You don't suppose that a young lady like Miss Madeleine Vivian can suddenly vanish from London, and no questions asked? But if it can be said that she has gone for a trip on the Continent with such and such a well-known lady, suspicion is disarmed; and then if curiosity presume so far as to inquire what she is visiting the Continent for—I take it that a little mystification would be both expedient and excusable."

"How ingenious you are, Bryan! Who is this lady to be?"

"Well—who do you think?"

"I think that no lady such as you describe would do it."

"Why not, pray?"

"Is there such a one?"

Bryan nodded his head with a sagacious glance and smile. Madeleine regarded him steadfastly for a while, and then asked abruptly—

"Who is she?"

"No less a person than our friend Alexandra the Great, Lady Mayfair! Simple enough, you see, as soon as it is explained to you; but, like Columbus's egg . . . the anecdote is something musty! Well, are you satisfied?"

"Lady Mayfair!" repeated Made-

leine, with an intonation of surprise and regret. "I thought she was a friend of mine!"

"So she is—and is that any objection?" cried Bryan.

"Has she agreed to do it?"

"You may rely upon that! and to set out at once."

"I believed in a good deal of wickedness in this world," said Madeleine; "but there seems to be more in it than I believed."

"Well, now you're beyond me! Have mercy upon my straitened understanding! So—Lady Mayfair, because she consents to leave the delights of London and chaperone you for a couple of months on the Continent, is a phenomenon of wickedness, is she? In that case, what, I should like to know, would a phenomenon of amiability and self-sacrifice be like?"

Madeleine remained silent and inactive for a few moments, gazing straight before her with black unfathomable eyes, and head erect. Then, the first stirrings and omens of an approaching storm, succeeding her unnatural calm, began to manifest themselves. She altered her position, passed her hands swiftly and lightly over the braids of her hair, moved with a lithe, elastic step to another part of the room, whence she looked round at Bryan with a keen, indignant glance. She stood, alive with subtle, controlled movements and emotion, a splendid and luminous figure, filling the dusky room with her superb presence. Her very silence seemed to speak, and to be unanswerable. But at length, when the atmosphere had become so charged with spiritual electricity that even Bryan began to show signs of uneasiness, she found her utterance.

"Your reasons are very reasonable," she said, "but you might as well have kept them back. I care nothing for them. There is one reason you have forgotten; and to forget that is to forget everything. It is to forget yourself, and me!"

"Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed!" exclaimed Bryan, who

thought it prudent to avoid seriousness as long as possible.

"An ignorant sin! Yes, so it is! The ignorance of a cold heart and a degraded soul! Do you fancy you can read my heart when yours is dead, or rule my spirit with the brute strength of your voice and muscles? Oh, you have never known me! and I wish to God I could become as blind towards you . . . but, though I shut my eyes, I see you through and through! You crawl and wind like a snake, and think I do not know—that I am beguiled and unsuspecting. But I am above you; and when I look down—as I must do to you—I see what is beneath me! What shame and misery it is! Are not you man enough to stand on your feet and face the light? I don't ask you to be good: I gave that up, long since. Do any wickedness you will, but do it like a man! Can you find no better way to destroy a woman like me than to mine the ground beneath my feet, and smother me in a pit? Have I not a heart to stab, or a brain to crush? . . . Oh, but what folly, too! How can you conquer me unless you will rise high enough for me to contend with you? Why, is not this laughable? Here am I, a helpless woman, trying to teach a man how to profit by my helplessness! Aim your arrows here!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands over her bosom, "not into the earth I set my feet upon! Don't be ingenious—be terrible! I am worthy so much deference, at least! You are cold, cold, cold! . . . Even Lucifer had fire blazing in him. You have fallen lower than Lucifer: if you are a devil, you are a clownish and stupid one! . . . But what am I?" she went on, with a passionate gesture of the arm; "I love you! yes, I love you. My mind is the slave of my heart, and my heart is yours! If you were more worthy of my love, I should fear to tell you of it; but, being what you are, I scorn to have concealments from you! I throw away my shield—the only shield a loving woman has . . . here! Look

into my heart, and defile it and ruin it, if you can! If the love that is there is not strong enough to overcome your monstrous selfishness, then there is nothing else in the world strong enough. That is my stake: I will hazard life and everything upon it: if I lose, then all is lost—for both of us! Your only chance of Heaven is through me, Bryan: and to give you that chance, I risk the hell that you must else endure. Do you understand me? Have you understood one word that I have spoken? Oh, you were not always like this! There was in you the making of as noble a man as ever lived upon the earth! Do you remember that day in the field, beneath the hedgerow, when you told me the story of Undine? You were stained and tarnished even then, but you had not forgotten that you once were pure. You taught me that I had a soul: was it only that you might afterwards destroy it? The first love that ever beat in my heart was for you; and it is my shame and my glory that I love you still. Perhaps you laugh that I tell you this, and think it an assurance of your power over me. But to have such power is more perilous for you than for me. When you strike a dastardly stroke against such love as mine . . . you may kill me, but the love is immortal; it will haunt you after I am gone, and your death will be more terrible than mine, for it will be for ever! And yet . . . oh, my love, rather than be parted from you, even after we are dead, I would make myself as wicked as you are . . . only that I have learnt, in you, that wickedness poisons love; so that we should be parted all the more. It is a tragedy of tragedies, my poor boy," she continued, her voice faltering, and her great eyes softening with tears; "to give my soul for yours, gladly as I would do it, would not help you; for to give it spoils it of the only saving virtue that it has. I cannot make our happiness, and you will not. There is no chance for us, but in the few blind disgraceful months or years

we might pass together here: and to gain that wretched privilege, which beasts enjoy as well as we, you would sacrifice all the rest. Is it worth while, Bryan? Shall I yield to you? What should prevent me from doing what so many have done before, and will do hereafter, as long as women are women and men are men? But if I do, it will be more in despair than in love. When you conquer me, it will not be me that you conquer, but something else, not worth conquering. See, even now, what things I bring myself to say!" She flung herself into a chair, placed her arms upon the table, and hid her face on them. When she lifted it again, it was weary and listless, as was the voice in which she continued—"If you had known what love was—I don't say if you had loved yourself—you would never have made this blunder, Bryan. It never occurred to you that I must be thinking of you all the time, and imagining what your thoughts and plans would be. Did you suppose I would believe that your real reason for wishing me to go to Paris was any of those you gave? I know your reason; and if you had been bold enough to declare it—I am at such a pass for pleasures now—it would have been a sort of pleasure to me to hear it. But instead of that, you told me useless falsehoods, like any vulgar hypocrite. But the worst is, that you have forced Lady Mayfair to become your accomplice. Yes—your accomplice! for she is too clever a woman, and she knows you too well, for you to deceive her. It was a clumsy plot, my poor Bryan. Why don't you confess it? Ah, me! what are you afraid of?—of me?" She laughed in a lifeless way. "Well, at all events, I will not go with Lady Mayfair."

"You will not go?" said Bryan, bending a gloomy gaze upon her.

"Not with her."

"Nor with any one else?"

"No."

"Not at all, then?"

"Yes, I shall go."

"How?"

"Alone."

"Alone—with me?"

"No. I will tell you—and yet, why should I tell you? You tried to entrap me, but you have lost all your labour of contriving and deception. I made up my mind, long ago, to go to France, and to go alone, and secretly. No one but you will know where I am; and you will not dare to meddle with me. Our time will not yet have come. But it will come, at last, Bryan," she added, clasping her hands on the table, and fixing a long, wistful look upon him. "We shall stand face to face, and know which of us has the victory."

Bryan sat with his chin upon his breast, and his red brows drawn together, while his muscular hands alternately tightened and relaxed their hold upon the arms of his chair. He had lapsed into one of those sombre moods which occasionally befall men of his temperament, and which, of late, had visited him more often than in his earlier time. Men of the most unmitigable purpose, when the purpose is also a selfish one, are sometimes fain to pause and ask themselves what it all amounts to. And this question creates a feeling as of being driven by fate into a trap, from which there is no escape, because the trap is the man himself. The strength of which he was proud turns out to be the strength that binds him. The goal at which he aims being himself, all seeming progress towards it is illusory: at the end of years, or of a lifetime, all his efforts will not have improved his position a jot. And when the merely animal spirits are temporarily torpid, and the brain coldly surveys the situation, it can hardly fail to appear unmercifully dreary.

"You seem to have a clearer notion of what is in store for us than I have, Madey," he said, after a silence. "I sometimes think I am nothing more than a sort of puppet of yours, owing all its life and movement to your whim. I seem to do what I please, and even to control you; but that's

only my hallucination, just as the earth fancies the sun rises. If you could only explain to me why you love me, I should be less in the dark about other things."

"It is all dark," said Madeleine, mournfully, and seeming to heed the sound rather than the meaning of his words. "Perhaps I may find I love some one else, when it's too late."

"There's only one man I should be afraid of," Bryan remarked, "and it's not likely, as things look now, that you will meet with him. I don't mean poor Stanhope Maurice, nor any body you ever heard of. Well, when do you propose to set out for Paris?"

"To-morrow."

"Then, if I'd happened not to come here to-day, I should not have found you?"

"I should have sent you word."

"Why not have given me the slip, as well as the rest of 'em?—much more, indeed!"

"I wish to be hidden from the others; they would interfere with me. But you must be near me—within my reach."

"Upon my word, you are putting things in a new light! Then your only apprehension about me is, that you may lose sight of me?"

"You are the one great sin that I have committed, Bryan; and I can no more be parted from you than any other sinner can separate himself from his transgression."

"Well done, Madey! But doesn't the Bible tell the sinner to turn from his wickedness and live?"

She shook her head.

"My heart and soul are guilty of you. Your mark is on them. I cannot turn from my wickedness and live. But if my wickedness would be transformed, and become a virtue—that would be life for both of us!"

"Ah! there you are again. There's no virtue in me, Madey, nor the making of any. I'll give you a comparison, since you're so fond of 'em. The same sunlight that is turned to

fragrance by the flower, is perverted to rottenness by the carrion. Can you interpret that parable?"

"But the sun shines for ever; and by and by, out of the rottenness it will bring forth flowers."

"Humph! Well, I'm not competent to maintaining so figurative an argument; though it strikes me that that deduction of yours seriously menaces my individuality as well as my dignity. It will be no special gratification or credit to me, to furnish bone-manure for a crop of saints! However—never mind! Let us be practical for a moment. You are going to slip off to-morrow, as I understand, without saying good-bye to anybody. But what arrangements have you made? Is your luggage ready? Is anything prepared for you on the other side? What security have you against being pursued and brought back? Have you got all the money you need?"

"I have attended to all that," she answered; "I have a better head for business than you suppose. I shall travel with my maid; most of my things have already been sent on; and I shall stay with some relatives of my mother, who was an actress, you know. It will not be easy for any one to find me; and if I were found, it would make no difference: I shall have taken the decisive step, and I am my own mistress."

"When am I to be permitted to pay my respects to Mademoiselle Madeleine?"

"I will let you know hereafter. Meantime you must stay here, and —"

"And put the others off the scent. Well, that's a job that fits my capacities. And then, my girl, this anomalous half-and-half sort of existence must come to an end. Since that day when I offered you your liberty, and you refused it, I hold us to be man and wife as much as if the primate of England and all his secondaries had been at work over us.

You and I are of a calibre to dispense with the interference of other people in the settlement of our private affairs. Your genius makes you independent of the world, and for my part, I've been an outlaw from the beginning. We shall have earned our right to freedom—we shall have paid our price for it—and we'll have it! All the world can't keep us apart, and it shall have nothing to do with keeping us together! So no more Jeremiads, Madey. Keep your imagination for the stage, and leave the rest to me. Why, another such harangue as that would be enough to make me blow my invaluable brains out. You have such a way of putting things that it seems—until one has time to think it over—as if nothing else could be true. But, the brains once out, the man will die, in spite of your friend Macbeth's heresy on the subject. Come now, let's kiss and make it up!"

He came up to her and laid his hands on her shoulders. She neither drew back nor bent forwards, but looked him in the eyes.

"Not now, Bryan," she said. "A kiss, between us, means too much or too little. Do you know, you have not once to-day told me that you love me? What you have just said means that you love your own way. And you fear the world more than I, if you think its interference, as you call it, can make love less or greater."

"Why, what's come over you, child? If you knew all I could tell you, you'd say I care more for you now than ever. Be reasonable; our marriage was made in heaven before we were born."

"I am my own forlorn hope, Bryan. I neither ask nor give quarter till the fight be over. If you hope for anything hereafter, ask nothing now."

"What fight, Madey?"

"Mine, against myself perhaps!"

"You'll have a tough time of it!" he exclaimed, with a laugh. But he made no further attempt to move her.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE most magnificent of pageants that the present generation has ever witnessed, or probably ever will witness, was brought to a successful close in the early days of June in the ancient capital of Russia. The Emperor, who crowned himself with more than wonted pomp on the 27th of May, returned to St. Petersburg on the 9th of June, having at last formally assumed the full burden of that sovereignty which was transferred to his shoulders by the slayers of his father more than two years before. For almost the first time the West caught some passing conception of the barbaric dignity of the Emperor of All the Russias. As men "look'd and saw what numbers numberless the city gates outpour'd," including "the flower and choice of many provinces from bound to bound," the stately pomp of the verse in which Milton set forth the glory of Ctesiphon when the Parthian king had gathered all his host, alone seemed adequate to describe the power and the dominion of one who mustered more vassal kings at his crowning than Parthian ever ruled. For Alexander III. assembled in the ancient seat of the Grand Dukes of Muscovy the representatives of all the conquests of all the Czars. Of the many realms that Cossack has colonised or conquered for the House of Romanoff, not one, from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, lacked its delegate at the Kremlin to do honour to the heir of a throne, which but four hundred years before had been occupied by the vassal Grand Duke of the Tartar horde. So great has been the tenacity of the cement that holds together the unwieldy conquests of the Great Russians from the Moskwa.

Contrary to universal expectation,

no attempt was made by the Nihilists to destroy the Emperor on the very moment of his assumption of sovereignty. This inaction, attributed by some to their reluctance to commit a crime that might be suicidal to their party, was explained by the Nihilists themselves as being due to their conviction that their growing strength enabled them to dispense with the aid of dynamite and the dagger. Assassination was no longer indispensable, for revolution had become possible. A proclamation issued in April by the party of the *Narodnaia Volya* gives some colour to the latter theory. It declared that the Nihilists had no need to act, they had only to wait. In a short time the Emperor himself would display to the world the irremediable blindness of the Imperial *régime*, and his subjects, disenchanted by the disappointment of their dream of sweeping changes, would go over to the party of Revolution. Whatever be the cause, no attempt was made. The Emperor was crowned in peace, and he was left free to issue such edicts as he deemed necessary for the welfare of his realm. The Imperial Manifesto created much disappointment among those who regarded it as a programme of reform. Arrears of taxes and fines were remitted, amounting, it is said, to 4,800,000*l.*—no slight burden to the Russian exchequer—and various political and other offenders were released. But it was not in any sense a programme, and it was only indirectly political. The first act of the Czar that deserves that name was a decree abolishing most of the disabilities under which Russian Nonconformists have long suffered. Only those who realise the extent to which the Russian State is based upon Greek

orthodoxy can appreciate the significance of a ukase which extends at once to the Old Believer and the various schismatic sects the liberties and privileges of the Established Church. Only the Skoptzi, who practise self-mutilation, are exempted from this law of toleration.

This sensible concession to the spirit of religious liberty was followed by a decree intended to relieve the poorer class of the peasants from the burden of taxation. Landless peasants and some others were exempted altogether from payment of the poll tax; while it was reduced by one-half in the case of all other peasants, and one-tenth in the case of other taxpayers. At the same time that Alexander III. was endeavouring to justify his claim to be the peasant's Emperor, he issued a ukase freeing those proprietors who had suffered severely from the agrarian legislation of the preceding reign from certain charges which pressed unduly upon them, and took the opportunity afforded him by a meeting of the representatives of the communes to contradict in the most emphatic manner the reports circulated as to the imminence of another partition of land among the peasants. Another much-needed reform, the relaxation of the regulations against migration—a prohibition unnecessary after the abolition of the poll tax, and most prejudicial to the free movement of the population from overcrowded districts to those in need of colonists—was sanctioned by the Emperor. At the same time urgent orders were given to Count Poblen's Commission to draw up a scheme without further delay for the definite settlement of the Jewish question.

These measures were accepted by the well-disposed as a promising indication of the spirit in which the Emperor would set about the work of domestic reform; but, although good as a beginning, they cannot for a moment be regarded as an adequate programme for the solution of one of the most formidable problems of the

modern world. Even M. Aksakoff admitted the necessity for energetic action, when in a remarkable address to the Czar he implored him to banish the falsity, fraud, and flattery which flourish so largely in official circles, and to permit truth free approach to the steps of the throne. There seems to have been a skeleton at the Imperial feast, which boded no good to the tranquillity of the new-crowned Czar. Somehow or other, whether by the revival of the Zemskie Sobors, or by the concession of greater liberty to the provincial assemblies, or at least by relaxing the severity of the censorship of the press, and by limiting the power of arbitrary arrest, the Czar will have to make his account with the rising intelligence and political spirit of his people. Even General Ignatieff found it necessary to devise some representative system in his committees of experts from the Zemstvos. The most Conservative Slavophiles are sworn advocates of the Zemskie Sobors or consultative assembly, and it is idle to believe that at this time of day it is possible to govern ninety millions of people by the gag and the handcuff.

If Russia has this month hailed with great demonstrations of popular rejoicing the beginning of a new reign, England also has had her celebration, less imposing but hardly less suggestive, in honour of the close of a great career. For a whole week Birmingham kept high festival in commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of Mr. Bright's connection with the constituency. For a quarter of a century Mr. Bright has found in "England's central capital," a platform from whence with undiminished force he has kindled the faith and aroused the enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen. Birmingham, not unmindful of the honour reflected from her illustrious representative, commemorated the occasion with more than regal magnificence. Deputations from England, Scotland, Wales, and the north of Ireland added their tribute of grateful praise. The speech in

which Mr. Bright acknowledged the overwhelming enthusiasm of his constituents and countrymen, although by no means one of his finest efforts, yet sounded at its close the keynote which has ever been the secret of Mr. Bright's magic influence. "Forgive me," he said, "if I dream when I speak of a new earth. It may be so, but I will believe in a better time. If Christianity be not a fable, as I believe and you believe that it is not, then that better time must come. Earth kindreds shall not always sleep. The nations shall not always weep." It is this vision of the new heaven and the new earth for ever shining before the eyes of Mr. Bright which has been one great secret of his power. Mr. Chamberlain finely described his colleague as having been "for a quarter of a century the potent voice of Birmingham, speaking the thoughts, and the claims, and the aspirations of that great community." But Mr. Bright was much more than the potent voice of any single town. He has been, to a degree unequalled by any of his contemporaries, the potent voice of the conscience of England. He has been like a conscience in his faithfulness, his pertinacity, and his impatient intolerance of wrongdoing. Like a conscience also he has sometimes been not a little troublesome to the easygoing and indifferent, and a simple confidence in his own infallibility has too often animated his discourses. But with all the defects incident to his virtues, no one can look back on the last twenty-five years of our history without feeling how profoundly the deeply religious character and austere morality of the great popular leader contributed to facilitate the peaceful triumph of the democratic idea in England.

Mr. Bright fought over again his Free Trade victories, gossiped pleasantly on the way in which he had formed his political convictions, and then lunged out furiously, after the fashion of olden times, at all who

are opposed to the making of the Channel Tunnel. But his party looked in vain for words of counsel as to the future or even of guidance in the present. One sentence, and only one, in which he vouchsafed a hint as to the politics of the hour, was unhappily conceived and calculated to mislead. His reference to rebel Irish and their constitutional allies was barely defensible, and was in fact undefended when it was impeached in Parliament. It was otherwise with Mr. Chamberlain. After paying a passing tribute to his eminent colleague, he went on to define a plan of campaign with a precision and an audacity that has created very varied feelings in the country. Starting from the proposition, that the Liberals in the constituencies are more Radical than the Liberals in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain arrived at the conclusion, by a simple and obvious chain of reasoning, that the first business of Liberals was to secure a further instalment of Parliamentary reform. "What do we want?" he asked in conclusion. "We want in the first place a suffrage from which no man, who is not disqualified by crime or the receipt of relief, who is expected to fulfil the obligations of a citizen, shall be excluded. We want equal electoral districts, in order that every vote may have an equal value. And we want, I think, payment of members, in order that every man who has the capacity to serve his country, who has honesty and intelligence, and who is selected for that purpose by his fellow-countrymen, shall not be excluded for want of means."

The political speeches at Birmingham sounded between them the notes of the two great controversies which are agitating the minds of civilised men all over the world. The amelioration of the condition of the poor, of the millions of the labouring classes who toil and sweat and work from early morn till eventide, was declared by Mr. Bright to be the object which of all others preoccupied his thoughts.

And to this Mr. Chamberlain added as a natural corollary the necessity for readjusting the machinery of government so as to make it more effective for the attainment of this end. The amelioration of the condition of the poor is becoming more and more the preoccupation of statesmen. There is not a country where the welfare of the masses is not recognised as the first object of the sovereign and the statesman. In England the growth of this idea has been very conspicuous. This month has seen both the aristocratic leader of the Tory party and the Radical leader of the Liberal party declare in almost the same terms that they recognise social reform as the great problem of our time, and that the better provision of dwellings for the working classes in the large towns is one of the most urgent duties of the State. This significant coincidence is heightened by every circumstance of the time. What are the two measures that have contested precedence this month in the House of Commons? The first, the Corrupt Practices Bill, is avowedly framed in order to cut at the root of the power of the purse in Parliamentary elections, in other words to limit and to destroy the dominance of wealth in politics. The second is the Agricultural Holdings Bill, a measure framed with the view of protecting the tenant-farmer from the confiscation of his improvements by his landlord—a proposal from which the stricter school shrink aghast. Still more significant of the tendency of the time was Lord George Hamilton's resolution in favour of the immediate amendment of the Irish Land Act in order to advance the whole of the purchase money of their holdings to the Irish peasants. Lord George Hamilton, one of the ablest and most industrious members of the Opposition, prepared a scheme by which, by the modest risk of some two hundred millions sterling, it would be possible to convert all the tenants in Ireland in forty years into peasant proprietors. The local autho-

rity in this scheme would have power to raise money by debentures on the security of the local rates, backed by the guarantee of the State, to buy out the present landlord at twenty-three years' purchase, and then to charge the tenant with an annuity, less than his present rent, to be collected with the rates, and this in forty years would pay off both principal and interest. Although Lord George Hamilton was careful to reduce his own project to a comparative trifle by stipulating that the requisite funds shall only be raised in the locality—as if Ireland could raise two hundred millions—that detracted little from the significance of his proposal.

A Commission, which narrowly escaped drowning the other day off the Butt of Lewis, is investigating the condition of the Highland cottiers, and their inquiries have already brought to light instances of oppression equal to the worst recorded in Ireland. To the Celts of the Highlands it would be difficult to deny concessions granted to their brothers in Ireland. Nor are crofters and cottiers the only class which can claim to have its exploitation at the hands of the rich terminated by the beneficent intervention of the State. Why not use the State machinery for buying out everybody for somebody else's benefit? Little as he intended it, Lord George Hamilton's seductive proffer of making every man his own landlord, at an immediate reduction of rent terminable in forty years, may yet be found—unless we keep our heads very cool—to have launched England on the full tide of modern socialism.

In that case England will not sail alone. There is hardly a country in Europe that is not heading thitherwards. The only measure of importance passed by the German Parliament this session has been the law establishing retiring pensions for old and disabled workmen. In Russia, where a scheme similar to that of Lord George Hamilton's was carried out twenty-three years ago, the Czar

has cut down by nearly a million sterling the repayments of the peasants, and at his Coronation annulled arrears amounting to nearly two millions sterling which had been accumulating at the rate of 200,000*l.* per annum out of a total payment due of 4,500,000*l.* In Italy, the Ministry has in hand a whole batch of Bills dealing with the social question. Among these are a Bill establishing a National Insurance Fund, an Employer's Liability Bill and National Pension Fund, Factory Bills and Mines Regulation Bills. Among other Italian Bills, there is one for extending credit to Cooperative Building Societies. An agrarian inquiry is approaching its close, and one of its recommendations, it is believed, will be that landlords should be placed under a statutory obligation to build houses for their peasants. A whole group of Bills compelling landlords to improve their land on penalty of expropriation affords another indication of the tendency of modern legislation. In France, where the work of improving the dwellings of the poor has been imposed as a duty by the State upon the municipality of Paris, the work of freeing labour from the restrictions of former days has not yet been completed. The new law brought forward by the Government for the establishment of professional syndicates, after being mutilated by the Senate, has been returned to the Chamber for reconsideration, where it has formed the subject of one of the most interesting debates of the year. M. de Men, on behalf of the Royalist Clerical party, undertook the task of impeaching modern society for its indifference to the labourer and the development of industrial warfare between employer and employed. The gauntlet thus boldly cast down, was eagerly picked up, and M. Frederic Passy proved himself not an unworthy champion of the new era. M. Passy, after a brilliant survey of the history of the labouring classes under the *ancien*

régime, a history which as he says might be summed up in three words—Pestilences, Wars, and Famines, concluded an impassioned defence of modern progress by quoting the words of Macaulay, "The sufferings and the miseries of mankind do not date from this age. That which is new is the intelligence which discovers them and the sympathies which reveal them." The speeches of M. Lockroy, M. Langlois, and others of the more advanced Socialist deputies in impeachment of "the *régime* of economic despotism," in which the workman became "*le damné de l'enfer social*," showed how far short the *régime* of free competition has come of satisfying these impatient aspirations after a more humanised existence which are becoming the master force of modern politics. The French Ministry brings in Bills for the establishment of miners' pension funds, for the development of cooperative associations, and in numerous other ways indicates its consciousness of the constant pressure in the direction of social legislation. In the Municipal Council, the Parliament of Parisian democracy, a proposal was made that in the construction of the new Metropolitan Railway the council should limit the hours of labour of the workmen employed, and fix their salary in accordance with the ordinary cost of living in Paris. The motion was rejected, after somewhat confused discussion; but the proposal deserves to be noted as an indication of the universal instinct to use power in order to ameliorate, however arbitrarily, the lot of the labourer. In the New World, as in the Old, the same pre-occupation is manifest. In Canada an elaborate Factory Bill has been laid before the last session of the Dominion Parliament forbidding the employment of children under twelve years of age, and limiting the employment of women and children between twelve and fifteen years of age to sixty hours per week. In the great Republic of the West, legislation in the direction of

Socialism must be sought not so much at the Federal Congress at Washington, as in the legislatures of the various States. In these legislatures, the questions that agitate the Parliaments of the Old World, the liability of employers for the injury of their workmen, the restriction of hours of labour, the regulation of the power of great monopolies, the curtailment of the privileges of dealers in intoxicants, the limitation of convict labour, the establishment of free schools, the enactment of factory laws, the opening of free baths—four new free bath-houses were sanctioned by the New York Legislature last month, bringing the total up to eleven free baths, at which 120,000 bathers can be accommodated daily—all are occupying the attention of the legislatures of the federated States. It may be noted also that the Convention of Ohio Republicans met this month, and made the demand for a national bureau of labour statistics a prominent plank in its platform. Nor is it only in the legislatures that the same spirit is showing itself. It is not less marked in the courts of justice, the right of the State to control the rates of railways, and to resist the continual encroachment of the great corporations. The awakening has not come a moment too soon. The enormous grants of land which have been made to railways, amounting in the aggregate to far more than the area of Great Britain, constitute a danger to the State which the more thoughtful Americans are at last beginning to recognise. The working classes themselves are endeavouring to combine for common ends, but as the leading economists mournfully admit, "the immense influx of foreign workmen is an effective check to all efforts to improve the condition of the working classes." From Australia the last mails bring accounts of the celebration of the anniversary of the establishment of the eight hours' day. In England nine hours is generally recognised as a normal day of labour,

but in the United States they work sixty hours a week, and even more. There have been several strikes in the iron and coal regions, some of which have not been unattended by those savage incidents which are happily no longer regarded as the natural accompaniment of labour disputes in this country. At Collinsville, Illinois, the coal-miners turned out on strike. The coal-owners imported blacklegs to work the pits. On the 24th of May the strikers swore they would slay whoever raised a bushel of coal while the strike lasted. All that night guns and pistols were going off every few minutes. The mayor closed every grogshop, and swore in fifty deputies to keep the peace. Next morning, the strikers armed with pistols and primed with beer surrounded the mines. The sheriff reported to the Governor that he was powerless. The Governor thereupon ordered up three companies of the States militia. When the troops arrived by train they were fired upon by the strikers, who covered the banks on both sides of the line, before they could leave the cars. They alighted as rapidly as possible, and fired a volley over the heads of the mob. As this did not disperse them, a second volley was fired, killing one striker on the spot, wounding another fatally, and injuring two others. The fatal volley scattered the mob, who fled, while the militia, following fast on their bloody trail, captured thirty-two prisoners. Next day the papers announced, "Order Restored by Bloodshed," and the account, which would have convulsed England from end to end, was chronicled and then forgotten among the innumerable telegrams of murders, suicides, swindles, and other sensations which crowd the columns of the American press. In Iowa, an attempt to introduce negroes into the mines was met by a horrible outrage, the house of a coloured miner being blown up with blasting powder, and his eight-year-old child fatally burnt by the bursting charge. Dynamite

and revolvers are plentiful in the States, and there seems every prospect that neither will be spared in the rougher regions where American enterprise directs the surplus labour of the Old World in extracting the riches of the New.

If very nearly every civilised State bears witness to the universality of the aspiration after a more equitable division of the good things of this earth to which Mr. Bright gave such eloquent utterance, there are few that do not share the dissatisfaction with their existing Constitutions expressed by Mr. Chamberlain. In the United States, and almost in the United States alone, the mind of the statesman is freed from all anxiety concerning two great groups of subjects which weigh heavily upon the shoulders of the governing classes in nearly every other country. The religious difficulty, that bugbear of Cabinets, does not exist in the Commonwealth, which by its Constitution forbids any establishment of religion, and the question of electoral reform has no place among the disputes of parties in the States. In this matter the founder of the American Republic struck the bottom at the first. Representation is automatically readjusted to population after every decennial census, and the constantly recurring agitations which precede every fresh instalment of Parliamentary reform elsewhere are consequently unknown. Its immediate neighbour, the Canadian Dominion, has no such exemption, and one of the leading measures held over from the late to the coming session was a Bill extending the franchise and conferring the suffrage upon women and other classes at present unrepresented. In France, the only political movement that moves in the constituencies is the league for the revision of the Constitution, headed by M. Clémenceau, which this month has entered upon a vigorous agitation. Its object is vague. It demands such a revision as will guarantee the rights of uni-

versal suffrage. M. Clémenceau declines to say whether he thinks such a guarantee can best be obtained by the suppression of the Senate, or any other method of organic change. He wishes to accustom the country to the practice of liberty, and to organise the Republic in conformity with the principles of national sovereignty and the rights of universal suffrage. The propaganda of the league testifies to little more than the existence in France of that political *malaise* epidemic among constitutional States. In Belgium, the question of electoral reform is the order of the day. The extension of the franchise on the basis of educational qualifications in all provincial and communal elections has been proposed by the Ministers, and their project is seized as an opportunity for raising the whole question of the revision of the Constitution. In Belgium the Catholics appear to favour universal suffrage and the compulsory vote. Italy has just elected her first Parliament under the new Reform Bill, and at present is more anxious to devise means for compelling the attendance of the newly-elected legislators than in revising the arrangements for their subsequent election. Passing by Germany, where Prince Bismarck, by securing the voting of the Budget for 1884, has succeeded in taking a short tentative step towards his theory that Parliaments should only hold triennial sessions—an idea in considerable favour in some of the States of the American Union—and the Scandinavian States, where the constitutional difficulties led to impeachment and agitation for other objects than the extension of the franchise and the redistribution of seats, we find Austria in full process of constitutional decomposition. In Galicia the Poles, in Bohemia the Tcheques, with whom oddly enough the Jews have made common cause, and in Tyrol the Italians, have overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers at the recent elections the hitherto dominant German ele-

ment. In the new Bohemian Diet the Germans have only 70 out of a House of 242 members. Germanism in alarm is proposing to consent to almost any sacrifice to the aspirations for sectional independence, if only it can keep its head over the rising Slavonic flood. At present affairs are in a state of transition and a radical readjustment of constitutional machinery will probably be necessary before the new forces have attained a stable equilibrium. In Roumania the opponents of a drastic reform of the complicated provisions of the existing Constitutions have come back from the country outnumbered by more than twelve to one. In Bulgaria the agitation for the restoration of the Tirnova Constitution has been carried from the Balkans to the Court of the Czar, it does not appear with what result.

The most curious phase of all this constitutional tinkering is afforded by Greece, where an agitation has sprung up in favour of a Senate, and of the substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement* in the election of the Chamber. At present Greece is one of the few States that are governed by only a single Chamber, and it would be a strange inversion of the usual course of events if a popular agitation were to replace one Chamber by two. As yet it is premature to speak of the movement as popular, or, indeed, as a movement at all. It is merely a proposal, and as such it may bring to a close this rapid sketch of the constitutional changes which at present are so much in vogue.

During the past month the two great Colonial Powers have taken momentous decisions. The English Government has definitely decided that it cannot disengage itself from its responsibilities in South Africa. France has embarked upon a couple of wars—in Madagascar and the province of Tonkin. No English Ministry was probably ever formed more opposed on principle to the extension of

the area of our Imperial responsibilities than that which issued from the general election of 1880, and there is probably no member of that Government to whom the addition of more black subjects is more distasteful than to the Colonial Secretary. Yet Lord Derby, after full and careful consideration, has decided not only in favour of the resumption by the Home Government of the control of the Basutos, but he has sanctioned the inclusion of part at least of the territory of Bechuanaland within the confines of the Cape Colony. The case, no doubt, was complicated by the existence of treaty obligations,—express in the case of the Basutos in relation to the Orange Free State, implied in the case of the Bechuanas. But no case is ever entirely free from prior engagements, and seldom has any Colonial Minister had a better opportunity of curtailing the responsibilities of the Home Government than Lord Derby. Instead of curtailing he has extended them, and decided definitely in favour of perpetuating rather than of withdrawing the civilising sovereignty of the British Crown. It is a strange irony of fate that Lord Derby's accession to office should have been followed almost immediately by the semi-annexation of southern Zululand, the annexation of a strip of West African coast line from British Sherbro to Liberia—an arrangement against which native chiefs with their war-boys have been protesting ever since *more suo* with such emphasis as trade guns can supply—the resumption of British sovereignty over Basutoland, the annexation of Mankeroane's territory by the Cape Government, and the annexation of New Guinea by the colony of Queensland. Add to these the memorials promoted by all the Australasian colonies in favour of the annexation or protectorate of the New Hebrides, and all the adjacent groups of Polynesia, and it must be admitted that the Colonial Office is not the pleasantest of places for statesmen desirous of contracting rather than of

developing our colonial responsibilities. The only step taken in the opposite direction has been the decision to despatch a Special Commissioner to the Transvaal to ascertain in what particulars the Convention needs amending to bring it into harmony with the necessities of the situation. The moral effect of this concession is but small, and weighs less with our neighbours as an indication of the drift of our colonial policy than the evidence supplied by the newly published report of the British North Borneo Company as to the progress which Sir Rutherford Alcock and Sir W. Medhurst are making in their strange and self-appointed task of building up a Chinese settlement under the English flag in northern Borneo.

France, our only great rival in conquest—for the rivalry does not extend to colonising—is making spasmodically persistent attempts to extend the area of France *outré mer*. With us Empire is a growth, the taproot of which is to be found in the daily excess of 1000 births in Great Britain over deaths. With France, where there is no surplus population, where, in fact, the lack of men invites a constantly increasing immigration of Germans, Italians, and Belgians, a Colonial Empire is necessarily more or less artificial. That, however, does not in any way lessen the ardour with which she pursues a colonial policy in all the seas.

The present month has brought her face to face with some of the realities of her colonial quest. In Tonkin Captain Rivière, a brave and talented officer, left with a handful of men to keep the French flag flying over Hanoi, fell a victim to his own ardour, and was cut off with a large proportion of his tiny force by an ambush of the natives. To avenge his death France is hurrying to the Further East reinforcements in men and ships, but she is haunted by a great dread lest in avenging Rivière's death, she should be involved in war with China. That huge Colossus of the East is no longer

the effete and distracted power whose capital was plundered less than a quarter of a century since by the armies of France. It claims, and appears to be determined to exercise, an effective suzerainty over the Empire of Annam. Chinese volunteers are said to have fought among those who slew Rivière, and the danger of Chinese participation in the quarrel is so great that the French Ambassador at Peking is said to have warned Li Hung Chang that every Chinaman taken in arms would be shot without quarter. A *modus vivendi* may be arranged between the two Powers, and the great catastrophe of a war may be averted; but at present the outlook is gloomy, and he would be a bold man who would predict that the world may be spared the calamity of a war between the typical representatives of Western Europe and Eastern Asia.

In the island of Madagascar the French are engaged in an enterprise much less dangerous, although perhaps even more high-handed, than their expedition to Tonkin. Admiral Pierre commanding the French squadron on the East African station, after bombarding Majunga and other Hova forts in the Sakalava country on the north-west of Madagascar, despatched an ultimatum to the capital demanding the payment of an indemnity of 60,000*l.*, the recognition of French sovereignty over the Sakalavas, and the acceptance of the French view of the dispute as to the ownership of landed property by Frenchmen in Madagascar. The ultimatum having been rejected, the Admiral seized Tamatave on the 13th of June, established a small garrison in the town, and after destroying three small villages to the south, waited the development of the situation. The French theory is that the Hovas, finding their chief seaport in the hands of their enemy, will be forced to capitulate. The probability is that the Hovas, a fighting race of Malay origin, who find their own island more than sufficient to supply them with food

and raiment, will persist in an attitude of sullen hostility, necessitating either a march on Antananarivo, or the constant maintenance of a large garrison at Tamatave. In either case the game is not worth the candle, nor will the possession of Tamatave, out of which she would be shelled at the first outbreak of war with England—compensate her for the addition of the Hovas to the number of animals which she is holding by the ears in all parts of the world.

At Constantinople the Grand Turk contemplates gloomily the gradual decay of his Empire. The ferment which the French have excited in Syria shows no sign of subsidence. Egypt has practically exchanged his suzerainty for that of England. From Russia and the Herzegovina the Austrian eagle is supposed to be ready for the swoop upon the Ægean. M. de Kallay, encouraged apparently by the pacific aspirations of the new-crowned Czar, has been speaking with imprudent frankness concerning the rôle of Austria in the Balkans, where, notwithstanding the apparent success of her intrigues with the princes, the Schwab is as heartily detested by the people as ever the Tedeschi were in Italy. In Albania, for weeks past, a fierce little war has been raging, occasioned by the vigorous attempt of the Porte to reassert its authority over the Albanian tribes on the Montenegrin border. The most serious sign of coming storm must, however, be sought in the other extremity of the Empire. The state of Armenia, always miserable, has of late become intolerable—so intolerable indeed that Lord Dufferin was instructed to remonstrate in the strongest terms with the Sultan as to the grave impolicy of compelling the Armenians to look across the frontier for help. As it is only from across the frontier that any help can come, Lord Dufferin's remonstrances were wasted. The Turkish Government cannot be remonstrated with into the performance of miracles. A deputation of Armenians waited upon

Lord Dufferin during his sojourn in London, and before them he repeated, in the hearing of the world, the warnings which he had whispered in the ears of the Sultan.

Side by side with the steady decline of the authority and dominion of the Calif, the world is witnessing a curious revival in the position and prestige of the Pope. For the moment it would seem as if the conservative and moderate policy of Leo XIII. was being crowned with a great success. Of all the statesmen in Europe, with the exception of M. Gambetta—who is no more—no Ministers have expressed themselves more bitterly hostile to the pretensions of the Vatican than Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck. Yet this month has seen both the English Prime Minister and the German Chancellor endeavouring to establish good relations with the Pope. In the House of Commons, the true meaning of Mr. Errington's mission, first denied, then concealed and repeatedly disclaimed, has at last been acknowledged to possess a demi-semi-official character entitling it to formal record in the archives of the Foreign Office. Far more marked, however, than the *semi-rapprochement* between the author of "Vaticanism" and the occupant of the Vatican, is the face of Prince Bismarck. We shall not go to Canossa, boasted the German Chancellor when he began to legislate against the Papal Church. He has come to Canossa, the Pope may fairly have exclaimed, when he received the text of the Bill introduced by his doughty adversary in the Prussian Chamber repealing the most obnoxious of the hated May Laws. By this new measure, accepted with slight modifications by the Parliament, it is now possible for the Bishops to appoint at once temporary administrators, curates, and chaplains to hundreds of vacant parishes which have not seen the face of a priest for years owing to the stipulation, now repealed, that the names of all proposed candidates for

sacerdotal functions shall be first submitted to the secular authorities. Another clause of the new measure provided for the withdrawal from the cognisance of the lay tribunal at Berlin, created by the May Laws, and styled the "Ecclesiastical Court," of all complaints against the Bishops and clergy, and referring them to the Minister, to be dealt with in an administrative fashion. The third permits the free exercise of ecclesiastical functions, such as the administration of the sacraments in all places which happen to be without a pastor, no matter for what reason, without incurring the penalties imposed by the May Laws. The measure, although not a complete repeal of the May Laws, marks the end of the Kultur Kampf, and its significance is emphasised by the retirement of Herr von Bennigsen from public life. Herr von Bennigsen, who has for some time been the most conspicuous member of the Prussian Chamber, in which he was the trusted chief of the National Liberals, finding himself at variance with Prince Bismarck about the Budget and with his party about the abandonment of the Kultur Kampf, abandoned a position in which he no longer found it possible to exercise a useful influence.

It would be improper to conclude

June 25.

this cursory review of the great movements of the month without at least a passing allusion to the catastrophe which, on the 16th of June, cast a gloom over every English town. In the gallery of the Victoria Hall, at Sunderland, 1,500 children were assembled to enjoy a popular entertainment, at the close of which prizes were to be distributed. Believing that the gallery was being overlooked in the distribution of the gifts, the children, who were left without any supervision by their elders, began to swarm down stairs to the area. A door, which had been partially closed across one of the landings to limit the inflow of the crowd, had not been thrown open. The downward rush was dammed up against the door, and a descending column of children, weighing in the aggregate some scores of tons, pressed upon the unfortunates who had stumbled and fallen before the door. In a few minutes 183 children were suffocated or trampled to death. The strange thing was that no sound, or murmur, or dying groan from the appalling scene reached the ears of those within the hall. The distribution of the prizes went on while little ones by the hundred were being suffocated at the door.

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THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE party at Birkenbraes was always large. There were, in the first place, many people staying in the house, for Mr. Williamson was hospitable in the largest sense of the word, and opened his liberal doors to everybody that pleased him, and was ready to provide everything that might be wanted for the pleasure of his guests—carriages, horses, boats, even special trains on the railway, not to speak of the steam-yacht that lay opposite the house, and made constant trips up and down the loch. His liberality had sometimes an air of ostentation, or rather of that pleasure which very rich persons often take in the careless exhibition of a lavish expenditure, which dazzles and astonishes those to whom close reckonings are necessary. He had a laugh, which, though perfectly good-natured, seemed to have a certain derision in it of the precautions which others took, as he gave his orders. "Lord, man, take a special!—what need to hurry? I will send and order it to be in waiting. I have my private carriage, ye see, on the railway—always at the use of my friends." And then he would laugh, as much as to say, What a simple thing this is—the easiest in the world! If ye were not all a poor, little, cautious set of people, you would do the same. Not afford it? Pooh! a bagatelle like that! All this

was in the laugh, which was even more eloquent than *la langue Turque*. There were sure to be some sensitive people who did not like it; but they were very hard to please. And the rich man was in fact so truly kind and willing to make everybody comfortable, that the most sensible even of the sensitive people forgave him. And as the majority in society is not sensitive when its own advantage and pleasure is concerned, his house was always full of visitors, among whom he moved briskly, always pleased, always endeavouring to elicit the expression of a wish which he could satisfy. Katie took less trouble. She was less conscious of being rich. She was willing to share all her own advantages, but it did not appear to her, as to her father, half so ridiculous that other people should not be rich. The house was always full of visitors staying there, and there was not a day that there were not neighbours dropping in to lunch or invited to dinner, keeping up a commotion which delighted Mr. Williamson and amused Katie, who was to the manner born, and understood life only in this way. It happened thus that it was into a large party that Walter, coming with a sense that he was under the dominion of fate, and was about to settle the whole tenor of his life, plunged unaware. He heard the sound of many voices before he had got near

the great drawing-room, the door of which stood open, giving vent to the murmur of talk from about twenty people within. He had scarcely ever gone up so magnificent a staircase, broad, and light, and bright as became a new palace, with footmen moving noiselessly upon the thick pile of the carpets.

"There is a party, I suppose?" he said, hesitating.

"No more than usual, my lord," said the elegant functionary in black, who was about to announce him, with a bland and soft smile of superiority and a little pity like his master's for the man who knew no better, "Two or three gentlemen have dropped in to lunch."

The drawing-room was a large room, with a huge round bow-window giving upon the loch. It was furnished and decorated in the most approved manner, with quantities of pretty things of every costly description: for Katie, like her father, betrayed the constitution and temperament of wealth, by loving cost almost more than beauty. She was, however, too well instructed to be led into the mistake of making that luxurious modern room into the semblance of anything ancient or faded, while Mr. Williamson was too fond of everything bright and fresh to be persuaded even by fashion into such an anachronism. There was a faint suspicion in the mirrors and gilding and all the conveniences and luxuries, of the style of grandeur peculiar to the saloon of a splendid steamer, to which the steam-yacht, which was the chief object in the immediate prospect as seen from the plate-glass window, gave additional likelihood. Walter for his part was strangely startled, when, out of the seriousness of his own lonely thoughts, and the sense of having arrived at a great crisis, he suddenly stepped into the flutter and talk of this large assembly, in which some half-dozen neighbours on the loch, most of them young men in more or less attendance upon Katie, mingled with strangers of all

classes whom Mr. Williamson had picked up here and there. There was a little pause in the hum of voices at his own name, and a slight stir of interest, various of the guests turning round to look as he came in. The master of the house advanced with a large hand held out, and an effusive welcome; but the little lady of Birkenbraes paid Walter the much greater compliment of pursuing her conversation undisturbed, without betraying by a movement that she knew he was there. Katie was not rude. It was not her habit to pay so little attention to a newcomer: she was profoundly conscious of his entrance, and of every step he made among the groups distributed about; but as the matter was a little serious, and his appearance of some importance, she showed a slight stir of mind and thoughts, which could scarcely be called agitation, in this way. It was only when her father called loudly, "Katie, Katie, do you not see Lord Erradeen?" that she turned, not moving from her place, and suddenly held out her hand with a smile.

"How do you do? I heard you had come," said Katie; and then returned to her talk. "As for the influence of scenery upon the mind of the common people, I think it has more influence in the Highlands than anywhere, but very little when all is said. You don't think much of what you see every day, unless, indeed, you think everything of it. You must be totally indifferent, or an enthusiast," said the philosophical young lady.

Walter meanwhile stood before her, almost awkwardly, feeling the rigidity upon his countenance of a somewhat unmeaning smile.

"And to which class does Miss Williamson belong?" said her companion, who was a virtuous young member of parliament, anxious to study national peculiarities wherever he might happen to be.

"To neither," said Katie, with a slight coldness, just enough to mark that she did not consider herself as

one of the "common people." And she turned to Walter with equally marked meaning, "Have you seen the Forresters since you came, Lord Erradeen?"

"I have seen no one," said Walter, somewhat astonished, and wondering whether any one could have seen and already betrayed his pause and instinctive exclamation when he came in sight of the isle. "I came only last night, and am here to-day by your father's invitation——"

"I know," said Katie, with greater cordiality. "You speak as if I wanted you to account for yourself. Oh, no! only one must begin the conversation somehow—unless I plunged you at once into my discussion with Mr. Braithwaite (Mr. Braithwaite, Lord Erradeen) about the characteristics of the inhabitants of a mountain country. Do you feel up to it?" she added, with a laugh.

"But you avoid the question," said the member of parliament. "You say, 'neither.' Now, if it is interesting to know what effect these natural phenomena have upon the common mind, it is still more interesting when it is a highly cultivated intelligence which is in question."

"Help me out!" cried Katie, with a glance at Walter. "I have never been educated—no woman is, you know. How are we to know what the highly cultured feel? Papa is not cultured at all—he does not pretend to it, which is why people approve of him; and as for me!" she spread out her hands like a sort of exclamation. "And Lord Erradeen cannot give you any information either," she added, demurely, "for he has not known the loch very long—and I think he does not like it. No, but you shall see one who can really be of some use this afternoon. Don't you think she is the very person, Lord Erradeen? Oona—for she has lived on the loch, or rather in the loch, all her life."

"And when shall I see this—nymph is she, or water-goddess?" said the genial member. "That will indeed

be to gather knowledge at the fountain head."

"Do you think we may say she is a nymph, Lord Erradeen? Oh yes—what do you call those classical ladies that take care of the water—Naiads? Oona is something of that sort. But better than the classics, for she has water above and water below for a great part of the year. You don't know how many superstitions we have remaining in this wild part of the country. We have ghosts, and wandering Jews, and mysterious lights: Lord Erradeen will tell you——"

Katie paused with the malice bright in her eyes. She did not mean to affront the recovered attendant who might turn out a suitor, and upon whom it was possible she might be induced to smile; so she paused with a little laugh, and allowed Braithwaite to break in.

"Do you call this a wild part of the country, Miss Williamson? Then what must the cultivated portions look like? I see nothing but beautiful villas and palaces, and all the luxuries of art."

"The comforts of the Saut Market," said Katie with a shrug of her shoulders. "It is more easy to carry them about with you than in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's time. But there is luncheon! Papa is always formal about our going in, though I tell him that is out of date nowadays. So you must wait, if you please, Lord Erradeen, and take me." There was then a pause, until, as they brought up the rear of the procession down stairs, Katie said, with the slightest pressure on his arm to call his attention, "That is a Member of Parliament in search of information and statistics. If you hear me talk more nonsense than usual you will know why."

"Do you expect Miss Forrester this afternoon?" asked Walter quite irrelevant.

Katie's heart gave a little jump. She did not like to be beat. It was the healthful instinct of emulation, not any tremor of the affections. She gave him a keen glance half of anger,

half of enjoyment, for she loved a fray.

"Better than that," she cried gaily, "we are going down the loch to see her. Don't you remember Mrs. Forrester's scones, Lord Erradeen? You are ungrateful, for I know you have eaten them. But you shall come, too."

If this had been said on the stairs, Walter, probably, would have given a dignified answer to the effect that his engagements would scarcely permit—but they were by this time in the dining-room in the little flutter of taking places which always attends the sitting down of a party, an operation which Katie, with little rapid indications of her pleasure, simplified at once; and Walter found himself seated by her side and engaged in conversation by the enterprising Braithwaite at his other hand before he could utter any remonstrance. Mr. Braithwaite set it down in his journal that Lord Erradeen was a dull young fellow, petted by the women because he was a lord, no other reason being apparent—and wondered a little at the bad taste of Miss Williamson who ought to have known better. As for Katie, she exerted herself to smooth down Walter's slightly ruffled plumes. There was no use, she thought, in handing him over at once to Oona by thus wounding his *amour propre*. She inquired into his travels. She asked where he had disappeared when they all left town.

"I expected we should find you at Auchnasheen for the 12th," she said. "You are the only man I know who is philosopher enough not to care for the grouse. One is driven to believe about that time of the year that men can think of nothing else."

"Perhaps, Katie," said young Tom of Ellermore, "if you were to speak to Lord Erradeen, whom we don't know as yet, as we have never had the chance of calling" (here the young men exchanged bows, accompanied by a murmur from Katie, "Mr. Tom Campbell, Ellermore," while the colour

rose in young Tom's cheek), "perhaps he would be charitable to us others that are not philosophers."

"Have ye not enough grouse of your own, Tom Campbell?" cried Mr. Williamson, who, in a pause of the conversation, had heard this address. "Man! if I were you I would think shame to look a bird in the face."

"And why?" cried the young fellow; "that was what they were made for. Do you think otherwise, that they would be allowed to breed like *that*, and eat up everything that grows?"

"Heather," said the head of the house, "and bracken. Profitable crops, my word!"

Here Walter interrupted the discussion by a polite speech to young Tom whose eyes blazed with pleasure and excitement at the offer made him.

"But I hope," he said, "you will join us yourself. It will be like stealing a pleasure to have such an enjoyment, and the master of it not there."

"I have other work in hand," Walter said; at which young Tom stared and coloured still more, and a slight movement showed itself along the table, which Mr. Braithwaite, the knowledge-seeker, being newly arrived, did not understand. Tom cried hastily, "I beg your pardon," and many eyes were turned with sudden interest upon Lord Erradeen. But this was what Walter had anticipated as little as the parliamentary inquirer. He grew so red that Tom Campbell's healthy blush was thrown into the shade. "I ought rather to say," he added hastily, "that my time here is too short for amusement."

There was an uneasy little pause, and then everybody burst into talk. Both the silence and the conversation were significant. Lord Erradeen turned to Katie with an instinctive desire for sympathy, but Katie was occupied, or pretended to be so, with her luncheon. It was not here that sympathy on that point was to be found.

"I wonder," said Katie, somewhat coldly, "that you do not remain longer

when you are here. Auchnasheen is very nice, and you ought to know your neighbours, don't you think, Lord Erradeen? If it is merely business, or duty, that brings you——"

"I wish I knew which it was," he said in a low tone.

Katie turned and looked at him with those eyes of common-sense in which there is always a certain cynicism.

"I did not think in this century," she said, "that it was possible for any man not to know why he was doing a thing; but you perhaps like to think that an old family has rules of its own, and ought to keep up the past."

"I should think," said Mr. Braithwaite, not discouraged by the lower tone of this conversation, "that the past must have a very strong hold upon any one who can suppose himself a Highland chieftain."

"A Highland chief!" cried Katie, opening her brown eyes wide: and then she laughed, which was a thing strangely offensive to Walter, though he could scarcely have told why.

"I fear," he said coldly, "that though I am to some extent a Highland laird, I have no pretension to be a chief. There is no clan Methven that I ever heard of: though indeed I am myself almost a stranger and of no authority."

"Mrs. Forrester will tell you, Mr. Braithwaite," said Katie. "She is a sort of queen of the loch. She is one of the old Macnabs who once were sovereign here. These people," she said, waving her hand towards the various scions of the great clan Campbell, "are mushrooms in comparison: which is a comfort to our feelings, seeing that we sink into insignificance as creatures of to-day before them. The very original people are highly consolatory to the upstarts, for we are just much the same as the middling-old people to them. They are worlds above us all."

Here Tom of Ellermore leant over his immediate neighbours and reminded Katie that the days were short in October, and that it was a

stiff row to the isle: and the conversation terminated in the hurried retirement of the ladies, and selection of rugs and wrappers to make them comfortable. Mr. Williamson had, as he said, "more sense," than to set out upon any such ridiculous expedition. He stood and watched the preparations with his thumbs stuck into the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Ye had much better take the yacht," he said. "She could get up steam in half an hour, and take you there in ten minutes, and there is plenty of room for ye all, and the cabin in case of rain. But as ye like! A wilful man will have his way. If ye would rather work yourselves than have the work done for ye—and a shower in prospect! But it's your own affair."

The party, however, preferred the boats, and Katie put her father's remonstrance aside with a wave of her hand.

"It is all these boys are ever good for," she said, "and why would you stop them? Besides it is far nicer than your mechanical steam, and tea on board, and all the rest of it. Lord Erradeen, you are to steer. If you don't know the currents I can tell you. Here is your place beside me: and you can tell me what you have been doing all this time, for there were so many interruptions at lunch I got no good of you," the young lady said.

Thus Walter was swept along in Katie's train. As he was quite unaware of any understanding between the girls he was of course ignorant that any special significance could attach to his arrival in this manner at the isle. And for his own part he was pleased by the thought of seeing Oona for the first time in an accidental way, without any responsibility, so to speak, of his own. It was a little chilly for a water-party, but on the lochs people are prepared for that and it interferes with no one's pleasure. The afternoon was full of sunshine, and every bit of broken bank, and every island and feathery crest of fir-trees was reflected and beautified in the still

water, that broke with a ripple the fantastic doubling of every substance, but lent a glory to the colour and brilliancy to every outline. The gay party swept along over reflected woods, themselves all brilliant in reflection, and making the loch as gay as a Venetian canal. On the little landing-place at the isle the whole small population was collected to meet them. Mrs. Forrester in her white cap, shivering slightly, and glad to draw round her the fur cloak which Mysie was putting on her shoulders from behind, "for the sun has not the strength it once had," she explained, "now that we are just getting round the corner of the year." Hamish, always in his red shirt, kneeling on the little wooden landing which he had wheeled out to receive the party, in order to catch the prow of the first boat; and Oona, a little apart, standing looking out, with a faint thrill of excitement about her, consequent on having just heard the news of Walter's arrival, but no expectation to make this excitement tangible. They made a pretty show upon the little beach, reflected, too, in the clear depths below—the bit of ribbon on the mother's cap, the knot of pale roses on Oona's breast, culminating in Mysie's stronger tints on one side, and the red of Hamish's garment on the other.

"What a pretty picture it would make," Katie said. "'Hospitality,' you ought to call it, or 'Welcome to the isle.' But there ought to be a gentleman to make it perfect; either an old gentleman to represent Oona's father, or a young one for her husband. Don't you think so, Lord Erradeen?"

It was perhaps at this moment when he was listening with a somewhat distracted look, smiling against the grain, and standing up in the boat to steer, that Oona saw him first. It cannot be denied that the shock was great. In her surprise she had almost made a false step on the slippery shingle, and Mrs. Forrester grasped her dress with an "Oona! you'll be in the water if you don't take more care." Oona recovered her-

self with a blush, which she would have given anything in the world to banish from her countenance. It was so then! This man, who had, all un-awares, produced so much effect upon her life and thoughts, was coming back within her little circle of existence in Katie Williamson's train! She smiled to herself a moment after, holding her head high, and with a sense of ridicule pervading the being which had been momentarily transfixed by that keen arrow of surprise and pain. She said to herself that the humour of it was more than any one could have believed, but that all was well. Oh, more than well!—for was not this the thing of all others that was good for her, that would put the matter on the easiest footing? All this flew through her mind like lightning while the boat came close, amid the friendly shouts and greetings of the crew, all of them "neighbours' sons." Mr. Braithwaite, the English observer, sat by admiring while these brotherly salutations were gone through. Perhaps he did not note in his diary that the young aborigines called each other by their Christian names, but he did make a remark to that effect in his mind. And then there ensued the little tumult of disembarking, in the midst of which Oona, holding out her hand, frankly greeted Lord Erradeen. "We heard you had come back," she said, giving him a look of full and confident composure which puzzled Walter. She meant him, and not him only, to perceive the frankness of a reception in which there was not a shade of embarrassment, no recollection of the strange moment they had spent together, or of the encounter that had taken place upon the isle. When one pair of eyes look into another with that momentary demonstration it is a proof of some meaning more than meets the eye. And Walter, whose own eyes were full too of a something, subdued and concealed so far as possible—a deprecating wistful look in which there was pardon sought (though he had consciously done her no wrong; but in

doing wrong at all had he not offended Oona as Dante offended Beatrice, although she might never know of what sins he had been guilty ?) and homage offered—was still more perplexed by that open gaze in which there was nothing of the softness of the look with which Oona had watched him going away, and which had so often recurred to his mind since. What did it mean? It gave him welcome, but a welcome that felt like the closing of a door. He was far too much occupied with investigating this problem to remark the corresponding look, the slight, almost imperceptible smile that passed between Oona and Katie as they met. In the midst of all the cheerful din, the merry voices on the air, the boats run up upon the beach, the cheerful movement towards the house, such fine shades of feeling and dramatic purpose can make themselves apparent to those who are in the secret, but to no other. A merrier party never ascended the slope, and that is saying much. Mrs. Forrester led the way in the highest satisfaction.

“Mysie, ye will stand on no ceremony about following,” she said, “but run on before and see that the tea is masked; but not too much, to get that boiled taste. It is perhaps extravagant, but I like to have just what you may call the first flavour of the tea. And let the scones be just ready to bring ben, for Miss Williamson must not be kept too late on the water at this time of the year. To tell the truth,” she said, turning with her smiles to the member of parliament, a functionary for whom she had a great respect, counting him more important than a young lord, who after all was in the position of a “neighbour’s son”; “to tell the truth I have just to be inhospitable at this season and push them away with my own hands: for it is always fresh upon the loch, and a score of young creatures with colds, all because I let them stay half an hour too late would be a dreadful reflection. This will be your first visit to the loch? Oh, I am sure we are delighted to see you, both

Oona and me. We are always pleased to meet with strangers that have an appreciation. Some people would think it was a very lonely life upon the isle; but I assure you if I could give you a list of all the people that come here! It would be rather a good thing to keep a list, now that I think of it, you would see some names that would be a pleasure to any one to see. Yes, I think I must just set up a visiting-book, as if we were living in some grand place in London, say Grosvenor Square. What are you saying, Katie, my dear? Oh yes, I have shaken hands with Lord Erradeen. I am very glad to see him back, and I hope he will stay longer and let us see more of him than last year. This is one of our finest views. I always stop here to point it out to strangers,” she added, pausing, for indeed it was her favourite spot to take breath.

And then the group gathered at the turning, and looked out upon Kinloch Houran, lying in shadow, in the dimness of one of those quick-flying clouds which give so much charm to a Highland landscape. The old grey ruin lying upon the dulled surface, steel blue and cold, of the water, which round the isle was dancing in sunshine, gave a curious effectiveness to the landscape.

“It is the ghost-castle.” “It is the haunted house,” said one of the visitors, in a whisper, who would have spoken loud enough but for the presence of Walter, who stood and looked, with great gravity, upon his place of trial. When Katie’s voice became audible at his side, advising him in very distinct tones to restore the old place, Walter felt himself shrink and grow red, as if some villany had been suggested to him. He made no reply. He had thought himself of something of the same description in his first acquaintance with Kinloch Houran; but how different his feelings were now!

The reader already knows what were Mrs. Forrester’s teas. The party filled the pleasant drawing-room in which

a fire was burning brightly, notwithstanding the sunshine without, and the scones arrived in bountiful quantity, one supply after another; Mysie's countenance beaming as "a few more" were demanded; while her mistress did nothing but fill out cups of tea and press her young guests to eat.

"Another cup will not hurt you," she said. "That is just nonsense about nerves. If it was green tea, indeed, and you were indulging in it at night to keep you off your sleep—but in a fine afternoon like this, and after your row. Now just try one of these scones; you have not tasted this kind. It is hot from the girdle. and we all think my cook has a gift. Mysie, tell Margaret that we will have a few more. And Oona, it is the cream scones that Katie likes: but you must tell Lord Erradeen to try this kind, just to please me."

Thus the kind lady ran on. It gave her the profoundest pleasure to see her house filled, and to serve her young guests with these simple delicacies. "Dear me, it is just nothing. I wish it was better worth taking," she answered to Mr. Braithwaite's compliments, who made the usual pretty speeches of the English tourist as to Scotch hospitality. Mrs. Forrester felt as if these compliments were a half-reproach to her for so simple an entertainment. "You see," she said, "it is all we can do; for, besides that there is no gentleman in the house, which is against dinner-giving, we are not well situated in the isle for evening visits. The nights are cold at this time of the year, and it is not always easy to strike our bit little landing in the dark; so we have to content ourselves with a poor offering to our friends. And I am sure you are very kind to take it so politely. If my boys were at home, I would have it more in my power to show attention; but if you are going further north, I hope you will make your way to Eaglescairn and see my son, who will be delighted to show you the country about him," Mrs. Forrester said. The English M.P. could

not but think that it was his reputation which had travelled before him, and gained him so delightful a reception.

As for the rest of the party, they were fully entertained by Oona, who was more than usually lively and bright. She said very little to Lord Erradeen, who was by far the most silent of the assembly, but exerted herself for her other guests, with a little flush upon her which was very becoming, and an excitement completely concealed and kept under, which yet acted upon her like a sort of ethereal stimulant quickening all her powers. They were so gay that Mrs. Forrester's anxiety about their return, which indeed she forgot as soon as they were under her roof, was baffled, and it was not till the glow of the sunset was beginning to die out in the west that the visitors began to move. Then there was a hurrying and trooping out, one group following another, to get to the boats. The landscape had changed since they came, and now the upper end of the loch was all cold and chill in the greyness of early twilight, though the sky behind in the southward was still glowing with colour. Benlui lay in a soft mist, having put off his purple and gold, and drawn about him the ethereal violet tones of his evening mantle; but on the slopes beneath, as they fell towards the margin of the water, all colour had died out. Lord Erradeen was one of the last to leave the house, and he was at first but vaguely aware of the little movement and sudden pause of the party upon the first turn of the winding path. He did not even understand for a moment the eager whisper which came almost more distinctly than a shout through the clear still evening air. It was the voice of young Tom of Ellermore.

"Look there! the light—the light! Who says they do not believe in it?" the young fellow said; and then there was a flutter of exclamations and subdued cries of wonder and interest, not without dissentient voices.

"I see some sort of a glimmer," said one.

"It is as clear as day," cried another.

"It must be reflection," a third said.

Walter raised his eyes; he had no sort of doubt to what they referred. His old house lay dark upon the edge of the dark gleaming loch, silent, deserted, not a sign of life about the ruined walls; but upon the tower shone the phantasm of the light, now waning, now rising, as if some unfelt wind blew about the soft light of an unseen lamp. It brought him to himself in a moment, and woke him up from the maze of vague thoughts which had abstracted him even in the midst of the gay movement and bustle. He listened with strange spectatorship, half stern, half amused, to all the murmurs of the little crowd.

"If you call that light!" said the voice of Katie; "it is some phosphorescence that nobody has examined into, I suppose. Who knows what decayed things are there? That sort of glimmer always comes out of decay. Oh, yes, I once went to chemistry lectures, and I know. Besides, it stands to reason. What could it be else?"

"You know very well, Katie, what they say—that it is the summons of the warlock lord."

"I would like to answer the summons," cried Katie, with a laugh. "I would send for the health inspector, from Glasgow, and clear it all out, every old crevice, and all the perilous stuff. That would be the thing to do. As for the warlock lord, papa shall invite him to dinner if you will find out where he is to be met with, Tom."

"Like the commandant in *Don Giovanni*," somebody said; and there was an echoing laugh, but of a feeble kind.

Walter heard this conversation with a sort of forlorn amusement. He was not excited; his blood was rather congealed than quickened in his veins. But he lingered behind, taking no notice of his late companions as they streamed away to the boats. He seemed in a moment to have been

parted miles—nay, worlds away from them. When he thought of the interview that was before him, and of the light-hearted strangers making comments upon the legend of the place with laugh and jest, it seemed to him that he and they could scarcely belong to the same race. He lingered, with no heart for the farewells and explanations that would be necessary if he left them formally: and turning round gazed steadfastly towards Kinloch Houran from behind the shade of the shrubbery. Here Oona found him, as she rushed back to warn him that the boats were pushing off. She began breathlessly—

"Lord Erradeen, you are called—" then stopped, looked at him, and said no more.

He did not answer her for a moment, but stood still, and listened to the sounds below, the impatient call, the splash of the oars in the water, the grating of the keel of the last boat as it was pushed off. Then he looked at Oona, with a smile.

"I am called—?" he said, "but not that way. Now I must go home."

Her heart beat so that she could scarcely speak. Was this spell to take possession of her again, against her will, without any wish of his, like some enchantment? She fought against it with all her might.

"If that is so," she said, "Hamish will put you across, when you please."

He took no notice of these indifferent words.

"This time," he said, "it is altogether different. I know what is going to happen, and I am not afraid. But it must come to an end."

What was it to her if it came to an end or not? She tried to check the quick-rising sympathy, to offer no response.

"They will be late on the water, but I hope they will get home before dark," she replied.

Then he looked at her wistfully, with a look that melted her very heart.

"Don't you know that it will never come to an end unless you stand by me?" he cried.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. FORRESTER was most willing to put Hamish's services, or anything else she possessed, at Lord Erradeen's service. "It is just the most sensible thing you could do," she said. "They will be very late, and half of them will have colds. Oona, you will just let Hamish know. But Lord Erradeen, since you are here, will you not stay a little longer, and get your dinner before you go? No? Well, I will not say another word if it is not convenient. Just tell Hamish, Oona, my dear."

Walter followed her so closely when she went upon that mission that she could not escape him. They stood together in the grey of the evening light, upon the beach, while Hamish prepared the boat, Oona's mind in a tumult of apprehension and resistance, with an insidious softness behind, which she felt with despair was betraying her over again into the folly she had surmounted. He had not the same commotion in his mind; his thoughts were altogether bent on what was coming. She was his confidant, his support in it, though he had not said a word to her. He took her into account in the matter as a man takes his wife. She was a part of it all, though it was not of her he was thinking. He spoke after a moment in a tone full of this curious claim, which seemed to him at the moment incontestable.

"It will never come to an end unless you stand by me," he said. "Everything can be done if you will stand by me."

Oona, in her strange agitation, felt as if she had surprised him thinking aloud; as if he did not address her, but merely repeated to himself a fact which was beyond dispute. He said no more, neither did she make any reply. And once more, as if in repetition of the former scene, he turned round as he stepped into the heavy boat, and looked back upon her as Hamish began to ply the oars. She

stood and watched him from the beach; there was no wave of the hand, no word of farewell. They were both too much moved for expression of any kind; and everything was different though the same. On the former occasion he had been escaping, and was eager to get free, to get out of reach of an oppression he could not bear; but now was going to his trial, to meet the tyrant, with a certainty that escape was impossible. And for Oona there had been the sensation of a loss unspeakable—a loss which she could neither confess nor explain, which took the heart out of her life; whereas now there was a re-awakening, a mysterious beginning which she could not account for or understand. She stood on the beach till the boat had disappeared, and even till the sound of the oars died out in the distance, in an agitation indescribable. The first despairing sense that the influence against which she had struggled was regaining possession of her, was for the moment lost in an overwhelming tide of sympathy and response to the claim he had made. He had no right to make that claim, and it was intolerable that she should have so little power over herself as to yield to it, and allow herself to become thus the subject of another. Her pride, her reason, had been in arms against any such thralldom; but for this moment Oona was again overcome. She had no power of resistance—her very being seemed to go with him, to add itself to his, as he disappeared across the darkling loch. Stand by him! The words went breathing about her in the air, and in her mind, and everything in her echoed and responded—Stand by him! Yes, to the death. This excitement failed in a sudden chill and shiver, and sense of shame which covered her face with blushes which no one saw, as startled by the gathering dark, and the sound of Mysie's step hastening down to the landing-place with a shawl for her, Oona turned again and ran swiftly up the winding way.

The loch was like lead, with a

ripple of mysterious changing lights in the darkness, as the boat shot round under the shadow of Kinloch Houran. All was as still as in a world of dreams, the sound of Hamish's oars in their regular sweep alone breaking the intense stillness. Here and there among the trees a light glimmered on the shore—a window of the Manse—the door of the little inn standing open and betraying the ruddy warmth within: but no sound near enough to interrupt the stillness. Walter felt as though he parted with a certain protection when he stepped upon the bit of mossed causeway which served as a landing pier to the old castle, and, bidding Hamish good night, stood alone in that solitude and watched the boatman's red shirt, which had forced its colour even upon the twilight, grow black as it disappeared. The sensation in Walter's mind had little akin with that panic and horror which had once overwhelmed him. No doubt it was excitement that filled up his whole being, and made the pulses throb in his ears, but it was excitement subdued; and all he was conscious of was a sort of saddened expectation—a sense of a great event about to take place which he could not elude or stave off—a struggle in which he might be worsted. "Let not him that putteth on his armour boast himself like him that putteth it off." He did not know what might happen to him. But the tremors of his nervous system, or of his agitated soul, or of his physical frame—he could not tell which it was—were stilled. He was intensely serious and sad, but he was not afraid.

Symington, who had been in waiting, listening for his master's return, opened the door and lighted him up the spiral stairs. The room was already lighted and cheerful, the curtains drawn, the fire blazing brightly.

"The days are creeping in," he said, "and there's a nip in the air aneath thae hills—so I thought a fire would be acceptable." In fact the room looked very comfortable and bright,

not a place for mysteries. Walter sat down between the cheerful fire and the table with its lights.

There is often at the very crisis of fate a relaxation of the strain upon the mind—a sudden sense as of peril over, and relief. Thus the dying will often have a glimmer in the socket, a sense of betterness and hope before the last moment. In the same way a sensation of relief came on Walter at the height of his expectation. His mind was stilled. A feeling without any justification, yet grateful and consoling, came over him, as if the trial were over, or at least postponed—as if something had intervened for his deliverance. He sat and warmed himself in this genial glow, feeling his pulses calmed and his mind soothed—he could not tell how. How long or how short the interval of consolation was, if a few minutes only, or an hour, or half a life-time, he could not tell. He was roused from it by the sound of steps in the corridor outside. It was a passage which ended in nothing—in the gloom of the ruinous portion of the house—and consequently it was not usual to hear any sound in it, the servants invariably approaching Lord Erradeen's rooms by the stair. On this occasion, however, Walter, suddenly roused, heard some one coming from a distance with steps which echoed into the vacancy as of an empty place, but gradually drawing nearer, sounding, in ordinary measure, a man's footstep, firm and strong, but not heavy, upon the corridor outside. Then the door was opened with the usual click of the lock and heavy creak with which it hung upon its hinges. He rose up, scarcely knowing what he did.

"You examined everything last night to find a secret passage," said the new comer with a humorous look, "which indeed might very well have existed in a house of this date. There was actually such a passage once existing, and connected with a secret room which I have found useful in its time. But that was in another part of the house, and the age of con-

cealments and mysteries—of that kind—is past. Won't you sit down?" he added, pleasantly. "You see I put myself at my ease at once."

Walter's heart had given such a bound that the sensation made him giddy and faint. He stood gazing at the stranger, only half comprehending what was happening. All that happened was natural and simple in the extreme. The visitor walked round the table to the other side of the fire, and moving the large chair which stood there into a position corresponding to Walter's seated himself in the most leisurely and easy way. "Sit down," he repeated after a moment, more peremptorily, and with almost a tone of impatience. "We have much to talk over. Let us do it comfortably, at least."

"I can have nothing to talk over," said Walter, feeling that he spoke with difficulty, yet getting calm by dint of speaking, "with an undesired and unknown visitor."

The other smiled. "If you will think of it you will find that I am far from unknown," he said. "No one can have a larger body of evidence in favour of his reality. What did that poor little woman in Edinburgh say to you?"

"I wonder," cried Walter, unconscious of the inconsistency, "that you can permit yourself to mention her name."

"Poor little thing," he replied, "I am sincerely sorry for her. Had I foreseen what was going to happen I should have guarded against it. You may tell her so. Everything that is subject to human conditions is inconsistent and irregular. But, on the whole, taking life altogether, there is not so much to be regretted. Probably she is happier *there* than had she embarked, as she was about to do, in a struggle with me. Those who contend with me have not an easy career before them."

"Yet one day it will have to be done," Walter said.

"Yes. You consent then that I am not unknown, however undesired,"

the stranger said, with a smile. He was so entirely at his ease, at his leisure, as if he had hours before him, that Walter, gazing in an impatience beyond words, felt the hopelessness of any effort to hurry through the interview, and dropped into his seat with a sigh of reluctance and despair.

"Who are you?" he cried; "and why, in the name of God, do you thus torment and afflict a whole race?"

"The statement is scarcely correct. I was a Highland youth of no pretension once, and you are supposed to be Lord Erradeen, a Scotch earl and an English peer. That is what my tormenting and afflicting have come to, with many solid acres and precious things besides. Very few families of our antiquity have even survived these centuries. Not one has grown and increased to the point at which we stand. I see a great addition within our reach now."

"And what good has it all done?" Walter said. "They say that my predecessor was a miserable man, and I know that I—since this elevation, as you think it—have been——"

"Good for nothing. I allow it fully. What were you before? Equally good for nothing; consuming your mother's means, opposing her wishes, faithful to no one. My friend, a man who sets himself against me must be something different from that."

To this Walter made no reply. He could not be called penitent for the folly of his life; but he was aware of it. And he did not attempt to defend himself. He was entirely silenced for the moment: and the other resumed.

"I have always felt it to be probable that some one capable of resistance might arise in time. In the meantime all that has happened has been gain, and my work has been fully successful. It would rather please me to meet one in the course of the ages who was fit to be my conqueror, being my son. It is a contingency which I have always taken into consideration. But it is not likely to be you," he said, with a slight laugh.

"I shall know my victor when he comes."

"Why should it not be I? If it be enough to hate this tyrannical influence, this cruel despotism——"

"As you have hated every influence and every rule all your life," said the other with a smile. "That is not the sort of man that does anything. Do you think it is agreeable to me to be the progenitor of a race of nobodies? I compensate myself by making them great against their will—the puppets! I allow you to wear my honours out of consideration to the prejudices of society: but they are all mine."

"It was not you, however, who got them," said Walter. "Can a grandfather inherit what was given to his descendants?"

"Come," said the stranger, "you are showing a little spirit—I like that better. Let us talk now of the immediate business in hand. You have something in your power which I did not foresee when I talked to you last. Then there were few opportunities of doing anything—nothing in your range that I had observed, but to clear off incumbrances, which, by the way, you refused to do. Now a trifling exertion on your part——"

"You mean the sacrifice of my life."

The stranger laughed—this time with a sense of the ludicrous which made his laugh ring through the room with the fullest enjoyment. "The sacrifice of a life, which has been made happy by —— and by —— and by ——. How many names would you like me to produce? You have perhaps a less opinion of women than I have. Which of them, if they knew all about it, as I do, would pick up that life and unite their own to it? But happily they don't know. She thinks perhaps—that girl on the isle—that I meant her harm by my warning. I meant her no harm—why should I harm her? I harm no one who does not step into my way."

"Man!" cried Walter—"if you are a man—would you hurt her for succouring me? Would you treat her as you treated——"

"That was an accident," he said quickly. "I have told you already I would have guarded against it had I divined—— But your limited life is the very empire of accident. Even with all our foresight we cannot always make sure——"

"Yet there are occasions—in which it is not accident. Is it possible that there might be danger to——?" Walter got up and began to pace about the room. He had completely surmounted every other sort of superstitious terror; but if it were possible that this dark spirit with power more than a man's could injure Oona! His self-command forsook him at the thought.

"Those who come across my path must take the consequences," said the stranger, calmly. "It is their own fault if they put themselves in the way of danger. Let us return to the subject in hand. The woman whom you must marry——"

The words suddenly seemed to close on the air, leaving no sort of echo or thrill in it; and Walter, looking round, saw Symington come in with the scared look he remembered to have seen in the old man's countenance before, though without any sign in him of seeing the stranger. He asked in a hesitating manner, "Did ye ring, my lord? You'll be wanting your dinner. It is just ready to come up."

Walter was about to send the old servant hastily away; but a slight sign from his visitor restrained him. He said nothing, but watched, with feelings indescribable, the proceedings of the old man, who began to lay the table, moving to and fro, smoothing the damask cloth, folding the napkin, arranging the silver. Symington did everything as usual: but there was a tremor in him, unlike his ordinary composure. Sometimes he threw an alarmed and tremulous look round the room, as if something terrifying might lurk in any corner; but while doing so brushed past the very person of that strange visitor in the chair without a sign that he knew any one to be there. This mixture of suppressed panic and inconceivable unconscious-

ness gave Walter a suffocating sensation which he could not master. He cried out suddenly, in a loud and sharp tone which was beyond his own control, "Symington! Is it possible you don't see——"

Symington let the forks and spoons he was holding drop out of his hands. He cried out, quavering, "Lord have a care of us!" Then he stooped trembling to gather up the things he had dropped, which was a great trouble, so nervous and tremulous was he. He collected them all at the very foot of the man who sat smiling in the great chair.

"You gave me a terrible fright, my lord," the old man said, raising himself with a broken laugh: "that was what you meant, no doubt. All this water about and damp makes a man nervish. See! what should I see? I am no one of those," Symington added, with a great attempt at precision and a watery smile, "that see visions and that dream dreams."

"Why should you disturb the man's mind for nothing," said the visitor in that penetrating voice which Walter felt to go through him, penetrating every sense. He had grown reckless in the strange horror of the circumstances.

"Don't you hear that?" he cried sharply, catching Symington by the arm.

The old man gave a cry, his eyes flickered and moved as if they would have leapt from their sockets. He shook so that Walter's grasp alone seemed to keep him from falling. But he remained quite unconscious of any special object of alarm.

"Me! I hear naething," he cried. "There is nothing to hear. You have listened to all those old stories till ye are just out of yourself. But no me," Symington said with a quavering voice, but a forced smile. "No me! I am not superstitious. You will no succeed, my lord, in making a fool of me. Let me go. The trout is done by this time, and I must bring up my dinner," he cried with feverish impatience, shaking himself free

Walter turned round half-dazed to say he knew not what to the occupant of that chair. But when he looked towards it there was no one there: nor in the room, nor anywhere near was the slightest trace of his visitor to be found.

CHAPTER XXX.

It may be supposed that the dinner which was served to Lord Erradeen after this episode was done but little justice to. The trout was delicious, the bird cooked to perfection; but the young man, seated in sight of the apparently vacant chair, where so lately his visitor had been seated, could scarcely swallow a morsel. Was he there still, though no one could see him? or had he departed only to return again when Symington and the meal had been cleared away, and the evening was free? There was a sickening sensation at Walter's heart as he asked himself these questions, and indeed, throughout this portion of his life, his experience was that the actual presence of this extraordinary person was very much less exciting and confusing than the effect produced during his apparent absence, when the idea that he might still be there unseen, or might appear at any moment, seemed to disturb the mental balance in a far more painful way. In the present case the effect was overpowering. Walter had been talking to him almost with freedom: it was impossible, indeed, thus to converse—even though the conversation was something of a struggle, with a man possessed of all the ordinary faculties, and in appearance, though more dignified and stately than most, yet in no way unlike other men—without a gradual cessation of those mysterious tremors with which the soul is convulsed in presence of anything that appears supernatural. The personage who inhabited or (for it was impossible to think of him as inhabiting a ruin) periodically visited Kinloch Houran had nothing in him save his stateliness of aspect which need have separated

him from ordinary men. He would have attracted attention anywhere, but, except as a person of unusual distinction, would have startled no one; and even when the young man so cruelly subject to his influence talked with him, it was impossible to keep up the superstitious terror which nature feels for the inexplicable. But as soon as he withdrew, all this instinctive feeling returned. Walter's nerves and imagination sprang up into full play again, and got command of his reason. By moments it seemed to him that he caught a glimpse still of an outline in the chair, of eyes looking at him, of the smile and the voice which expressed so full a knowledge of all his own past history and everything that was in him. This consciousness gave to his eyes the same scared yet searching look which he had seen in those of Symington, took his breath from him, made his head whirl, and his heart fail. Symington waiting behind his chair, but eagerly on the watch for any sign, saw that his young lord was ghastly pale, and perceived the half stealthy look which he cast around him, and especially the entire failure of his appetite. This is a thing which no Scotch domestic can bear.

"You are no eating, my lord," he said in a tone of gentle reproach, as he withdrew the plate with the untasted trout. ("That many a poor gentleman would have been glad of!" he said to himself.)

"No, I am not particularly hungry," Walter said, with a pretence at carelessness.

"I can recommend the bird," said Symington, "if it's no just a cheeper, for the season is advanced, it's been young and strong on the wing; and good game is rich, fortifying both to the body and spirit. Those that have delicate stomachs, it is just salvation to them—and for those that are, as ye may say, in the condition of invalids in the mind——"

Symington had entirely recovered from his own nervousness. He moved about the room with a free step, and felt himself fully restored to the posi-

tion of counsellor and adviser, with so much additional freedom as his young master was less in a position to restrain him, and permitted him to speak almost without interruption. Indeed Walter as he ineffectually tried to eat was half insensible to the monologue going on over his head.

"Ye must not neglect the body," Symington said, "especially in a place like this where even the maist reasonable man may be whiles put to it to keep his right senses. If ye'll observe, my lord, them that see what ye may call visions are mostly half starvit creatures fasting or ill-nourished. Superstition, in my opinion has a great deal to do with want of meat. But your lordship is paying no attention. Just two-three mouthfuls, my lord! just as a duty to yourself and all your friends, and to please a faithful auld servant," Symington said, with more and more insinuating tones. There was something almost pathetic in the insistence with which he pressed "a breast of pairtridge that would tempt a saint" upon his young master. The humour of it struck Walter dully through the confusion of his senses. It was all like a dream to him made up of the laughable and the miserable; until Symington at last consented to see that his importunities were unavailing, and after a tedious interval of clearing away, took himself and all his paraphernalia out of the room, and left Walter alone. It seemed to Lord Erradeen that he had not been alone for a long time, nor had any leisure in which to collect his faculties; and for the first few minutes after the door had closed upon his too officious servant a sense of relief was in his mind. He drew a long breath of ease and consolation, and throwing himself back in his chair gave himself up to momentary peace.

But this mood did not last long. He had not been alone five minutes before there sprang up within him something which could be called nothing less than a personal struggle with—he could not tell what. There is a quickening of excitement in a

mental encounter, in the course of a momentous discussion, which almost reaches the height of that passion which is roused by bodily conflict, when the subject is important enough or the antagonists in deadly earnest. But to describe how this is intensified when the discussion takes place not between two, but in the spiritual consciousness of one, is almost too much for words to accomplish. Lord Erradeen in the complete solitude of this room, closed and curtained and shut out from all access of the world, suddenly felt himself in the height of such a controversy. He saw no one, nor did it occur to him again to look for any one. There was no need. Had his former visitor appeared, as before, seated opposite to him in the chair which stood so suggestively between the fire and the table, his pulses would have calmed, and his mind become composed at once. But there was nobody to address him in human speech, to oppose to him the changes of a human countenance. The question was discussed within himself with such rapidity of argument and reply, such clash of intellectual weapons, as never occurs to the external hearing. There passed thus under review the entire history of the struggle which had been going on from the time of Lord Erradeen's first arrival at the home of his race. It ran after this fashion, though with the quickness of thought far swifter than words.

"You thought you had conquered me. You thought you had escaped me."

"I did; you had no power in the glen, or on the isle."

"Fool! I have power anywhere, wherever you have been."

"To betray me into wickedness?"

"To let you go your own way. Did I tempt you to evil before ever you heard of me?"

"Can I tell? perhaps to prepare me for bondage."

"At school, at home, abroad, in all relations? Self-lover! My object at least is better than yours."

"I am no self-lover; rather self-hater, self-despiser."

"It is the same thing. Self before all. I offer you something better, the good of your race."

"I have no race. I refuse!"

"You shall not refuse. You are mine, you must obey me."

"Never! I am no slave. I am my own master."

"The slave of every petty vice; the master of no impulse. Yield! I can crush you if I please."

"Never! I am—Oona's then, who will stand by me."

"Oona's! a girl! who when she knows what you are will turn and loathe you."

"Fiend! You fled when she gave me her hand."

"Will she touch your hand when she knows what it has clasped before?"

Then Walter felt his heart go out in a great cry. If any one had seen him thus, he would have borne the aspect of a madman. His forehead was knotted as with great cords, his eyes, drawn and puckered together in their sockets, shone with a gleam of almost delirious hatred and passion. He held back, his figure all drawn into angles, and a horrible tension of resistance as if some one with the force of a giant was seizing him. He thought that he shrieked out with all the force of mortal agony. "No! If Oona turns and all angels—I am God's then at the last!"

Then there seemed to him to come a pause of perfect stillness in the heart of the battle; but not the cessation of conflict. Far worse than the active struggle it was with a low laugh that his antagonist seemed to reply.

"God's! whom you neither love nor obey, nor have ever sought before."

The room in which Lord Erradeen sat was quite still all through the evening, more silent than the night air that ruffled the water and sighed in the trees permitted outside. The servants did not hear a sound. Peace itself could not have inhabited a more noiseless and restful place.

To be continued.

THE PULSE OF ENGLISH ART IN 1883.

THE seven young Englishmen who set themselves, thirty years ago, to organise a reaction against the classic and academic tradition in painting, achieved more than they intended, for they brought about a revolution. Their peculiar formulas, their oddities, their ignorance of nature, were mere external and accidental features which experience and time removed. The essential part of their mission, their fructifying grain of new thought, remained with us, and passed out of their hands, and has transformed our native art. It is often said that the pre-Raphaelites have passed away, and have left no sign of their existence save in the work of one or two eccentric and imperfectly trained painters. As well might a man who has spent an hour in an atmosphere laden with musk complain that the box which contains the parent-odour has been removed and has left no trace behind it. He does not smell the diffused perfume, because every breath which he inhales is permeated with it. The theories upon which the illustrious Seven based their practice were too crude to be accepted without hesitation. Seeing the truth very clearly on certain sides, they did not perceive it upon others. Enamoured of the picturesque beauty of detail, they did not realise the predominance of form, of pure line, in all branches of design. Seized with a passion for positive truth, they missed the importance of relative truth; in their search for novelty, they missed the beauties of energy and harmony in movement. But there were numerous artists, too early trained in the academic schools to have initiated a revolution themselves, who were only too glad to avail themselves of the liberty offered by the pre-Raphaelites, and who quietly grafted their

juster sense of style on to the crude and strenuous practice of the new men. It is out of this juncture of the old training and the new ideas that English art as we see it to-day has sprung.

The change is radical, universal, multiform; and if theories alone could make good painters, our English school should be the most brilliant of the age, since none is less trammelled by foolish laws. But genius asserts itself with comparatively little regard for tradition, and delights to give us its epoch-making Boningtons and Cozenses when the theory of art is at its worst. The Royal Academy of 1883 possessed a great many bad pictures, in spite of the breadth of opinion and the healthiness of training from which it sprang. But healthiness and breadth, though they cannot insure us genius and do not always even nourish talent to the greatest advantage, are most valuable elements in the art-atmosphere of an age. If there are bad pictures with them, we may safely conclude that there would have been worse without them. They insure, at all events, variety and the opportunity of achieving excellence in many opposite fields.

In this respect, the English school is so far fortunate that the waves of eccentricity and reaction that trouble its waters are less violent than those which disturb foreign countries. With us, there is simply, in such cases, a gentle swaying of certain sympathetic or feeble natures towards the new strain of influence. The novelties in theory which have electrified the French painters within the last decade—the Impressionist craze, the Japanese mania, the rage for ultra-realistic treatment—each of these has affected us in England; but we have taken the disease mildly, and as each

of these systems has something good about it, not one being totally devoid of some healthy and fertile basis, it follows that with us, where the juices of the plant prove less poisonous than in France, it has borne fruit which has a more positive element of good in it.

At no time is it very easy to lay a hand upon so vast an organism as English art has become, and to diagnose its condition with any approach to certainty. We cannot tell, as we go round the walls of an exhibition, whether the elements of a great revival are budding around us, or whether a hopeless period of decadence is preparing at our feet. And, later on, when the shows of the season have been diligently threshed out in detail by the critics in the newspapers, there comes upon us a great temptation to cast the entire subject out of our minds, and to put aside the carking thought that the whole business must begin again next winter. It is so much easier to thread the pleasant boskage than to climb into an exceeding high mountain and survey all the provinces of art at a glance that we are tempted to wait until our appetites have been whetted to new exertions by delay. Even then, it may be that we shall not launch once more on the full stream of art without uttering some sigh like that of Mr. Matthew Arnold's indolent pilgrim—

“Is not on cheeks like those
Lovely the flush?
—Ah! so the quiet was,
So was the hush.”

And yet it may be that, in the midst of this period of languor, of exhausted curiosity, we may be able with more sureness of vision than before to observe the general direction of art in the country, to see the outline of the goddess more clearly for missing the detail of her ornaments.

It sometimes seems very dubious whether the minute description of the exhibitions does more than simply quicken the sensibilities of the artists with a little pain or pleasure. It

is said that the ancestral carp in royal ponds would go to sleep for months if a few jack were not judiciously preserved to bite or tickle them into animation. As a jack, the art-critic may possibly serve a beneficial purpose; as a monitor to the general public he will probably be very young or very grave if he conceives himself to be of much service. Whether good-natured or ill-natured, savage or indulgent, the detailed analysis of a host of new pictures must lack that perspective which alone gives criticism any ultimate weight or importance. Such writing has come to be the mere amusement of newspaper-readers, the expression of personal opinions more or less founded upon observation and knowledge, but devoid of all positive value from its lack of relation to the general history and tendencies of art. The area examined is so small and so full of detail, the conditions of production are so imperfectly understood, that such criticism, even when most conscientiously performed, can only possess a temporary, even a momentary, importance. To omit certain names would seem unkind; such ephemeral qualities as prettiness, appropriateness, patriotic sentiment, and even personal friendship force themselves into a prominence of which the critic may be entirely unconscious, and his sketch of the year's art loses atmosphere and perspective in proportion to his expenditure of care and good-nature.

But now, “in the hush,” if we look back upon the innumerable exhibitions of the year, we are less bewildered by the mass of individual pictures, and more capable of forming an idea of the general condition of art. Perhaps the first thing that strikes us is the enormous extension of art as a profession, and as a species of manufacture. The material prosperity of the arts was never so great as it is at this moment, their exercise was never undertaken as a form of livelihood by so many thousands of persons. It is perfectly true that the present exhibition at Burlington House has been what

artists call "a bad Academy," and that a gentle scare has set the profession trembling for their pockets. This comparative slackening in the purchase of oil-pictures is easily to be accounted for, whether from the unusual profusion this year of interesting sales of heirlooms, or from the animation in the trade of illuminated manuscripts and water-colour drawings, or from the sudden alteration in the American tariff. This temporary depression does not for a moment disturb our conviction that there has been no year in the history of our civilisation when fine art, in all its forms, occupied so prominent a place among the material interests of the country. With the spread of enterprise in porcelain, tapestry, etching, and all the other minor arts of ornament and luxury, meeting us at every street corner, it is not possible to doubt that art is financially prosperous in England, and that the schools of design now flourishing in every part of the kingdom respond to a demand, and do not merely help to create it. In fact, no one seriously attempts to deny this: our Jeremiahs confine themselves to laments over the decline of execution in the higher arts, and tell us that in frittering our time away over a dozen tricks of decoration we have lost the old grand manner of painting. Is it possible, then, to find out whether this is true or not?

Not, certainly, by comparing this year's exhibition with last year's or with the year's preceding. The fluctuations of talent from year to year show nothing at all when we observe them from this proximity. The critics cry out that such a painter is declining, and has lost his charm and power: they are not aware that he has been watching a dying mother, or has been suffering from neuralgia. Next year he puzzles them by a revival of his powers, and they lose themselves in conjectures as to the cause of this, unaware that he has been relieved from his anxiety, or has recovered his health. If we look back over a long space of years, we see the lines of the landscape in their broad, essential forms, and the acci-

dental ups and downs are lost in the distance. It would be a most interesting experiment, if it were possible, to transport ourselves from the Burlington House of to-day to the Trafalgar Square of fifty years ago.

Tradition and record may help us to form a tolerably distinct picture of the Royal Academy of 1833. It was, it is certain, an exhibition which was considered to contrast favourably with its immediate predecessors. The Academy, as a body, was in a particularly prosperous and serene condition. No member of any distinction had died since Northcote, in 1831; the brilliant and unfortunate Gilbert Newton had been elected to take his place, and his *Abelard* attracted an attention strictly analogous to the interest felt this year in Mr. Alma Tadema's *Oleander*. In the first room people clustered around a ghastly *Murder of David Rizzio*, which divided the public suffrages with Eddy's *Britomart and Amoret*. Sir Edwin Landseer was at the height of his fame, but had nothing better to present to his admirers than his *Sir Walter Scott*, seated in Abbotsford Glen, with his dogs around him. Lovely Constables, scattered here and there, outweighed the rest of the collection, but were unappreciated and unsalable drugs in the market. Turner was mysterious and magnificent as usual, but not this year especially notable. Wilkie, Leslie, Mulready, and Copley Fielding closed the list of really eminent contributors, to which perhaps Linnell, though the Linnell of the portraits not the landscapes, should be added. No more names, no other pictures, can be said to have survived the passage of half a century.

The first thing which strikes us in comparing this exhibition of 1833 with that of 1883 is that we are inferior to our fathers in one department, and that is landscape. What have we now to offer in competition with these clusters of Constables and Turners? Manifestly nothing that shows any sign of attracting general interest in the year 1833, and the one

man, Cecil Lawson, on whom our hopes of a great landscape-painter were founded, lies in his premature grave at Haslemere. So much we freely grant, and also that the delicious miniatures by Sir Charles Ross, Mrs. Anne Mee, and other fastidious hands, which were wont to attract crowds of *beaux* and *belles* into the Antique Academy, are represented by nothing at all in our Burlington House. But, these two concessions being made, we can surely venture to confront the figure-painters and the portrait-painters, and the rest, with modern work that is on the whole more animated and more valuable than theirs. Mr. Orchardson's *Voltaire with the Duc de Sulli* is beyond all question a more intelligent and a more accomplished performance than Allan's *Death of Rizzio*. If it is sacrilege to say that Mr. Macbeth's *Sacrifice* is a better study of eighteenth-century manners, a more lively and elegant piece of painting, a more vital example of English art, than Leslie's *Tristram Shandy Recovering his Manuscript*, then I must summon up the courage of my opinions and be sacrilegious. There might possibly be entertained a doubt whether Sir Frederick Leighton outweighs Etty as a painter; but who will have the boldness to prefer Howard's "mythic" pictures to Mr. Watt's, or Calcott's coast-pieces to Mr. Brett's, or Westall's antiquity to Mr. Alma Tadema's, or Reinagle's cattle to Mr. Davis's? Surely Sir Martin Archer Shee seems a feeble name to conjure by to those who can speak of Mr. Millais as a contemporary, while Perronet Briggs and Beechey cut a poor figure beside Mr. Oules and Mr. Holl.

But when we have thus asserted the preeminence of the moderns against the poor ghosts who can answer nothing on their own behalf, we have not by any means closed the case on our own side. It is in versatility, in variety of accomplishment that an Academy show of to-day contrasts with one of fifty years ago. It was on the whole a timid and

a monotonous collection to which the painters admitted the public in 1833. We have but to glance down the catalogue to see how poor was the range of subject. Certain stock novels, such as the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Tristram Shandy*, and *Ivanhoe*, supplied themes which were monotonously repeated until they were threadbare. The very titles of some of the pictures are eloquent; here is one from the catalogue of 1833:—*Milton asleep in a garden in Italy, observed by a lady, who writes some lines on his appearance, which she leaves in his hand*. It is only the very oldest Academicians who still indulge us with such subjects as these; and, compared with Hilton and Chalon, even Mr. Edwin Long seems to palpitate with actuality. Our modern colour is bolder, our design more free and natural, our compositions more interesting than those of our grandfathers.

But the consolation we find in comparing the pictures of to-day with those of fifty years ago is soon exhausted. As our ambitious artists go abroad and see what is done by our ingenious neighbours in France, they are less inclined to congratulate themselves on their advantage than to lament their deficiency. There is a curious little superstition in England that art in France is meretricious and flashy, thinly bright and weakly wicked. The public really does think this, and the critics try to believe it also; what is perhaps the most significant fact about the art of the moment in England is that our painters are beginning to give up clinging to this fine old patriotic fallacy. There is no stronger pulsation in English art just now than that which beats in envy and emulation of the French. From all parts of the world, from Sweden and America, from Poland and Brazil, students flock to the Parisian schools and are taught to paint. For one American youth who enters as a student at our Royal Academy, fifty brave the discomfort in exile at the great French ateliers. This cannot go on for ever without attracting the

notice of the profession in England, and in spite of the virtuous indignation of the newspapers our young painters are beginning more and more to set their faces towards France.

It is not French art as we see it displayed in the endless corridors of the *Salon* which tells the whole story of the fascination Paris has to a painter. It is not in a few sarcasms about ballet-girls with their throats cut or the putrescent bodies of suicides that we can dismiss a whole age of painting. It is true that French taste, or want of taste, permits certain indiscretions and brutalities without a murmur, that tenderness and the domestic affections are not valued so deeply, or perhaps so ostentatiously, as we value them, and that certain cool and pastoral charms of temperament seem denied to the Latin races. For evidence of these we search the walls of our Royal Academy not in vain, but it is only theorists to whom painting is a purely intellectual and not mainly a physical exercise who can be satisfied with abstract qualities like these. We want to keep our fresh English reverence for home and the Penates, but to translate it with the brush-power of these astounding Frenchmen. Our painters do not know how to put on the paint. There is a boy of one-and-twenty, who never exhibited a picture before, painting a page of Parisian life on a canvas as broad and high as a gallery-wall, and dashing on his colossal masses of colour with the sureness, and force, and refinement of a master. Never mind the subject for once, but contemplate the figure of that peasant-woman, the blouse of that man, the very varnish on the doors of the *barouche*, and ask yourself whether it is not worth while, instead of pharisaically denouncing the low aim of the French painters, to examine by what system of training they contrive to make their lads splash on the colour with such superb spirit and precision.

The tendency of painting in England, then, is strikingly in the

direction of a more cosmopolitan training. It is not from France alone that disturbing influences are affecting our schools of painting. The strongest bias of all proceeds from a Dutchman working at Venice, from the irresistible, the much-imitated Van Haanen. Another foreign influence is that of the melancholy and dusky school of the Hague, with its Israels, Mesdags, and Mauves. The bituminous tones of Munkacsy have affected more than one interesting artist; and altogether the English school at this moment is more open than it ever before has been to continental influences. The pre-Raphaelite strain has reached its extreme limit of direct influence. The exhibition of Rossetti's works this winter, and the almost too lavish display of his work in its slightest and most incomplete forms, has deepened our conviction of his personal greatness as an artist, but has had a singularly deterrent effect on would-be imitators. As long as Rossetti was a mystery, as long as a drawing here and a head there were the only indications of that poetry and radiance which had become a current myth, then he still enjoyed the position of a leader and a projector. But his admirers have dragged the veil away from his genius somewhat too rudely, and the most secret and withdrawn of painters has been thrust upon the public to absolute satiety. There has been a sad want of tact in all this, and though the genius of the man has been able to support the trial, and though Rossetti will always remain one of the great living names in the history of our art, for the moment the charm is gone and the spell is broken. Too much has been seen and said, and familiarity has bred indifference. Rossetti is no longer a force in contemporary painting. Mr. Burne Jones is perhaps the only one of that once so potent group who continues to advance in the esteem of the profession, and to assert an increasing influence over younger men, while even he is isolated, a great master among ineffectual pupils, who either

fail entirely, or ultimately turn aside to the more commonplace provinces of art. Mr. Burne Jones begins to take a kind of hieratic place among the laity of painting, a position analogous to that of M. Puvis de Chavannes in France. He possesses influence, but it is not influence of a composite kind; he does not hold to younger painters the relation of the branch to its twigs. He is rather a slender and isolated "Raphael tree" on the skirts of the forest.

The revival of portraiture continues to be one of the most interesting features of contemporary art in England. We have seen Mr. Millais stand alone as the great representative of portrait-painting amongst us; and within ten years we have seen Mr. Oules, Mr. Holl, and Mr. Herkomer successively step up to a commanding height only just beneath the still dominant master. Nor is it at all certain that the numbers of this little group will not very shortly be augmented. Already Mr. Orchardson, Mr. E. J. Gregory, and Mr. Alma Tadema have shown themselves ambitious to add this leaf to their other laurels. It is in this branch of painting that those great fortunes are made which dazzle young students so perilously, and which tend, it must be said, to destroy the just balance between the different departments of fine art. The painter who is a master of historical composition is tempted to turn away from his life's work to paint a portrait which will bring him a bundle of bank-notes but will add nothing to his reputation. If he paints one, he may paint two, and by and by the great picture of his youth is turned with its face to the wall, and the little artist, who might have been a great artist, settles lazily down to be rich and mediocre. This is not, of course, true of those painters whose talent is more obviously extracted by the effort of painting a human head than by any other exercise; but even here the temptation to make large sums of money rapidly is one which it is more easy to deplore than to remove. Some of our most

eminent portraitists are beginning to turn out their works with an almost mechanical regularity. They project the head and bust of their sitter against a conventionally modulated bistre background, and then they consider their work to be complete. A flower in the lap, a few books on a table, a jar of porcelain on the ground, would occupy them certain additional hours which they are unwilling to expend. Another sitter waits, and they have no time to make a picture of their portrait. This is very much to be deplored, and if the fashionable portrait-painter would but pause to reflect, it would occur to him that without some allusion to the tastes and habits of a sitter, his individuality can only partially be seized. The old masters were not so niggardly, and Holbein never grudges us the carnation in his poet's hand, nor Moroni the brief that proclaims the profession of his sitter. The public has a right to complain, if the people who commission the portrait are too shy to do so, that the completion of these works should be sacrificed to purely pecuniary considerations; and the painters themselves should be warned in time of the fate which befalls too business-like an artist, even though his canvasses have been signed Bonnat or Carolus-Duran. No matter how brilliant a craftsman may be, he cannot with impunity contrive to exercise his skill with no other thought than the rapid coinage of a fortune.

The mention of two French names may remind us of the excellently-arranged and singularly suggestive exhibition of the portraits of a century held this spring at the *École des Beaux Arts*. No one, it is to be hoped, who takes any strong interest in the history of modern art was so unfortunate as to miss this opportunity. For those who visited it, and pursued in chronological order the portrait-painters of France from Greuze and Moreau down to Bastien-Lepage, nothing could be more instructive than the fluctuations of talent, nothing more pleasing than the evident superiority of the last decade over any

one of the preceding nine." If we could arrange—and why should we not do so?—an English collection on the same principle, beginning with the latest works of Reynolds and Gainsborough and closing with a selection from the best portraits exhibited during the present year, we should be able to form a valuable estimate of the condition of portraiture amongst us. That pre-eminence of the contemporary school which we have noted in France would certainly not be repeated here. Our century began in glory. But without comparing our living portrait-painters to such giants as Gainsborough, we believe that the best of them would pass with very great credit through the ordeal of comparison with all that has been done in this field since 1830, a date critical in the history of British portraiture.

If oil-painting has not displayed any particular activity this year, no one can complain of stagnation among the water-colour painters. The old smouldering feud between the Society and the Institute has broken into flame at last, and the duel, in which the complete ruin of each was confidently prophesied by the other, has been fought without affecting the prosperity of either. The world seems wide enough for two guilds of painters in water-colours, and it is probable that they have gained more by this ostentatious rivalry than by the amalgamation that was suggested and refused. It is a pity, however, that two bodies of excellent working artists should have made themselves ridiculous by a silly striving after titles and a patronage which are out of keeping with the simplicity of art and even with the temper of this age. It is hardly credible that so ancient and respectable a body as the Society should move heaven and earth to get itself styled the Royal Society merely to spite its younger and less honoured rival; while the comedy becomes broad farce when we find that rival, after untold spasms and groanings that cannot be uttered, proclaiming that it has grasped the same delicious

honour, and is in future to be named the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. It is grievously humiliating, it is laughably absurd, when we consider the aims and character of the bodies engaged in this puerile pursuit:—

“ Who but must laugh, if such a man there
be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !”

When we think of the simplicity of the great early masters of water-colour painting, of Cox at Hereford and Prout at Camberwell, of De Wint and Cotman and Hunt, with their arduous and unambitious lives, we find little to congratulate ourselves upon in the noisy worldliness of the new school; nor does the pompous and over-crowded show of the Royal Institute this year disarm our criticism by the general quality of its contents.

If the water-colour societies are materially prosperous it is to be feared that the Society of Painter-Etchers is by no means in so flourishing a condition. The year 1883 will be remembered for the failure of an experiment made three years ago under circumstances of peculiar encouragement. Mr. Seymour Haden may expostulate in letters to the newspapers; there is no doubt that his scheme, sustained beyond its natural term of existence by his vigorous support, has proved itself to be hopelessly impracticable. We hear that the exhibition of this year was a lamentable failure, and that none needs be expected in 1884. This is not, however, by any means a sign of any want of appreciation of etching in England. Etching has taken its place as one of the most popular of our arts, and the only fear is that its extreme facility will render it dangerously attractive to untrained hands.

What is proved, however, by the failure of the society is the fact which some of us foresaw, namely, that the position of the etching as an article of commerce has been misunderstood. Viewed exclusively from the

commercial side the etching is not a picture, it is a book. It is not an object which exists in a unique specimen, and can be isolated in a single room or gallery. It is a private or public issue, as the case may be, of a work capable of being reproduced in a comparatively large number of copies. The "states" of an etching are analogous to the editions of a book. Those bibliographical rarities which are issued in little editions of so many on vellum, so many on china, so many on Whatman, and so many on Japan, hold exactly the same position as do etchings or engravings issued with proofs before letters and artists' proofs. They are both of them properly sold by a publisher, not a picture-dealer, and to hold an exhibition of single specimens of them is as absurd as it would be for a society of authors to open a show of individual copies of their works. It is this commercial anomaly which has been the ruin of the Society of Painter-Etchers. They attempted to form a private exhibition of wares which are properly to be viewed at the shop of a print-seller. The only way in which the society could have continued to exist would have been in forming itself into a publishing firm, and in issuing, under protection of copyright, all the etchings of which proofs were exhibited on its walls. We should, however, be very thankful for the brief existence of this society, if only for the opportunity it gave us of observing the work of the admirable new school of American etchers. Several of these, Parrish, the Morans, Church, in particular, have become indispensable to us, and if the society which introduced them ceases to exist, their fine work will no doubt find a market here in some other way. It is to be hoped, however, that our native etchers in appreciating the fascinating refinement and ingenuity of the Americans, will not be satisfied with what is too often a mere web of gauzy and suggestive lines; a more massive style, such as Mr. Legros has brought from France and Mr. Haig from Sweden,

may instructively be wedded to this delicate art of frost-work.

The condition of sculpture in England is a branch of the practical science of art which demands study as much perhaps as any in this generation. There has never been a time since the beginning of the present century when there were so many signs of vitality in this art as we now find about us, while on the other hand there has not been for a hundred years so little public patronage or private encouragement of it. This is a circumstance which it is at first sight exceedingly difficult to account for, but it is possible that we have but to look round at the effigies in our streets and parks to divine a reason for it. The last generation, stirred up to it, doubtless, by the personal interest taken in sculpture by the Queen and Prince Albert, was gradually prepared to be exceedingly lavish in its expenditure on bronze and marble. If that patronage could have been held back until now, when English artists have profited by the learned taste of the French, it is probable that we might have seen our public places adorned with plastic art of a very respectable, in some cases of a really high, order. But unfortunately the prizes fell for the most part into the hands of persons who were mechanics rather than artists, and whose statues, of which the grotesque image of the Duke which is now lumbering Hyde Park Corner is an example, were a disgrace to English art. After such figures as these had been erected very lavishly at a great expenditure of public money, the country slowly woke up in a rage, and perceived too late the hideousness of the objects for which it had subscribed. The press made itself the mouthpiece of these complaints, and instead of investigating the source of the disaster, put it down to the essential nature of that noble and poetic art of sculpture for the cultivation of which the English nation is by its very training so eminently suitable. Platitudes about the hopeless decay of sculpture, the inability of bronze to stand our

climate, the poverty of English invention, and the like, half-truths which became dangerous only when they were persistently repeated, were made the stock-in-trade of every newspaper-writer who approached the subject.

The English public will believe anything that is dinned into its ears with sufficient constancy, and has unhappily become convinced that English sculpture is an impossibility, just when a school of young English sculptors is prepared to prove the contrary if only enough patronage is extended to them to keep body and soul together. For an honest sculptor his art is both arduous and expensive. He cannot take his work into the market as the painter can. The public must come to seek for him, or it will never learn of his existence. It is deeply to be regretted that, while London is in many ways becoming beautified, and raised to a level with the other capitals of Europe, the government does not occupy itself, as all other governments do, with the adornment of the streets by really good sculpture. Since Mr. Armstead was commissioned to cover the façade of the Colonial Office with reliefs, it can hardly be said that anything has been done in this direction. It is particularly desirable, by the way, that any action of the kind which may at any time be taken should not be confined to a single sculptor. The only way to create a worthy English school and to feed it by the introduction of new talent, is to equalise public patronage, and to take advantage of every form of notable skill in the preparation of fine work. Whatever may be said of the shortcomings of the Albert Memorial, shortcomings which are in the main architectural, it should never be forgotten that it was an unique and very spirited attempt to draw together on a monumental enterprise the principal

sculptors of the age. A similar memorial, undertaken now upon the same generous lines, would display the stride which sculptural talent has taken amongst us during the last fifteen years, and would force from the most adverse of critics an acknowledgment of the worth of the English sculptors.

Not in too blind an optimism, nor with too cynical a pessimism, does it behove us to regard the development of English art. It is threatened from various sides by an inrush of untrained amateurs, by a too servile observance of what is merely lucrative and fashionable, by a lack of intellectual resource, by an absence of technical perfection. But all these terrors are of an order which sound study and patient effort may avoid. There is no reason why a young painter should quail before the rivalry of young lords and old ladies, or paint babies in their baths for gold, or be a stupid fellow who never reads a book, or lay his colours on with a facile trick of the brush. The field is free to workers; they can avoid all these traps for incompetence; while, on the other hand, they possess advantages unknown before in any age, the respectful attention of a very large section of the public, a latitude in methods which binds no one down to any set order of rules, an opportunity of seeing what has been nobly done already in every country and in every age.

There remains nothing to be done but to repeat that traditional toast which has passed from mouth to mouth for more than a century, but which has, perhaps, never been set down in print before, that toast which was invented by Edmund Burke in rising at an Academy dinner to respond to a speech by Sir Joshua Reynolds—"Honour and glory to the next exhibition!"

IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

FOR a problem involving few grave political complexities, the question of Irish local self-government has of all questions been allocated a very large share of seemingly designed neglect. That it is a problem to be grappled with by the Ministry and Parliament has long been conceded.¹ It does not excite the stronger passions of parties as do some other phases of "the Irish difficulty;" nor, on the other side, did circumstances conduce to its getting that share of attention from Irish leaders which its intrinsic importance deserves, for the reason that it has not yet become even nearly, the biggest Irish question. On the opening of Parliament, 6th January, 1881, this matter was referred to very particularly in the following passage from the Queen's Speech:—

"A measure will be submitted to you for the establishment of County Government in Ireland, founded upon representative principles, and framed with the double aim of confirming popular control over expenditure, and of supplying a yet more serious want by extending the formation of habits of local self-government."

Local self-government is a portentous term as applied to affairs Irish. It is well that in this case it has crept into use; it may accustom all parties to a use and application of the word in a new and better sense as regards Ireland generally. The functions of government implied, as included in the term, mean no more, practically speaking, than an efficient

¹ And on no occasion that has casually arisen more emphatically and unequivocally than on the last. . . . "There is not a subject which I could name on which I personally feel a more profound anxiety than on the local self-government of Ireland, and local self-government upon a liberal and effective basis."—MR. GLADSTONE, in Debate on the Cloture, November 8, 1882.

and business-like transaction of local affairs in the modern liberal spirit by men representative of, and responsible to, local popular opinion, and controlled by popular vote. The primary idea of local self-government means the constitution of elected boards to take over the powers of the grand juries, and the control of local affairs generally. Really, Government committed to the concession of the principles involved, and the country desirous of the change, it seems a small thing to achieve the passage of such a measure. But what practical shape this legislation will take is a thing as yet quite unknown; beyond condemnation of the grand-jury system, the practical details of the matters involved have received very little benefit of discussion.² A new scheme of local self-government is a thing to be undertaken with circumspection, and only on grave deliberation, and is well worthy more attention than it has received.

The first step ought to be the revision of the divisions of the country; a sweeping away of the ancient, arbitrary lines, and a rearranging and modernising of the administrative departments on a natural and practical business basis. In pursuance of a loosely-conceived plan of "County Government," it would be absurd to give, in a bungling way, such a Government to Louth as to Cork, to Carlow as to Galway, to Longford as to Kerry or Tipperary. The quartering of Ireland into provinces means very little in these times, and may in future be totally neglected and left to the care of non-official geographers. The nomenclature as to a continued use of

² Since this paper was written, the measure of Mr. Healy, M. P., was submitted to Parliament.

the term "*county*" might still well be adhered to. I have ventured to make a division of the country; and give as follows, alphabetically arranged, the names of seventy-three local government centres, new counties, so to speak:—

Arklow, Armagh, Athlone, Athy, Ballina (on the Moy), Ballinasloe, Ballymena, Ballyshannon (or Donegal), Banbridge, Bandon (and Kinsale), Belfast (and Lisburn), Birr, Boyle (or Ballaghaderreen), Cahirciveen, Carlow, Carrickfergus, Carrick-on-Shannon, Castlebar (and Westport), Cavan, Charleville, Clonmel, Coleraine, Cookstown, Cork (and Queenstown), Derry, Downpatrick, Drogheda, Dublin, Dundalk, Dungannon, Dungarvan, Ennis, Enniscorthy, Enniskillen, Fermoy, Galway, Kilkenny, Killarney, Kilrush, Kingstown (and Bray), Letterkenny, Limerick, Lismore, Listowel, Longford, Loughrea (or Gort), Lurgan (and Portadown), Macroom, Mallow, Maryborough, Monaghan, Mullingar, Naas, Navan, Nenagh, Newcastle (on the Deel), New Ross, Newry, Newtownards, Omagh, Roscommon, Skibbereen (or Bantry), Sligo, Strabane-Lifford, Thurles, Tipperary, Tralee, Tuam, Tullamore, Waterford, Wexford, Wicklow, Youghal.

For local government purposes the present divisions are indefensible. In the ancient idea of territorial divisions and the modern idea of administrative centres and districts, there is nothing in common, but a good deal in contradiction; hence, perhaps, the unfitness of the present county divisions of Ireland for local government purposes. They are non-natural; they have no dependence on physical characteristics, or conditions, or circumstances; nor have they any relation to centres of population, and in consequence no coincidence with the lines on which the life and business of the country tend to run. The boundaries are merely arbitrary and haphazard. The whole arrangement must be wiped out, and the island redistributed into seventy-three new

counties on the centres named, or such greater or lesser number as shall be decided on eventually. Our boundaries and landmarks, like everything that prevails for a time, no matter how radically wrong, have some value, though, in many cases, exceedingly little. Tipperary ("the premier county") means nothing. The county is over seventy miles long from the Shannon to the Knockmealdown mountains. The Clonmel, the Thurles, the Tipperary, the Nenagh departments or districts would be something intelligible, and something much more real and Irish to speak of than north or south "*ridings*," and something not conterminous with Tipperary as a county. The silver thread of the Suir divides Clonmel as a centre from the mountains which overlook it; is it not more of a natural arrangement to make Clonmel the pivot on which the district turns—what it really is—by adding to it the Nier Vale and the country from "the half-way house" and the high peaks of the Comeraghs, than to have the man in the smaller half of Clonmel, turning his back on Clonmel and his face to Waterford, twenty-seven miles away as the crow flies—if a crow ever flies over those mountains?

In Limerick the man who dwells by the Treaty Stone has to turn to comparatively insignificant Ennis, twenty miles away. Though the Foyle gathers Derry city to Donegal territory, naturally speaking, the Donegal man dwelling at Malin head has to pass Derry by and go seventy miles south-west to tenth-rate Ballyshannon as his capital, Lifford intervening as the assize town. Carlow is thirty-two miles long by less than twenty across; the area of Louth is even less than that of Carlow. Cork, a province in itself, equal to almost ten such counties as Carlow or Louth, from Youghal to Dursey Islands, is one hundred miles long by sixty-three miles across, from Charleville to the old head of Kinsale. The Galtee foot and Glengarriffe are too wide apart for a common interest or a community

of feeling or opinion as regards matters of local self-government. The Tipperary man "by Brosna's banks," is bound by no ties of locality with the Tipperary man seventy miles away by the Araglin. The nine counties—Cork, Galway, Mayo, Donegal, Kerry, Tipperary, Tyrone, Clare, Antrim—together make up more than half the island. If we take out of the total of the population the sum of that of the great towns not situated in these counties, these nine counties will contain more than half the remainder of the population. The life and fortunes of town and neighbourhood are associated naturally in such centres as those named; the present divisions are non-natural, arbitrary, and irrational. Carlow would not in this scheme disappear from the map; Louth would, as the original Louth has almost from the face of the land—to be supplanted by such intelligible geographical and topographical factors as Drogheda and Dundalk. On the whole, the names of fourteen counties would disappear. If the counties would be increased from thirty-two to seventy-three, the "unions" would be reduced from one hundred and sixty-three to seventy-three. In this provisional localisation there has been no aim at a distribution into any number of equal parts. Lines of latitude and longitude are not feasible as practical boundaries as in new countries—

. . . . "where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees ;"

and where in fact the new civilisation is about to be laid on an engineered basis. The county names would be entirely sunk as such, those surviving being the names also of centres of population; and instead, we should have a new apportioning of the country on the *centres* which, from one cause or another, have sprung up. "Ridings" would be a barbarism no longer heard of.

I have not proposed these seventy-three counties without much study of the question. There will be some-

thing instructive in merely looking carefully into the list. Perhaps on examination some may be for limiting the number; it is equally probable that some would propose to increase it. These centres in "the irrevocable past," have not been laid down on any discoverable design, that is, they have not grown up in any pre-determined order; and hence in grouping the country on them the departments will still vary much in size, and, occasionally, in relative importance. There is no help that I can see for this. Some of the centres fall nearer each other; some a good deal more distant. In some cases there would be a choice of centres so to speak; in a few cases the department would be raised on elliptic foci; in some cases quite a group of towns would be included, as in that of Maryborough. Belfast (environs) and Lisburn, seven miles apart, I have linked together in one department; Bandon and Kinsale, eight miles apart, in another; Castlebar and Westport, ten miles apart, in a third; Cork and Queenstown in a fourth; Kingstown and Bray; Lurgan and Portadown, five miles apart. Cahirciveen, over thirty miles from Killarney, I have named as a county centre, though an inconsiderable but a thriving place; such governments will be matter of consideration. Perhaps in some instances the centre might be better chosen; Bantry might be preferable to Skibbereen as being more central with regard to Castletown and the Bearhaven peninsula generally; Donegal perhaps to Ballyshannon. The expediency of extending the number beyond seventy-three, and giving governments to such centres and districts as Cashel, Carrick-on-Suir, Clifden, Clones, Kinsale, Gorey, Lisburn, Portadown, Queenstown, and Westport, and even Belmullet, may be strongly urged. It is a matter of detail. Seventy-three is not a mystic number, and has only been arrived at by the process of first making the divisions as set down and then counting them. If the districts of Clifden

or Belmullet could show within them the indispensable elements which would go to a government organisation, no doubt their claims would be irresistible. Belmullet is forty miles from Ballina, which is its first great stage on the way of communication with outward civilisation; Clifden is forty-five miles from Galway. With regard to many of the places which might be disposed to insist on being formed into governments, I had a feeling that it would be possible to make departments so small that they would begin to lack many essential elements of autonomy, and it is only a matter of individual judgment to draw the line where I did. Though I went to the task of division without a desire to indulge fancies or sentiment, I found that I had been throughout half consciously aiming at some symmetry; and I think there is some symmetry in the scheme as laid down, and that as the number seventy-three is reduced or increased, this symmetry will begin to disappear. Since the distribution of considerable towns over the face of the land is something that we have no power either to alter or amend, it is plain that we have to deal with a set of facts as we happen to find them, and that if we are to proceed rationally we cannot do what we like with them. In no place will a real landmark be removed; the lines will be laid on the true foundations of the country; no district will be wrested or turned away from the *genius loci*. The average new county would almost equal in area the present county of Limerick, which is the tenth in order of extent, and exceed Down, which is the eleventh. A few of those re-divisions would involve little change; Kilkenny county would be trimmed of some of its outskirts; Longford would be little altered; Carlow would be lopped of its southern extreme, and as the town stands on the borders of the Queen's county, some of the latter would be included in the Carlow department; Maryborough County would differ little from Queen's County, being only reduced to the extent of some outlying

portions; Enniskillen would be little more than a new name for Fermanagh; nor would Meath be broken up. In fact, looking on the map, what appears rational in the topography of the counties would be practically retained, while the wild incongruities of our old geography would be reduced from the semi-chaos which so long has characterised it. Any new relation of town and country is not necessarily implied. The general rule would be that the town should be part and parcel of the department—the town men having votes and representation as well as the country—and all equally liable to pay rates. This arrangement would not interfere with the town as a municipality; the town might regulate such concerns as would solely appertain to a town; in all other things to be part of the government. Of course Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Derry and Waterford would continue to be governed by their respective town corporations as now. In such cases as the linking together of two towns as the foci of a sort of elliptic county, or such a grouping as that of Maryborough, due regard must be had to the representative weight on the board of those centres; any of them must not suffer a disadvantage by undue preponderance of the other.

The total amount of cash administered by grand juries and poor law boards exceeds two millions per annum. The expenditure of this sum of money does not apparently constitute such a very great matter. To secure popular control—or the control of the rate-payers—over the expenditure of this sum is not in itself such a supreme necessity, though no doubt a wholesome and proper reform to be carried. Of more importance is it to put the business of the country into the hands of local bodies whose *raison d'être* would be the development of the country. In such event the sum of the local expenditure would probably be very largely increased. Perhaps we are far from the day of any public action commensurate with the public

wants being taken on the engineering of the Irish counties. No adequately inhabited country of Europe presents to the mind trained even a little in civil engineering such a temptation to conceive and dwell on ideal projects as Ireland. This comes entirely of the markedly undeveloped state of the country. There is again, in the face of neglect and absurd treatment combined, that powerful incentive to a raising of visionary schemes—the hopelessness that anything commensurate with the wants of the population will be undertaken. The county roads are in great part on obsolete military lines. In many hundreds of cases it occurs that the roads accommodating several square miles of country now lead directly nowhere; and if we are led to inquire into the cause of all this aimless roundabout we shall find, as in instances known to the writer, that the lines of road on which we are forced still to travel are those which radiated from some commanding eminence, the site of an ancient *rath*, in military occupation for the last time during the Cromwellian or Williamite wars. It is possible to some extent to read the hard history of the country in the lines on which it has been “engineered.” The expenditure of two or three millions of money annually is quite a secondary matter compared with the necessity of developing the country; and with the view of providing facilities for the opening up and working of local resources, the powers of the County Boards should be various and extended. Even as a matter of policy or expediency, there can be no question of the propriety of incorporating poor-law departments with grand jury business, and amalgamating all local business under one representative Board. Plenary powers should be given to the Boards with regard to public buildings, roads, bridges, railway extensions, tramways, rivers, water-power, arterial drainage, canals, piers and harbours, and waste lands. In connection with roads there is only one matter in

particular that I care to occupy space with. The county roads’ mileage exceeds 12,000 miles; fenced on each side this gives a length of fence that would girdle the whole earth. Irish agriculturists are poor, and Irish land-owners have become proverbial for carrying on the trade of land-owning on the minimum of outlay. It follows that, as a general rule, these poor agriculturists have to maintain a fence sufficient to keep one half the world from breaking through and eating up the other half. In the future the fences should be maintained as well as the ways by the County Boards. With regard to the railways and tramways:—I think it would be well that within their several counties each Board should have power to build and work railways and tramways. At present grand juries are empowered to give guarantees for interest on capital invested in railways; ’tis but a practical step from that for the County Board to build its own railway. The provisions of the “Relief of Distress Act” as to loans at one per cent. would be useful under the County Boards. With regard to canals:—Not only, I think, should the boards have power to make canals, but they should also be invested with the control of all the canals at present under local trustees, as well as those under the Board of Works; even those in the hands of private owners should be acquired and taken over by them. With regard to waste lands and reclamation generally:—In the Land Act, 1881, there is (Clause 31) a provision for making loans or advances to companies for the reclamation or improvement of waste or uncultivated land, drainage of land, and the reclamation of foreshores. This provision might well be extended so that Treasury advances could be made for those purposes to the County Boards as well. Neither companies nor occupiers are adequate agencies in the hands of the State for the reclamation of the great bogs. This is work for the country. Before my mind’s eye as I write lies

a bog plain of an approximate area of two hundred square miles. From a range of hills bounding it on one side streams descend on it crossing these hills at the remarkable interval of about one thousand and fifty feet, or at intervals which are multiples of this factor; rivers pass over and intersect it; in fact several miles of rivers and water-courses intersect and traverse it. Not that this plain is all bog: it embraces all varieties of soil, from rich loamy and gravelly lands to bog forty feet deep, in greater or lesser local proportions. There are broad wastes of deep, red bog, with margents shallowing and grading outwards into arable land as the chronic level of saturation is surmounted. Under present conditions and circumstances this waste actually expands. The one royal remedy for this state and tendency of things, is to take all the rivers and streams and waters passing over and resting on such areas down into the stone. An Irish bog is not a "deposition" of "sedimentary" matters on the grounds so superposed. It is a soil which has grown on the site for the most part within historic time, owing to insufficient fall for water on those levels (any soil thereon being thereby continuously saturated), and owing also in a great degree to the cutting away of the woods which at no very remote date flourished on those plains, and owing furthermore to the very bad scale of cultivation which the polity of the country dictated, allowing peat to extend from a nucleus in the deeper places over areas which under good cultivation would never have succumbed to it. It is interesting to trace (as it can be occasionally) in cut-away bog, the progress of this movement. On the bottom are found the stools of immense trees which kept those areas free from the clinging black shroud of peat. These trees were cut down, and furnished in many cases the export timber trade of Ireland till the seventeenth century. Subsequently to this original state the land grew under- or brush-wood;

and as peat grew simultaneously, this growth of wood dwindled till finally it ceased, and so the hazel stools are left at certain heights in the peat as mile-stones, marking the progress in the age or rather state of bog, and after this depth of peat had been attained, the areas only grew heather and the other moorland plants. Taking the waters into the stone by deepening the old channels and opening up new, would arrest the development of this process.

The County Boards would be the "department" for deepening the waterways traversing those plains—simply to have it done as county work, as the roads are made for public utility—to make way for the rains to pass out of the land at such a safe depth as not continually to "water-log" a wide extent of the soil; simply enter on the face of the country, take the water into the stone, and leave the occupiers to take care of their own business on the fields around. Thus in a generation should we have the bogs shrunken to narrow dimensions, and thus Thurles New County itself would remove this black spot from the heart of the country.

It has been suggested that certain lands should be transferred to the County Boards for reclamation and re-allotment. If anything of this nature can be embodied in a workable measure no doubt it will form a highly desirable and useful provision; and if such is included, I would urge that in connection with it, *planting* should not be forgotten.

To ensure the thoroughness of the work of the Boards, it would be well to arrange that an initiative should rest with the individual members of the Board, with the engineers of the Board by letter and report to the Board, and with any member of the public by the old system of "presentment;" and that every work of the several Boards should be efficiently engineered.

With reference to taxation. The power of the boards may be confined to a direct tax on rateable property.

It is possible that for many various reasons different parties may be averse to allowing County Boards any taxing powers beyond this, except the levying of tolls or the taking of earnings on railways and canals. Advocates of county government will continue to look forward to a time when there shall be a county budget, the reflex of a county policy.

It is conceded unreservedly that the new County Government shall be "founded upon representative principles." The representative principle is in a crude and rather unwholesomely developed state in this country, and in the Irish portion more particularly. If local self-government is not to be a mere temporising half measure, and another of those egregious disappointments such as have come of a recent system of legislation with little more than a colour of fine principle and a profession of good intentions to recommend it, the representative principle will have to be looked to very closely as forming part of local self-government with a view to making it an *active principle*. To promoters of local self-government I would say—beware of petty territorialism. If the elective suffrage is to be similar to the present Parliamentary suffrage, the undesirable result is likely to be that *big men* will be struck down and everything vested in a set of *small men*, very small men, though no doubt property owners. According to the tendency of our times we can only look for a remedy for such a danger as this in an extension of the suffrage—to a manhood suffrage if possible.

What further useful offices, in addition to those touched on, County Boards, may be made to fulfil in the economy of the country it would be useless, if not impossible, here to dwell upon; and I have only a few more remarks to offer with regard to the central Irish Boards. No matter how local self-government is de-

veloped, there must still be central Boards. In a country not self-governed administration is even a greater difficulty than legislation; and legislative intentions are constantly being baulked in consequence of falling into unsympathetic hands. To obviate this I would suggest that a Central Board should be constituted, to consist of one member delegated from each of the seventy-three County Boards and the six greater corporations. The functions of the present Local Government Board, Board of Works, Board of Lunatic Asylums, Board of General Valuation, and perhaps of other Boards, should be merged in this one Board. I do not mean to say that such powers as some of those boards are now vested with should still be confided to any board—I rather think not; and such a Board as that indicated would probably be found superior to any nominated Board in securing uniformity of procedure and accounts, and in directing a system of audit and inspection, as well as arranging for the general regulation of the collective construction and engineering. Through this Board might be directed all questions of co-operation between the various County Boards, and any issues going to arbitration determined, such as the lowering of a river for the benefit of a district higher up and in another county, or the incidence of the charges for a bridge in which two or more counties would be more or less interested. This Board, too, might, with great benefit be vested with powers to deal with private bill legislation generally under Parliamentary standing orders; the Acts of the Board to be "orders" without the formality of Parliamentary sanction. Such a Board, even with a local parliament in Dublin, would be better qualified to deal with many practical schemes usually "scamped" through Parliament than any Parliamentary Committees.

RANCHE LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

THE object I have placed before myself in writing this rough sketch of ranche life, is to give to young men, thinking of going out west, as vivid an idea as possible of the kind of life they will have to lead. I shall endeavour to make what I have to say interesting to the general reader. But I warn every one beforehand that this sketch will contain no startling adventures, but only plain ordinary experiences, such as, more or less, must occur to any one in western life.

My principal reason for doing this is that I have never yet encountered a man, meaning to take up this strange life, who had the faintest notion of what it would be like. Such men have generally a vague idea that there *will* be hardships and privations of some sort to be endured, but what form they will take they neither know nor apparently care. All they do know is, that they are tired to death of the confinement of an office, that their prospects in England are not good, and that life "out west" promises more room for their energies, and a free out-of-door existence as well. To such men I address myself.

Well, I have nothing to say against this. Your expectations—such as they are—are reasonable. But a man generally likes to look as far as he can before he leaps, and I therefore offer for your perusal these gleanings, both from my own experience and from that of men out there well known to me.

To begin with, it is impossible to deny that life on a sheep-ranche is a very severe trial of endurance, a trial that no doubt is, in many ways, a salutary one; that sometimes makes a *man*—a being able to battle alone with the world—out of materials which, if left to themselves, under the protecting care of parents or

guardians, would become a feeble or supercilious and priggish specimen of humanity.

I most emphatically assert, however, that any young fellow with average education and intelligence, a good constitution, and a steady determination to persevere, in spite of the discouraging and unexpected hardships of this new life, will, in the end, do well, and perhaps become in time a wealthy man.

But remember that this cannot be done off-hand out west, any more than anywhere else in the world, and if you make money more quickly there than in the old country, you have a much harder life to lead; that the money is made by a systematic self-denial of all the comforts and conveniences of life which hitherto you considered absolutely necessary.

The first thing brought before your notice out west is that a man has all the women's work to do as well as his own. And, much to your disgust, you will find that you are expected to light the fire, help at the cooking, wash up dishes after meals, cut firewood and draw water,—in fact, do all the worst drudgery, like the last 'prentice on board ship. This work, with a few odd jobs about the ranche, will occupy your first few weeks of prairie-life. However, though excessively distasteful and rather humiliating as this household drudgery is at first—it soon gets habitual, and you take it all as a matter of course.

This initiation over, you are now introduced to some of the sterner parts of your life. The Mexican shepherd, or "herder," as he is called, is given a holiday, and you are put in charge of the sheep.

One of the most provoking characteristics of the thing is that

"herding" looks so extremely easy. You have probably often watched the Mexican with envy, as he tranquilly strolled round his flock, while you were slaving away at some work about the rancho. You have perhaps gone so far as to hint to your western friends that he seems to have very easy times, to which they assent with a grim chuckle, and the comforting assurance aloud, "that you shall have a good spell of it soon," adding to each other in an undertone, "a little more than he'll wish for, I guess."

But no misgivings are in your mind as you stride off, in the cool invigorating air of an October morning. I am taking the pleasantest time of the year for your "first day on the herd." How that first day on the prairies comes back to me! Having compared notes with other men, and found that they have all had much the same sensations, perhaps I cannot do better than give a description of my own experiences.

I had rigged myself out in as outlandish a manner as possible. Firstly, a broad-brimmed gray felt hat, painfully new, which I had bought at double the ordinary price at the nearest western town. Secondly, an unmistakably "Britisher" coat and waistcoat, the effect of which, however, I considered quite counteracted by a blue flannel shirt with open collar. Thirdly, a pair of corduroy trousers, and lastly, a huge pair of English riding-boots, imposing in appearance, but calculated to blister horribly the feet of the unfortunate wearer. But the crowning touch of all, to my mind, was a Colt's revolver, firmly strapped round my waist. I felt that for the first time in my life I was an armed man, with six men's lives in my belt. I looked round and thirsted for an adventure.

For the first hour or two I strolled after my sheep wherever they led me, and devoted my energies to keeping a sharp look-out for wild animals. Then came an exciting chase after a lively rabbit, which, possibly from bewilder-

ment at this sudden apparition of corduroys and white hat, allowed me to approach near enough for a shot, and my luck even enabled me to knock it over. With what pride I examined my prize, and anticipated exhibiting it to the scornful "boys" at the rancho.

After a few minutes spent in ascertaining how far off the rabbit I was when I shot it, it occurred to me that it might be as well to see after the sheep. I looked round. They had disappeared. I listened for the sound of the bells or a stray "baa." Nothing was to be heard but the squeaking bark of the countless prairie-dogs. I grasped my rabbit and ran to where I had seen them last. Not the ghost of a sheep to be found anywhere. Then a kind of panic seized me and I rushed frantically in every direction, and after an hour or two of violent exertion descried them afar off, walking fast, in a compact body, westward, as if they had made a special appointment in San Francisco, and were losing no time in keeping it.

After an exhausting chase, occasionally catching my foot in a prairie-dog's hole and tumbling head foremost upon a bed of inhospitable cactuses, the thorns of which remained in my hands for hours, I caught up the sheep, which however seemed "possessed," for no sooner did I get in front of them, to prevent their passage to the Pacific Ocean, than they wheeled round and struck a bee-line for New York.

Again, perspiring, panting, I fear swearing, I headed them off, and thought that *now*, at least, they must take a little time to consider what they really did want to do. Vain hope. With a jingle of bells, and a defiant, not to say diabolical, "baa," they wheeled briskly to the left, and started off to explore the Arctic regions without delay. The long-tailed wethers leading, and the poor little six-months-old lambs bringing up the rear, protesting pitifully at being deprived of their breakfasts, but ready

to follow their leaders to the world's end.

Here the ordinary human being collapses, overpowered by the heat, worry, and exhaustion incident to the rush over soft ground for some hours in a heavy pair of new boots, and to the combined weight of a satchel containing lunch, a canteen filled with water that was once cold, and lastly this precious rabbit, which I could not find in my heart to throw away, but which I would now give worlds not to have shot.

With a feeling of desperation I threw myself on the grass, and inwardly determined that the sheep might go to eternal perdition before I would stir another step to prevent them.

This angelic frame of mind lasted a few minutes; after which I languidly raised my head, expecting, as before, to find them gone.

But, behold! there they were, all spread out in front of me, feeding quietly and soberly, as if travelling were the last thing they would ever dream of doing.

"What an ass I was," I soliloquised, "to trouble myself about them; next time I will let them go."

I spent the next hour in eating my lunch of bread and mutton (which by the by had become abominably dry and tasteless, washed down by the tepid water), and in attempting to pick the reminiscences of the cactus out of my fingers.

But this peace did not last long; casting my eye over the sheep, I noticed that the flock appeared much smaller than it did half-an-hour ago. Suddenly I heard a distant "ba-a." The sheep feeding near me raised their heads, and in a moment more were stringing off, in long lines, to join their restless companions, now nearly half a mile away.

For a few minutes I remained where I was, expecting them to settle down to a rational feed as before. But as the tinkle of the bells grew fainter, and they were nearly out of sight, I

became uneasy, and slowly gathering myself up, and grasping the inevitable rabbit, I started again on the weary chase after my irrepressible flock. Before I had gone half a dozen steps, that detestable panic laid hold of me again, and I floundered along as fast as my blistered feet would carry me until I came up to them. Then again the sheep fed quietly and allowed me a little rest, and so the weary day dragged on; and, an hour too soon, I made my appearance at the rancho, footsore, tired, and hungry, beyond expression; feeling that no week I had ever passed had seemed half so long as this one day—my first day on the herd.

I have inflicted this detailed description of a "tenderfoot's" first experience of herding upon my readers, because the same performance occurs, with variations, day after day for weeks, and even months.

This herding, which *looks* so easy and pleasant, becomes, on actual experience, one of the hardest of the trials of western life. For the first six months it is really hard work, as well as entailing much physical discomfort. You cannot at first, however clever you may be about other things, learn the art of "herding,"—that is, repressing the ardour of the stronger sheep who try to roam all over the country, and give the weaker members of the flock a chance to feed quietly; and I cannot, on paper, describe the method employed. You must *do it* day after day, week after week, and in time—say from six to twelve months, according to the steadiness with which you persevere—you will be considered a qualified herder.

You are then allowed to read, and so the time will hang less heavily on your hands. By this time, too, you are hardened to the western custom of two meals per day, and do not burden yourself with canteen or satchel—an effeminate habit, stoutly pursued at first, but at last discontinued under the withering scorn of your western friends.

A fast, however, of sixteen hours, under a burning sun, with only a little—a very little—dirty water in the middle of the day, even when you are used to it, is not particularly delightful, and the alternative of being drenched to the skin, and trudging through mud in wet clothes all day, is not much better. After this work I need hardly say you come in the evening with a raging appetite to—what?—boiled beans, fried bacon—very salt and stringy—and dry, heavy bread, washed down by black coffee, minus milk and sugar.

In winter life certainly is more enjoyable; then the day is only from ten to twelve hours long. But winter also has its drawbacks. Occasionally you have to spend ten hours or so in a blinding snow-storm, and dimly grope your way home at night, guided by the reports of rifles fired at intervals by the men at the ranche; this occurs, on an average, six times during the winter. Every morning the frost is intensely keen, and your fingers and toes suffer accordingly. But the worst part of the day is in the latter half of the afternoon. All the morning the sun is exceedingly powerful, and the snow, through which you are obliged to tramp, soaks in an insidious manner right through the leather of your boots, saturating them with moisture. At 2 P.M. the sun loses its power as quickly as it gained it, and a biting frost takes its place. Being much fatigued with the day's work—for grass is scarce and the sheep hungry—you have not enough vitality left to counteract the effects of the returning cold, and in spite of a steady walking to and fro to keep up the circulation, your feet and hands get more benumbed every minute, and for the last hour or two there is no feeling in them at all; your boots are frozen into solid blocks of ice, and your fingers are too stiff even to button up your coat. I must say that to keep an eager flock of sheep from racing to their corral when you

are in the miserable condition described above, for the last hour before sun-down, and this, too, in sight of the warm, comfortable ranche, from which there is already wafted towards you an incense of supper, is in a small way, as good a test of what stuff a man is made of as I know. And do not forget that this occurs, more or less, every evening through the months of December, January, and February. Then, though you are consoled by a substantial supper of juicy mutton-chops, even this has to be paid for by the killing, skinning, &c., twice a week, of one of the long-tailed wethers before-mentioned.

I am afraid my readers will think me determined to put this life in the worst light, when I proceed to assure them that this heat and thirst, and cold and hunger, are the smallest parts of the unpleasantness of sheep-herding. But it is so beyond a doubt. It is the complete isolation, the almost maddening monotony of the life, that tries one's moral fibre the most. One day is precisely the same as another—Sundays included. No society to be got at, even if you had the chance given you of cultivating it.

The two great events in the year are shearing and combing. They mean a little variety of work, a great deal of worry, sleepless nights, and an intense feeling of relief when they are over. It will be necessary for you to take the sheep into camp for some months every year, and this means that you will have to live—very probably alone—in a hut or tent, miles from the home ranche or any other habitation; and, after a long summer's day with the sheep, come home to a cheerless, empty house, light your own fire, cook your own supper, and spend the night alone, as you have done the day.

On windy nights the sheep, not being penned up in a corral, will very likely wander off, and when you awake, as you probably will about midnight, you may find them gone, and have to wander out into the darkness, listen-

ing for a "baa," or the tinkling of a bell, to guide you to their whereabouts, and with the awful silence around you, broken only by the weird, mocking howl of the coyote; and until you know the direction your sheep are likely to take in their night wanderings—that is, until you sleep so lightly that the sound of their moving off wakens you—you may spend many a weary hour in groping about for them in the darkness.

And here, I think I may say, that you reach the climax of all the trials you are to go through to become a western man. You will not be sent alone into camp with sheep until you have "herded" many months. All through these "herding" months the life has been getting harder and harder to bear. One by one, all your previous hopes as to western life have faded away; all the novelty of your work has gone; everything that seemed worth living for has departed from your life. Your friends calmly say that no man should expect any pleasure or holiday to speak of, for the first two years." And you see the people around you leading lives, freer perhaps, but hardly more comfortable than your own.

And yet now, when things seem at their worst, when you confess bitterly to yourself that it is only because you cannot face the idea of being beaten that you still persevere—now you are set to this "camping"—a task harder than anything you have borne yet. Camp-life, alone with a flock of sheep to take care of, is, as far as my experience and that of any one I ever knew out west goes, the toughest thing of all even in that hard life. You have all to bear that you had before. The same food, the same hours out with the sheep, and, in addition, this terrible sense of loneliness, which, as we have said before, until you become used to it, nearly overpowers any stamina that you have left.

But now—if you *still* determine not to give in, but to struggle on to the end—the tide has turned, and, from

this moment, your prospects will steadily improve.

The first indication of this you will find in a marked change of manner towards you by the men around you. This "camping" is considered a crucial test, and, if you bear it uncomplainingly, the half-contemptuous, condescending way in which they have hitherto treated you changes to a rough but hearty and helpful sympathy, which true western men never fail to give to a man whom they consider has emerged from the "tenderfoot" or "eastern man" stage of existence, and is now one of themselves.

Camp life gives you something to look forward to; you appreciate, as you never did before, the comforts of the home ranche, the social "pipe" round the fire before turning in, and the supper, *not cooked by yourself*, and eaten in company with the "boys," who now, for the first time, listen respectfully to what you say concerning the state of the sheep, the goodness of the grass, &c.

You become hardened even to the loneliness of camp, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have gone through the worst that will be ever likely to happen to you.

And so the first twelve months of western life come to an end; and if you have a few hundred pounds procurable—either of your own or borrowed at moderate interest—you will probably be able to invest it advantageously in sheep; perhaps "run" them with those of the man you have hitherto worked for.

In other ways, of course, your life will greatly improve; you will make journeys to various parts of the country, and become acquainted with the customs and ways of the rough-and-ready, hospitable western stockman.

Still, though as the years roll by your stock increases from hundreds to thousands—your life will be a hard one. At lambing time the sheep require the closest attention, and you

will work as hard, and be as much exposed to the weather, as one of your Mexican herders. At all times, in fact—summer and winter alike—you must be ready to turn to and work with hands as well as head for many a long year to come.

I have now given you, as far as lies in my power, a faithful account of the practical side of the life that a man must expect if he decides to try what sheep-raising in the west is like.

Of course the experience of no two men is the same. This was mine, and, in its main features, the experience of the men about me.

I should, perhaps, say here that I have not alluded to the *danger* that there is in this wild isolated life; not because it is not there, but because it is impossible to say how much another man may be exposed to, as it depends on situation and many other things. That there is danger I do not deny, but you think very little of it when out there, and I am happy to say I never knew or heard of an Englishman who thought of throwing up western life on that account.

But do not imagine that you can escape the discomforts, and far more than discomforts that I have described; your experience will only be different in detail. Whether you have capital or not, you *must* learn your business first; you must thoroughly understand how to handle other people's sheep before you allow anybody to handle your own. You can only do this by going through for the first year or two at least these same unpleasant but necessary trials.

After these are over, it will depend on your own care, forethought, and business capacity whether you make money or lose it in the highly risky business of raising sheep.

On some future occasion I may say

a word about the effect that western life has upon character; its power of strengthening the weakest, hardening the softest, natures by the tests—some of which I have not mentioned here—that will be applied to them.

The question has often been put to me, "Should a many carry firearms or not?" I say, and my voice will be echoed by all western men, most decidedly *yes*.

For the first few months it is advisable not to do so, when you are among strangers, for, as I remarked before, a "tenderfoot" is treated with lofty, contemptuous pity, and it is considered unpardonable presumption for an eastern man to pretend an acquaintance with firearms which he most certainly would prove not to have if put to the test. Nevertheless, carry them when alone, and practice steadily at any small game; and by the time you have come out of the "tender-foot" state you should be a fair shot.

Then comes the time when it is needed, not probably that you will have to shoot any one. But out on the prairies, where there is no law but lynch law, you never know what may happen. To use the words of an old Frontier man of my acquaintance, "You may carry a six-shooter twenty year and never use it once, except for skunks, but at the end of that twenty years you might want it so almighty bad, that you'd wish you'd packed it all the time." I have dwelt thus long on the question of firearms because I have heard so much cant as to its being "much the best policy never to carry anything of the kind." All I can say is, that the men who preach this have either never been out west at all, or have only stayed there a very short time, and have most certainly never become entitled to call themselves "Western men."

TWO TURKISH ISLANDS TO-DAY.

I.—CHIOS.

CHIOS suffered, as we all know, from an overwhelming earthquake just two years ago; for a short time the island was a nine days' wonder, and relief poured in from all quarters of Europe. Since then she has been forgotten; Europe has had earthquakes and other excitements nearer home, and the ruin of Chios is now only a vague memory. Unfortunately for the island it forms an insignificant portion of the Turkish dominions, consequently its disasters are two-fold—the one overwhelming at the time, the other permanent and galling in the extreme. During a tour I took in the island it seemed to me that no other portion of the Turkish dominions that I had visited offered such a lamentable example of misrule and oppression, and there is no one to raise a protest. For what is Chios but a small island in the Ægean Sea? Nobody visits the interior now the villages are in ruins; all the rich that could have left her. The printing-press has been peremptorily stopped, so who can hear the groans of those who suffer and are robbed?

We will dismiss the chief town, or Chora (*Χώρα*) as it is called, in a few words, for though in ruins the people here are comparatively prosperous. Even if they do live in wooden huts instead of three-storied houses with marble staircases, in a country subject to earthquakes they are safer where they are. Their climate is delicious, and the perfume of orange and lemon groves make you forget that there are still buried in the ruins the bones of the victims of the earthquake. The people of the Chora are timid about returning to their houses for more reasons than one; they affirm that the ghosts of the unburied still haunt the ruins,

and a Greek of to-day, just as a Greek of old, objects to return to the ruined site of some great disaster. Again, the great dread of the earthquake has not left them yet; "it may return or not," they say, "who knows?" It is only a venturesome minority which tries to make the most of the ruins and live as they lived before.

Furthermore there are a few wealthy merchants still in the Chora—M. Choremi, for example, who has headed a subscription for the erection of new schools, and who is making a new road through the ruins; M. Polimedes and others, who are doing what they can to help their fellow-countrymen. And then the pasha lives here, and it is to the interest of the Turks to put on a good appearance in the Chora, as by this means they can hide the hideous state of the rest of the island. If a foreigner comes at all, for business or pleasure, he only stops at the Chora, and there he may lament the ruins, but he sees no abject poverty. But then the Chora contains not quite 10,000 Christians, and under 5,000 Turks; whereas the island has 50,000 Christians altogether, and but few Turks except soldiers out of the Chora.

Mule-riding for a week is the only way to see the interior of Chios; of carriages there are none. The southern road from the Chora leads through the plain, or Kamos as it is called, once dotted over with charming villas, but now all these are ruins. Here, before the earthquake, rich Greek merchants lived, who had made their money abroad, and who had retired to their native Chios as to a sort of earthly paradise. The names of Ralli, Scaramanga, Mavrocordato, are all connected with this fertile plain of

Chios, forming, as they did, an aristocracy of wealth, for before the war of 1821 the Turks treated Chios with unusual clemency.

Wherever the eye can reach stretch orange and lemon groves. Old towers—remnants of piratical days—had been utilised to form the nucleus of pleasant villas, but these are now for the most part entirely ruined or tottering. Walls are standing, perhaps with fire-places in them and shreds of paper hanging from them—tokens of a home life but recently destroyed. Strangely enough, the church steeples alone seem to have stood the shock, holding their own whilst all around is ruined, and some of these are slightly out of the perpendicular, unpleasantly suggestive of insecurity.

Our first halt, for lunch, was at the convent of Agios Minas, built on a gentle eminence overlooking the plain, the sea, and the adjacent coast of Asia. This, till the disaster, was a flourishing spot, with a church within its precincts, which dated from the early centuries of the Christian era; but it is now almost entirely destroyed, and the mosaics which adorned the interior exist no more. The Rev. Gregorius Semariotes, the superior, fed us with eggs, figs, and bread, beneath an olive-tree, for there was no place left for the accommodation of strangers save a wooden hut where the three monks slept; and it was from his lips that we first heard the story of oppression and tyranny which we were to verify as we went on. Of all the buildings which composed this convent one only is in fair preservation, and this is a square mortuary chapel, filled with the bones of 4,000 Greeks who were slaughtered here in 1821. Father Gregory told us the story as he showed us the bones—how 14,000 Greeks, from all parts of Chios, took refuge here from that terrible slaughter in the war of independence which first ruined Chios; how the whole Turkish army laid siege to the place, killed 4,000 and took the rest as slaves or prisoners; and here the

bones of the dead are still—skulls cut in two by swords, arms, legs, &c., heaped one on the other in cupboards around the wall. It is a pity that the earthquake, whilst destroying the rest, did not bury for ever these perpetual reminders of Turkish barbarity.

It is undoubtedly to the priesthood that we owe the existence of a Greek identity. By means of pilgrimages, miracles, martyrdoms, and saints, they have kept together through centuries of slavery the individuality of the nation.

After leaving Agios Minas we soon entered the so-called "*mastic villages*," once the most prosperous district of the island, and now the scene of the wildest devastation. The mule track through these villages winds its way over the tops of houses; now you ride past the fire-place in a second story, and then down you go to the level of a street. From many of these mounds the dead have never been extricated. One spot was pointed out to us as the tumulus of twenty-eight men there assembled in a *café*, when the earthquake came on them and killed them all. Money, time, and energy are all wanting even now to dig amongst the ruins. Generations to come will find in Chios Pompeii without end.

The story of one mastic village is the story of another—abject poverty. Here everything was ruined, for the earthquake came on Sunday, so that the people, with their mules and implements of husbandry, were all at home. In the face of this terrible disaster and the generous contributions from Europe, the Turkish Government could do nothing but promise to remit taxation—for five years, they said, or until such time as the people had recovered from the effects. This sounded well enough in the ears of Europe, and everybody was satisfied. The Turks were poor, they could do no more.

A year goes by and the case is only altered, inasmuch as Europe has forgotten Chios. Money had been distributed amongst the sufferers—surely that was enough! But the inha-

bitants had not recovered, for the whole of that year shocks recurred again and again; they were still paralysed by their great disaster, and dreaded another. Turkey now sees her opportunity; double taxation is demanded to make up for the year of exemption, and this double is established as the rate of taxation for the future.

Could anything be more atrocious, saving perhaps their way of exacting it? The inhabitants of the village of Kalamotti form a committee to discuss whether resistance is possible; it is decided that nothing could be done, for the Sciote is not by nature brave like the Samiote, he is mercantile, shrewd, but timid. Money is therefore borrowed at an exorbitant rate of interest, their mastic crops and implements are mortgaged, abject starvation is the result. At each village we passed through we were shown women starving in their hovels, without a crust to give their hungry children. At Olympi, another mastic village, Turkish soldiers met the labourers in the fields, and in default of payment of the desired taxation, seized their mules, their goats, and their tools. On the slightest demur the delinquent was thrown into prison. And now the Turks are raising forts and placing garrisons all over the island to enforce payment.

It may be said that throughout the length and breadth of Turkey the inhabitants are ground down to the uttermost farthing, but in Chios there is a difference. On the other Turkish islands and on the mainland I found all complain more or less, but there life is possible; Chios has suffered recently from such a terrible disaster, that if she is not treated with greater lenience life will be impossible there. Suppose, for example, instead of sending succour to India after the famine, we had demanded double taxation, we should have done precisely what the Turks are now doing in Chios. But Chios, unfortunately for herself, is not India—only a small unnoticed island in the Ægean Sea.

Some statistics I gathered from the books of the Demarch of Kalamossia may serve to show the estimated extent of the disaster. After the earthquake there were 1,200 inhabitants left surviving, 500 of whom were children; 514 were destroyed. The assistance received from all sources was entered in a book, each page of which was stamped with the official stamp; each sack of potatoes, each sack of flour, each plank of wood was valued and entered at a very reasonable valuation, as far as I could judge, and the total item of assistance came to 742*l.*, or at the rate of 12*s.* 4*d.* per head. This, of course, was little compared to the losses, but still it was enough to stave off starvation for a time. Other villages further from the capital were not so lucky, for the distribution was uneven. Everything came first of necessity to the capital, and the people of the Chora knew how to take care of themselves. Further on we found that villages where the destruction had been the same the survivors had not received more than 3*s.* 6*d.* per head.

On another page was put down and likewise stamped with the government seal an estimate of the loss, and its total came to 82,000*l.* which can be no exaggeration, as the items included churches, schools, public buildings, and 350 houses. To-day we see the 500 children of Kalamossia running about in rags like spectres amongst the ruins, without a school-house or a school-master, or any chance of such a luxury, because their parents have to pay double the amount of taxes they had to do before their ruin.

Excessively quaint was the picture of the next village, Kalamotti, as we rode in towards sunset. Some twenty or thirty women were assembled round the well with ruins all around them. Each was dressed in the costume peculiar to this corner of the island. On their heads they wore a white, twisted headdress, the *κουλούρι*, the serpent-like ring, symbolical of eternity, with its long white streamer

down their back; there is a sort of peak inside the rings to raise it somewhat. Their blue jackets, the *σωμάριον*, with needlework down the back and frills round the edge, fit tightly to their body. One white petticoat beneath this, is all—no shoes, no stockings, and a pitcher in either hand. The features of the Greeks in these villages are highly marked, and differ from any I had seen elsewhere; dark almond-shaped eyes, pencilled eyebrows, round face, prominent nose, and sallow complexion being the distinguishing feature, hair hanging like whiskers on each side of the face. Their language, too, is more primitive, with many Ionic peculiarities; they pronounce the omega distinctly, saying *άνθρωπος*, not as the modern Greeks do, according to accent, and ignoring the long *o*, but with a sort of musical cadence in it, placing an accent on both the first syllables. Their double letters, too, are prominent, each *μ* in *γράμμα* being distinctly sounded.

It was very difficult to obtain a lodging in this ruined village. We sat for a long time in a wooden hut, thinking that this would be our abode for the night; but at length a room, with yawning cracks in the ceiling, was prepared for us, and here we sat to receive the demarch, as a deputy of the village, to tell their past and present misfortunes. He sat on a sack of mastic as he talked, and the whole room smelt of mastic, for it is the chief industry of the place. In August they tap the trees for the sap, and it is much prized as a luxury in the East. You masticate little lumps of this gum mastic, which resembles varnish in its flavour, and candlegrease when reduced to a proper pulp. Even this industry, which the earthquake could not destroy, is not as it used to be. The capital is poor, the whole of Turkey is poor, and mastic is but a luxury, which can be done without.

In the same way the villages which the earthquake did not touch have suffered too, for they have not now a sufficient market for their goods; and

they tell me that even in the north of the island where the shock was comparatively slight the greatest poverty prevails.

Olympi was the first village we reached where the damage had been but slight; here, however, there was but little improvement in prosperity. It is a purely agricultural village, and had supplied its neighbours with food; the neighbours have now no money with which to buy food. So Olympi, with no means of sending its productions further afield, is suffering much. But still they have their homes left to them. It is a funny little village from a distance, like one large house or fort. In the centre is an old Genoese fortress, and around are tightly packed the narrow streets; around the whole is a wall. You can visit any house you like in Olympi by climbing on the roofs, which mode of progression is preferable to threading your way through the dirty, arched-over streets.

Our host was a genial man; he took us to visit all points of interest, and told us how he had an aunt who was a Turkish slave, being captured as a young girl in the war of 1822. At that same time the Turks had used the church of St. Michael at Olympi as a stable, and pierced the picture of the saint with their bayonets.

Of course these remembrances of a past are still keen in Chios, and don't help them to endure the present with any greater resignation. Wholesale cruelty and slaughter like that of 1821 and 1822 can never happen again, but then the cruelty of exacting more money than men can possibly pay, if not so openly monstrous as a great slaughter, is no less disastrous in the result; and then the Turks have ways and means of exacting money which none can realise without actually witnessing. For example, hundreds of poor Greek pilgrims left Smyrna this spring for the neighbouring island of Tenos, as they do twice every year, without a passport, or even dreaming that such will be required of them. This year, however, it occurred to an ingenious

official to demand of these pilgrims on their return their passports. None of these course had them, and a fine of five francs a head all round was imposed.

Again, a new governor is sent to Chios, and finds on his arrival that meat is a shilling a pound; he immediately says it is too dear, and orders it to be sixpence in future. The butchers, however, know what he is after; they have a meeting of their guild; they make up a purse amongst them, and present it to the governor. If he is satisfied with this, without any further demur he raises meat to eighteenpence a pound.

No sadder sight for the archæologist exists than the ruins of the new monastery (*Néa Monḗ*) as it is called. It is up in the mountains of Chios, at the head of a romantic gorge, and was built by Constantine Monomachos 900 years ago, in recognition of a cunning prophecy the monks had made about his ascending the imperial throne. All the glories of Byzantine art were lavished on it; the mosaics were amongst the finest in the East, and styled the "glory of the Ægean sea." Now the largest quantity of them lie in a heap outside the church door; red, yellow, blue, green, square bits of glass may be picked up in handfuls. Every building round the church is in ruins, yet the church itself, though much damaged, and the mosaics ruined, is standing, for it has a vaulted roof; and everywhere we noticed that vaulted roofs, arches, and so forth were the best preserved.

Before the war of independence this monastery had no less than 400 monks—a perfect village as the ruins attest. Before the earthquake there were 120 only, but still prosperous, as recent travellers know who have partaken of their hospitality. They were educated men, too.

Now there are barely eighty of them left, mostly in rags, ill-fed, and fever-stricken from exposure in their wooden huts to the inclement mountain winds, and they are so busy tilling their ground to earn their bread that they

have not even dug the books of their library out of the ruins. For two years now these books and numerous old MSS. have remained buried in the *débris*.

Two rival hermits live on two rival peaks above the monastery. Father Procopios built a church for himself over an anchorite's cave, and, wonderful to relate, the earthquake did not so much as injure a stone of his building; furthermore, the people of the Chora maintain that he prophesied the earthquake, and so idolised was he by the populace that the Turks put him into prison last year as a mover of sedition; but on religious matters the Turks are as a rule tolerant, so they sent him back again in answer to the clamours of the people, and now he has returned to his cell and his prophecies.

When Moslem fanaticism has not been aroused, as was the case in 1821, the Turkish Government has been excessively lenient to their Greek subjects in the matter of religion. In every Greek church in Turkey of any antiquity, there exists but one sign of subjection; and it is this. Before the conquest of Constantinople, in the churches there existed a stone slab with the eagles of Constantine carved thereon, and put up in some conspicuous position. Now this is placed, by order of the Sultan, on the pavement to be trampled under foot, and the eagle has to have keys in its hands to symbolise the authority handed over to the Sultan.

In Lesbos a few years ago, commissioners were sent to see that these eagles were as they should be, and serious complaints were made that some were missing. In some churches the ingenious Christians have placed this slab on a pivot, so that the eagle may be placed downwards, and when there is a rumour of an inspection the stone is turned round.

Father Parthenios is the name of the rival hermit on the rival peak. I asked him about the success as a prophet Father Procopios had gained, and he answered with a sinister smile—

“He only preached to the people that if they did not turn from their wicked ways something terrible would happen to them; and this was construed by the fanatical women into a distinct prophecy; and then his church is built over a cave, and this has saved it from the earthquake.”

In short Father Procopios had asserted an unpalatable superiority.

On my return to the Chora a personage in shabby garments expressed a desire to speak to me; his name was Constantine Prochides. Twenty years ago he established the first and only Greek printing-press in Chios; he printed school books for the gymnasium, he printed lists of the subscribers to charities. Six months ago his permission to print was taken away from him by the government, and now the schools of Chios can only get books by sending to Smyrna; they cannot print the names of the subscribers to their charities. In short, the Sciotes have no means of publishing anything now, and Prochides is a ruined man.

The object of this peremptory suppression of the press is obvious. The Turks do not wish anybody to know what is going on in the island, and how can anything be known? An English yacht or two may stop at the Chora for a few hours now and again; the occupants get off to see the ruins of the place; they think it sad, perhaps, and are glad to leave so mournful a spot. But since the officers of the *Thunderer* distributed relief after the earthquake scarcely a European has passed through the ruined villages, and now the printing-press is stopped nothing can be known except what the government chooses to tell.

From the antecedents of Chios we may fairly argue that if the island were left to itself it would recover, for there is a surprising amount of commercial vitality about a Sciote. Of all Greeks, a Sciote Greek is the most astute; the names of most successful Greek merchants in England and elsewhere point to a Sciote origin. Even as far back as the days of Herodotus

they were celebrated as a centre of commercial activity. During the Middle Ages the Greeks of Chios under Italian rule grew rich and prospered. Before the terrible slaughter of 1821, the wealth and luxury of Chios were proverbial throughout the East. Even after that disaster, which would have ruined any other place, Chios recovered, and before the earthquake, though badly governed, the island was prosperous. Unfortunately now their struggle for recovery is coincident with the final struggle of Turkey for existence, and unless in some way their position is alleviated the result must be fatal.

II.—SAMOS.

The steamer which plies between Chios and Samos only takes eight hours, and stops first at the Karlovassi, a nest of villages under the shadow of Mount Kerki.

A weird mountain, honeycombed with caves, and esteemed by the inhabitants as the abode of all sorts of unearthly horrors—Nereids as they call them for the most part in the island. The Nereids of the mountain are at constant war with the Nereids of the sea; if the former win the mountaineers are prosperous, if the latter, luck attends those on the sea shore. The Samiotes are right in attributing to the mountain their prosperity, for amongst the heights and caves of Mount Kerki the Samiotes kept up a constant war against the Turks long after the settlement of the Greek war of independence, which allotted the island, together with the rest of the Sporades, to Turkey. After wars of determined resistance, France, England and Russia gave the Samiotes leave to have a prince of their own—a Greek sent from Constantinople—a parliament of their own—in short, entire self-government on payment of an annual tribute of 400,000 piastres to the Porte. “So the Nereids of the mountains,” say the Samiotes, “have put to rout the Nereids of the sea.”

These mountaineers show the spirit

of independence common to their class. The Samiotes who cross over to the opposite mainland make the best brigands, and are the dread of the Turks; the Samiotes who stop at home make the best citizens, and are the most law-abiding race to be found in the Greek islands. Samos, with the exception of the plain around the ancient Greek city, now barely inhabited, is all mountainous, and the mountains are fertile, many of them with forests up to the top; hence a typical Samiote is a shepherd from the mountain side, and a fine fellow he is. This forms the difference between Chiotés and Samiotes; the former live principally on the coast, and are a timid, shrewd, mercantile race, the latter brave and hardy, and in a contest with Turkey the latter qualities are the most valuable, as the result shows. Throughout Samos every village we visited—and we visited nearly all—was prosperous; an element of security for life and property seemed to render enterprise hopeful, and contentment in the existing order of things prevailed.

We land at Karlovassi, and are at once cheered by the sight of a flag—red and blue with a white cross thereon, the emblem of independence. On the shore of the little harbour soldiers in exceedingly gay uniform meet us; they wear the Greek costume, only their petticoats or *fustanelli*, instead of being white cotton are of blue cloth; their coat is blue, with long flapping sleeves, their waistcoats are richly embroidered with red, and so are their gaiters; they carry a sword by their side. These are the Samiote guards. On inquiry we were told that this costume was only adopted two years ago; originally it was the dress of the villagers in Maratho-Combo, a colony in Samos from Epirus, and consequently Albanian.

Modern Samos in fact is a mass of little colonies, for the island was uninhabited for a century after the Turkish inroads, until a pasha in 1550 went to hunt there one day, and recognised its fertility, as the poet

Menander did centuries before, when he applied to it the Greek proverb that at Samos "even hens give milk." On representing this fertility to the Sultan, colonists from all parts of the empire were induced to go there by promises of gifts of land; consequently each Samiote village has a different type of countenance, though I am inclined to think from their dialect and physiognomy that the Ionian type prevails—probably Ionians from the neighbouring mainland. At the same time many villages claim relationship with the Peloponese, Macedonia, Lesbos, &c. Doubtless this mixture of blood has had a beneficial effect on the Samiote of to-day; only hardy and energetic men would undertake to colonise an island which had run to waste; at all events the offspring are finer Greeks than you meet elsewhere.

As in Chios mule riding is the only mode of progression; roads are being made, and an excellent one from the capital Vathy to the ancient capital Samos, or, as it is now called, Tigani, is actually finished, but the islanders have as yet a distrust in the merits of carts and carriages, and the road is grass-grown save for a mule track in the middle. The prince told me that the parliament had extensive schemes for road works all over the island, only money is wanting at present for the various enterprises. The Sultan in consideration of this fact has remitted 100,000 piastres of his tribute on condition that roads are made with the money. "He thinks," said a cynical inhabitant of the slopes of Mount Kerki, "that in case of a disturbance arising, when good roads are made, he will be better able to subdue us than he was before."

As we wait for our mules, the smart guards come to us, and ask where we are going and our object; when satisfied as to our innocent intent they encourage us by saying we may travel all over their island without fear, "very different from over there," they add, pointing contemptuously at the mainland. The truth of this we

realised, for nothing [but the greatest civility attended our wanderings.

We stroll into the church; perhaps the most interesting thing for us who have just arrived at Samos is the throne of the prince therein, with ζῆτω (let him live) written over it, and then there is the invariable richly carved tempelon or rood screen which we see in every church in these islands. In fact carving is quite a speciality about here.

The mountain scenery of Samos is truly gorgeous, surpassing all things in the Greek islands in loveliness. Through peeps in the fir forests you get glimpses of olive groves, of distant sea and islands; through peeps in the olive groves you get glimpses of fir forests, craggy mountains, blue distances and bluer sea. Every shade is blue, and then sometimes these olive groves reach to the summit of lofty hills, giving to each peak certain peculiar tints of blue, resembling stamped Utrecht velvet in softness; tall gaunt cypresses stand out by way of contrast, and poplars without leaves, when we saw them—called λευκά by the Greeks from the whiteness of their bark—and then the foreground beneath you is gay with various coloured anemones spread out like a carpet, amongst the bushes. We turn a corner, and look down on a village climbing the mountain-side, of a curious rich orange colour, which harmonises wonderfully with the scenery. On the flat roofs they place soil of a certain yellow marl, which, when soaked with rain, imparts its colour to the walls, and hence the curious effect.

This was the village of Maratho-Combo on the southern slopes of Mount Kerki, where we arrived on the third day. It is the chief town of one of the four districts into which Samos is politically divided, and in point of size is second only to the capital, Vathy. Here we learnt more about the government and the internal working of the Samiote freedom.

They have a parliament, consisting of thirty-eight members in all, which

meets once a year, in the spring, either at Vathy, where they have a parliament-house, or at the Chora, the old Turkish capital, in the parish church. The sitting is never for less than thirty, or more than forty days. Every man in Samos has a vote. Out of this assemblage five senators are annually chosen to stay at Vathy, to act as the prince's permanent council—one from each of the divisions, and the fifth to act as chancellor of the exchequer; but without the consent of parliament not a penny can be spent.

All justice in its minor details is administered locally in the dikasteria of the four provinces by the two demarchs elected for the purposes. Cases of greater importance come before the Court of Areopagus, or assizes, which take place periodically, and are presided over by the senator for each province.

The dikasterion at Maratho-Combo was not a prepossessing building, and the government official (εὐαγγελεύς) was not a man of great personal intelligence; but he grew warm on the subject of his country's freedom. On the table of the justice hall lay a copy of the code of laws in use in the modern Hellenic kingdom. The Samiotes express a great respect for their kinsmen on the European mainland, for whose freedom they fought. It is a fashion in the island to eat off plates on which the king or queen of the Hellenes, or heroes of the war of independence, are printed. But during the Cretan revolution so many Samiotes went to join their fighting fellow-Greeks that the Sultan sent a man-of-war to Vathy harbour. It was an awkward time for the prince; he feared that if his subjects assisted the Cretans too visibly, and the Cretans failed, an attempt might be made to place Samos once more under direct Turkish rule. So, amongst other orders of a like nature, he commanded all these plates to be broken. "But," said our host, off whose plates we were eating, "we only broke a few for show,

and put the rest into a cupboard until affairs were settled." Certainly there are plenty of royal plates in Samos now, and plenty of portraits of their Hellenic majesties on the walls, not to mention handkerchiefs by the dozen with stirring pictures thereon of Kotsari, Diakos, and other celebrities of the revolution.

To the development of Samos there is naturally more wanting than good government. The lack of money is felt here, as it is in Greece proper, as a serious drawback to progress. Samos is full of minerals, but there is no local capital to open mines. Drainage would make the plain, once so fertile near the old town, again habitable. Nevertheless great activity is evinced by the handful of merchants who live at Tigani, on the ruins of the once famous Samos. This year they have opened out the old aqueduct which Herodotus mentioned as one of the wonders of Samos (*Herod.* lib. iii. ch. lx.), with a view to supplying the town with water. This is an excessively interesting object for the archæologist, piercing, as it does, for two and a half miles the heart of the mountain behind the town, and showing thereby the engineering skill of the ancient Greek. It was lost till the spring of last year, when a priest named Cyril, from the monastery of the Holy Trinity, discovered its long-lost southern entrance whilst ploughing.

At the cost of 20,000 francs the Samiotes have now almost completed the restoration of the ancient channel, and the merchants of Tigani, excited in the possession of this boon, hope soon to restore the ancient prosperity of their town. They have dug up the ruins of an old temple, with which they are restoring the old mole—mentioned likewise by Herodotus as the second wonder of Samos, and they are clearing out their harbour; to do this they purpose putting a small tax on foreign merchant ships, which touch here for raisins, wine, and caryb-beans, but the consular agents live at Vathy, and are opposed

to having Tigani raised up as a rival harbour.

It is a pleasant walk across the once fertile plain to the third wonder of Samos—the ruined temple of Hera, of which but one tottering column is left standing. The plain is covered with remnants of the past, and the buried town and its environs would amply reward an archæologist for the trouble of digging. Moreover in Samos the country is safe. It is not as it is at Ephesus, where the excavator has to be guarded by cavasses; here he can dig at his leisure, and could doubtless easily come to terms with the Samiote government for the transport of his treasures troven, which for some time past has been an object of difficulty in Greece, and is now in Turkey.

How glorious must have been a panegyris at the Herœon of Samos, when the temple in all its richness, before the marauding days of Marc Antony and other Vandals, received countless Greek pilgrims from the neighbouring islands and coasts!

Greek religious history is apt to repeat itself, for up on the hill slopes above the Herœon an annual Christian pilgrimage still takes place; 3,000 go there from Asia Minor and the neighbouring islands with their blind, their paralysed, and their lame. Miracles are on record, but the sceptical say the same people are kept to be cured year by year. Undoubtedly the monks are very rich, and they have chosen the spot for their monastery of the Holy Cross with judgment; it is out of the reach of pirates, and near enough to the Herœon to carry on the idea of a religious centre.

A parallel case is before us in the panegyris to the shrine of the Madonna of Tenos, called by the Greeks the Queen of Queens. It is a sort of panhellenic festival, whither twice a year from 25,000 to 30,000 pilgrims will assemble. Now Tenos is an island only a few miles from Delos, and the miraculous picture of the

Virgin was conveniently discovered just after the war of independence, when the idea of panhellenism was rife; so to the Cyclades, close to the ancient centre of Delos, flock Greek devotees from every corner of the Greek world at this very time.

Samiote shepherds are quaint, simple men, the back-bone of their country. You meet one; he says, *ώρα καλή*, "good hour to you." Practice alone teaches the appropriate replies, *Πόλλα τὰ ἔτη*, "many years to you;" "well met." And never shall I forget the effect produced by a shepherd who related his adventures to us with a Nereid. There he sat in his skin cloak, his crook in his hand, his red fez jauntily placed on one side of his head, as he told us how one night a goat followed him all the way from Carlovassi to Pyrgos with a tinkling bell; at each village he came to the goat left him as he entered, to rejoin him on the other side. At length at a well near Pyrgos his mule stopped, and no power of his would urge him on. At the same time a bright light in the shape of a figure came out of the well; the goat ran off and was seen no more. Three days afterwards he was sick. "Surely," he added, with excitement, "there was no doubt about it; it was the *παγαία* (Virgin) herself who came as a Nereid to drive away some evil spirit that was following me."

The shepherd sits on the mountain side with his *σαποῦνα*, or bagpipe—a hideous enough instrument in a house, but exceedingly quaint amongst the wild hills. It consists of an inflated pig-skin, with a cow's-horn at one end with holes for the fingers and a hole to blow in. Then another pastoral instrument is the *σφραγίλιον*, a veritable pan-pipe, an Ionian instrument made out of a simple reed, with six holes for the fingers down one side and one for the thumb on the other. A small shepherd-boy played this for us with wonderful precision and taste, rambling on from one tune to another.

¶ As we approached the old capital after our sojourn in the mountains

traces of antiquity grew around us—a statue let in here and there, an inscription on a church tower, and so forth. At the village of Maurodei they still make a sort of ugly, quaintly coloured pottery, and ingenious cups which, if you fill them above a certain point, become entirely empty. This is all that is left of the once celebrated Samiote industry. We saw many specimens of plates let into houses and churches by way of mural decoration, and in some villages a few were still existing amongst the household crockery. When we reached the Chora, however, the old Turkish capital, we were at once steeped in antiquity: every house boasts of a treasure let into the walls—some statue, some carving, or some column which has come from the ancient town two miles distant; but the glory has departed from this southern side of the island, and is now centred in Vathy. The Chora still possesses a palace for the prince, and it may be gay when the parliament meets in its church.

Vathy, which takes its name from its deep (*βαθὺς*) harbour, must be the seat of government until better days dawn on Tigani, and they can restore the old harbour of Samos to its ancient value. Vathy is built in a basin surrounded by lofty hills; it reminds one of a Riviera town. There is the higher Vathy struggling up the hill-side, house above house; and there is the lower Vathy on the shore with a well-appointed quay, and the prince's square, substantial-looking palace in the middle. The lower Vathy has all been built since Turkish days, and a very flourishing little place it is, attesting more than anything else can do the soundness of the new government.

Forty years have elapsed since Samos was definitely free, and this space of time has wrought a wonderful difference in the island. There are now schools in every village and paid masters, whereas thirty years ago there were only schools in the principal villages, and the masters in many

cases scarce able to live.¹ These schools are very tidy specimens indeed—well built, all of them, and adorned internally with maps, and mottoes all round the walls, such as “Success to the Principality, and freedom of Samos.”

Every child is brought up by its parents and masters to revere the very word of freedom, and the prince has no power to infringe their hard-won liberties; for Greek though he is, he has lived at Constantinople all his life, and is a nominee of the Sultan, and might be tempted, as Greek hospodars of the Porte used to be, to gain credit to himself by infringing the liberties of those under them. The first princes of Samos tried to do this, but one day the Samiotes drove Prince Vogrides, his agents and his caïmacan, out of the island; and in 1850 the Sultan by a firman granted the complete liberty of self-government which is now enjoyed.

The prince lives at Vathy, and receives 12,500 piastres per annum; he has a steam yacht provided for him, and he has a very grand guard to

attend upon him, the facings of whose uniform are of gold, where that of the others is only red; he has a good house, and a large garden, divided from it by a street. He walks about the town with an easier step than most princes would do, for in point of fact he is only the Sultan's agent there, to see that the 300,000 piastres is paid regularly, and to see that the Samiotes don't quarrel amongst themselves, in which way his presence is beneficial, for they know that the least misconduct on their part would be at once reported, and made the most of at Constantinople.

As we steamed out of Vathy harbour I could not help wondering how long this rope of piastres would bind Samos to Turkey, and thinking that the coins would be better spent in converting mule tracks into roads than in swelling the coffers of the sick man. We touched at Chios again on our way to Smyrna, and the contrast was still more forcibly brought before us—we had left prosperity and peace, we saw around us ruin and desolation.

J. THEODORE BENT.

FRANCIS GARNIER.

“At the beginning of the twentieth century,” wrote M. Gabriel Charmes in a recent number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, “Russia will count a hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants occupying boundless tracts in Europe and in Asia; about sixty millions of Germans supported by thirty millions of Austrians will rule the centre of Europe; a hundred and twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons, established in the finest portions of the globe, will spread over them their language, their manners, their civilisation. Is it possible that France only should renounce her glorious destinies? Is it possible that she should leave to Italy, overflowing with

youthful ambitions, or to Spain, in whom her old colonial genius seems to be reawakening, the task of representing the Latin races in the great struggle for the conquest of the world? Is it possible that, shut up within her narrowed frontiers, and satisfied with her mediocre fortune, she should put away from her all thought of expansion, all wish for influence beyond her own borders?”

It might be possible and desirable indeed, M. Charmes goes on to say, that France should take up this rôle of effacement abroad if the statement so often made were true that the French have no colonising aptitudes. But he maintains indignantly that it

is not true. At the end of the seventeenth century, he points out, France was in possession of Canada, Louisiana, St. Domingo, and important possessions in India. From that time forward her true part would have been to keep the peace in Europe, and to develop and extend her colonial empire. Had this been done she would be now where England is, a great colonial power with a future of indefinite and limitless extension before her. But alas! instead of the strait way leading to colonial supremacy, the French monarchy followed the broad way of European ambition, leading ultimately to defeat and disaster. Before Louis XIV. and Napoleon hovered the vision of a hegemony in Europe, of a sort of restored and revitalised Holy Roman Empire, and in the pursuit of this shadow every check and every defeat had to be paid for by the loss of some French possession beyond seas. Colony after colony was as it were dropped on the way; and every mistake in Europe avenged itself in Asia or America.

There came a time indeed, after 1815, when the nation awoke to realities, and when a policy of abstention in Europe became for the first time the ideal of French statesmanship. Withdrawal from European politics, expansion of French influence beyond seas,—here were the two formulas which, roughly speaking, governed French politics for some five-and-twenty years after Waterloo. Then with the reappearance of the Bonapartes came the reappearance of the old ambition to take the lead in Europe. Napoleon III. and his ministers guided France with "light hearts" through the Crimean War and the Italian campaigns to the irreparable disaster of Sedan, and to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Once more the nation, and with a deeper resolution, set itself to the task of "recueillement." Circumstances indeed made the name of M. Gambetta the rallying cry of French hatred of her

conquerors. But even supposing M. Gambetta to have cherished the views the Germans were never tired of imputing to him, circumstances of another kind, and the general tendency of public opinion, would have been too much for him. Since 1870 the aim of every politician of importance and responsibility has been increasingly one of abstention more or less complete from European politics. Directly the ambitions or the rivalries of French commerce, or the spirit of French military adventure, or even the legitimate wish of the country to assert its necessary place in Europe, has succeeded in dragging her a step or two along courses tending either to European difficulties or to perils abroad which might have hampered her action at home, the weight of public opinion has intervened. The current of the moment may indeed carry the vessel of the state towards some Canaan of commercial enterprise beyond seas, the conquest of which involves war or something like it; but the least check or discouragement, as in the case of Tunis, suffices to stem the national feeling. The leaders of the forward movement know that they lead it at their peril. There is a watchful jealousy awake in the great masses of the nation which will take alarm at the first glimpse of failure, and demand an angry account from the guides who have brought them into difficulties. And if this has been, at any rate till now, the general course of things in questions of colonial politics, in matters of European concern, the Republic has shown itself still more cautious. Dulcigno and Egypt are proofs of her determination to keep herself as far as it is possible for a European nation, out of European complications and difficulties.

Upon this state of things, say a certain French party of which M. Charmes may be regarded as a spokesman, the country in many ways is to be congratulated. It is not indeed desirable that she should efface herself so much as some of the Republican

sections seem to have resolved that she shall. M. Charmes, at any rate, thinks the policy which left England to cope singlehanded with Arabi a dangerous and mistaken policy. But in general the part of France for many years to come must be, as it was after 1815, a part of abstention and reserve in Europe. This abstention and reserve however must not be overdone. Above all, *it must be compensated by expansion abroad.* For to suppose, cries M. Charmes, with a host of other ardent spirits, that a nation like France can remain altogether stationary, that she can shut herself up in her narrow European frontiers, while Russia, England, and even Italy and Spain are spreading further and further over the inhabited globe, is an absurdity. It was in the years of abstention which followed Waterloo that Algeria was founded. And if the temper of the Republic after Sedan is one of greater timidity and hesitation than that of the Restoration or the Monarchy of July after Waterloo, so much the worse for the Republic. For all her home disasters, for all her forced caution in Europe, the only natural compensation for France is colonial advance. In this line only can the energy of the nation spend itself without provoking the hideous chances of European war, and only by pursuing this end can France preserve her self-respect, and keep alive the courage, the enterprise, and the honourable ambitions of her sons.

And as for the supposed disability of the French for colonisation, the French colonial party refuse altogether to believe in it. It is true, admits M. Charmes, that our population grows with exasperating slowness. But what of that? If we cannot have an Australia, there is nothing to prevent our maintaining an India if we can get it. We may have no emigrants pressing into the world's distant markets from an overcrowded mother country, but we have enormous capital lying idle, for which outlets must be found; we have ambitions for which

France provides no adequate career, and finally we have the necessity laid upon us of joining in that great race for the spread of European civilisation from which no European nation with any prescience of the future can afford to hold back.

Such in very rough outline are the ideas and aspirations which at the present moment are uppermost in some of the most patriotic and intelligent of Frenchmen. We English, on our side, in spite of our pride in our own colonial possessions and our determination to maintain them, have been very slow to sympathise with this growth of a French colonial temper. In the first place there is the natural jealousy of those who are in possession, and who have no wish to see the rise of formidable competitors in the centres of colonial commerce. In the next, in spite of French pride in that powerful system of administration which the Frenchman carries with him to the ends of the earth, we are inclined to believe that the French so far have not shown themselves successful colonists, that there is in them a certain lack of doggedness, of patience, of teachableness, which makes the French emigrant to Algeria, for instance, rush home to his native Berry or Gascony as soon as a little prosperity enables him to retire from what he never ceases to regard as a hateful exile, and which tends to hand over a French colony to the rule of an over-rigid bureaucracy unfit to feel for and content the needs of varying native populations. Again, there is in many of us, both as regards our own politics and those of our neighbours, a dread of the sort of meddlesome restlessness which has been too often the cause of what is called colonial advance in the past,—a sense of the need there is for every European nation to put the solution of those great social questions which fill the immediate future of European life in the front rank of her duties and interests. And lastly, there is the growth of that sensitiveness towards the rights of native

racés, which, broadly speaking, is a new feature in western thought, and which inclines us to regard the steady march of the European tide over the more backward portions of the earth with feelings in which scruples and misgivings unknown to the eighteenth century necessarily have a large share.

And yet, despite of all these more or less favourable influences upon our judgment, it is well that we should endeavour to see these French aspirations as they really are and to get at them in their highest and best form. What is it which is driving France forward now in Tong-King, now in Tunis, now in Madagascar? It is easy to criticise the intrigues, the financial schemes, the high-handedness which have characterised French action abroad a hundred times. One does not get at the root of the matter so. There are other things, we may well believe, in this determination to get fresh footholds for French enterprise than mere greed and restlessness. What is this "patriotism" and this "self-devotion" of which the pioneers and inspirers of the French colonising movement are believed by their countrymen to have so large a share? What kind of men are engaged in it, and what are their practical aims and strongest motives?

To these questions the career of an eminent French explorer in the far east of Asia—whose death ten years ago at the same spot where Commandant Rivière has lately fallen, under very similar circumstances, has been often in the memory of Frenchmen during the last few weeks—supplies a full and interesting answer. Francis Garnier spent his life and lost it in the cause of French expansion in the far East. To many people, indeed, to his foreign scientific friends, for instance, his first aspect was that of a man of science, of one of the most distinguished and accomplished of modern geographical explorers. And, undoubtedly, as he grew older the scientific side of his work grew upon him. "I belong really to science," he pro-

tested at the very moment when he was engaged in the politico-commercial enterprise which ended in his death. At the same time it is evident that all the principal undertakings of his life were dictated quite as much by an eager desire to further French interests and enlarge French boundaries in Eastern Asia as by the passion of the geographer. "Nations without colonies," he believed, "are dead, for they are hives which do not swarm." He was one of the most eager opponents of the project, for a time entertained by the authorities at home, of restoring French Cochin-China to Annam; and when the news reached him a year before his death of the decision of the French Government to undertake the exploration of the Tong-King river, he exclaims—"It is with a satisfaction mingled with pride that I look on at the reawakening of our ancient spirit of enterprise. For I have had a hand in it. Perhaps in these rich countries of the far east," he writes, at Shanghai, in 1873, "unlooked for compensations await us for our recent misfortunes.—After all the great crises of our history, an outward movement, fruitful in useful and glorious results, has shown itself in France. Let it be our task to evoke it again, our task to direct it; let us return to those colonising traditions which we have abandoned to a rival nation whose strength and riches they have made. Indo-China may become for us the equivalent of that Indian empire which a Dupleix would have given to France and which the feebleness of Louis XV.'s government irrevocably lost for us."

The guiding idea of Francis Garnier's later years was the discovery of a new commercial route between Southern China and Europe, which should both open up the rich inland provinces watered by the Yang-tse-Kiang and its affluents to European commerce, and make the French port of Saigon, to the south of the Cochin-China peninsula, the *entrepôt* between China and the west, rather than the

English ports of Shanghai and Hong-Kong, which have hitherto attracted and distributed the products of Chinese trade. One has only to glance at the history of this question of new commercial communications with Southern China to appreciate the fascination and the excitement of a problem, for the solution of which France and England, during the last fifteen years, have been running one long and eager race. The English, for almost a generation, have been making effort after effort to reach the fertile and densely populated slopes of South-Western China from India or from Burmah. The schemes of Major Sladen and Captain Sprye, the tragic journey of Mr. Margary, the recent wanderings of Mr. Colquhoun, the establishment of an English consul at Yunnan, are all so many stages in the long struggle destined to carry England towards the coveted goal—the discovery of a new channel of communication between the workshops of Europe and the thickly-peopled valleys of the Celestial Empire, between the raw materials of a teeming and boundless soil and the skilled labour of nations who are the world's artificers. Two causes especially have tended to quicken and intensify English interest in this question of a new route. One is the building of the great Pacific railway across America, and the establishment, by its help, of a means of transport between China and the Old World, which is competing more and more closely with the older routes of commerce. The other has been the settlement of the French in the delta of the Cambodia river and the rise of French Cochin-China. At any time since 1860 the French and we have been exploring, planning, and intriguing, now in China, now in Siam, now in the very heart of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and every eager pioneer on either side has felt his personal honour engaged in winning the game for his own country. It is a contest which recalls that old, old rivalry in the dawn of European civilisation, when Tyrian

and Greek fought for commercial supremacy on the mysterious western shores of the Mediterranean. The mastery of the world's economical future, cry the combatants of to-day, lies with the nation which shall discover how to bring the millions of Eastern Asia into one vast universal system of exchange. Such, in vaguer or narrower outline, may have been the dream of contending Greek and Phœnician merchants as each descried the other's sail spread for coasts peopled with the "shy traffickers" of the primitive western world. The contests of commerce have their poetry and their associations for those who will but let themselves be touched by them. In a sense, they underlie all history, and it is the merchant who has guided humanity. In the career of men like Francis Garnier at any rate, the struggle for new markets and new channels for wealth, so often a coarse and ignoble struggle, seems to put on a nobler air. All his rare energies and abilities were devoted for years to anticipating and checking English advance in Eastern Asia. And yet so touched with grandeur are the man's aims and actions that English sympathy for him, in those who become acquainted with him, will always be quick and ready. An English reader follows him along the interminable curves of the great river which waters the heart of the Indo-Chinese peninsula from the highlands of Yunnan to the French port of Saigon, or up the water-ways of Central China, or on the waters of the Tong-King stream, with an interest and admiration quite independent of the fact that if Francis Garnier's views are ever realised, in the opinion of French prophets at any rate, England is doomed to lose the preponderant position she has hitherto held in the extreme East.

Brought to Cochin China about 1860 by the chances of French naval life, Garnier, then a young lieutenant of one-and-twenty, distinguished himself in the infant colony by his very

great scientific and administrative gifts. His youthful patriotism was fired by the sight of that huge English dominion which has been reared in Asia by the efforts of a hundred years; while his practical sense showed him at the outset of his career what were the chief defects of the French colonial system, and suggested the best means for remedying them. At one moment he was revolving projects "for endowing France with a colonial Empire in the extreme East as vast and as flourishing as the English possessions in India"; at another he was crying out for all sorts of administrative reforms, directed each and all of them to the instruction and training of the French colonist, and to the breaking down of French ignorance of and contempt for those patient processes by which the settler on alien soil learns to know the conditions under which his work is to be carried on. The schemes of his youth, whether for the exploration of the Mekong, for the establishment of a Civil Service college at Saigon, or for the organisation of a proper system of student interpreters, and the like, are conceived in that scientific temper which is the best and characteristic product of our day. "In the East as elsewhere," he told his countrymen not long after the disasters of the Franco-German war, "labour — obstinate, indefatigable, desperate labour—is the first condition of the revival of our political influence and of our future regeneration," and it was in the spirit of these words that his own life was spent.

The project for the exploration of the Mekong led to the famous expedition by which his name will be permanently known, and which remains as one of the greatest achievements of modern geographical enterprise. In the year 1863, Garnier, then a youth of three-and-twenty, sketched a plan for exploring the huge river which, under the names of the Cambodia and the Mekong, runs through the whole length of the Indo-Chinese

peninsula, and which no European had then ever followed along its entire course. Garnier's object was no doubt in the first instance political. His mind seems to have been full of dreams of French expansion over the interior of the peninsula, when the desire to penetrate into the recesses of the mysterious and little known country, on the edge of which the French had founded their colony, first possessed him. His friends, at any rate, credited him all along with grandiose projects more in keeping with the travel of the sixteenth century than with that of the nineteenth, and we may explain perhaps by this strain in him of the political visionary both the enthusiasm and the dislike with which his actions and his schemes have been received at different times in France. The projected voyage, however, as soon as it began to take practical shape, turned upon very moderate and very scientific considerations. The great Cambodia river, of which Saigon and French Cochin China occupy the delta, was in 1863 practically unknown beyond a point very little removed from the frontiers of the colony. Upon the inhabitants, the climate, the political relations of the states in the heart of the peninsula, the French government had only very vague and uncertain information, and yet it was of the greatest importance that it should be able to regulate its relations towards the empire of Annam on the east, and the kingdom of Siam on the west, by some real knowledge of the position, strength, and temper of the tribes of the interior. Again, there was the possibility of reaching Southern China by the help of the gigantic river whose sources no one knew, and in this great possibility, as every one concerned was aware, lay hidden a hundred others. "Beyond the frontiers of our colony," wrote Francis Garnier in 1873, "we knew nothing precisely and scientifically. Whence came this huge river? Was it from Tibet, or, as some Cambodian tradition

would have us believe, from a deep lake in the interior of the Laos? What regions did it water? To what populations did it afford an access? Might it not furnish a solution of the geographical problem, so eagerly discussed by the English in India, of a new commercial route between China and Hindostan? In presence of the immense labours and the incessant efforts of the English in the west of the peninsula, France could not remain inactive. She owed it to science, to civilisation, to her own interests to endeavour to penetrate the veil which had hung for so long over the centre of Indo-China."

Two years or more after Garnier had first launched his project, the necessary instructions and authorisation for a commission of exploration of the Mekong or Cambodia river arrived from home, and an exploring party of six persons was formed, with a distinguished naval officer, Captain Doudart de Lagrée, at the head of it, and Francis Garnier, then twenty-six, and still a lieutenant, as second in command. According to the official instructions, he was charged with the astronomical and meteorological observations of the voyage; he was to establish exactly the geographical position of the principal points touched, and to draw up a map of the route; he was to study the navigability of the river, to take soundings, to observe the different methods of navigation employed by the natives, and to compare the advantages, from the commercial route point of view, of the main stream and its principal affluents. Lieutenant Delaporte was the artist of the expedition, and his clever drawings fill the official album afterwards published. Two naval doctors, chosen for their scientific knowledge, were at once to watch over the health of the party, and to collect botanical and geological information; while M. Louis Carné, representing the French Foreign Office, was to fill the post of *littérateur* and general observer—a function which he seems to have filled

admirably, to judge from the brilliant papers on the voyage which he afterwards published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Thus it was to Garnier that the lion's share of the work of the expedition fell; it was he who, upon Captain Lagrée's death, and after his return to France, drew up the superb official report, which is one of the most interesting books of modern travel; and it is with his name that the whole famous voyage is naturally most closely connected.

Let us wander a little with this French exploring party into the depths of Indo-China. How little the European world knows about these remote regions of Eastern Asia! Colonel Yule, in a most interesting memorial article on Garnier, complains gently of the indifference with which the popular mind, so easily roused on some other geographical points, regards exploration or travel in these countries, which it ignorantly believes to have no history and no future. Twenty years ago M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire emphatically told his countrymen that with the exception, perhaps, of Burmah, the states of Indo-China had no claim to the attention of the historian; and a country supposed to be thus destitute of associations has been very long in gaining any hold upon the imagination of the West. The tide, indeed, began to turn in the very year in which M. Saint Hilaire delivered his dictum. Almost at the moment when the Parisian savant was thus complacently ruling out the claims of the Indo-Chinese peninsula upon the interest of mankind, a solitary French explorer, M. Mouhot, was wandering in rapturous astonishment amid a series of splendid ruins, left by a primitive civilisation in the heart of this vast and unknown region. The remains of the temple and town of Angkor, seen for the first time since the seventeenth century by European eyes, were vindicating in a startling way the right of these distant races to the most careful and respectful study at the hands of European

men of science; and to the commercial and colonial interest attaching to all countries as yet untouched by Western trade, there was thus added the charm and mystery of a heroic past. M. de Lagrée's expedition took up the historical and artistic problem of the Angkor ruins, and completed the enthusiastic descriptions of Mouhot by plans and drawings which may well thrill the most unimaginative with a vivid sense of the brotherhood of human genius in all times and countries. And to the attractions of the mysterious Khmer civilisation, of which they were not the discoverers, their journey of some 2,500 kilometres added others not less real and potent in which to clothe the dim idea of Indo-China. The great river itself, now spreading out into wide sheets of water, and now pouring the accumulations of far Thibetan and Chinese valleys through narrow and rocky channels with a frightful intensity and force; the virgin forests bordering the water-way, here the uncontested kingdom of an Eastern Pan, and there sheltering in their depths the temples and palaces and cities of races which have been and are not; the populations in the inland towns and villages suggesting ethnological problems connected with the earliest distribution of mankind; the connection between the civilisation of the peninsula and the civilisation of the great empire to the north, beside whose venerable age that of any European state is as nothing—over all these subjects and a hundred others one wanders in the records of the expedition, with a sense of interest and fascination which never flags. Here we can only touch upon them in a very general and cursory way. But at least we may take from the official report and from the articles of M. Garnier a few passages here and there which may give some idea of the kind of field which lies before the French in Indo-China, and of the races who will be affected by their presence there.

The ruins of Angkor have now been described and drawn by English travellers and architects as well as French. But they have still to be brought home to our popular sense as the representatives of what is probably the third great architecture of the world in order of merit. Traveling along the shores of a lake which forms a western arm of the Cambodia river, and which is within a comparatively easy distance of the sea and of the spot where the French have placed their colony of Saigon, the Frenchman M. Mouhot, then in the service of England, came unexpectedly upon a group of extraordinary buildings. "Suddenly, and as though by enchantment, one is transported from barbarism to civilisation, from darkness to light. Beyond a great open space cleared in the forest rises an immense colonnade surmounted by an arched roof and crowned by five high towers. The largest marks the entrance, the four others are placed at the angles of the building, but all are pierced underneath like triumphal arches. On the deep blue of the sky, on the intense green of the forest, these grand lines of an architecture at once light and majestic seemed to me at first to mark the gigantic tomb of a whole perished race. Imagine all that architectural art has ever accomplished of stately or beautiful transported into the depths of these forests, into one of the most remote countries of the globe, savage, unknown, deserted, where at every step one finds the traces of wild beasts, and where one hears nothing but the roaring of the tiger, the harsh cry of the elephant, or the stag's note of alarm!"

Such was the first cry of European enthusiasm in the presence of these strangest and most romantic of ruins. The language of the scientific expedition of five years later is scarcely less strong. "The Khmer architecture," says the official report for which Garnier and Lagrée were jointly responsible, "is one of the most original and powerful which exists. The harmony

of the general effect, the elegance of the ornament, the clear distribution of the parts, recalls to one involuntarily certain characteristics of Greek classical art. There is but one order, it is true; and almost everywhere the round column is replaced by the square pillar; but the proportions of the inter-columnar spaces, the pure and rich decoration of the capitals and bases, the delicacy of the arabesques which cover the pillars and the walls, have all been inspired by the most admirable taste. The monuments are immense, but there is nothing laboured, no betrayal of effort about them. Here is nothing to remind us of the huge piles of Egyptian architecture, or of those gigantic monoliths which only claim our astonishment, and demanded nothing more than a sufficient number of human arms to rear them into place. Here force is hidden under grace, and in spite of the dimensions of the buildings, their grandeur does not weary us. And if from these grand and noble peristyles, these simple and imposing galleries which run round the monument, one looks up towards the arched roofs which cover them, towards the huge graduated towers which crown the gates and sanctuaries; if, after having admired the infinite trelliswork of leaves and flowers with which the stone is covered, the eye travels upward to the threatening crowd of monsters drawn from the Hindoo mythology, to all these representations of praying saints and angels, to these fretted and corniced surfaces, a western spectator feels himself transported into his own Middle Ages. There are the wide-mouthed dragons, sharp-clawed and diabolical; there are the kneeling figures with their naïve expression, to which our cathedrals have accustomed us. It is this double inspiration by which Cambodian art is linked on the one side to that of Greece, and on the other to that of Christian Europe, which seems to give it a place immediately after the two great architectures of the west."

The nearer to the central sanctuary, continues the report, the richer is the decoration. "Every side of every pillar in the doorway of the central tower is a separate poem in stone. Each design seems to have been the work of one artist, and every here and there is a stone left half finished, as if the designer had died in the midst of his labours and none had been found worthy to succeed him." About three kilometers from this wonderful temple are the ruins of a city in what seems to be a rather ruder and more barbarous style, but still in their strange and grandiose ornament, their sculptured elephants and lions, their rows of stone giants, and *bizarre* wealth of towers, bearing witness to the fantastic genius of a skilled and powerful race. Who were these Khmers? And to what date do these monuments belong? Only doubtful answers can be given as yet, until the inscriptions of Angkor have been fully deciphered. But the religion to which they were dedicated was Brahminical, not Buddhist like that of the modern races of the peninsula, and like the Pali elements in the various kindred languages of the interior, they seem to point to a direct wave of Indian influence, and to an infusion of Aryan elements into a non-Aryan stock. In the sixteenth century Angkor was still famous and flourishing, but the date of its wonderful birth-year is hidden in the mists of the past.

So much for the traces of a remote antiquity on the soil of Indo-China. Garnier and his companions were fascinated by them, but they were, after all, more vitally concerned with the river they were exploring and the modern states through which they passed. Alas! for the hopes of a water-way to Southern China. Only a short distance from the frontier of the protected kingdom of Cambodia, the Mekong, they discovered, becomes wholly unmanageable for purposes of commerce. Crouching in native boats, specially constructed to face the rapids, they crept along the banks of innumerable islands, afraid even to

venture out a few yards into the current lest they should be dashed upon the rocks. Every now and then, above some roaring stretch of cataract and rapid, the capricious stream would spread itself into calm, majestic reaches, as though to flatter the hopes of those who would tame and use it, and then again its bed would narrow to a rocky trough, through which a yellow tempestuous current boiled with a frightful vehemence in which no boat could possibly have lived. As for the Laotians or Shans, a people akin both to the Siamese and the Cambodians, who fill the valley of the Mekong, the exploring party found them as a whole friendly and helpful, and it was not till they neared the frontier of China that they experienced any serious difficulties or hardships.

It was the first time in history that a party of European travellers had entered China from the south. The Chinese were astonished and bewildered by the experiment, and inclined suspiciously to connect the appearance of the foreigners with the Mohammedan rebellion then raging in Yunnan. However, the passports from Peking proved powerful enough, and though harassed in various ways, they were not seriously molested. It was at this moment in the expedition that a reconnaissance made by Garnier to the east of the Mekong revealed (to his quick geographical sense the existence of a new route between Yun-nan and the coasts of Indo-China in the opening up of which the French have ever since been more or less eagerly engaged. This was the route of the Tong-King or Song-Koi river which runs in a south-easterly direction through the province of Yun-nan and the ancient kingdom of Tong-king, now a part of the Annamite empire, and falls into the sea below the town of Hanoi. In the race for the possession of this new commercial highway, Francis Garnier and Commandant Rivière were both to meet their doom at the same spot and at the hands of the same enemies. But no prescience of a disastrous

future damped the joy with which in 1868 the little travel-worn company hailed a discovery which promised to repay France for all the waywardness of the Mekong, and to open a short and easy access from the coast of Cochin-China into the heart of the richest and most fertile portions of the celestial empire.

It was in Yun-nan that Captain La grée died, worn out by the hardships of the voyage. Francis Garnier was absent at the moment on a daring expedition to Ta-ly, the headquarters of the Mohammedan rebellion, a perilous neighbourhood from which he only succeeded with great difficulty in rescuing himself and his companions. On his return he took the command of the commission, and the travellers made their way at last down the Yang-tse-Kiang to Shanghai, and thence to Saigon, after a journey which had lasted two years and some months.

It was not long before the principal members of the commission found their way back to Paris, and the exploration of the Mekong was soon recognised by the large public interested in such performances, as one of the greatest geographical events of the century. Garnier received the highest honours which the French and English geographical societies could bestow, and was made officer of the Legion of Honour. In the first flush of fame and acknowledged success, he was just settling down to the composition of the official report of the voyage when the war broke out. He took an active part as a naval officer in the defence of Paris, and lost his chance of promotion afterwards by a characteristically outspoken protest against the policy which had dictated the capitulation of the city. His was a fiery and impetuous spirit, unaccustomed to defeat, and the collapse of the French defence affected him deeply. A letter which Colonel Yule publishes shows how bitter and personal was his sense of humiliation under the triumph of Germany. To pass from dreams of adding an India to the French crown, to the iron

realities of Sedan, and the treaty which dismembered France, was hard indeed! No wonder that he threw himself with redoubled energy into the memories of the great expedition in which he seemed to have buried so much youth and hope, or that as soon as an opportunity offered he should betake himself once more to the seas and ports in which he was most at home.

The object of his journey to Central China in 1872, described in the fragmentary book published last year under the title *From Paris to Tibet*, was primarily scientific. His mind was possessed with the still unexplained problem of the river-system of Eastern Asia, and the exploration of the Mekong had only whetted, without satisfying his curiosity. From the south-eastern corner of the great mountainous tableland of Tibet flow all the principal rivers of China and Indo-China, and one of the most famous rivers of India, the Brahmapootra. The upper waters and the sources of these rivers are still almost unexplored, and it was Garnier's dearest wish to reach Tibet from China, a feat never yet accomplished by a European, and to puzzle out the mystery on the spot. While he was waiting for the reluctant consent of the Peking authorities, he undertook a tour in Central China over ground much of which had never been traversed before by a European, and on his return he found waiting for him at Shanghai a letter from the Governor of Saigon which was nothing more nor less, little as either suspected it, than a summons to a violent and premature death.

The extraordinary French expedition of 1873 to the Tong-King river, Garnier's capture of Hanoi and of six adjacent provinces, with two gunboats and a force of 200 men, his administration of the conquered territory for a month, and the attack in which he fell, are events which have been variously judged even in France. The attempt failed, and Garnier paid the

penalty of every unsuccessful pioneer in the denunciations of his "rashness" and "high-handedness" which were rife in Paris afterwards, side by side with much eager admiration of his exploit, and a wide and genuine regret for his early death. The fact is, however, that Garnier had nothing to do with planning the expedition originally. That was the work of Admiral Dupré, the Governor of Saigon, who had got himself into great difficulties between a troublesome French traveller and commercial agent, M. Dupuis, the Annamite authorities and some Chinese auxiliaries who were helping M. Dupuis to maintain a position he had taken up on the Tong-King river in defiance of Annam and all her powers. It seemed to Admiral Dupré that the moment had come for France to strike in as a mediator between M. Dupuis and Annam, with the object of making Annam pay for M. Dupuis's expulsion by the formal opening to commerce of the Tong-King river. And Francis Garnier occurred to him as by far the most likely instrument to carry out his plan. Accordingly he was summoned from Shanghai and entrusted with the commission.

He made his way up the Tong-King river with his small force to Hanoi. The Annamites suspecting the secret intentions of the new comers, and having no mind to open the river to Europeans, demanded the expulsion of M. Dupuis, and the subsequent withdrawal of the French. Garnier refused, and presented a commercial convention for the signature of the Annamite Government as a condition of M. Dupuis's retirement. The government temporised, and meanwhile the Annamite governor of Hanoi showed threatening dispositions towards the Frenchmen, who were lodged in a deserted fort near the town. Garnier then resolved on a *coup de main*, which reads more like an exploit of Cortes or Pizarro than an incident of modern war. "*Alea jacta est!*" he writes to his brother, "which is as much as to say the orders are given.

To-morrow at dawn I with 180 men attack 7,000 men behind walls. If this letter reaches you without signature or addition it will be because I have been killed or seriously wounded. In such a case I commend to you Claire" (his wife, by birth an Englishwoman) "and my daughter."

The attack succeeded, and Garnier was able calmly to announce in a scientific letter to Colonel Yule that he was the master of Hanoi and the neighbouring provinces, and about to declare the Tong-King open to European commerce. "Here I am with a province of two million souls on my back," he wrote to a naval friend at Saigon. "Do not say to me like Sganarelle 'Put it down,' but come and help me. I am entreating the admiral to send you.—Tell Philastre that I have done nothing wrong, and that I was as patient with the Annamites as possible. Either they should not have sent me or I could have done nothing else but what I have done."

The days flew on, and on the 21st of December, when French hopes were at their highest, a body of Chinese pirates, the Black Flags who infest the coasts of Annam, bore down upon Hanoi, summoned no doubt by the despairing Annamites, and attacked the citadel in which Garnier was posted. Their attack was repulsed, and Garnier made a *sortie* in pursuit. He was drawn into an ambuscade, his foot slipped on the uneven ground, and he fell pierced by many lances. His companions regained the citadel with difficulty, and the French force maintained itself on the defensive, while in all the districts round the tide was turning in favour of Annam, and while at home the evacuation of the place and practical abandonment of the French pretensions was being hurriedly decided upon.

It is a strange story, and the repetition of some of its incidents in the

recent disaster, which has cost the French the life of Commandant Rivière, gives it a double interest. As far as Garnier is concerned, one's feeling cannot but be one of pure loss and regret. He sacrificed, in a doubtful cause, a life which was rich in every promise of fruitful and honourable service to his country. As a politician he was often rash and fauciful; as a man of science he would probably have achieved one of the greatest reputations of the century. Two of his latest utterances strike one with a sense of pathos which leaves a sting in the memory.

"For the moment," he writes to Colonel Yule from the citadel which was to be his grave, "they ask of me to be a man of action. *I am not allowed to be a student*, though for some years past my tastes have been carrying me more and more towards things purely scientific."

The second is dated from Shanghai, just before he started for Saigon in obedience to Admiral Dupré's summons.

"The Government of India has just let me know that I have only to express the wish and they will put at my command all the resources of which they can dispose. The success of my Tibetan enterprise interests them to the highest degree. What a pity I am not English! Then I should be an honoured and powerful man.—I feel that if I am supported Indo-China is French; but in France, alas! I am nothing but an adventurer."

Does not this last passage read like sinister motto for this French colonial movement of which we are hearing so much? Such a career as that of Francis Garnier tends to show that there is something forced and out of joint about it. The nation is not behind it, and gifts like Garnier's seem to make no way, and to lose themselves in a more or less aimless struggle.

ON SOME RECENT THEATRICAL CRITICISMS.

OUR actors have been very eloquent of late upon the subject of their art, both with voice and pen. Perhaps naturally, they have for the most part preferred to deal with it rather from what one may call the romantic point of view than the practical, though, remembering Mr. Boucicault's amusing lecture at the Lyceum last year, one cannot say that the latter has been altogether ignored. And either point, practical or romantic, presents such "easy access to the hearer's grace" as the hearer either by temperament or by fancy is disposed! As much benefit, says Gibbon, may be derived from opposition as from agreement in ideas. Certainly, there has been no lack of opposition in the various ideas that have been put about within the last year or two on this attractive subject, and the benefit we have all derived has no doubt been correspondingly great. The representatives of both schools have had a fair hearing, the representatives of the old school and the new; the one grounding its faith on the theory of heaven-born inspiration, the incommunicable spark of genius native and untrammelled; the other holding that, without a sufficient mixture of earthly training, the heavenly flight is not unlikely to end in the fate of Icarus, the fate

"Of the soil'd glory and the trailing wing."

Though it is always interesting to hear what a man has to say of a profession to which he has devoted the best years of his life, it is perhaps a question whether actors are always the best critics of their own art. Very amusing ones they often are, but not as a rule, I think, the surest or the most impartial. And after all, it is only natural that this should be so. In the first place, acting, alone of all the arts, has

no clearly defined and recognised rules; in the second, it is less the art than the artist that we admire and applaud. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician—it is their work that attracts and charms us; but of themselves—the workmen, often we know little or nothing, save their names as title-page or catalogue may have preserved them. But with the actor, the man himself, the individual is all in all;

"He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

"Such," says Lamb, "is the instantaneous nature of the impressions which we take in at the eye and ear at a playhouse, compared with the slow apprehension oftentimes of the understanding in reading, that we are apt not only to sink the play-writer in the consideration which we pay to the actor, but even to identify in our minds, in a perverse manner, the actor with the character he represents. It is difficult for a frequent playgoer to disembarrass the idea of Hamlet from the person and voice of Mr. Kemble. We speak of Lady Macbeth, while we are in reality thinking of Mrs. Siddons." While, then, that disturbing element of personality enters so largely into his art, and forms, with his admirers at any rate, so large a part of his attraction, it must be a little difficult for the actor to keep his head quite cool when he comes forward himself to play the critic. Again, no less an authority than Garrick has told us that "the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances, the warmth of the scene, has sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his surprise as to that of his audience." If this be so, clearly the actor would have a hard task who should attempt critically to

examine or explain an art which depended "for its greatest strokes of genius" on the inspiration of the moment. It might be added, too, that the actor who essays to play the critic's part while riding on the full tide of theatrical success, must necessarily concern himself mainly, if not wholly, with that particular and individual aspect of his art on which his own eyes are fixed. Now there are, I think, very few of us, whatever may be our line of business, who can claim to be quite sure and impartial critics of our own work.

No doubt some actors have left behind them important as well as amusing contributions to the study of their art. Colley Cibber, we all know, whatever his failings may have been, was an excellent critic of acting. So, too, according to Sir Walter Scott, was John Kemble; and Macready's diaries and letters are full of sensible and thoughtful remarks on the profession which he did so much to strengthen and adorn. As a rule, however, it will, I think, be generally found that all such criticisms were the after-math of study and experience, reaped when the glow and stir of active work was over, and when the evening of life gave leisure to separate fact from fancy, to contrast the promise of morning with the actual performance of noon. It is for this reason that Mrs. Frances Kemble's criticism seems to me to have so much value, the criticism, I mean, contained in the prefatory chapter to her recently published *Notes upon some of Shakespeare's Plays*. With the notes themselves we need not be at present concerned; but that chapter in which she treats of the spirit, the right understanding of his true relation to the poet with which the actor should approach the interpretation of Shakespeare's work—and particularly, perhaps, now when such extravagant theories are abroad, her remarks on the actor's proper place and importance in the intellectual community, seem to me worthy of our most earnest regard.

Others, I know, apparently annoyed by her view of the present condition of our stage,¹ which, let it be allowed, is not that of an enthusiast, have objected that Mrs. Kemble is no longer actively concerned with the art she criticises. As I have already said, this seems to me the particular condition which makes so strongly for her criticism.

"He who has watched, not shared the fight,
Knows how the day has gone."

Among, but not of, us she stands, a solitary and interesting figure, leaning, from the silence of the past, an equal ear to the "exulting thunder" of the present. Its triumphs and its failures are alike impersonal to her. Amid the noise of contending factions, the charge and counter-charge of rival theorists, she can still keep a steadfast head, and a judgment, touched a little, it may be, with memories unknown to us, but yet unswayed by individual interest, undimmed by individual caprice. The comparisons we so vainly strive to draw between ourselves and our fathers are possible to her; and though it would be expecting too much of poor human nature to ask her to find in them all the inferiority of the latter that we are so pleased to discover, it is less in actual performance than in conception and method, that, if I read her words aright, she finds inadequacy in the former.

Mrs. Kemble has been reproached with disparaging the actor's art. "That a Kemble," complains the writer of a recent article in the *Quarterly Review*—"that a Kemble should disparage the actor's art is

¹ An attempt has also been made to disparage the value of Mrs. Kemble's criticism by reminding us that they are in effect no more than a reprint of a paper contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* some twenty years ago. Be it so; for my part I see no objection. They are as applicable now as then; in some respects, even more so; for if our theatre then was less serious in its designs and less fortunate than now, it also took far less upon itself than, in some quarters at any rate, it now does.

indeed strange." And yet this is what she finds to say of it:—

"It requires in its professors the imagination of the poet, the ear of the musician, the eye of the painter and sculptor, and over and above these, a faculty peculiar to itself, inasmuch as the actor personally fulfils and embodies his conception; his own voice is his cunningly modulated instrument; his own face the canvas whereon he portrays the various expressions of his passion; his own frame the mould in which he casts the images of beauty and majesty that fill his brain; and whereas the painter and sculptor may select, of all possible attitudes, occupations, and expressions, the most favourable to the beautiful effect they desire to produce and fix, and bid it so remain fixed for ever, the actor must live and move through a temporary existence of poetry and passion, and preserve throughout its duration, that ideal grace and dignity, of which the canvas and the marble give but a silent and motionless image."

True, she finds this also:—

"And yet it is an art that requires no study worthy of the name: it creates nothing—it perpetuates nothing; to its professors, whose personal qualifications form half their merit, is justly given the meed of personal admiration, and the reward of contemporaneous popularity is well bestowed on those whose labour consists in exciting momentary emotion. Their most persevering and successful efforts can only benefit, by a passionate pleasure of at most a few years' duration, the play-going public of their own immediate day."

No doubt, such words as these are not quite so satisfying to some minds as would be Campbell's glorification of Mrs. Kemble's famous uncle, for example, to which, indeed, when taken without their qualification, they bear no slight resemblance¹; or as it would be

¹ Campbell has, perhaps, rather faded from the memories of the present generation, and it may not be amiss to quote his lines; they were written for a public meeting, held in June, 1817, on the occasion of Kemble's retirement from the stage:—

"His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb."

to hear that "it is acting chiefly that can open to others the means of illuminating the world"; or as to be told that the great demand for acting editions of his plays is a proof how much the stage has done with the present generation to keep alive the study of Shakespeare. Yet, if this be disparagement, what, in the name of common sense, must be praise!

The desire for praise is itself a laudable desire, but the praise desired should be "in due measure and discreet." When it takes such a form as—

"Shakespeare and Garrick like twin stars
shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine,"

it is only natural that some one should retaliate with Goethe's well-known saying that Shakespeare is not truly a theatre-poet at all—"he never thought of the stage; it was far too narrow for his great mind." One must not, of course, take this saying quite literally. Indeed, Goethe has himself qualified it by adding that the poet's age and the existing conditions of the theatre did not make the same demands upon him that have hampered subsequent writers. Had he been writing for the court of Madrid, like Calderon, or for the theatre of Lewis XIV., like Molière, "he would probably have adapted himself to a severer theatrical form." Then he concludes: "This is by no means to be regretted, for *what Shakespeare has lost as a theatrical poet, he has gained as a poet in general.*"

But, we are told, Goethe cannot "on any intelligible law of evidence be set up as a supreme judge of the dramatic exposition of a poet whose greatest interpreters he never saw"² a disqualification which is at least shared by those of the present generation who think differently from Goethe. Coleridge, we are reminded, "was in a much better position than Goethe to

² "Shakespeare on the Stage and in the Study," by Henry Irving. *Good Words*, January, 1833.

speak judicially, and he said that seeing Edmund Kean act was 'like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.' True, he did say so; but he said something else as well; he said, "his rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial" (the rapid rise and fall, that is, that gave the idea of the lightning flash), "though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable." When Coleridge's well-known words are thus read with their context, which they never, or hardly ever, are, their true significance is plain enough; especially when we add to them the next sentence, "I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello." Coleridge did not, that is to say, find in Kean that *distinction* which a famous critic of our own day has found in Mr. Irving; though, of course, the distinction of a Benedict is a very different thing from the distinction of an Othello, as the distinction of a D'Orsay would be from the distinction of a Byron, the distinction of a Chesterfield from the distinction of a Swift. However, as we are to deal only with the eye-witnesses of these great interpreters, we will not stop at Coleridge. Let us take another; let us take Charles Lamb, surely the last of men to disparage the actor's work. "It may seem a paradox," he says, "but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguishing excellence is a reason why they should be so. There is so much in them which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye and tone and gesture have nothing to do." Again, let us take Hazlitt, another eye-witness, and a very acute and appreciative critic of theatrical work. "The representing," he says, "the very finest of them [Shakespeare's plays] on the stage, is, we apprehend, an abuse of the genius of the poet; and even in those of a second-rate class, the quantity of sentiment and imagery

greatly outweighs the immediate impression of the situation and the story. . . . It is only the *pantomime* part of tragedy, the exhibition of immediate and physical distress, that which gives the greatest opportunity for 'inexpressible dumb show and noise,' which is sure to tell, and tell completely on the stage. All the rest, all that appeals to our profounder feelings, to reflection and imagination—all that affects us most deeply in our closets, and, in fact, constitutes the glory of Shakespeare—is little else than an interruption and a drag on the business of the stage. . . . We do not mean to say that there is less knowledge or display of mere stage effect in Shakespeare than in other writers, but that there is much greater knowledge and display of other things, which divide the attention with it, and to which it is not possible to give an equal force in the representation." Perhaps it would have been as well for the advocates of the theatrical Shakespeare to have remained content with the judgment of Goethe, to have been less solicitous for more "judicial" evidence. "What hast thou done unto me? I took thee to curse mine enemies, and behold thou has blessed them altogether!"

To put the poet above the actor, to maintain that a Shakespeare is "still better than our very best" Garrick, in no way, as some seem to think, entails any depreciation of the latter. We have seen that the great critics who lived and wrote in the days of the "greatest interpreters" of the Shakesperian drama would have none of the twinship claimed for the actor by Garrick's panegyrist, while at the same time delighting to give the latter in full measure all the praise that was rightly his. And Goethe, how fond he was of the theatre and all its works, surely every one must know, though 'tis true he never let his fondness run away with his judgment, as indeed was not his wont in any matter. Yet, as he seems in certain quarters to be looked upon

with suspicion as a witness in this case, we will see what he has to say on it elsewhere. "Any one," so runs his testimony, "who is sufficiently young, and who is not quite spoiled, could not easily find any place that would suit him so well as a theatre. No one asks you any questions; you need not open your mouth unless you choose; on the contrary, you sit quite at your ease like a king, letting everything pass before you, and re-creating your mind and senses to your heart's content. There is poetry, there is painting, there are singing and music, there is acting—and what not besides. When all these arts, and the charm of youth and beauty heightened to an important degree, work in concert on the same evening, it is a bouquet with which no other can compare. But even when part is bad and part is good, it is still better than looking out of a window, or playing a game at whist in a close room amid the smoke of cigars." There is not much depreciation about this; on the contrary, here is true praise, "in due measure and discreet," not unduly exalting the actor's part in the theatrical entertainment, but giving it its proper place, one, the most important no doubt, but still one among many factors which go to make up the sum of our enjoyment in a theatre—though what Goethe would have said to the introduction of tobacco, which plays so important a part in the modern drama, I do not know.

These extravagant claims for consideration, arise in part from a personal sentiment, which, if a little unreasonable, is, no doubt, in the circumstances natural enough; one, at any rate, it can be scarcely worth while to take very seriously. Indeed, the best way to deal with this part of the question is to remind the claimants of Lamb's saying, that he never found Tom Davis, the bookseller—the same Davis who had, as Churchill tells us, "a very pretty wife"—who is recorded to have recited the *Paradise*

Lost better than any man in England in his day, "was therefore, by his intimate friends, set upon a level with Milton." But in their most important aspect they arise mainly out of that confusion between the *dramatic* and the *theatrical*, which, as Mrs. Kemble has reminded us, has always been popular among English people, and has certainly lost none of its popularity to-day. It is hardly possible now to take up any writing on theatrical subjects without finding this confusion seven times confounded; and while (this is so, so long will those subjects be treated as they are now, with sympathy often, with learning, with eloquence, but never quite with that clear view and right perspective which are necessary to make those other qualities truly formative—are especially necessary, if I may say so, when dealing with a subject in the consideration of which sympathy, and even sentiment, is a little apt to take too large a share.

We are frequently reminded by the advocates of the theatre, the theatre, and nothing but the theatre, how Voltaire has placed on record his amazement at the pathos of one of his own scenes, as revealed to him by the voice of the great French actor, Le Kain. The real point at issue could not possibly be put within a clearer or more simple compass. The whole difference lies between the qualities of such a poet as Voltaire and the qualities of such a poet as Shakespeare—between the poet who wrote with his eye fixed upon the theatre, and the poet who wrote with his eye fixed upon the whole world of human nature. And those who cannot see that this is the real question, and cannot see the inevitable answer to it, must perforce be suffered to continue asserting in perfect satisfaction to the end of their lives that "Shakespeare belongs to the stage for ever, and his glories must always inalienably belong to it." Shakespeare!—whom to represent upon the stage at all it is necessary to play all manner of trans-

formation tricks with, to pare down, as it were, those godlike proportions till they can be brought within the cribbed and cabined compass of the scene! And this, not only in our own time, but always, has been so. Mr. Swinburne, in his eloquent study of Shakespeare—the study of a great poet by a poet who is also a great critic, when he chooses—Mr. Swinburne has reminded us, who are, perhaps, a little apt to forget that fact, that it was so in the days when Hemings and Condell ruled the poet's own stage;¹ it was so, we know, in the days of Garrick, and the Kembles, and Kean; it is so now. Let it be granted that, as fashion now rules the stage, time, to mention no other cause, would not allow of *Hamlet*, or of any of the plays, being acted to the very letter; let it be granted that alterations are not only inevitable, but that those our present authorities have prescribed are as little arbitrary and disfiguring as may be. Still, they exist, and are what they are. And yet in this transformed, this maimed, disfigured Shakespeare, who, compared to the reality, is, to use his own Falstaff's words, "as a man made after supper of a cheese-paring," are we bidden to believe the true greatness of the poet only may be discovered!—are we bidden to recognise the only true means of "illuminating the world!" Surely the flight of unreason can soar no higher pitch.

Neither Hazlitt, nor Lamb, nor Goethe, nor any just and clear-headed critic, has ever meant to ban the representation of Shakespeare's plays upon the stage, or to detract one iota from the praise which is the actor's due who excels in such representations.

¹ He has reminded us that the actors threw out all the poet's additions to the first version of *Hamlet*, additions which have "impaired its fitness for the stage, and increased its value for the closet in exact and perfect proportion"—a fact which seems rather to discount the *Quarterly Reviewer's* assertion that, "of one thing we may be sure—the men who wrote for those theatres were careful not to write over the heads of their public."

It is the highest reach of his art, and he who is greater when dealing with the characters of Shakespeare than when dealing with the characters of any other writer, must always be the greatest actor. A clever French writer, who knows the English language well, and who has made Shakespeare his especial study,² has put the case very well. He had been to see a representation of *Macbeth*, as arranged by M. Lacroix, with certain omissions and alterations, which his knowledge of the original allowed him to admit were very skilfully and intelligently made. Yet he found that the performance, good as it was, afflicted him, and others too—no less admirers of the poet's work—with a certain sense of not altogether agreeable surprise, and even of weariness. He has asked himself why this was so, and has found himself obliged to answer that "Shakespeare is too great a poet not to lose much in the theatre." "When you read Shakespeare," he says, "he is the greatest of poets; when you see his work acted, he is only the first of playwrights. True, the effect is very powerful; so powerful that you forget for the moment the beauty of the language, the prodigious depth and range of the characters, you see only strange and terrible deeds. . . . The tramp of feet, the clash of arms, the tolling of bells, all tend to diminish the beauty of the words, to dull the colour of the imagery." Yet he would by no means forbid his plays being acted. On the contrary. "It is right," he says, "that Shakespeare's plays should be acted, but on this condition, that it is clearly understood beforehand, what he loses by it, and how inferior in value even is what is left. When one truly knows the great poet, when by reading his works one has gone through all

² M. Émile Montégut, in his *Essais sur la Littérature Anglaise*, Paris, 1883. M. Montégut has translated all Shakespeare's works, and his translation has received the honour of the Academy's award, and the scarce less significant honour of M. Edmond Schérer's praise.

the poetic and philosophical feelings of the imagination, then it is interesting, and after all right that one should wish to learn what are the purely physical emotions the acted scene can give. But those who know the poet only in the theatre, carry away with them the most false and narrow idea of his work, for they carry away with them, let me say again, the idea not of the greatest of poets, but of the greatest of play-writers." It is surely as the greatest of poets rather than as the greatest of play-writers that Shakespeare has won his sovereignty; it is surely as such that his countrymen, even as do the great minds of other countries, would wish to do him honour.

To all who will take the trouble to think seriously for a moment on the subject all this can be little more than a truism. But it is precisely because so many people seem to-day to find their account in not thinking seriously, precisely because the state of mind which allowed that desperate couplet in Garrick's epitaph on the walls of Westminster Abbey, seems to be coming into vogue again to-day, that the truth, however much of a truism it may be, cannot but be worth re-

peating. The mischief done, by those who should know better than to foster this unhealthy mental condition, to the theatre they are so anxious to glorify is twofold. It is inevitable, on the one hand, that the material with which the actor has to work should deteriorate when its producers discover that it has practically no place in the theatrical scheme, but, good or bad, is regarded merely as the appanage of the actor, the platform merely, or the frame for his figure. It is inevitable, too, that the actor himself should suffer. Proportion is the great medicine of humanity; and he who is always living out of proportion may hardly hope for a long or vigorous life. And therefore it cannot but be well that the words I have quoted from Mrs. Kemble should be seriously taken to heart by every actor who, as Goethe says of the spectator, is sufficiently young and not quite spoiled. He who clearly understands how vast the gulf which separates, and must ever separate, the actor from such a poet as Shakespeare, will have done far more to lessen the gap than he who claims for himself a place with the poet on the farther side.

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH SIR STANHOPE MAURICE IS FOOLHARDY,—BRYAN SINCLAIR IS UNFORTUNATE,—TOM BERNE IS OFFICIOUS, AND KATE ROLAND IS A MINUTE TOO LATE.

SIR STANHOPE MAURICE dropped in to see Madeleine the next day, and received the startling information that she had gone and left no address. He consulted Kate Roland, and they agreed that Sinclair was at the bottom of the mystery. "He has carried her off with him," was the unuttered thought in both their minds. But the baronet's subsequent encounter with Bryan at the club left him with the persuasion that the latter was as much in the dark as himself as to Madeleine's whereabouts. Kate, however, judging of the matter apart from Bryan's personal influence, was of another opinion. At all events, it was necessary to go after Madeleine at once, and Kate prepared to set out, and Stanhope was ready to accompany her.

At this juncture he received a communication that puzzled him. A letter reached him through the post-office, containing the following words: "Sir, I know where she is. Trust nobody, but come alone to Hyde Park Corner at six to-morrow evening, and you shall hear.—An old acquaintance." There was nothing in the appearance or handwriting of this letter to indicate its source. Sir Stanhope finally decided to keep the appointment, but he said nothing to Kate about it, lest she should try to dissuade him.

Before following him further, we must return to Lord Castlemere. After leaving Lady Mayfair, he went home and prepared for a journey. He dressed himself in a costume more

suitable to San Francisco than to Piccadilly, slung his banjo over his shoulder, took Manita by the hand, and set forth.

"Where are we going, papa?" asked the child.

"Where nobody knows us."

"Why?"

"So we may not get lost, Manita."

"Shall we come back again?"

"Ask no more questions."

They travelled by coach. The day was cold and drizzly, and there was little light. The motion of the vehicle soon rocked Manita asleep; she curled up her little feet, rested her head under her father's arm, and closed her large bright eyes. Jack, for his part, presently fell into a reverie. A world of ideas—a spiritual world—was never far from him. His wanderings in this super-sensual region had a certain reality of their own, and at times, when his visions took bodily as well as mental possession of him, he would awake to find himself in some strange place or situation, without any recollection how he came there. An interior sight was opened in him, causing him, perhaps, to put upon material objects other than a material interpretation—as when one sees men as trees, walking. On this occasion his reverie was of a pleasing character. He was journeying away from some stifling City of Destruction, in which he had been bemazed. His heart beat stronger, his chest heaved, a freer air touched his forehead. To enjoy liberty, one must have been bound neck and heels for a year or two. Wealth and rank were the two jailers who had been keeping guard over poor Jack; but he had given them the slip, and saved his soul alive. The imprisonment, real though it had seemed while he was its victim, was now all the

fabric of a dream—a delusion, a negation. All oppression seems so, when it is past. Slavery must last a long time to become a man's second nature.

Liberty, sculpture, music—these were the good fairies whose gracious splendour brightened the horizon and shone along the way, betraying the unreality of mud and clouds. Another phantom there was, appearing only at intervals; but Jack knew her well: she had been, since his boyhood, an inspiration and a hope. He had spoken with her face to face, had touched her hand; at every culminating epoch of his life it was natural that she should appear, either to warn or to encourage him. Yesterday he had felt that he loved her; but they had never spoken of love; and how can a man love a vision? But Jack was sensible of a strange, sweet trouble of the heart—a languorous emotion, a magnetised beating of the pulses, when this vision presented itself. There she was, again! Had not her eyes encountered his before the veil was drawn? Was the veil also a dream?

Somewhat disturbed, he aroused himself, and saw that they were just leaving the dusky main street of a small town where they had changed horses. Manita still slept at his side; in the west was a gleam of dim brightness. The rain had ceased, and a faint breeze came cool across the damp meadows.

Two hours later, Jack was leaning on the railing of the little steamboat that was to convey him across the channel. Passengers and cargo were aboard, the last hawser had been cast loose, and the paddle-wheels began to revolve. The black pier, with its confused crowd, its flaring lights, its wet sides lapped by the waves, grew distant and indistinct. The salt wind came to Jack's nostrils and warmed his blood. Overhead, the dark hollow of the sky sparkled with stars. As they gained the offing, the boat plunged and rose across the gulf and ridges of the waves. Jack was alone, save for the man at the helm, the look-out

forward, and the officer with his cigar on the bridge.

By and by a figure came up the companion way and advanced towards him. The figure was scarcely defined in the darkness, but Jack perceived that it was a woman. She probably supposed him to be one of the crew; she did not notice him, but stood near him with her hands on the railing, gazing off to leeward. In this position her face, with its dark eyes and oval outlines, was revealed. She gave a long sigh, and partly turned towards him.

"It is really you," he said.

"She gazed at him fixedly several moments. "Are you alone?" she asked.

"Manita and I."

"Is Manita the little girl?"

"My daughter. Are you coming with us?"

"I am alone."

"You carry happiness with you," said he, after a pause.

"That is a strange thing for me to hear!"

"You have greater things to do than to live for me; but I live for you,"

"How can I be anything to you?"

"It was for you I left London. The thought of you shall make me good; and I shall try to make Manita like you."

"You must hate her, then!"

Jack was silent. Their eyes met. "I love you!" he said.

She started, and half closed her eyes. With her right hand she made a quick waving gesture before her face. "Love, disaster, and wickedness, rather! Will you do me a service?"

"Any in the world!"

"Throw me into the sea!" She stepped close to him as she spoke, and stood with raised arms, as if waiting for him to cast her overboard. But presently her arms dropped to her sides, and she laughed hysterically.

"So we do on the stage," she said. "One night leap into the arms of death; the next, smile in the arms of

a lover; and the love and the death are both make-believe. You love me, do you? Well, it might have been. You knew me first; and you seem a man to be loved. Is it fate, or my own will? We are fortune's fools, all of us!"

"Can I defend you from anything?" he asked, heeding her tone and not her words.

"Defend me against my love!" she said, with a smile of irony. "Defend me against myself! I love danger, despair, and evil, and I am become what I love. Defend me by making me love you! Ha, ha, ha! I am only acting. The world is too small—no room for more than one man and woman in it at a time! You are not the man. But you think me an angel, I suppose? Well, angels vanish, and so will I!"

Jack put forth his hand and grasped her arm, as she was turning away. "I feel that you are a woman," said he. "We were made for each other."

"For each other's misery, then," she replied. "Let me go."

"We shall know each other," said he, relinquishing his hold slowly. "The time will come."

"It would be a sorry time," was her rejoinder. "Love and knowledge are bad company." She drew back into the gloom, and, in another moment, had disappeared. Jack was once more alone with the waves and the stars. As he leaned over the side, the pale spectre of a ship, with all sails set, glided silently past at a little distance. She bore a light on her foremast, and another over her stern. A shout came from her, faint against the breeze as an infant's murmur. Jack strained his ears to listen, but the sound was not repeated; and as the ship veered upon another tack, the shadow crept over her hollow sails, and she vanished as if swallowed up in the sea.

About seven o'clock in the evening, as Kate Roland was sitting solitary before her fire, with her arms folded

and her eyes fixed on the coals, Stanhope Maurice was announced, and came hastily in.

"Oh, Stanhope, I'm so glad you've come!" she exclaimed, rising eagerly and giving him her hand. "Have you any news? I do so want to be up and doing!"

Stanhope looked grave, and laid aside his hat and overcoat before making any reply. "I have some news," he then said, seating himself, "though of what value remains to be proved. Whom do you suppose I have just parted from?"

"Not Bryan? Who then?"

"Of all men in the world, my old foreman, Tom Berne,—you know he has been Bryan's servant for some years back, and has been going rather to the bad, I fancy. However, he seems to have some conscience after all. Bryan is as great a scoundrel as we suspected."

"If Tom Berne has convinced you of that, I thank him, for one!" said Kate, nodding her head, with a side glance. "He turned State's evidence, did he?"

"He wrote me a note, anonymously, in consequence of which I met him at the place he named. The story he told sounds terribly plausible. He says Bryan persuaded Madeleine to go to Paris; but, in order to avert suspicion, she was to start a day or two before him, he meanwhile to remain here and put her friends on a wrong scent—in-sinuate that she has gone to America, or something of that sort. That corresponds with what he has actually done, you see. Before long, Tom says, Bryan will leave London, to join her in Paris. We must not lose sight of him."

"Can't we get to her before he does?"

"Tom thinks it would be impossible, as we have no clue to her hiding-place. When Tom has found out, through Bryan, where she is, he will guide us there. I have appointed a meeting-place with him in Paris."

"Did you give him any money, or

did he ask for any?" demanded Kate, after a little reflection.

"I offered him some, but he refused it."

"Seems rather odd, doesn't it? What reason did he give for telling you this?"

"He said, 'It was at his, Bryan's orders, sir, that I shot and killed my brother Hugh, in America. And I swore I'd be revenged for it!'"

"Can that be true?"

"I don't see what object the man can have in volunteering a falsehood. But he told me a great many other things that I wish I could believe were false."

"About Bryan?"

"Yes. The amount of it is, that Bryan has committed crimes enough to hang him half a dozen times over. In most of them he has made Tom his accomplice, or cat's-paw, and so bound him to secrecy. He seems to have made a slave of the poor wretch, body and soul. A few months ago, Bryan took out a heavy insurance on one of the great East Indiamen, and had her scuttled, or blown up at sea. There are a number of other cases, nearly, or quite as bad, but here," continued Stanhope, taking a bundle of papers from his pocket, "are some documents that prove that he was concerned in that great bank forgery that occurred several weeks back, and which has remained a mystery. These will be enough for our purpose."

"Will they be sufficient to convict him?"

"Probably; but I can put them to a better use than that. By letting Bryan know I have them, I can force him to give up his designs against Madeleine, and take himself permanently out of the way.

"Why not have him arrested at once?"

"You know Madeleine's temper; if we forcibly prevented him from joining her, she might cling to him out of mere defiance; but if he ran away from her to save his skin, she would be disgusted and give him up."

"He is too dangerous a man to try experiments with."

"He is sure to get caught sooner or later; and meanwhile, we had better make what use we can of him."

"Well, it may be so," said Kate, after a pause. "But, do you know, I feel misgivings about the whole thing. Tom's conduct seems very strange, however you look at it. If he could muster up courage enough to apply to you, why didn't he apply to the police? How can we be certain that Madeleine has not gone to America, after all?"

"Nothing is absolutely certain until it is proved, of course," Stanhope admitted; "but if you had heard Tom yourself, I think you would have inclined to believe him. At all events, the affair is at such a pass now, that we can't afford to let any chance slip. We must do the best we can with the information we have, and trust to the turn of the moment, for the rest."

"Poor Madey!" said Kate, tears coming to her eyes. "What a fate, to be entangled with that man!"

"It is horrible in every way," returned Stanhope. "Bryan has been my dearest and most intimate friend; there never was a man with finer or stronger capacities; I would have done anything for him; and here I am, picked out by destiny to hunt him down and prove him a criminal and a villain! I would rather be dead myself!"

The honourable little baronet's voice wavered and grew husky. Human philosophy finds it difficult to appreciate the Divine justice of the triumph of evil over good in mortal life.

"You will live to save Madeleine," said Kate, with an assurance in her tone which she did not, perhaps, altogether feel.

After some further conversation, they separated, having arranged their plans on the basis of information afforded by Tom Berne.

They arrived in Paris a few days later, and Stanhope lost no time in

presenting himself at the appointed rendezvous. Tom, however, failed to appear. The place was near the southern outskirts of the city, at a cabaret in the corner of a narrow street which lay between blank walls for the distance of a hundred yards or so, and then, taking a bend, ended in an open waste place, half an acre in area, littered with heaps of rubbish, and hollowed out at one spot into an irregular pit of some depth. After sitting for half an hour in the cabaret, sipping a glass of sour wine, Sir Stanhope stepped outside, and paced slowly along the narrow lane, until he reached the open place. It was already dark, and there were no lights; but, as the baronet stood there, he fancied he discerned the movement of a figure among the heaps of rubbish beyond. He concentrated his gaze upon it, but could no longer make out anything; either the figure had vanished, or his senses had misled him. He returned to the cabaret, and as there continued to be no signs of Tom Berne, he finally gave up expecting him for that evening, and betook himself to the hotel, where Kate was awaiting his report.

"No news," he said, on entering; "and I begin to fear you may have been right—that they are not in Paris after all."

"I was wrong, my dear," returned Kate. "I saw her this evening."

The baronet jumped up from the chair in which he had just before wearily seated himself. But to his eager look Kate responded with a shake of the head.

"It was only a glimpse," said she; "I was at the window, and saw her cross the street. I pulled open the window and called out to her; she glanced round, and she must have seen me; but she only hastened to get out of the way, poor child. I put on my hat and went after her as quickly as possible, but it was no use; I couldn't find her."

Sir Stanhope sighed heavily, and resealed himself.

"If any harm has come to her, I

don't want to live," he exclaimed sullenly. And now that she knows you are here, it will be all the harder to find her. If I can only meet Sinclair!"

"I hope, at least, you will have some police-officers within reach when you do meet him. You are running a great risk, going to him alone in this way."

"Sinclair can do nothing to me unless he murders me, and he won't do that. And as for the police, they would spoil the only chance there is of helping Madeleine."

And from this position the baronet refused to be dislodged.

The greater part of the next day he passed in his room, pacing up and down in his Napoleonic style, and writing letters. He was thoughtful and taciturn, but not so much depressed as formerly. It was a bright and sunny day, and he could see from his window crowds of Parisians strolling about and enjoying themselves. The violent and tragic scenes through which the city had passed, and which were still in store for it, cast no retrospective or prophetic shadow over the cheerful present. Tragedy, in its effect upon the general welfare and temper of mankind, is among the least real and permanent of mortal incidents. The murdered are dead; the murderers vanish; the world contrives to draw an indirect advantage from the catastrophe, and forgets it. The race moves onward blindly and instinctively towards a still receding horizon, where tragedy shall no more exist. The elements of health are gathered up and kept; those of feebleness and failure are left behind. Like shadows they possess no reality, although, as we are at present constituted, they are the evidence of it.

Sir Stanhope dined with Kate Roland, and the conversation, by a tacit agreement perhaps, avoided the topic which must be supposed to have mainly occupied their minds, and touched upon lighter matters. The baronet spoke of his mother, who had

latterly suffered from a partial loss of memory, and appeared to be sinking into a gradual decline; of his financial affairs, which, he thought, were about to enter on a more hopeful phase; of various events of his own life, which he now seemed to look upon in a different and wiser light than heretofore; of Australia, and the possibility of his attempting to begin a new career in the new world.

Kate listened with a feeling of sadness, though she made a point of answering him cheerfully. She looked forward to the immediate future with no little anxiety, and had made up her mind to take certain measures which she would not at present reveal to her friend.

Dinner being over, Stanhope prepared to go forth.

"I feel certain that I shall see Bryan this time," he remarked. "He will know from Madeleine that we are here, and that his purpose is known. You will hear all about it to-night."

"Be careful; and do not expect too much," said Kate, as she gave him her hand at parting. "By the way, where is your place of meeting?"

"It could do no good to tell you," answered he; "besides, it was part of my understanding with Berne that nothing be said about it. The risk he runs entitles him to some security."

Kate said no more, and they separated; but no sooner had he left the house than she put on her pelisse and hat, and followed him.

Stanhope, walking rapidly, had already got out of sight by the time Kate reached the street; but she had watched him the previous day from the window, and knew the general direction he would take; besides which, from some hints he had let fall in conversation from time to time, she had been able to form an approximate idea of his probable destination. She hurried on, therefore, as swiftly as she could, and was glad that the lateness of the hour, and the comparative unfrequentedness of the region through which her course lay, protected her

from curious notice. She had arranged no settled plan of action, but she believed Stanhope was in danger, and she was prepared to do what a woman might to help him, if need were.

When Stanhope arrived at the cabaret, he opened the door, and at once saw Bryan seated at a small table, with his back towards him. Tom Berne sat at the opposite side of the table, facing the door. He looked up, and his glance met that of the baronet, but no change was expressed in his features.

Stanhope walked up to the table, laid his hand on Bryan's chair, and said, in a low voice,

"Sinclair!"

Bryan turned about, not in a startled way, but deliberately, and, upon seeing the other, arose. His face was a good deal altered. He had let his beard grow, and his eyes were concealed beneath a pair of green goggles. A soft felt hat was pulled down over his forehead.

"What the devil do you want?" he demanded, after a moment, in a stern tone, but quietly.

Tom Berne, from the background, made a signal to Stanhope, which the latter understood as an entreaty not to betray him.

"It happens that we have met," he said. "I have something to say to you. Shall it be here, or outside?"

Bryan gazed steadily at him for a few seconds, then a peculiar smile parted his lips, which he moistened with the tip of his pointed tongue. He turned round brusquely, walked up to the desk, and paid his reckoning, came back to Stanhope, and taking him by the arm, exclaimed, "*Allons donc, camarade, dépêchons nous!*" and drew him out of the cabaret, Tom Berne following close behind. They walked slowly down the narrow lane towards the waste place.

Stanhope spoke rapidly and with excitement; Bryan listened, and occasionally gave a low laugh. Arrived at the end of the lane, they halted, and the two men faced each other. Tom

withdrew into the shadow of the wall, close to Bryan.

"Well, come to the point," said Bryan. "What are you going to do?"

"Your liberty, if not your life, is at my mercy," said Stanhope. "If you remain in this city twelve hours longer, or attempt to see her again, I'll have you arrested."

"The deuce you will! What—an old friend like me!"

"I mean what I say."

"Bless my heart!" said Bryan, still in a bantering way. "A champion, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Well, my dear boy, if you are determined to proceed to extremities, I won't baulk you. Stay with me to-night, and to-morrow morning, as long before sunrise as you like, we will betake ourselves to some secluded spot, and have it out together with whatever weapons you may select, from squirt-guns to flying artillery. Will that satisfy you?"

"I will not honour such a scoundrel as you by fighting you," said the baronet, loudly. "If you attempt to evade me, I'll denounce you this moment as a thief and a murderer! I have the proofs. The police are not far off."

"Tut, tut! keep your tongue behind your teeth, my fine fellow!" said Bryan, stepping closer to him, with a terrible look. At this juncture, Tom approached his master, and whispered something in his ear. Bryan glanced down the lane, and then laid his hand on Stanhope's shoulder. "You have the proofs, eh?" he said. "Where are they?"

"Hands off, you villain!" shouted the other, wrenching himself loose. "Touch me at your peril."

"Don't be a fool, Stan," said Bryan, speaking in a deep voice close to the baronet's face. "I don't want to hurt you. Come, be sensible."

"Stand off!" cried Stanhope; and drawing back, he aimed a blow at the red-haired Hercules.

The latter brushed the blow aside,

and by a sudden movement passed his arm round his antagonist's neck, and clapped his hand over his mouth. The two struggled together for a few moments, until Stanhope succeeded in partly freeing his head, and uttered a loud cry. Just then Tom again approached, and slipped some object into Bryan's left hand. Bryan's fingers closed upon it mechanically; perhaps, in the preoccupation of the contest, he scarcely realised what it was. Stanhope, meanwhile, continued to make desperate efforts to break loose; they whirled into the open place, and, stumbling over one of the heaps of rubbish, came headlong to the ground, Stanhope undermost. As he fell, he uttered a deep groan. Bryan rose to his feet, but the baronet lay still.

"What's the matter with him?" said Bryan, after a moment.

"A won't shout any more!" returned Tom, gazing down at the fallen man, with an odd chuckle in his throat. "Yo' gev' it 'im sound—thro' the heart!"

Bryan stooped down, and passed his hand over the other's breast; apparently he touched something which caused him to start erect again; for several seconds he seemed unable to act or speak. At length he said, in a gloomy, monotonous tone, "It's sticking upright in him. Damn you, Tom Berne, this is your doing again! What did you give me the cursed thing for?"

"Here they come, master," said Tom, pointing down the lane, where several figures appeared hurrying along beneath the lamp at the corner of the cabaret. "Best be off! A'll do for 'em!"

Bryan looked, hesitated, and retreated, leaping over the heaps of rubbish, and speedily vanishing in the darkness. Tom, before leaving the ground, felt in the fallen man's pockets, and drew forth some papers, which he transferred to his own. But by the time Kate Roland, with the proprietor of the cabaret, and a gen-darme, reached the spot, nothing re-

mained there but the dead body of Sir Stanhope Maurice, stretched out on its back, with a knife in its heart. The innkeeper was voluble with exclamations and protestations; the officer was grim and laconic; and Kate dropped on her knees, with clasped hands, and grief and bitterness in her soul.

CHAPTER XLV.

"They who do ill, yet feel no preference for it, Do it in base and tasteless ignorance."

ABOUT two hours later, Kate Roland returned, exhausted and sick at heart, to her hotel. The inquest upon Sir Stanhope's body would be held on the following day. There was no doubt in Kate's mind as to who had done the murder, but she had already reflected that the technical evidence necessary to secure arrest and conviction might be difficult to obtain; and even supposing that obstacle overcome, it would probably prove next to impossible to lay hands upon the guilty man. It would be easy for Bryan to leave Paris, and find an asylum in Belgium or elsewhere; no doubt he was already on his way. The murder, she argued, must have been premeditated, and, consequently, the means of eluding capture likewise. There was but one redeeming feature discernible in this gloom of disaster, and that was that it must put an end to all relations between Bryan and Madeleine. The latter's infatuation must vanish for ever in the face of such a crime as this. Nothing that her friends could have devised to separate her from Bryan could have achieved that end so infallibly as this deed of Bryan himself. For that end, Stanhope would have deemed his own death not too high a price to pay; and as for the retribution on the murderer, would not that come when and in what manner Providence saw fit? Kate had known too much of tragedy to be bloodthirsty; she could let Bryan go, in the assurance that the safety of Madeleine was of infinitely greater

import than the legal punishment of a villain. Bryan was gone; let him be forgotten. . . .

She opened the door of her sitting-room, and went in. The candelabra was alight, and its radiance fell upon a figure that rose from its chair as she entered. Kate's eyes were dazzled, and she fancied at first that she was deceived by some mental or optical hallucination. But, as she stood motionless, staring, the figure spoke, and the tones, as well as the aspect and bearing, were those of Bryan Sinclair, and of no other.

His identity and reality were unmistakable, and he was speaking to her; but how he came there, or what he was saying, Kate had at the moment no conception. She stood in a sort of horror-stricken trance, unable to remove her eyes from his face, or to bring her mind into any kind of relation with the incredible fact; mechanically, and without being in the least aware of it, she drew off her gloves, rolled them together, and put them in her pocket. Bryan Sinclair in her room! Was he a vision, or was the murder a dream? No, both were real. How was it, then?

Bryan was carefully dressed in evening costume; his face was smooth-shaven. There seemed to be a smile on his features. What was this he was saying?

"I accidentally came across your address this afternoon. I was on my way to the 'Français,' and took the opportunity to drop in. But I thought Stanhope was with you. If I can have a chat with him, I won't detain you any longer. Where is he?"

"Where is—who?" asked Kate, in a low, grating tone, that did not seem to her to proceed from her own lips.

"Stanhope—Stanhope Maurice. He came over with you, surely? I presume you are both on the same errand as myself—to search for Madeleine? What I want to know is, whether you have succeeded any better than I. What's the matter, Mrs. Roland?"

"You murdered him—what more do

you want to know?" said Kate, unsteadily.

Black spots were beginning to dance before her eyes, and she was conscious of a mad inclination to laugh. The fear that she was going to faint, or to lose her mind, came upon her with a shock, and aided her to recover herself. Bryan laid down his hat and gloves, and gazed at her in seeming amazement.

"I suppose you speak figuratively," said he, after a pause, "though it's rather severe to call the successful rival of a man his murderer; not to mention that I'm not so successful as I could wish either. But, really, has anything happened?"

"I will tell you what has happened, if you have forgotten," returned Kate, rousing herself from her stupor, and speaking with a certain wildness of manner. "You and Tom Berne met Stanhope this evening at the cabaret in Rue Jérôme. Tom had made the appointment with Stanhope a week ago in London. Stanhope thought Tom meant to betray you; but I believed then, as I know now, that it was a plot you had made between you. You drew him on to the waste place at the end of the lane, and there you killed him. I came up a few moments afterwards, but I was too late. You had run away, and he was dead."

"And he was dead?" repeated Bryan, looking intently at her. He seemed to consider a while, and then he asked, "Were you in time to see murderers making off?"

"I saw—enough."

"And you think I killed him—on the evidence of Tom Berne. Now, Mrs. Roland," said Bryan, in a low, determined tone, "I shall speak to you plainly. I am here, and you can have me arrested and examined as soon as you like; in fact, I'll save you that trouble; I shall communicate with the police myself. I can't afford to have such a suspicion resting on me. But first I will say, for my own satisfaction, that I am sorry Stanhope is dead—if he really is dead. He was not in

my way, though you and he may have thought otherwise."

"I know more than you think," interrupted Kate. "He had proofs of crimes enough to hang you. You killed him to save yourself."

"Crimes? I have never been a saint; but I have done nothing to put me in fear of the law. Where are these proofs?"

"Oh, you could rob him after you murdered him; but that shall not save you."

"Where did he get the proofs? Was it from Tom Berne?"

"I shall answer no questions."

"You will have to answer them at the inquest. But please yourself; I can have no interest but to bring the murderer to justice. And I have already a notion who he is."

"Well, it shall be proved."

"It shall, certainly. Now as to Tom Berne. I dismissed him from my service more than two weeks ago. I have not seen him since. I arrived in Paris this forenoon."

"Those are falsehoods!"

Bryan smiled.

"Tom Berne has reason to be my enemy. I thrashed him and broke his spirit years ago. In California I was the cause of his shooting his own brother. I have always known that he wanted revenge; but hitherto he has been restrained by fear. Since his dismissal he seems to have been at work. The fellow has cunning, and he is desperate. I can see now what his scheme was. He made Stanhope believe that he was still in my employ. He gave him forged proofs of some crime, I don't know what. He pretended that he would bring about a meeting between Stanhope and me. He lured him to some out-of-the-way place, and there he murdered him, designing to throw the suspicion of the deed on me. Those are what I take to be the facts, Mrs. Roland. The plan had infernal ingenuity, but it will not succeed. If Berne is innocent he will come forward and testify. Do you know where he is?"

"For aught I know, you have murdered him too," said Kate.

But Bryan's story, told with such directness and force, had shaken her a little; and Bryan saw it.

"There is no man whom it more concerns me to keep alive," he answered. "Until he has been found, tried, and condemned, I can be neither safe nor content. And whether you believe me innocent or not, it is equally your interest that this man should be produced. Without him you can do nothing."

This was undeniable. If Bryan were guilty, Tom Berne's testimony would be indispensable to a conviction. On the other hand, unless Tom were guilty, why did he not come forward and make his accusation? That he should have been an accomplice in the crime did not occur to Kate; there seemed to be no reason for it. Either Bryan had done the murder, or Tom had done it; and she could not but perceive that, so far as appeared, there was at least as much ground for suspecting Tom as Bryan. But she was not ready to make the admission.

"You have put him out of the way," she said.

"Come, Mrs. Roland, don't be silly!" he exclaimed, taking up his hat and gloves. "How long is it since Stanhope was killed?"

"About three hours."

"Very well. Since that time, according to your notion, I must have hunted out Tom, murdered him, disposed of his body, gone to my hotel and dressed myself for the play, and then come here, of all places in the world! You pay a high compliment to my promptness and self-possession. I say you are silly!"

"Oh, if I could only know!" groaned Kate, dropping into a chair, and covering her face with her hands.

"Keep your head clear and your courage up, and you shall know," returned he. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"Anything to eat?"

"Well, you never needed something

more. The kind of work we have to do cannot be done on an empty stomach."

He went to the bell and rang it, and when the waiter came he ordered him to bring an omelette for the lady, a pint of sherry, and coffee. While these were being brought, he remained silent and apparently preoccupied. Kate, partly from physical weakness, and partly because her reason kept assuring her (in spite of an intuitive feeling to the contrary) that this man, however much a scoundrel generally, could not be guilty of this crime, was also silent, and tacitly submitted to the situation. Surely a man fresh from the murder of his victim could not act, speak, and appear thus; he would be either more or less than human. She was not aware how much human nature includes.

The food and wine came, and Kate found herself able to eat. When she had finished, she looked at Bryan, as if to ask him what was to be done next.

"I have thought it out, Mrs. Roland," he said, "and I think I should lose no time in seeing a police officer in your presence. If you will allow me, I will ring the bell, and ask one to be sent here, and you shall hear me put the case to him. I will give myself into custody for the night, and to-morrow I shall be present at the inquest. Does that satisfy you?"

Kate signified her assent, and this was done accordingly. Bryan told his story to the gendarme, constantly referring to Kate for confirmation and assistance. The officer, having listened attentively and made his notes, informed Bryan that the evidence scarcely seemed to require that he should be detained, but Bryan insisted upon surrendering his freedom until after the inquest. He was consequently provided with a comfortable apartment at the House of Detention for the night. The next day the examination was held, and at the conclusion of it Bryan was liberated upon his own recognisances, and

detectives were put on the track of Tom Berne.

Bryan returned to his hotel ; and there he drew a long breath !

The preceding twenty-four hours had, indeed, been a trial even to such nerves as his. Tom Berne's scheme to bring about a meeting between him and Stanhope Maurice was conceived, and, in great measure, carried into effect, without Bryan's being aware of it. It was desired by Tom for ends of his own, and Bryan's participation in it was mainly involuntary. The perverted subtlety which had been developed in Tom's mind by his strange relations with his master, was beginning to bear fruit. Bryan found himself controlled by a force against which he was unable to contend, because it was a purely spiritual one. To attempt to grapple with it was to fight the air. Tom evidently believed in a God, and in His will and power to punish crime ; and he was able also to discriminate sharply between mere worldly success and prosperity, and spiritual ruin. He assiduously cajoled and entrapped his master into every sort of wickedness, from a conviction that he was thereby consigning him to hell without hope of salvation. His zeal and faithfulness in all tangible and practical respects were unimpeachable ; he would spare no efforts to preserve his master from physical injury or failure ; he would even have sacrificed his life for the sake of enabling Bryan to commit some crowning atrocity. In short, he would have done anything to protect Bryan from ever suffering any legal or corporeal penalties for his crimes—both in order that these might go on increasing, and that their eternal punishment might be unprejudiced. It is worth noting, finally, that Tom had no hesitation in consigning himself to perdition, if only Bryan's destruction was assured ; and it may have been that among his infernal anticipations was the hope that he and his enemy would be united

hereafter, to torture and be tortured through all eternity.

Bryan, meanwhile, was beginning to manifest visible traces of this treatment. His buoyant animal spirits, and the steady self-possession arising from physical health and strength, showed signs of giving way. The fresh, florid complexion—evidence of a sound organism and vitality which no excess or hardship had been able to impair—had noticeably deteriorated of late, and there were furrows in the iron contours of his visage, which were not there a year ago. His features, in repose, had acquired an habitual frown, and from under his red brows his blue eyes stared forth gloomily. His moods, when he was not under the necessity of acting some part, alternated between reckless gaiety and morose sternness ; he seemed to feel that he was lost, and to demand compensation in some way—in revenge against society, in debauch, in any hitherto unimagined wickedness ; in something to make miserable ; in something to destroy. Nevertheless, through the brooding of this murky atmosphere gleamed ever and anon the white ray of the only redeeming passion of his heart—the only as yet undefiled recess of his soul—which, therefore, he would now, with Tom's co-operation, proceed to defile. For there is a terrible necessity upon evil to become more evil still.

Bryan had sent Tom before him to Paris, to secure apartments and to attend to certain other matters, and he himself had arrived (as he told Kate) on the morning of the murder. Tom, meanwhile, had made his private arrangements ; having placed in Stanhope's hands evidences (whether genuine or not we need not inquire) of Bryan's misdeeds calculated to persuade the baronet that Bryan was at his mercy ; having thus assured Stanhope's attendance at the rendezvous, it was only necessary to inform Bryan that Stanhope was intending something against him, in order to bring about the meeting. With a

praiseworthy attention to details, he had also taken steps to enable his master to establish the *alibi* which he foresaw would afterwards be desirable. For the rest, he relied upon the natural course of events, and upon his own timely assistance at the critical moment. The affair had been fatally successful, and Bryan had found himself unexpectedly and almost involuntarily hurried into a murder, which, though really of Tom's contriving, had the appearance of being inevitable and accidental. It was a useless crime, as well as a dangerous one, and seemed likely to interfere seriously with Bryan's plans as regarded Madeleine. It was by no means Tom's intention, however, that the latter should miscarry. He had provided the means of an immediate change of apparel, and it was at his suggestion that Bryan adopted the apparently desperate course of at once presenting himself before Kate Roland. It was further arranged that Tom should be made the scapegoat of the crime; and, while he withdrew from public view, Bryan would be left at liberty to pursue his designs unimpeded.

There was thus a strange mingling of truth and falsehood in Bryan's position. He had killed Stanhope without premeditated purpose, and his consciousness of this fact the better enabled him to assume the attitude of absolute innocence. He hated Tom, and this hatred gave colour and force to the words in which he denounced him as the murderer. There was, besides, that universal instinct of self-justification which is at the core of every sinner's soul, be his sins what they may; and that other instinct of self-preservation, which, at a pinch, can make even a coward seem brave. Bryan Sinclair was no coward; nevertheless, he needed all these supports, and no less, to carry him successfully through that interview with Kate Roland—especially through those eternal minutes while she was supping, and he, in

pursuance of his rôle, sat by, silent and motionless. It had seemed to him during those minutes as though his brain would burst, as though he must leap to his feet and roar forth his rage and horror—must even murder her, as an opiate to the gnawing exasperation of his hateful plight. Such experiences leave their mark upon both body and soul. And when Bryan, in the safety of his own room, was free at length to cast aside the torturing burden of suspense, he was by far a more wicked and a more desperate man than he had ever been before.

Tom Berne, in the meantime, had so managed his own affair as to be secure from pursuit or detection, though he was not so far removed from the scene as to be unable to keep an eye on the progress of events. There may be a mystic intelligence or sympathy between those who desire each other's destruction, as there is said to be between those who deeply love. If so, Tom's dreams that night must have been sweet.

CHAPTER XLVI.

*"A mind might ponder its thought for ages,
and not gain so much self-knowledge as the
passion of love shall teach it in a day."*

NOT far from Notre Dame, in a quiet narrow street branching aside from one of the main thoroughfares of the city, an artist had fixed his residence. He occupied an apartment of three rooms on the third story. Passing in by the main entrance—the *concièrge* was not very strict in the observance of his duties, and was half the time gossiping round the corner with a certain neat widow who kept a milk shop—you ascended a dark and tortuous flight of stone stairs, and arrived at a door to which was affixed a card bearing this inscription:—*M. Jean Jacques, Sculpteur des Animaux.* Having knocked at this door, it was presently opened by a tall young man, of noble bearing, handsome and

sensitive countenance, and simple and straightforward manner. He was clad in a grey flannel blouse reaching half-way to his knee, and loose trousers; his feet were encased in embroidered mocassins of buckskin, which displayed their elegant shape to advantage. The smile with which this personage greeted you was full of kindness and pleasantness, tempered with a fine reserve almost amounting to shyness. The room into which you were admitted was well lighted and of fair dimensions. The walls and ceiling were painted a light grey; against the former were fastened up the heads and skins of various wild animals—the wolf, the elk, the cinnamon, the grizzly bear. Other hides were spread out here and there upon the bare floor. Between two windows stood a small table, on which were writing materials, and a water-pitcher and mug. In the centre of the room was erected a large stand, like an oval table, with a raised platform of less area supported upon it. This stand was covered with drapery of a soft brown hue, falling quite to the floor; upon it were disposed a score or more of groups and figures of wild animals, from a foot to three feet in length; a few of these were in bronze, the rest in plaster. At the northern end of the studio was another sort of stand, constructed on the principle of a revolving stool; it bore a large mass of clay, which was partly wrought into the likeness of a crouching panther. In the corner near by was a huge earthenware vessel containing more clay; and odds and ends of plaster casts, moulds, tools, and anomalous rubbish were scattered about. There were three or four wooden and cane-bottomed chairs, and a rough oaken chest, which, with the aid of a couple of fox-skins and an Indian blanket was made to do service as a sofa. Beneath the head of the grizzly bear on the wall were suspended a rifle, a tomahawk, and a bow and arrows; while on the opposite side of the room were similarly

displayed a buckskin hunting-shirt ornamented with wampum, and a pair of game-bags with the like decoration.

Into this secluded and tranquil retreat the noisy current of the world, with its hurry, its heat, its passion, and its struggle, never found its way. It belonged to another sphere of being—serene, meditative, imaginative, artistic. It had all the freedom of art, and all the repose of the cloister. It was a place where the muse came, and where ideas were conceived and elaborated and brought to embodiment. The abode of art—blessed offspring of the more ethereal energies of heart and brain, innocent alike of passion and of selfishness. The room was a test of the visitor; ere he had been here long, he began either to gasp for lack of the denser air he was wont to inhale, or else to respire long delightful breaths of pure enjoyment—according to his nature and instruction.

The life of M. Jean Jacques, the sculptor, was as quiet and simple as his dwelling. There was a small kitchen attached to this apartment, in which the decent old lady who cooked the meals and kept the rooms in order was generally to be found. The other occupant of the place—for there were three—was a stout-hearted, deep-voiced, and vigorous little girl, with a round brave face and large black eyes, full of alternate laughter and solemnity. When she walked, she ran; and when she ran, she bent her shaggy little head, and butted forward like a miniature bison. She was emphatic and sweeping in her tones and ways, and it seemed as if nothing mortal could withstand her onset. She was forcible and demonstrative both in love and in anger; she was fond of showing her affection for her father by sitting astride his knee, and delivering a succession of blows into his chest. She was of an adventurous and exploring spirit, and pushed her investigations in all directions; but, being endowed with preternatural good luck and a strong

instinct of locality, she seldom got into serious trouble, and never got lost—although her little visage generally showed the scar of some head-long tumble, and she frequently disappeared temporarily from the sight and knowledge of her domestic environment. Her playthings were for the most part the models of wild animals in her father's studio; the plaster ones she not seldom smashed to pieces, but the bronzes were her faithful friends; and she was in the habit of carrying about under her arm a stuffed wolf's head, by way of a doll. One of her particular joys was to visit the Jardin des Plantes, and there to gaze at the wild beasts in their cages; sometimes feeding them with buns, and sometimes menacing them with the little stick she carried in her hand. Her costume was a straight, dark blue garment of stout cloth reaching to her knee, trimmed and embroidered with crimson; her head-dress, when she wore one, was of the same style and material, with a crimson feather stuck in the band; and round her neck she wore a broad necklace of wampum. Altogether, she was like a little brook, tumbling and babbling through the heat of a quiet and shadowy forest, and thereby enhancing both its charm and her own.

There was never any great rush of purchasers to M. Jacques' studio. The study of American wild animals in their artistic aspect did not as yet constitute an essential part of Parisian education. The sculptor, however, did not seem to be cast down by neglect: he evidently had large internal resources, and possibly (in spite of his modest way of living) pecuniary ones as well. A few artists visited him; and there were not wanting among them some who appreciated at its true value, or thereabouts, the singular merit and originality of his work. But personally he was a good deal of a mystery even to those who saw the most of him. Though he spoke French with facility, he was evidently not a

Frenchman—at any rate not a Parisian, and it seemed likely therefore that the name he went by was not his real one. But artists are men of liberal views and small curiosity, and their opinion of one another is not apt to be determined by coats, names, or even nationalities. Jean Jacques was a good fellow and a genius; and if he had a history behind him which he was not disposed to talk about, so much the better or the worse (as the case might be) for him. It was nobody else's business. He was nominally domestic and retired in his habits, and never was seen at the *cafés* and other resorts of artists in their leisure hours; and there was, at times, something strange in his manner—as if he saw and spoke with visions. Doubtless M. de Balzac or Eugene Sue might make an interesting volume of his adventures, could they be known. Meanwhile the picturesque mystery that invested him afforded an agreeable exercise for the imagination.

One day, as this mysterious personage was at work upon his crouching panther, his hand was arrested by a lusty noise of crying that came through the open window that looked upon the street. He sprang to the window and looked out. A lady, handsomely dressed, was stooping down on the pavement, with her arms round a little girl in a blue and crimson frock, who had apparently just fallen down and gashed herself on the chin. Without waiting for a second look, M. Jacques turned and hurried down stairs, four steps at a time. On arriving at the street entrance he met the lady, leading the child by the hand. He caught the latter up in his arms, and then perceived that the lady was Lady Mayfair.

She recognised him at the same moment, and, with the instinctive self-possession and courtesy of a woman of the world, smiled and held out her hand. He, feeling surprise perhaps, but no embarrassment, greeted her with cordiality.

"So this is your Manita?" she said. "I am sorry it should have cost her that cut on the chin to re-introduce us to each other; and yet I am glad to have been at hand."

"Manita often tumbles down," he replied, "but no harm comes of it."

"And will not now, so far as I am concerned," said Lady Mayfair, smiling again. "Do you live here, my lord?"

"I live here—not Lord Castlemere. I left him in the Channel. I am an artist whom nobody knows. Will you come up and see?"

"I had given up the expectation of finding you," said she, following him up the winding staircase, "though I came to Paris partly in hopes of doing so."

On reaching the upper landing, the artist led the way into the studio, and having invited his guest to take a seat on the oaken-chest sofa, he applied himself to sponging the blood from Manita's chin, and covering the cut with a piece of black plaster—an operation to which the child submitted with stoical silence; but when it was over, she held the gory sponge towards Lady Mayfair, and said in deep bass tones, "See, my blood!" She then possessed herself of her wolf's head, and went off to play in a corner.

"You are Monsieur Jean Jacques, then?" said her ladyship, who had already cast her eyes about the room. "Are you a disciple of Rousseau?"

"No: Jacques was one of the names of my mother's father, who brought me up. I have tried being my father's son, and now I am going to be the son of my mother."

"You find it pleasanter to be an artist than a peer of England?"

"It is better to be nothing but one's self."

"But what will become of the peerage, and all that?"

"I have taken money enough for Manita. The rest will go——" He appeared to be on the point of saying more, but checked himself.

"Shall you live here always?" continued Lady Mayfair, after a pause.

He shook his head. "There will be something else for me to do, some day," he said. "After that, I think I shall go back to America."

"Have you seen Madeleine?" she demanded abruptly.

"No," he answered composedly. "I think of her often, but we meet only when destiny will have it so. I would rather not talk about her."

"Not even if it might lead to your saving her from a great danger?"

"When she is in danger, I shall know," returned he, with that singular fatalism that sometimes inspired him. His idea seemed to be—an idea common to men of his peculiar temperament and organisation—that nothing of profound spiritual interest to him could occur anywhere without his being made mystically aware of it.

"I know you well enough not to try to understand you, as I would understand other people," said his visitor, fixing her beautiful eyes upon him. "You are to be understood only as music is—by imagination and sympathy. You never do what I expect you to do, or say what I try to make you say. I don't know why I should ask you so many questions. I am, myself, in a questionable frame of mind—that may be the reason. I care for nothing that I used to care for, and, unlike you, I have found nothing new to care about. But there are some things I have done that I should like to undo."

"Doing and undoing both are hard work," observed the sculptor, philosophically.

"Do you see much of Bryan Sinclair?" inquired the other.

"Not at all, since I left England."

"You used to be great friends. He introduced you to me."

"He knew a great many things."

"Too many things!" rejoined her ladyship, with a peculiar smile. "He means mischief. After the way you and I parted a few weeks ago," she continued, in a more artificial tone, "you might be surprised to see me here; but I have lost my pride, as

well as other things. All I desire is, to prevent Bryan from injuring others as he has injured me. And I do not know, in all the world, any other man besides you can help me to do this. You are the only man I ever met who seemed to me able to fight against Bryan Sinclair, and to conquer him."

"What reason have I to fight against him?" asked he.

"The reason that makes good always fight against evil, and truth against falsehood. And there is another special reason—but I think I will not tell you what that is yet. You shall know when the time comes, and that will not be long."

The sculptor made no reply. The sun slanted through the southern window, and fell upon Manita, playing with her wolf's head in the corner. The large stand in the centre of the room, with its soft brown drapery and its groups of statuary, in which the fierce and wild nature of the animals represented was beautiful and exalted by the subtle purpose and repose of art; the quaint mingling of civilised simplicity and primitive savagery in the aspect and furnishing of the studio; the noble and thoughtful face and figure of the artist himself—as Lady Mayfair contemplated all this, all at once she heaved a quick, sharp sigh, and a few bitter tears rose to her eyes. The tragedy of this life is, that peace and misery, repose and ruin, so often meet each other face to face, and seem to touch hands, though the real gulf between them is impassable.

"You are happy and content, are you not?" said she.

"There are no such things as contentment and happiness," replied he. "The best that people are able to do in this world is to change the nature they were born with. If I could think of nothing, I should be contented; but as soon as thought begins, I am sad. Something is always missing; and if the thing that I miss were here, it would only show me that I miss something else. I can think of

infinite things, but I can know only things that are not infinite. Always I feel that something ought to be, which is not. To be happy, I should feel that nothing is not that ought to be. The world seems not to be made to fit the people who live in it. Animals are happy—they cannot imagine what cannot be; their world fits them. To be worldly-wise is to limp along, as the path opens, from one point to another, and never look ahead. But I would rather see despair than not see at all. I long for the stars, though I can never reach them; but perhaps the longing is worth more than the stars; at any rate I am sure that the stars would not satisfy it. It is awful to think that there can be no end of it all; but it would be still more awful to think that there could be an end. The only happiness or contentment is in fighting against happiness and contentment, for they are death. But if they are death, what is the good of life?"

"You have taught yourself a dreary creed," remarked Lady Mayfair. "Can you find no happiness in love?"

"To love is to wish to give more than love can receive, and to receive more than it can give. It is at its best when what we love is far away and unattainable. As soon as it comes within reach, though it has more power, it is less beautiful. I have often tried to think what God is, and I can only think Him to be all the things that men love in one another. So my god is the woman that I love: but if she were with me, and loved me in return, she would be less god. For what I love in her can never belong to me, and so to make her mine would be to make her less lovable. It is the same story over again."

"Is there life after death?" said Lady Mayfair.

"I do not know what you call death," he replied. "I do not believe that I and my body are one. My body is dead already; there is nothing alive but life. My body is the instrument that my soul plays upon, as I

play upon the strings of my banjo. If all the strings were broken, I could no longer play upon them; but you would not therefore say that I did not any longer exist. So, when my body ceases to answer to the touch of my soul, you cannot say that my soul has ceased to exist. I am independent of my banjo, and my soul is independent of my body. My body is dead, and can never live; my soul is alive, and can never die; nor can I die, when they are separated."

"You can, at any rate, be a philosopher, and philosophy is consolation," said Lady Mayfair rather bitterly. "No one ever philosophised with his heart. There is something more real than reasoning, and more convincing. I do not know whether love be wise, but I have felt what love is. I do not know whether happiness be possible, but I have known happiness. I may have no more reason to be miserable than you have, but I am more miserable. And I have been more alive than I shall ever be again; and I have felt what death is, though you say I can never die. You are discontented with the world, it seems; but it has used you better than it has me. A man's heart is a will-o'-the-wisp, but a woman's heart is all she is. A man's conduct and conversation may appear virtuous, though his heart be evil; but when a woman's heart is evil, she is evil to the marrow of her bones; and if her heart be good, her evil is no more than dust that can be brushed away. We cannot stand being roughly used, as you can; it ruins us. Look at me, my lord—or whatever you wish to be called; I am not what I was even when you first knew me. I made a good fight for it; I held my head up with the best of them; but, at heart, I was beaten long ago; and the only thing that I thought could have saved me turned out to be the cruellest blow of all. Yet I might go on, still; there is nothing to prevent my being Lady Mayfair for a few years more; but I have had enough. If I were a man, I should desire some way of re-

venging myself upon society; but I have not life enough even for revenge. The only thing I shall do is, perhaps, the most foolish and hopeless of all—to try to save another woman from suffering what I have suffered; not that I love her—there is more reason why I should hate her—but simply because she is a woman. I thought you might help me, and I shall give you the chance to do so; but perhaps it would disturb your philosophic calm too much. I am afraid I have disturbed it already, with my feminine complaints and scoldings," she added, suddenly assuming a smiling tone and aspect. She rose from her seat and moved towards the door.

"I do not move myself. I am moved without my will," said the sculptor, rising also. "Will you come here again?"

"No; good-bye." She had nearly reached the door, when all at once she turned, and walking quickly back to the corner in which Manita was sitting, she raised the child in her arms, and kissed her passionately and repeatedly. Then she passed out, and the child's father heard the great lady descend the stairs. He threw himself down in his chair, and remained for a long time deeply musing, with his cheek upon his hand.

CHAPTER XLVII.

*"Ever the words of the gods resound,
But the porches of man's ear
Seldom, in this low life's round,
Are unsealed, that he may hear."*

For some time past Paris had been interesting itself about a new actress who had appeared at one of the theatres. Whence she came, none knew; nor did any facts as to her previous history seem obtainable. To judge from her speech, and from her personal appearance, she was a Frenchwoman; but the style of her acting did not show the influence of the French dramatic school of that period, and it was the opinion of many that she must be of foreign extraction—

possibly a Pole or a Russian. She was of a pale, dark complexion, with black hair and eyes; her figure was tall, and her bearing full of a marvellous dignity and grace. It was generally agreed that her physical advantages were superior to those of any other actress on the stage, and there was in her impersonations not only a remarkable breadth and dramatic intensity of interpretation, but a magnetic fascination which belonged to her temperament, and can never be acquired. Her stage business showed elaborate study, and something more than intelligence; while her unfamiliarity with the footlights, and with the presence of an audience, lent a certain freshness and spontaneity to her performance, that custom and experience would be more apt to diminish than to enhance.

But it was still too early to forecast her future. Genius is always unlike any genius that has gone before; it has laws of its own and moves in a separate orbit. The characters she had thus far assumed were not of the first dramatic rank; and though her vigour and originality of conception invested them with a new importance, she might fail to bestow corresponding value upon a *Medea* or a *Phédre*. The fact remained, meanwhile, that Madame Madeleine, as she was called, had succeeded in arousing an unusual amount of interest and discussion, insomuch that reports of her began to penetrate beyond the boundaries of the Parisian world, and had awakened echoes in the neighbouring planet of London.

At this juncture, to every one's surprise, she brought her engagement in Paris to an abrupt conclusion, and vanished from the sight and knowledge of men. For a week or so no one could tell what had become of her. At last, one morning, the front of a certain London theatre was placarded with a notice to the effect that Madame Madeleine, from Paris, would make her *début* on the English stage in the character of *Cleopatra*, in Shake-

speare's immortal play of *Antony and Cleopatra*. The cast was fairly good, and the manager begged to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that Madame Madeleine spoke English with as much fluency as French.

There was nothing very stimulating in this announcement, beyond that the play was one which has been very rarely given, and that a *début* (especially of an actress who spoke English with as much fluency as French) is always something of a curiosity. Nevertheless, during the last three days, between the announcement and the performance, the enterprise was pretty widely discussed; and, from one cause or another, the sale of seats, which had begun slowly, went on with increasing rapidity, until nearly the whole house was sold, and there was no doubt that there would be a crush by the time the curtain rose. So far, then, the venture was already a success. But whether Madame Madeleine would make a hit in a part as to which there were next to no "traditions" for the guidance of a *débutante*, and which Mrs. Siddons had refused with the remark that "if she played it as it should be played, she would never afterwards respect herself,"—these were questions as to the solution of which the manager was at least as doubtful as any one else.

Madame Madeleine occupied a humble suite of rooms in Bloomsbury. On the morning of the day which was to make or mar her dramatic reputation, a cab drew up before the house, and a man in a talma and a broad-brimmed felt hat got out and ran up the steps. The door was immediately opened, as if the visitor had been expected, and he went in.

He was ushered into a room on the first floor, and in a few moments Madeleine entered. She was dressed in a morning gown of soft white material; her arms were bare below the elbow; she wore necklace and earrings of red coral. Her long black hair was divided into two massive braids, which hung down her back. Her face

seemed a trifle thinner than usual, but her eyes had never been so full of subtle fires of expression, and her voice was full of a rich and resonant tremulousness that stirred the heart.

"You come at a dangerous time, Bryan," she said. "To-day I am the Queen of Egypt!"

"A pleasant greeting, when I've hardly set eyes on you in two months," returned he gloomily. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Was Cleopatra glad to see Mark Antony?"

"She made him believe so."

"You hardly seem yourself, Bryan. 'How much unlike art thou, Mark Antony!' Do you love me as much as ever?"

There was a touch of mockery in her tone. But it was quite true that Bryan did not look his usual self. He was haggard with fatigue and want of sleep, and his air was sullen and uneasy.

"A man doesn't come to see a woman at the risk of his life unless he cares for her," said he moodily. "I'm being hunted at this moment by a couple of damned detectives. But here I am, and I want to know what you are going to do?"

"I am going to act Cleopatra."

"And what after that?"

"Oh, Cleopatra dies in the last act."

"Yes, but Madame Madeleine comes to life again."

"Does she? That depends!"

"Come, Madey, this is no time for nonsense! I can't stay here nor in Europe any longer. We must think about getting away."

"Where do you wish to take me?"

"America will do for the present."

"But London suits me better."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why should I sacrifice my prospects to you? What have you ever sacrificed for me?"

"I'm likely to sacrifice a great deal for you if I stay here."

"You're a criminal, then—a fugitive from justice?" she said, with a strange smile.

"I'm the devil himself, if you choose. But I'm only guilty of what my accusers can prove against me."

"And you show your love for me by asking me to share your peril and possible ruin! What would you do if you hated me?"

"Let us have this out, once for all," said Bryan, seating himself and folding his arms. "I can't do without you, and I'm bound to have you. It might be better for both of us, as far as safety and convenience goes, to keep apart; but it's our luck to be together, and we shall be to the end. And I know, as well as I know heat from cold, that you love me, and will love no one else till you die. Give me your hand, my girl, and come with me. Whatever else I may be I'm a man, and the only man for you. Let us stick together and defy the world. Come!"

But Madeleine drew back, and clasped her hands behind her. Yet her aspect was not repellent; a fugitive smile went and came about her lips, and her eyes intently perused his face.

"Cannot you really do without me?" she said, uttering the words slowly. "After all these years we are to go to America—to some of those western places you have told about—and be happy together—talking over our past crimes and committing new ones! Every morning we would awake fresh and buoyant in the hope of a new sin, and every night we would sleep peacefully with some new evil sprouting in our hearts! Do you suppose, Bryan, that in hell there are many pairs of lovers as happy as we shall be?"

"Talk away, if it amuses you," said he, drawing his brows together. "You will have to come to me in the end."

"How can I help being light-hearted?" she returned, with another smile. "I have waited all my life, you know, for the realisation of my love-dreams, and now it is at hand. And I have refused ever so many eligible offers—Stanhope Maurice, for

instance. By the way—did you kill him?”

The question was abruptly and sharply put. Bryan's face flushed red, and his mouth twitched.

“No,” he said, after a moment.

“Of course—I forgot—it was Tom Berne,” said Madeleine quietly. She moved to another part of the room, and came back with a morocco case in her hand. “See what I have,” she said, handing it to him.

It contained an exquisitely-wrought model of a small serpent, made of gold, finely jointed, and enamelled in colours to imitate life. When taken from the case it seemed to writhe and wriggle as if it were veritably alive.

“Well, what about this?” demanded Bryan gruffly. “What is it for?”

“It is ‘the pretty worm of Nilus, that kills and pains not.’ It is for Cleopatra to-night.”

“If all your properties are on this scale you'll need a fortune! That bit of trumpery can't have cost less than three hundred pounds.”

“You remember that necklace of gold nuggets you gave me? It is made out of that. Is it not pretty?” she added, taking it and letting it glide caressing through her fingers. “And there's a secret about it—it is even more alive than it looks.” She pressed the little glistening reptile to her bosom, and murmured the dying words of the Egyptian Queen, “‘Dost thou not see my baby at my breast that sucks the nurse asleep?’”

“A nice use to put my necklace to! I hate all snakes, and especially that one.”

“You don't know what an effect I'll make with it to-night. You have never seen me on the stage.”

“You asked me to keep out of your way—for reasons best known to yourself—and I've done so, though I don't see I've gained much by it.”

“I didn't want you to see me till I was sure of myself. But to-night I'll surprise you—for the first and last time.”

“Why the last?”

“In California we shall be too busy with our crimes for me to think of acting.”

“Will you never be serious? We ought to be making our arrangements.”

“I shall be ready. When you were going to take me to France, you know, I was ready before hand. By the way, Bryan, was Lady Mayfair offended at my not accepting her as my chaperon?”

“I've never seen her from that day to this.”

“You said once that you meant to get everything, but cared to keep nothing. Will you care to keep me when you have married me?”

“Look here, Madey,” said Bryan, altering his position and rubbing his hands through his hair, “you have brains and can listen to common sense. You know me: I've never denied that I'm an outlaw, at war with conventions and formulas. You and I, my girl, will have nothing to do with the empty formula called marriage. We will live together because we choose to do it, and the only bond upon us shall be our own free will. What has society ever done for us that we should wear chains of society's forging for society's benefit?”

“But,” said Madeleine, playing with her enamelled asp, “what if it should be a whim of mine that we be regularly married?”

“Then you will have to hear the truth,” exclaimed he roughly. “I am married already!”

“When? and to whom?” inquired Madeleine quietly.

“To Lady Mayfair—years ago.”

“And you are her lawful husband?”

“As lawfully as laws can make me. It was the old story—bless you! I wanted money; as to our domestic career, I soon let her know that would have to be dispensed with. But that's my situation, and it can't be altered.”

Madeleine had been looking full at him as he began to speak, but as he went on she turned gradually away

from him, and walked to the window. When she faced about again she was very pale, and her eyes sparkled.

"Then you think it would be more agreeable to me to take you as another woman's husband than not to take you at all? Would you have married me if you had been unmarried?"

"I suppose I'd have done anything you asked me. But it's impossible."

"Could you not get a divorce?"

"She might. I couldn't."

"Really, Bryan, you have left nothing incomplete. I don't speak of crimes; you might have been a criminal, and still have a fallen greatness. But your mouth is full of falsehoods, and your heart of foulness. I may well call myself an actress; I have played all characters except my own—I have been everything except myself, so that I might be something to you. If there were any power in love, I was resolved that my love should redeem you. I staked everything on that. And I might as well have thrown flowers into the bottomless pit! Instead of my redeeming and purifying you, you have soiled and ruined me. I wish all women might hear my story and profit by it."

"What has set you off now?" demanded Bryan gruffly.

"I gave you a chance at least to tell the truth—the truth could have done you no harm—but you would not. Well, I cannot follow you down any further—I cannot! Lady Mayfair was here yesterday, Bryan. To save me—though, without knowing it, I had been her rival, and she owed her sharpest grief to me—to save me, she told me everything. To save me, she has banished herself from the only life she can ever live. It was a more generous thing than I have ever done, with all my pains! You were never her husband, Bryan. You deceived her, and now, because you thought she would not dare to tell, you were going to use that deception to deceive me. But I am undeceived!"

"I knew you would find it all out sooner or later," said Bryan, in a low voice, "and when that time came, I knew you would rather not feel yourself bound to me."

"It would have been too late. It is too late, now. I have made my mistake, and I must take the consequences."

"Then you won't leave me? You'll give me a chance?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet and holding out his arms.

"A chance—to do what? To kill Lord Castlemere, as well as Stanhope?"

"Madey, it was no murder!" said Bryan, with intense emphasis. "He fell on the knife—it was not my doing, nor my wish! I had offered him a duel."

"You should have offered it to Lord Castlemere. It is he who has been your real rival, Bryan. You kept me from knowing him as the possessor of the estates; but I knew him, in another way, long ago—even before I knew you. And I would have loved him, but for you; I would love him now, if I were fit to love anything. But you need not be jealous," she continued, with an odd little laugh. "No man will ever take me away from you. You may do with me what you will—to-morrow."

"I'll love you as you deserve to be loved, Madey," said he. "What you once told me is true—that I should feel, some day, what it is to have loved a woman like you; and that I would wish I might sell my soul to put right the harm I've done you. But the fact is, I fancy my soul wouldn't buy much!"

"I am not much to buy—nor to be taken as a gift, either!" she answered, smiling. "But I bear you no ill will. Be at the theatre to-night; and after it's all over, come and see me behind the scenes."

When he had gone, Madeleine replaced the serpent in its case, and prepared for the last rehearsal.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

EGYPT has this July preoccupied public attention as completely as it did twelve months ago when Admiral Seymour was bombarding the forts of Alexandria, and Lord Wolseley was preparing for his famous march on Cairo. The sources of the interest excited by Egyptian affairs differ widely from the excitement engendered by a successful campaign. The first is the cholera, the second, M. de Lessep's monopoly of the Suez Canal. The pestilence came first, but it was speedily overshadowed by the negotiations for the perpetuation of the monopoly. Both serve as forcible reminders of the futility of the popular belief that the permanent difficulties of the Egyptian question could be solved by the sword. The chronic condition of the Egyptian population is that of squalid poverty rooting in indescribable filth. In all such populations pestilence periodically makes its appearance, and Egypt is suffering at present on a small scale from a recurrence of the same phenomena as those with which Europe was so painfully familiar in the middle ages, when the Black Death counted its victims by the million, and the grass grew green in the streets of flourishing cities. Famine, pestilence, and war, the grim Malthusian trinity, who keep watch over the undue multiplication of the human race, were the normal conditions of human life in older times, and in Egypt, as in the East generally, the modes of life have changed but little since the days of the Great Plague. Immediately after Midsummer Day, the cholera, or some form of choleraic disorder, made its dreaded appearance at Damietta during a local fair. A few days after it was reported at Mansurah. From thence it spread to Port Said and Menzaleh. Town after town reported the presence of the disease, and on the 16th of July it made its appearance in the suburbs of Cairo.

The mortality was greatest at Damietta, Mansurah, and Menzaleh, but it was not till the disease reached Cairo that the returns of deaths began to be alarming. At the first-named town, where for months past the people have been drinking water in which the bodies of dead animals have been slowly putrefying, the mortality reached 1,800 within a fortnight of the first appearance of the cholera. How many of these deaths were actually due to cholera, and how many to fear, aggravated by starvation, no one can say. For, acting under the presence of European opinion, the Egyptians first attempted to isolate the infected centres in the clumsy method natural to an oriental Government. It placed cordons of soldiers around the plague spots, and issued orders that any one attempting to break through should be shot on the spot. Its orders were obeyed. Business was suspended in Damietta and Mansurah; wages ceased; men could no longer earn their daily bread. There was neither food, nor doctors, nor drugs. Those who had money bribed the soldiers, and escaped, carrying such contagion as can be carried far and wide across the country. Those who had no money remained to die. When an Eastern Government attempts to enforce the precepts of modern sanitary science, it is as if a barbarian would perform the operation of lithotomy with no other instrument than a smith's pincers. The attempted cure is worse than the disease.

The appearance of the dreaded scourge of nations, at the familiar cholera gate of the Continent, struck panic into southern Europe, the first symptom of which was a certain outbreak of insincere abuse of England. The cynical Englishman, it was declared, that black ally of the cholera, had introduced the pestilence into Egypt. Rather than forego a shilling profit on

his calicoes, he was ready to poison a continent with a plague imported from India. John Bull, in the affrighted imagination of his neighbours, became transfigured into an international Brinvilliers. It was alleged, falsely as it turned out, that the cholera had been brought to Damietta from Bombay. English ladies were hooted and assaulted in the streets of Venice. The populace at Brindisi refused to allow the landing of the English mails which had to be sent round to Trieste. Government after government imposed stringent quarantine on all vessels arriving from Egypt. Spain even went further, and imposed restrictions on vessels arriving from English ports, and the terror-stricken continental noticed with exultation the possibility of the imposition of a quarantine blockade against England. Whether these restrictions will be able to keep the cholera at bay, or whether, as is more probable, the detestable inadequacy of the provisions made for the health and comfort of the victims of the quarantine, actually induce an outbreak of the disease, there is no doubt that the precautionary measures, and the fear which dictates them, are adding appreciably to the miseries of mankind.

So far as England and France are concerned, the interest excited by the cholera has been entirely overshadowed by the commotion occasioned by the publication, followed by the speedy withdrawal, of the arrangement concluded by the English Government with M. de Lesseps for the perpetuation of his monopoly of the communications between the East and the West. The inadequacy of the existing canal having been brought to common notice by the recent increase of the traffic, the English shipowners—that is to say, the persons who contribute eighty per cent. of the traffic through the canal—began some months since to agitate for the construction of a new and competing line of communication through the Isthmus. They recommended that a new canal should be forthwith con-

structed with British capital, under British control, to supply adequate accommodation, at reasonable rates, to the increasing traffic of the world. The shipowners fortified themselves by the opinion of counsel learned in the law, among whom Mr. Horace Davey is the chief, to the effect that M. de Lesseps possessed no legal title to exclude for the term of his concession all competing companies from the Isthmus. The *pouvoir exclusif* mentioned in the original concession which Said Pasha granted in 1854 was held, according to this interpretation, to refer solely to the exclusive power conferred upon him to form a company for the purpose of making a canal across the Isthmus. This power was limited to a period of ten years; it was personal to M. de Lesseps, and could not be assigned by him even to his heirs, much less to the company which he created. No reference to a *pouvoir exclusif* can be found in any instrument excepting the first concession. No mention of any monopoly is to be found in the firman of the Porte ratifying the concession; and M. de Lesseps himself did not allude to it among all the inducements by which in his prospectuses he tempted the public to invest their money in his enterprise. His reliance against competition was placed, not on the obscure wording of a clause in the concession, but on the grant of sufficient land on each side of the canal to enable him to exclude any competitor. Ten years after the original concession, these lands were retroceded—the Egyptian Government paying to M. de Lesseps as compensation for the recovery of the territory a sum of 1,200,000*l.* By the agreement of 1866 the domains of the company were restricted to a narrow slip of ninety yards on either side of the canal, and the rest of the isthmus—so runs the shipowners' contention—reverted to the Egyptian Government, to be conceded or not at its own sovereign will and pleasure to rival companies. Hitherto no such rival company has been started, but

the shipowners believed that they were in a fair way to confer a great benefit upon the world at large, and a very substantial boon upon their own class, by cutting a second British canal through the Isthmus of Suez. From this pleasing illusion they were roused as by a thunderclap by the sudden announcement of an arrangement between the English Government and M. de Lesseps which recognised and perpetuated the monopoly of the existing company.

It is characteristic of the contract between the modes of the present Government and its predecessor, that when Lord Beaconsfield bought the Suez Canal shares he created the universal impression that he had done a great deal more than he had really accomplished, while Mr. Gladstone's operation in the same field was so peculiarly made public as to convey the impression that he had done far less than the reality. Lord Beaconsfield had the eye of a theatrical scene-shifter for dazzling effect. Mr. Gladstone is indifferent to such ruses of the stage. The result was that whereas Lord Beaconsfield's *coup* threw England off its balance in a delirium of enthusiasm, Mr. Gladstone's produced an almost as universal a disappointment. The storm occasioned by the discovery that the English Government had for ever rendered impossible the construction of a competing canal, by recognising in the fullest manner the unlimited monopoly of M. de Lesseps, was very loud. Yet the bargain, as a bargain it was admitted, was not so bad, provided that the ministerial premises were first admitted. If M. de Lesseps was absolutely master of the situation, if he really possessed a *pouvoir exclusif*, and if, moreover he could without any further concession, construct a second canal adequate for the traffic across the Isthmus, then no doubt ministers had not done badly in securing from the omnipotent monopolist the concessions vouchsafed them in the new agreement. By the instrument to which the English Ministers had set their

hands, it was provided that M. de Lesseps' concession, which originally had ninety-nine years to run from 1869, when the canal was opened, should be prolonged for a period of ninety-nine years from the completion of the new canal. A new concession of land necessary for a second canal was promised him, and a loan of 8,000,000*l.* at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was offered him from the British exchequer. In return for these advantages, M. de Lesseps offered to make certain successive reductions of rates, to begin when the dividend reached 21 per cent., and to progress steadily with each increase of dividend until it falls to 8 francs 51 cents. per ton, when the dividend is 30 per cent., and from thence still further until a minimum rate of 5 francs per ton is reached. An English inspector of navigation, with "considerable discretionary powers," who should be "independent of the heads of the administrative branches of the canal," was also to be appointed, and as far as possible English ships were to have English pilots. One of the vice-presidents was to be an Englishman. That was all.

Everything hinged upon the extent to which the Ministerial interpretation as to the exclusive powers of M. de Lesseps was justified by the fact. Both the law officers of the Crown and the Lord Chancellor were of opinion that his concession makes him absolute, and with the holder of a monopoly, as with the master of many legions, it is difficult to argue. The permanent officials at the Foreign Office were of opinion that the law officers are justified in deciding in favour of M. de Lesseps. The Cabinet therefore held that it had no option but to recognise the monopoly of the Suez Company. Whether it acted wisely or not is a point which men will decide according to their various predilections. But the storm created by the agreement was so great, and the opposition manifested in the country so widespread, that on the 23rd of July Ministers announced that the scheme was unconditionally

withdrawn. The way, therefore, is now open for the purchase and the internationalisation of the Canal. This also is not unattended with difficulties. Whatever may be the case so far as the monopoly is concerned, no one can compel M. de Lesseps to sell the existing Canal. He can therefore name his own price. Nor is the purchase-money the only difficulty. At present the Canal is managed by M. de Lesseps, with the advice and assistance of the English directors. In any international arrangement, the Canal, instead of being managed by the representatives of two powers, would be managed by the representatives of half a dozen.

As might have been expected the sharp collision of rival interests and the reckless freedom of our newspapers have not contributed to smooth down the ruffled susceptibilities of France. "We have no more cruel and jealous enemies than the English," cries the *Événement*; "each day brings us some fresh proof of the profound hostility of England." It would even seem that in proportion as the Governments endeavour to effect a *rapprochement* the journalists attempt to counteract it. The Madagascar incident occurred at an inopportune moment for the success of the conciliatory policy of the Cabinets. The French Admiral Pierre had been irritated at the action of Captain Johnstone of the *Dryad*. The latter, as acting British Consul during the illness of Mr. Pakenham, had sent nineteen marines ashore to guard the British Consulate, and sent a steam cutter and pinnace to lie to the landing place at Tamatave, to afford a refuge to such British subjects as still remained in the town during the bombardment. These marines saved the town from being burnt when the shells of the *Forfait* set fire to the market-place of Tamatave, but their presence provoked the French Admiral, who, during the bombardment, informed the Consuls that as Captain Johnstone of the *Dryad* had landed troops to guard the

British Consulate and property, he (Captain Johnstone) assumed the responsibility of any injury done.

For three days after the bombardment, apparently in ill humour at the interference of the English captain, Admiral Pierre refused to undertake any responsibility for the preservation of life and property in the town which he had occupied. Then the French flag was hoisted, the consular flags were hauled down, the French Vice-Consul was installed Mayor of Tamatave, and the Custom House was handed over to the captain of the *Boursaint*, and Tamatave, as a complacent correspondent remarked, became a French town. The Hovas naturally did not acquiesce in this, and two small attacks were made upon the French garrison. They were repelled with a trifling loss, but the incident appears to have irritated the overstrung nerves of the French Admiral. On the 22nd of June he ordered Consul Pakenham to leave the town at a day's notice. Consul Pakenham being mortally ill died before the period allowed to him expired. His secretary, a Hova by birth, was then arrested, and the missionary, Mr. Shaw, the most influential Englishman in Tamatave, was also made a prisoner. Captain Johnstone of the *Dryad*, was forbidden to enter the town, and all communication was cut off between the *Dryad* and the shore. The news of this high-handed treatment of British representatives created widespread indignation, and deepened the uneasy feeling that the relations between the two countries were becoming unpleasantly strained. It was the worst of all introductions to the announcement that the French monopoly of the Isthmus had been recognised and confirmed by the English Government, and for a time there seemed some danger of a collision. It was, however, promptly allayed by the satisfactory assurances of M. Challemlacour. Reading from Admiral Pierre's instructions, the French Foreign Secretary declared that the most precise and categorical orders had been given to

avoid exciting the susceptibilities of England, and to keep up the most courteous relations with the Commander-in-Chief of the British naval station. If, therefore, the facts were correctly reported, Admiral Pierre must have disobeyed his orders. But Admiral Pierre was vouched for as an officer of prudence, and it was well to wait until his own account of the incident was received. "With England," said M. Challemel-Lacour, "we are, and we wish to remain, on profoundly pacific terms." In conclusion, he said: "If, however, there had occurred—which we cannot suppose—some grave mistake or some misunderstanding in regard to which passion had played a part, we should not hesitate to fulfil the obligations which would be imposed upon us by the spirit of justice and by the interests of the country." So for the present the incident has terminated, although, as a precautionary measure, the *Euryalus* and the *Tourmaline* have been ordered up from Trincomalee to Mauritius.

These foreign preoccupations have to some extent diverted attention from domestic affairs. Business has not been going well in the House of Commons. The Ministry have never recovered from the fatal consequences of the defeat on the Affirmation Bill. The discovery that Government can be placed in a minority with impunity naturally tends to multiply hostile majorities. Mr. Chaplin succeeded in carrying against the Ministry a resolution demanding the virtual stoppage of the import of foreign cattle, and on more than one occasion, both on Irish affairs and in the discussions in Committee, Ministers have been defeated. There is a relaxation of party discipline, accompanied by a corresponding decay of energetic leadership. The Prime Minister, whether from advancing years or from whatever cause, no longer seeks to assert the universal ascendancy of his tremendous personality over the colleagues whom he commands or the House of Commons which he leads. Mr. Gladstone is not

and can never be a *roi fainéant*, but he may perhaps be compared to an autocrat *en villegiatura*. It is one of the drawbacks of the abnormal vigour of such a mind as Mr. Gladstone's that even a slight relaxation of the constant strain produces far more serious results than the entire cessation of the ordinary activity of a commonplace Premier. By the will of the people, as well as by his own supreme capacity for work, he has enjoyed for three years both the sole initiative and the sole responsibility. When he no longer cares to exercise the initiative, it is not surprising that his colleagues should hardly realise their responsibility. Much can be said in favour of an enlightened despotism. But the testing point of the system is when the energy of the enlightened despot slackens and the question of his successor arises. We may not have reached such a point, but we are nearing it fast, and it can hardly be wondered at if men are weighing the chances of political promotion more carefully than the issues of parliamentary debates and diplomatic controversies. Devolution is a word to conjure with in regard to legislation. It might not be amiss to try its efficacy in other spheres.

The Corrupt Practices Bill, after an infinitude of discussion, protracted day after day as if the measure were designed to have a retrospective bearing and to be itself a punishment for the conduct of the last elections, has at last made its way through Committee. It has been slightly modified, but its almost excessive severity will not be fully appreciated until the time comes for passing a dispensing Act to free some indispensable member from the disqualifications incurred by the indiscretion of an agent. The Agricultural Holdings Bill, which has succeeded the Corrupt Practices Bill in Committee, has been amended, or rather altered, in the wrong direction. As it stood it was too weak to be a solution of the question, but instead of being stiffened it is being steadily watered down until it promises to be

little better than a second edition of the abortive Agricultural Holdings Bill of the late Government. The dismal list of abandoned measures is already more lengthy than those which are still before the House, and although the bills are not of vital importance they are much needed. But the inability to legislate is the common failing of the age. In France, bitterly complains a Republican writer, it is more easy to make revolutions than reforms; and in America a careful observer recently calculated that only one-quarter of the Bills annually introduced into the State legislatures are passed, and many of these are vetoed by the Governors. "Three-fourths of the Bills which become law are inconsiderately rushed through in the last days of the session." Curiously enough, the effect of this legislative impotence across the Atlantic has been to strengthen a movement, not in favour of permanent sessions, but of reducing the number of sessions by half. The New York Assembly has repeatedly passed a resolution in favour of biennial sessions. The Massachusetts legislature and the New Jersey constitutional convention have both expressed opinions in favour of abolishing annual sessions. There are only six States in the Union whose constitutions require annual sessions, and in three of these at least one-half the people are demanding constitutional revision in favour of biennial sessions. "I am a believer," said an advocate of the change in the New York Assembly, "in the maxim that the world is governed a good deal too much, and I believe that the people are much more prosperous and happy when the legislature fails to meet." Lord Salisbury, who at one time sighed for the adoption of the American Supreme Court with a veto on unconstitutional legislation, may perhaps find it worth while to consider whether the American plan of biennial sessions might not form a popular plank in the new Conservative programme.

The House of Commons has taken another step in the wrong course in

which it has persisted ever since the election of Mr. Bradlaugh by ordering his exclusion from the precincts of the House. The House of Lords, which had read a second time the Bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, relapsed into its old impenitence, and rejected the Bill on the third reading by a majority of five. Its rejection, which was moved by the Duke of Marlborough, was the last public act of that Conservative peer. His sudden death a few days after deprived his party of one of its most respectable members. The course of future politics might have been affected very materially if Lord Randolph Churchill, instead of his elder brother, had been called to the House of Lords. So far this Parliament has tended steadily to the development of the importance of the extreme men on all sides. Lord Salisbury has eclipsed Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill has won for himself a place as the leader of the Tory democracy. On the Liberal side the one considerable reputation in politics has been made by Mr. Chamberlain. The one great success in the House of Commons has been that of Sir Charles Dilke. But the collapse of the middle men, the elimination of the Laodiceans of politics has been most marked in the Irish ranks. When the last Parliament was dissolved, Mr. Shaw shared with Mr. Parnell the right to be regarded as the leader of the Irish popular party. To-day Mr. Shaw is nowhere, and Mr. Parnell stands forth the undisputed chief of the Irish people. This has been attested in very striking fashion during the past month. Mr. Givan's retirement created a vacancy at Monaghan, for which each of the three Irish parties entered candidates. Mr. Givan was a Liberal, and his party naturally laid claim to the seat. But Monaghan, although lying northward, has never ceased to sympathise with the Nationalist cause; and when Mr. Healy was nominated as the representative of the Land League, he swept all before him. The Liberal candidate only polled as many hundreds as there were thousands

recorded for Mr. Healy, who came in at the head of the poll, defeating the Conservative by 2,376 to 2,011. Not less striking was the spectacle presented a little later at Wexford. The O'Connor Don, the best representative of the Irish Girondins, was put forward as the candidate of Moderates of all parties. Mr. Redmond was nominated as the Land Leaguer and Parnellite. For some time the O'Connor Don himself believed that success was not impossible. But the poll showed a majority for Mr. Redmond of two to one. So far, therefore, as Ireland is concerned, the Jacobins have it all their own way. Their calculation is that in the next Parliament Mr. Parnell will have a phalanx of at least seventy obedient followers, with whose aid the Conservatives will be permitted to administer the affairs of the Empire for three years. Then the Liberals having expiated their sins by three years' sojourn in the cold shades of opposition, they are to be permitted to return to office on condition of the concession of Home Rule. If this calculation is mistaken, it is probable that it may be in not allowing for the extent that the Conservatives will go in the direction of buying out the landlords, and turning occupiers into owners.

In France an opposite tendency is temporarily conspicuous. There, for the moment, the Destinies appear to fight on the side of the Centre. All political events have been overshadowed this month by the apparent approach of the death of the Comte de Chambord—that is to say, King Henri Cinq of the Legitimist Monarchy. For the first half of July, the Comte was believed to be dying of cancer in the stomach. Prayers were put up for his recovery by the faithful, but their monarch himself believed that his end was at hand. The last sacraments were administered, and France awaited every moment the telegram of his decease. Suddenly and unexpectedly the Prince began to amend, and at the present moment of writing it is doubtful whether or not he may ultimately

recover, to prolong, for a few years longer, the hopeless devotion to the White Flag which he cherishes with chivalrous fidelity. But whether he live or whether he die his illness has done signal service to the Comte de Paris. The fusion has been renewed under the most solemn auspices, and the nation has been reminded in the most effective fashion that, when the Comte de Chambord dies, the Comte de Paris will stand as the sole inheritor alike of the Loyalist tradition and the allegiance of monarchical France. If there is to be a restoration in France, the scenes at Frohsdorf have brought into strong relief the exceptional position of the Orleanist Prince who, on the day when "Henri Cinq" is gathered to his fathers, will become the sole rival to the Republic. The Imperialists are so hopelessly disunited that they are practically out of the running. The disappearance of the obstinate Pretender, with his impossible flag, will unite the Royalists around the representative at once of Legitimacy and of the tricolour.

At the same time that death and disease have been pressing hardy upon the leader of the Extreme Right, the Republicans now in power in France have been relentlessly persecuting the fanatics of the Extreme Left. In the spring they strained the law to send Prince Krapotkin to gaol for his share in the International, and at midsummer they inflicted a severe sentence of six years' imprisonment upon Louise Michel for her share in the trumpety manifestations of March 18th, when a few bakers' shops were looted in her presence.

The Republican Ministry is "cutting its tail" with vigour, and the operation not unnaturally excites grave dissatisfaction among many Republicans. So intense was the feeling against the excessive severity of the Government, that the Paris municipality preferred to dispense with the attendance of Ministers at the great *fête* of the Republic, when the statue of the Republic was unveiled in the Place of that name, rather than consent to the exclusion from the speech

of the Prefect of Seine a pointed appeal for clemency to the condemned. The attempt to provoke a hostile popular manifestation in the streets failed miserably. The black flag displayed at the *fête* was hissed by the mob, and an elaborate *émeute* at Roubaix was summarily snuffed out by a handful of soldiers and police.

"Twenty years of my life," exclaimed Castelar this month, in the eloquent speech in which he vindicated the Spanish Republicans in the Cortes, "twenty years of my life have I sacrificed in creating a democracy of progress. I would willingly sacrifice twenty more in trying to create a democracy of order." That of which the Spanish orator dreamed seems to have been already realised in France. North of the Pyrenees, although they are not unmindful of that inward monitor which with implacable voice is ever ringing in the ears of nations the command "Advance! Advance!" the majority seems for the moment to have abandoned that revolutionary temper which has ever been the most dangerous weakness of European democracies.

One of many contrasts which may be noted between the prevailing tendencies in England and in France relates to the position of the State in dealing with railway companies. In England the House of Commons has displayed a praiseworthy desire to compel the companies to respect the rights and minister to the convenience of the people. The rejection of the Ennerdale and Epping Forest Railway Bills, the amendment of the Bill dealing with St. James's Burial Ground, Hampstead, the action taken against the ventilators, to say nothing of the clauses in the Railway Passengers' Duty Bill, stipulating for workmen's trains, and the carriage of public servants at reduced fares, all point in one direction. So clearly is this perceived that Sir Edward Watkin has already raised the alarm, and proposes to form a Railway Shareholders' Protection Association to fight it out with those who are press-

ing forward this policy of injustice to railways. In France, on the other hand, the companies are in the ascendant. The Government has capitulated to the railway companies, and the conventions which are being debated will probably be ratified by the legislature. The eloquent and impassioned protest of M. Madier de Montjau against the establishment of "industrial feudalism," is, in its own way, the antithetical counterpart of the protest of Sir Edward Watkin, and should be studied by all who wish to understand the point of view with which advanced democrats approach the question of incorporated monopolies.

The feud between Church and State continues to rage unchecked in France where the latest triumph of the anti-clericals has been to exclude chaplains from the hospitals of Paris. Elsewhere the storm is abated. In Spain, says Castelar, the clergy, inspired by wise suggestions from the supreme pontiff, separate to-day from the ruins of departed absolutism, thereby placing it nearer heaven and further away from earth. In Germany, the bill amending the ecclesiastical laws has been ratified by the sovereign, but it has not been accepted as a settlement by the Vatican, whose reiterated demand for the full concession of its claims has produced no small irritation at Varzin. The most remarkable illustration of the new truce with the papacy, which has succeeded the old *Cultur Kampf*, supplied by the publication of the new concordat by which Russia assents to the appointment of Catholic bishops to the Polish sees. This act, vehemently condemned at Moscow, is a proof that in the storm, believed to be rising in Poland, the emperor deems it necessary to make allies even in the papal priesthood. Whether he will be more successful than the employers of Mr. Errington, remains to be seen. The Poles have noted Mr. Parnell's success, and, if they are not greatly belied, they are meditating an imitation of his tactics which fills with anxiety the counsellors of the Czar.

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THE "WHY" AND THE "HOW" OF LAND NATIONALISATION.

I.

IN the July issue of this magazine an article appeared on "State Socialism and the Nationalisation of the Land," from the pen of Professor Fawcett, in which he referred to two books recently published as having drawn attention to this question—one of these being my own volume on *Land Nationalisation*, the other, Mr. Henry George's well-known *Progress and Poverty*. In consequence of the wide circulation of the latter work, Professor Fawcett thinks it important to examine carefully the proposals there advocated, and he proceeds to do so, though, as it seems to me, far from "carefully," since he starts many difficulties which would never arise under Mr. George's proposals, and entirely ignores the vast mass of fact, argument, and illustration, by means of which the radical injustice of private property in land, and its enormous and widespread evil results, are set forth and demonstrated. With the treatment of Mr. George, however, I do not here propose further to meddle; but as Professor Fawcett has quoted the title of my book as one of those which have drawn attention to the subject, while he deliberately ignores every fact, argument, and proposal contained in it; and as

the press has very widely noticed and praised this article as demonstrating the futility and impracticability of land nationalisation, I gladly seize the opportunity afforded me of stating the other side of the question. This is the more necessary because the readers of Professor Fawcett's article will certainly carry away the impression that my proposals are substantially the same as those of Mr. George, and that a criticism of the one will apply equally to the other; whereas, not only are they absolutely distinct and unlike, but those first advanced by myself have commended themselves to a considerable number of advanced thinkers who previously held nationalisation to be impracticable, and have led to the formation of a Land Nationalisation Society, which has now been two years in existence, and is gradually but surely aiding in the formation of a distinctively English school of land reformers. These facts, to which Professor Fawcett's attention has been specially directed, surely required that some notice, however brief, should be given to them in an article written expressly to instruct the public on this great question.

In order to place this question fairly before my readers within the limits

here assigned to me, it will be necessary to omit the consideration of some of its aspects altogether, and to treat others very briefly. The fundamental question undoubtedly is, the right or the wrong, the justice or the injustice, of private property in land. And then follows the question of results; right and justice lead to good results—to happiness and general well-being; wrong and injustice as surely lead to bad results, and their fruits are moral evil and physical suffering. We have to inquire, then, what are the actual results of modern landlordism? and thus confirm or modify the conclusions we have reached from general principles. Finally, we have to consider how we can best carry into effect right and just principles so as most certainly to reap the reward of moral and physical well-being. This really exhausts the subject. The historical inquiry—how private property in land arose, what changes it has undergone, the results of legislation by landlords and usurpation by kings, the story of royal grants, confiscations, and inclosures, are all exceedingly interesting, and will be found to support and strengthen at every point the argument from principle and from results; but it is not essential to a comprehension of the main question, and we shall therefore omit it here, referring our readers to such works as Mr. Joseph Fisher's *History of Landholding in England; Our Old Nobility* (originally published in the *Echo* newspaper); and Dr. W. A. Hunter's lecture on "The Land Question" (*Mark Lane Express*, January 8th, 1883), for condensed information on this branch of the subject.

First, then, we have to inquire whether private property in land is just and right; and here we find ourselves at once in conflict with the great body of Liberals and land-law reformers, who advocate, as their sole panacea, free trade in land. For the foundation of their doctrine is, that land should be treated as merchan-

dise; that it is *right* for individuals to own it absolutely and in any quantity; that it is *good* for great capitalists to add farm to farm, and to build up great estates; that land should be bought and sold as easily as iron or railway shares. We nationalisers, on the other hand, say that all this is fundamentally wrong. We maintain that land should not be treated as merchandise, for the following reasons:—

1. Because it is absolutely essential to the exertion of all industry, while it is the first necessity of human existence; therefore those who own it will possess absolute power over the happiness, the freedom of action, and the very lives of the rest of the community.

2. Because it is limited in quantity, and tends therefore to become the monopoly of the rich—a monopoly which will surely be intensified by free trade, which will render it easier than now to accumulate large estates, and will thus make the landless people still more the virtual slaves of the landlords than they are now.

As Professor Fawcett and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre have both shown, the land hunger of the rich is insatiable; and, as is well put by the *Edinburgh Review*—"It stands to reason that, if the sale and purchase of land were perfectly easy and free, those persons would buy most land and give the best price for it who had most money to buy it with."

To determine whether private property in land is right and just, and compatible with the well-being of the whole community, it will be well to glance briefly at the true foundations of property, and the admitted rights of a free man. Property is, primarily, that which is obtained or produced by the exertion of labour or the exercise of skill. In this a man has a right of property, to use, to give away, or to exchange. This is a universally admitted right which forms part of the very foundations of society, and many eminent writers maintain that it is

the only way in which private property can justly arise. Property is, however, usually admitted in any natural product *found* by an individual and obtained without labour; but this kind of property has never the absolute character of the former kind, since if the thing found is not abundant and is essential to life or well-being, the individual right to its exclusive possession is not admitted. The single good spring of water on an island, a single group of fruit or other useful trees, a single pond or stream containing abundance of fish, are not allowed to be appropriated by the first discoverer to the exclusion of his fellow men.

Property in the results of a man's labour has no such limitations; it is usually hurtful to no one, and with free access to natural agencies and products, and freedom of exchange between man and man, is beneficial to all. There is no other natural and universal source of private property but this—that every man has a right to the produce of his own labour; and hence, as land is not produced by man it cannot equitably become private property.

Let us next look at the question from the point of view of the rights of individuals, as members of a society which upholds freedom as a fundamental principle of its existence. In such a society it will surely be admitted that every man has an equal right to live. Not, be it observed, a right to be kept alive by others; not a right to claim any part of the produce of others' labour, but, simply, freedom to support himself by labour, freedom from all obstructions by his fellow-men of his own freedom to labour. Not to have *this* freedom of action is to be a slave; and to this extent at least it will be admitted that all men are, or should be, equal.

But man cannot live without access to the natural products which are essential to life—to air, to water, to food, to clothing, to fire. If the means of getting these are monopolised by some, then

the rest are denied their most elementary right—the right to support themselves by their own labour. But neither pure air, nor water, neither food, clothing nor fire, can be obtained without land. A free use of land is, therefore, the absolute first condition of freedom to live; and it follows, that the monopoly of land by some must be wrong, because it necessarily implies the right of some to prevent others from obtaining the necessaries of life.

Another consideration which shows the private ownership of land to be unjust is the fact (admitted by all economists), that the whole commercial value of land is the creation of society, increasing just as population and civilisation increase. If one man had a grant of an uninhabited island or country, the size of Britain, the value per acre of all the land which he did not use himself would be *nil*. Rather than live alone he would give land to any one who would settle near him. And when others came he would sell them land, as it is sold in all new countries, for a mere trifle, while he could never enforce his rights over those who took possession of remote parts of his territory. But, just as the population increased the land would rise in value; till, when towns and cities had sprung up, and all the arts of civilised life were practised, and communications were established with every part of the world, a single acre might sell for 1,000*l.* or 10,600*l.* Who created this value? Not the original settler, but society. And this shows the absurdity of comparing, as some do, the occasional increase in the value of other property with that of land. In the case of everything which is the product of human labour, the tendency is for it to become cheaper as population increases and civilisation advances. When the reverse occurs it is usually owing to exceptional conditions, or to the influence of some kind of monopoly. But with land the increase of value is universally coincident with and due to the growth of

society, and the only fluctuations in this constant rise are owing either to monopoly and speculation forcing the price at a certain epoch above its natural value, or to restrictions on its free use by the people. Here again we bring out a broad distinction between the products of a man's labour which are and should be private property, and land, the gift of nature to man and the first condition of his existence, which should ever remain the possession of society at large.

One other consideration remains, and perhaps the most important of all as affording a demonstration of the necessarily evil results of unrestricted private property in land. If a portion of the community is allowed to appropriate the whole of the land for its private use and benefit, this appropriation necessarily carries with it the right and the power to appropriate the bulk of the products of the labour of the rest of the community, while it keeps down wages to a minimum rate just sufficient to maintain physical existence. Carlyle recognised this truth when he speaks of the poor widow boiling nettles for her only food, and the perfumed lord in Paris extracting from her every third nettle as rent. The late Professor Cairnes in many of his writings dwelt upon this consequence of landlordism. In one of his essays in the *Fortnightly Review*, he says:—"The soil is, over the greater portion of the inhabited globe, cultivated by very humble men, with very little disposable wealth, and whose career is practically marked out for them by irresistible circumstances, as tillers of the ground. In a contest between vast bodies of people so circumstanced, and the owners of the soil—between the purchases without reserve, constantly increasing in numbers, of an indispensable commodity—the negotiation could have but one issue, that of transferring to the owners of the soil the whole produce, minus what was sufficient to maintain in the lowest state of existence the race of cultivators." But this result

has been most clearly and forcibly demonstrated by Mr. Henry George, who makes it the very key-note of his book, and illustrates it by a wealth of illustration and a force of argument which must be carefully studied to be appreciated. I can here only find space for an abstract of one of his illustrations.

Let us suppose an island, with no external communications, and but moderately peopled, in which the land was equally divided among all the inhabitants; and let us suppose that there was free trade in land as in everything else, just as desired by our most advanced politicians. After fifty or a hundred years let us look again at this island, and we shall certainly find the land most unequally divided; some will be very rich and have large landed estates, many will be very poor and have sold or otherwise parted with all their land. We may suppose there to be no wars, a pure government, few taxes, no state church, no hereditary nobility; yet inequality in ownership of land will have caused pauperism and virtual slavery. For, all must live on the land, and from the products of the land; therefore those who do not own land can only have the use of it or obtain its products on the terms of those who do own it. They are really slaves; for, in order to live, they must accept the landlord's terms and do as he bids them.

If landlords are rather numerous it will not seem like slavery, because the forms of free contract will be observed. But there can really be no free contract, because the landowners can wait, the landless cannot. They must work on the landowner's terms or starve. And thus, just in proportion as population increases, and the competition for land and its products, especially for bare food, becomes keener, the landowners will obtain a larger and larger share of the products of the soil—in other words, rents will rise, and wages will fall or remain stationary. Now let us introduce a fresh element—labour-saving ma-

chinery. This will enable more wealth to be produced with the same labour or with less; but it will not decrease the dependence of labour upon land. All the increased production of wealth will go to the wealthy—the landlords, the landless remaining as poor as before. As the climax of this argument, Mr. George supposes the case of labour-saving machinery to be brought to absolute perfection, so that all wealth will be produced by various forms of automata, without human labour. Then all wealth will belong to the landowners, for even standing-room for houses and machinery cannot be obtained except on their terms, and the landless multitude must necessarily starve in the midst of plenty, or live as servile dependents on the landlord's bounty. Thus, private property in land—even were all other social and political evils removed—necessarily makes the many poor that the few may be rich; for it prevents free access to those natural elements without which man cannot live, and thus directly causes *poverty* and *pauperism*, and the long train of miseries and crimes that spring therefrom.

By this preliminary inquiry we have shown—

(1) That private property in land can never justly arise, because land is not a product of human labour.

(2) That the monopoly of the land by a class is inconsistent with the fundamental rights of individuals in a professedly free country.

(3) That the whole commercial value of land is the creation of society, not of landlords and tenants, and should therefore belong to the community.

(4) That private property in land necessarily leads to the poverty and subjection of the many for the benefit of the few.

I therefore claim to have completely answered the fundamental question with which I started, and to have demonstrated that, as a matter of principle, our present land-system is absolutely wrong, cruelly and per-

niciously unjust. Before proceeding to consider how far this conclusion is supported by the facts and results of modern landlordism, I cannot but remark on the absolute silence of Professor Fawcett on the whole question of right or wrong. He knows that this aspect of the subject is treated with wonderful force and most convincing illustration in Mr. George's book; he knows that nearly a hundred thousand copies of that book have been circulated among English readers; and yet he confines himself exclusively to Mr. George's practical proposals which have really nothing to do with the main question. Are we to suppose that he upholds the convenient doctrine that whatever is right; that ethics need have no place in political teaching; and that the happiness or misery of millions are as nothing compared with the maintenance of the usurped rights and privileges of British landlords? He can surely not imagine that such a mode of treating this great subject can have the slightest effect as an antidote to Mr. George's teachings.

We now come to the important practical question, What is the outcome of modern landlordism? We have seen, that, from various distinct points of view, it is wrong in principle; the works we have referred to on the history of the subject show that it had its origin in force, and has since been largely maintained by confiscation and by unjust legislation; but we are so practical a people, that, if it can be shown that its results are good we should care little about principles or about history, but would be quite content to maintain a system which works tolerably well. And people actually do say that it works well. Press and Parliament are never tired of exclaiming—"See how rich we are! What a trade we do with all the world! Our system, which produces such results, *must* be all right!" But along with our great riches we have a mass of terrible poverty, and it is the opinion of disinterested writers that

we are the most pauperised country on the globe.¹

Our public men continually assure us that pauperism is diminishing; or that at the worst it is stationary, while our population is increasing rapidly, and that it is therefore proportionally diminishing; and they base their statements on the official statistics of pauperism. I shall show, however, that these are not trustworthy guides, and that there is good reason to believe that, during the very periods in which our aggregate wealth has increased most rapidly, pauperism has increased also in positive amount, and perhaps even in greater proportion than the increase of population.

If we take the official statistics of pauperism in England and Wales for the last thirty years we find great fluctuations, but nothing like a regular diminution. Between 1849 and 1880 the numbers were lowest in the years 1853 and 1876-78, while they were highest from 1862 to 1873. The only years in which the numbers rose above a million were 1863-64 and 1868-71, and this was the very period when our commerce was increasing so rapidly as to excite the enthusiasm of our legislators, and when our prosperity was supposed to be greatest. The extremely irregular fluctuations of official pauperism render it possible almost always to choose some year, twenty, thirty, or forty years back, when it was higher than now, and thus show an apparent decrease of numbers; but if we take the whole period from 1849 to 1880 as one during which our commerce and wealth increased enormously, and all the industrial arts and means of communication made the most rapid

¹ As this has been denied without proof of its inaccuracy it will be well to quote the words of Mr. Joseph Kay, Q.C., author of *Free Trade in Land*, who says: "The French, the Dutch, the Germans, and the Swiss look with wonder at the enormous fortunes and at the enormous mass of pauperism which accumulate in England side by side. They have little of either extreme." And again he speaks of the astonishment of foreigners at "the frightful amount of absolute pauperism amongst the lowest classes."

strides, and take the average pauperism of the first twelve and last twelve of these years we find them almost exactly the same, thus—1849—1860, average paupers, 863,338; 1869—1880, average paupers, 864,398. Between the middle points of these two periods (1854 to 1874) the population increased about 23 per cent., and thus the proportional pauperism *appears* to have decreased considerably, though not at all in proportion to the increase of our aggregate wealth, which was at least doubled during the same period.

Several causes have, however, been in operation during this period which have led to the numbers of officially recorded paupers forming a less and less adequate indication of the total mass of pauperism in the country, so that even the small comfort derived from its supposed decrease in proportion to population may be denied us. In the first place there can be no doubt that the extent and efficiency of private charity all over the country have been steadily increasing, and that by its generous aid large numbers have been saved from becoming paupers. Not only have old charities been better administered, but many societies have been formed for the systematisation of private charity; while all over the country the clergy, and an ever increasing army of lady visitors, have aided the poor with advice and timely relief. It is impossible to estimate the amount of these various agencies, but it seems not impossible that they may have relieved the ratepayers from an amount equal to that due to increase of population during the same period; and this is the more probable when we consider the enormous increase of the wealthy middle class, and the increasing feeling that the poor have some moral claim upon the rich, leading to more and more liberality in every case of undeserved misfortune.

But yet more powerful agencies have been at work tending to decrease the numbers of official paupers without any corresponding decrease of poverty and pauperism. For many years there has

been a growing disposition to diminish out-door relief, and apply more generally the "workhouse test" which is the fundamental principle of our poor law. It is well known that there is such a wide-spread dislike and dread of the workhouse among the more respectable poor that many will rather starve than enter it, and as a matter of fact many *do* starve who might have been well fed within its walls. Now in the *Daily News* of April 18th of this year, there was a remarkable article giving an account of the results of this change of system in some London parishes. It states that ten years ago a severe reduction of out-door relief was commenced in Whitechapel and other parishes, till at the present time there is no out-door relief given in that parish, nor in Stepney and St. George's in the East, while the same process is going on in Marylebone and other parts of London, and to a less extent all over the kingdom. The article in question states the remarkable fact that this great change has produced practically *no increase of indoor paupers*. In Stepney, for example, out-door relief has been reduced by 7,000 in the last ten years, and there is no increase whatever of indoor paupers, the reason being (as expressly stated) that *organised private charity has taken the place of out-door relief*. Now if there has been a reduction of 7,000 official paupers in one London parish without any proof of a corresponding decrease of real want and destitution, how utterly unmeaning and even misleading becomes the quotation of these official statistics as showing any real decrease of our pauperism. If we take as our guide the fact, that, in one of the worst and most poverty-stricken districts of the metropolis, organised private charity has been able to take the place of the relieving officer when a *total* cessation of out-door relief has been effected, we may be sure that it has been found quite equal to the much easier task of relieving those thrown on its hands by a very partial application of the same

methods of dealing with the poor in other parts of the country. We may, therefore, fairly assume that the diminution of out-door paupers over the whole country during the last thirty years has been largely due to the stricter application of the workhouse test, and that those thus refused relief by the guardians have been aided and kept alive by more extensive and better organised private charity. If this is the case, the only official test of pauperism as actually increasing or decreasing will be found in the records of indoor relief, and these show numbers steadily increasing at a much greater rate than population! Thus in the thirty years from 1852 to 1882 the number of indoor paupers in England and Wales has continuously increased, from 106,413 in the former year to 188,433 in the latter, an increase of 83 per cent., while in the same period population only increased 45 per cent. The plain inference is, that confirmed pauperism—that which includes all the most degraded and the most hopeless of our poor—has been steadily increasing at a greater rate than our population, during a period in which our aggregate wealth has been doubled, and our commerce, of which we are so proud, has increased three-fold!

Before quitting this subject, it is well to point out that the way in which the number of paupers is estimated is most misleading, and gives no adequate idea of the real numbers. The tables show only the numbers relieved on the 1st January in each year, but it is estimated that the actual number of persons receiving relief during the year is nearly two and a half times this number, or about an average of two millions¹ for England and Wales, or two and a half millions for the United Kingdom. If we add to this latter number those who receive relief in the casual wards (which are not included in the official tables), and the very large numbers who depend wholly or

¹ For details of this estimate see the present writer's *Land Nationalisation*. p. 3.

partially on private charity for support, we shall perhaps bring the figures up to three and a half millions. But beyond this number of actual paupers loom a vast host of the poor who ever live on the verge of pauperism, and from whom the ranks of the actual paupers are constantly recruited, including whole populations, like the cottiers of the west of Ireland, and the crofters of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, living in such a condition of perennial want that it only requires that most certain of periodical events—a bad season—to produce actual famine. If we add only one million for all these, we bring up the number of actual or potential paupers in this civilised, Christian, and pre-eminently wealthy country to about four millions and a half, or about one in seven of the whole population!

This dreadful failure to distribute with any approach to fairness among our workers the enormous wealth which they alone produce, is rendered more disgraceful when we take account of the vast extension of labour-saving machinery during the epoch we are considering.

It is calculated that we now possess steam-engines of about ten million horse power, equal to a hundred million men always working for us. Reckoning six million families in the United Kingdom, we may say that every family has the equivalent of sixteen hard-working slaves, who are never idle and always do a full day's work. What ought to be the result of all this labour, in addition to the grinding labour of all our working men and women? Should we not expect abundance of food and clothing for all, and ample leisure for the cultivation of the mind, and the enjoyment of the beauties of nature and of art? Instead of this, we have wide-spread, ever-present pauperism; crowded cities reeking with squalor, filth, drunkenness, and vice; a depopulated country; and, as a direct consequence of these two factors—streams polluted with wasted fertilising matter, destroying

at once natural, valuable fish-food, beauty, and human life. Everywhere we find wealthy people enjoying all the luxuries and refinements of a high civilisation; but amidst them we also find masses of human beings living more degraded lives than most savages, and working harder and more continuously than most slaves.

In our preliminary inquiry we have shown that some such result as this *ought* to arise from absolute private property in land. It is surely a remarkable coincidence (if it be only a coincidence) that these results should occur in such extreme and painful development in the country where land is concentrated in the fewest hands, where the legal rights of landlords are the most absolute, and where, owing to the enormous aggregation of wealth, the divorce between those who own and those who cultivate the soil is the most complete. Let us endeavour to throw further light upon this question by an examination of the effects of our system in special cases.

In Ireland we have the spectacle of landlords doing what they like with their own for three centuries, backed up by a landlord parliament which made any laws they thought necessary; and the result has been a country in continual rebellion and a people ever on the verge of starvation.

This chronic starvation has been imputed to any and every cause but the real one—to over-population, to idleness, to potatoes; the real and all-sufficient cause being that the mass of the population are crowded on small and utterly insufficient holdings of the worst lands at extravagantly high rents, which means, that everything they raise besides enough potatoes to support life goes as tribute to the landlords.

Under such conditions, no population, however limited, no industry however great, no agriculture however perfect, no soil however fertile, could save a people from poverty and recurring famines.

As Mr. De Courcy Atkins well puts

it:—"Less than 2,000 persons own two-thirds of the land in Ireland, and out of its five or six million inhabitants there is no man of those who have tilled it and given it all its present value who owns one sod of its soil. For the land owned by these two thousand persons, many of whom are absentees, five hundred thousand families are competing, as the sole stay between them and starvation." The Devon Commission, thirty-five years ago, declared authoritatively that in Ireland everything on the land which gives it value—houses, buildings, fences, gates, drains, &c. have been made by the tenants, and are undoubtedly their own property; yet from that day till two years ago our Parliament has allowed and even encouraged the Irish landlords to rob the tenants of this property by forms of law, and thousands and tens of thousands of Irish tenants have been robbed accordingly! Yet more. In the four years succeeding the great famine, there were over two hundred thousand evictions; whole town-lands were depopulated, and their human inhabitants driven off to make room for cattle and sheep—houses, schools, churches, everything being destroyed. The results of this are still to be seen over a large part of Ireland, where the traveller seems to be passing through a land bereft of human inhabitants, but marked by abundant ruins. The *Daily News* special commissioner, writing from Mayo, in October 1880, says:—"Tradesmen, farmers, and all the less wealthy part of the community still speak sorely of the evictions of thirty or forty years ago, and point out the graveyards which alone mark the sites of thickly populated hamlets abolished by the crowbar." The lands thus cleared were let in blocks of several square miles each to English or Scotch farmers for grazing farms, in order, as he tells us, that landlords "might get their rents more easily and more securely," even though they were sometimes less than those paid by the former inhabitants. And what

became of these inhabitants? Let the Devon Commission, appointed by Parliament, and consisting mostly of landlords, answer the question:—"It would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the state of distress to which the ejected tenantry have been reduced, and of the disease, misery, and even vice, which they have propagated in the towns wherein they have settled; so that not only they who have been ejected have been rendered miserable, but they have carried with them and propagated that misery. They have increased the stock of labour, they have rendered the habitations of those who received them more crowded, they have given occasion to the dissemination of disease, they have been obliged to resort to theft and all manner of vice and iniquity to procure subsistence; but, what is perhaps the most painful of all, a vast number of them have perished of want."¹ Now, consider these horrible results produced in four years to a million of people; consider further, that the same kind of eviction, with its consequent misery and vice, has been going on in Ireland in varying degrees down to this very year, and that all this untold wretchedness, this cruel, heart-rending wrong, this vice, and crime, and pauperism, this disease and death, have been caused—not in a great war between nations struggling for supremacy, not to maintain any great principle of religious or civil liberty, but, "in order that landlords may get their rents more securely and more easily!" And now, in this year, 1883, when the people of Ireland, crowded into towns and on the poorest lands of the west coast, are again starving, the only remedy our landlord legislators can propose is to ship them off by thousands to other countries, and thus increase and intensify that widespread hatred of English rule: which is the natural and just punishment we are receiving for persistent injustice. These deserted villages are not to be

¹ *Parl. Rep.* 1845, vol. xix. p. 19.

again repopled; the cattle and sheep must be still allowed to displace Irishmen; the "easy collection" of the landlord's rents must on no account be endangered; let everything go on as before, and when our consciences or our fears are aroused by the cry of too many starving Irishmen, let subscriptions be got up, and let the English people be taxed to ship off a few thousands of surplus paupers to New York, and all will be well!

Here we see pure landlordism having its own way, and working out its natural and inevitable results, in the extreme case of ownership of the soil of a country for the most part by absentees and by aliens in race and religion. About this there can be no dispute. And if the absurd and totally unfounded cry of over-population is always to be followed by more emigration, there can be no end to the process. For even were the population reduced to one million of Irish peasant cultivators, that million would continue in exactly the same condition of misery and destitution as the present population, if they were confined to limited areas and were subjected to the extortions of the agents of absentee or alien landlords. Even before the famine the exorbitant rents and high taxes were paid chiefly by means of exported *food*, showing that the land of Ireland was able to support many more than the eight millions which then inhabited it. Yet now, when the population has been reduced to five or six millions, the same cry of over-population is raised—as it was a century ago when there were only two millions; and whether there be two or five or eight millions in the country, there will certainly be starvation and local over-population if the people are forbidden the free use of their native land, are confined to the least productive districts and to insufficient holdings, and all the surplus produce above a bare supply of potatoes in average years is exported to pay rent! That more starving Irishmen should be expatriated while millions of acres

which they once tilled are given up to cattle and sheep, is the condemnation of landlord government. That the chronic famine which has prevailed in Ireland for a century should still devastate it, is the condemnation of landlordism itself.

Let us now turn to another country, where the landlord power has had complete sway for a century, unfettered by any of the difficulties which are often alleged as the reason for its terrible failure in Ireland. In the Highlands of Scotland there has been no religious difficulty, and there has been no antipathy of race; the people have not depended wholly on potatoes, and the country has certainly never been over-populated. Neither has there been any rebellion against authority; but the universal testimony of all who know them best is, that in the whole British dominions there exists no more intelligent, religious, peaceable and industrious people than the Highland peasantry. Yet here too, under the most favourable conditions, we find perennial destitution and famine, and this very year sees another of the long series of Royal Commissions seeking out that which is plain as the sun at noonday, the causes of want and misery among the tenantry of an enormously wealthy, and in their own territories almost omnipotent, body of landlords. The causes are, simply, that the native inhabitants have been driven from the inland valleys to the sea-coast to make room for sheep and deer. The terrible history of the Highland clearances is too long to go into in this place. Suffice it to state, that two millions of acres once inhabited by human beings are now devoted to deer only, from which the noble Highland chieftains or their successors get much sport or large rentals. Seventy men at this day own half Scotland, and if they choose to complete what they have begun, and turn more fields and meadows into hunting-grounds, our existing law permits them to do so; while no

amendment of the law as yet proposed by Liberal politicians would place the slightest check upon this iniquitous power.

The reader who wishes to know how the brave Highlanders have been treated by those who owe everything to them, and who should have been their protectors—their hereditary chieftains—should read Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's recently published *History of the Highland Clearances*, or the outline of the main facts in my own work, referred to by Professor Fawcett. Let us now see what are the conditions under which the Highlanders live at the present day, and consider whether under such conditions anything but poverty, discontent, and famine is possible. We learn from the various reports that have appeared in the daily papers, confirming the testimony of all previous impartial writers, that the Highland crofters are confined to miserably small holdings—the largest croft in Skye, for example, being seven acres; that the land is poor and the rent very high; that the landlords have continually encroached on the commons and mountains, the use of which for grazing is essential to the crofter's existence. These have been usually taken from them, without compensation, to make either large sheep-farms or deer-forests; and in many cases they suffer without redress from the incursions of the deer which eat their crops, while they are not allowed to keep dogs to mind their own sheep (when they have any) for fear of disturbing these sacred deer, whose well-being and due increase are carefully attended to even though it entails starvation on men and women.

Then, again, these great estates, often as large as continental kingdoms or dukedoms, are managed by agents and factors who represent an unknown and unseen landlord, and who are really despotic rulers, carrying out their own decrees under penalty of eviction—a penalty as severe as that imposed by the law of England on

hardened criminals. It was stated in the *Daily News*, a paper which is celebrated for the careful accuracy of its information, that on one estate (a generation back) a whole body of crofters were removed because they had good land which the factor wanted; and this is the more credible because many other cases are recorded in which the factors take farms from which the former holders have been evicted. Under the rule of the factors the people may be oppressed and pauperised, even with the most benevolent of landlords. Take the case of the late Sir James Matheson, who bought the extensive island of Lewis (as large as an average English county) about forty years ago, and who is universally admitted to have been personally most benevolent and liberal. Yet under his paternal government tenants were ejected at the will of the factor, and extensive tracts turned into sheep farms and deer forests, and such cruel injustice was perpetrated for years that the people at length rebelled, and then only did their landlord know they had anything to complain of. The *Quarterly Review* declares that Sir James Matheson made wonderful improvements in Lewis, "pouring out money like water," and spending over 100,000*l.* there, besides giving largely in charity; and the result is that in this very year there is famine in Lewis, and the representatives of this wealthy and benevolent landlord are obliged to beg for subscriptions in the city of London to save the people from starvation! Nothing is said about the sheep and deer of the island; no doubt they are fat and flourishing and give handsome returns, whereas men and women are encumbrances and have to be kept alive by charity! What a cruel satire is this. An enormously rich country, which taxes its people heavily under the pretence that it dispenses justice and gives protection to all; which is highly civilised and highly religious; and which yet upholds a system under which large masses of its subjects have no right to live but

by the permission of landlords and their irresponsible agents!

I cannot here go further into this distressing subject, but must again refer my readers to the easily accessible sources of information I have quoted. I will only give one passage from a writer of full knowledge and authority; Dr. D. G. F. Macdonald, to show that my conclusions are not the result of prejudice or imperfect knowledge:—"I know a glen, now inhabited by two shepherds and two gamekeepers, which at one time sent out its thousand fighting men. And this is but one out of many that might be cited to show how the Highlands have been depopulated. Loyal, peaceable, high-spirited peasantry have been driven from their native land—as the Jews were expelled from Spain and the Huguenots from France—to make room for grouse, sheep, and deer. A portly volume would be needed to contain the records of oppression and cruelty perpetrated by many landlords, who are a scourge to the unfortunate tenants, blighting their lives, poisoning their happiness, and robbing them of their improvements, filling their wretched homes

with sorrow, and breaking their hearts with the weight of despair."

Here, then, we have reviewed the results of our land system. Persistent pauperism in the midst of boundless wealth in England—clearly due to the large farm system so dear to English landlords and agents, to the consequent driving of labourers to the towns to seek a subsistence, to the utter divorce of the labourer from any right in his native soil, and to land and building speculation, making it the interest of landlords and speculators that people should be driven to live crowded together in towns rather than be scattered naturally and beneficially over the country.

In Ireland we see agrarian war, chronic famine, and a degraded population, while by the cruel evictions and forced emigration, and the long-continued robbery of the Irish peasant's improvements, a deadly enemy to our country has been established in the United States.

In Scotland a religious, patient, educated peasantry have been forcibly driven from their native soil, while those which remain are pauperised, discontented, and famine-stricken.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

TROUTING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

In singular contrast to Dr. Johnson's pointless and undeservedly famous pleasantry on the gentle art, a well-known English divine, whose long and wide connection with the youth of his country makes his opinion interesting, and who is himself no fisherman, is fond of affirming that no one who is addicted to fishing can be intellectually or morally hopeless, as may be the case with the most consistent devotees of the more gregarious and showy sports; that the mere fact of his being an angler is evidence in his favour; and

that no irretrievably dull soul, no one without some mental stamina or food for reflection, could stand his own company through the long solitary days, by lake or river, that the angler's life entails.

In support of this opinion, fishing undoubtedly may be cited as the only one of our leading pastimes that is almost entirely free from alluring glitter and from spurious attractions. No one, except a weak-minded person here and there for salmon, fishes "for effect," or for any other reason than the love

of the sport and its natural surroundings. On the other hand, it would be interesting, if the secrets of the heart could be revealed, to know the percentage of Englishmen who hunt and shoot from motives other than these. Both are perennially fashionable; the ambition to figure as a sportsman, or, I should say, rather, the strange fear of not being thought a sportsman, which animates so many British breasts, and the social *éclat* which attaches to the sports that cost most money and make most display, are so inextricably interwoven with the genuine love of sport itself, that if some unimaginable collapse of the prestige which attaches to this sort of thing were to occur, we venture to affirm that it would be not only astonishing to behold the reduction in the ranks of sportsmen, but many Nimrods would be honestly surprised themselves at the analysis of their own feelings.

The majority of hunting men are after all but spectators of the sport, and very often not even that. The proportion of a field that understands anything at all about the art of hunting and the management of hounds is infinitesimal. The number of hunting men that even aspire to the art, as properly understood, of riding across country behind hounds and take that pleasure in cutting out their own line which may be called the secondary science of the sport, is, as everybody knows, but a fraction of what sporting correspondents would call English "pursuers."

With regard to shooting, again, in a lesser degree the same may be said. How many thousands of sportsmen are there who annually drop into line on the different moors or turnip fields where they may be welcome and have nothing to do but walk unquestionably forward and hold on straight when a bird or hare gets up? No previous care or thought is required, no independent action, but only average wind and strength of leg. Such people take it in their social year as a matter of course, and feel that they are doing their duty

without any mental anxiety, and, on the whole, rather pleasantly—especially about luncheon time. And if it comes on to rain they will vote like true Britons to a man that a wetting is a trifle when sport is to be had, and will plod manfully on, buoyed up by the bright visions of dressing-room fires, warm baths, and the still more comforting luxuries incidental to such occasions, that will have been so doubly earned by so much endurance.

The fisherman, however, and more especially the trout fisherman, is necessarily an independent agent. He must plan his own campaigns, he must rely on his own experience and on his own wits alone to bring the game to bag. The successful cricketer or athlete is applauded by shouting crowds: he is a hero in the arena where his deeds are performed, be it a great or a small one. Of all the leading games and sports indeed in which Englishmen indulge, fishing is the only one which confers no sort of prestige on its adepts. There is no one to shout and cheer; there is no suspicion of swagger connected with its pursuit; it is absolutely destitute of humbug; that healthy competition which gives zest to all pursuits flourishes as strongly as elsewhere within its ranks, but the modest laurels, so gathered have no charm for the uninitiated, no glitter for those who make sport a matter of social duty or competition, no attraction for the fop, or the gluttoned appetite of the time-killer. In contradistinction to shooting, which is of a tamer and less exciting description in England than in wild countries, the fisherman may congratulate himself on the thought that there is no quarter of the globe where his favourite sport can be so satisfactorily indulged in as at home—where trout-fishing particularly is so plentiful on the whole, so available, or demands at the same time so much proficiency for success. North America, for instance, we may fairly take as representing the English angler's idea of the most prolific of foreign fishing grounds—Canada

particularly. And there is unquestionably an immense area of water in these regions holding both trout and salmon. As a general thing, however, American and Canadian trout fishing is more or less inaccessible, that is to say, the country that trout most love beyond the Atlantic is generally of a rough and tangled nature that civilisation has either not reached, or, more often, thought it not worth while to reach, and is represented at the best by the rude log shanty of the poorer settler in remote clearings. So the American trout fisher has generally to camp out, or to take quarters that are worse, when he arrives at the end of the long journey which separates the abodes of educated man from the fishing grounds on the Atlantic slopes.

Now camping in the American forests in the freshness of early autumn, and later on when its richer tints burst forth with all their splendour, is delightful. When the ring of the rifle and the note of the hound seem the most natural echoes upon the silent air; when the pestiferous insects have fled with departing summer, and the camp fire roars with the first suspicion of the terrific frosts that later on will bind lake and river; then camp and shanty life is both attractive and in keeping with its surroundings. But in June, when every trace of the iron-bound winter has at length passed away, when mountains of ice have gone crashing down the rivers, and the high waters of May have passed off, when at last the angler, if he is free to choose, feels it safe to take his holidays with some certainty of success, then it is, with all the charms of early summer, that the black fly and the mosquito spring to life from their swampy breeding grounds, and no path leads so surely and so directly to their chosen haunts as does the angler's. He can, as the Americans say, "tough it out," and he does, for what will not an Anglo-Saxon do for sport; but the pleasure of the "contemplative man's recreation" is not enhanced by a bleeding face and swollen hands. It has always seemed

to me, moreover, that the gentle art loses somewhat when it is removed from the sympathies of civilisation; and I never could rid myself of the feeling that there is something incongruous in the sight of a graceful and tapering fly-rod waving amidst the tangled chaos of the virgin forests of America—a feeling that is stronger at the time and upon the spot than in the retrospect, and is only likely to be shared by English fishermen whose associations are so widely different. In such regions, too, you have got to take your trouting in big doses. North America is, of course, too large a country to generalise upon, but, as a rule, owing to a combination of reasons, the trout has fled before civilisation. With the exception of some waters here and there artificially supported, the American sportsman can seldom enjoy trout fishing without an absence of several days from home and a regular campaign. This stopping out in the wilds has other objections too besides the fly pest. The trout are comparatively unsophisticated, and there is less satisfaction to the true angler in catching them. The weather, again, is hot, and if you have ordinary sport there is nothing to be done with the surplus fish but throw them back or pickle them. Neither of these alternatives is so satisfactory as the pleasure of being able to send a dish of freshly-caught trout round to your friends before the sun of the same day has set.

The English trout not only flourishes in unshaded waters, among corn-fields, meadows, and open moors, but, on the whole prefers them. All that he requires is that the water be moving and fairly clear. In America the brook-trout—the *Fontinalis*—which, I may add, has no superior in appearance, gameness, and flavour, is found chiefly in the rocky streams that tumble through the chaos of the primeval forest. As civilisation ascends each stream, and lets the heat of the summer sun in upon the shallow water, the trout flies before it, ever seeking the cool and shady pools that lie far from the

haunts of men. And this kind of civilisation, which has driven and is driving the trout up to the head of the rivers in America, is not that which produces the fly-fishermen and the devotees of sport in its higher sense, who, belonging to the educated classes, hail chiefly from the towns and cities far away.

In England, again, the trout-fisher has a long season in which to pick his days from the closing week of February, which, if it is genial, will bring the small trout of western valleys to the top of the water, till the frosts of October and the waning condition of the fish put an end to his sport. Through all that time the weather, unpleasant enough from other points of view certainly, is for the angler admirable as compared with most other countries—a long stretch of alleviating rain and sunshine, seldom so cold as to make trouting hopeless; seldom so bright and warm as to defy the dry fly-fisherman of the chalk streams.

Trout-fishing, more than any other pastime, is intimately allied with sentiment and tradition, with surroundings and associations—more so than the fisherman himself is apt to think, perhaps, until he finds himself fighting his way, rod in hand, through a savage and mosquito-haunted wilderness.

Again when trout are very confiding, when they are almost indifferent to the manner in which the seldom-seen fly is presented to their attention—such as is the case on hundreds of the remote rivers over which American anglers scatter themselves—the zest of the pursuit loses much of its attraction. There are, of course, trouting waters here and there where sporting outposts have been planted, and whose surface is flogged enough for the reasonable education of the fish. There are others that exceptional formations bring within the limits of civilisation; though it has always seemed to me that the American stream, when unprotected, withstands general onslaughts worse than

those of our own country; but, as a rule, the trout is a backwoods item. Civilisation, in its struggling days, has swept him before it, and now in its more relenting mood, consequent on the leisure of advanced prosperity, would fain coax him back to its mill tails and villages.

Apropos of wild unfished rivers I will relate a personal experience of some years back which brought rather forcibly before me the simplicity of killing trout in such waters. I have spoken of the comparative absence of spring upon Canadian and a large proportion of the more famous American streams—that slowly-dawning spring which English anglers love. But as you travel southward along the great Appalachian backbone, which with its offshoots is the home of all the trouting waters, south of the St. Lawrence and east of the Mississippi valley; as you leave behind you that rugged north-eastern country, that illimitable wilderness of forest and tumbling waters, that covers so much of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Maine, and draw towards the milder winters of the south, a closer approximation to the conditions which surround the English angler, is reached; so far, that is, as seasons are concerned.

It was in one of those remote rivers which, leaving the wild highlands that separate the two Virginias, water the deep valleys of the Western State and swell the Ohio, that I thought, after having ridden a hundred and thirty miles to reach it, that I had discovered one of the most perfect trout-streams that the heart of man could desire; and so indeed it was. An old settled but very scanty population of small graziers had just broken the rich forests upon its banks with dashes of green meadow here and there, while constant springs of ice-cold water bubbled up every mile or so from its limestone bed and kept the water as cool as it was clear. Bordering meadows—that rare treat to the American trout-fisher—spread them-

selves before our feet, and the forests into which it ever and anon plunged were of that stately and grove-like description common to some of the Alleghany slopes, and such as the fond fancy of the Briton is sometimes apt to picture the forest primeval. There was not a mosquito in the country. The sport was wonderful; the fish not only numerous, but of good size; the scenery soft and charming. Our baskets by lunch time were almost as heavy as we cared to carry, and we sat upon the sandy beach beneath the rustling poplars and maples and smoked our pipes in that happy state of self-gratulation and contentment to which even the wisest of mortals under such circumstances is apt to succumb.

In the clear shallow pool that stretched away from our feet to the cliff that overhung the opposite bank of the river lay near the surface some twenty or thirty trout, all pretty much of a size and coming between half and three quarters of a pound. Two or three of these were so near us, and remained so absolutely callous even after we had got upon our feet and were standing actually over them, as to cause astonishment to any one brought up with due respect for a trout. I could have touched them easily with the end of my rod, and that in clear, shallow water, across which the well-brought-up trout would have struck like a shadow at the most distant appearance of a form upon the bank. As a wild experiment rather than with any serious intentions I reeled up the line to the cast, shortened the rod in my hand, and dropped the tail-fly through the ten or twelve inches of clear water on to the nose of the confiding fish. A minnow or a bull-head in an English river would have fled in alarm at this last operation. The heart of a very stickleback would have been struck with terror. Not so, however, this fine, pink-fleshed, lusty, silvery aristocrat. After the wet fly had been dragged around his nose in a barbarous manner several

times—our friend regarding us with contempt—the fish with a slow and touching curiosity at length lifted his head in a dignified manner, and at one gulp buried the fly in his jaws. The commotion he caused as he dashed through the pool or leaped upon its surface, after the manner of his race (for the American fontinalis is the bravest of the brave) disturbed his companions but little, for he was hardly in the basket before his place was occupied by another of them, who by the same ridiculous tactics was in due time laid kicking by his fellow's side. I never had the heart to throw another line upon that river, and fishermen will understand the feeling. This was, of course, as unusually remote as it was a charming stream, being some seventy miles from the nearest railroad.

The American angler, on the other hand, if his trout are less wary, has to face more discomfort and hard work. Clambering up an Alleghany or Adirondack stream is generally a very different matter from strolling along the banks of Tweed. The transatlantic fisherman, too, has to be an adept at casting under trees, for go where he will his flies are so seldom out of reach of interlacing boughs that you may say they never are; his feet never press the soft turf of the daisy-flecked meadow or the heathery moorland, but sink with relief into some rare sandy beach after their ceaseless grip on slippery boulders and prostrate trunks.

With every other kind of sport in America, scientific fishing has of late years made immense strides. Confined as a rule to the better classes, and consequently to the towns and cities, Izaak Walton is as firmly-seated a deity in the household of the Baltimorean who seeks in his holiday the bass-haunted waters of the Upper Potomac, as he is by the banks of Thames. His precepts and his quaint conceits are as dear to the hearts of the New York broker or the Boston lawyer as to their fellow-sportsmen across the sea. It is these minor

things that show how powerless mere political estrangement is to destroy the bond of blood and language; and it is pleasant and instructive to note how the phrases, the traditions, and the sentiments, which we may trace back to the banks of wandering Dove, and that we English anglers venerate, have taken root with fresh vigour by the brooks of Long Island and the cataracts of Maine. Tackle of all kinds beyond the Atlantic vies with our own in increasing efficiency. The number of anglers increases yearly. Angling literature, angling clubs, backed by state aid, have been generally successful in their ceaseless struggle against the independent and exterminating countryman, whose old backwoods instincts rebel against all game legislation. While the American trout has almost always to be enticed from beneath the shade of overhanging woods, his British relative on the other hand has, as a rule, to take open waters or nothing. Fortunately under our more temperate conditions of climate the sun and the open air agree with him, and the water has little opportunity of getting too warm. Of course we have "brushy" streams enough. The Devonshire fishermen, who especially prides himself upon his adroitness at picking little trout out of impossible places, would very quickly take me to task if I ignored their existence. Nor indeed do I forget how the Lynn, after leaving its Exmoor home, plunges for many miles through one of the loveliest bits of hanging woodland in all England; and many familiar reaches of the gentle Bray, the Baile, and the Teign, the Dart, the Avon, and other streams beloved by western anglers are capable, no doubt, with their leafy walls, of making sad inroads on the fly-book of the novice or the "up-countryman," if the term in these cosmopolitan days still lingers in their valleys, which twenty years ago designated the non-Devonian. Still the whispering woodlands, or more often the fringe of ash, or willow, or alder, that skirts the

grassy bank of the English stream, has little in common with the surroundings of the American trouting streams that recur most readily to my memory, though they too have a certain savage charm of their own—wild torrents thundering down mountain sides through the dense walls of primeval forest, hemlock and oak, spruce and ash struggling for every nook of earth, and pushing the angler on to the chaotic rocks through which the torrent roars, and in whose deep crevasses lies wedged the *débris* of winter floods, or gigantic trunks that the angry waters, swollen with melting snow or crashing ice, have flung from ledge to ledge.

British trout-fishers may be roughly divided into two classes—a very large majority belonging to those who fish in rapid waters, the minority to the comparatively few who haunt the still, chalk streams of the southern counties, of which the Kennett, the Avon, the Itchen, and the Test may be taken as excellent types. I will not say there is any rivalry between these two styles of fishing, as circumstances do not admit of that, but the different attractions of each are matters of frequent comparison among anglers, and occasionally of warm discussion. The Scottish fisherman, for instance, when he finds himself upon a Devonshire or Welsh stream is as much at home as a native. The northern angler who has learned his craft upon the banks of the Coquet, the Tees, or the Wharfe, will be equally successful in Scotland, Ireland, or the west of England. The same method of fishing, the same class of water, varying from a ripple to a torrent, but all demanding the same method, and constituting what is called "rough water fishing" is common to most of the trout-holding area of Great Britain or Ireland. The stream is fished steadily up or down; two or three flies are used; the broken nature of the water helps the angler, and, as a rule, saves the necessity of any great length of line or any unusual caution in approaching the bank, while the tail

fly, which floats just beneath the surface, is as deadly as the "dropper" which the point of the rod keeps most usually upon it, and the trout themselves run to numbers rather than to size. Yet the sportsman who might be an adept at this kind of fishing would find that to hold his own upon the banks of the still streams that with their green strips of water meadow and fringes of pollard willows break the smooth chalk uplands of southern England, he had much to learn. If a strong breeze blew and the water was rough, the ordinary method of fishing would be the only one to be pursued, and as deadly as any. But when the sun is shining bright and the tall reeds by the river side are reflected in it as in a mirror, and when for a long way up the stream you can see the long green weeds waving in the current over the layer of mud that covers their gravelly bottom; when from the ordinary point of view both the water and the weather look hopeless, and a Devonshire man would say it was mere waste of time to put a rod together at such a time on such a spot, then the expert of the Kennett or the Itchen will come stealing up on the bank with eye accustomed to detect at a long distance, the shadowy brown streak above the weeds which marks the feeding trout, or the faint dimple upon the surface under the opposite bank which is all the sign these big trout are apt to make that they are rising. Kneeling some way back from the bank, he will let out yard after yard of line, and if his fly is fresh out of the water, will make six or eight false casts in the air to dry, and then drop if possible a foot or two above the rising fish, leaving the line just loose enough to let the Wickham's fancy, or the alder, or the "sedge," or whatever chalk-stream infallible he may have on for his sole lure (for one fly is sufficient for such work) float naturally and lightly with the buoyancy of its own wings and hackles over the nose of the wary two-pounder. He may take it at

the first offer, he may take it at the tenth, for importunity sometimes answers with fish, or he may not take it at all; but one thing is quite certain, that an ordinary wet fly thrown over him at such a time would be treated with stoical contempt, if not alarm. If the angler is lucky and skilful enough to basket this first fish, he will saunter along the bank until he meet some other gentleman upon whom he may test his skill and patience.

"Dry fly fishing" on these southern streams is considered by its advocates to be the highest branch of the angler's art. Its champions are almost contemptuous of trouting as elsewhere pursued. "Any one," they say, "can kill trout with a wet fly on rough water, but it takes a fisherman to kill a Wiltshire or a Hampshire trout on a still, sunny day." Without going so far as the first statement, I must admit there is a greater thrill of satisfaction in the first rush of a Kennett trout to whom you have thus deliberately laid siege, and thus outwitted, than in the capture of an unexpected half-pounder in the tail of a boiling pool. These two styles of fishing differ almost more in their surroundings than they do even in their tactics. The "rough water" fisherman claims, and with some truth, the monopoly of romantic scenery, and is apt to sneer at the monotony of the sluggish waters and the flat meadows amid which the chalk-stream fisherman plies his art. He is given to taking it for granted also, and very erroneously, that the chalk-stream fish is not so game as he of the mountain and the moor. It is true that the Kennett or Itchen trout of three-quarters of a pound is there, what in shooting parlance would be termed a "cheeper" and in most waters has to be returned to the stream, while the same sized fish in three-fourths of the rapid rivers of Great Britain would be considered rather a trophy, and in the other fourth a highly respectable trout. But with some right to give an opinion on the matter, I entirely dissent from

the not uncommon fallacy that the larger breed of trout show less fight in proportion to their smaller kinsfolk.

As regards the monotony of these chalk streams, such things can hardly be other than a matter of taste. There is a charm of its own in the peaceful unpretending landscape through which they generally flow. The fresh green of the water meadows glows brightly in the evening sun against the dark foliage of the elms beyond, that, noisy with cawing rooks, half hide some rambling old farm or manor house from view, over whose tops the smooth down, musical with tinkling sheep-bells, slopes upward to the horizon. English rural life in its homeliest guise throbs round you unceasingly from the rumbling of the farm waggons on the road that follows the stream along the foot of the downs, to the swish of the scythe or the "click" of the mower in the meadows between, from the tolling of the grey village belfry to the splash of the frequent mill-wheels that break whatever current the river in remote ages might have possessed. Then again, if these rivers have only pastoral and homely attractions, they have the advantage of being homely too, in another sense to the resident in the modern Babylon; and the angler who is fortunate enough to have any privileges upon them, may, without any great stretch of energy, leave London in the morning, breakfast in Hungerford, Andover, Marlborough, Winchester, or half a dozen other such fishing centres, and be fast with a trout as early as he would care to be were he a resident on the river's banks. And yet by the side of one of these chalk streams—historic though its name be in the angling world, and great and manifold its attractions—you always feel that you are not in a fishing country. The river-side population have not that sympathy with you that in more rugged countries—where every valley echoes with the music of the trout-stream—brings the labourer, the shepherd, the farmer, or the passing mechanic to ask

what luck, and perhaps what fly you are killing with. The Wiltshire yokel who is singling turnips on the slope of the chalk down above, neither knows nor cares anything about such things; he may be hired by the keeper sometimes to help to cut the weeds out of the river in July, and bring home in the capacious pocket of his corduroys one or two of the fish that always fall victims to that ceremony, but that quite satisfies his piscatorial instincts. There are no odds and ends of open water, and little bits of burns and beckes to give, as in the north and west, the common folk an interest either direct or indirect in the gentle art. The one still, deep river winds in dignified seclusion between its banks of waving reeds and pollard willows, shut out from vulgar contact with village streets and common pastures by its broad margin of ever growing water meadows, on whose plashy surface even the schoolboy respects the law of trespass. Such rivers are naturally matters of much greater care and moment to their owners than rapid brooks full of small trout, which will stand almost any amount of fair fishing, and the fisherman who understands his business will always feel that the liberty of waters such as the former is a greater privilege and a greater obligation incurred than that of the latter. At the same time it is a most unfortunate thing that the owners of so much trouting water in England, not being fishermen themselves, or understanding the nature and habits of trout, are apt from exaggerated notions of preservation to let run to waste the means of giving inestimable pleasure to great numbers of their fellow creatures, without the smallest loss or inconvenience to themselves. The preservation of game is a very different matter to the preservation of trout. With the former there is no halfway course. It is a great social feature, that is represented by a large outlay of money; and all sorts of considerations enter into the matter that

cannot be applied to fishing. With a river, the more it is fairly fished within reasonable bounds, the better; while entirely to close up a trout stream is about as senseless a piece of false economy and unreasonable niggardliness as a privileged individual could be guilty of. With overstocking comes deterioration, while its capacity for affording sport is damaged; for what true angler would not prefer to fish a fairly frequented river than one on which no fly ever fell but his own?

It is astonishing what a quantity of flogging rapid waters will stand. Some of the best days I have ever had have been on rivers that are not only open to the fair fishing public, but are scantily protected against the common poacher; and yet I have known quite a fuss made about giving fully justified applicants a day or two upon a mountain brook that the owner seldom saw, and that was perfectly useless to him.

A few years ago, and probably it is still the case, a large proportion of the trouting waters in the south of Scotland were free to the angler with fly or worm. It was quite a sight on one of those numerous fast days which break the routine of northern life, to see the morning trains from Edinburgh crowded with decent folk with rods and baskets, preparing to scatter themselves over the numerous streams that, from Berwick to St. Mary's Loch, water the valley of the Tweed—keen anglers, all of them, who knew and loved every pool and rapid on the Gala and the Whitadder, the Leader and the Lyne, as well as on silver Tweed herself, with her countless smaller tributaries; who knew the ins and outs of every little fishing inn upon the border, and the soft side of the numerous successors of "Meg Dods" that administer eggs and bacon and mountain mutton and smoking toddy with the same success, if with less austerity, than their famous forerunner. In such a land you feel that you are in a trouting country; at every little

station there is a man or two with rod and basket. The shepherd who leaves the sheep with his collies on the hill above, while he comes down to see what sport you are having, has an old fly stuck in his hat. And yet the trout, if they get warier, show no signs of decreasing, any more than those of the most pampered and useless streams that run. Splendid fishermen some of these doughty northern burghers are!—the best I have ever seen in their branch of the art, hailing not only from Edinburgh and Glasgow, but from all the smaller border towns, and from as far south as canny Newcastle.

The question of flies is a burning one, no doubt. It is an excellent idea that the young aspirant should explore the mysteries of entomology, and the popular notion of the patient angler who catches the fly that comes sailing down the stream, and sitting down upon the bank with stores of mohair, and dubbing hackles and feathers before him, reproduces the original, is a fiction we fishermen like to keep up. It gives such a thoroughly workmanlike air to the whole business, and gives the outsider a due respect for the art. Those who have strong fads and fancies about flies, indulge them, I think, rather from habit and tradition than from personal experience and conviction, though they get very angry if you tell them so. Most of us too like to know we *can* make a fly, and like to remember that in our youth, when life seemed longer, we used to tie our own; but in advanced life, and with wider experience of the genus trout, does not a conviction steal upon us that all those scores of carefully-numbered and admirably painted plates in works on angling, that dazzle and bewilder the tiro's eyes, are a bit of a humbug? The late Mr. Stewart, who was acknowledged to be the premier fisherman of the north country, and was uniformly the most successful of the hundreds of experts who frequented the most persistently flogged waters in Great Britain, though in his

works he had to give way a little to the public demand for various flies, in actual practice laughed the whole thing to scorn, and kept three or four of the best known descriptions of flies alone in his book; while as for the chalk streams, whose *habitués* are great sticklers for the discrimination of their trout, one of the very best fishermen who ever threw a line upon a Wiltshire or Hampshire river confided to me not a month ago that he was almost a sceptic. So with two such authorities I do not mind confessing that my own trouting experience, gained in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, the continent of Europe, Canada, and the States, resulted in my becoming years ago an absolute unbeliever in the shifting efficacy of different flies for different seasons and rivers. I have regularly used three or four standard ones without ever troubling my head about a change since I was a lad, and have never once seen the slightest reason to suppose that such constancy ever interfered with my sport, and I feel certain it never did. I have seen men on American rivers where the trout would have risen at their hat if they had been on the feed at all, trying with inconceivable simplicity every fly in

their book, in the hopes of tempting the reluctant fish to the top, and—when at length they begin feeding again—crediting the last new fly with their success! How often too in England one sees this simple faith in the tackle makers' productions. The men whose whole experience, even if it be long, has been limited to one stream or group of streams, are the worst bigots. None of your flies are ever any good on their river. There is no hope for it but to adopt the local cast or hurt their feelings; and as your creed, unlike theirs, considers that an alder and a March broun is just as deadly, if fish mean to rise, as a loch-y-bondle and a woodcock, or any other decent, respectable fly, there is no harm done. At the first breakage, however, on goes from force of habit one of the old customers, and out come the trout without the smallest evidence of suspicion that the lure has been changed. This may be rank heresy, but if it is so it is at least the outcome not of theory but of practice. It is a conviction one arrives at, too, rather with pain than otherwise, for the more the study of natural history is allied with sport the better and the more worth cultivating is the pursuit of it.

B.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN the early morning there is an hour more like paradise than anything else vouchsafed to our mortal senses as a symbol of the better world to come. The evening is infinitely sweet, but it implies labour and rest and consolation, which are ideas not entirely dissevered from pain; but in the first glory of the morning there is an unearthly sweetness, a lustre as of the pristine world, unsoiled, untried, unalloyed, a heavenly life and calm. The sunshine comes upon us with a surprise, with something of that exultant novelty which it must have had to Adam; the drops of dew shine like little separate worlds; the birds, most innocent of all the inhabitants of earth, have the soft-breathing universe to themselves: all their sweet domestic intercourses, the prattle of the little families, their trills of commentary touching everything that is going on in earth and heaven get accomplished, as the level line of sunshine penetrates from one glade to another, higher and higher, touching as it passes every bough into life. Awakening and vitality is in the very atmosphere which brings a new hope, a new day, a new world of possibility and life. New heavens and a new earth thus present themselves to mortal cognisance, for the most part quite unconscious of them, every day.

If only we brought nothing with us from the old world that ended in the night! But, alas, we bring everything—ourselves, that “heritage of woe,” our thoughts, our desires, baffled or eager, for other objects than those which are in harmony with that new life and blessedness. When the sun rose visibly into the blue, skimming the surface of Loch Houran, and

waking all the woods, there stood one spectator upon the old battlements of the ruined castle who was altogether out of harmony with the scene. Walter had not slept all night. He had not even gone through the form of going to bed. He had come out as soon as there was a glimmer of daylight, which, in October, is long of coming, to get what refreshment was possible from the breath of the morning air, and thus had assisted at the re-awakening of earth, and all the development of the new-born day. From where he stood there lay before him a paradise of sky and water, with everything repeated, embellished, made into an ideal of twofold sweetness, brightness, and purity, in the broad mirror of the lake. The autumn woods, the tracts of green field, or late yellow of the unreaped corn, all showed like another fairy-land underneath, a country still purer, more dazzling and brilliant, more still and fresh, than the morning land above. “The light that never was on sea or shore” shone in those glorified and softly rippling woods, trending away into the infinite to the point beyond which mortal vision cannot go. What haunts and refuges of happy life might be there! what dreams of poetry beyond the human! That lovely inversion of all things, that more than mortal freshness and sweetness and liquid glow of light, confused the mind with a kind of involuntary bliss, a vision of a place of escape, the never attained country to which the soul, had it wings, might flee away and be at rest.

But that soul had no wings which looked out from Walter's haggard countenance, as he leant on the half-ruined wall. He gazed at the scene before him like one who had no lot or part in it. Its peace and brightness

brought but into greater relief the restlessness of his own soul, the gloom and blackness in his heart. He had been struggling all night in a fierce, internal controversy which, to his own consciousness, was with another intelligence more powerful than his own, and yet might have been with himself, with the better part that kept up within him a protest for better things, with such representatives of conscience and the higher affections as still existed within him. However it was, he was exhausted with the struggle, his strength was worn out. That lull of pain which does not mean any cure, or even any beginning of healing, but is merely a sign that the power of the sufferer to endure has come to its limit, gave him a kind of rest. But the rest itself was restless and incapable of composure. He moved about like an uneasy spirit along the broken line of the old battlements, pausing here and there to plunge his eyes into the landscape, to take in the morning air with a long inspiration. And so unlike was the mood of his mind to his usual character and habits, that as he moved, Walter gave vent to a low moaning, such as gives a kind of fictitious relief to the old and suffering—an involuntary utterance which it was terrible to hear coming with his breathing from a young man's lips, and in the midst of such a scene. Was he talking to himself? Was he only moaning as a dumb creature moans? By and by he half flung himself, in his weariness, into one of the ruinous embrasures, and remained there, leaning his back against one side of it. And then he said to himself, repeating the words over and over again—"Neither God's nor Oona's. Neither Oona's nor God's."

Lord Erradeen had arrived at that lowest depth of self-estimation, which means despair. His own life had been forced upon him, represented before his eyes he could not tell how. He had seen its motives disentangled, its course traced, all its wastes laid bare,

with a distinctness against which he could offer no appeal. He could deny nothing; it was true; this was what he had done, with a repetition of folly, of selfishness, of baseness, for which he could offer no sort of excuse, which confounded and abased him. He had known it all, it is true, before; time after time he had pulled himself up and looked at the last scrap of his life, and pronounced it indefensible; then had pushed it from him and gone on again, escaping with all the haste he could from contemplation of the phenomena which were inexplicable, and which he did not desire to attempt to explain even to himself. He had said truly to Miss Milnathort that to know you are wrong is not always equivalent to being on the way to mend it. He had always known he was wrong; he had never been deficient in moral disapproval of others like himself, or even of himself, when in one of the pauses of his career he was brought face to face with that individual. But he had been able to put a sort of accidental gloss upon his own worst actions. He had not intended them; there had been no motive whatever in what he did; he had done so and so by chance—by indolence, because it happened to be put before him to do it; but he had meant nothing by it. Out of this subterfuge he had been driven during the mental conflict of the night. And there was this peculiarity in his state, that he was not thus enlightened and convinced by the exertions of any reformatory influence, by any prophet bidding him repent. Conviction came from entirely the other side, and with a motive altogether different. "Who are you," his antagonist said, or seemed to say, "to take refuge with a pure woman, you who have never been pure? Who are you to lay claim to be God's, after ignoring God's existence altogether; or to be your own master, who have never ruled or guided yourself, but have been the slave of every folly, a feather blown on the wind, a straw carried away by the stream?"

All these accusations had been made as plain to him as the daylight. He had not been allowed to escape; the course of his life had been traced so clearly, that he could not protest, or object, or contradict; he was convinced—the most terrible position in which a man can be. Whether any man, thoroughly persuaded of his own moral wretchedness and debasement ever does escape despair, is a question full of difficulty. The prodigal's sense that in his father's house every servant has enough and to spare while he perishes of hunger is a different matter. "Father, I have sinned, I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." There are still possibilities to a soul in such a position. But one who is driven from stronghold to stronghold, until at length he is forced to allow that there is no inducement which has not been tried and failed with him, that he has no claim to the succour of God or man, or woman, that he has turned his back upon all, neglected all, wronged every power in heaven and earth that could help, what is he to do? He may be forgiven; but forgiveness in the entire abasement of that discovery is not what he wants. He wants a renovation for which there seems no means left; he wants, in the old language—that language which we are said to have outgrown—to be born again: and that is impossible—impossible! What is there in heaven or earth that will prevent him from doing all over again what he has done before, the moment his circumstances permit it? So long as he is what he is—nothing: and how shall he be made other than what he is?

"Ye must be born again." Ah, what preacher can know that as he does? But how—but how? Neither God's nor Oona's—and who, then, was to help him? He had caught at the woman in his despair; he had not even so much as thought of God till the last moment, and then had flown like a coward to a fetish, meaning nothing but to escape. Why should God bend

down from those spotless heavens to acknowledge the wretched runaway's clutch at his divine garments in the extremity of mortal terror? Would Oona have given him that hand of hers, had she known how his was stained? And would God attend to that coward's appeal made only when everything else failed?

The young man sat in the corner of the embrasure pressing himself against the rough stone-work for support. Despair had possession of his soul. What had he to do with the best and highest things, with freedom and love? After all why should he be his own master, why claim the right to judge for himself? If he had this freedom fully, what would he do with it? Throw it away next day in exchange for some nothing, some pleasure that palled in the tasting. Pleasure! There was no pleasure, but only make-beliefs and deceptions. The old fellow was right, he began to say to himself, with a certain bitter humour. Had he exercised no coercion over the race, had the Methvens been left to their own devices how much of them would have remained now? Instead of a peerage and great estates they would have died out in a ditch or in a sponging-house generations ago. Their lands would have gone bit by bit: their name would have disappeared—all as he said. And supposing now that Walter was left entirely free to do as he pleased what reason had he to believe that he would not squander everything he could squander, and bring down the prosperity of the race into the dust? That is what he would have done if left to himself. He would have resisted all claims of prudence or duty. He would have followed, he knew it, the caprice of the moment, just as he had done now. If no former Methvens had ruined the family it was in himself to do it. All these thoughts were in favour of the submission which seemed to him now almost the only thing before him. He thought of Miss Milnathort and her anxious addresses, and laughed to him-

self bitterly at her childish hope. Two that should be one, and that should be set on everything that was good. What a simpleton she was! He set on everything that was good! he was incapable of anything that was good. And Oona—could there be a greater folly than to think that Oona, when she knew, would pick him up out of the ruin, and give him a new starting-ground? He laughed at the thought aloud. Oona! Was not her very name the token of purity, the very sign of maidenhood and innocence. And to believe that she would mingle herself in his being which was unclean and false from its very beginning! He laughed at his own folly to think so. In ignorance she had been more kind than ever woman was. She had asked no questions, she had given him her hand, she had stood by him. In ignorance: *but when she knew!* He said to himself that he was not cad enough to let her go on in this ignorance. He would have to tell her what he had been, what he would be again if left to circumstances and his own fancy. He would not deceive her; he was not cad enough for that. And when he had told her, and had given up for ever all hope of really making a stand against the tyrant of his race, or carrying out his theories of happiness, what would remain? What would remain? Subjection—misery—

“No,” said a voice close by him, “something else—something very good in its way, and with which the greater majority of mankind are quite content, and may be very happy. The second best.”

Walter had started at the sound of this voice. He left his seat with nervous haste; and yet he had no longer any sense of panic. He had a certain doleful curiosity to see the man whom he had only seen in twilight rooms or by artificial light, in the open air and by the sunshine. Perhaps this strange personage divined his thoughts, for he came forward with a slight smile. There was nothing in his appearance

to alarm the most timid. He was, as Miss Milnathort had called him, a grand gentleman. He had the air of one accustomed to command, with that ease of bearing which only comes to those largely experienced in the world. The path along the ruinous battlements was one that craved very wary walking, but he traversed it with the boldest step without a moment's hesitation or doubt. He made a little salutation with his hand as he approached. “You were laughing,” he said. “You are taking, I hope, a less highflown view of the circumstances altogether. The absolute does not exist in this world. We must all be content with advantages which are comparative. I always regret,” he continued, “resorting to heroic measures. To have to do with some one who will hear and see reason, is a great relief. I follow the course of your thoughts with interest. They are all perfectly just; and the conclusion is one which most wise men have arrived at. Men in general are fools. As a rule you are incapable of guiding yourselves; but only the wise among you know it.”

“I have no pretension to be wise.”

“You are modest—all at once. So long as you are reasonable that will do. Adapt your life now to a new plan. The ideal is beyond your reach. By no fault of circumstances, but by your own, you have forfeited a great deal that is very captivating to the mind of youth, but very empty if you had it all to-morrow. You must now rearrange your conceptions and find yourself very well off with the second best.”

There was something in his very tone which sent the blood coursing through Walter's veins, and seemed to swell to bursting the great currents of life. He cried out—

“You have driven me to despair! You have cut off from me every hope! And now you exhort me to find myself very well off, to adapt my life to a new plan. Is that all you know?”

His companion smiled. "You would like me better to repeat to you again that you have no ground to stand upon, and are as unworthy as one can be at your age. All that is very true. But one aspect of the matter is not all. In the meantime you will have to live and get on somehow. Suicide of course is always open to you, but you are not the sort of man for that; besides, it is begging the question, and solves no problem. No, you must live—on the second level. Your ideal has always been impossible, for you have never had heart or will to keep up to it. Why you should have had this fit of fantastic wilfulness now, and really believed that by means of vague aspirations you were to get the better of me and all your antecedents, I cannot tell. You must now find out practically how you are to live."

Walter had reached the lowest depths of despair a little while ago. He had consented that it was all true, that there was no further escape for him; but now again a passionate contradiction surged up within him. "I will not," he said, vehemently, "I will not—take your way."

"I think you will—for why?—there is no other half so good. You will be very comfortable, and you will have done a great thing for your house. By and by you will settle into a conviction that what you have done is the best thing you could have done. It is one of the privileges of mankind. And I promise you that I will not molest you. Your coming here will be little more than a formula. You will agree with me: why then should there be any controversy between us? Maturity and wealth and well-being will bring you to think with me that a settled advantage like that of one's race is far beyond all evanescent good of the fancy. You will become respectable and happy—yes, quite happy enough—as happy as men have any right to be."

There was a half tone of mockery, as if the speaker scorned the picture

he drew; and at every word the resistance which had been almost stilled in Walter's mind rose up more warmly. "Are you happy yourself," he said, suddenly, "that you recommend this to me?"

The stranger paused a little. "The word is a trivial one. I have many gratifications," he said.

"I don't know what your gratifications can be. Is it worth your while to live through the ages as you say—you, so powerful as you are, with so many great faculties—in a miserable old ruin, to exercise this terrorism upon unoffending men?"

Then Walter's companion laughed aloud. "To live for ages in a miserable old ruin!" he said. "That does not seem a very attractive lot indeed. But set your mind at rest, my kind descendant; I live in a miserable ruin no more than you do. My affairs are everywhere. I have the weakness of a man for my own—perhaps in other regions as well—but that is nothing to you."

"It is everything to me. Give me some explanation of you. If, as you say, you have lived for centuries impossibly, how have you done it? Have you ever come to a blank wall like me—have you ever been abandoned by every hope? or," cried the young man, "am I your superior in this horrible experience? No man could stand as I do—given up to despair: and yet go on living like you."

"It depends upon your point of view. When you have taken my advice (as you will do presently) and have come down from your pinnacle and accepted what is the ordinary lot of mankind, you will find no longer any difficulty in living—as long as is possible; you will not wish to shorten your life by a day."

"And what is the ordinary lot of mankind?" cried Walter, feeling himself once more beaten down, humiliated, irritated by an ascendancy which he could not resist.

"I have told you—the second best. In your case a wife with a great deal

of wealth, and many other qualities, who will jar upon your imagination (an imagination which has hitherto entertained itself so nobly!) and exasperate your temper perhaps, and leave you being what you call incomplete: but who will give you a great acquisition of importance and set you at peace with me. That alone will tell for much in your comfort; and gradually your mind will be brought into conformity. You will consider subjects in general as I do, from a point of view which will not be individual. You will not balance the interests of the few miserable people who choose to think their comfort impaired, but will act largely for the continued benefit of your heirs and your property. You will avail yourself of my perceptions, which are more extended than your own, and gradually become the greatest landowner, the greatest personage of your district; able to acquire the highest honours if you please, to wield the greatest influence. Come, you have found the other position untenable according to your own confession. Accept the practicable. I do not hurry you. Examine for yourself into the issues of your ideal, now that we have become friends and understand each other so thoroughly."

"I am no friend of yours. I understand no one, not even myself."

"You are my son," said the other with a laugh. "You are of my nature; as you grow older you will resemble me more and more. You will speak to your sons as I speak to you. You will point out these duties to them, as I do to you."

"In everything you say," cried Walter, "I perceive that you acknowledge a better way. Your plans are the second best—you say so. Is it worth living so long only to know that you are embracing mediocrity after all, that you have nothing to rise to? and yet you acknowledge it!" he said.

The stranger looked at him with a curious gaze. He who had never shown the smallest emotion before

grew slightly paler at this question: but he laughed before he replied.

"You are acute," he said. "You can hit the blot. But the question in hand is not my character, but your practical career."

The sound of an oar here broke the extreme silence. The morning had fully come, the night coach from "the south" had arrived at the inn, and Duncan with the postbag was coming along the still water, which cut like a transparent curd before, and joined again in eddying reflections behind. Duncan bent his back to his oars unconscious of any mystery; his postbag, bringing news of all the world, lay in front of him. He and his boat in every detail of outline and colour swam suspended in the light, in reflection, and swept double over the shining surface. How extraordinary was the contrast between his open-air placidity, his fresh morning countenance, the air of the hills about him, and the haggard countenance of his master, looking upon this country fellow with an envy which was as foolish as it was genuine. Duncan did not know anything about the ideal. And yet in his way he followed his conscience, sometimes with pain and trouble, and at the cost of many a struggle—or else neglected its warnings, and took his own way as his master had done. Walter did not take this into consideration, but looked down upon his boatman's ruddy, honest countenance and square frame, stretching contentedly to his oars and thinking of nothing, with envy. Would it have been better to be born like that to daily labour and an unawakened intelligence? He turned round to say something, but his visitor had gone. There was not a shadow upon the walls, not the sound of a step. Lord Erradeen had no longer the faintest movement of fear, but in its place a certain impatience and irritability as if this practical joke might be played upon him too often. And presently into the clear air rang the voice of Symington.

“For God’s sake, my lord, take care! that is just where the poor lady was killed thirty years ago.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE commonplace world has a strange look to a man who has himself come out of any great personal struggle, out of an excitement which no one knows anything about but himself. When he descends, with still the heave of strong emotion in his breast, to the tranquil ordinary ways in which other men are coming and going, indifferent, frivolous, occupied by the most trivial interests, and altogether unaware of the profound sentiment in his own breast, there is a mixture of contempt and relief in the manner in which he regards the extraordinary stolidity and unimpressionableness of his fellows. He is glad that they are unaware of what has happened to himself, yet cannot help scorning them a little for their want of penetration; and it is a comfort to him to feel himself surrounded with the calm and indifference of strangers, yet he cannot help feeling that had they been of a higher nature, they must have divined the suppressed agitation with which he moves among them, his nerves all trembling with the strain through which they have passed. Thus Walter, when he landed at the village, met the looks of the country folk with a certain expectation of seeing some traces of the wondering curiosity with which they must be asking themselves what ailed Lord Erradeen? and felt himself at once baffled and disappointed and relieved to find them full of their usual friendliness and hospitality, but nothing more.

“We are real glad to see your lordship back,” Mrs. Macfarlane said at the inn, “and, I hope you mean to bide, and no just run away when you are getting acquaint with the countryside.” Big John, who was looking on while his horses were being cared for, gave a tug to his hat in honour of Lord Erradeen, but scarcely withdrew his

eyes from the other more interesting spectacle. And finally the minister, who was setting out upon one of his visitations, met his noble parishioner with the most cheerful good morning, without any indication of deeper insight.

“You are welcome home, Lord Erradeen,” he said as the landlady had said, “and this time I hope we’ll see more of you. Are you stepping my way? It is just a most beautiful morning for this time of the year, and I am going to one of my outlying corners; but you young gentlemen, what with your shooting, and stalking, and ploys in general, are not generally much addicted to a simple walk.”

“I am going your way; I am no great sportsman; I want to see Shaw who lives somewhere in this direction, I think.”

“I will show you the way with pleasure, Lord Erradeen; but I doubt you will not find him in. He is out upon his rounds before now. He will be tackling you about Peter Thomson, and his farm. And I would be glad to say a word, too, if I might. They had been there all their lives; they never believed it possible that they would be sent away. It is very natural you should want to make the best of your property, but it was a blow; and though he was a little behind in his worldly affairs, he was always good to the poor, and an elder, and well-living person. Such a one is a loss to the country-side; but it is every man’s duty, no doubt, to himself and his posterity, to make the best he can of his estate.” This the minister said with an air of polite disapproval, yet acquiescence in a doctrine not to be gainsaid. “Political economy,” he added with a laugh, “did not come into my curriculum, although I was at college in Adam Smith’s palmy days.”

“If you think my actions have anything to do with Adam Smith!” cried Walter. It was a peculiarity of this young man, and perhaps of others beside, to resent above all things the

imputation of a prudential motive. "I know nothing about Thomson," he added. "I was absent, and I suppose did—whatever I am supposed to have done—on the impulse of the moment, as I am too apt to do."

"That is a pity," said the minister, "especially when the well-being of others is concerned. You will pardon me, my lord, who am an old-fashioned person. The good of your property (if ye think this is for the good of your property) is always a motive, and some will think a sound one: but to decide what is of great consequence to other folk without thought, because you happen to be tired, or worried, or in an ill way——"

A natural flush of anger came to Walter's face: but notwithstanding all his faults there was something generous in him. He bit his lip to restrain some hasty word which was ready to burst forth, and said, after a moment, "The reproof is just. I had no right to be so inconsiderate. Still, as you say, the advantage of the property is a motive: there are some," he added bitterly, with a sense that he was speaking at some third person, "who think it the best in the world."

"And so it is in the right view," said Mr. Cameron; "that is what I always think when I read what those misguided creatures are wanting in Ireland, to do away with landlords altogether—and some even among ourselves," he added with that sense of the superiority of "ourselves" which dwells so calmly in the Scottish bosom. The last was said regretfully, with a shake of the head.

"I dare say," said Walter, "they have some reason in what they say."

"Some, but not the best. They have the kind of reason that lies on the surface—in so much as to have a thing of your own is better than hiring it from another. But in that way Peter Thomson, honest man, would have been doomed without remedy before your time, Lord Erradeen. He has been getting into

troubled waters for some years: he would have had to sell the farm and begone if it had been his: but with a good landlord like what I live in hopes to see—a good man in trouble would be helped over the dangerous moment. He would be backed up when he was feeble. Perhaps it was just at all times an ideal: but that was what the old relationship might be."

"And the ideal is always problematical," said Walter. He was carrying on the same controversy still, taking the other side. "Most men I think would prefer to deal with their own even if it meant selling and losing, than be subject to another man's will—as it appears Thomson has been to mine. That seems ridiculous indeed," he cried, with a sudden outburst of feeling, "that a good man as you say, should depend on the fantastic will of—such a fool as I have been."

"My Lord Erradeen!" cried the minister in consternation. He thought the young man was going out of his wits, and began to be nervous. There was something, now he looked at him, wild in his air. "I have no doubt," he said soothingly, "that your decision—must have seemed very reasonable. I would not, though my feelings are enlisted and though I regret, go so far as to blame it myself."

"Why?" said Walter, turning upon him. "Because?—surely every man ought to have the courage of his opinions."

"Not for that reason," said the old minister, with a slight flush. "I have never been one," he went on with a smile, "that have been much moved by the fear of man. No. It is because now they have been forced to make the move it may be better for themselves; they would have struggled on, and perhaps at the end got through, but in Canada they will soon flourish and do well."

"Not without a struggle there either, I suppose," said Walter, with a fanciful disposition to resent the idea that Canada was an infallible cure.

"Not without a struggle—there you are right, my lord. There was first the sore, sore tug to pull up the roots of life that were so deeply implanted here; and the long voyage, which was terrible to the father and mother. It is very likely," he added, "that the old folk will never get over it. Transplanting does not do at their age. But then the young ones, they are sure to thrive: and the old will die all the sooner, which perhaps is not to be regretted when we get to the evening of life."

"That is surely an inhuman doctrine," Walter cried.

"Do ye think so, my young lord? Well! It becomes the young to think so; but for myself I have always seen a foundation of reason in the savage way of making an end of the old and helpless. It is better, far better for the survivors that they should have a horror of it, but for the aged themselves it is not so clear to me. They would be better away. An old man that has outlived all natural love and succour, and that just lives on against his will because he cannot help it, that is a sad sight."

"But not revolting, as it is to think of the other."

"The other does not revolt me. If my heritors, yourself the first, were to look in some fine day and bid me out to the banks of the loch and give me a heaze into it—in deep clear water mind, none of your muddy weedy bits—I stipulate for clean watter," the old minister said with a laugh at his own joke.

"If that is all that is to happen to your emigrants," said Walter, "they surely would have been as well here."

"If that had been possible; but you see Lord Erradeen, though there are few things that ye cannot manage to get your way in, on your level of life, on the lower level when we cannot get what we want, we have to put up with what we can get."

"Why should you think I can get my way? I have to put up with what I can get, as you say, like everybody else."

"Well, yes," said the minister, "it is a kind of universal rule; and it is just a sign of the disposition that conquers the world, that it will accept what it can get without making a moaning and a fretting over it."

"The second best," said Walter with a half smile of irony; it was strange to come from a teacher so dissimilar to this experienced old man and hear the same doctrine once more repeated. Mr. Cameron nodded his head several times in sign of assent.

"What seems to our blindness often the second best; though you may be sure it is the best for us, and chosen for us by a better judge than we are. This is my way to the right, up Glen-Dochart, and yonder is Shaw's house, the white one among the trees. I am extremely glad to have had this conversation with you, my lord. And if I can be of use to you at any time in any question that may puzzle ye—oh, I do not stand upon my superior enlightenment, or even on my office, with the like of you that probably belong to another church; but I am an old man and have some experience. Good day to you, Lord Erradeen." The old minister looked back after he had left him, and waved his hand with a benevolent smile.

Lord Erradeen walked on. He waved back a kindly salutation; the meeting, the talk with a man who was his equal, his superior, his inferior, all in one, in wholesome human inconsistency, was a kind of event for him, separating him by a distinct interval from the agitation of the night and morning, the terrible mental struggle, the philosophy that had fallen on his despair, not as healing dew, but like a baptism of fire, scorching his heart. Strange that the same reasoning should have come before him in this strange way, so accidental and without premeditation! Mr. Cameron took everything from a different point of view. The second best to him meant manly resignation, devout religious faith. To accept it "because it was chosen for us by a better guide

than we," that was a difference almost incalculable. According to the minister's belief, "what we wanted" was a thing to be given up nobly when it was proved to be God's will so. But this point of view was so unlike the other that it brought a smile to Walter's lips as he went on. God's will, what had that to do with petty schemes to enrich a family? If it should so happen that he, driven by persecution, by temptations too strong to be resisted, by the feebleness of a spirit not capable of contending with fate, yielded once more to this influence which had operated so strangely upon his race, would that be God's will?—would it be ever possible to look upon it as "chosen by a better judge"? Walter was not used to the discussion of such problems; and he was weak with mental struggles and want of rest. He lingered for a moment before Shaw's house as he passed it, then rejected, with the sudden capricious impatience of his nature, the intention, only half formed, of seeing Shaw, and walked on with a fantastic sense of relief in having got rid of this disagreeable duty. "Another time will do just as well," he said to himself, and hurried on as if his walk had now a more definite, as well as a more agreeable, aim. But, as a matter of fact, he had no aim at all, and did not know where he was going or what he intended. Indeed he intended nothing. Perhaps he would have said "to think," had he been closely questioned; but it was a stretch of meaning to apply the term to that confusion of his thoughts in which everything seemed to be turning round and round. It was not like the sharp and keen dialogue of last night, in which, though all went on within his own spirit, there were two minds engaged, himself and another. Now he was left to himself; no one contending with him—no one helping, even by contention, to keep him to an actual point, and give energy and definiteness to the mental process going on within him. That process was still going on;

but it was as if the wheels of a complicated and delicate machine had lost their guiding principle, and were all circling and whirring in space without an object, with the same show of motion as when fully employed, the same creak, and jar, and grind. Now and then there would come uppermost a phrase reserved out of the confusion—"the second best":—"something very good in its way; with which the majority of mankind is quite content and may be very happy;" "what we call in our blindness the second best": as his two oracles had said to him. Whether it was the practical level which every man must content himself with after the failure of the ideal, or whether it was the real best, chosen for us by "a better judge," this was what both had put before him. The two descriptions, so different, yet both perhaps true, came up before him at intervals with something of strange regularity, as if the words had been printed upon the constantly turning wheels. He walked very quickly along the moorland road, not caring where he went, nor seeing what was round him. The fresh air blew in his face, with the force and keenness which an autumn wind has in a deeply-scooped and somewhat narrow glen among the hills, but seemed only to quicken the pace of the turning wheels, and all that machinery circling giddily, grinding out nothing, making his very soul sick and dizzy as it went on and on.

Suddenly the whirr and movement in his head calmed and stopped. A homely figure, in colour and aspect like an embodiment of those wild, sheep-feeding, rugged, but not majestic slopes that hemmed in the valley on either side, became visible coming down a path that led to the main road on which Walter was. It was a man, tall and largely developed, but without any superfluous bulk, roughly clad, roughly shod, lifting his feet high, like one accustomed to bog and heather, with the meditative slow pace of a rustic whose work

demanded no hurry, and who had time for thought in all he did. Walter, with the quick senses of his youth quickened still more by the excitement of the circumstances amid which, once, and only once, he had seen Duncan Fraser, recognised him at once, and something like the liveliness of a new impulse moved him. Who could tell but that this man of the hills might be an oracle too, and out of the silence of his lowly life might have brought something to help a soul in peril? Walter waited till the cotter came up to him, who was not on his part so quick to recognise his landlord, of whom he had seen so little, and thought it might be some "tourist," or other Southland person, ignorant of these parts, and wanting information about the way, which was not inducement enough to make Duncan quicken his steps. When they met, he perceived that he had "seen the face before," but went no further, and awaited with a certain air of stolid gravity what the stranger might have to say.

"You are—Fraser—of that glen up there? I almost forget how you call it—Truach-Glas.

"Ay, I am just sae; Duncan Fraser, at your service," replied the man, not without the slight hauteur of a Highlander interrogated imperatively by a personage in whom he acknowledges no right to do so.

"You don't remember me, apparently," Walter said.

"No, I cannot just say that I do; and yet I've seen your face before," said Duncan, with a curious look.

"Never mind that. I want you to tell me if you are contented now, and happy in your glen, now that you are free of all your trouble about rent."

Duncan's first impulse was to say, What is that to you, I would like to ken? But the words had already set the slower mechanism of his brain to work; and, after a moment he took his blue bonnet from his head, and with a bow in which there was a certain rustic dignity, said—

"You'll be the laird, my Lord Erradeen? I have good cause to ken your face that was once to us all just like the face of an angel out o' heaven."

"You make too much of it," said Walter, with a smile; for the expression pleased him, in spite of himself. "No one could have done otherwise in my place."

"The auld wives," said Duncan, with a little huskiness in his throat, "do not think sae, sir. They mind you at their Books, morning and night."

Walter did not know very well what "minding him at the Books" meant; but he guessed that somehow or other it must refer to prayers; and he said somewhat lightly—

"Do you think that will do me much good?"

Duncan's honest face turned upon him a look of displeasure. The hillside patriarch put on his bonnet gravely.

"It should, if there's truth in Scripture," he said, somewhat sternly; "but nae doubt it is just one of the most awfu' mysteries how a wilful soul will baffle baith God's goodwill and gude folks' prayers."

This was so curiously unlike anything he expected, that Lord Erradeen gave his humble monitor one startled glance, and for the moment was silenced. He resumed, however, a minute after, feeling a certain invigoration come to him from his contact with simple nature.

"I acknowledge," he said, "though you are a little hard upon me, Fraser, that I have brought this on myself. But I want to know about you, how things are going. Are you satisfied with your position now? And is everything made smooth for you by the remittal of the rent?"

At this Duncan become in his turn confused.

"Nae doubt," he said, "it has been a great help, sir—my lord. Ye'll excuse me, but I'm little used to lordships, and I canna get my mouth about it."

"Never mind my lordship. I want

to know the real truth. Your minister has been talking to me about Thomson—the man at the farm.” Walter pointed vaguely to the hill-side, having no idea where Peter Thomson’s farm was, about which so much had been said. “He has been sent away while you have stayed. Let me know which has been the best.”

Duncan looked more embarrassed than ever, and shuffled from one foot to the other, looking down upon the wet and brilliant green of the grass on which he stood.

“We were all muckle obliged to you, my lord; and no one of us has grudged to say sae,” he said.

“But that is not the question,” Walter cried, with a little impatience.

“To flit the old folk would have been impossible,” said Duncan, as if speaking to himself. “It was just a deliverance, and the Lord’s doing; and wonderful in our eyes. But, sir, there is nothing in this world that is pure good. The soil is cauld: there is little will come out of it: and though we’re far out o’ the way o’ the world in our bit glen, I reckon that what ye ca’ progress and a’ that, has an effect whether or no. We want mair than our forbears wanted. No, no just education and advancement: my uncle Willie was brought up a minister, and got a’ the education my Robbie is ettling at, though my grandfather had, maybe, less to spare than me. But just there is a difference in the ways o’t. And maybe if it had come to the worse, and ye had driven us out, instead of being sae generous—”

“It would have been better for you,” said Walter, as his companion paused.

“I’m not saying that. It was just deliverance. I will tell ye mair, my lord. If I had been driven out, me and my auld mother, and my little bairns, I could have found it in my heart to curse ye, sae young, sae rich, sae well off, and sae inhuman. And the auld wife’s death would have lain at your door, and the bairns would

never have forgotten it, however well they had prospered, no even when they came to be reasonable men, and could see baith sides of the question like me; they would have carried it with them to yon New World, as they call it; it would have grown to be a tradition and a meesery for ever. Now,” said Duncan, with a hoarse half-laugh of emotion, “the sting is out of it whatever happens.”

“I am glad of that, anyhow,” said Walter.

“And so am I—and so am I! When ye have a sense of being wrangled in your heart, it’s like a burnin’ wound, like thae pair Irish, the Lord help them! And what was our pickle siller to the like of you? But——” Duncan said, and paused, not knowing how to proceed with due respect and gratitude for what his landlord had done.

“But—what you expected has not been realised? the rent, after all, made but a small difference—the relief was not what you hoped?”

“I am just incapable, sir, of making ye a right answer,” said Duncan, with vehemence. “It’s just the effect of the times, and nae fault o’ yours or ours—at least that is all I can make of it. We want mair than our forbears wanted. We are no so easy content. The lads at the college canna live as simple as they once lived. That makes it harder for everybody. The callants! I would not bind them to a life like mine; they would have done better for themselves, though it would have killed granny, and been a sore burden upon Jeannie and me.”

“The fact is, Duncan, that to have your own way is not much better than to have some one else’s way, and that there is nothing worth making a fight about,” Walter said, with a bitterness which his humble companion did not understand, and still less approved.

“No that, my lord,” said Duncan, “but just that nothing that is mortal is perfect blessedness, except what is said in the psalm, ‘that man—that

walketh not astray.' Life is a struggle for the like of us, and maybe for most other folk. We have just to put the evil and the good against one another, and rejoice when the good is a wee predominant over the evil."

He used longer words perhaps than an Englishman of his rank would have used; and there was a something of Celtic fine manners and natural dignity about him which gave importance to his speech.

"That means—a compromise: no ideal in this world, no absolute good, but only a practicable something that we can get along with."

Walter said this with a scorn of it, yet growing belief in it, which gave strange vehemence to his tone. He did not expect his rustic companion to understand him, nor did he think of any response.

"It is just this, sir," said Duncan, "that here we have nae continuing ceety, but look for one to come."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAS this then the conclusion of all things—that there was nothing so perfect that it was worth a man's while to struggle for it; that any officious interference with the recognised and existing was a mistake; that nothing was either the best or the worst, but all things mere degrees in a round of the comparative, in which a little more or a little less was of no importance, and the most strenuous efforts tended to failure as much as indifference? Walter returning to the old house which was his field of battle, questioned himself thus, with a sense of despair which was not lessened by the deeper self-ridicule within him, which asked, was he then so anxious for the best, so ready to sacrifice his comfort for an ideal excellence? That he, of all men, should have this to do, and yet that, being done, it should be altogether ineffectual, was a sort of climax of clumsy mortal failure and hopelessness. The

only good thing he had done was the restoration of those half-evicted cotters, and that was but a mingled and uncertain good, it appeared. What was the use of any struggle? If it was his own personal freedom alone that he really wanted, why here it was within his power to purchase—or at least a moderate amount of it—a comparative freedom, as everything was comparative. His mind by this time had ceased to be able to think, or even to perceive with any distinctness the phrase or *motif* inscribed upon one of those confused and idly-turning wheels of the mental will which had stood in the place of thought to him. It was the afternoon when he got back, and everything within him had fallen into an afternoon dreariness. He lingered when he landed on the waste bit of grass that lay between the little landing-place and the door of the old castle. He had no heart to go in and sit down unoccupied in that room which had witnessed so many strange meetings. He was no longer indeed afraid of his visitor there, but rather looked forward with a kind of relief to the tangible presence which delivered him from meetings of the mind more subtle and painful. But he had no expectation of any visitor: nor was there anything for him to do except to sit down and perhaps attempt to read, which meant solely a delivering over of himself to his spiritual antagonists—for how was it possible to give his mind to any fable of literature in the midst of a parable so urgent and all-occupying, of his own?

He stood therefore idly upon the neglected turf, watching the ripple of the water as it lapped against the rough stones on the edge. The breadth of the loch was entirely hidden from him by the projection of the old tower, which descended into the water at the right, and almost shut off this highest corner of Loch Houran into a little lakelet of its own. Walter heard the sound of oars and voices from the loch with-

out seeing any one: but that was usual enough, and few people invaded his privacy: so that he was taken by surprise when, suddenly raising his eyes, he was aware of the polished and gilded galley from Birkenbraes, in which already Mr. Williamson, seated in the stern, had perceived and was hailing him. "Hallo, my Lord Erradeen! Here we've all come to see ye this fine afternoon. I told them we should find ye under your own vine and your own fig-tree." This speech was accompanied by a general laugh. The arrival of such a party, heralded by such laughter in a desolate house, with few servants and no readiness for any such emergency, to a young man in Walter's confused and distracted condition would not, it may be supposed, have been very welcome in any case, and at present in his exhaustion and dismay he stood and gazed at them with a sort of horror. There was not even a ready servitor like Hamish to assist in the disembarkation. Duncan had rowed cheerfully off upon some other errand after landing his master, and old Symington and old Macalister were singularly ill adapted for the service. Lord Erradeen did his best, with a somewhat bad grace, to receive the boat at the landing-place. The gravity of his countenance was a little chill upon the merry party, but the Williamsons were not of a kind that is easily discouraged.

"Oh, yes, here we all are," said the millionaire. "I would not let our English visitor, Mr. Brathwaite here, leave without showing him the finest thing on the loch. So I just told him I knew I might take the liberty. Hoot! we know ye have not your household here, and that it is just an old family ruin, and not bound to produce tea and scones like the Forresters' isle. Bless me! I hope we have a soul above tea and scones," Mr. Williamson cried with his hearty laugh.

By this time the young, hardy, half-clad rowers had scrambled out, and grouped themselves in various atti-

tudes, such as would suit a new and light-hearted Michael Angelo — one kneeling on the stones holding the bow of the boat, another with one foot on sea and one on shore helping the ladies out. Walter in his dark dress, and still darker preoccupied countenance, among all those bronzed and cheerful youths looked like a being from another sphere: but the contrast was not much to his advantage either in body or mental atmosphere. He looked so grave and so unlike the joyous hospitality of a young housekeeper surprised by a sudden arrival, that Katie, always more on her guard than her father, looked at him with a countenance as grave as his own.

"I am not the leader of this expedition, Lord Erradeen," she said; "you must not blame me for the invasion. My father took it into his head, and when that happens there is nothing to be done. I don't mean I was not glad to be brought here against my will," she added, as his face, by a strain of politeness which was far from easy to him, began to brighten a little. Katie was not apt to follow the leading of another face and adopt the woman's rôle of submission, but she felt herself so completely in the wrong, an intruder where she was very sure she and her party, exuberant in spirits and gaiety were not wanted, that she was compelled to watch his expression and make her apologies with a deference quite unusual to her. "I hope it will not be a very great-interruption to you," she said after a momentary pause.

"That could never matter," Walter said, stately in offence. "I could have wished to have notice and to have received my friends at Auchnasheen rather than here. But being here—you must excuse the primitive conditions of the place."

"Hoot! there is nothing to excuse—a fine old castle, older than the flood—just the very thing that is wanted for the picturesque, ye see Brathwaite; for as ye were remarking we are in general too modern for a

Highland loch. But you'll not call this modern," said Mr. Williamson. "Will that old body not open the door to ye when he sees ye have friends? Lord! that just beats all! That is a step beyond Caleb Balderston."

"Papa!" cried Katie in keen reproof, "we have been quite importunate enough already. I vote we all go over to Auchnasheen—the view there is much finer, and we could send over for Oona——"

"Is it common in this country," said the member of Parliament, "to have two residences so very near? It must be like going next door for change of air when you leave one for the other, Lord Erradeen."

At this there was that slight stir among the party which takes place when an awkward suggestion is made; the young men and the girls began to talk hurriedly, raising up a sort of atmosphere of voices around the central group. This however was curiously and suddenly penetrated by the reply which—who?—was it Walter? made, almost as it seemed without a pause.

"Not common—but yet not unknown in a country which has known a great deal of fighting in its day. The old castle is our family resource in danger. We do our family business here, our quarrels: and afterwards retire to Auchnasheen, the house of peace (perhaps you don't know that names have meaning hereabouts) to rest."

There was a pause as slight, as imperceptible to the ignorant, as evident to the instructed as had been the stir at the first sound of those clear tones. Walter himself to more than one observer had seemed as much startled as any of them. He turned quickly round towards the speaker with a sudden blanching of his face which had been pale enough before; but this was only momentary; afterwards all that was remarkable in him was a strange look of resolution and determined self-control. Perhaps the only one completely unmoved was the Englishman who at once accepted the

challenge, and stepped forward to the individual who it was evident to him was the only duly qualified cicerone in the party, with eager satisfaction.

"That is highly interesting. Of course the place must be full of tradition," he said.

"With your permission, Walter, I will take the part of cicerone," the new voice said. To some of the party it seemed only a voice. The ladies and the young men stumbled against each other in their eager curiosity about the stranger. "I will swear there was nobody near Erradeen when we landed," said young Tom Campbell in the nearest ear that presented itself; but of course it was the number of people about which caused this, and it could be no shadow with whom the M.P. went forth delighted, asking a hundred questions. "You are a member of the family?" Mr. Braithwaite said. He was not tall, and his companion was of a splendid presence. The Englishman had to look up as he spoke and to quicken his somewhat short steps as he walked to keep up with the other's large and dignified pace. Katie followed with Walter. There was a look of agitation and alarm in her face; her heart beat she could not tell why. She was breathless as if she had been running a race. She looked up into Lord Erradeen's face tremulously, not like herself. "Is this gentleman—staying with you?" she said in a scarcely audible voice.

Walter was not agitated for his part, but he had little inclination to speak. He said "Yes" and no more.

"And we have been—sorry for you because you were alone? Is it a relation? is it—? You have never," said Katie, forcing the words out with a difficulty which astonished her, and for which she could not account, "brought him to Birkenbraes."

Walter could not but smile. A sort of feeble amusement flew over his mind touching the surface into a kind of ripple. "Shall I ask him to come?" he said.

Katie was following in the very footsteps of this altogether new and unexpected figure. There was nothing like him, it seemed to her, in all the country side. His voice dominated every other sound, not loud, but clear. It subdued her little being altogether. She would not lose a word, yet her breath was taken away by an inexplicable terror.

"He is—like somebody," she said, panting, "out of a book," and could say no more.

Old Macalister came towards them from the now open door, at which stood Symington in attendance. The servants had been disturbed by the unusual sounds of the arrival. Macalister's old face was drawn and haggard.

"Where will ye be taking all thae folk?" he said, no doubt forgetting his manners in his bewilderment. "Come back, ye'll get into mischief that back road," he cried, putting out his hand to catch the arm of Braithwaite, who, guided by the stranger, was passing the ordinary entrance. He became quite nervous and angry when no heed was paid to him. "My lord, you're no so well acquaint yourself. Will you let that lad just wander and break his neck?" he cried, with a kind of passion.

"Never mind," said Walter, with a strange calm which was as unaccountable as all the rest. "Will you tell your wife to prepare for these ladies—when we come back."

Here Symington too came forth to explain somewhat loudly, addressing his master and Braithwaite alternately, that the roads were not safe about the old castle, that the walls were crumbling, that a person not acquaint might get a deadly fall, with un-

speakable anxiety in his eyes. The party all followed, notwithstanding, led by the stranger, whom even the least of them now thought she could distinguish over Katie's head, but of whom the servants took no notice, addressing the others in the front as if he had not been there.

"My lord, ye'll repent if ye'll no listen to us," Symington said, laying his hand in sudden desperation on Walter's arm.

"You fool!" cried the young man, "can't you see we have got a safe guide?"

Symington gave a look round him wildly of the utmost terror. His scared eyes seemed to retreat into deep caverns of anguish and fear. He stood back out of the way of the somewhat excited party, who laughed, and yet scarcely could laugh with comfort, at him. The youngsters had begun to chatter: they were not afraid of anything—Still—: though it was certainly amusing to see that old man's face.

Turning round to exchange a look with Macalister, Symington came in contact with Mr. Williamson's solid and cheerful bulk, who brought up the rear. "I'm saying," said the millionaire confidentially, "who's this fine fellow your master's got with him? A grand figure of a man! It's not often you see it, but I always admire it. A relation, too; what relation? I would say it must be on the mother's side, for I've never seen or heard tell of him. Eh? who's staying with your master? I'm asking ye. Are ye deaf or doited that ye cannot answer a simple question?"

"Na, there is nothing the matter with me: but I think the rest of the world has just taken leave of their senses," Symington said.

To be continued.

IN THE HEART OF THE VOSGES.

THE traveller bound to eastern France has a choice of many routes, none perhaps offering more attractions than the great Strasburg line by way of Meaux, Châlons-sur-Marne, Nancy, and Épinal. But the journey must be made leisurely. The country between Paris and Meaux is deservedly dear to French artists, and although Champagne is a flat region, beautiful only by virtue of fertility and highly developed agriculture, it is rich in old churches and fine architectural remains. A word to the epicure as well as the archæologist. The bit of railway from Châlons-sur-Marne to Nancy affords a series of gastronomic delectations. At Épernay travellers are just allowed time to drink a glass of champagne at the buffet, half a franc only being charged. At Bar-le-Duc little neatly-packed jars of the raspberry jam for which the town is famous are brought to the doors of the railway carriage. Further on, at Commercy, you are enticed to regale upon unrivalled cakes called "Madeleines de Commercy," and not a town, I believe, of this favoured district is without its specialty in the shape of delicate cakes or drinks.

Châlons-sur-Marne, moreover, possesses one of the very best hotels in provincial France—the hotel with the queer name—another inducement for us to idle on the way. The town itself is in no way remarkable, but it abounds in magnificent old churches of various epochs—some falling into decay, others restored, one and all deserving attention. St. Jean is especially noteworthy, its beautiful interior showing much exquisite tracery and almost a fanciful arrangement of transepts. It is very rich in good modern glass. But the gem of gems is not to

be found in Châlons itself; more interesting and beautiful than its massive cathedral and church of Notre Dame, than St. Jean even, is the exquisite church of Notre Dame de l'Épine, situated in a poor hamlet a few miles beyond the octroi gates. We have here indeed a veritable cathedral in a wilderness, nothing to be imagined more graceful than the airy open colonnades of its two spires, light as a handful of wheat ears loosely bound together. The colour of the grey stone gives solemnity to the rest of the exterior, which is massive and astonishingly rich in the grotesque element. We carefully studied the gargoyles round the roof, and, in spite of defacements, made out most of them—here a grinning demon with a struggling human being in its clutch—there an odd beast, part human, part pig, clothed in a kind of jacket playing a harp—dozens of comic, hideous, heterogeneous figures in various attitudes and travesties.

Notre Dame de l'Épine—originally commemorative of a famous shrine—has been restored, and purists in architecture will pass it by as an achievement of Gothic art in the period of its decline, but it is extremely beautiful nevertheless. On the way from Châlons-sur-Marne to Nancy we catch glimpses of other noble churches that stand out from the flat landscape as imposingly as Ely Cathedral. There are Notre Dame of Vitry le François and St. Étienne of Toul, formerly a cathedral, both places to be stopped at by leisurely tourists.

The fair, the *triste* city of Nancy! There is an indescribable charm in the sad yet stately capital of ancient Lorraine. No life in its quiet streets, no movement in its handsome squares,

nevertheless Nancy is one of the wealthiest, most elegant cities in France. Hither flocked rich Alsatian families after the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and perhaps its proximity to the lost province in part accounts for the subdued, dreamy aspect of the place as a whole. A strikingly beautiful city it is, with its splendid monuments of the house of Lorraine, and handsome modern streets bearing evidence of much prosperity in these days. In half an hour you may get an unforgettable glimpse of the Place Stanislas, with its bronze gates, fountains, and statue, worthy of a great capital; of the beautiful figure of Duke Antonio of Lorraine, on horseback, under an archway of flamboyant Gothic; of the Ducal Palace and its airy colonnade; lastly, of the picturesque old city gate, the *Porte de la Craffe*, one of the most striking monuments of the kind in France.

All these things may be glanced at in an hour, but in order to enjoy Nancy thoroughly a day or two should be devoted to it, and here, as at Châlons-sur-Marne, creature comforts are to be had in the hotels. In the Ducal Palace are shown the rich tapestries found in the tent of Charles le Téméraire after his defeat before Nancy, and other relics of that Haroun-al-Raschid of his epoch, who bivouacked off gold and silver plate, and wore on the battle-field diamonds worth half a million. In a little church outside the town, commemorative of this victory, are collected the cenotaphs of the Dukes of Lorraine—the *chapelle ronde*, as the splendid little mausoleum is designated—with its imposing monuments in black marble, and richly-decorated octagonal dome, making up a solemn and beautiful whole. Graceful and beautiful also are the monuments in the church itself, and those of another church, *Des Cordeliers*, close to the Ducal Palace.

Nancy is especially rich in monumental sculpture, but it is in the cathedral that we are to be fairly

enchanted by the marble statues of the four doctors of the church—St. Augustine, St. Grégoire, St. Léon, and St. Jerome. These are the work of Nicolas Drouin, a native of Nancy, and formerly ornamented a tomb in the church of the Cordeliers just mentioned. The physiognomy, expression, and pose of St. Augustine are well worthy of a sculptor's closest study, but it is rather as a whole than in detail that this exquisite statue delights the ordinary observer. All four sculptures are noble works of art; the beautiful, dignified figure of St. Augustine somehow takes strongest hold of the imagination. We would fain return to it again and again, as indeed we would fain return to all else we have seen in the fascinating city of Nancy. From Nancy by way of Épinal we may easily reach the heart of the Vosges.

How sweet and pastoral these cool resting-places in the heart of the Vosges! Gérardmer and many another as yet unfrequented by the tourist world, and unsophisticated in spite of railways and bathing seasons. The Vosges has long been a favourite playground of our French neighbours, although ignored by the devotees of Cook and Gaze, and within late years, not a rustic spot possessed of a mineral spring but has become metamorphosed into a second Plombières. Gérardmer—“*Sans Gérardmer et un peu Nancy, que serait la Lorraine?*” says the proverb—is resorted to, however, rather for its rusticity and beauty than for any curative properties of its sparkling waters. Also in some degree for the sake of urban distraction. The French mind when bent on holiday making is social in the extreme, and the day spent amid the forest nooks and murmuring streams of Gérardmer winds up with music and dancing. One of the chief attractions of the big hotel in which we are so wholesomely housed is evidently the enormous *salon* given up after dinner to the waltz, country dance, and quadrille.

Our hostess with much ease and tact looks in, paying her respects to one visitor after another, and all is enjoyment and mirth till eleven o'clock, when the large family party, for so our French fellowship may be called, breaks up. These socialities, giving as they do the amiable aspect of French character, will not perhaps constitute an extra charm of Gérardmer in the eyes of the more morose English tourist. After many hours spent in the open air most of us prefer the quiet of our own rooms. The country too is so fresh and delicious that we want nothing in the shape of social distraction. Drawing-room amenities seem a waste of time under such circumstances. Nevertheless the glimpses of French life thus obtained are pleasant, and make us realise the fact that we are off the beaten track, living among French folks, for the time separated from insular ways and modes of thought. Our fellowship is a very varied and animated one. We number among the guests a member of the French ministry—a writer on the staff of *Figaro*—a grandson of one of the most devoted and unfortunate generals of the first Napoleon, known as “the bravest of the brave,” with his elegant wife—the head of one of the largest commercial houses in Eastern France—deputies, diplomats, artists, with many family parties belonging to the middle and upper ranks of society, a very strong Alsatian element predominating. Needless to add that people make themselves agreeable to each other without any introduction. For the time being at least social distinctions are set aside, and fraternity is the order of the day.

I do not aver that my country people have never heard of Gérardmer, but certainly those who stray hither are few and far between. Fortunately for the lover of nature no English writer has as yet popularised the Vosges. An Eden-like freshness pervades its valleys, and forests made ever musical with cascades, a pastoral simplicity

characterises its inhabitants. Surely in no corner of beautiful France can any one worn out in body or in brain find more refreshment and tranquil pleasure.

It is only of late years that the fair broad valley of Gérardmer and its lovely little lake have been made accessible by railway. Indeed the popularity of the Vosges and its watering-places dates from the late Franco-German war. Rich French valetudinarians, and tourists generally, have given up Wiesbaden and Ems from patriotic motives, and now spend their holidays and their money on French soil. Thus enterprise has been stimulated in various quarters, and we find really good accommodation in out-of-the-way spots not mentioned in guide-books of a few years date. Gérardmer is now reached by rail in two hours from Épinal, on the great Strasburg line, but those who prefer a drive across country may approach it from Plombières and Remiremont, Colmar and Munster, and other attractive routes. Once arrived at Gérardmer, the traveller will certainly not care to hurry away. No site in the Vosges is better suited for excursions in all directions, and the place itself is full of quiet charm. There is wonderful sweetness and solace in these undulating hill-sides, clothed with brightest green, their little tossing rivers and sunny glades all framed by solemn hills—I should rather say mountains—pitchy black with the solemn pine. You may search far and wide for a picture so engaging as Gérardmer when the sun shines, its gold-green slopes sprinkled with white châteaux, its red-roofed village clustered about a rustic church tower, and at its feet the loveliest little lake in the world, from which rise gently the fir-clad heights.

And no monotony. You climb the inviting hills and woods day by day, week after week, ever to find fresh enchantment. Not a bend of road or winding mountain-path but discloses a new scene—here a fairy glen, with

graceful birch or alder breaking the expanse of dimpled green; then a spinny of larch or Scotch fir cresting a verdant monticule; now we come upon a little Arcadian home nestled on the hill-side, the spinning-wheel hushed whilst the housewife turns her hay or cuts her patch of rye or wheat growing just outside her door. Now we follow the musical little river Vologne as it tosses over its stony bed amid banks golden with yellow loosestrife, or gently ripples amid fair stretches of pasture starred with the grass of Parnassus. The perpetual music of rushing, tumbling, trickling water is delightful, and even in hot weather, if it is ever indeed hot here, the mossy banks and babbling streams must give a sense of coolness. Deep down, entombed amid smiling green hills and frowning forest peaks, lies the pool of Gérardmer, its sweet lake, a sheet of turquoise in early morn, silvery bright when the noon-day sun flashes upon it, and on grey, sunless days gloomy as Acheron itself.

Travellers stinted for time cannot properly enjoy these pastoral scenes, not the least charm of which is the frank, pleasant character of the people. Wherever we go we make friends and hear confidences. To these peasant folks, who live so secluded from the outer world, the annual influx of visitors from July to September is a positive boon, moral as well as material. The women are especially confidential, inviting us into their homely yet not poverty-stricken kitchens, keeping us as long as they can whilst they chat about their own lives or ask us questions. The beauty, politeness, and clear direct speech of the children, are remarkable. Life here is laborious, but downright want I should say rare. As in the Jura, the forest gorges and park-like solitudes are disturbed by the sound of hammer and wheel, and a tall factory chimney not unfrequently spoils a wild landscape. The greater part of the people gain their livelihood in the

manufactories, very little land here being suitable for tillage.

Gérardmer is famous for its cheeses; another local industry is turnery and the weaving of linen, the linen manufactories here employing many hands, whilst not a mountain cottage is without its handloom for winter use. Weaving at home is chiefly resorted to as a means of livelihood in winter, when the country is covered with snow and no out-door occupations are possible. Embroidery is also a special fabric of the Vosges, but its real wealth lies in its mines of salt and iron, and mineral waters.

One chief feature in Gérardmer is the congeries of handsome buildings bearing the inscription "*École Communale*," and how stringently the new educational law is enforced throughout France may be gathered from the spectacle of schoolboys at drill. We saw three squadrons, each under the charge of a separate master, evidently made up from all classes of the community. Some of the boys were poorly, nay, miserably, clad, others wore good homely clothes, a few were really well dressed.

Our first week at Gérardmer was wet and chilly. Fires and winter clothes would have been acceptable, but at last came warmth and sunshine, and we set off for the *col de la Schlucht*, the grandest feature of the Vosges, and the goal of every traveller in these regions.

There is a strange contrast between the calm valley of Gérardmer, a little heaven of tranquil loveliness and repose, and the awful solitude and austerity of the Schlucht, from which it is separated by a few hours only. Not even a cold grey day can turn Gérardmer into a dreary place, but in the most brilliant sunshine this mountain pass is none the less majestic and solemn. One obtains the sense of contrast by slow degrees, so that the mind is prepared for it and in the mood for it. The acme, the culminating point of Vosges scenery is thus reached by a gradually ascending

scale of beauty and grandeur from the moment we quit Gérardmer, till we stand on the loftiest summit of the Vosges chain, dominating the Schlucht. For the first half hour we skirt the alder-fringed banks of the tossing, foaming little river Vologne, as it winds amid lawny spaces, on either side the fir-clad ridges rising like ramparts. Here all is gentleness and golden calm, but soon we quit this warm, sunny region, and enter the dark forest road curling upwards to the airy pinnacle to which we are bound. More than once we have to halt on our way. One must stop to look at the cascade made by the Vologne, never surely fuller than now, one of the prettiest cascades in the world. Masses of snow-white foam tumbling over a long, uneven stair of granite, through the midst of a fairy glen. The sound of these rushing waters is long in our ears as we continue to climb the splendid mountain road that leads to Schlucht, and nowhere else. From a giddy terrace cut in the sides of the shelving forest ridge we now get a prospect of the little lakes of Longuemur and Retourner, twin gems of superlative loveliness in the wildest environment. Deep down they lie, the two silvery sheets of water with their verdant holms, making a little world of peace and beauty, a toy dropped amid Titanic awfulness and splendour. The vantage ground is on the edge of a dizzy precipice, but the picture thus sternly framed is too exquisite to be easily abandoned. We gaze and gaze in spite of the vast height from which we contemplate it; and when at last we tear ourselves away from the engaging scene, we are in a region all ruggedness and sublimity, on either side rocky scarps and gloomy forests, with reminders by the wayside that we are approaching an Alpine Flora. Nothing can be wilder or more solitary than the scene. For the greater part, the forests through which our road is cut are unfrequented, except by the wild boar, deer, and wild cat,

and in winter time the fine mountain roads are rendered impenetrable by the accumulation of snow.

This approach to the Col is by a tunnel cut in the granite, fit entrance to one of the wildest regions in France. The road now makes a sudden bend towards the ch[^]let cresting the Col, and we are able in a moment to realise its tremendous position.

From one little ch[^]let we look upon what seems no mere cleft in a mountain chain, but in the vast globe itself. This huge hollow, brought about by some strange geological perturbation, is the valley of M[^]nster, no longer a part of French territory, but of Prussian Elsass. The road we have come by lies behind us, but another as formidable winds under the upper mountain ridge towards M[^]nster, whilst the pedestrian may follow a tiny green footpath that will lead him down thither, right through the heart of the pass. Looking deep down we discern here and there scattered ch[^]lets amid green spaces far away. There are the homesteads or *chaumes* of the herdsmen, all smiling cheerfulness now, but deserted in winter. Except for these little dwellings, barely discernible, so distant are they, there is no break in the solitary scene, no sign of life at all.

The ch[^]let is a fair hostelry for unfastidious travellers, its chief drawback being the propensity of tourists to get up at three o'clock in the morning in order to behold the sunrise from the Hoheneck. Good beds, good food, and from the windows one of the finest prospects in the world, might well tempt many to linger here in spite of the disturbance above mentioned. For the lover of flowers this halting place would be delightful.

Next morning the day dawned fair, and by eight o'clock we set off with a guide for the ascent of the Hoheneck, rather, I should say, for a long ramble over gently undulating green and flowery ways. After climbing a little beechwood, all was smoothness under our feet, and the long *détour* we had

to make in order to reach the summit was a series of the gentlest ascents, a wandering over fair meadow land several thousand feet above the sea-level. Here we found the large yellow gentian, used in the fabrication of absinthe, and the bright yellow arnica, whilst instead of the snow-white flower of the Alpine anemone, the ground was now silvery with its feathery seed; the dark purple pansy of the Vosges was also rare. We were a month too late for the season of flowers, but the foxglove and the bright-pink *Epilobium* still bloomed in great luxuriance.

It was a walk to remember. The air was brisk and genial, the blue sky lightly flecked with clouds, the turf fragrant with wild thyme, and before our eyes a panorama every moment gaining in extent and grandeur. As yet indeed the scene, the features of which we tried to make out, looked more like cloudland than solid reality. On clear days are discerned here, far beyond the rounded summits of the Vosges chain, the Rhine Valley, the Black Forest, the Jura range, and the snow-capped Alps. To-day we saw grand masses of mountains piled one above the other, and higher still a pageantry of azure and gold that seemed to belong to the clouds.

No morning could promise fairer, but hardly had we reached the goal of our walk when from far below came an ominous sound of thunder, and we saw heavy rain-clouds dropping upon the heights we had left behind.

All hope of a fine prospect was now at an end, but instead we had a compensating spectacle. For thick and fast the clouds came pouring into one chasm after another, drifting in all directions, here a mere transparent veil drawn across the violet hills, there a golden splendour as of some smaller sun shining on a green little world. At one moment the whole vast scene was blurred and blotted with chill winter mist; soon a break was visible, and far away we gazed

on a span of serene amethystine sky, barred with scirri of bright gold. Not one, but a dozen, horizons—a dozen heavens—seemed there, whilst the thunder that reached us from below seemed too remote to threaten. But at last the clouds gathered in form and volume, hiding the little firmaments of violet and amber; the bright blue sky, bending over the green oasis—all vanished as if by magic. We could see no more, and nothing remained but to go back, and the quicker the better. The storm, our guide said, was too far off to reach us yet, and we might yet reach the *châlet* without being drenched to the skin, as we fortunately did. No sooner, however, were we fairly under shelter than the rain poured down in torrents and the thunder peeled overhead. In no part of France are thunder-storms so frequent and so destructive as here, nowhere the climate less to be depended on. A big umbrella, stout shoes, and a waterproof are as necessary in the Vosges as in our own Lake district.

We had, however, a fine afternoon for our drive back, a quick down-hill journey along the edge of a tremendous precipice, clothed with beech-trees and brushwood. A most beautiful road it is, and the two little lakes looked lovely in the sunshine, encircled by gold greenswards and a delicate screen of alder branches. Through pastures white with meadow sweet the turbulent, crystal-clear little river *Vologne* flowed merrily, making dozens of tiny cascades, turning a dozen mill-wheels in its course. All the air was fragrant with newly-turned hay, and never, we thought, had *Gérardmer* and its lake made a more captivating picture. Excursions innumerable may be made from *Gérardmer*. We may drive across country to *Remiremont*, to *Plombières*, to *Wesserling*, to *Colmar*, to *St. Dié*, whilst these places in turn make very good centres for excursions. On no account must a visit to *La Bresse* be omitted. This is one of the most

ancient towns in the Vosges. Like some of the villages in the Morvan, in the department of La Nièvre, La Bresse remained till the Revolution an independent commune, a republic in miniature. The heads of families of both sexes took part in the election of magistrates, and from this patriarchal legislation there was seldom any appeal to the higher court—namely, that of Nancy. La Bresse is still a rich commune by reason of its forests and industries. The sound of the mill-wheel and hammer now disturbs these mountain solitudes, and although so isolated by natural position, this little town is no longer cut off from cosmopolitan influence. The little tavern is developing into a very fair inn. In the summer tourists from all parts of France pass through it, in carriages, on foot, occasionally on horseback. Most likely, if we revisit it a few years hence, we shall find a railway station, a newspaper kiosk, and a big hotel, as at Gérardmer!

As we drop down upon La Bresse after our climb of two hours and more, we seem to be at the world's end. Our road has led us higher and higher by dense forests and wild granite parapets, tasselled with fern and foxglove, till we suddenly wheel round upon a little straggling town marvellously placed. Deep down it lies, amid fairy-like greenery and silvery streams, whilst high above towers the rugged forest peaks and far-off blue mountains, in striking contrast.

The sloping green banks, starred with the grass of Parnassus, and musical with a dozen streams, the pastoral dwellings, each with its patch of flower garden and croft; the glades, dells, and natural terraces are all sunny and gracious as can be; but round about and high above frown inaccessible granite peaks, and pitchy-black forest summits, impenetrable even at this time of the year. As we look down we see that roads have been cut round the mountain sides, and that tiny homesteads are perched

wherever vantage ground is to be had, yet the impression is one of isolation and wildness. The town lies in no narrow cleft, as is the case with many little manufacturing towns in the Jura, but in a vast opening and falling back of the meeting hills and mountain tops, so that it is seen from far and wide, and long before it is approached. We had made the first part of our journey at a snail's pace. No sooner were we on the verge of the hills looking down upon La Bresse, than we set off at a desperate rate, spinning breathlessly round one mountain spur after another, till we were suddenly landed in the village street, dropped, as it seemed, from a balloon.

A curious feature to be noted in all the places I have mentioned is the outer wooden casing of the houses. This is done as a protection against the cold, the Vosges possessing, with the Auvergne and the Limousin, the severest climate in France. La Bresse, like Gérardmer and other sweet valleys of these regions, is disfigured by huge lace factories, yet none can regret the fact, seeing what well-being these industries bring to the people. Beggars are numerous, but we are told they are strangers, who merely invade these regions during the tourist season.

Remiremont, our next halting-place, may be reached by a pleasant carriage drive, but the railway is more convenient to travellers encumbered with half a dozen trunks. The railway, moreover, cuts right through the beautiful valley of the Moselle—a prospect which is missed by road. Remiremont is charming. We do not get the creature comforts of Gérardmer, but by way of compensation we find a softer and more genial climate. The engaging little town is indeed one of nature's sanatoriums. The streets are kept clean by swift rivulets, and all the air is fragrant with encircling fir-woods. Like Gérardmer and La Bresse, however, Remiremont lies open to the sun. A belt of flowery dells, terraced orchards, and wide

pastures, amid which meanders the clear blue Moselle, girds it round about, and no matter which path you take, it is sure to lead to inviting prospects. The arcades lend a Spanish look to the town, and recall the street architecture of Lons-le-Saunier and Artois in the Jura. Flower gardens abound, and the general atmosphere is one of prosperity and cheerfulness.

There are beautiful walks about Remiremont, and the especial path amid the fragrant fir-woods leads to a curious relic of ancient time—a little chapel formerly attached to a Lazar-house. It now belongs to the adjoining farm close by, a pleasant place, with flower-garden and orchard. High up in the woods dominating the broad valley in which Remiremont is placed are some curious prehistoric stones. But more inviting than the steep climb under a burning sun—for the weather has changed on a sudden—is the drive to the Vallée d'Hérival, a drive so cool, so soothing, so delicious, that we fancy we can never feel heated, languid, or irritated any more.

The isolated dwellings of the dales-folk in the midst of tremendous solitudes—little pastoral scenes such as Corot loved to paint—and hemmed round by the sternest, most rugged nature, are one of the characteristics of Vosges scenery. We also find beside tossing rivers and glittering cascades a solitary linen factory or saw-mill, with the modern looking villa of the employer, and clustered round it the cottages of the workpeople. No sooner does the road curl again than we are once more in a solitude as complete as if we were in some primeval forest of the new world. We come suddenly upon the Vallée d'Hérival, but the deep close gorge we gaze upon is only the beginning of the valley within valley we have come to see. Our road makes a loop round the valley so that we see it from two levels, and under two aspects. As we return, winding upwards on higher

ground, we get glimpses of sunny dimpled sward through the dark stems of the majestic fir-trees towering over our head. There is every gradation of form and colour in the picture, from the ripe warm gold barring the branches of the firs, to the pale silverness of their upper foliage; from the gigantic trees rising from the gorge below, each seeming to fill a chasm, to the airy, graceful birch, a mere toy beside it. Rare butterflies abound, but we see few birds.

The hardy pedestrian is an enviable person here, for although excellent carriages are to be had, some of the most interesting excursions must be made on foot.

Even the fastidious tourist, however, will hardly care to exchange his somewhat rough and noisy quarters at Remiremont for the cosmopolitan comforts of Plombières within such easy reach. It is a pretty drive of an hour and a half to Plombières, and all is prettiness there—its little park, its tiny lake, its toy town.

It is surely one of the hottest places in the world, and like Spa, of which it reminds me, must be one of the most wearisome. Just such a promenade, with a sleepy band, just such a casino, just such a routine. This favourite resort of the third Napoleon has of late years seen many rivals springing up. Vittel, Bains, Bussang—all in the Vosges—yet it continues to hold up its head. The site is really charming, but so close is the valley in which the town lies, that it is a veritable hothouse, and the reverse, we should think, of what an invalid wants. Plombières has always had illustrious visitors—Montaigne, who upon several occasions took the waters here, Mauptuis, Voltaire, Beaumarchais, the Empress Josephine, and a host of historic personages. But the late emperor may be called the creator of Plombières. The park, the fine road to Remiremont, the handsome Bain Napoleon (now National), the church, all these owe their existence to him, and during the imperial visits the

remote spot suffered a strange transformation. The pretty country road along which we met a couple of carriages yesterday became as brilliant and animated as the Bois de Boulogne. It was a perpetual coming and going of fashionable personages. The emperor used to drive over to Remiremont and dine at the little dingy commercial hotel, the best in the place, making himself agreeable to everybody. But all this is past, and nowhere throughout France is patriotism more ardent or the democratic spirit more alert than in the Vosges. The reasons are obvious. We are here on the borders of the lost provinces, the two fair and rich departments of Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin, now effaced from the map of France. Reminders of that painful severance of a vast population from its nationality are too vivid for a moment to be lost sight of. Many towns of the Vosges and of the ancient portion of Lorraine not annexed, such as Nancy, have been enriched by the immigration of large commercial firms from the other side of the new frontier. The great majority of Alsations, by force of circumstances and family ties, were compelled to remain—French at heart, German according to law. The bitterness and intensity of this feeling, reined-in yet apparent, constitutes the one painful feature of Vosges travel. Of course there is a wide difference

between the supporters of retaliation and such journals as *L'Alsacien-Lorrain*, and quiet folks who hate war, even more than a foreign domination. But the yearning towards the parent country is too strong to be overcome. No wonder that as soon as the holidays begin there is a rush of French tourists across the Vosges. From Strasburg, Metz, Mulhouse, St. Marie aux Mines, they flock to Gérardmer and other family resorts. And if some Frenchwoman—maybe, sober matron—dons the pretty Alsatian dress, and dances the Alsatian dance with some exile like herself, the enthusiasm is too great to be described. Lookers-on weep, shake hands, embrace each other. For a brief moment the calmest are carried away by intensity of patriotic feeling. The social aspect of Vosges travel is one of its chief charms. You must live with French people, whether you will or no. Insular reserve cannot resist the prevailing friendliness and good-fellowship. How long such a state of things will exist, who can say? but fortunately for the love of nature, most of the places I have mentioned are too unobtrusive ever to become popular. "Nothing to see here, and nothing to do," would surely be the verdict of most, even on sweet Gérardmer itself!

E.

THE EMPEROR JULIAN'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.¹

Of all the types of heroic character which have exercised a fascinating influence on the imagination of pos-

¹ *Juliani Imperatoris quæ supersunt præter reliquias apud Cyrillum omnia.* Edited by F. K. Hertlein. Leipzig, 1875.

Juliani Imperatoris Librorum contra Christianos quæ supersunt. Edited by K. J. Neumann. Leipzig, 1880.

Flavius Claudius Julianus, nach den Quellen. By A. Mücke. Gotha, 1867.

Oeuvres Complètes de l'Empereur Julien, avec une Étude sur Julien. By E. Talbot. Paris, 1863.

terity, there are two which always excite a peculiar and pathetic interest. The one is that of the pioneers who prepare the way for a good work and perish without seeing the fruits of their labours; the other is that of the last defenders of a dying cause who, hoping against hope, vainly try to stop the inroads of an inevitable tendency till they are themselves swept away by its current.

Of this latter type, one of the most remarkable specimens is the Emperor

Julian. In more than one respect his character and historical position are noteworthy. Sprung from a family infamous for its deeds of bloodshed, and himself constantly provoked by personal injuries and affronts, yet lenient almost to a fault; transparently pure in an age of universal corruption; called from a life of studious seclusion to the head of an army, and displaying at once the qualities of a great general; nominated to absolute dominion by an insurgent soldiery, yet deeply imbued with a sense of the responsibility of rulers, and ever casting back regretful looks to the quiet literary life he had been forced to abandon¹; frank and sincere by nature, yet consenting for many years to maintain strict secrecy as to his religious views, and induced to write eulogiums on a character which he held in contempt²; full of earnest longings and eager plans for the moral regeneration of the world, yet hating with a bitter hatred the men and the measures alone capable of achieving that regeneration—he stands before us as one of those complex and many-sided figures in history which have been interpreted in many fashions according to the sympathies and antipathies of partisan historians.

Julian is scarcely an exception to the rule that with regard to their posthumous reputation, men often suffer as much from their friends as from their avowed foes. Dr. Mücke complains of the unfair and unscholarly rendering of his works by the Marquis d'Argens, a French sceptic who wrote in 1764. Even Gibbon, whose masterly and generally appreciative sketch of his life and character cannot fail to create in the ordinary reader a strong impression in favour of this remarkable man, yet seems, through want of sympathy with the deeply devotional nature of Julian, to miss those points

¹ See especially the interesting letter to Theodotus. Hertlein, cap. 253—267. Talbot, pp. 218—230.

² Cf. the character of Constantius, given in the *Eulogies*, and in the *Letter to the People of Athens*.

of his character which raise it from a spurious to a genuine heroism.³ On the other hand, the modern apologists for Julian, either professed Christians themselves, or at least respecting Christianity as one of the great motive powers of civilisation, may have been inclined in some cases to slur over, or to note with disapproval, the marks of strong anti-Christian feeling which pervade his works. Thus Dr. Mücke, in his most thorough, scholarly, and appreciative account of the life and writings of Julian, says very little concerning the *Contra Christianos*, in spite of its characteristic style and literary merit,⁴ and even regards as totally unjustifiable the thoroughly Julianic attack on the doctrine of baptismal regeneration at the end of *The Cæsars*. This same passage is in M. Talbot's translation rendered in a way which makes it meaningless and highly unsatisfactory. But, in truth, we do no service to the reputation of Julian by ignoring even in a single passage that enmity to Christianity was one of the ruling passions of his life. We may regret the fact, yet that it is which constitutes the chief historical and psychological interest of Julian's character. If we leave theological questions aside, Julian the Philosopher will still interest us, and assume the proportions of a somewhat less dignified, but more energetic, Marcus Aurelius. But Julian the Apostate is a perfectly unique figure, which will ever rivet the eyes of historical philosophers and philosophic historians.

It is the ground of this apostasy, and the mental attitude which Julian assumed towards the religion in which he had been brought up, that forms the subject of our present investigation. We shall not deal, except incidentally, with the facts of his remark-

³ e.g. Gibbon says (ch xxiii.): "The powers of an enlightened understanding were betrayed and corrupted by the influence of superstitious prejudice," &c.

⁴ Dr. Mücke explains his silence, however, by the prospect of a new edition of the *Cont. Chris.*, shortly to appear.

able and tragic life and death, nor with any of his literary works, except so far as they bear on the subject in hand. The story of Julian is well known from the brilliant account in Gibbon. A more unbiased view is given in Dr. Mücke's *Julian's Leben und Schriften*, which forms the second part of his work on Julian; while M. Talbot's *Étude sur Julien* is pleasing and sympathetic, and the same writer has conferred upon readers unacquainted with Greek the advantage of being able to peruse the works themselves of the Emperor in a pleasant and readable, if not always quite faithful, French translation.

In using the word apostasy, however, we mean no more than an abandonment of a religion once professed. We have no evidence to show that Julian ever was a warm and sincere adherent of the Christians, and from his writings we should be inclined to draw a contrary inference. The assertion he makes in the *Letter to the Alexandrians*,¹ that for twenty years he "followed the way" of the Christians, need not imply more than an observance of Christian ritual with an absence of any other strong religious convictions. Whether he ever received the rite of baptism is a doubtful point, and the balance of probability seems to be against that supposition, though perhaps Dr. Mücke lays too much stress on a circumstance which is not of primary importance, for whether baptised or not,² Julian was well instructed in the Christian Scriptures, which he used to read publicly in the church of Macellum, or perhaps of Nicomedia.³ But from the way in which he quotes those writings it seems improbable that he ever felt much reverence for them. Bitter as is his opposition to them, it

¹ Letter 51.

² See authorities quoted in Prolegomena to Neumann's edition of *Contra Chris.*

³ If this point be admitted, it does not necessarily follow that Julian had been baptised, for his uncle Constantine used to dispute and preach publicly without even being admitted to the rank of a catechumen.

is scarcely like that of a renegade.⁴ This point, however, will be brought out in the course of our inquiries.

Many causes have been assigned by different writers for the abjuration by Julian of the faith in which he had been educated. It may be thought that since he has left in writing the most serious of the imputations which he cast upon the whole Christian system, we need search no further for his motives. But a very slight reflection will convince us that no man, least of all a man like Julian, with strong emotions and vivid imagination, adopts a religious belief on intellectual and argumentative grounds. However unbiased a man may think his judgment to be, it is certain to pay most attention to those considerations which favour a belief to which his feelings and inclinations are already predisposed. Theological disputations make few conversions, and are interesting far more in pointing out what men consider as the strongholds of their faith than in showing the actual grounds on which that faith has been adopted. Thus the *Contra Christianos* will, especially by the emphasis it lays on some points of Christianity most obnoxious to Julian, help us to understand the way in which he regarded the religion which he had abandoned, but it is not alone sufficient to answer the preliminary question, why he abandoned it at all.

Among the forces which repelled Julian from the Christian faith, most of his modern biographers are inclined to lay great stress on the evil examples of the professed Christians from whom, in his impressionable youth, he derived his conception of the character of the whole sect. He lived at a time when public spirit and manly virtue had reached a very low ebb, and also when Christianity was ousting all the older forms of worship. What more natural to a religious mind than to regard the latter phe-

⁴ Again, Ammianus says that Julian was from early boyhood attracted to Paganism.

nomenon as cause of the former? Again, how could his philosophic and widely philanthropic nature fail to be shocked by the bitter feelings existing among the various Christian factions, often on grounds which must have seemed to him entirely frivolous? And above all, the imperial family which had publicly eschewed the former gods of the nation and given to the new doctrines official recognition and approval, had caused the destruction of his father, his brothers, and almost all his kindred, though closely related to the murderers themselves, and had done all that was possible to blight his own hopes and cripple his activities. As Gibbon says, "The names of Christ and of Constantius, the ideas of slavery and of religion, were soon associated in a youthful imagination which was susceptible of the most lively impressions." This view is partially borne out by the writings of Julian. In the *Misopogon* and in *The Cæsars* he identifies the cause of Christ with that of Constantius and of Constantine. In the *Contra Christianos* he rebukes the Christian leaders for their quarrelsome and intolerant behaviour towards one another,¹ and throughout his writings he evidently judges of Christian morality by the very worst specimens of Christians whom he has met. Yet, after all, several considerations should lead us not to lay too much stress on these circumstances. Even if Julian were more easily prejudiced and more apt to hasty generalisation than was consistent with pretensions to philosophy, we may observe that among those also who held to the old religion he did not find a very high level of morality. In more than one passage he complains of the lukewarmness and selfishness of the professed Hellenes.² Yet in questions relating to the Pagan priesthood, he shows a remarkable power of discriminating between the office and the person of those to whom respect is due. This same faculty

should have led him, had no counter-acting tendencies existed, to distinguish between Christianity as it is in its essence and as it is imperfectly shown forth by its votaries.

Several writers attach importance also to the unpleasing, even violent way in which Christian doctrine and discipline were forced on him as a boy. Gibbon dwells on the dullness of Julian's life at Macellum, in Cappadocia, from his eighth to his fifteenth year, where his only recreation was to take part in some religious ceremony, and the whole aim of his education to fit him for an unambitious ecclesiastical life. That this life was exceedingly disagreeable to him we have his own testimony,³ yet if we consider that childhood of painful memory, it would seem that religious instruction was not presented to him under more unfavourable auspices than some other branches of knowledge to which he became passionately attached. His first acquaintance with Homer was made through a hard, unsympathetic preceptor, who had the charge of him during his childhood in Constantinople. By this man he was kept so strictly that he might have thought there was only one way to school, for he never took but one, and along that the child must walk with downcast eyes. If he expressed a desire to see games or dances, or even green trees, he was bidden to take his Homer and read about the funeral games of Patroclus, the dances of the Phæacians, the groves of the isle of Calypso. But since in later years, Julian was able entirely to dissociate the thought of Homer from these dreary remembrances,⁴ there must have been some deep underlying

³ *ἄληθ δὲ ἔστω τοῦ ἀκότους ἐκείνου.* (Oration concerning King Helios.)

⁴ I follow Mücke, who says that Julian speaks of Mardonius, *immer nur mit Abscheu und Widerwillen.* Talbot, on the other hand, calls him an *homme savant et honnête.* Both writers seem to have their opinions on passages in the *Misopogon*, where Julian is speaking in a vein of banter, so that his real meaning is hard to discern.

¹ Especially *Contra Chris.*, § 206.

² Letter 49, &c.

cause to prevent his shaking himself free from the unpleasant associations of his early study of the Gospels.

Dr. Mücke urges as a further apology for Julian's apostasy that he had been educated, not in pure Christianity, but in the Arian heresy. But even if the Arians were as black as their orthodox opponents have painted them, why in abjuring them should not the young theologian have turned to a purer form of Christianity rather than to an outworn superstition? From early youth he was well acquainted with the Gospels and Epistles, and from his writings we can clearly see that his quarrel was with those elements of Christianity professed by all the sects of his day, and by most of those of our own, not with any corrupt form which happened to be in the ascendant during the reign of Constantius.

But after all, Julian needs no apology. If, with open mind, and after deliberate reading and meditation, he preferred the Theogonies of Hesiod to the Book of Genesis, the heroes of Homer to the judges and kings of the Jews, the morality of Plato and the Stoics to that of the Epistles and the Sermon on the Mount, it does not follow that his preference was due to a radical vice either of head or of heart. The ideas of Hellenic mythology and philosophy so entirely possessed his mind as to make the reception of Christianity a total impossibility to him. And when we consider how potent those ideas still are in minds which can yield to their dominion, even after a widely different system of belief has prevailed for so many centuries—when we read how the half-apprehended principles of classical culture seemed, in the time of the Renaissance, almost to lead to a spurious paganism in educated society—when we see the deep and strong influence exercised by Greek ideas on sober minds like that of Wordsworth¹ and of Schiller²

—when we see in our own day a still more remarkable effort to recover the beauty and joyousness of life which prevailed under the gods of Hellas, we cannot wonder at the indignation which was felt by a young and enthusiastic mind, saturated with the very principles of Greek culture, when he saw those principles giving place to others which were totally foreign to his whole view of life. For the fact that Julian lived and moved in a world peopled with the imaginations of the Greek poets, and illumined by the splendid speculations of the Greek philosophers, no one can doubt who sees the readiness with which, on every possible occasion, illustrations from Greek literature come forward to support every thesis he would maintain, to heighten the praise he bestows, or to intensify the effect of any representation which he desired to make vivid. Nor is there any doubt that, whatever may have been the case with less ardent souls or more quiet minds, with him at least no compromise between Hellenic and Christian culture was in any degree possible. He regarded as contemptible charlatans men whose influence over mankind has been greater even than that of Homer or of Plato, and their noblest sayings found no response in his heart. Even the character of the Christian ideal caused in him neither reverence nor admiration. The Christian doctrine of sanctification seemed to him to attribute magic power to ceremonial ablutions.³ The disciple of Marcus Aurelius considers the Agony in the Garden as unworthy of a manly, not to say of a divine character;⁴ and the call of Christ, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is to him but the invitation of Wantonness to throw aside all burdens and responsibilities, and repose in slothful ease.⁵

It must not be supposed, however, that the Hellenism of Julian con-

¹ See his sonnet beginning, "The world is too much with us, late and soon—"

² See the poem, *Die Götter Griechenlands*.

³ *Con. Chris.*, 245.

⁴ *Ib.* Fragment.

⁵ See the closing paragraphs of *The Caesars*.

sisted merely of that free, joyous, life-loving spirit which has ever and anon asserted itself in opposition to the more austere and ascetic types of Christianity. On the contrary, his notions of the binding force of moral laws, even in the realm of thoughts, of the duty of kindness to all men, even to enemies, and of the entire dependence of man on the help of God, may seem to some to be borrowed from the very religion he was endeavouring to crush. But we must remember that the doctrine of universal brotherhood, and of the sacredness of duty, were the most prominent articles of the creed of the Stoics before they were at all influenced by Christianity. And this sober, earnest type of paganism which Julian wished to put in the place of the advancing religion of Christ, was as different from its rival in many important respects as was the religion of Homer. Julian believed as heartily in the universal beneficence of the gods, and the divine origin of the human reason, as the Christians of his time believed in the exclusive privileges of the Jews with their spiritual descendants, and the entire depravity of the human heart. Nowhere is he more bitter in his denunciations of Christian impostures than where he is exhorting to what are now considered as peculiarly Christian virtues.¹

All biographers of Julian blame his want of foresight in not perceiving that the effete system of polytheism could never be galvanized into life, and that under no circumstances could it afford sanctions for a high code of moral duty. But they do not all of them perceive how in another direction Julian displayed remarkable foresight. In the triumph of Christianity he foresaw the Dark Ages. There can be little doubt that even had there been no barbarian inroads, the substitution of the Bible for the works of classical Greece, as the first requisite in the education of every cultivated

¹ See especially Fragment to a Priest and Letter 63 to Theodorus.

man, must have led to a lessened regard for the latter works, and perhaps to the total loss of many of them. It was because Julian saw this that he issued his celebrated edict against Christian schoolmasters,² one of the very few measures of persecution against the formerly dominant sect, and stigmatised as "inclemens" even by the impartial Ammianus.³ But from Julian's point of view, these enactments were justifiable and even necessary. More than half a century before his time, Tertullian had desired to substitute Christian for Pagan authors in schools. True, the classics held their own for a time even after the empire had again become Christian. Augustine speaks of his early delight in Virgil,⁴ yet he regards that delight as something to be ashamed of, and blames Christian parents for bringing up their children on such absurdities. But even if Homer had been permanently retained as a text-book, no earnest believer in his mythology could have endured to see it handled and interpreted by teachers who represented it either as a tissue of empty fancies or as an ensnaring web of idolatry and deceit. He would regard any toleration of such teaching in much the same light as a French Catholic might regard a permission given to Positivist or Atheistic schoolmasters to teach children the creeds and formularies of the Christian faith.

To return, however, to the question of Julian's apostasy;—it follows from the above remarks that the cause thereof should be sought less in the negative than in the positive deter-

² The edict (as given by Mücke from the Theodosian code, with which, however, cf. Letter 42) does not mention the Christians by name, but merely reserves appointments to the magistrates and the emperor. It was evidently regarded by Ammianus, however, as directed primarily against them, and Augustine (*Confessions*, Bk. viii.) tells of a professor of rhetoric who had to give up his post or else abjure Christianity.

³ Bk. xxv.

⁴ *Conf.* (Bk. i.) Augustine's account of his education affords an instructive commentary on Julian's edicts.

minants of his creed ; the question is not so much why he was not a Christian, as what made him such an ardent Hellene. To answer this question fully, it would be necessary to detail all the events of his childhood and youth, and even then we should leave a large residue of the phenomena to be explained by peculiarity of temperament. We should have to observe the child Julian drinking in Homer with his mother's milk—or rather instead of it, for it is one of the pathetic features of Julian's life that he was motherless from infancy.¹ We should follow him into his dreary exile at Macellum, where, with no companionship but that of his brother Gallus, from whom, though he seems to have loved him tenderly, he can have experienced but little sympathy, he developed an almost morbid sensitiveness to the glory of the starry heavens, and at the same time derived a more healthy moral influence from the writings of Xenophon and Plato, and learned to accept the duties of life as the part assigned to each man in the divine government of the world.² We should have to see how in his student life at Nicomedia and at Athens he came to add to his ethical principles the strange metaphysical and theological system of the Neo-Platonists, in which the Platonic doctrine of ideas and the Platonic myths of the emanation of souls become parts of a mystic representation of the whole divinely-ordered universe. We should have to trace the influence on his mind of the study of Iamblichus, of the oracular verses attributed to Apollo, and of the mythology of the East. In the "Oration concerning King Helios," Julian's positive views on theology, sometimes sublime, oftener subtle and

obscure, may be traced, and there as in other writings we may observe the freedom with which he learned to handle the myths that had amused his childhood so as to turn them into vehicles of spiritual truth. Here, however, it is his negative ideas, his objections to Christianity, that chiefly concern us, though these cannot be understood without an effort to obtain some grasp of his own views as to religion and theology.

We may come now to examine more in detail the nature of these objections. They are to be met with in various portions of his works, but chiefly, of course, in the treatise written expressly with a view to proving that the whole Christian system is a work of man and an attempt to impose upon human credulity. Unfortunately the greater part of that work has met with the same fate that Julian thanked Heaven for sending on the books of Epicurus and of Pyrrho. There were probably three books, if not more, devoted to this subject. The first contained a comparison of Christianity with Hellenism and with Judaism, and attempted to show that the Christians adopted all that was evil and nothing that was good in both the Greek and the Jewish systems. The second book probably dealt with the Gospels, and the third with the Epistles. All the fragments that have been preserved by Cyril and other Christian writers have been edited with an elaborate introduction in the learned work of Dr. Neumann. The first book is restored almost entirely in an order superior to that followed by M. Talbot, and in such a way as, in spite of obscurities here and there, to be generally intelligible and often very forcible, while the connection is as well maintained as in most of Julian's works, for his impulsive mind is ever ready to fly off at a tangent and subsequently wind its way round again to the original argument.

Let us see what were Julian's views on the dogmatic theory, the

¹ His mother seems to have been a cultivated woman, for she studied Homer, under Maronius.

² See in Letter to the Athenians, § 276, a most pleasing account of the considerations which determined him not to shirk the duties imposed on him by Constantius. It reminds one of the *Crito*, but still more, perhaps, of *Marcus*.

moral practice, and the ritual observances of his opponents.

In approaching Julian's objections to Christian doctrine, we must not expect a similar idea of doctrinal proof to that which prevails in our own age, steeped as it is in the sceptical spirit generated by the study of the inductive sciences, and demanding for every theory, whether of sensible or of supersensuous things, an absolutely verifiable basis of fact. Many of the modern difficulties with which Christianity has to contend are altogether out of harmony with the spirit of Julian. The miracles, for example, recorded in the Old and New Testaments are so far from presenting in his mind a stumbling-block to the faith, that he speaks scornfully of the comparatively small number and unimportant character of the miracles attributed to Christ. But here, perhaps, we may draw a distinction. Where he is dealing with things that are said to have actually happened, or to be about to happen, in the material world, and which are amenable to the evidence of the senses, Julian argues quite in the spirit of a modern sceptic. When dealing with the story of the Tower of Babel, for instance, he naively remarks that if all the earth were made into bricks, it would not furnish material sufficient for a tower reaching only to the orbit of the moon. Again, he asks from what source St. Luke could possibly derive his information as to the presence of an angel strengthening Christ on the eve of the crucifixion. He complains of the confused and contradictory accounts of the resurrection of Christ, and in one fragment, in speaking of St. Paul's promises (1 Thess. iv.) of the Second Advent, he utters the remarkable proposition that not to distinguish, in forecasting the future, the possible from the impossible, is the very climax of mental aberration.

But in judging of those matters of religious theory which lie outside the region of observation and experiment present, past, or future, the proofs

that Julian demands are of another character. In his eyes, any abstruse religious doctrine, handed down by tradition, or thought out by a great original mind, is worthy to be received if it be sufficient to account for known facts, and if it harmonise with our innate ideas of the character of God and the duties of man.

Thus in combating the Jewish account of the Creation of the World, Julian does not ask for evidence or appeal to physical improbabilities,¹ but tries to show that it is inconsistent with itself, that it is insufficient to account for the facts, and that it presents unworthy notions as to the character of the Deity. In Genesis, he says, nothing is said about the creation of angels, and certain existences, "the waters," "the darkness," and "the deep," are left wholly unaccounted for as to origin. Again, the Creator is said to have made some things and simply commanded others to be. And in making man—how could an omniscient being form woman to be a help-meet to man knowing all the while that she would be the cause of his fall from Paradise? Still more serious are the two objections to the story of the first disobedience: the notion that God would withhold from man so excellent a gift as the knowledge of good and evil, and the malicious jealousy which would keep him from tasting of the Tree of Life. Julian makes no remarks on the origin of evil. He seems, from one or two passages in his works, to regard it as an imperfection due to the connection of soul and body,² but the absence of belief in an active power of evil is one of the causes of his incapability of appreciating either the Jewish or the Christian religion. In the story of the Confusion of Tongues, again, besides the objection just cited to the possibility of building a sky-reaching

¹ Unless we regard as such the rather captious inquiry as to what language could serve as a means of communication between the woman and the serpent.

² See Fragment to a Priest, § 299.

tower, Julian objects to the narrow view that must needs account somehow for differences of speech among nations, but never thinks of seeking for the origin of far deeper distinctions in customs and nature. And even if the Babel story be accepted, it is insufficient to account for the facts. Natural distinctions are not to be attributed to an arbitrary fiat, but the commands of God are always in accordance with the essential nature of things.

For these reasons Julian greatly prefers, as a religious explanation of the origin of man and the differences among men, the splendid myth in the *Timæus*, where the Demiurgus is represented as delegating to the inferior and derivative deities the creation of the various orders of living beings, to whom within limits the divine element or the rational soul is to be distributed. This myth both affords a theory of the differences existing among various orders of life and various races of men, and also shows more clearly than the Jewish stories the universal beneficence of the Creator. The point in Jewish theology which most deeply stirs Julian's ire is its exclusiveness, and that in two ways: The supreme God is represented as jealously refusing to share His glory with the inferior deities, whom (from the use of the plural number in Gen. xi. 7, and other passages) the Jews must have supposed to exist; and, again, He is supposed to have squandered all His favour upon one little race in one corner of the world, to the neglect of all the rest of mankind. "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God." What more unworthy notion of the Almighty could be formed than this? Jealousy is a hateful passion in man; must he study to acquire it in order to become like God? And has not Divine Providence bestowed on the Greeks far greater benefits than those possessed by the Jews? Arts, science, politics, all those elements of Greek life and culture which the devout mind asso-

ciated each with the idea of a particular divinity; were they not a standing protest against all Hellenes who abandoned the faith of their fathers for the worship of an arbitrary and jealous tyrant, and of a dead Jew?

To the Christians, in addition to the objections urged against those points of theology held by them in common with the Jews, Julian asserted that in their interpretations of prophecy, and their elevation of Jesus to the rank of divinity, they were taking unwarrantable liberties both with the Jewish scriptures and with the Gospel narrative. The "Prophet like unto Moses" (of Deut. xviii. 15), the "Shiloh" (of Gen. xlix. 10), the "Star out of Jacob" foretold by Balaam (Num. xxiv. 17), the "Virgin-born" (of Isaiah vii.), are not to be identified with Jesus, and even if they were, they would not prove His divinity, which is so contrary to the Mosaic doctrine of the unity of the Godhead, even if we do not refer to the passage in which Israel, and not Christ, is called the first-born of God (Ex. iv. 22). It is St. John who first asserts the divinity of Christ, and even he does it in such ambiguous language that it is doubtful whether he entirely identifies the Word of God with the man Jesus. The doctrine of the λόγος was by no means strange to Julian's theology, but the conception of the "Word made Flesh" was to him a gross absurdity. He preferred to regard as the exact image and manifested power of the Changeless One the life-giving, ever active Helios, who fulfils a function in the world of ideas and among the subaltern gods, which is a counterpart to that of the revolving sun in the material universe.¹

Let us proceed next to Julian's views as to Christian practical morality. In this part of his subject, as in the theoretical portion, some of his strictures are directed against what is common to the Christians with the Jews, others to what is peculiar to

¹ See Oration concerning King Helios, and also Letter to the Alexandrians, 51.

the former. He regards the Decalogue as unworthy of the high estimation in which it has been held. With the exception of the commands not to worship strange gods and to keep the sabbath, it contains, he says, no elements which are not to be found in the codes of all peoples, and the exhortation against polytheism is enforced by the assertion of that doctrine so hateful to Julian, of the jealousy and revengefulness of God. For the rest, the laws of the Jews are far inferior in justice and gentleness to those of Solon, of Lycurgus, or of the Romans. Indeed the Jewish stories of vengeance taken, or allowed to be taken, on innocent and guilty alike (especially the story of Phineas and the Israelites, Num. xxv.) tend to confuse all one's notions of calm and deliberate justice.

But to this law, whatever it may be worth, the Christians have not kept faithful, in spite of the saying of their Founder that He "came not to destroy but to fulfil." They have rejected the mild institutions and customs of the Greeks, but they have only learned to combine Jewish presumption with Gentile impurity. With a strange unfairness, Julian tries to prove the loose lives of Christians by citing St. Paul's description of what the Corinthians were before their conversion (1 Cor. vi.), and when he comes to the words (ver. 11) "but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified," he asks contemptuously how such a washing can have been effected by the rite of baptism, which is unable to cure diseases of the body and surely incapable of reaching the soul. This protest against the doctrine that the mere sprinkling of water can do away with sin seems to have been much needed in Julian's day, when baptism was often delayed till the death-bed, that the catechumen might feel no fear of living freely so long as he might be purified before death.¹ His indignation at so per-

nicious a doctrine is very strongly expressed in the passage already alluded to at the end of *The Cæsars*, where he represents Jesus as standing and crying, in words which are a parody on Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me all ye that are corruptors, blood-stained, impure, and shameless, and I with this water will make you clean, and if again ye become subject to the same ills, I will give to him that beateth upon his breast and striketh his head that he shall be purified."

This passage will show more clearly than any other how far Julian was from recognising in the Gospels any power to reclaim from evil or stimulate to good. He himself believed in the possibility of repentance and amendment,² as did his master Marcus,³ but in the Christian scriptures he saw nothing which could by any possibility make any man better. If in one or two passages he quotes the authority of Christ against His professed followers, it is simply an *argumentum ad hoc*, and does not show that personally he felt any respect for that authority. When, for instance, he upbraids the Christians for their quarrels among themselves, and says that neither Jesus nor Paul left any rules for persecution, he hastens to explain the latter fact by declaring that when Christianity was first set on foot, its promoters had no notion that it would ever spread much beyond the miserable little set of fanatics who had first received it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Julian could see nothing but simulation in the apparent virtues of the Christians around him, and that he was but too ready to believe in all the vices attributed to them by their adversaries. Many of the passages in which he inveighs against the enormities practised by the Galilaëans, especially at their love-feasts, have been

friend of his was converted through being baptised while in a swoon.

² See Letter 62, to an offending Priest. The concluding sentence is remarkable.

³ *Meditations*, viii. 34.

¹ See Gibbon, chap. 20. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration is certainly to be found in St. Augustine, who tells (Bk. iv.), how a

long ago erased by some pious hand, without any loss, certainly, either to posterity or to the fame of the emperor. But many passages relating to the benevolent deeds of the hated sect¹ remain to show how he was touched to the quick by the forced admission of the fact that the believers in Zeus Xenios were less careful of the needy and the stranger than were the followers of the crucified Galilæan.

In all matters connected with religious worship, Julian shows himself strongly conservative,² and though he is willing to acknowledge the substantial identity of the spiritual objects of reverence in widely different places and under very diverse forms, he would yet have each nation keep to its peculiar traditional observances. In these matters he has the least fault to find with the Jews and the most with the Christians. He admires the fidelity with which the Hebrew law and ritual are maintained. He tries to find traces of augury and of astronomy in the history of Abraham.³ He acknowledges that he is himself a worshipper of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, who is indeed the Supreme Lord, though worshipped by the Jews with a narrow national exclusiveness, and whose temple he had unsuccessfully tried to restore at Jerusalem.

But the Galilæans have rejected all the Jewish ritual and accepted from the Gentiles one thing at least—the license to eat what they will and never to fear defilement. They refuse to sacrifice because, they say, God does not need our gifts. Does He then need our praises? Yet we render them as a mark of homage. They do not practise circumcision, saying that “circumcision is of the heart,” as if, forsooth, they were really separated from other men by superior virtue! They despise the images of the gods, and stigmatise as idolaters all those

who reverence them. But why should we not respect any representation of the gods as the child loves his father's picture? The noblest images of the gods are the sun, moon, and stars, which all nations regard as divine,⁴ or as the clearest manifestations of Divinity. Those which are made by man are inferior and perishable, yet in caring for them we please the gods who need not our personal attention. And by what authority was the Jewish law ever annulled for the followers of the Jews? What right had Paul, that supreme charlatan, ever hovering between a Jewish and a universal interpretation of his doctrines, to declare that “Christ is the end of the law?” But the Galilæans depart most decisively from both Jewish and Hellenic forms of worship in their degrading reverence for the graves of martyrs and dead men's bones. Christ himself spoke of sepulchres with manifest aversion, and bade the dead bury their dead, and Isaiah prophesied against those who “sleep in the graves and in the tombs that they may dream dreams.”⁵ And again, the worship of Christ he finds, as we have already seen, directly contrary to Jewish monotheism.

We turn away from these torrents of fiery invective and mazes of incongruous arguments with a sense of weariness and regret, and a certainty that the labour spent upon them must have been in vain,—that they could never have convinced any man who had felt the power of Christian influences, and that even when the reproaches were well deserved they were not directed in such a manner as to be likely to diminish the evils complained of. Deeply interesting they are indeed, not however from a polemic but from an historical point of view. Gibbon sneers at the desire of the Abbé Bléterie that some modern philosophical theologian should under

¹ See Fragment to a Priest and Letter 49 to Arsacius.

² *Ibid.*

³ Gen. xv., quoted not as in our version.

⁴ Fragment to a Priest, § 293, and *Contra Chris.*

⁵ Is. lxv. 4, differently rendered in Authorised Version.

take the work but imperfectly accomplished by Cyril, the refutation of Julian's works against the Christians. But the refutation of fundamental objections to a whole religious system lies far outside of the province of the theologian. If a religion has in it any element of life and of truth, if it presents to the soul of man a worthy object of devotion, a constant rule of life, and a confident assurance in which he can live and die, it can deal with calumnies and objections as honest men do with aspersions on their character, and simply live them down. Of the charges brought by Julian against Christianity many seem to us so inapplicable that it requires an effort of imagination to realise the fact that they could ever sound plausible. Others, we can see clearly, must have applied but too justly at one time, but have been removed through successive reformations from within. Since Julian wrote, Hellenism has died and come to life again, and in its later form it is no longer incompatible with the more central and vital parts of Christianity. From time to time, indeed, one of the two great elements of modern civilisation — Judaism and Hellenism—has seemed to prevail exclusively, and then to have provoked a reaction which left the field to its

rival. But we, who have outlived the Hellenic Paganism of the Renaissance and the Old Testament severity of the Puritan Reformation, are able, as those were not who lived in the fiercest of the struggle, to frame for ourselves a system of thought and life, the material of which comes, whether we recognise it or not, from the spiritual store-houses of Jews and Greeks alike. For this reason we are able to look on Julian and on his brave though futile efforts to set up a revived and purified Hellenism with different eyes from those of either his ecclesiastical opponents or his sceptical apologists. In the failure of the movement which he led and the triumph of the cause which he opposed, we see a striking example of the "survival of the fittest," which in the world of ideas, as in that of physical life, ever follows the "struggle for existence." And the love and reverence which we cannot but feel for all the nobler elements of ancient civilisation dispose us to treat tenderly the memory of one who was well-nigh their latest champion, and to regard with regretful admiration the work of the fallen hero—Julian the last of the Hellenes.

ALICE GARDNER.

ON A NEGLECTED BOOK.

In the *Table Talk of Samuel Rogers* we read: "Dr. Johnson said to an acquaintance of mine, 'My other works are wine and water; but my *Rambler* is pure wine.' The world now thinks differently." So differently, indeed, does the world now think that I doubt whether, to one person in a thousand, even among those who have some acquaintance with books, the *Rambler* is anything more than a name. If we were to meet any one who had read it through, we should feel inclined to address him in much the same way as Johnson addressed Bennet Langton, when Clenardus's *Greek Grammar* was mentioned—"Why, sir, who is there in this town who knows anything of Clenardus but you and me?" We never have the *Rambler* quoted, we never see it referred to. In fact, we may go so far as to say that we know but one person besides ourselves who has read it from the first number to the last. He, however, had gone through it five times. It was one of the very few books that he had been able to get hold of in the early struggles of a laborious youth, and he had read it and read it again with such delight, that whole passages, almost whole numbers, he said, had at one time been in his memory. It still retains a kind of reputation that is at once majestic and overpowering. It is a *clarum et venerabile nomen*, but its life and spirit are for ever fled. It is one of those works which, with all their merits, get hopelessly stranded, and are left high and dry far above the fast-rushing stream of life. It no longer stands the author's own test for excellence of writing. "That book," wrote Johnson, "is good in vain, which the reader throws away. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose

pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day." Even at its very birth it met with little favour. "I have never been much a favourite of the public," the *Rambler* confessed in his last number. He had not, he continued, been animated by the rewards of the liberal, or the praises of the eminent, neither had the number of his friends ever been great. Murphy, who was likely to know, says that the number sold on each day did not amount to 500. "Of course," he adds, "the bookseller, who paid the author four guineas a week, did not carry on a successful trade." The *Rambler* was published every Tuesday and Saturday, the price of each copy being twopence. The bookseller, therefore, had not two guineas a number left him for his outlay and his profit. It was, no doubt, in the collected editions that his gain was made. Ten of these Johnson lived to see. "His posterity," writes Murphy, borrowing, as he says, the thought from a French author, "began in his life-time." Each of these editions, according to Hawkins, consisted of 1,250 copies. So that Johnson saw, if not "13,000 copies spread over England," as Macaulay says, yet, at all events, 500 more than 12,000, while "separate editions were published for the Scotch and Irish markets." Dr. Burney has recorded the growth of its popularity. When he went into Norfolk in 1751, while it was still appearing, he found but one person who knew anything of it. Before he left Norfolk, nine years later, "the *Rambler*s were in high favour among persons of learning and good taste. Others there were devoid of both, who

said that the hard words in it were used by the author to render his *Dictionary* indispensably necessary." It was for one of the Norfolk admirers that Burney, the first time he called on Johnson, cut off, on the sly, a wisp of an old hearth-broom that he saw in the chimney-corner, and sent it, folded in silver paper, as "a token of his admission to the habitation of this great man." With what difficulty the *Rambler* made its way is shown in two letters that passed, just after its last number had appeared, between Mrs. Carter and her friend Miss Talbot. One of these ladies wrote: "Indeed, 'tis a sad thing that such a paper should have met with discouragement from wise and learned and good people too. Many are the disputes it has cost me, and not once did I come off triumphant." To this the other replied: "Many a battle have I fought, too, for him in the country, but with little success." How different was the triumphant march of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. When the *Tatler* came to an end, "Gay wrote to a friend in the country that its sudden cessation was bewailed as some general calamity, and that by it the coffee-houses had lost more customers than they could hope to retain by all their other newspapers put together." The circulation of the *Spectator* is variously estimated. It is said that the daily sale at first amounted to 3,000 copies, and that it gradually increased to 4,000 and more. As many as 20,000, it is stated, were often sold in a day. Mr. Forster, indeed, says that "it must often have circulated before the stamp [the half-penny stamp, first imposed in 1712] 30,000, which might be multiplied by six to give a corresponding popularity in our day."

In stamp-duty alone it was paying at its close not far short each number of the total receipts of a number of the *Rambler*. Besides this it had a great circulation in volumes. While the *Rambler* was scarcely known so near London as Norfolk, we are told that in Perthshire, "when

the gentlemen met after church on Sunday to discuss the news of the week, the *Spectators* were read as regularly as the *Journal*." In judging of the popularity of such papers as these, the sale of each number should be more attentively examined than their sale when they are gathered into volumes. When a book once gets its reputation for morality and piety firmly established, it is largely bought by those who hold that a man's character may be judged not only by the friends he has, but by the books he gives away. Of the 12,500 copies of the *Rambler* that were sold in the latter half of last century, how many, we may ask, were bought by one person in the intention that they should be read not by himself, but by another? The greatest compliment, it has been said, that can be paid to an author, is to quote him. This is a compliment that has been as commonly paid to the *Spectator* as it has been denied to the *Rambler*. Yet if he has been but little quoted, he can boast at all events that one of the first writers of his time owes him a large debt. As Goldsmith acknowledged, the character of Croaker in *The Good-natured Man* is borrowed from "Suspirius." We have thought it very likely that Mrs. Hardcastle's famous drive over Crackskull Common was suggested by the *Rambler*, No. 34. In it a young gentleman describes a lady's terrors on a coach-journey—"Our whole conversation passed in dangers, and cares, and fears, and consolations, and stories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to spend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt with lightning. . . . We had now a new scene of terror, every man we saw was a robber, and we were ordered sometimes to drive hard lest a traveller whom we saw behind should overtake us; and sometimes to stop, lest we should come up to him who was passing before us. She alarmed many an honest man by begging him to spare her life as he passed by the coach." Dickens

also in his *Old Curiosity Shop* is, we are inclined to think, indebted at second hand to Johnson. He says that the beautiful thought of Nell's grandfather wandering about after her death, as if looking for her, he owes to Rogers's lines :—

“ And long thou mightst have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of some-
thing,
Something he could not find—he knew not
what.”

Had not Rogers borrowed not only the thought, but almost the very turn of the lines, from Johnson's “Allegorical History of Rest and Labour,” “his favourite composition among all that the *Rambler* contains,” if we may trust Mrs. Piozzi? There he tells how “nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what.”

There are other causes besides the natural difference between Addison and Johnson that rendered the *Rambler* so much less a general favourite than the *Spectator*. Even this difference, great though it undoubtedly was, perhaps, was not so great as any one who has not somewhat carefully studied the two men might imagine. The light side of Johnson's character is not sufficiently brought out in Boswell's work. “Johnson,” wrote Murphy, who had made his acquaintance two years after the *Rambler* ceased, and who knew him well, “Johnson had a fund of humour, but he did not know it.” In another passage the same writer says :—“He was surprised to be told, but it is certainly true, that, with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his shining talents.” Miss Burney, who only saw him in his old age, recorded in her *Diary*: “Dr. Johnson has more fun and comical humour and love of nonsense about him than almost anybody I ever saw.” To this humour, for more reasons than one, Johnson gave but little play in his *Rambler*. The circumstances in which he wrote were

not such as to fit a man “to write, converse, and live with ease.” Addison was caressed by the great, he [was in the enjoyment of an ample pension, he held a lucrative office, and was fairly on the way that leads towards a secretaryship of state. Among his friends, he reckoned not only the wits, but wits who were wealthy. Johnson was overwhelmed with work, with poverty, with a diseased body, and with the shadow of a great sorrow that the failing health of his wife cast before him on his path. It is indeed astonishing that the man who, single-handed, was writing our great English Dictionary, “the unhappy lexicographer,” the “harmless drudge,” who year after year was “bearing burdens with dull patience, and beating the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution,” should at the same time write two hundred essays, each of which he was bound to produce on its stated day. In length, each *Rambler* is about equal to a column and a quarter of the leading articles of the *Times*, and two of these, we have said, he wrote each week. Addison, with Steele for his lieutenant, was strongly supported indeed. He had, moreover, as every one knows, other auxiliaries. “To attempt a single paper was no terrifying labour; many pieces were offered, and many were received.”

Moreover, as Murphy points out, “he was not bound to publish on stated days; he could watch the ebb and flow of his genius, and send his paper to the press when his own taste was satisfied. Johnson's case was very different; he wrote singly and alone.” Of the 208 *Ramblers* 203 were by his hand; while of the 555 *Spectators*, Addison wrote 240. Each *Rambler*, however, was longer by a good deal than each *Spectator*. On the average, Johnson wrote, we estimate, about thirty-four more lines a week than Addison. Boswell accounts for the occasional compositions very different from lexicography, in which Johnson exerted his talents while he was en-

gaged on his *Dictionary*, by saying that his "enlarged and lively mind could not be satisfied without more diversity of employment." He forgets that Johnson was not willing to allow that there is any pleasure in writing, though there might, he said, be pleasure from writing after it was over, if a man had written well. He wrote, we may be sure, because he needed the money. Much of his life, as he said in the preface to his great work, had been spent in provision for the day that was passing over him. He was allowed by the booksellers to draw on them, as the work went on. But his clear profit, during the long years that he was thus "tugging at the oar," could not, we estimate, have amounted to much more than two pounds, or, at the most, to two pounds ten shillings a week. His wife, in her last illness, to use his own words, "passed through many months of languor, weakness, and decay." She required, or thought she required, country air and nice living. Money was needed, and money was no longer showered, as it had been in the golden days of Queen Anne, on the wise, the witty, and the learned. The *Dictionary*, as he told the world, had been written "amidst inconvenience and destruction, in sickness and in sorrow." To the ruinous task to which for two years he bound himself, he had often, as the stated day came round, "to bring an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease." He was a man little given to bemoaning his lot. But it is words such as these that the *Rambler* uses in bidding his readers farewell.

While his life at home was so sad a one, he was not brought up with the consciousness of success abroad. If he did not, as he says, feel much dejection from his *Rambler's* want of popularity, neither on the other hand was he sustained by that elation of spirits which fame gives, and which, in its turn, inspires the happy author

towards still higher fame. He was, perhaps, the proudest man of his time. The proudest piece of writing of which we know is his preface to the *English Dictionary*. Mr. Carlyle is wrong when he writes, "To Johnson, as to a healthy-minded man, the fantastic article sold or given under the title of *Fame*, had little or no value but its intrinsic one. He prized it as the means of getting him employment and good wages, scarcely as anything more." He forgets how Johnson once exclaimed to a party of his friends, with a sudden air of exultation, "Oh, gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The Emperor of Russia has ordered the *Rambler* to be translated into the Russian language; so I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga."

In the *Rambler* itself, he writes of "fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise." He had no mind that his name should be among those that, in his own fine words, "are swept away by time among the refuse of fame." It was under discouragement, therefore, as well as in sickness and in sorrow, that much of his work was done. When the sale of his paper was so slack, he may possibly have flattered himself with hopes of posterity—posterity which, as he says, is always the author's favourite. But least of all men was he likely to deceive himself about the judgment of the world, or to expect that what one generation receives with indifference the next generation will welcome with shouts of applause.

He had not, it is true, gone the way to win popularity. "If," he writes, "I have not been distinguished by the distributors of literary honour, I have seldom descended to the arts by which fame is obtained. . . . I have never complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the topic of the day. I have rarely exemplified my assertion by living characters; in my papers no man could look for censure of his enemies, or

praises of himself; and they were only expected to peruse them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its ended dignity." He began the *Rambler* by offering up a solemn prayer that in this undertaking God's Holy Spirit might not be withheld from him, and he ended it by the well-grounded hope that he might be "numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

There were many among his readers who complained that his tone was too serious, and that among so much sober and even solemn writing there were far too few pieces lightly written. The judicious reader of the present day would, we believe, judge differently, and would not unwillingly see many of the more familiar papers expunged. Had Johnson given free play to his humour, had he described those strange scenes through which in his poverty he had passed, and that almost endless variety of character which he had known, we should have had a work that might perhaps have rivalled the *Spectator*. But, if he could have done this at any time of his life, he certainly could not in these days of labour and sickness and sorrow. He looked upon the world as a stage, where the part that he must play was a sad one. "Every period of life," he wrote, "is obliged to borrow its happiness from the time to come. In youth we have nothing past to entertain us, and in age we derive little from retrospect but hopeless sorrow. Yet the future likewise has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we see to be not far distant." In another passage, when contrasting the hopes of the young with the disappointments of the old, he says: "The miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance if we were to enter the world with the same opinions as we carry from them." The feelings that strongly hold a man are those which he best expresses,

and therefore the *Rambler* is at his greatest when he is most overwhelmed with a sense of the sorrows of life, and of the duties which in the midst of these sorrows must still be manfully discharged. He has surveyed "the mighty heap of human calamity," and he has felt only too sorely how "the armies of pain send their arms against us on every side." He knows "the miseries which urge impatience to call on death." Sorrow, the greatest sorrow of all, he sees day by day coming nearer to him—that sorrow which he defines as "an incessant wish that something were otherwise than it has been." He is overwhelmed by a sense of the shortness of life, and by the terrors of what may await him in another world. He considers that he may be "suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide." He knows "that the schemes of man are quickly at an end, and that we must soon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our places to others, who, like us, shall be driven a while by hope or fear about the surface of the earth, and then, like us, be lost in the shades of death." Yet it is idle to complain. "The calamities of life are calls to labour." We must not "purchase ease with guilt." We must not "think ourselves too soon entitled to the mournful privileges of irresistible misery." Sufferings greater than any that have befallen us have been borne with the utmost constancy. Virtue, he holds, can stand its ground as long as life, and a soul well principled will be separated sooner than subdued. Then, too, we must remember that, as the Roman moralist has taught us, "to escape misfortune is to want instruction, and that to live at ease is to live in ignorance." Yet we need not altogether refuse ourselves the comfort that comes from pity. "Though it must be allowed that he suffers most like a hero that hides

his grief in silence, yet it cannot be denied that he who complains acts like a man, like a social being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures." Still, our tale of sorrow is oftentimes not believed. We must not fail to reckon upon "the incredulity of those to whom we recount our sufferings," neither must we forget "that those who do not feel pain seldom think that it is felt." So unlike are our natures, so different are our thoughts, so far apart are our modes of life, that "the griefs and cares of one part of mankind seem to the other hypocrisy, folly, and affectation. Every class of life has its cant¹ of lamentation, which is understood or regarded by none but themselves; and every part of life has its uneasinesses, which those who do not feel them will not commiserate."

For man thus stricken with sadness, thus "prest by the load of life," even had nature otherwise favoured him to the full, it would have been impossible, as we have already said, to write with that easy playfulness which so delights us in Addison. But Johnson, if we mistake not, wantonly put shackles on himself. When his *Irene* was brought on to the stage, he laid aside his plain garb, and showed himself in a scarlet waistcoat, with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat, "from the fancy that, as a dramatic author, his dress should be more gay than what he ordinarily wore." In like manner, when he came before the world as a moralist, he deliberately chose, we are convinced, a more laboured style. Malone, writing in the year 1783, says that he imagines "there are three periods or epochs in his style. At first he was certainly simpler than afterwards. Between the years 1750 and 1758 his style was, I think, in its hardest and most laboured state. Of late it is evidently improved." Macaulay traces

this improvement to the fact that in his latter years "he had written little and had talked much." He does not recognise however this middle style, but compares the *Life of Savage*, which was written in 1744, with the remaining *Lives of the Poets*, which appeared five and thirty years later. In these his mannerism, he says, "was less perceptible than formerly; and his dictum frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement," he continued, "may be discerned by a skilful critic in the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and in the *Lives of the Poets* is so obvious that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader." Though in the *Lives* Johnson's style is undoubtedly at its best, yet Malone and Macaulay lay too much stress on the changes that were caused by an advance in years, or by a mere difference in the mode of living. Macaulay, in the instance that he gives, does not see, or at all events does not let his readers see, that the cause which he assigns is too small for the effect. The last page of the journey was corrected late in the autumn of 1774. The *Lives* were begun in the summer of 1777. The improvement that he indicates is evidently a striking one; for that which could only be discussed at the beginning of the period by a skilful critic, cannot, he says, at the end of the period escape the notice of the most careless reader. Even if this abstinence from composition had been complete—and complete it was not—if the pen had been idle, and the ink in the inkstand had been dried up, could so great an advance have been made in less than three years by a man who had reached the age of sixty-five? Johnson grew in knowledge as he grew in years, but an old man's style does not make either great or rapid changes. At three score and five we may say, as Adam said of fourscore, "it is too late a week."

Both these critics leave too much out of account the subjects on which, in each case, he wrote; for with his

¹ Johnson uses "cant" in two senses—either as "a whining pretension to goodness, in formal and affected terms," or—it is in this sense that he uses it here—as "a barbarous jargon," "slang," as we should now say.

subjects his style certainly varied. Scarcely less, perhaps, did it vary with the importance that each subject had in his own eyes. When he began the *Lives* he meant only to write "prefaces to each poet, of no more than a few pages." Such brief biographies he had frequently written in his younger days. But in writing an account of a journey to the wilds of Scotland he was appearing in a new character. The hostility which he was supposed to entertain against the Scotch was certain to lay him open to unfriendly criticism. He must put forth therefore all his strength. Moreover, he knew that from him would be expected thoughts on national manners, and reflections raised by what he had seen. For the depth of observation on life and manners, and for the elegance of narrative, says Murphy, his book was extolled. That he expected to be widely read is clear; for he complained that the work had not had a great sale, though 4,000 copies, it is said, were sold in the first week. He had, therefore, from the first chosen what we may call his big style, and had put on his scarlet waistcoat and his gold-laced hat before he sat down to write. Before even he went to the Hebrides there was no want of colloquial ease in his letters. How playfully, when he was staying at Ashburne, did he write about the great bull, the pride of Dr. Taylor, the rector. "I have seen the great bull; and very great he is. I have seen likewise his heir apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his sire. I have seen the man who offered an hundred guineas for the young bull, while he was yet little better than a calf."

A year later he writes:—"There has been a man here to-day to take a farm. After some talk he went to see the bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm?" Fifteen months later he has not forgotten either the great bull or the man. "Our bulls and cows are all well; but we yet hate

the man that had seen a bigger bull." How lively, too, is the passage in which, sixteen years earlier than the publication of the *Journey*, he described in a letter to Langton the representation of Dodsley's *Cleone*. This tragedy, that contained, he was afraid, more blood than brains, had been refused by Garrick, and had been brought out at the rival house. "The two Wartons," he writes, "just looked into the town, and were taken to see *Cleone*, where, David [Garrick] says, they were starved for want of company to keep them warm. David and Doddy [Dodsley] have had a new quarrel, and, I think, cannot conveniently quarrel any more. *Cleone* was well acted by all its characters, but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy, you know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side and cried at the distress of poor *Cleone*."

It is not merely in letters that he showed a lighter style. Throughout it will, as a general rule, be found that in narrative his language is simpler and his sentences are less involved; but that, when he becomes didactic, then his words grow bigger and his sentences become more laboured. It is beyond all doubt that in the *Lives of the Poets* his style is at its best. It had certainly improved during the many years in which his pen had lain well-nigh idle. Yet we are equally certain that had he written the *Rambler* when he was on the threshold of threescore and ten, his diction would have had but little of that colloquial ease which Macaulay praises in the *Lives*; and had he written the *Lives* in his middle period, they would have been very far from showing all that mannerism which the same critic assigns to his constant habit of elaborate composition. Let any one compare his *Life of Sir Francis Drake* and his *Parliamentary*

Debates, which were written at the same period of his life, and he will see at once that even in his early manhood he was the master of two widely-different styles.

Though to the reader of our time the perusal of the *Rambler* would seem a heavy task, yet should he go through with it, he will find that it grows lighter the further he advances, and that the mannerism becomes less displeasing the more he is accustomed to it. Even though the style is on the whole bad, he will have some pleasure in tracing wherein it is that lies the really admirable perfection of a bad style. Moreover, he will be rewarded by coming upon sentences as striking in their vigour of expression as they are powerful in thought; while on many a page will he find that "homely wisdom" with which Johnson was more amply endowed, as Macaulay writes, "than any writer since the time of Swift." We are sometimes startled by what he says, but the shock that he gives us soon loses itself in meditations upon the truthfulness or falsity of what he asserts. Thus, after describing the peculiarities which different occupations give to the mind or the body, he writes:—"These peculiarities have been of great use in the general hostility which every part of mankind exercises against the rest to furnish insults and sarcasms." In another paper he enlarges on this dreadful hostility. "We are," he says, "by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almost into different species, which regard one another, for the most part, with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears, and conversation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which another cannot feel; pleasures which he cannot partake; and modes of expressing every sensation which he cannot understand." It is not Swift, but Johnson, who thus writes. Is this all, we sorrowfully ask, that the great Christian moralist can say for

the world, after it had for so many an age been professing to follow the teaching of One who was to bring peace on earth and goodwill towards men? Johnson was least of all men a cynic. Few men felt so deeply as he did for his fellows. He felt for them singly, and he felt for them as a whole. He loved the poor, says Mrs. Piozzi, as she had never yet seen any one else do. "He would in the days of his poverty, as he returned to his lodgings late at night, put pennies into the hands of the children whom he saw asleep on thresholds and stalls, that they might have wherewith to buy a breakfast." But his tenderness was not limited in its range. It went beyond this man and that, and took in classes and nations. In the *Rambler* he writes of "the great republic of humanity," "the universal league of social beings." We seem to catch a far-off sound of Mr. Tennyson's famous line—

"In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

"It is not easy," he says in one fine passage, "to commit more atrocious treason against the great republic of humanity, than by falsifying its records and misguiding its decrees." In another equally fine passage, he likens those who would corrupt the innocence of youth to shipwreckers, who "ought to be destroyed by a general insurrection of all social beings." As a set-off against the stern and harsh judgment which he in the *Rambler* passed on mankind, we have the statement that he made nearly thirty years later, when he owned that "from experience he had found mankind more disposed to cheat than he had any notion of; but more disposed to do one another good than he had conceived."

With what rigour does he write against that dull morality which would reduce curiosity to a vice, and a petty vice too. Curiosity, he says, is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect.

It is the thirst of the soul. In a vision he recognises her as his long-lived protectress, and he sees her acknowledged by truth as among the most faithful of her followers. She multiplies the inlets to happiness, and in great and generous minds she is the first passion and the last. Again, how much does he go against the common notion when he maintains that in youth "diffidence is found the inseparable associate of understanding"; and when he asserts that a young man who is always suspicious of the motives of others, and who believes that no one has any real tenderness but for himself, is "a wretch incapable of generosity or benevolence; a villain early completed beyond the need of common opportunities and gradual temptations."

It would be easy to string together a long line of sentences, each of which might well form the subject of an essay. Who can forbear to pause and think when he comes across truths such as these?—"The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters." "A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected." "Cowardice encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the company of persons higher than themselves." "It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness." "Though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulness." "The lady maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmness of stupidity accustomed to be flattered." "Most men are unwilling to be taught." "Love of life is necessary to a vigorous prosecution of any un-taking." "It is happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust." "There are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge." "Unnecessarily to obtrude unpleasing ideas is a species of oppression." "We love to overlook the boundaries which we do not

wish to pass." "Men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age." "No man hates him at whom he can laugh." "The future is purchased by the present."

With what force does he check idle longings after fame. "The utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten." Even though we have great merit, yet our merit "may pass without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miscellany of life." For renown there is not, and there cannot be, room enough. Fame crowds out fame. "Names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents, shrink at last into cloisters or colleges." He never learnt, as he tells us Pope soon did, "the cant of an author." He was too much of a critic himself "to treat critics with contempt." Yet with what fierce anger does he fall on those "who make it their amusement to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius; men who stand as sentinels in the avenues of fame, and value themselves upon giving ignorance and envy the first notice of a prey." With what humour does he hit off the rich man, who was intending to return to the town which he had left as a poor lad, there to enjoy all the triumph of his success! "The acclamations of the populace I purposed to reward with six hogsheads of ale and a roasted ox, and then recommend them to return to their work." How patronising benevolence is here hit off at a stroke!

When he tells us that he is "sometimes inclined to imagine that, casual calamities excepted, there might, by universal prudence, be procured a universal exemption from want," we see, as it were, the speculations of Malthus, and of the modern school of economists and poor-law reformers opening out before us. In that admirable *Rambler*, entitled, "The Necessity of Proportioning Punishments to Crimes," he traced the path which

Bentham and Romilly, and a host of other philanthropists, have since trodden into a highway of mercy and justice. He describes those dreadful days, "when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave;" when people "crowd in thousands to the legal massacre, and look with carelessness, perhaps with triumph, on the utmost exacerbations of human misery." He shows how, as new kinds of fraud arise, the attempt is at once made in each case to suppress it with death; while the thieves again, in their turn, strike out new methods of roguery. "The law then renews the pursuit in the heat of anger, and overtakes the offender again with death." Thus for great and petty crimes alike there is at length but one punishment, and that the most terrible of all. Yet "all but murderers have, at their last hour, the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favour. They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing compared with his misery; and severity defeats itself by exciting pity."

"The pious, the tender, and the just will always scruple to concur with the community in an act which their private judgment cannot approve. . . . Rigorous laws produce total impunity. . . . All laws against wickedness are ineffectual unless some will inform, and some will prosecute; but till we mitigate the penalties for mere violations of property, information will always be hated, and prosecution dreaded."

"I believe," he continues, "every thief will confess that he has been more than once seized and dismissed. . . . Multitudes will be suffered to advance from crime to crime, till they deserve death, because, if they had been sooner prosecuted, they would have suffered death before they deserved it." Whereas, "if those whom the wisdom of our laws has condemned to die had been detected in their rudiments of robbery, they might, by proper discipline and useful labour, have been disentangled from their habits; they might have escaped all the temptation to subsequent crimes, and passed their days in reparation and penitence." More than sixty years after Johnson thus lifted up his voice against "this periodical havock of our fellow-creatures," Romilly was trying, and, it long seemed, trying in vain, to convince the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the king's sons, archbishops, and bishops, that a poor wretch who had stolen goods to the amount of five shillings privately from a shop had done nothing worthy of death.

We should have liked to give instances of what Macaulay so well describes as "the solemn yet pleasing humour of some of the lighter papers." We should have liked, moreover, to consider some of the peculiarities of language and of style. But our space is at an end. We can only give utterance to the hope that the attention of many a reader may be roused to what the *Rambler* has left behind him—those memorials, to use his own beautiful words, of lonely wisdom and silent dignity.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MADAME MOHL

IN the year 1850, my father and mother and I were at Turin, where we saw a great deal of the Marchesa Costanza Arconati, an old friend of our family. One day she said to us that she must make us acquainted with Madame Mohl. We had no particular desire to know her; we had heard of her, probably from some very stupid person, as a sort of blue-stocking. I can still hear the tone in which Madame Arconati rejoined, "Ellen'est pas du tout pédante!"

On our return through Paris in 1851, we accordingly made M. and Madame Mohl's acquaintance. "Your father did not care about me at all at first," she has often said to me laughingly; "it took him some time to discover my merits." They soon, however, became firm friends, and she came to see us in London for the first time during the Great Exhibition.

In Paris, which we visited every year, she was our mainstay. When we first arrived she would ask us whom we particularly desired to see, and whether we knew them already or not she was sure to get them to meet us. She was a very early riser, and would often tap at the door of our apartment between nine and ten o'clock, and sit down and talk to us while we were at breakfast. Hers was real conversation, not preaching. It was spontaneous, full of fun and grace of expression. She spoke French and English with the fluency and accent of a native, yet with the care and originality of a foreigner. (My authority for saying this of her French was Alexis de Tocqueville.) When there was no word in either language exactly to fit her thoughts she would coin one for the occasion. She had much of the phraseology of the last century, but

none of its coarseness, for she had an essentially delicate and refined nature. Although a great reader she had, as Madame Arconati said, not an atom of dogmatism or pedantry. She had no airs of superiority of any kind. The next year she came to stay with us; as an inmate she gave no trouble, she never put out the household in any way, and her punctuality was unflinching. She would take pains to be agreeable to the stupidest and most insignificant person who happened to look in. She never snubbed or neglected any one in our house, not even very young ladies, although she would sometimes say, if she chanced to sit near one, "My dear, I felt so ashamed of not being a young man."

Although she was so fond of society, and talked so much and so easily, a certain amount of solitude was absolutely necessary to her. She would come home from a round of visits looking fagged, with her hair all out of curl, and throw herself into an arm-chair exclaiming, "I am as tired as fifty dogs," and then take up what she called a nourishing book (an epithet of high praise which she also applied to persons), and retire to her room for a couple of hours, whence she would emerge at dinner time, fresh, brilliant, with her curls and her mind quite crisp; the life and soul of the company.

When in society she disliked *tête-à-têtes*, and thought them very ill-bred. She liked a little circle in which the ball of conversation is tossed from one to the other. She thought it more exciting and less fatiguing than if the company split up in the English fashion into duets. She never could understand the pleasure that English people find in standing and saying three words to each other at evening

parties. She would try to get two or three to sit by her and talk quietly, but she said they seemed in a sort of feverish fidget as if expecting some wonderful sight, and incapable of paying attention. She greatly enjoyed a real *tête-à-tête* with a friend when there was no distracting company present, and would readily unlock the stores of her memory, and pour out the results of her long and varied experience.

Although her opinions on people and things were extraordinarily tolerant and unconventional, she yet had a fine sense of moral rectitude and high principle which made her a perfectly safe friend for young people. I never heard her say a word or utter a sentiment which I should shrink from recording here could I only recollect it. Conversation is unfortunately as ephemeral as acting or singing. My father recorded a great deal of hers in his journals, but as she herself says of Madame Récamier, "such recollections have much the same effect on those who knew her that a *hortus siccus* of tropical flowers would have on a traveller just returned from seeing them in their native country." Still such as they are they are valuable, for although so light and full of fancy there was solid matter in her conversation; it was not mere froth; she had thought much and read much, besides having always lived in the intimacy of the most brilliant and remarkable men and women of her time. Her early youth was spent in the last palmy days of Parisian society, before luxury and crowds took the place of the quiet *société intime* in which rank and wealth were almost immaterial.

Her maiden name was Mary Clarke. I believe her father's family to have been of Irish extraction. Her grandfather, Andrew Clarke, forsook his wife and family to follow the fortunes of the Stuarts. On the other hand, an ancestor of her mother's, a Hay of Hope in Scotland,

fought for William III. at the Battle of the Boyne, and the sword that he used on that occasion was carefully preserved by Madame Mohl. Her maternal grandfather, Captain David Hay, died comparatively early; his widow attained a very advanced age, and always lived with their only child, who married Mr. Clarke. Mrs. Hay was a remarkable woman; she had lived in the best Edinburgh society, and was intimate with Hume and his contemporaries. Mary was the youngest of three children: one, a boy, died in infancy; the other, Eleanor, was seven years older than her sister. She represented the Scotch element, and was quiet, beautiful, dignified, and very Low Church. She remembered to have seen Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at mass in the chapel of the Tuileries after their flight to Varennes. One of Mary's earliest recollections was seeing the allies enter Paris in 1815, which she did from the back of a trooper's horse. Eleanor was married to Mr. Frewen Turner, of Cold Overton, Leicestershire, in 1808. Mrs. Clarke's constitution could not stand the English climate. She lived almost constantly in France; and although a Protestant, she put her daughter for a short time to school in a convent.

Mary was a spoilt child and a great pet. She has often told me that she owed her unailing spirits to her having never been snubbed by her mother. After Mrs. Frewen Turner's marriage Mrs. Clarke thought it advisable for Mary to pay her sister long visits to England; but although she was very fond of Eleanor, Madame Mohl has often told me that she always hailed with delight her return to her mother, to whom she was passionately attached, and who allowed her the most entire freedom. She was long enough, however, in England to catch a glimpse of the old society, and stayed often with Miss Benger, who received on the old-fashioned easy terms most of the distinguished people of her day. She also knew Miss Lydia White. She had

always longed to see Mdme. de Staël, and on one of these visits she heard that the great authoress was staying at a hotel in London. So she resolved to see her, but she had no introduction, and Madame de Staël was not easily approached. It was thus that she told us how she accomplished her object:—

“My dear, I happened to have a little money in my pocket, so slipped out of the house, called a coach, and ordered the man to drive me to the hotel” (she was not clear as to where it was). “I had heard that Madame de Staël was looking out for a governess, and I resolved to offer myself. I was shown in; Madame de Staël was there and the brattikin (a little boy). She was *très grande dame*, very courteous, asked me to sit down, said I looked very young, and proceeded to ask me my capabilities. I agreed to everything, for I wanted to have a little talk with her. Of course I couldn’t have taught him at all, I could never have been bothered with him. So at last she repeated that I was too young, and bowed me out. This was the only time I saw Madame de Staël, and I never told anybody when I got home.”

Mrs. Clarke’s head-quarters were in Paris. She and her mother had excellent introductions from Edinburgh friends. Mrs. Clarke was known as a person of very advanced opinions, and her acquaintance was sought by the members of “La Jeune France.” One of their greatest friends was M. Fauriel, who played an important part in Miss Clarke’s life. His name is little known in England, but on the Continent he was considered a very great *savant*.¹ He was very intimate

¹ Claude Fauriel was born at St. Étienne in 1772. He served in the army for a few years, then became secretary to General Dugommier, and was afterwards attached to the staff of Fouché. But he soon embraced a literary career. He settled in Paris, where he became acquainted with the most distinguished members of the Société d’Auteuil. He knew a great many languages and translated several foreign works. In 1824 he published *Les Chants populaires de la Grèce moderne*. In 1834 he was appointed lecturer on foreign

with Madame Récamier, and he was always praising his English friends to her. So she asked to be introduced to them. They lived at that time in the Rue Bonaparte, but they had a squabble with their landlord, and Madame Récamier urged them in consequence to take part of her apartments in the Abbaye-au-Bois, where they remained for seven years.

“The Abbaye was a large old building, with a courtyard, closed on the street by a high iron grate surmounted by a cross. Through this grate you see the square court, and opposite to it the entrance door of the chapel and another small door, which is the entrance to the *parloir*. Various staircases ascend from this yard conducting to apartments inhabited by retired ladies.”² It was in this convent that Madame Récamier held her court from the year 1819 to the day of her death in 1849. She was captivated by Miss Clarke’s extraordinary cleverness, kindness and vivacity, and they also charmed M. de Chateaubriand, for whose amusement Madame Récamier cared above all things, and she persuaded her young friend to come to her every afternoon at four o’clock, when she received the *élite* of Paris. Hither came the members of the old aristocracy, the Duc de Laval, Matthieu de Montmorency, &c., as well as all the intellectual celebrities of the day. Politics were very exciting at that time; several of the *habitués* were members of the Chamber, and came in every day to relate what had taken place. “Nothing remarkable in private or public ever passed that was

literature in the University of Paris. His lectures were admirable. In 1833 he published *Les Origines des Épopées chevaleresques*. He also wrote a *History of Provençal Poetry*. His *Dante et les Origines de la Langue et la Littérature italiennes* brought him into contact with Manzoni, whose letters to him, recently published in Italy, show the utmost esteem and reverence for the French philosopher.

² This description is taken from Madame Mohl’s book on Madame Récamier, which also contains a full and interesting account of this society (see *Madame Récamier*, Chapman and Hall, 1862).

not known there sooner than elsewhere. Whoever had first read a new book came to give an account of it. "La Jeune France" was represented by Benjamin Constant, Cousin, Villemain, Guizot, Thiers, Mignet, Rémusat, Thierry, Tocqueville. One of its most agreeable members was the younger Ampère.¹ He came every day. "His conversation," says Madame Mohl (and the present writer can testify to the truth of her description), "his conversation was like a stream of sparkling water, always fresh, never fatiguing. His wit was so natural that you never thought of anything but the amusement he gave you." To a chosen few out of this circle M. de Chateaubriand read his *Memoirs*, bit by bit as he wrote them. The effect was prodigious. In some of the scenes Madame Mohl said tears would unconsciously steal down her face to the great satisfaction of the author. Here, too, Rachel recited the part of Esther for a charitable subscription, and from that time never undertook a new part without having given the first recital at the Abbaye-au-Bois. To us who are unable to command such stimulating intellectual food, it may be some consolation to find that those who enjoyed it were not exempt from *ennui*. The most courted, the idol of that society, M. de Chateaubriand himself, suffered most severely from this malady. He often said he wished that *ennui* would settle in his leg, for then he would cut it off! Madame Mohl, however, never, either then or afterwards, seemed to know what it meant. She enjoyed life thoroughly,

¹ The following is M. Ampère's sketch of Madame Mohl at the Abbaye-au-Bois:—"A little later in the evening the great resource was Madame Mohl, then Miss Clarke. She is a charming mixture of French vivacity and English originality; but I think the French element predominates. She was the delight of the *Grand Ennuyé*; her expressions were entirely her own, and he more than once made use of them in his writings. Her French was as original as the turn of her mind; exquisite in quality, but savouring more of the last century than of our own time."

and I have often heard her say she would like to begin again and go through every bit of the past.

There were three distinguished men who spent every evening with Mrs. Clarke and her daughter—M. Fauriel, M. Mohl,² and M. Roulin. For some time no one else was admitted. One year the three friends went to the East. "My mother and I," she told me, "spent every evening of that winter alone. I read such a number of books. We would not admit any one, lest it should *contrary* them when they came back."

M. Fauriel was much older than the other two. He was devotedly attached to Mary, and there was a sort of engagement between them; but she did not care enough about him to marry him, although she would never marry any one else as long as he lived. He died of cholera, in M. Mohl's arms, in the year 1844, leaving his library to his *fiancée*. To M. Mohl he bequeathed a much more valuable legacy.

In the year 1846 Mrs. Clarke died. Some years previously they had removed into the apartment in the

² This is Ste. Beuve's portrait of M. Mohl:—"Un homme qui est l'érudition et la curiosité même: M. Mohl, le savant Orientaliste, et plus qu'un savant, un sage! esprit clair, loyal, étendu, esprit allemand, passé au filtre anglais, sans un trouble, sans un nuage, miroir ouvert et limpide, moralité franche et pure, de bonne heure revenu de tout; avec un grain d'ironie sans amertume, front chauve et rire d'enfant, intelligence à la Goethe, sinon qu'elle est exempte de toute couleur et qu'elle est soigneusement depouillée du sens esthétique, comme d'un mensonge."

It is really impossible to translate this delicate and forcible description, but the following may give some idea of it:—"M. Mohl, the learned Orientalist is erudition and investigation itself. He is more than a philosopher, he is wisdom personified! His intellect is clear, sincere and liberal, thoroughly German, yet passed through an English filter; an untroubled cloudless spirit, a mirror without speck or flaw; a spotless character, having early cast aside the illusions of youth; a spice of irony without bitterness, the bald brow of a sage with the laugh of a child. His mind in some respects resembles that of Goethe, except that it is free of all bias, avoiding carefully, in his devotion to truth, the snare of æstheticism."¹

Rue du Bac, which Madame Mohl occupied for the rest of her life; but this did not prevent her daily intercourse with Madame Récamier. M. and Madame de Chateaubriand lived on the ground-floor, and in 1847, after Madame de Chateaubriand's death, and during a short absence of Madame Récamier's, Madame Mohl spent some time of every day with the great poet—then in his decline—trying to interest and amuse him. She wrote daily bulletins of his state to Madame Récamier, who in his last days occupied the spare room in Madame Mohl's apartment in order to be near the friend to whom she had devoted nearly thirty years of her life.

After her mother's death Miss Clarke consented to reward M. Mohl for his seventeen years of devotion. The engagement was kept a profound secret. The story of their marriage used always to amuse me extremely, and Madame Mohl was so good-natured as to tell it to me more than once. It was to this effect:—

"I gave my two servants warning, my dear, and told them I was going to travel in Switzerland. You know it is necessary to put up a placard the day before on the church you are going to be married in, announcing the event. So I gave a little boy ten francs to paste a playbill over it at once, and waited at the corner of the street to see it done. When the morning came I told my maid I was going to a christening, as an excuse for putting on my best clothes. I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my heels. After the ceremony I left M. Mohl and my witnesses at the church-door, got into a coach, and told the man to drive to 100, Rue du Bac" (she lived at 120). "I got out as soon as we arrived, paid the driver, went into the porter's lodge, and asked if Madame Bertrand was at home—this was to give time for the coach to drive off. The porter thought me very stupid. He assured me that no Madame Bertrand had ever lived there, which I knew perfectly well.

When I got home I took off my fine clothes and my wedding-ring, and packed up for my journey. My servants had no idea that I was married. I did not see M. Mohl again for two days, when I met him and our witnesses at the railway station. We all dined together, and M. Mohl and I set off for Switzerland; and then, luckily for me, the Duc de Praslin murdered his wife, and everybody talked about that, and forgot me and my marriage."

She wrote to her sister, without any previous warning, that "as an aunt was like a fifth wheel to a coach, she had been married that morning to M. Mohl."

M. and Madame Mohl remained in the apartment of the Rue du Bac. It was a very convenient one. They had the fourth story for their kitchen, servants', and spare room—that comfortable, hospitable room to which her English friends were so kindly welcomed. The servants' rooms were as well furnished as her own; she consulted their comfort in every way, and they were devoted to her. They themselves lived on the third floor, which consisted of two drawing-rooms divided from each other by a glass door, a large library, a dining-room, and bed-room. The drawing-room had two large windows looking into the garden of the foreign missionaries, which was full of trees and flowering shrubs and gave a feeling of country although it was in the midst of Paris, which formed a background to the picture, with the dome of the Invalides and spire of St. Clotilde rising in the distance. The drawing-room was not smart in any way, but it was full of comfortable seats, not stiffly arranged, as is often the case in French houses. On Sunday and Wednesday afternoons and on Friday evenings it was frequented by the most interesting people in Paris. All who survived of the men who in 1830 were called "La Jeune France" were there, and besides those already mentioned, the Duc de Broglie, M. and

Madame d'Haussonville, Prosper Mérimée, Duvergier de Hauranne, Odillon Barrot, as well as many eminent Orientalists and professors brought by M. Mohl; and, as years went on, the men of a succeeding generation—Lanfrey, Loménie, Laboulaye, Prévost Paradol, Renan, &c., were constant visitors. Almost all foreigners of any intellectual distinction made their way to the Rue du Bac. The Queen of Holland always came when she was in Paris (M. Mohl was a great favourite of hers), and the Arconatis, Collegnos, Princess Belgiojoso, Daniel Manin, Tourgénéff, the Duchess Colonna, Mr. Dana, Charles Sumner, &c. She was particularly fond of English people, especially of those who were kind to her in England, there was no trouble she would not take to make Paris agreeable to them.

Thiers was a frequent visitor. When he first arrived in Paris from Marseilles to push his fortunes he was introduced to Mrs. and Miss Clarke as to people who would help him on. "What can you do?" asked Mrs. Clarke. "Je sais manier la plume," was the reply. She introduced him to the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and the first article he wrote was in praise of a piece of sculpture executed by a friend of Mrs. Clarke's. He fell in love with Mary, and at one time he took to coming every evening and staying so late that the porter was exasperated. One day the porter called out to Miss Clarke, "Mademoiselle, j'ai quelque chose à vous dire. Si ce petit étudiant qui vient ici tous les soirs ne s'en va pas avant minuit, je fermerai la porte et j'irai me coucher. Il pourra dormir sous la porte cochère; ça le guérira." She never knew how deep was the impression she produced until a fortnight before his death, when she met him in the Isle Adam, at the house of her friend Madame Chevreux. The younger people were all amusing themselves, she was resting in a summer house when M. Thiers found her out, and there, for the first

time, he told her of his early and romantic attachment. She was greatly pleased and much touched, and in the following year, in spite of her friends' remonstrances, she would go to the anniversary ceremony of his death, bearing the fatigue of standing for hours in a broiling sun.

On Friday evenings the lamps in the little salon were carefully shaded, for M. Mohl was intolerant of a blaze of light, as indeed he was of glare and display of any kind. He used to be very sarcastic if any lady arrived smartly dressed, which was often the case, as Madame Duchâtel received on the same evening all the rank and fashion of the Orleanist party.

One evening Sanson, the great actor, who had exchanged the stage for the post of teacher at the Conservatoire, told us all sorts of amusing stories about his pupils, especially of Rachel, whom he discovered and trained. Guizot, Cousin, and Mignet were present, and it was pleasant to see them retire gracefully into the background and leave the arena to the old actor, whom they encouraged by their attention and sympathy.

The young lady who used to make tea was a niece of M. Mohl's, now Madame Von Schmidt Zabierow, the wife of the Governor of Carinthia. Her aunt was very fond of her, she almost lived in the Rue du Bac, and many little dances were got up in her honour. Prosper Mérimée was a great admirer of Mlle. Ida's cleverness and simplicity, and used often to invite the Mohls and ourselves to drink yellow Russian tea in his apartment in the Rue de Sèvres. He was charming on these occasions: he laid aside his cold, cynical manner, and amused us by showing us his drawings and discoursing on the places and people he had seen. There were never any other guests.

Madame Mohl owed to M. Fauriel the Italian element in her society. He accompanied her mother and herself to Italy in the old days. Everywhere he

had access to the best society, and no one could know Mrs. and Miss Clarke without liking them. They were two years in Italy: the winters they spent at Milan, where they lived in the house next to Manzoni's, with whom they passed every evening.

Among their most intimate friends were the Arconatis, of whom I have already spoken. Madame Arconati was one of the most remarkable and attractive women of her day. She and her husband emigrated in 1821 and lived in the grand old Château of Gaesbeck, near Brussels, where they collected round them many eminent countrymen of their own, also exiled for political reasons. Arrivabene, Collegno, Berchet, Gioberti were among them. As soon as the amnesty was declared they returned to Italy. The Marquis Arconati was elected a member of the Italian Parliament, and they lived for some years at Turin. They had a villa on the lake of Como, where M. and Mdme. Mohl visited them several times. On one occasion there was a fearful thunderstorm, and the Arconatis were asked to shelter an English family out in an open boat on the lake. These English people were Arthur Stanley—not yet Dean of Westminster—his mother, and his sister. They were hospitably received, and were all delighted with each other, especially Madame Mohl and Arthur Stanley, who straightway conceived for each other the ardent friendship which added so much pleasure and interest to both their lives. The Stanleys visited her in Paris, and it was in the Rue du Bac that the Dean first met Lady Augusta Bruce: he sat by her at dinner, and afterwards said to his mother that if he ever married, Lady Augusta should be his wife. Madame Mohl always considered that the marriage was made by her, and was very proud of her handiwork. She was not equally pleased when her men-friends married women whom she did not know, or failed to marry those whom she intended for them. In such cases

the unfortunate wife scarcely ever found favour in her eyes.

Every year Madame Mohl visited her sister, Mrs. Frewen Turner, in Leicestershire, and on her way she used to spend some time with her London friends. She came when the season was pretty far advanced to enliven us all, and give the signal for all sorts of pleasant meetings and entertainments: it was a great delight when it came to our turn to receive her. In Leicestershire, "Aunt Clarky," as they called her, gave new life to the family circle. Her young great-nieces and nephews especially rejoiced in her arrival. She used to read with them, talk to them, and scamper with them on pony-back all over the country.

As soon as M. Mohl's duties at the Collège de France, the *Imprimerie Nationale*, and the *Institut* were over, he followed her to England. Very few of the members of the gay world were by that time left in London, but he did not care about that. He spent his time chiefly in the British Museum and the Athenæum, where he delighted in dining with three or four old Oriental and learned friends, whom he used to call "the boys." He was particularly fond of the society of clever old ladies, and almost every evening found him at Lady William Russell's. Such of his friends as were still in London were charmed to welcome him. He was a most interesting converser. No one told a story so well; all sorts of amusing adventures always seemed to be happening to him; he could not go in an omnibus without something absurd and diverting taking place; his acute sense of fun made everything appear to him in a ludicrous light. With all this he had a sort of childish simplicity and total absence of pretension, in spite, or rather in consequence, of his great talent and learning. He spoke perfect English, but as it was a foreign language he did not use the current expressions—the counters which often stand in the place of ideas. With him, as with

his wife, the word exactly fitted the idea. Her conversation was not so full of anecdote, but she had more imagination and higher spirits. She never concealed a thought—out it all came in an instant; while he was not at all deficient in reticence. They married so late that their union never became an old story to either of them. When M. Mohl came into their salon, his first impulse was to talk to his wife, to tell her all that had amused and interested him since they last met, she had often to direct his attention to the guests that were present. The society in their own house exactly suited them both, and like the bees, they wandered, often singly, far and wide to bring back honey to the hive. When they were parted they wrote each other long and amusing letters, half in French and half in English.

Their English friends did not quite understand their visiting England separately, but Paris becomes very hot towards the end of June, and it was better for Madame Mohl's health to leave it, while M. Mohl was tied there on account of his occupations, nor would he have enjoyed the season with its large parties and dissipation, whereas his wife enjoyed everything intensely in its turn. She delighted in the theatre, which he abhorred. "Isn't it convenient?" she used to say. "I put all the money we can spare for the play into this box, and as Mr. Mohl can't bear going I spend it all on myself." She was a very bad walker by day, but she always felt stronger at night, and we often trudged through the streets of Paris on our return from the theatre, walking rapidly (for she never did anything slowly), and in the highest spirits, her nose not assailed as mine was by the abominable odours of the Rue du Bac. She had no sense of smell, although all her other senses were extraordinarily acute. She never lost her hearing, and her sight was very little impaired to the last.

Her taste for art was as much culti-

vated as her taste for literature. She drew and painted in her youth with considerable success—Ary Scheffer was her master; but although she was very fond of music she neither played nor sang. Above all others she loved Italian music, especially singing. One evening I took her to a private concert where there was no other kind of music. "Oh, my dear," she said, "I thought I was in heaven!" She did not care for difficult instrumental music.

Everything loud and big, coarse and unfinished, was disagreeable to her, her taste was for things small and delicate like herself. She had even a prejudice against tall women. She was very fond of beauty, and always said that she could not bear ugly people; but I noticed that when she liked people she never thought them ugly, she said there was a *grace* about them, one of her favourite expressions. She was as capricious as a spoiled child, yet until advanced age impaired her self-control, she never allowed her whims to interfere with the comfort of others. She was blessed with a good though hasty temper, and an unusual amount of common sense which made her see the absurdity of extravagant pretensions of any kind. She liked intensely, as she did everything else. One of her droll phrases (I remember her saying it of Mr. Erasmus Darwin among others) was, "My dear, I am so fond of him that it makes me quite uncomfortable."

There never was a cloud between her and me, but although she was not touchy she was vehement, and she sometimes had little misunderstandings with others whom she loved. This she called being *en délicatesse* with so-and-so. She was a thoroughly good hater, and occasionally took violent and unreasonable prejudices, and said very unkind things of the objects of them. The person she detested above all others was Louis Napoleon. His character, and the tyranny and luxury of the Second Empire, were intolerable to her. When, in 1854, Montalembert was imprisoned

for writing a letter against the emperor which found its way into print, Madame Mohl, who had no previous acquaintance with him, visited Montalembert in prison, sympathised with him, wept with him, and ever afterwards they were firm friends. She equally detested the Great Napoleon. Henri IV. she adored, and she read everything, however dull and archaic, that related to him. One afternoon, three or four years ago, Mignet (aged 84) obeyed a summons from his old friend to meet Mrs. Wynne Finch at her house. Mignet was astonished to find that Madame Mohl was studying some old chronicle on the laws enacted by the Great King. He went on to give them a most interesting lecture on the reign and virtues of Henri IV. Madame Mohl got tired, and touching Mignet's shoulder with all the petulance of a spoiled child, she cried, "Assez, mon cher; vous prêchez une convertie."

She was extremely fond of scenery and travelling, and her visits to Germany with her husband were very agreeable to her. She was proud of the high position which he and his brothers occupied in their own country, and which brought her into contact with interesting people. The Mohls were a very remarkable family. In the next generation one of M. Mohl's nieces married the celebrated Professor Helmholtz, while, as I have said before, the other became the wife of the Governor of Carinthia.

It was delightful to stay with Madame Mohl in a country house. She visited us in 1859 at Malvern, and we went afterwards on the top of a stage-coach (when she was divided between terror, and enjoyment of the scenery), over the hills to the Clives at Whitfield, Hereford. Mrs. Archer Clive, the authoress of *Paul Ferroll*, was a special favourite of hers.

In 1860 she went with us to stay with Dr. Jeune (late Bishop of Peterborough, at that time Vice-Chancellor), at Pembroke College, Oxford. We were given Fellows' rooms in the

college. She was charmed to see such a number of books, and she pounced upon Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. She used to escape from the company and spend hours in reading it. She found it so very *nourishing*.

In the year 1870, Madame Mohl came to England, followed as usual by her husband; but they were not destined to return home for a very long while. The Franco-German war broke out, and Madame Mohl remained to be the delight of London society during the whole winter, four months of which she spent with us. She invariably spoke of this as of the time she was "on the parish." M. Mohl was staying with other friends. He came to see her every day. "Oh, Mr. Mohl," she used to say to him (I never heard her call him by any other name), "shall we ever see our home again?" "Yes, Madamchen," was invariably the reply. But although she was anxious, she always said that she enjoyed herself uncommonly. She went out a great deal, the Dean and Lady Augusta and many other friends came constantly to see her; everybody did their best to amuse her. She dearly liked what she called being "made a fuss of;" she was as she said a very grateful person, and every act of kindness was appreciated and remembered by her.

One of the things she disliked in England was our love of open windows. "My dear," she would say, "it's quite a malady," an expression she used of any habit or taste which she did not share.

One of her French habits, which was rather annoying to her host, was that she insisted on keeping large sums of money in her bedroom. Nothing would persuade her to have a banker. She never remembered where she put it away, and constantly thought she had lost it, when there was a grand hunt and disturbance, and every one was upset till it was found again, which it always was in some bag or drawer. Although her habits were French, her heart was English, and

she was very proud of being a British subject. The best picture she possessed, a lovely Greuze, she told me she should leave to the National Gallery.

As soon as the siege was raised, M. Mohl returned to Paris, but he would not allow her to accompany him. Her anxiety then became very great; for the first time it struck her as possible that she might survive her husband. "Oh, my dear," she would exclaim, "what would my life be worth if I lost Mr. Mohl!"

Then came the Commune. She obstinately refused to read the newspapers; nor could she bear to talk of the horrors which were going on. Her husband wrote long and frequent letters to her which were most interesting. They arrived very irregularly, sometimes two or three together, sometimes none at all for several days. Her delight was intense when the Dean and Lady Augusta, at the earliest possible moment, offered to take her to Paris. The Dean told me that her joy on arriving was almost childish. She skipped about, and was quite happy at being obliged to walk all the way to the Rue du Bac.

But the happiest years of her life were over; many of the old set were dead, and M. Mohl's position as a German was no longer what it had been. Their salon never regained its brilliancy. In London, on the other hand, she had become, by her long stay amongst us, better and more widely known. Her arrival towards the close of the season was the signal for all sorts of festivities. All who knew her wanted to see her, and all who did not, wanted to make her acquaintance. We often begged her to come with M. Mohl and live in England. "No, no, my dear," she would say, "it is only because I am a rarity that you make such a fuss about me."

Up to the last she had, unlike most people who live to be very old, a curious fancy for concealing her age. In 1870 it was impossible to get her to say how old she was when the census paper had to be filled up, and

there is a tradition that when asked to declare it at the *Mairie* on her marriage, she said, "Monsieur, si vous insistez, je me jeterai par la fenêtre, mais je ne vous dirai pas mon âge." I do not vouch for the truth of this story, as of course I did not hear it from her own lips. She was seven years older than her husband, and it never occurred to her, except for a moment during the Commune, that he might precede her to the grave. He never got over the impression of that dreadful time, or ceased to lament the enmity between his nation and his adopted country. In 1875 he began to fail. The first symptom was an affection of the knee which prevented his taking exercise. Towards the end of the year he was no longer able to leave his house. Then came the ill news of his brother Robert's death, and he failed more and more rapidly. Her grief was mingled with astonishment, even with indignation, the doctors did not venture to dispel her hopes. She tried to shut her eyes to his danger, and she was actually taken by surprise when he died on January 4th, 1876. Only her most intimate friends know how terrible was the shock. He was absolutely necessary to her existence. She never got over his loss, and from that moment desired most earnestly to follow him. At the time she went almost out of her mind.¹

¹ The following extract from one of Madame Mohl's letters to Mrs. Wynne Finch is touching in its simplicity:—

"It was on the night of the 3rd, or rather the morning of the 4th, that he passed away. He had been struggling for breath for four or five hours, worse and worse, he stroked my face all the time but could not speak; that stroking has been an ineffable comfort to me; it was an endearment when he could not speak, the only sign he could give me of his affection, and that he knew it was I that was with him. You, dear friend, have children, and what a difference that makes!" This was written on the anniversary of his death. Mrs. Wynne Finch was at that time in Rome, and Madame Mohl must have been sitting alone, pondering over the terrible time of her bereavement which Mrs. Wynne Finch had lived through with her.

She came to us in September at Bournemouth; it was easy to see that she had received a blow from which she would never recover. Still she was incapable of dismal despondency, and her elastic spirit rebounded at intervals. She loved the sea and the woods, and all the sights and sounds of the country. The house contained an excellent library of many interesting old books, and into these she plunged eagerly. We had a house full of children and young people (with whom she was a great favourite), and a basket pony-chaise which carried her about and saved her much fatigue, although her love for animals was so great that she insisted upon walking up all the hills. She could not bear to see a horse beaten. It was almost painful to drive with her for she would keep looking out to see if the coachman was flogging his horses, and insist on my calling out to him every two minutes that we were not in a hurry. In Paris it was worse. She said that nothing in England struck her so much as our superior humanity to animals, it was quite a pleasure to her to look out of the window when a great party was going on, and see the coachmen patting their horses. She would not have a dog of her own because she said she should grow too fond of it, but she always had a Persian cat, generally from a breed cherished by her dear friend, Miss Florence Nightingale.

In the following spring (1877) she went to visit her niece, Madame Helmholtz, at Berlin, where she saw all the most interesting people, among others the Crown Prince and Princess showed her great attention. She told me that the Crown Prince did her the honour of talking to her during a whole evening about his wife, who, he said was the cleverest and most remarkable woman in Europe. But German habits and German hours did not suit her. She suffered extremely from the stoves, and she came suddenly back to Paris where I found her a

few days afterwards. I had not been in Paris since the autumn of 1871, when all was in confusion; but M. Mohl was alive at that time, we went perpetually to the theatre, and were all merry enough in spite of the desolation around us. But now in 1877, the salon in the Rue du Bac was painfully silent.

Life is a series of dissolving views. Almost all the friends of her earlier years, even those who were much younger than herself, were gone, she had been too much out of heart to care for acquaintances, M. Mohl was no longer there to bring grist to the mill, and no one came on the Friday evenings which used to be so brilliant. Still she herself was as charming as ever. One evening she showed me a little sketch she had made of herself, and given to M. Mohl sixty years previously, when he was going to the East. She had found it in his desk after his death, and was much touched and pleased at its having been cherished for so long. It was still like her, the same innocent, childlike, yet piquant expression, the same brightness. There was no regular beauty in the features; the upper lip was long, and it was a "minois chiffonné," but it was a very interesting face. The little ringlets were there, which had now turned from brown to grey, and from grey to white. She despised women who spent much time and money on their dress, yet she was not indifferent to her own, but she kept as much as possible to the fashions of her youth. Before her husband's death she would array herself very carefully on grand occasions. She had one dress in particular of a golden hue which she called "les cheveux de la Reine" that was quite beautiful. She never would wear heavy materials, only satins and silks. When she was in London, in 1870, Mrs. Grote gave her a violet velvet dress, but she only wore it to please the donor, and turned it into chair covers as soon as she got back to Paris.

My last visit to Paris was in 1879.

It was more sad to see her in her own home than in ours. The remembrance of what that home had been, its gaiety and happiness, contrasted with its present gloom and solitariness, was ever present to one's thoughts. I found her always poring over her husband's letters and papers. She would brighten up when I came in, and we spent many pleasant evenings together.

She came to us for the last time last June twelvemonth. She had now entered her ninetieth year, and her loss of memory and increased restlessness had become very painful. She would start up several times a day saying she must write to Mr. Mohl, forgetting that he was dead. She was longing to die herself. She could not even understand what she read. From the touching account in the little book already so often referred to (the only one unfortunately that she ever wrote) on Chateaubriand's last years, we may judge how much she suffered from the consciousness of her state. "There was no want of ordinary sense, but the power of thinking was completely gone. He could not read a line nor follow up an idea in conversation." From us she went into the country, where she became still more unhappy and restless, and returned home for the last time in September. The brilliant circle met no longer in the Rue du Bac, still there were a few faithful friends who never forsook that sad and desolate fireside. One of them has told me that on first going in she found the once gay little hostess curled up in a corner of the sofa crying like a child. A kind welcome always awaited those who visited her, although she could not always remember who they were. By never contradicting her fancies, but by linking on the present to the past, she would gradually become clearer, and talk for a short time with her old vivacity.

Of those who never neglected to cheer her, were M. and Madame Renan, Madame and Mademoiselle de

Tourgénieff, M. St. Hilaire, and others less known to fame. M.¹ and Madame d'Abbadie lived in the floor below. Madame d'Abbadie was not only a kind friend, but a delightful companion, coming in every evening at 9.30, when Madame Mohl had had her tea and her nap and was most disposed for conversation; and during her frequent absences she wrote long and charming letters, full of "grace," as Madame Mohl used to say. She was unfortunately away almost all the winter before her old friend's death.

Of all the friends of her later years there was none with whom she was so truly intimate, to whom she opened her whole heart so freely, as Mrs. Wynne Finch, who when she was in Paris never allowed many days to pass without spending with her some hours, and these were the hours when Madame Mohl was the brightest—at the end of the day. She would keep this dear friend with her until past midnight, calling out to the cook, Phillis, "*Amusez bien le domestique*," so that his mistress might not be in a hurry to go away. When a letter came telling her that Mrs. Wynne Finch was going to remain longer away, she would read no further, but crumpled it in her hands, flung it down, and stamped on it.

She was passionately fond of acting, and used to say that she longed to be an actress, and to perform the part taken by Madame Alain in *La Joie fait Peur*. She would have acted well; she had all the gesture of a Southerner, and it was delightful to hear her recite *La Fontaine's Fables*. It was very long since she had been at the theatre when Mrs. Wynne Finch took her there for the last time about three years ago. They chose the Français. As soon as they were seated in their box, Madame Mohl looked round with childish glee. "My dear, I could kiss the house," she said.

Her English nieces would have been only too glad to have taken it in turns to look after her, but although she

¹ The celebrated Egyptian traveller.

liked to have them for a few weeks on a visit, she could not bear the idea of being looked after. As soon as she suspected that they were with her for her comfort, and not for their own pleasure, she wearied of them, and they had to leave her to the care of the kind servants, who did their best, but who could not watch over her in the way that her age and increasing infirmities seemed to render necessary.

On Friday, May the 11th, she was as well as usual, and M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire dined with her. Early on the following day she had a fainting fit, to which she had for years been subject, and Madame d'Abbadie sent for Mademoiselle de Tourgénéieff.¹ She was very weak, and breathing with difficulty. Mademoiselle de Tourgénéieff and Madame d'Abbadie were the only persons with her.

On the Sunday she was quiet, often asleep, but quite conscious, and on the following day appeared to be so much

¹ Madame and Mademoiselle Tourgénéieff are only distantly related to the great writer. They are both Protestant.

better, that the doctor almost gave hopes of her recovery. Her favourite cat jumped on her bed, and she said, in her old funny way to Mademoiselle de Tourgénéieff, "Il est si distingué, sa femme ne l'est pas du tout, mais il ne se n'aperçoit pas, il est comme beaucoup d'hommes en cela."

At nine on Tuesday morning, Mademoiselle de Tourgénéieff (who has given me most of these particulars) was sent for. Madame Mohl was dying.

Madame d'Abbadie and Mademoiselle Tourgénéieff remained watching and praying, and the last came without a pang. There was no more breathing; that was all.

Her life had become labour and sorrow to her, we could not wish it to be prolonged, yet it was with a pang of deep regret that we heard that she was gone for ever from this world which she had helped to make so bright to all around her, and that we should see her face no more.

M. C. M. SIMPSON.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHEN the curtain rose on that memorable night, it disclosed a house in which every seat was occupied. Some of the best society of London was present, for it had been rumoured that the *débutante* was herself connected in some way with the English aristocracy. The few persons who actually knew the truth of the matter were also there, but it was not their cue to impart their knowledge. The bulk of the audience, of course, was made up of the great, thoughtless, genial, cruel, foolish British public, ready either to applaud, to hiss, to laugh, to cry, to toss up their greasy

caps, or to tear the house to pieces, as chance might determine.

In the front row of the pit was seated a powerfully-built, broad-shouldered fellow, who appeared from his costume to be a British tar. He wore a blue jacket, the broad collar turned back on his shoulders; trousers fitting close round the hips and wide at the feet; and a flat-crowned cloth cap on a head overgrown with close-cropped red hair, somewhat grizzled by time or hard living. His sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, showing the brawny muscles of his arms, which rested on the rail in front of him, and he sat leaning forward with his chin resting upon them, and his

eyes fastened steadfastly upon the stage; occasionally he wetted his lips with the tip of a long pointed tongue.

Lord Piccadilly, his thin hair carefully brushed over the top of his white, retreating forehead, a flower in his button-hole and a blue ribbon across his breast, sat in the stage box on the right; on the left were Fred Beauchamp, and several of the younger men of the Grandison Club, all faultlessly dressed, with eye-glasses and bouquets. In the stalls were Captain Cavendish, with his Wellingtonian nose, and beside him Major Arthur Clanroy and Gertrude his wife. Lady Mayfair's box was unoccupied, and Fred Beauchamp remarked to the friend next him that he believed her ladyship was out of town.

"By the by, wasn't she going to marry old Piccadilly?" inquired the friend.

"Yes; but Castlemere cut him out."

"Castlemere, eh? What's become of him?"

"Ask the Mayfair!" said a third gentleman, with the grimace of a man of the world.

"I heard somewhere," said the second speaker, "that the fellow—what's his name?—Bryan Sinclair, had some affair or other with her. Know anything about it?"

"Gammon, I fancy," returned Fred. "Never believed half the yarns about Sinclair; not good form enough for the Mayfair. Hullo! By Jove, there she is now, just come in! Who's that woman in black, who keeps behind her? Never saw her before."

"I can tell you," said the man-of-the-world. "That's the daughter of old Rear-Admiral Kavanagh; she married a chap by the name of Roland, and he ran away from her, or got killed, or something, on the day of the marriage. I met her once at the Maurices. You heard about poor Stanhope's getting knocked on the head in Paris?"

No. 287.—VOL. XLVIII.

"Yes," said Beauchamp's friend. "They say the fellow that did it is in London; detectives after him. Some blackguard of a French communist. Awful rough on Lady Maurice. I say, how pale the Mayfair is! Who's she looking at in the pit?"

"There goes the curtain!" exclaimed Fred; and the conversation ceased.

The play began; and the applause of courtesy to the *débutante*, which greeted her entrance with Antony, was quickly hushed by the sensation produced by her beauty, and the lithe, voluptuous charm of her bearing. And her voice, even in the first line spoken, redeemed the promise of her aspect. It was slow, luxurious, ear-filling, and sweet. "If it be love indeed, tell me how much?" You seemed to breathe the warm, perfumed atmosphere of the Alexandrian palace; time had rolled back, and this was the era of paganism, of prodigality, of barbaric splendour, of heroic vices and virtues. Cleopatra was no myth; she was possible—she was a fact. "I'll set a bourne, how far to be beloved!" What a gesture of the tawny, slender arms! What a glance and smile of imperial coquetry! Well might the triple pillar of the world reply, "Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth."

Old play-goers pricked up their ears and adjusted their eye-glasses. This was evidently to be no ordinary performance. Here was originality without crudeness, and knowledge of the stage without staginess: Cleopatra was in Egypt, not in London, and the only audience of which she was conscious was Antony. The serpent of Old Nile was living and scheming, mocking and weeping, in the present hour—with her wisdom, her waywardness, her frolic and her fire, and the pervading royalty of her unmatched spirit. What man could withstand her? or who would not echo in his heart those passionate words of Antony—"Let Rome in Tiber melt,

and the wide arch of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay; the nobleness of life is to do thus!" In the presence of such a spectacle, criticism was postponed and forgotten, and nothing seemed desirable except to gaze and hear, and steep the mind in an experience so new, so stirring, and so strange. The Egyptian queen so completely filled the apprehension that the other characters seemed merely her interpreters and commentators; her character coloured and qualified every line of the play; she was the spirit and the mirror of her surroundings. Even the paltry scenery and appurtenances began to glow and sparkle with the magnificence of veritable royalty; and it was easy to believe that such a woman, in such an age, might melt inestimable pearls in her wine, or float in triumph on a barge whereof Enobarbus's description was but a pallid image. Her "infinite variety," which emphasised instead of obscuring her poignant individuality, kept the attention constantly alert; and the byeplay and business opened to the view vistas of life and traits of character of which the spoken words seemed but the natural and inevitable culmination. The listener felt that it was only by chance that Cleopatra did not say a thousand other things besides those she actually uttered; and the impression given was not so much that she delivered Shakspeare's words correctly, as that, by a happy coincidence, Shakspeare had written in his play everything that the Queen of Egypt was saying. And such was the broad and intense veracity of her rendering, and so great the stimulus it gave to the imagination, that her existence seemed to be going on just as much when she was behind the scenes as when she was before the footlights; and one longed to attach himself to her train, and remain constantly within sound and sight of her regal fascination.

The end of the first act left the

audience in a tumultuous accord of enthusiasm. Fred Beauchamp and his friends flung all their bouquets on the stage, and sent out for fresh supplies; Lord Piccadilly despatched something behind the scenes by a special messenger; and Captain Cavendish took snuff, rubbed his nose, and mused sentimentally over his vanished youth. Pit and gallery shouted, laughed, and babbled to one another; only the red-haired British tar remained silent and undemonstrative, with his arms folded, and his cap drawn down over his eyes. Gentlemen in the stalls went out to chat and compare notes in the lobby, and everybody seemed ready to agree that they were assisting at a very rare and fortunate event. There were, however, a few experienced and sagacious heads who, notwithstanding the present triumph—or, rather, because of it—looked forward to what was to come with some misgiving. Remembering the daring development given to Cleopatra's character in the play, and bearing in mind the extraordinary vividness and suggestiveness of the actress, and the unscrupulous energy with which she flung herself into the part, they were disposed to doubt whether the rigid respectability of the British public would put up with it. It might be easy, no doubt, by judicious excisions and modifications, to remove all apprehension on this score; but the actress manifestly intended no softening of the kind. She had entered into the matter with her whole heart and genius, and was thinking not at all of respectability and morality, but of Cleopatra, and all that Cleopatra meant.

"Don't know what she may be able to do in other characters," murmured one of the wise men to another; "but, by Jove, she's going at it as if she'd lived all her life to play this part, and never was going to touch another!"

"It looks to me," returned his interlocutor, "as if she'd never lived at all till now, and now she were going

to make the most of the opportunity to show what she really is."

"Did you notice old Arthur Clanroy and his wife in the stalls?" said the other. "The old woman looks as if she wanted to run away; but the major's as pleased as Punch. There's no doubt about it that the girl is the niece, though from what little I've seen of her, I should never have anticipated anything like this. She's tremendous; but, by Jove! I'd rather be her admirer than her uncle, by a good deal!"

"They've begun again!" exclaimed his friend: and the two hurried back to their seats.

The second and third acts had been condensed into one, considerable portions of each being omitted, and the scenes in which Cleopatra appears being thereby brought nearer together. When she entered, dallying with memories of the absent Antony, and calling for "music, moody food of us that trade in love!" it was easy to mark the singular control she had already established over her audience. This scene opens a wide door into the wayward, passionate, and fantastically savage nature of the Pharaohs' daughter; her rage against the unlucky messenger was expressed with terrible force, and, before that interview was over, the spectators were wrought up to a strange pitch of excitement; and from this moment two parties began to be formed among them. The division was not sharply emphasised at first, but, to those who were prepared for something of the sort, it was unmistakable. One side was for supporting the actress through thick and thin; the other was inclined to feel shocked, and to deprecate the uncompromising and unmitigated realism of her conception. The gap, once created, widened every minute, and when the antagonistic opinions became conscious of each other's antagonism they kindled into greater vehemence. A subdued murmur at times made itself heard, now

and again gathering strength and volume; and, when Cleopatra towered high in passion, bursting forth into a roar of warring shouts and voices, fierce hisses and fiercer applause. The deadly conflict between Antony and Cæsar seemed to have been taken up by the audience; each man defied his neighbour, and ranged himself for battle. The excitement of the people communicated itself to the actors; the play seemed a play no longer, but a splendid concentration of reality, in which the greatest poet of the world gave utterance and eloquence to the fear and wrath, the affirmation and denial, the love and hate of the living moment. A calm student of human nature, had such a one been present, would have remarked, however, that every speech of Cleopatra's was distinctly heard; when she opened her lips to speak, a hush fell upon friends and foes alike, and each word that she uttered vibrated in every heart. Though she alone was the cause and the centre of the conflict, she was none the less a queen, before whose royal genius all must bow. Thus she seemed to control the storm she had aroused, though every moment the waves of emotion and frenzy mounted higher. Was this the stolid British public? Where was their phlegm and coolness, their scepticism and indifference? They rather resembled a raging throng of creatures who had never heard of Christian civilisation, bellowing in a Roman amphitheatre—creatures unchecked by reason or reflection, and swayed only by a tyranny of blind feeling which had suddenly seized the reins of judgment, and was urging them to anarchy. Nothing was more remarkable, in the midst of this bewildered turmoil, than the inviolable self-absorption of the great Eastern star who was sweeping through the last mighty scenes of her orbit towards the tragic end. No sounds seemed to reach her ears, and nothing to be visible to her eyes, except the voices and the forms of the

Egyptian slaves and Roman dignitaries among whom she moved. Such poise would have been heroic, if it had not been something more. But there are seasons in the experience of a human heart, when the passion or the desolation within it sunder it immeasurably from the utmost external turmoil and fury; and then reach it—if at all—but as the moaning of a winter wind, or as the rumble of wheels in distant streets. In the glare of terrible verities that floods the soul in these grim moments the uproar and violence of the world dwindles to a paltry stir and chatter, which, at most, feebly and rapidly reflect the moods that so awfully possess it. And as for Madeleine, she was both infinitely remote from the stage which she trod, and intensely present on it; for although her real nature and destiny were so unlike Cleopatra's, yet, in the utterance and situations of Cleopatra's story, she discovered a strange and deep delight. The elements of all tragedies are so far similar, that the profound and full expression of one anguish affords a measure of sympathetic relief to any of the others. Expression is relief; and the actress could sway the multitude because to do so was so merely incidental to the voicing of her own despair. Had she more consciously addressed them, she would probably have moved them less.

As the play rolled and thundered towards its close, the aspect of the house became more unrestrained and ominous. Most of the women had already left the theatre in alarm. The red-haired sailor in the front of the pit had latterly awakened from his apparent indifference, and had by degrees constituted himself the leader of those who aimed to have the drama acted out to the end. His herculean figure was plainly distinguishable as he waved his arms and applauded with savage energy, and occasionally his voice would peal forth above the other sounds like the bellowing of an

angry bull. In some degree he divided with Cleopatra the attention of the seething crowd. All idea of giving the play entire, or, indeed, any of it except the scenes in which the queen herself appeared, had long ago been abandoned; and she was therefore almost constantly on the stage, and the footsteps of impending doom moved onward fast. At length the final scene was reached, when fortune had flouted her its last, and she, never more royal than now that all hope was gone, prepared to follow Mark Antony. On the threshold of her closing speech a sudden silence spread itself through the din, as if the audience were sensible that here was no pretended end of life. The slow words travelled lingeringly across the panting stillness:—

“Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. . . Methinks I
hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act . . . husband, I
come!
Now to that name my courage prove my
title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.”

She took the enamelled serpent from its basket: and hundreds of straining eyes saw her press it to her breast. She gave a slight start; her own eyes seemed to enlarge, and grow more darkly bright; a smile crept over her lips.

At this moment there was a renewed stir and murmur among the crowd, and a man, closely buttoned up in a dark coat, was seen to have climbed into the pit, and to be forcing his way towards the front, where the red-haired sailor was leaning with folded arms against the railing. As he approached him, the man glanced in the direction of Lady Mayfair's box. Her ladyship, with her companion in black, were among the few of their sex who had not already taken their departure. She in black was standing in front, and, as the

man glanced at her, she raised her hand and pointed towards the sailor. The latter, at the same instant, happened to turn, and perceive her gesture. As quick as thought he faced about, and confronted the dark-coated man, whom many had by this time recognised as an officer of the police. The officer was by this time within arm's reach of the sailor, and put forth a hand to lay hold of him, uttering some words of which the only ones audible were, "I arrest you——"

He never finished the sentence. The clenched fist of the sailor struck him on the mouth with a blow that sounded over the house like the impact of a mallet on raw meat. He was hurled back, bloody and senseless. The sailor instantly turned, leaped over the railing, and attempted to clamber on the stage.

"Stop him!" cried the woman in black, in a piercing voice. "He is a murderer!"

A hoarse shout answered from a hundred throats, and many sprang forward to seize the fugitive. But an unforeseen occurrence checked them. A tall, hulking fellow, in the costume of an Egyptian guard, who had kept on the stage during nearly the whole of the performance, and who (as some afterwards affirmed) had several times exchanged signs of intelligence with the red-haired ruffian, this person was now seen to run forward, snatch up a lamp from among the footlights, and deliberately apply it to a projecting piece of scenery at the side of the stage. In a few seconds the inflammable stuff had caught fire, and a long blaze went wavering upwards with a hissing and crackling sound. The flame communicated itself swiftly to other parts of the structure, soared abroad and reached out long arms at distant objects, while the hot rumbling of its busy progress throbbed in the ears of the terrified spectators, and its hot breath scorched their bloodless faces. Fragments of burning wood

and canvas began to drop on the stage, and volumes of smoke rolled out, and filled the great space of the auditorium with a blinding and suffocating cloud. Meanwhile the audience had turned their backs, and were struggling inextricably together in a mad rush to escape. Shrieks, curses, heart-rending cries, took the place of the recent angry uproar; and the same multitude that a few minutes ago was so furious and formidable was now only pitiable and pathetic. As for the murderer, he had disappeared, none knew or cared whither. Few, at such times, know or care about anything except their own safety. Old Major Clanroy, however, having shoved his wife through a side-door into the comparative safety of the lobby, had valiantly climbed upon the stage, and groping his way through the smoke and flame to the place where Cleopatra was lying enveloped in her mantle, had dragged her in the direction of what seemed freer air, at the rear of the building.

That night a tall, athletic figure was walking rapidly through the streets of London, as if upon business of importance; and the people whom he met made way for him to pass, and sometimes turned to look after him, wondering at the preoccupation of his aspect. He bore himself erect, but his head was slightly bent forward, and his eyes fixed, as if gazing upon some object a short distance in front of him. His lips were pressed together, and there was a deep wrinkle between his brows, marked there by pain, or, perhaps, by some terror of the mind. As he strode on, his pace grew more rapid, and drops of sweat stood on his forehead. The affair upon which he was engaged must surely have been of pressing moment; and yet, had any one taken the trouble to follow him, it would presently have become evident that this man knew not whither he was going, and was possibly not conscious of where he

was, or of anything, except the viewless phantoms of his own brain. Something drove him onward; and something he pursued; but he could no more direct his course than he could arrest it; and ill would it fare with whomsoever should attempt to dispute the way with him. The fear was upon him, and he must hunt it and be hunted by it to the end, as, long ago, in the wild, wolf-haunted cañons of the Rocky Mountains. At length, a subdued roar of sound, waxing louder and louder, fell upon his ears; as he turned the corner of a street, it burst forth in full volume, and the phantom that he pursued drew him onward into the midst of it.

Shouts, running to and fro, wild clamour and disorder, a pall of stifling smoke, flashes of flame. Through the heart of the tumult lay the spectre's flight, and thither he followed it, and a path was cleared before them. The crackling of fire, the rush and hiss of streams of water, the crash and fall of heavy objects in the darkness; a blistering heat—but forward he must go, though it were into the pit of hell itself. Staggering blindly through devious passages, he emerged into a great empty space, the limits of which were concealed by smoke and darkness, broken ever and anon by gushes of murky flame. It was resonant with confused noises and echoes; and through unseen avenues the uproar of the street came rolling in. The man, still following his invisible quarry, mounted upon a broad platform, overlaid with a wilderness of smouldering rubbish. Just then, a tall pilaster at the side of an arch which seemed to span this platform broke out into a flickering blaze; and by its light the man saw a figure advancing upon him. Here, then, at last, was his infernal adversary, come to try conclusions with him in the demon's proper abode. He drew in his breath, and braced himself for the struggle; and as Apollyon drew near he sprang

upon him, and caught him in a grasp of desperate strength.

Apollyon, though somewhat shorter than his antagonist, had the thews and sinews of a greater than the sons of Anak. But, after the first instinctive movement of surprise, he scarcely attempted to shake off the hold that was laid upon him. The light from the burning pilaster fell full upon the other's face, which, though convulsed and ghastly in its expression, was not to be mistaken by any one who had beheld it before. It was a face naturally beautiful, though now, in that lurid light, and amidst such surroundings, it was fearful to look upon. The fixed eyes seemed to stare into the beholder's soul, and to paralyse resistance; and the white teeth, set edge to edge, were visible between the bloodless lips. His arms and hands seemed to be made of steel.

"Why, Jack—Jack, old man!" exclaimed Apollyon, endeavouring to throw into his voice an accent of bluff cordiality, "what's got into you? Don't you know your old friends? Didn't you and I dig gold together, and hunt grizzlies, in the Sacramento? What ails the fellow? Don't you know Bryan?"

No answer from Jack; no gleam of recognition in his fatal stare; only a tightening of his grasp, and a gradual edging towards a certain place where a trap-door had been opened in the stage, and a black abyss of darkness gaped below. This was no time for parley: if Bryan would save himself now, it must be by action, not by words. But he who had so long bid defiance to the world, and who had never succumbed to any human strength, seemed at this moment of greatest need to be almost helpless. His visage, smirched with smoke, and bleeding from a cut on the forehead, was of a dull white hue, and his mouth, ordinarily so bold and resolute in its expression, drooped open, with quivering lips, as if the man were cowed by some frightful vision. It is

said that persons in a trance state are able to exert powers almost superhuman; and to find yourself in the clutches of one in that condition, acting in obedience to some impulse outside his own will, and no more to be reached by argument or entreaty than a devil-fish, is no doubt appalling. But surely a man like Bryan might make a struggle for his life. Or was it that he felt himself entrapped by a fatality whose blind instrument could no more fail to effect its behest than the earth can fail to revolve upon its axis?—felt that his hour was come, and that not this man only, but mankind, and nature, and God Himself, were leagued against him, to crush him out of life, and hide him for ever from earth and air and sun. Certain it is that, could Bryan have persuaded himself that Jack recognised him, or was conscious of the deed he was doing, he would have found force for resistance. But to be confronted thus by this familiar—yet unknowing face, overwhelmed him with a terror of loneliness beyond hope; it seemed as if he were irretrievably forgotten by all that was human in the world. And Madeleine—would she forget him too? At the thought, with an energy drawn from some source beyond despair, and with a frenzy of effort that almost burst the arteries of his body, he freed himself from that grasp of destiny and staggered dizzily back. But it was too late: his feet trod upon air; he plunged downwards into the blackness and was gone.

We must follow him, however. The blank of insensibility wore itself out at last, and he awoke, in the smothering darkness, to a dull agony of pain. At first he fancied he was alone; but it was not so. As he strove to move, and sank back with a groan, more helpless than an infant, he was aware of something, or some one, crouching close beside him, and breathing on his face. Was it a human being? and, if so, was it a friend or an enemy? An enemy! Could he, dying here in this

pit of night, drawing every feeble breath in torture, have an enemy? Yet, on the other hand, whence was he to expect a friend? Shattered in body and spirit, he could not endure the suspense.

"Who is it?" he whispered.

"Ah, master," answered a voice that made the dying man's heart shudder, "not dead, master, not dead, a'ter all! A' thought the devil wouldn't take yer yet, wi'out a good-bye to Tom. Are ye bad hurt, master?"

"I'm dying. Let me alone, you devil."

"Not dying—not dying, really, be you, master? A' set house afire to save ye—ye would not come down to die here on the sly! Why, master, we've much to do yet, we have. Rouse up, master, rouse ye, man! A'll never leave ye, never, never! Ye won't answer? not answer Tom when he speaks to ye? Are you him as thrashed the best man o' Bideford? Shame on ye!"

As this stimulus produced no effect on its subject, Tom seized him by the arm and attempted to drag him to his feet. The only result was an irrepressible moan of anguish, and the body fell back helplessly, like a dead weight. Perceiving that matters were actually at so serious a pass, Tom's purpose and manner underwent a change. All hope of putting into execution any further devices for Bryan's spiritual destruction were manifestly at an end; it only remained, therefore, to consummate the matter physically; and Bryan's utterly defenceless condition rendered this especially practicable. But there was no time to be lost, else death would be beforehand with him. Tom felt in his pocket and brought out a large clasp knife with a heavy horn handle. He did not open it, but grasped it as one would hold the handle of a screw-driver. Then, having groped about in the darkness until he had satisfied himself as to the exact position of his

victim's head, he lay down beside him, passed one arm round and under his neck, and with the other hand applied the butt of the knife handle to the hollow of Bryan's temple. No one was near to listen to the victim's quavering shrieks, or the insane torturer's giggling taunts and jeers. . . . It could not last long. Let us leave them there.

When Jack found that Apollyon had vanished—whither he knew not—he also found himself returning to his proper senses. He had no conception where he was, or how he came there; but, having some experience of such predicaments, he was not so much surprised at being in his present situation as desirous to get out of it. The fire had been extinguished, and the darkness was relieved only by some moonbeams that fell through a gap in the roof overhead. He felt his way among various half-distinguished obstacles, mounted a few steps, got into a narrow corridor, and saw a perpendicular line of light coming through the crack of a door. He laid his hand against the door and it yielded to his touch. He went in.

There were three or four persons in the room, some of whom he may or may not have known; he did not look at them. What he saw was a low ottoman placed against the wall at the right, and on it, her head supported on a cushion, a young woman was lying, in strange eastern splendour of attire, with golden bracelets on her arms, and a golden chain round her neck. Her face, which had the colour of ivory, was margined with dense black hair; her eyes, which seemed of fathomless depth, were pregnant with solemn meditation. There was in her aspect a certain faintness and a tremulous languor that invested her with sanctity. There is, sometimes, a medicine in death that bestows oblivion upon experience, and purifies those whom it is about to claim with the innocence of childhood.

She greeted Jack with a look, and with the utter absence of surprise characteristic of persons who have begun to breathe the wonders of the world to come. Only a delicate light of contentment brightened softly through her countenance. The sin that she had committed, in casting back the gift of mortal existence entrusted to her, did not weigh upon her at this moment. The action of the poison injected into her veins by the golden asp was smooth and gentle, causing life to ripple gradually away, like little waves from the spot where a pebble has been dropped in smooth water. Jack knelt down beside the couch, and took one of her cold smooth hands in his.

"It is as it was before, Jack," said she, in a low murmur. "The cave, you know, after the noise and fire of the explosion. But I know you now: we are cousins, Jack. Isn't it funny that we should have fought each other so for the estates, when, if we had only known— The tragedy is acted; you must be sorry; but a noble kind of sorry—do you remember?"

"I love you, Madeleine," said Jack.

"I have been an actress," she answered slowly, "and I forgot myself in my part. Now it is over, I can see how it might have been otherwise. Let us put all these years away, and begin as a boy and girl again. Have you my keepsake?"

"Here."

"And I yours—see: fastened to this gold chain. I have always worn it, even at my wickedest; but I never was wicked enough to have to leave it off. Ah—I do feel so sleepy, Jack. Will you take care of me, and wake me up?"

"Will you love me, when you awake?"

"Yes: but first—remember what I told you, in the cave. You must go round the world—and become famous—and—I will go to my estates, and keep them—for you. That is

what all knights and ladies must do. You may kiss my hand. Farewell!"

The fire at the theatre, and the somewhat mysterious death of the new actress, was the main topic of conversation at the Grandison Club and elsewhere for several days.

"What is Castlemere going to do?" some one asked Fred Beauchamp.

"There's no telling what such a fellow as he is will do," Fred replied, shaking his head thoughtfully. "He doesn't care anything about our style of thing, you know—never did."

"*Blasé*, is he?" put in the man-of-the-world, lighting a cigar.

"Don't know what you mean by *blasé*. He cares for something better than dinners and racing and having a nap in the House. He told me once he'd a mind to go to California, and do something for the Indians—get 'em properly treated, and that sort of thing. But I fancy," added Fred, lowering his voice, "he's awfully cut up about—his cousin, you know. There was a lawsuit about the estates——"

"It didn't amount to anything," said the man-of-the-world. "That fellow Caliper got it settled. Clever chap, Caliper, but awful cad. They say Clanroy kicked him."

"Well, what I was going to say," continued Fred, "Castlemere and Madeleine Vivian had met when they were children, but afterwards, when this row came on, neither of 'em knew the other was the same person—d'ye know what I mean? If they had, it would have gone very differ-

ently—at least, that's my idea. Fancy a fellow in love with a girl, and hunting her all over the world, and finding her at last just when she was dying, by Jove! And then to find that they'd been enemies half the time, and making each other unhappy, without knowing it! It's awfully rough, I say! And I was such an idiot, I thought all the while he was going to take the Mayfair."

"What the deuce ails the Mayfair? Can't make her out lately," observed some one.

"She and that Mrs. Roland have become great cronies," said the man-of-the-world. "Likely they're up to some mischief—a couple of good-looking widows! By the by, hasn't Castlemere got a little girl, or something?"

"What about her?" said Beauchamp.

"Well, now I think of it, some one told me they were going to take charge of the child's education—that was the phrase, I believe. Won't undertake to say what it means. I suppose while Castlemere's off protecting the American savages——"

"Just oblige me by not making any of your insinuations against my friend Castlemere," interfered Fred Beauchamp, in a grand tone. "He's the finest sort of man I ever met; and whether or not he ever does anything that the world hears about, he's got the qualities in him, by Jove, without which no man was ever good or great."

"He's a fool, for all that, in my opinion," muttered the man-of-the-world to himself.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE fourth session of Mr. Gladstone's Parliament has drawn to its close. It has produced one or two first-class measures,—the Bankruptcy Act, the Patents Act, the Corrupt Practices Act, and the Agricultural Holdings Act. Besides these, it has not been infertile in useful projects. The Irish Tramways Act makes an important departure in the legislation of that troublesome and unfortunate land. The London Government Bill has been hung up for another year, and several minor measures have been dropped. But the gloomy forebodings indulged in a month or two since have not been realised, and a fair array of laws have received the Royal assent. One of the most important of these—the National Debt Bill—provides for the extinction of 173,000,000*l.* of the National Debt in the next twenty years. The convenient machinery of terminable annuities is to be employed instead of a sinking fund, the temptation to tamper with the former being much less than that which assails a hard-pressed Chancellor of the Exchequer to suspend the operation of the latter. The arrangement was denounced as a hocus-pocus, but when terminable annuities are taboo, while sinking funds are not, those in earnest about the reduction of the Debt cannot hesitate as to which system to adopt. The King of Annam is said to protect his savings by depositing his surplus revenues in hollow trunks which float in a reservoir occupied by fifteen crocodiles. These amphibians deny access to the royal coffers, even to the king himself. When, therefore, dire necessity compels an appropriation of the accumulated surplus, the crocodiles have to be killed. So serious a step, however, can never be taken until the Emperor's permission has been duly deliberated upon, and

approved by the Minister of Finance. Terminable annuities with us serve the same purpose as that of the crocodiles in Annam, and no precaution deserves to be derided as a hocus-pocus which creates a substantial, though an artificial, obstacle to the easy but culpable expedient of suspending the operation of a sinking fund necessary to secure the reduction of debt.

The most remarkable feature of the session has been the celerity with which legislation was pushed forward in the last few weeks, and the excessive dilatoriness with which the work was dallied with in the earlier months of the session. Not until the House was half empty did it really begin to work. Then, as if to make up for the weeks and months wasted in the spring and early summer, it pushed through the work of legislation at express speed. The popular delusion rigorously insisted on in the earlier part of the session that every clause of every Bill should be exhaustively debated by the whole House was summarily set on one side. Legislation will be more and more deputed to departments, to officials, to local authorities, and to Grand Committees. Bills will, before long, be laid on the table like Provisional Orders, and when they are not referred to a Committee to be considered in detail, they will pass into law by mere lapse of time in the absence of any vote to the contrary.

Two attempts in the direction of the devolution of the burdens of the Imperial Parliament have been brought before the attention of the public this month. The New Rules of the Supreme Court have been drawn up by the judges and submitted to Parliament for acceptance or rejection. These Rules, although nominally dealing with the mere technicalities of pro-

cedure, in reality seriously modified the law, notably in the new Rule permitting the substitution of trial by judge for trial by juries in all but certain specified cases. Judge-made law is common enough already, but that term is usually applied to those amplifications and additions to the bare text of the statute which are to be found in the judicial interpretations of the law. The New Rules, however, are instances of an altogether different kind of judge-made law. The judges in their corporate capacity alter and amend the law under the guise of merely amending the Rules. These emendations are laid before Parliament, and after debate approved.

It was complained that the judges had magnified their office and strained their commission, but an altogether different charge has been brought against the Board of Trade for the way in which that department has declined to exercise the powers intrusted to it by the *Electric Lighting Act*. Parliament last session devolved upon the Board of Trade the absolute right to issue a license for electric lighting to any company whose tender had been approved by the local authorities. The Board, however, has declined to exercise this right in all cases of importance. The department shrinks from the responsibility of deciding questions in which consumers might desire to appeal to Parliament, so that, instead of licenses being issued by the Board of Trade in accordance with the provisions of the Act, the refusal of the department relegates to Parliament the responsibility in all important cases of deciding controversies which last session were definitely thrown upon the Board of Trade. This, however, is but a temporary retrogression, and will soon be followed by a further advance.

If the House of Commons is losing its control over legislation, that process in the House of Lords is almost complete. All through the session, owing to their unfortunate tendency to alter out of all recognition every measure

introduced by a Liberal Government, they are doomed to idleness. Only in the last three weeks of the session are they allowed even to play at the work of legislation. Measures are forced upon them from the Lower House, and are passed—so far as most of them are concerned—without serious debate or any pretence of examination. Three-fourths of the Peers are away shooting. No quorum is required in the House of Lords, otherwise there would be no possibility of getting through the forms of legislation. The leader of the majority makes a mechanical protest against the House being asked to transact so much business at so untimely a season. A chorus of voices is heard in the party press that the Commons are insulting the Peers—a process which never seems to evoke the slightest sympathy for the victims of the insult; and then the stipulated formalities having been duly observed, the insulted Peers submissively acquiesce in their destiny, pass the Bills, and disappear. To vary the monotony of this performance, a high-genteel comedy is sometimes played as an interlude. Lord Salisbury comes down determined to fulfil his legislative responsibilities to the uttermost. Some unlucky Bill—this year the *Agricultural Holdings Bill* was the selected victim—is cut and carved and maltreated in Committee; then it is sent down to the Lower House. The deformed is transformed; it comes back in its original shape, and is forthwith accepted after a little more ado.

The one reputation which has been greatly strengthened is that of Mr. Chamberlain. Most of the other Ministers have maintained their places. Mr. Fawcett has added the *Parcels Post* to the conveniences of life. Mr. Trevelyan has displayed on all occasions a faultless temper and a frank candour of demeanour that must at times have been sorely tried. Of the members of the Cabinet who sit in the Lower House, the President of the Board of Trade is allowed to stand

distinctly higher in public estimation than he did when the session opened. Sir Charles Dilke, on entering the inner circle of the administration, although he was technically promoted, practically stepped down from the lofty position that he had made for himself as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs during the period of perturbation preceding the Egyptian war. To be President of the Local Government Board, especially when cholera is hovering on the Eastern horizon, is no doubt better than to represent the Foreign Office in the House of Commons. But questions concerning the administration of workhouses and the governing of hospitals afford few opportunities to a rising Minister of keeping himself in evidence before the legislature. Lord Hartington is where he was—a solid, inert, reserve force, whose sober qualities are relied upon by all as certain to be of preeminent service to the commonwealth when the hour arrives in which he is called to the supreme leadership of his party. If in his case it is faith—the evidence of things not seen, but hoped for—that preserves his reputation fresh, in the case of one greater than he, fame dwells rather on the memory of the past than the achievements of the present. Mr. Gladstone still towers preeminent—but although his vigour is not abated, nor his energy subdued, he has not had much opportunity of adding to his glory. There has been here and there discernible by those who watch closely the working of the cumbrous system of parliamentary government a slackness of grip and a sluggishness of perception of the necessity of grasping at once the vital issues of the hour, that has sometimes helped to increase the creaking of the machine, and to expose it to an occasional strain. It is only in small things. On all great occasions Mr. Gladstone has maintained his own high level. But the session that has closed has not been fertile in high days of set debate. Neither has Mr. Gladstone been called upon to conduct night after night a great measure

through the quicksands and whirlpools of Committee. He is where he was, and in his case the memory of great things past is still a stronger popular force than the total sum of the achievements of all his colleagues. Of the others it is not necessary to speak. Mr. Chamberlain has had an opportunity, and has used it. It was his singular good fortune to be intrusted with the arduous and responsible task of conducting the Bankruptcy Bill through the Grand Committee on Trade. He discharged the functions of his new and difficult post with such singular address, courtesy, and firmness, that when at last the Bankruptcy Bill was sent up to the House of Lords, Conservatives vied with Liberals in praising the Cabinet Minister to whose tact, energy, and sagacity the success of the measure was almost entirely due. It is not too much to say that Mr. Chamberlain not only saved the Bankruptcy Bill; he also saved what is of even greater importance, the experiment of the devolution of business to Grand Committees from a damaging failure. The Grand Committee on Law was, to say the least, not happy in the progress which it made in dealing with the Bills sent down to it from the House. Not all the skill and suavity of the Attorney-General—and no one could have been more suave and more industrious than was the hardest-worked man in England—could avail to prevent the collapse of one measure and the excessive prolongation of the wrangle over the other. Before this session Mr. Chamberlain, although a power out of doors, was comparatively weaker in the House than men who would be the first to acknowledge his superiority. This session, for the first time, he succeeded in proving that he was capable of leading a party as well as of shaping its programme.

Towards the close of the session, it was deemed desirable that the English Government should silence the voices of those who professed to have authentic information as to the intention of

the Ministry to annex Egypt, by repeating and emphasising their pledges of disinterestedness. An opportunity was afforded the Prime Minister, of which somewhat unexpectedly he did not avail himself. He shrouded his intentions in obscurity, declined to disturb "the balance of expression," and left the Opposition exultant over his repudiation of Lord Hartington's six-months pledge,—almost the only explicit thing in his answer. Warned by the eager shout of triumph that went up from the camp of the annexationists that he had grievously miscalculated "the balance of expression," he seized a second opportunity afforded by a discussion in Supply, to repudiate once and for all, in the most emphatic manner, all intention of remaining in Egypt. We had gone there unmolested under the most solemn pledges to our neighbours; we should be covered with ignominy if we violated our promises. Not a soldier would remain in Egypt longer than was necessary to give the new Government "a fair start." The cholera had delayed the evacuation for a time, but Sir Evelyn Wood expected to be able to answer for order in Cairo in November, and as soon as possible the last red-coat would embark at Alexandria. Such, in substance, was what Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Dilke told the House. The effect was much greater abroad than at home. The Ministerial declarations reassured Europe, and spread dismay among the annexationists. For a time at least it has silenced the misrepresentations of which Mr. Gladstone complained so bitterly—without cause. The position of the Government is now clear. Although they intend at the earliest possible moment to withdraw their garrison—which is far too small to be of any military value—they will depend for the maintenance of English authority at Cairo on the personal ascendancy of their diplomatic representative. The troops with which it may possibly be necessary to enforce his representations need not occupy barracks in

Egypt; they will be near enough at Malta and Aden. As for order, Sir Evelyn Wood will answer for that, and with French and other intrigues Sir Evelyn Baring will be able to cope none the worse because we have not 6,000 English troops interned in the Nile valley. With the aid of the two Evelyns, England will be all the better able to enforce the hands-off policy in Egypt because she herself has resisted all temptation to keep her hands on.

While England debated the future government of the country, the cholera was gradually wearing itself out in the great towns of Egypt. It attacked our troops, and raged with much greater virulence among the English than among the native soldiery. Hale and hearty Highlanders were struck down and died in two hours, while the meagre fellah in uniform went through his daily drill with comparative impunity. After raging for some weeks at Cairo, the force of the pestilence began to abate. The death-roll shrank from day to day, until at last the cholera bulletins began to inspire hope that the epidemic would not cross the Mediterranean. Unfortunately for this confidence, the cholera struck Alexandria, and that unfortunate city, bombarded and burned last summer, fell this month into the grasp of the plague. The number of deaths mounted up to hundreds, but the mortality was small compared with that recorded in Cairo. Small though it was comparatively, it renewed to some extent the panic on the Continent. Quarantine regulations were enforced with vigour. Sanitary cordons inflicting untold suffering on the inhabitants, and a financial loss estimated in Alexandria alone at 120,000*l.*, were established both in Egypt and in Syria. England was abused so roundly for importing the cholera into Egypt, that Lord Granville took the extraordinary course of issuing a diplomatic Circular refuting the charge. The alarm occasioned by the approach of the epidemic was utilised for the purpose of general sanitation from St. Petersburg to

Philadelphia. The truth of the old saying that the cholera saves more lives than it destroys will probably receive striking verification in the reduction of the zymotic death-rate which may be expected to result from the increased attention paid to the disease-producing conditions in which most of us pass our lives. The scavenger is abroad; tainted water-supply is being recognised as diluted poison; and last, a singular impulse has been given to cremation. The increasing difficulty of burying the hundred thousand corpses of which London must rid itself every year, and the growing conviction as to the transmission of epidemic disease by germs generated in the bodies of its victims, are having a strong tendency in favour at least of permissive cremation in all cases and compulsory cremation in case of death from contagious disorders. In Paris, the Municipal Council has already demanded the erection of crematories in the city cemeteries, and if the epidemic should travel westward from Egypt, it is just possible that cremation might be very generally substituted for subhumation.

In July the Suez Canal Company and its alleged monopoly absorbed public attention. In August the unlucky concession was already forgotten, and M. de Lesseps was left to levy toll undisturbed upon the commerce of the world. The *pouvoir exclusif* of M. de Lesseps having been recognised by the English Government, the two most popular suggestions for turning the difficulty are (1) the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez railway like that which is now being laid across the isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico; and (2) the submersion of the Jordan valley by a flood let in from the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Akabah, past the base of Mount Carmel and through the basin of the Dead Sea. As the *Record* has already discovered that the execution of this dream of the modern engineer was foretold in the prophecies

of Ezekiel, there is perhaps no more to be said beyond the remark that neither in the case of the ship railway nor in that of the flooding of the Holy Land have the projects gone beyond the stage of speculative engineering.

The feeling excited by the unpopular recognition of the monopoly claimed by M. de Lesseps is but one indication of the revolt against monopolies that is perhaps one of the most striking features of our time. The extent to which that feeling has carried all before it in this country is shown by the extraordinary severity with which the legislature and the departments have fenced round the electric light. So far have they gone in safeguarding the community against the growth of a new monopoly that it is doubtful whether they have not checked the legitimate development of a new invention. The imposition of new stipulations on the railway companies by the Railway Passenger Act was unquestionably popular, and would have been more so if the real significance of its provisions had been more widely understood.

But it is in the United States that the most emphatic protests against monopoly and monopolists have been made this month. On the 18th of July the telegraph operators, linesmen, and other employers of the Western Union Telegraph Companies struck work at a preconcerted signal in order to enforce the following demands:— (1) One day's rest in seven; (2) eight hours' work a day instead of nine as at present; (3) equal pay for equal work for men and women instead of paying women, as at present, 50 per cent. less than their male colleagues; and (4) an advance of 15 per cent. in wages all round. The strike persisted in for a month, but in the end the Western Union triumphed. The operators were beaten so thoroughly that they were compelled to repudiate trade unionism in writing before they were permitted to return to their instruments. But although the strike failed, partly through defective organisation

and partly from natural weakness of strikers in such a country as the United States, the struggle has left an impression on American opinion that is not soon likely to be effaced. The comments in the American press and the mental attitude of the Americans in relation to Mr. Jay Gould and the other millionaire monopolists of the day are very much akin to that with which the Socialists of Europe speak of the capitalists everywhere. Nowhere as in America do the financiers levy blackmail on such colossal scale, although the Christian usurer in Egypt and the Jewish money-lender in Eastern Europe are not far behind in the rapacity with which they prey upon the community they infest. To extract five millions a year as interest upon the sum of ten millions advanced to the wretched fellaheen is not bad business from the usurer's point of view, but Europe affords no such examples of the operations of "the criminal rich" as are to be found in the exchanges of America. It is only in Chicago and in New York that gamblers are able to make bread dear throughout the whole world as a mere incident of a financial corner.¹

On the Continent, little has been stirring, save an abortive outbreak in Spain. Spanish affairs, notwithstanding her many newspapers and her eloquent orators, are caviare not only to the general but even to the few who watch with close attention the progress of events in other countries than their own. It is well known in Spain that the classes which make revolutions are not vocal. The world knows nothing of the intrigues of the barrack-room in which most *pronunciamientos* take their rise, and as for the other revolutionary force—the Socialist industrial proletariat in the large towns and in the southern provinces—it also lacks organs of intelligible speech. In these dark and mysterious depths discontent is ever present; that we know, and that is almost all we know.

¹ See a remarkable article on this subject in the *North American Review* for August.

Discontent in the army, at non-promotion or the loss of commissions, is a pretty constant force, and in Spain the mutinous subaltern habitually sighs for *pronunciamientos* and plenty of them. The proletariat, fed by constant contemplation of lurid ideals of a millennium to be inaugurated by making a bonfire of all that is, uncompromising and even savage, finds no voice in the Cortes or in the press. It is a dumb beast exceeding fierce, and when goaded by hunger and harried as it often is by the exactions of gombeen men, no one knows to what lengths it may go. The Constitutional system in Spain is a mere simulacrum of Parliamentaryism. Neither the army nor the revolutionists, nor even the Carlists, make themselves heard in the Cortes, which is little better than the arena of faction, and the happy hunting-ground of office-seekers. Hence every movement on the part of the army or of the masses sends a quiver through the whole administration. This month the garrison of Badajos revolted. It was but a small affair that collapsed almost as soon as it began, but it had the effect that the first trembling of the earth has upon those who live in regions haunted by earthquakes. It might be nothing, or it might be the signal for a general explosion. It did not stand alone. There were spurts of revolt near Barcelona, among the artisans, near Logrono among the troops, and at Seo D'Urgel where the garrison repudiated its allegiance to King Alphonso. For a moment Europe waited wondering whether the young king was about to be engulfed. But the insurrection did not spread. Vague and contradictory telegrams were despatched from Spain, but their general effect was that the insurrection had been stamped out, and that all danger was passed.

In France the great political event of the month has been the triumphant success of the Republicans at the elections to the Councils General on August 12. The Republicans, who had been of late somewhat unfortunate

at by-elections, hardly expected to achieve so decisive victory all along the line. Despite the loss of M. Gambetta, the discredit attaching to the finance of the Republic, and the anti-clerical policy of its chiefs, the electors rallied to the Republican candidates, and gave to that party a majority in the Departmental Councils. Even Corsica proved Republican, nor did Brittany escape.

The Chambers have risen after a prolonged session in which practically nothing was done except the passing of the Bill reforming the judiciary: it gives the Minister of Justice absolute power over the magistracy for three months, after which it is hoped that no further process of purgation will be required. The conventions with the railway companies have been approved by the Chamber, but they await the sanction of the Senate. M. Ferry's Cabinet has survived, and therein it has done more than was anticipated. It is only a *pis aller*, and it holds its own because there is no other to put in its place. The actively aggressive policy of France abroad is still persisted in. In the Far East, the French are making war, not on the Black Flags of Tonkin, but upon the Emperor of Annam, at his capital of Hué, which has this month been blockaded by the French fleet. At Madagascar the situation remains the same. Even if the Madagascar difficulty is tided over—and the French have by no means seen the end of their troubles in that island, where they are blockaded by land without supplies at Tamatave—a further difficulty assails us in the Southern Pacific. Our colonists in Australia have not unnaturally taken alarm at the proposal to ship 5,000 of the refuse of the French criminal classes as free settlers to New Caledonia and the New Hebrides. They are preparing to annex the whole unappropriated Pacific rather than permit French criminals to be shot, like so much garbage, at their doors. A collision

between French criminal emigrants and our colonists at the Antipodes would speedily involve us in the dispute.

While France is for the hour drifting into a course which may involve her in calamitous complications with Great Britain, her ever watchful enemy on the eastern frontier loses no opportunity of strengthening the bonds of alliance between Germany and Austria. The two Emperors met this month at Gastein, and their interview, even though it may have been purely formal, reminded the world that the great Peace Bund of Central Europe continues to exercise its influence undisturbed in favour of the *status quo*, plus a certain steady orientation on the part of Austria. Of this latter tendency there are many signs. Indignation prevails at Vienna against Roumania for the visit of General Brialmont; and the ostentatious patronage of King Milan of Servia, together with the persistent development of the Slav element within the bounds of the Empire-Kingdom, all point in one direction. On the other hand, it begins to be seen that the pressure eastwards is not to be left unopposed. Russia is organising the opposition. The daughter of Nicholas of Montenegro has been married to Peter Karageorgevich, pretender to the Servian throne—a warning to King Milan. Prince Alexander of Battenberg has been reconciled to M. Zankoff, the leader of the Bulgarian Liberals, a signal for the union of all Bulgarians against the common foe. And last, but by no means least, the Prince of Montenegro has been welcomed as an honoured guest by the Sultan on the first occasion that the ruler of the Black Mountain ever accepted hospitality at the hands of the Commander of the Faithful. There is no prospect of any early disturbance in the Balkans, but the two rivals are already arraying the forces between whom the contest may yet have to be fought out.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1883.

A SWISS PEASANT NOVELIST.

EVENING is falling slowly on this Alpine valley. Little by little the lines of slanting sunlight across the distant mountains have sunk into the bosom of a sea of shadow, which has swept over all the ample hollows and slopes touched an hour ago with such aerial radiance. The nearer pastures have given up their green to the invading darkness, while between them and the purple mass on the horizon gleams the lake, a blue abyss, over which this high valley seems to hang suspended. Above the sharp mountain outline lies a delicate transparent heaven lit by the last faint reflection of the vanished sun—or is it the first wave of the incoming moonlight? The grass at our feet is still alive with grasshoppers, chatterers unabashed by darkness and this soft silence, to which everything else is surrendering itself; while in the fragrant depths of the meadow the eye distinguishes the dim outlines of a multitude of flowers. Far off, the sound of bells haunts the climbing pine-woods; and on the steep grass walls of the valley, the voices of the returning haymakers mingle with the bells, the stream, the breeze, only to deepen and sweeten the breathing stillness of the newborn night.

How perennial is the charm of the Alpine world! Year by year it yields itself afresh to all who ask from it refreshment and rest. For us, tired children of the cities, as for Obermann in his niche among the snows of the

Dent du Midi, an hour on these heights seems to hold more of what really makes life than weeks among the lowlands. We bring, as it were, our lives in our hands, eager to plunge them deep into this mountain peace and freshness. For the moment snow and stream, lake and valley, seem to exist only for us, who have journeyed to them, like pilgrims to a shrine; it is for us, wanderers and sojourners, with our needs, our stains of travel and of labour, that all this lives and glows and softens, that flowers and trees and Alps maintain their healing and unalterable beauty.

It is an innocent and beneficent illusion—the traveller's sense of possession, this longing appropriation of all he sees to himself and his own wants. And yet a little closer looking into the soft infinity of the Alpine evening ought to be enough to banish it. For as the darkness deepens, along the stream, on the sloping meadows, on the lower fringes of the pine-woods, there steal out the lights which tell us of farm and vacherie, of households where the haymakers are gathered round the hard-earned meal, of the child spelling his lesson for the morrow's school, of the mother at her sewing. It is as though the true possessors of all that treasure of earth and sky were asserting themselves in these twinkling lights against the clamorous philosophising self of the sojourner who would fain have Switzerland all his own. A little sympathy, a little

quick responsiveness, and they will beguile him away from himself into this homely world, clinging so closely to the peaks he climbs but once and leaves behind, till they have kindled his imagination with the thought of the peasant race into whose flesh and blood all that he sees has entered, and to whom the towering Alps are bound by the habits and the struggles of centuries. Then if, touched with a new impression, he leaves the valley behind him in the morning sunlight and climbs into the heights, he will notice perhaps with a keener eye than before the sights and sounds of human life with which the mountains are overflowing. All the gigantic slopes seem to be alive with bells, though it is but rarely that one catches the brown forms of the pasturing cows. High up on the winding path—below, beside the stream, boys and maidens are jodelling and singing to each other, while chalet succeeds chalet, and under the brown eaves one sees the peasant woman passing in and out or sitting bowed over some household task. There is no mountain country so peopled and so human as Switzerland. Explore all these high valleys, swept by trailing clouds, and you will find them everywhere inhabited and used and traversed at heights three times greater than those which mark the furthest limit of cultivation for a Scotch or Cumbrian peasant.

When the traveller once begins to feel the curiosity he should as to the life which goes on in these farms and vacheries, when he is first fired with the impulse to bridge over the gulf between himself and the people who inhabit the country he is but flitting through, there are many sources of information open to him. The Swiss have their historians, their collectors of folk-lore, their economists, their makers of statistics, like other people. But if he wants not so much to know as to feel and realise, let him walk into the next town, and pillage the library of all the novels he can find written by a Bernese pastor of forty years ago, under the pseudonym of

Jeremias Gotthelf. If, like the present writer, he asks for them in French-speaking Switzerland, he will find them in the French translations of Buchon, and although, if he has the literary instinct, he will rebel a little against translations, let him plunge into the first volume handed to him, and he will soon find cause for modest doubts of his German vocabulary, had he been left without M. Buchon's aid to grapple with all those German-Swiss peasant idioms, which in French are racy and strange enough. However, the translations are good and spirited. M. Buchon, a Franc-Comtois novelist and poet of eminence, prepared himself for his task by some years' residence in Gotthelf's country, and his dread of the exacting French public made him cut down and soften the sermonising element in his author, with which one must indeed have much patience if one wants to understand the man and his books, but which in the German sometimes assumes proportions quite fatal to the reader's powers of endurance. And then there is the compensation of knowing that if on the further side of those distant snowpeaks the peasant talks German, on this side of them he talks French. And in the uplands, at any rate, it is the same peasant, busied with the same tools, eating the same food, governed often by the same religious ideas, whether he talks French or German. So that in passing from one language to another, Gotthelf's characters and thoughts are still at home as it were. The tongue of the translation is not alien to the things that it holds; practically it has been modified by the same physical influences, and tamed to the same needs as the speech which it replaces.

Albert Bitzium, afterwards known to literature by the pseudonym of Jeremias Gotthelf, was the son of a Swiss pastor, and descended from the ancient bourgeoisie of Berne. The name Bitzium was originally Sulpicius, and occurs pretty frequently in documents of the Bernese neighbourhood of the fifteenth and sixteenth cen-

turies. In the eighteenth century one branch of the family seems to have embraced the Church as a profession. The grandfather and father of Albert Bitzius were both pastors, and the latter was rector of the important parish of Morat, on the lake of that name near Neufchatel, when Albert was born there in 1797. The French invasion swept through the village while Albert was still a child, and the memories of the undulating, grain-producing country of Morat were mixed up in his earliest recollections with those of tumult and flight, and the hated figures of the French soldiery. In 1804 his father moved to the large village of Utzensdorf in the lower Emmenthal, and here the family settled down for many years. The little Albert was sent to school, his master reporting that "he had a good head, but that his feet were never quiet." His real education, however, was carried on in the open air, among the fields and orchards and cattle of his father's farm. For the pastor of Utzensdorf, like everybody else in the Emmenthal, sowed and reaped, and found his liveliest interests in that farm life which is the Swiss life *par excellence*. And the Emmenthal is, as it were, the headquarters of Swiss farming. Nowhere are the farms so splendid, so fertile, so well appointed, the peasants so rich, the gardens and orchards so trimly kept. The valley, which runs up into the mountains of the Oberland at its south-eastern end, slopes gradually down towards the open country of Berne, growing richer and more garden-like as it descends. Nothing is wanting to it, neither roads, nor streams, nor sun, while the neighbouring markets of Berne secure an easy outlet for all the country wealth it produces so abundantly. The peasants for the most part possess their own land. Each is king in his domain, and from the height of his own ampler life, filled to overflowing with all that makes the primal riches of man, looks down upon the dwellers in towns, and upon the professional and shopkeeping classes as something

inferior and comparatively unnecessary. Into this country life its future chronicler was fully initiated. He knew all the ways of the cattle and the horses, he was proud to work with haymakers and harvesters; he learnt to practise the peasant economies, to measure heaven and earth with the peasant's eyes; and although as he grew older and took flights into wider worlds than those known to his earliest friends, his pastoral conscience began to take many things in the rural life sorely to heart, at bottom Bitzius was a peasant to the end, passionately in love with all the primitive labours, the simple abundance, the contrivances, the elemental joys and griefs, of this existence of field and homestead, so self-contained and so indispensable.

Meanwhile, though the outdoor life came first, books had their turn. Everything of the storybook kind which came across him Albert read, and his imagination was most happy when it was richly peopled with the brigands, who were his favourite heroes. At fifteen he was sent to the High School at Berne, where the country lad showed no particular affection for Latin and Greek, and at seventeen he entered as a theological student at the Berne university. His father meant to make a pastor of him, in accordance with the family tradition, and, as it turned out, no mode of life could have better suited the social, active, moralising temper of the youth. Theology and metaphysics, however, were not much to his taste as studies. In philosophy nothing more abstract than Herder's *Ideas on the History of Humanity* ever took any hold upon him. Mathematics and physical science attracted him more, but on the whole, the period of education was a depressing one to him.—"I see more and more plainly," he writes despairingly to a friend, "that I have neither the talent nor the energy necessary to rise above mediocrity." As soon, however, as the hobbledehoy age was past, and the taste for society, which had found its

satisfaction in the farm life of his childhood, began to wake afresh in the young man, his nature as it were recovered its balance. Talk, human contact, companionship, were the absolute essentials with Bitzcius of a healthy life, and as the world began to take notice of him and make a place for him, he recovered all his old gaiety, and added to it a self-confidence of splendid proportions. One may guess at the consciousness of some unusual power behind such big sayings as these:—

“I feel that I am incapable of ever becoming a savant, but I feel also that I have too much ambition to live like a simple mortal, and die unknown in a corner. If I cannot penetrate into the learned world I can at least, by informing myself of as many things as possible, become an active member of human society. . . . And in pursuing my studies, I am determined to be as sociable as possible, for one must know men well before one can succeed in doing them any good. If, after my academical studies here are finished, it is possible for me to go to another university, I should be glad enough; but if not, I should not trouble myself, for after all a curacy would help me just as well to reach the aim I have put before me. The education of men, in the parish which may be confided to me; there will be my first and only task.”

It is not quite so easy to teach mankind as to make friends with them. But, after all, one must plan with a certain magnificence at twenty if one is to do anything at thirty. As far as his lessons went, Bitzcius did not find the Swiss world much inclined for them when he came to deliver them, but, like so many of us, in girding at men he came to study and observe them. Out of the preacher sprang the novelist, and while the preacher irritated his own generation, and is apt to weary ours, the novelist drew his profit from that poor gnarled and intricate humanity which grows so slowly to its flower.

At twenty-three he was ordained, and became his father's curate at Utzensdorf. But before settling down to instruct his fellow men the young pastor was sent off to Gottingen, then the fashionable university of the Continent, in search of some further in-

struction for himself. Europe was at peace at last after the long Napoleonic struggle, and a new literary spirit was abroad. The antiquarian revival which throughout underlay and interpenetrated what we call the Romantic movement was in full career, and young Bitzcius followed the lectures of Heeren, the useful founder of modern German “*Weltgeschichte*,” and of Bouterwek, the blundering though well-intentioned historian of Spanish and Portuguese literature, while his leisure hours were filled with Walter Scott. He came back to Utzensdorf therefore disposed to the work which was afterwards to occupy him not only by his own temper and circumstances, but also by all those subtle influences in favour of a closer and more realistic study of the phenomena of existence which have been the formative conditions of our time. It was in 1830, while Europe was once more in travail with political change, that Bitzcius entered upon the quiet home which was to shelter all his future life. He was appointed to the vicarage of Lützelflüh in the upper Emmenthal, and nothing further remained for him, as far as external events were concerned, but to marry, to have children, and to become the chronicler of the peasant society that he loved and understood.

In Switzerland the air was charged with social reform. 1830 had seen the Liberals placed in power at Berne; the questions of the day were questions of education and pauperism, and in town and country the democratic tide was steadily rising. Bitzcius was by family a Liberal, and there were many things which his active, contriving hands longed to be reforming. But at bottom he had the feelings of the typical Whig, of the man who is willing enough that the world should be set in the right way so long as it will take for its guide the classes in which he believes. He never forgot himself as the man of substance and family in the presence of what he considered a clamorous crowd of nobodies agitating for radical measures

and the suppression of privileges. He was as self-opinionated as such vigorous and able creatures commonly are, and he held a brief for his own profession, his own creed, and his own class, which no popular pressure ever induced him to disavow. Nothing could exceed his contempt either for the religious revivalists, of whom the country was full, or for the bare-foot doctrinaires, whose one aim, according to him, in preaching socialism was to empty somebody else's pockets in favour of their own. Like Fernan Caballero, the contemporary chronicler of the Andalusian peasants, he held with the country as against the town, because in the country life he saw the chief stronghold of all that was familiar and traditional, because, having no taste and no aptitude himself for solving the philosophical and political puzzles in which the time seemed losing itself, he recognised in the peasant world, with its tenacious ideas of property, its comparative accessibility to religion, its superstitions, and its prejudices, the only guarantee for the permanence of what he loved best—that chatty, homely, comfortable world, in which a man might do a little good in his own way without being too much troubled by the philosophers.

In practical matters, indeed, the new pastor of Lützelflüh was ready enough to show himself helpful and energetic. Swiss education owes to him the foundation in the canton of Berne of several large free schools of an improved type, and apparently of a decided religious tone, for the very poor. His real work for Swiss education, however, was done not so much out of doors and in committee rooms as in his second important novel, *The Joys and Grievs of a National School-master*, a book so intimate, so living, so real, that a simple Catholic curé of a neighbouring canton, touched almost beyond bearing by the woes of its hero, sent a contribution in money to "that poor Peter Kaeser, school-master at Gytiwyl," without suspecting for a moment that the griefs which

stirred him so painfully were imaginary! Bitzius, indeed was now on the threshold of seventeen years of literary work, little as the circumstances of his life seemed to foretell for him such a task. He was the rector of a large and scattered parish of about 3,000 inhabitants; he was happily married to a gentle woman, who reappears in most of his pictures of tender mothers and capable housewives; he was a farmer like all his neighbours, and between his fields, his parish, and his family one would have thought that even his energies would have found enough to occupy them. And at that time there was little indeed to tempt a Swiss pastor to authorship. Switzerland had no literary public, except such as was amply provisioned by French books; she had practically no publishers, so that neither profits nor fame were to be made out of the undertaking. But as the energetic, eager, talkative man went about among his flock certain things in their lives took hold upon him more and more; certain convictions grew in him and seemed to find no outlet, for after all he was a poor preacher and never apparently felt himself quite at ease face to face with his peasants in any other relation to them than that of comrade and gossip. Some channel for this impetuous nature must be found, and the moment came at last when the full stream overflowed.

"Nobody," he says, "aspired less than I to make a career for himself. However, there was stirring within me a prodigious activity. As soon as I attacked a question something was bound to come of it. All that came under my hand I put in order. I was at the mercy of everything which provoked me to speech or action. All this exuberant life in me seemed to many people a mere wilful love of intrigue, something petulant and indiscreet; and all those especially who supposed that I meant to supplant them, made themselves my enemies. I was paralysed and hindered on every side. I could not even ride to please myself. If I could only have gone off on horseback every other day, very likely I should never have written at all. It was a wild life which surged in me, of which nobody had the least idea. At the smallest sign of it people accused me of arrogance. Now, it was this inner life which

found vent in my writings. My books are, in fact, the eruption of a force too long repressed, the overflow of a lake, so to speak, too closely pent in the mountains. Such a lake rushes furiously onwards till it has traced for itself a passage, carrying stones and mud along with it in its headlong course. But at last the water settles and grows clear, and nothing prevents it from becoming a charming little stream. In the same way I upset everything in my books to open a passage for myself; I hit out like a madman on all sides when I felt a pressure, so as to make a free field for myself. To write had become for me a necessity of nature, and I could not write except as I have done if I wished to take hold of the people. For a long time I had no consciousness of myself; I worked for work's sake, and without the least idea of arriving by it in any sort of reputation."

The metaphor of the lake and of the torrent becoming a peaceful stream very fairly renders the main features of a literary course which began with the sombre and rugged *Mirror for Peasants*, and ended with short studies and sketches, as merry as *Barthli*, or as lightly and tenderly finished as that of *The Pastor's Widow*. Within the seventeen years from 1836 to 1854, Bitzcius produced twenty-five volumes, all dealing with the same subject. Finding no publisher in Switzerland, he had recourse to one at Berlin, and his books were perhaps more read in Germany than in his own country. Once begun, the literary toil was carried on with extraordinary regularity and persistence. Gotthelf's fancy was to prepare the family breakfast himself at six, and then to settle to his work till eleven. His writing table was placed where no sight or sound from out of doors could distract the writer, and here his imagination carried him along from hour to hour without a pause, without any failure of material, without any of that sense of struggle with the difficulties of language and expression, which makes composition so much of a torment to men gifted with the fastidious artist's sense, to the Gustave Flauberts of the world. The toilsome art which went to the making of *Madame Bovary* was quite unknown to Bitzcius. His characters were the friends and gossips of his study, as welcome to him and as

human almost as the peasants outside from whom they were drawn, and he followed out their fates with a delightful ignorance as to what was to become of them, only careful to satisfy his own story-telling sense, and to stop when the number of pages warned him that his limit was reached. Sermons and disquisitions on all the topics of the day were freely thrown in, and the pastor of Lützelflüh in the warmest heat of composition was too little apt to forget his pastoral functions.

Such work was naturally unequal. One or two of the twenty-five volumes are political pamphlets of a poor and unconvincing kind, and almost all the longer stories suffer from diffuseness, and a lack of power to concentrate the interest upon the main points of the action. But on the whole the vigour and variety of Gotthelf's production is extremely remarkable. As George Sand says of him:—"Take up a story of his at random, and turn over the first pages; one is tempted to say, 'This kind of thing was not worth the trouble of telling, it is the history of all the world;' but if one reads on one becomes conscious at last of a representation of things quite individual and original, which reveals to one the instincts and affections of a whole race, drawn in sharp precise lines, a manly, gentle, excellent race, serious, hospitable, and laborious." *The Mirror of Peasants*, although its pessimist tone hardly corresponds to George Sand's descriptive phrases, is perhaps the best instance of this naive effect of Gotthelf's, gained by the simplest means in the world. It is the story of a pauper child, placed out by his commune in domestic service, and passing from master to master and misfortune to misfortune in a dismal interminable series. There is scarcely a ray of light in the book—the brief love-story is so tragic and painful that one holds one's breath over it with pity and horror. The old French soldier who ultimately befriends and educates the outcast boy, takes one a little out of the sordid peasant world,

but after all he is a mere sketch compared to the long line of Meiss's masters, with each of whom one makes the most intimate, albeit the most reluctant acquaintance. And the long village debates of the last chapters, when Meiss comes back from France, eager to indoctrinate his native valley with the larger ideas and higher interests which life has brought to himself, show a defective sense of composition, only redeemed by the pathetic incomparable end in which at the last moment the genius of the author reasserts itself, and rescues us from a flood of political discussion, to leave us face to face at parting with the eternal facts of love and death. But wherever the spell may lie, it is certain that for two-thirds of the book one's attention is held without a break. It is difficult to explain why in a few extracts, but perhaps the following passages will show something of Gotthelf's quality and tone, and introduce those who do not know him to the kind of facts with which he deals.

The *Mirror* is supposed to be the autobiography of Jeremias Gotthelf, a *nom de plume*, which seemed to Bitzius to express the rôle of the God-fearing bawler of Swiss vices, with sufficient clearness, and by which he is now far better known than by his own patronymic. Jeremias or Meiss describes his childhood in the house of his grandfather, a rich peasant, farming wide lands by the help of his sons, and neither more nor less avaricious and hardhearted than his neighbours. Meiss's mother was a shopkeeper's daughter, and as such cordially despised by her husband's family. Although the wife of the eldest son she is barely tolerated in the house, where a little room in one of the out-buildings is allotted to her, while her manners at meals, her untidiness, and idleness offer unfailing matter for the roughest sort of criticism to her amiable relations. With the birth, however, of her youngest child matters change a little. The hearts of the grand-parents, which have never softened over their own children, open to the

little Meiss, and a ray of humanity penetrates the brutalised household.

"It was decided that I should be baptised, and that my grandfather, father and grandmother should be godparents. My father disliked the idea of having to go about asking for godparents. He had never been much of a talker, and was especially backward on occasions of ceremony. Besides, by arranging it so, one could save the baptismal meal, an economy which pleased everybody, perhaps my mother, who had long been looking forward to the milk-breads commonly presented by the godfathers and godmothers. Next arose a violent dispute on the subject of my name. My mother wished for something distinguished; Fritz would have suited her very well; perhaps it was the name of some old friend. But my grandparents would not hear of it. It seemed to them too pretentious; and they insisted on the name of Christ, which after all means something, and may be of some use to one, both during one's life and after one's death. To the great astonishment of all the world, however, my father had for once an opinion of his own. He rejected both the proposed names and insisted upon that of Jeremiah. My father was never able to give any reasons for a thing; under these new circumstances he was as little able to justify himself as usual; but he was all the more obstinate in his determination. Perhaps what decided him to give me this name, were the wails and howls to which I had given vent in entering the world, or even some mysterious presentiment of my sombre destiny. My mother yielded first, because the name of Jeremiah had a better sound than that of Christ, and one could not find every beggar with one like it; and my grandparents gave way before long, because Jeremiah is after all a biblical name, and it is impossible to conceive of a Jeremiah given to cards and dancing, the natural tastes of every Fritz of whom one had ever heard."

As the child grew up it seemed a relief to all the rough inmates of the farm, to find in its small person something to be gentle with. Meiss even succeeded in procuring the toleration of his brothers and sisters, who, until his advent, had been the butts and plagues of everybody in the house.

"My brothers and sisters very seldom came into the grandparents' house, except for meals; they were barely tolerated there, and never entered it if they could help it because of the blows and scoldings that were sure to fall to them. But now as soon as I perceived one, I let nobody have any peace till he was near me, and as soon as he was beside me nobody dared to touch him. I shared with them all my own good things. My grandfather used to laugh at the grandmother's weakness for

me, but he was not much more severe. In the loft all the dried fruit was kept; there were great boxes there of apples, pears, plums, and cherries; and my greatest happiness was to pay a visit to it, for I never came out of it without full pockets. It was curious to see how my grandmother, when she wanted to go to the loft, would hover about the kitchen till I had discovered it, or if I was not in the room how she would wander round the house till she had found me and till I had caught sight of the key in her hand. Naturally I hung myself on to her apron and demanded to go with her. Then she would pretend not to want me, and call me an inquisitive monkey who must always be poking himself in where nobody wished for him; wait a bit, and she would tell the grandfather, who meanwhile was in the stable close by grinning at all this performance. Little by little she let me come, roundly declaring that she would give me nothing, and the end of the play inevitably was that I came out of the loft with my pockets bursting, amid the murmurs of the grandmother, who, however, would very soon have called my attention to the fact had there been any empty corner left about me."

But the poor little Meiss was soon to be driven out of the only sheltering love he was ever to know, and this by the very grandparents who had petted him, but to whom at bottom money was the best beloved of all things. For the second son, Sami, a repulsive-looking heiress had been found, who brought her ugliness and her pretensions to the house, and settled down on the family like some poisonous creature ready to draw out its life-blood. And presently the old parents were discovered to have sold the farm, without the knowledge of any of their other children, to Sami and his rich bride. The first-born and his brothers had no other prospect before them but to stay on at the farm as Sami's servants, dependent on the good graces of their sister-in-law. Even the taciturn Peter, Meiss's father, finds voice in such a crisis, and a frightful scene of violence and tumult follows. It ends in Peter's rushing out to find a farm for himself, and he and his children and his ne'er-do-weel wife attempt to face the world alone. Ignorance and poverty combined soon bring the experiment to failure, and at last the father is crushed to death by the fall of a great tree that he had been felling in a dangerous place in the forest. Mother and children

carry in the dying man, while the peasant landlord, who lives close by, and has followed with a malignant satisfaction the misfortunes of his tenant, watches the party through a neighbouring window, and smokes his pipe peacefully through all the wails and cries.

"I mounted upon a heap of wood to see if the doctor was coming, but I saw nobody. Long hours passed away and no one came; my whole body grew stiff without my perceiving it. At last my sister arrived all alone, and told us that the doctor would come soon, that he had only just gone into the inn at the foot of the mountain, that he had something to do there, and would probably drink another pint before coming up. Great God! drink another pint, and a man with both legs broken!

"At last, after an eternity, the doctor arrived, cut off my father's clothes and examined the crushed limbs. It was a miracle he told us that the man should be living still, and he prophesied a speedy death. Oh! what cries of despair we uttered, especially my mother. She felt perhaps that she had not been what she ought to have been, and her wailing was incessant: 'Oh, Benz, Benz! do not die! I will be a different woman, I will never vex you again!' Alas! it was too late. Benz had heard the doctor's sentence. He looked at us sadly, and stretched out his hand to my mother. We seized it, crying pitifully, 'Father, stay! oh, father, you cannot die and leave us!' But already the father heard no more."

Benz is no sooner in his coffin than the sinister landlord descends upon his farm, robs the widow and children, and turns them out upon the world. It would take us too long to follow Meiss's varying fortunes as a pauper child paid for by the Commune. It is as though Gotthelf had determined to pour out all the bitterness of his soul upon a cruel and thoughtless system. He shows us the little outcast alone in a world which is impatient of his very existence, ill-treated, falsely accused, untaught, spending upon the animals that he was set to tend the affections which nobody else wanted, and never allowed to forget for a moment the ill-luck of his start in life. He shows us the youth growing to manhood, industrious and well-intentioned on the whole, in spite of the cruelty shown him by society, and at last when the reader is worn out by all the meanness and

rapacity which has been heaped up before him, he lets in a single ray of light upon the picture. There has been a fire at the farm, where Meiss is employed; and for a whole long weary night the youth has been spending his heart and strength in the endeavour to save his master's property, and especially the beasts, who are his best friends. But for him almost all would have been lost. His own little savings have perished in the flames, so have all his other possessions. But no one gives the scorched and tired servant so much as a thought. Crowds of eager peasants come to condole with his master, bringing presents with them of all sorts for the burnt-out family. But no one has a word for Meiss, either of sympathy or gratitude, and when the interminable day is over, he leans exhausted against a tree in the evening dusk, full of a dumb despair.

"Overwhelmed and discouraged, thinking of my father and grandfather who were under the ground, and of how I yearned to speak with them and to tell them my griefs, I stood there wrapped in a silent dream, and never noticed that the night had grown dark round me, and that a cold wind was blowing across my chest. Suddenly a hand from behind struck me on the shoulder, and a voice said to me, 'Meiss, look, here is something new for you.' A young girl slipped something into my hand and was lost in the shadow of the trees. So after all somebody had thought of me!"

So begins a love story of painful realism, in which again and again the inexorable destiny which haunts the pauper child interferes to dash the tardy cup of happiness from his lips. Marriage is made impossible for him, simply by the normal action of the Swiss poor-law of the time. Aenneli's child is born, and mother and child, in spite of all the cares with which poor Meiss has surrounded his one love, are snatched from him after hours of agony. How the youth, once so manageable and well-disposed, is for a time consumed by a furious desire for vengeance on the society which has tormented him, and left his Aenneli to die, how he throws himself with blind and powerless rage against one obstacle after another, it would take too

long to tell. He finds himself at last in France, serving in the army of Charles X., and only returns after long years to his native village, to take up a rôle of itinerant lecturer and teacher, which seems to offer him an opportunity for uttering the counsels and reproaches that are burning at his heart. The peasant world receives him kindly, tolerates his instructions, and ends at least by respecting him. But Meiss, after all, is not meant for success, and life, which has been so hard to him, can do nothing better for him in the end than release him from her rule and let him go. Here is the last page:—

"I had got so far with my writing four weeks ago. Since then I have been helpless with fever, and my wounded arm gives me frightful pain. The children here cannot do enough for me. My Aenneli has been always before my eyes, and it seems as if I had been singing to her over and over—'Oh my little flower, my little flower! shall I not soon be with you!'

"What will be the end of it all? The innkeeper's wife is coming up the staircase. What can she want with me? The secretary of the Commune is dead,' she tells me; 'the president is coming to ask me to accept his place.' The fever seizes me again; Aenneli comes nearer to me and beckons to me. Oh, my little flower!"

The *Mirror* is by far the most sombre of Gottzell's novels. He gave utterance in it to whatever gloom and storm was in him, and as it were reckoned with his peasants in it once for all. One puts it down with a sense of waking from a miserable dream, glad to remember that it describes the Switzerland of forty years ago, and determined so far as possible to dissociate the memory of its characters from the brown low-pitched roofs, which dot the exquisite hay-covered slopes before one's eyes. Even the *Schoolmaster*, pathetic as it is, does not produce the same grim impression of a world of monsters let loose upon a helpless victim. Peter Kaeser's woes have the gentle pitiful pathos of *Amos Barton* or *Silas Marner*, whereas Meiss's griefs burn up one's tears and leave one fierce rather than compassionate. Poor Peter Kaeser! with his ignorance, his self-conceit, his

affectionateness, and his harsh treatment at the hands of a society which regarded the schoolmaster as a superfluity to be paid for at the lowest price possible. There are few scenes in literature touched with a more sympathetic humour than those which describe the entry of the young man upon his first school, furnished with a borrowed bed, a chest, a coffee-pot, some wooden spoons, and a saucepan, wherewith to begin life, crowned by the magnificent salary of 7*l.* 10*s.* a year; or which lay bare to us in masterly succession the light and harmless nature of a creature, whom even sorrow can hardly dignify. Before he gets a wife to protect him a little against the malicious world, the poor schoolmaster is alternately the prey of his class, and of his own innocence and follies. There is no one so easy or so amusing to cheat as Peter.

“One winter’s day an individual with a clarinet suddenly made his appearance in my room, and began to explain to me how delightful it would be for me to be able to amuse myself in the evening with such an instrument, and, above all, how useful it would be to me for my class-singing. In a twinkling I should be perfectly master of it, and he pledged himself to teach me how to do it. Thereupon he began to praise up the instrument, telling me that it had belonged to a very rich gentleman. After which he played me an air, but in such a manner that a mouse, scuttling away in terror, upset my inkstand. However, I listened with ravishment, and the more the noise pierced to my very bones and marrow the more pleasure it gave me. I thought of the ears I should enchant, the hearts I should move, the astonishment I should provoke. I took the marvellous thing in my hand with a violent beating of the heart; I let him put my fingers on the holes and began to blow with all my strength, so that my master at once declared me to be endowed with quite exceptional gifts. . . . I knew neither peace nor rest till I had learnt a valse and a song by Gellert. Then with what joy I said for the first time in school with a mysterious air, ‘Now then, we will try something new!’ A child brought me the instrument, from which first of all I took my note, then begin with the voice I followed it up by blowing and fingering, shaking my head and body, and beating time vigorously with my foot. Every now and then, quite out of breath, I would sing a note or two, then begin to blow again, turning now to the right and now to the left, and putting the end of the instrument to the ear of anybody who did not seem

to understand what was going on. The children shone with happiness, and shouted with such force that their eyes almost dropped out of their heads—so determined were they to scream as loud as my clarinet; but I did not let myself be distanced, so that when we had done it seemed as if the walls tottered, and none of us knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels.”

A neighbour begged the eager musician not to practise too late at night lest it should stir his cock to rivalry, and so wake the household too early. “For the love of peace and repose,” says Peter magnificently, “I granted his prayer, thinking it strange, however, that a mere cock should thus give the law to a schoolmaster.”

With the publication of the *Schoolmaster*, Gotthelf seems to have passed through his period of trouble and stress, and his novels thenceforward show us steadily more and more of the charm, and less of the struggle and hardship of the country life. In *Ulric the Farm-servant*, his best story on the whole from the literary point of view, while he describes the vicissitudes and caprices of the earth towards the tillers of it, with a skill which keeps our anxiety and interest always awake, he has placed at the back of his story, so to speak, certain noble and attractive figures, who do not take part necessarily in the main action, but who are always there, one feels, ready to descend with balm and healing into the struggle whenever it is in danger of becoming too dark and embittered. It was in the shorter stories, however, of which he wrote a great number, that the impetuous stream which found its first turbid channel in the story of Meiss, at last ran itself clear. Time brought measure and grace with it, even to the careless rapid style which had always been the least of Gotthelf’s cares in composition; and sketches like *The Pastor’s Widow* or *The Grandfather’s Sunday*, are idylls touched with a reserve and delicacy far superior in point of literary merit to anything the earlier books can show.

The Pastor’s Widow is the sketch

of a lonely woman who is first introduced to us as haunting the Berne market, buying little and speaking little, but winning the friendship of the sellers by her intimate appreciation of all their garden produce, and her timid sensible advice as to the management of their apples and cauliflowers, advice in which they recognise the wisdom of long experience. At last one day a tumult in the market sweeps past, and the poor lady is knocked down and injured. A compassionate bourgeoisie picks her up, and takes her home. She finds her living absolutely alone, without a friend in the world but a canary to whom the childless widow has given all her heart. But the little room is clean and airy, and the soft abashed ways of the widow win the affection of the bourgeoisie, and of "Madame la Baillive," who, to the patient's dismay, ascends from a lower floor to help in nursing her. To them she tells her quiet, commonplace story, of love, and marriage, and irreparable loss. Not a trace of passion, hardly of emotion, in the whole; and yet one's eyes grow dim over it, so steeped is it in all that primal instinctive sentiment, which makes the life of creatures so gentle, so tenacious, and so ignorant. Against this faint and delicate sketch, the author sets a figure or two from the busy, self-important world, just pompous and angular enough to bring out the beauty of his main subject, and the whole ends with the tranquil death of the widow.

"It was the good God's will that she should die. One morning, at the moment when the sun was just lighting up the room, she quietly expired, without suffering or agony. The bird, perched upon her head, understood before any one else that she was dead, and began to flutter anxiously round her, then hopped on to her shoulder, singing with all his throat, and pecking her gently as though to wake her. When he saw that his efforts were vain, he began again to fly about her, and, at last seeing that she remained motionless, he perched sadly beside her, his feathers ruffled and drooping, and when at sunset we sought as usual to put him back into his cage, we found him dead upon the shoulder where he had lived so long. His mistress was gone and he had followed her."

Any one who will, may contrast with this quiet study in a minor key, the vigorous, amusing sketch called *Barthli*, which describes the idiosyncrasies of an old basketmaker in the mountains, possessed with an untamable hatred of all intrusive lovers who may propose to take from him the pretty daughter who keeps his house, cooks his omelette, and milks his goat; or *The Visit*, a passage from peasant life in which the slight differences which divide class from class in the country are brought out with a *finesse* and mastery which never fails. All three may be found bound up in an attractive little volume (*Au Village*) translated by M. Buchon, and introduced with a preface by George Sand. One could find many a scene in them that would bear quoting, but, after all, it is time perhaps to come to some general conclusion about Gotthelf's place and claims as a novelist; and, had one unlimited space for extracts, he is not an author who can be revealed by them in any satisfactory sense. No series of single passages can represent the network of intricate detail of which his books are really made up.

When the ugly heiress and her father come to visit Sami and the grandparents in *The Mirror*, what makes the scene live before our eyes is not so much the touches meant to bring out its bitter meaning and import for those concerned in it, as the stream of trivial household fact and comment playing about the main subject. The grandmother, roasting and preparing the coffee, helped merrily by the poor little grandchildren, whose fate hangs on all this fragrant enticing process; the peasant showing his cattle and crops, and making his wife unlock her storerooms and boast her household riches one by one; the airs and graces which the visitors put on over each dish that appears before them at the heavy supper which closes the entertainment;—it is in detail like this, so racy and so inexhaustible, that the real force of the picture lies. As we said to begin with, if one wants to

realise Swiss peasant life, to drop into the middle of it like an unseen guest, and see it circling round the natural facts and simple relations lying at the heart of it, one can take no better guide than Gotthelf. He describes an old Switzerland indeed, and by the help of two or three of his more modern brethren one may often supplement and correct the impressions one derives from him. For Switzerland, in spite of the unalterable conditions of so much of Swiss life, has moved with the time, and existence in these upland valleys is necessarily more humane and more intelligent in some important respects than it was thirty or forty years ago. But still at bottom and in essence it is the same life which Gotthelf knew, set towards the same goals, and fed by the same traditions.

We may thus put Gotthelf very high among the *chroniclers* of modern life. But when we come to try and apportion him a place in the European roll of literary names, to measure his gifts against the great imaginative talents of the century, one's point of view shifts a little. We cease to think so much about his subject; it is his *manner* which becomes important. His admirers have compared him boldly with Dickens, placing him even in some respects above the English writer, while all his critics have put him high among the *writers* of the century, beside the great producers whose work has been the joy and inspiration of the modern world. But Gotthelf himself knew better. "I had no consciousness of myself," he says, "in writing; I worked for the work's sake." That is to say, the mood of the artist was unknown to him, at any rate in all his more important books; for the artist must always be conscious of himself. He works as it were in the presence of all that he has ever aspired to and achieved, making his best self judge and divider over him, and ready at any moment to become his own critic

and spectator. As M. Renan says somewhere in defending himself against the charge of having treated religious and moral questions in the style which properly belongs to the trifles of *belles lettres*, no one can make his mark as a writer in any subject who does not desire not only to say what is true, but to say it with success. And to say it with success involves all those delicate and intricate processes which make up style and give a man's work the distinction which lifts it above the work of his fellows. Or as George Sand says, discussing in her exquisite preface to *François le Champi* the very literature of the country to which Gotthelf devoted his gifts, one does not arrive at the truest representation of the peasant life, either by those artificial processes which gave us the Strephon and Doris of the old-world *bergeries*, or by mere conscientious and pitiless photography of what one sees. "One does not reach the true by either course; for the true lies neither in the real made ugly nor in the ideal be-ribboned and bedecked. The theatre, poetry, the novel, have relinquished the crook for the poignard, and when they bring rustic life on the stage, they give it a certain character of reality lacking in the shepherdess literature of old times. But *poetry* is not there, and it is that which I complain of."

One cannot say that there is no poetry in Gotthelf. No man can deal with the simpler facts and feelings of life as he does without touching upon things which are dear to poetry, which are in fact themselves poetry. But what he lacks is really the sense of literary beauty, the artist's sense of the whole, and conscious unceasing struggle after an ideal success, which marks the work of George Sand herself, and stamps indelibly all that is noblest and most permanent in literature.

PLAIN FACTS IN INDIAN POLICY.

INDIA, according to Dr. Hunter, contains close on 1,500,000 of square miles, and 240,000,000 of inhabitants. It therefore has an area and a population about equal to that of the whole of Europe, less Russia. Of this area about one-third, and of this population about 54,000,000 are subject to their hereditary rulers, the native chiefs, and the remaining population of 186,000,000 are purely British subjects.

It is not unimportant here to remember that, although these native chiefs are not at liberty to make peace or war, to form foreign alliances, or to practise gross misgovernment, they have yet large revenues and standing armies, and, in the more powerful states, have practically the power of life and death over their subjects.

It is further of importance to note that, according to Dr. Hunter, the number of European British subjects in India in 1871-72 was exactly 75,735; that of these about 30,000 were residents in the three presidency towns, and the remaining, say 46,000, were scattered throughout the empire, largely in cities like Allahabad, Lahore and Rangoon. The measure with which we have to deal principally, having, unhappily, been regarded in India from the point of view of antagonistic races, the issues before us are first of all the good and safe government of the races above described, and, as involving such government, the feelings, opinions, and, as far as we justly can, even the prejudices of these races.

I will now pass to the policy in dispute, and that I may discuss it the more thoroughly I conceive that I am bound in the first instance to travel briefly backwards. We set foot in India purely as merchant adventurers. As such, partly in the spirit of fair

adventure, partly by force of circumstances, and partly by other less laudable courses, we converted our scattered trading stations into the present enormous empire of Hindostan. Long and nobly did the East India Company represent the true spirit of British enterprise; their eyes open no doubt to private gain, but not less open to the wisdom and necessity of governing the people, if not by themselves personally, at least in accordance with their laws and customs. But, usually in spite of their better judgment and instructions, province after province was added to their territories, until at last the mutiny of 1857 opened the eyes of the public of Great Britain to the fact that the government of India was a matter for the direct control of the State, and no longer for the control of a private corporation. Speaking roughly, therefore, and with the utmost respect for the great East India Company, that which up to 1857 had been the government of an ever-growing empire, partly at least, if not principally, in the interests of a trading company, became in 1858 the government of this same empire in the interests of its various people, whether directly as British subjects, or indirectly as the subjects of native protected States.

Then it was that the second Canning, speaking in the name of the Queen, proclaimed equality to all and every of Her Majesty's subjects in British India, European or Native, Christian, Hindoo, or Mohammedan, with equal respect in the matters of laws, customs, institutions, and persons.

Then too may be said to have ceased, with the full consent of the British nation, as witness the late withdrawal from Afghanistan, the era of repression, spoliation, and absorp-

tion, and to have commenced the era of a just recognition of native rights, of consolidation, of advance in education, in the administration of justice, in opening up the country to trade, in roads, railways, canals, in the revival of various municipal and other institutions, all having for their objects the good and the moral restoration of the peoples of India, as well British subjects as the subjects of the native states.

Whatever then may be said as to the way by which we obtained possession of the country, or as to the ways in which from time to time we have ruled it, two facts are incontestable. First, that there has never been a time when we have not endeavoured to rule through the indigenous races themselves by means of and in accordance with their ancient laws and customs. And secondly, that distinctly, for the last quarter of a century, we have been educating those races up to our own standard, on promises of perfect personal equality, and of a strict observance of every man's creed, laws, and institutions.

It seems to me to follow herefrom that, if in Lord Ripon's policy there are to be traced simply further steps towards absolute equality of race and towards the revival of ancient institutions, then this policy is no more than the natural development of a policy that has never been entirely ignored, and that, especially of late years, has been the subject of positive pledges followed by corresponding acts.

The two leading particulars in which Lord Ripon's policy has been assailed, are—First, the extension of municipal institutions; secondly, the provisions of what is known as Ilbert's Bill; the one pointing to the more complete revival of an ancient institution, the other to more absolute equality of race. On the first point a very few words will at the present moment suffice. No one denies that municipal institutions are as old as the hills in India, nor that the shape they have taken, and that it is proposed they shall take in

India, is something of the shape they have for ages taken amongst Indian village communities; nor that, in extending them, Lord Ripon is but following in the footsteps of preceding governors, nor that some such institutions are wanted. The sole question on this point is, whether Lord Ripon does not propose prematurely to raise the authority of the municipalities at the expense of that authority which must, for the better peace of the country, remain with the district officers.

This is a vital question, no doubt, but here in England we have not as yet sufficient evidence by which to be guided in the matter of it, and I will not therefore now venture to discuss it.

In the matter of Ilbert's Bill I will endeavour, first, to define the steps that have led up to it; secondly, to describe the bill itself; and, thirdly, to discuss the merits of it, premising that my principal authorities are *A Full Report of the Official Proceedings*, published by the opponents of the measure, Calcutta, 1883, and *The Opinion of the Judges of the High Court of Calcutta*, of date May 23, 1883.

First. In the early days of our settlement in India, European British subjects were, in the matter of criminal jurisdiction, subject to the various presidency governors and their councils. Later on this jurisdiction was transferred to supreme courts, established from time to time in the presidency towns. In 1812 so much of this jurisdiction as had reference to petty assaults and injuries accompanied with force, committed at a distance from the presidency towns, was transferred to district magistrates, being also justices of the peace, and, later on, justices of the peace generally were empowered to facilitate the commitment of European British subjects for trial before the supreme courts, the persons exercising the jurisdiction being, it may be conceded, themselves European.

In the reign of William IV., natives, equally with Europeans, were given criminal jurisdiction, as justices of the peace and magistrates, over Europeans equally with natives in the presidency towns.

From 1862 downwards, high, or chief, or recorder's courts have been established in the presidency towns and in other cities in India; natives are, and have been, judges in these courts, and these courts have plenary jurisdiction over European equally with native British subjects.

In 1872 every magistrate of the first class, being also a justice of the peace, and, except in the case of a presidency magistrate, himself a European, was given jurisdiction to inquire into and try any charge against a European British subject, and, if the offence were one ordinarily triable by a magistrate, to sentence the offender up to three months' imprisonment, or a fine up to 1,000 rupees (100*l.*), or both. And in the same year a sessions or assistant-judge, being himself a European, was given jurisdiction to try a European British subject for any offence, not punishable with death or transportation for life, and to sentence the offender up to one year's imprisonment, or to a fine of unlimited amount, or both—provided that the European British subject had special rights as to the mode of trial, and as to appeal or application as against illegal detention, to the high or chief court, having jurisdiction.

Thus the European British subject in India who started with the privilege of being tried, and if guilty, sentenced for any criminal offence by the highest tribunal in the country, presided over by his fellow-countryman, and having its seat in a presidency town, has from time to time had that privilege curtailed, so that—

A. If he reside within a presidency town, he may be tried and sentenced or committed for trial by any presidency magistrate, European or native, or—

B. If he reside outside a presidency town, he may be tried and sentenced by any first-class magistrate, or sessions, or assistant-judge, being justices of the peace, and themselves Europeans, for any offence, short of such as is punishable by death or transportation for life, special opportunities being given to him to set aside the sentence by application to the highest tribunal, or—

C. Wherever he resides in British India, he may be tried and sentenced, or have his application heard and determined in the matter of any offence, whatever its magnitude or nature, by a court, one of the members of which is a native.

These, if I have rightly stated them, are the steps that have led up to the law, and this is the law as it at present stands; and upon this state of the law Ilbert's Bill has supervened under the following circumstances:—

Since the year 1871 natives of India have been admitted under the competitive system into the Covenanted Civil Service of India, and since the year 1878 natives have been admitted into the same service by a system of nomination; and it is provided that the number of natives so admitted may amount to as many as one-sixth of the whole service. As a matter of fact, there are in the province of Lower Bengal twelve natives, members of the above service, and, of these, four would, in the ordinary course of promotion, become ere long magistrates of the district or sessions judges. As the law at present stands, these four, when promoted, together with all their native fellow-civilians now in the service, and any native civilians hereafter entering the service, are debarred from exercising, *quâ* European British subjects, that criminal jurisdiction I have been describing which is exercised by their fellow-civilians who are Europeans.

It is to remedy this state of the law that Ilbert's Bill has been introduced, and I will now endeavour,

secondly, to describe that bill. Speaking broadly, the bill would abolish the distinction between the native and the European civilian, and would give the limited criminal jurisdiction over European British subjects of which I have been speaking, to all civil officers who—

A. Are magistrates of the first class and justices of the peace, or who—

B. Are sessions judges or district magistrates, or who

C. Are assistant sessions judges of not less than three years' standing, specially empowered to exercise the jurisdiction.

In the statement of Objects and Reasons it is declared that "it is thought anomalous that while natives of India are admitted to the coveted Civil Service and held competent to discharge the highest judicial duties, they should be deemed incompetent to be justices of the peace and to exercise jurisdiction over European British subjects outside the presidency towns." That consequently, "after consulting the local governments, the Government of India has arrived at the conclusion that the time has come for modifying the existing law and removing the present bar upon the investment of native magistrates in the interior with powers over European British subjects, and so has decided to remove from the code, at once and completely, every judicial disqualification which is based merely on race distinctions."

Having described the bill itself, I will now proceed, thirdly, to discuss the merits of it. To this end, I will, in the first instance, treat with the arguments against the bill, not, of course, undertaking to reproduce every detail of them—for that has already been done by those who support them—but endeavouring, as fairly as I can, to put them into definite shape, and to give the opposite view. I will take them *seriatim*.

1st. That the bill is part of a policy which will loosen British hold on India.

This seems to me to be the argument of those who are of opinion that we can and ought to retain our hold over India only at the point of the bayonet. This opinion may be well or ill-founded, but at least it is one that has for more than one generation been practically abandoned. We have, as a race, occupied America, Canada, Australia, by ousting and replacing the native races. This policy we never have attempted to follow in India; it is, in fact, impracticable. Europeans could not cultivate the soil in the plains of India, and it has yet to be shown that Europeans, as a pure race, can survive for any time when permanently settled in any part of India. We could not, in short, even if we dared or desired to try, hope to supplant an ancient race of 240,000,000 of people. There are, of course, there always have been, there always will be, classes in India, who, fretting under the restraints of law, of order, or of foreign rule, are eager to be rid of us. Knowing this full well, and by painful experience, we have determined to base our rule rather on the affections than on the fears of the people, to educate them up to govern, or to help to govern, and to be governed peacefully for the common good. Having elected to pursue such a policy, one of conciliation and progress, being bound to it not only by such free election, but, as it were, also *ex necessitate rei*, it is now too late to turn back, even if we would, on the ground that it will loosen our hold on the country.

2nd. That the bill will relegate to judges, incompetent, as being natives, to form correct opinions, and in whom Europeans have no confidence, the trial of (often trumped-up) criminal charges against those Europeans.

It is not for me to deny that there are such things as trumped-up criminal charges in India, or that Europeans will not all at once have confidence in natives exercising criminal jurisdiction over them in places outside of the presidency towns, but the point before

us is this—Is it reasonable that Europeans should object to this jurisdiction as a tentative measure of the very minutest description? For a period of about forty years natives, as presidency magistrates, have tried and sentenced Europeans, amongst other British subjects, for criminal offences, with penalties limited as follows :—

1. To imprisonment, including solitary imprisonment, for a term not exceeding two years.

2. To fine, not exceeding 1,000 rupees (100*l.*).

3. To whipping.

Has there been one single instance in which a native magistrate, exercising this jurisdiction, has been found incompetent to form a correct opinion of a European's motives of action, or to have been undeserving of his confidence? If there has been such an instance it has not at least been cited; but the argument is, that a native magistrate in a presidency town lives in the full light of influential public opinion, and is guided and watched over by a skilful, learned, and upright bar. Be it so. Then the Government has only carefully to select its magistrates and to place them, in the first instance, within reach of this opinion and of this bar—in the district of Hooghly, for instance, next door to Calcutta—and they will be safely and fairly on their trial. But it remains that the absolute success of the native magistrate's long probation in the presidency towns is a sound reason for making trial of him elsewhere.

Again, for more than forty years natives in districts far removed from presidency towns, in nearly all parts of British India, in fact, have exercised civil jurisdiction as well over European as over native British subjects; that jurisdiction has carried with it, amongst other powers, imprisonment for debt. During the long period in question native civil judges cannot but have acquired some knowledge of the motives to European actions, and either they have or they

have not, speaking generally, entitled themselves to the confidence of Europeans

Surely, if the fact had been so, amongst the experienced and acute opponents of this bill some one would have ferreted out notorious instances of the absence of this knowledge and of the grounds for their non-confidence, yet it is not, that I can see, even asserted as against these judges, specifically, that they have not that knowledge, nor that they are not entitled to that confidence.

3. That the effect of the bill will be to drive British capital and its owners out of the country districts of India.

The same or like assertions were made when Macaulay's Black Act (so-called) of 1836 laid down the cognate principle that no person should by reason of his descent or place of birth be in any *civil* proceeding exempt from the jurisdiction of the courts, and the same assertions have been made on other occasions since that time, but only to be falsified by the event.

4. That the bill is in breach of a special agreement made in 1872.

In 1872 the Criminal Procedure Code was passing the ordeal of a special committee of the Legislative Council of India. In the Code as it originally stood it was proposed that the extended criminal jurisdiction over Europeans residing outside the presidency towns therein given to the courts in the interior of the country, should be given to all magistrates and judges, whether Europeans or natives, substantially on the lines of the present bill. The policy, as well of extending the jurisdiction as of conferring it upon native as well as upon European magistrates and judges, was disputed amongst the members of the committee. Thereupon a compromise was agreed to, strictly amongst such members it should not be forgotten, by which, whilst the jurisdiction itself was conceded, it was yet to be restricted to only those magistrates

and judges who were themselves Europeans.

When, however, the point came on for a division before the whole Legislative Council, the compromise was only sustained by a majority of seven to five, and of those who sustained it, more than one member did so as bound individually by the compromise, and not as agreeing to the principle of the restriction it maintained.

It is now argued that the proposed removal of this restriction is a breach of the compromise of 1872, and so, I presume it would be further argued, a breach of faith. It is sufficient, it seems to me, to state the facts of the case to show that no such contention can for one moment in equity be maintained.

5. That the bill violates a fundamental principle by establishing a new tribunal in opposition to the wishes of the class to be subjected to its jurisdiction.

I will, for the sake of the argument, admit the general principle; but even so, it seems to me to be one which in British India has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

If I have correctly stated the facts, the new tribunals which have from time to time been established in India with jurisdiction, as well civil as criminal, over Europeans, have been in more than one notable instance established in direct opposition to the wishes of the Europeans (witness the abolition of the grand jury system and this very legislation of 1872 we have been discussing), and yet on the whole, be it here noted, not to their injury.

And so as regards the natives. These are principally Hindoos and Mohammedans. Had this principle been applied to them we should have found the pundit administering the law of the Shastras to the Hindoo, and the moulavi administering the law of the Koran to the Mohammedan. But, as a matter of fact, whatever special privileges as to criminal tribunals these many mil-

lions of men may have claimed or may have had at times accorded to them, these privileges have been completely swept away, and not only are these tribunals, generally speaking, the same everywhere and over all classes of British subjects in India, save only the European, but so also are the laws which they administer.

When therefore for the common good, 186,000,000 of natives have been compelled to sacrifice their privileges *quoad* these tribunals, how can it in fact or in equity be held that, in the special case of the infinitely smaller number of European British subjects in India, the privilege of selecting their own tribunals is a privilege based upon a fundamental principle of any application to the circumstances of the case?

6. That the provisions of the bill will tend to embitter race antipathies.

That European British subjects in India are universally averse to the new tribunals is obvious enough; that much of this aversion arises from race antipathy is unfortunately equally obvious, and that aversion begets aversion is only too true; but it must not be forgotten that much of the antipathy which has lately been proclaimed in India is so much froth, and much more is due to the violence and passion with which the Europeans, and following only in their wake, the natives, have treated the question.

This same partisan passion was shown on the occasion of the equalisation of the civil jurisdiction in 1836, and on the occasion of the mutiny in 1857. But if the present measure becomes law, those of us who shall be alive in the year 1900 A.D., will, we may safely predict, see no more of race antipathies perpetuated or revived by it than remain from the measure of 1836, or from the mutiny of 1857.

7. That the measure is unnecessary, or at least premature.

This proposition seems to me to comprehend the main question at issue, and the European judges of the High Court at Calcutta—the *Times* has

not as yet, that I have seen, published what the native judge has said on the other side of the question—have thus, according to their own summary, dealt with it.

They argue that the number of native officials to be affected by the proposed change is extremely small; that there is no guarantee as to the ability or acquaintance with the habits and feelings of Europeans in native officials hereafter to be affected; that there is no evidence of any demand for alteration, and that as the alteration cannot be effected without the revival of animosities and class feelings, nothing short of grave and pressing reasons could justify the alteration.

The judges were professing to answer certain arguments used by Lord Ripon, on the occasion of the introduction of the measure, and I will now therefore briefly state what those arguments were.

Lord Ripon agreed with the judges in certain facts, viz., that the number of natives to be affected was very small, and that there was no irresistible necessity at the present time for introducing the measure, but he argued that the number being so small, the proceedings and conduct of the native judges and magistrates could be the better watched by the Government and the public; and that although there was no irresistible necessity now for the measure, yet there would be when one-sixth of the Civil Service was made up of natives, and when consequently their proceedings and conduct could not be so efficiently watched and tested, and he contended that the ability and character of the officials at present proposed for appointment were insured, a fact not disputed by the High Court apparently; that therefore they were likely to set a good example, and to give a good tone, and that so on the whole, it seemed wiser to give the extended jurisdiction now "gradually, cautiously, and tentatively."

In the matters of the acquaintance of native officials with European habits

and feelings, and of the revival of animosities and class feelings, I have already said something, and as to the ability and character of the proposed officials, I have shown that these are insured, in those who will be the officials first appointed, by exactly the same tests as are applied to their European fellow civilians, and in those who will be the officials hereafter appointed, partly by these tests and partly by personal selection of the Government. The public must now judge which has the best of the argument, Lord Ripon or the High Court?

I will now endeavour to describe by one or two familiar illustrations the exact privilege that a European enjoys, in the matter of criminal jurisdiction, in comparison with the native British subject, and the effect of that privilege, should this jurisdiction be denied to native magistrates or judges.

A district in India is, perhaps, seventy miles long by seventy miles broad. It has a chief station, where reside, amongst other officials, the district magistrate and the sessions judge. It comprises also so many subdivisions, in each of which resides a deputy, or joint magistrate, being sometimes a European and sometimes a native.

This being the position, a European planter finds one or more natives feeding their cattle on his indigo—a dispute arises, and a native assaults him. He summons the native before the court of the deputy magistrate of the subdivision in which the assault took place, a few miles distant at the most. The native is convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment or fine. The sentence is final, or perhaps an appeal lies to the district magistrate, himself a European, sitting at the chief station, say thirty miles away.

Now take the converse of this. The European, finding the native trespassing, assaults the native. The native has to summon the European before the district magistrate, himself a European, at the chief station, thirty miles away. The European is convicted, and

sentenced to imprisonment or fine. The sentence is never final, and the appeal, or an application against illegal detention lies to the High Court at the presidency town, it may be, hundreds of miles distant.

This is the procedure, when, as at present, the district magistrate is himself a European. But when, as immediately will be the case, and as every day will be more and more the case, the district magistrate shall be a native, then the European offender will have to be summoned, not before the magistrate residing thirty miles away in his own district, but before the nearest magistrate with jurisdiction being a European, and sitting it is impossible to forecast how far from the scene of the offence.

Take another instance—the native in the case put injures the European with a deadly weapon. The European summons the native before the district judge. The native is convicted, and sentenced to transportation (§ 326, Penal Code). An appeal lies to the High Court.

In the exactly converse case, the European would have to be summoned for trial before the nearest high or chief court having jurisdiction.

The native, who has been simply assaulted, or who has been injured with a deadly weapon, is a cultivator living at subsistence point. In order to the hearing of his complaint, he and his witnesses have to leave their daily work, he has to pay them, and his court expenses, and perhaps a pleader, and, in the case of simple assault, he and they have to travel to and fro thirty miles (if the jurisdiction is denied to natives it may be 100 miles). The judge who hears his complaint is a European (a "Sahib," like his assaulter), and he has to make provision for the expenses of a possible appeal or application to a high court, it may be hundreds of miles away. In the case of injury with a deadly weapon, his one resort for a hearing is this same far-distant high court, also presided over by a European judge.

I firmly believe that the native, complaining against a European, is not justified in dreading the partiality of a European judge; but I believe also that he has the feeling, and if on the consideration of this and of all other circumstances of the case, he puts his injury in his pocket and makes no complaint at all, on the principle of "the least said the soonest mended," would this be a matter of surprise to any impartial person with knowledge of the native character and habits?

On the other hand, to the European complainant in the case of the simple assault justice is cheap, near at hand, and speedy, and in the case of the grievous hurt it is not far distant, nor very expensive, nor at all spun out.

I have thus endeavoured by illustrations to describe the exact privilege of the European, and if the object of the present measure were to remove altogether this privilege as involving a grave inequality in the eye of the law, it would be on the defenders of the privilege to show cause why it should not be abolished. But the object of the present measure is simply not to retrograde in equality of justice; not, as it were, to say to the native complainant, to take my illustration, that where his remedy for a personal wrong is now with the magistrate or judge of the district in which he resides, that remedy shall not hereafter be thus capable of comparatively easy attainment in any case in which that magistrate or that judge may happen to be a countryman of his own.

In a country peopled by 240,000,000 of indigenous inhabitants, who can dispute but that the safety of the Empire, and to that end respect for these millions, is the first consideration? but I concede equally that the mere thimbleful of Europeans (their own and their families' lives and liberties in their hands, and their wealth and skill and industry employed for the benefit of the country) scattered in the midst of these millions, is

entitled to complete protection, and if I thought that the measure before us threatened any withdrawal of that protection I should not for one moment advocate it.

But what is the upshot of the bill? It is the award of a very small modicum of additional confidence, as I affirm for good reasons and with sufficient safeguards, to the native judge or magistrate.

To summarise the points. Those officials are the subjects to whom the Queen promised free and impartial admission to such offices as they might by education, ability, and integrity, be qualified to discharge. In fulfilment of that promise they have been admitted, either by a test common to all or by a system of responsible selection, as members of the Covenanted Civil Service. They have now reached, and will every day be reaching in larger numbers, that position in the service at which they are and will be entitled to be put in charge of districts. They ought not, in common fairness, to be denied the usual career in the way of change of districts, according to climate, amount of work, peculiar capacities, the necessities of the service, the welfare of the district populations. They are the fellow-countrymen of those, who, under the same system of careful selection and governmental supervision, have been proved to be trustworthy in the exercise of a more extended criminal jurisdiction in the presidency towns, and of civil jurisdiction throughout the empire. They start but a few in number and so more easily, and, from the circumstances, more especially under the eyes of the government, the superior courts, and the public. They will be removable from office by the stroke of the governor's pen. They will have their own sense of the responsibilities they will

undertake, and it has not been shown that in them this sense is inefficient. The sentences that they might pass on the European, admitting that sentences, in the climate and in the state of society in India, tell comparatively with more severity on the European than on the native, would, in these days of the telegraph and the rail, be open to immediate supervision, and, if need be, suspension, alteration, or reversal. First appointments to office in a tentative scheme of this kind might be made in districts in the immediate neighbourhood, either of a presidency town or in or near cities like Allahabad, Lahore, or Rangoon, where there are superior courts, a bar, and a public. Postpone the measure and your difficulty in supervising the working of it amongst a larger number of officials will obviously be the greater.

In considerations such as these are there not reasons sufficient for the proposed action of government, and safeguards sufficient to protect the European?

Finally let me venture a few words out of my own personal experience during twenty-six years of work in the Civil Service in India, an experience, I freely admit, far inferior in many instances to that of the distinguished persons whose views are opposed to mine. I say deliberately that the native, well paid and well educated, is fully entitled to the confidence of the European, and that the trust it is now proposed to place in him is not only personally his due, but is far short of the trust which ought, in bare justice to the millions of native British subjects in India, to be placed hereafter in him equally with his European fellows, employed in the internal government of the country.

CHARLES HOBHOUSE.

A PANHELLENIC FESTIVAL OF TO-DAY.

Of the many existing points of connection between old and new Greece one of the greatest is the love of the panegyris: these religious festivals are still numerous in Asia Minor and in the islands as of old, and are characterised now as then by a mixture of devout earnestness and general sociability. The Madonna of Tenos is, however, the Queen of Queens, and numerous as are the pilgrim spots in Greece, none can rival Tenos. The whole of the recognised Greek world is here annually represented, from the Crimea to Crete, from Corfu to the highlands of Asia Minor, where some of the purest Ionian blood still flows, and those who contend for the Slavonic origin of the modern Hellenes would do well to spend the feast week at Tenos, where they would satisfy themselves beyond a doubt that the Greek who goes to the island of Tenos to worship to-day is a lineal descendant of the Greek who went to the neighbouring island of Delos to worship two thousand years ago. Whoever is distorted, withered, blind, or halt, whomsoever human art has failed to heal, all these can go to Tenos; and if the list of miracles every year is scoffed at by the sceptical, and said to be printed beforehand by the priests, yet the poor Greeks from the islands or mountains do not know this, and set off with their hearts full of hope, their mattresses wrapped up in their carpets on their backs, and their families by their side, for a trip to Tenos.

This is only the general aspect of the pilgrimage; politically and socially the effect is wider. The birth of the panegyris at Tenos was coincident with the regeneration of Greece, and in the working of Greek politics for the last sixty years the annual excursion to Tenos has formed an important factor. Dissatisfied Cretans, oppressed

Greeks from Asia Minor, here meet the free sons of New Hellas on free Hellenic soil, and in this island yearly are sown seeds of revolt against Turkish rule, which the pilgrims take home and spread broadcast.

In 1822, the first year of the Greek Revolution, a nun of Tenos dreamed a dream—the story of this dream is simple and oft told—and it resulted in the production of a picture of the Madonna, an *eikôn* of miraculous powers, dug up at the spot indicated by the dream. In olden days it would have been the discovery of sacred books dexterously buried by the priests; in Western Europe it would have been some rumoured appearance of the Virgin to an ignorant peasant; in each case the result is the same. A report of miracles wrought brings countless pilgrims and money without end; a temple is erected, and at the yearly pilgrimage a gathering of strange faces and strange costumes meet for once under the common name of Hellas. The Greek nation of to-day owes a debt of gratitude to religion which will probably never be paid, judging from the state of religious feeling existing now in modern Athens; yet throughout the dark ages of slavery the priests alone by their exertions kept the language, creed, and distinct nationality from becoming absorbed in the general break up of the Greek nation. At the first echo of revolt the priests were the first to unsheathe the sword and head the rebellion. This fact the Turks recognised when they hanged the patriarch of Constantinople at the outbreak of the revolution. The priests worked hard for the notion of Panhellenism, and with this view they chose Tenos as the centre of their work. Every priest throughout the Greek-speaking world tells his

flock of the virtues of the shrine of Tenos, and those that go bring back to their remote villages tales of life and freedom. The policy of the Greek Church has been to work as nearly as possible new theories on the old basis; this they did when Christianity was supplanting paganism. The Virgin took the attributes of most of the deities. She was ably assisted by her army of saints; the prophet Elias was no other than Phœbus Apollo (Helios); the archangels could hardly be distinguished from the Dioscouri, Hercules, &c., whilst St. Nicholas was the sailors' god, the modern Poseidon.

Here at Tenos Poseidon was worshipped in olden days as a physician. On the ruins of the old town of Tenos, sacred to Poseidon, the modern town of St. Nicholas is built; where the old temple of Poseidon, the physician, stood now stands the great white temple of the healing Madonna, to whose shrine our pilgrimage takes place.

Perhaps the scene on board the old ship *Theoria*, which annually went to Delos full of pilgrims from Athens, the ship which tradition said had brought Theseus from Crete, was not so very unlike the scene on board the steamer *Peneios*, which took me from the Piræus to Tenos. There were 1200 pilgrims on board, all in their holiday attire, women with their sack-like coats, gaudy petticoats, and coloured frontlets; men with their *fustanelli* of snowy white, each and all with their beds, their carpets, and their families, which they spread on deck, and prepared for an *al fresco* night on board. Sardines in a box are not more tightly compressed than was the cargo of human flesh on board the *Peneios*: “*φανατικός λάος*,” sneered the captain as we looked down upon them from the bridge.

Music was played by performers on every species of rude instrument from a *suraulion*, the primæval panpipe, to a barrel-organ, with its dancing marionettes. The “*raki*” drinkers were noisy, laughing, shouting, and blaspheming; women were chatting,

children playing; but before long we rounded Cape Sunium, and no more merry-making was heard, a death-like silence for a while pervaded the ship, and then groan succeeded groan in quick succession. Poseidon the physician was intent on a desperate cure!

Daylight on our arrival at Tenos attested to the fearful ravages of the night. My steamer was by no means the first to arrive, though the great day of the feast was yet two days off; and the horizon was dotted all over with steamers, caiques, and craft of various kinds, all bound for Tenos and the little town of St. Nicholas. I luckily had a letter for Κύριος Καργάδης, one of the commissaries of the feast, a very necessary precaution, judging from the crowds that were turned away from every door. “What are we to do?” asked eager mothers with sickly infants in their arms. “May the god of the ravens help you,” was the encouraging reply. Seventeen slept on the floor of a small anteroom in one house, and thought themselves lucky. According to our friend the commissary's computation, no less than 45,000 strangers visited the island from all parts of Hellas. Egyptian, Cypriote, Cretan Greeks, Greeks who had travelled for days and weeks from the inmost recesses of Asia Minor, all were assembled here to worship, and they have not only come to pray for their sick relatives and themselves, they have come to pray for the regeneration of their sick country as well as to pray that their lot may be as the Cypriote's.

A Lesbiote argued with me one day, saying how much better it would have been for England to take Lesbos, commanding as it does the entrance to the gulf of Smyrna and the approach to the Dardanelles, but unfortunately his arguments were wasted. Cyprus had been chosen; the question now was about Egypt—Lesbos must wait.

Every pilgrim brought his present along with him in money or in kind, just as in former ages offerings and

sacrifices were brought to the shrine of Delos. Thucydides when he wrote of the crowds of women and children at Delos, of the musical and gymnastic contests, described the scene that I saw. Mithridates when he made *ἄδελος* *ἀδελος*, little thought that the Greek nationality which he then sought to crush would burst forth again in all its vigour so close to the sacred birth-place of Apollo.

The narrow pier, the harbour, the windows, the balconies, the roofs of the houses encircling the harbour, were darkened by an endless crowd. I could not turn when once drawn into the crush, scarcely could I move my hand as I was borne involuntarily through the little agora towards the broad street that led directly to the temple. The whole scene before me was like a dazzling dream—costumes and nationalities without end. The men for the most part wore baggy loose trousers of blue glazed calico—*βράκας*, as they call them—all full of luggage dangling between their legs: a red sash kept these up; a loose embroidered waistcoat covered their shirt, and a fez placed sideways on their heads. Greeks always adopt the costume of the country wherever they go. There is hardly any trace of ancient dress; Turkish, Albanian, Russian costumes meet at Tenos every year with Greeks inside. Occasionally in the islands you meet with the *koulouri* or twisted turban, also the *troulos*, a sort of headgear like a Macedonian helmet, such as those we see on ancient vases; but every year these are getting rarer, the old women who wear them get laughed at by their grandchildren, who affect flowers and feathers and European trash. The *koulouri*, indeed, is excessively pretty, being twisted coils of white around the head and a long streamer behind; it is supposed to represent a serpent, and as such is emblematic of eternity.

This year the festival at Tenos fell in the Greek Lent. And the Lenten luxury of a pilgrim is also called a *koulouri*, being a cake made like rings

and covered with sesame seeds. Eternity is likewise symbolised by these. The other Lenten luxuries of a devout Greek pilgrim are few. No meat, no eggs, on certain days no fish; and then the orthodox church admits of no compromise, no purchase by money of absolution for indulgence. Herbs are the common food, and sweets innumerable. Some made cakes called *laconopeta*, composed of spinach mixed with onions and oil, fried, and then put in pastry. When Lent is over butter takes the place of oil.

As I wandered through the crowd the Asiatics attracted my attention more especially, with their abundance of rich embroideries, jewelry, and so forth, whilst my ear was struck by a perpetual din. Loud above everything was heard the pedlars' cry as they advertised their wares from behind the tables on which they were spread—a medley of chaplets, knives, games, crosses, sweets, fresh fruits, linen, holy pictures, ornaments, cooking utensils, everything, in fact, to supply the appetite, religious and carnal, of the pilgrims, many of whom bivouac on the hill-side to avoid the extortion of the town. Tenos, in fact, is celebrated for its rogues on these occasions; fifty of them I saw shipped off at once to Syra jail, and amongst the modern Greek islanders "a Teniote" is a by-word for laziness. In this feast week money for the rest of the year must be made; they cook for their guests, they lay open their houses to them, and they extort money, just as the inhabitants of ancient Delos used to do hundreds of years ago. A proverb is well known amongst the pilgrim-goers, which runs as follows:—

"Who goes to the feast his purse must take,
His money must spend and not calculate."

The church on the hillside looked beautifully clean and fresh, being built of white marble from the quarries at the north of the island. A handsome marble staircase leads up to the entrance, into which several old columns are introduced, which were

brought from one of the temples on Delos to serve again for a similar purpose. Beneath the church the vaults were teaming with pilgrims, for here is the εἴπεως, the holy of holies, where the miracle-working picture was found. Around the courtyard, which covers above an acre, were receptacles for the human beings here assembled. The silversmiths all around were driving a rattling trade, selling silver legs, arms, eyes, houses, hearts, steamers, cows, as tributes of thankfulness to be hung in the church by some pilgrim whose safety from disaster came under any of these heads. They sold their wares just as Demetrius the silversmith sold his to the worshippers at the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Friday was the great day of the feast, and on the eve of the event the 45,000 pilgrims were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Crowds flocked to the church, which it was scarcely possible to enter. Three commissaries sat at desks close to the door collecting the offerings of the faithful; my friend asked me to sit by his side for a time and watch the haul—jewelry, embroidery, silver ornaments, bread, cakes of beeswax, money of all nations—nothing seemed to come amiss. The money was consigned to coffers beneath the desks, and men were in attendance with baskets to carry off the bulkier articles. In return for their offerings each person received a candle, which he lighted, and during the burning of this he supposed himself more likely to receive benefit from the healing exhalations which they say rise from the vaults below through iron gratings.

Twenty thousand pounds, my friend told me, were considered below the average sum realised at one of these feasts when all the cheating was done, for of course there is much of this, and the post of commissary is one keenly contested for. The priests grow rich, and so do the inhabitants of Tenos. Yet after all they do a great deal of good with their 20,000%. Orphanages

are maintained, as well as charities of various other sorts out of the proceeds of the panegyris at Tenos.

The shrine of Tenos is reckoned especially beneficial to the eyes. Blind men, women, and children stay for hours with their eyes fixed on the gratings through which the healing vapour is supposed to ascend from the vaults below. Perhaps the priests, when they concocted this programme for the sufferers, had been reading that passage in Aristophanes which recommends a plaster of Tenos garlic for diseases of the eye, for Tenos is celebrated for the fineness of its garlic, and the exhalations from the crowded vaults were redolent with the odour of the herb.

It was a fine starry night, and the thousand of little oil lamps which decorated the church and its steeple rivalled the lights of the celestial hemisphere in their twinklings. Patience, assisted now and again by an ingenious push, enabled me to get inside and witness the weird sights in the church. Men and women were there grovelling on their knees; cripples, blind and halt, were imploring the favour of the Madonna; further on, a woman, after standing ominously still for a while, as if contemplating the scene, was suddenly seized with religious frenzy. She shrieked, she threw her arms about, and was carried out in wild hysteria. This frenzy was most infectious, and presently the whole church was full of hideous yells and maddened suppliants who are supposed when in this state to be under the special influence of the deity.

Up in the gallery of the church crowds were collected with their beds, their carpets, their cooking utensils, for this portion of the church had been given up as a lodging-house to those who were lucky enough to find room; luckier still were those who could find a few inches of ground on which to lay their bed down in the vault beneath, for in the εἴπεως they think they breathe sacred air. This vault or crypt is low, but little higher than a

tall man's stature, and the denseness of the atmosphere was intensely stifling. Close to me as I entered were three blind men holding on to one another, groaning and striking their breasts; behind them was a sinister form, which barked, as it were, not able to speak, and wriggled at my feet like a fish. Further on was a poor girl in the last stage of consumption, leaning for support on her sister. A Greek islander has a horror of this disease; he believes that four *erinnys* stand at each corner of the room in which the sufferer dies, ready to pounce upon a survivor. An old man on all fours hindered my progress; and close to him a madman stood ominously still. A damsel, stretched on the knee of her mother, was relating, like Ophelia, in subdued and mysterious voice, some secret of her distraught brain, whilst her mother offered up a never-ceasing prayer to the all-healing Madonna. It was piteous to look at a noble form leaning against the wall; she had a Greek type of countenance; her hair was black, and hung in rich tresses down her back; her eyes were almond-shaped, her nose straight; she seemed like a sister of the Caryatides; but alas! like them, she was deaf. I advanced and found myself before a hole which led into an inner vault, and thence another opened out, but I could stand no more. Sick and faint, I reached the open air after a struggle with the pilgrims, who were eagerly pushing in with their little tin phials which they had bought outside to fill with water from the sacred stream; others too were buying consecrated oil from the priests, which they poured into the eyes of their children, and which they were going to take home in little tins to their friends who could not come.

The priests were making piles of money down here by the sale of oil and water, by the administration of the holy services of their church, by voluntary contributions, and so forth. They were worming their way amongst

the sufferers, comforting the excited, and exciting the weak-minded. Here the crowd was prepared to pass the night, as it had already passed several, with their mattresses wedged tightly one against the other, regardless of the poisonous vapours around them. Several babies, I heard afterwards, were killed in the crush, and I wondered if the Madonna's healing power could avert the sickness which must arise from the pestilential stench.

A Greek crowd is imaginative, witty, full of fun. One party of pilgrims jested with another, and the greatest good nature prevailed. A suitable enigma was asked in my hearing amidst peals of laughter. Twelve oxen, four rakes, 150 reapers, and the crop was only three bushels of corn? The answer proved it to be a sort of religious joke, treasured doubtless for the occasion. Twelve apostles, four evangelists, and 150 Psalms, teach us about a Trinity.

Down in the town quite another scene greeted us. Those pilgrims who had effected their cure or done their devotions were enjoying themselves vastly in the *cafés*. Dancing was the order of the night—those curious weird dances of the Greek islands. For example, there was the *σύρος*, a wavy line of five or six women, hand in hand, and led by a handkerchief held by one man, whose acrobatic executions were wonderful to behold. Then there was the rapid dance performed by rows of men with their arms around each other's shoulders, four steps backwards, four forwards, with pointed toe, first slowly, with the pace increased till I was almost dazzled by its rapidity. One noted dancer performed for the benefit of the others who were tired; he turned somersaults in his white fustanello; he brandished knives in an alarming manner as he rushed to and fro; altogether he was a terrible performer, an Albanian Greek from the mainland mountains, they said.

One of the feast days I devoted to a ride over the island, and left the pilgrims to their devotions and their

games. Arid mountains rose straight above the town, vineyards would cover part of them later on in the year ; but just then all was brown, a relief after the exceeding whiteness of the town. Its houses were all white, the churches and their three-storied minarets were white, and a coloured carpet, a rug hung over a balcony, yellow doors, and yellow venetian blinds, was all that relieved their monotony.

Immediately my eye was caught by the great characteristic of Tenos, namely the doves. Every field has one, and curious objects they are, with brick placed criss-cross for holes, and quaint imitations of doves on the eaves. Below each is a room for the agricultural implements of the husbandman who owns the field, and the birds swarm around. Is Tenos sacred to Venus? I thought ; and then a strange parallel occurred to me. Surely Delos was celebrated for its doves in ancient days, and here they were again a specialty of another Panhellenic shrine. Some of the doves are excessively pretty when the clay soil which is placed on their roofs has streaked them with orange and yellow, and when the little chapel, with perhaps ancient pillars, at its entrance, is joined to them, for every proprietor in Tenos possesses a chapel as well as a dove-cote on his holding, and they are often side by side.

Tenos is especially noted for its winds, as we experienced to our cost. A legend still tells you that the winds live in caves on the north of the island. They tell you, too, that Michael the archangel once slew here two refractory north winds and placed pillars on their tombs, one of which rocks when the north wind blows. This proves the survival of the old legend of Hercules, as also in Chios at the southern point of the island exists a colossal white rock, which the inhabitants tell you was hurled by Samson against God, a legend quite Titanic in its origin.

Crowning the loftiest summit of

Tenos is the old Venetian town and fortress of Exòburgo. The ruined and now deserted town is built around a rock covered with orange-coloured lichen ; two churches with curious steeples half Oriental half Italian recall memories of the Queen of the Adriatic. Everything is now delivered up to the jackals and a raven or two, not a house has a roof on ; the cellars are full of water and lovely maiden-hair ; but still the streets are visible, and the size and importance of the Venetian colony is attested by its ruins. A superb view on the summit repays the climb. Every one of the Cyclades is spread out like a map at one's feet—rocky Naxos and Paros—all quite distinct ; with a clear sky, even the distant Sporades may be seen, and, scarcely any distance away, lies the sacred speck of ancient worship, Delos ; behind the spectator Andros seemed to join itself to Tenos, and Eubœa close to that, with its snowy mountain peaks hugging the mainland of Greece.

The village of Loutra has many interests ; principal amongst them is the nunnery, which an English lady, Miss Leeves, has established in this remote corner of the earth, for from old Venetian days Roman Catholicism has been strong on Tenos. Miss Leeves lived once in Eubœa with her brother and his wife, but in 1856 Mr. and Mrs. Leeves and their child were murdered, and the sister removed to Tenos. In a quiet valley to the north of Tenos, Miss Leeves has assembled thirty-three nuns, and fifty-five young Greek ladies are educated under her roof.

Furthermore, Loutra deserves a visit from an architectural point of view. The streets are narrow and quaint, and over the door of each house there is a curiously carved fanlight, semi-circular and in marble ; in different compartments of these are represented doves, horses, ships, palm-trees, according to the taste or occupation of the owner. Now and again, too, you come across an Italian escutcheon over a door, the last trace left of the

builder, whilst on the doorstep may be sitting a Greek mother, spinning away as she sings her *ναῦρισμα*, or lullaby, to her child, which she rocks with one foot in a cradle improvised out of a kneading trough.

Tenos is but a bare gloomy island after all. Its only foliage is a casual wide-spreading fig-tree; it is fertile, and its numerous white villages seem prosperous; but if it were not for the panegyris no one would come to the island. Future generations will look upon it as we now look on Delos, as a great centre of Hellenic life. The work is going on quietly as in former ages; the bond of Hellenism is strengthened and expanded year by year by this national concourse.

How bustling it seemed to dive into the mass of pilgrims again after the journey over the mountains; the going to and fro had never ceased; the stifling atmosphere, the hubbub and the din, seemed intensified by the contrast of the quiet valleys, and we shuddered as we thought of our journey home, packed tightly with sea-sick pilgrims.

Everything culminated in the Friday's procession, when the mystic picture was borne through the town, down to the harbour, and taken on a complimentary visit to each church with all the pomp and display that could be mustered. The sea of men rolled beneath me this time, for I had secured a seat for the occasion on a balcony, and as it went past it looked like a carpet sparkling with every colour—gold-embroidered tunics, snow white fustanelli, gorgeously embroidered skirts and vests from Asia sparkling with gold and silver coins; rich furs,

and the more humble green and blue dresses of the islanders mingled with a tinge of gaudy parasols and tall hats from the more civilised Athens.

Ἐρχεται, ἔρχεται, was heard on all sides in a dull murmur; the procession was coming, and the crowd solemnly divided so as to make a passage for the priests. Bombs exploded with loud noise, bells pealed, and on the steps of the sanctuary the priests were marshalled in rich vestments, carrying banners around the holy εἰκόν. Every one made the sign of the cross and lowered his head as it passed; and then when it was gone the murmur and the row again increased—the sacred ceremony was over. Down by the harbour, in the agora, a prayer was held, the crowd shouted ζήτω, and the picture was taken back to its home.

After midday the steamers sailed away, crowded with eager struggling pilgrims—hungry, sleepy, worn-out wretches, for the most part, after the week's dissipation; but first of all the wide-winged report of miracles was let out amongst them. They did not see the happy cured ones—these were kept back wisely, no doubt, under the excuse that the excitement of being exposed to the admiration and wonder of so great a crowd might be too much for their nerves, but printed accounts of miracles wrought were handed to each pilgrim as he went, no matter if it were the same list that was given to him the year before; he took it home to read to his friends, who became all the more eager to visit so marvellous a shrine on the following year.

B.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN SCHOOLS.

A NEW set of instructions lately issued by the Education Department to Inspectors contains the following paragraph :—

“My Lords regret to receive frequent complaints of the excessive use of corporal punishment in schools, and of its occasional infliction by assistants and pupil teachers, and even by managers. The subject is one on which your own observation is necessarily incomplete, since children are not likely to be punished in your presence on the day of inspection. But you will not fail in your intercourse with teachers and managers to impress upon them that the more thoroughly a teacher is qualified for his position by skill, character, and personal influence, the less necessary it is for him to resort to corporal chastisement at all. When, however, the necessity arises, the punishment should be administered by the head teacher ; and an entry of the fact should, in their Lordships’ opinion, be made in the log-book.”

At first sight this appears perfectly reasonable, and it must be very hard indeed for any outsider to understand how objections can be raised to so grave and kindly a recommendation. Yet a body of practical men, representing the elementary teachers of the country, recently passed a resolution in these terms :—“This Conference is of opinion that the sentimental objections raised by public speakers and writers to the legitimate use of corporal punishment are subversive of discipline and injurious to the best interests of the children.” So an old controversy is revived, and a great many bitter words are being used by the holders of opposite opinions on the matter. What with professional resentment on one side, and rash theorising on the other, it happens that many non-essential issues are disputed, and the main question is badly obscured, simply because the disputants will not clear the ground, nor try to fix their points of disagreement. People who talk about “sentimentalism” prove nothing ; people who speak with wrath about

“survivals from a brutal age” prove nothing. It will be better to leave hard words alone, and try a little conciliatory reasoning.

Before a man can pretend to talk with authority about anything that concerns the inner work of an elementary school, he should know something of the minute and monotonous drudgery that produces educational results ; he should have passed not hours but years in observing the development of young minds ; the school history of hundreds of children should be in his memory ; and he should have felt the perplexities, the anxiety, the weariness that visit conscientious teachers day by day. The present writer taught for fifteen years in elementary schools, opened four new Board schools in London, and acted as conductor of an educational journal, which “kept touch” of teachers all over the country. Such an experience should prevent any one from speaking in an amateurish way about school business.

The “educationists,” whose action has undoubtedly produced the new Circular issued by the Department, frame all their arguments and all their regulations on the supposition that only direct restraint will keep teachers from inflicting unnecessary pain on scholars. They say in effect, “We believe that any school can be soundly disciplined if the teacher is strong enough to rely on moral influence alone. But some men give way to temper ; they fail to sympathise with children, and they solve every difficulty connected with maintaining discipline by means of the sharp argument of physical pain. Indolence and ill-humour cause the cane to be used : we want to make the teacher shake off his indolence, and pause before he lets his ill-humour have scope ; seeing that schoolmasters and school-

mistresses are so weak in temper and judgment, we must frame regulations to guard them against their own frailty." The spirit expressed in these words has taken shape in the regulations of the London School Board; the example of London has been widely followed in the provinces, and now the Departmental Circular comes as a climax.

The London regulations show the amateur in apotheosis. No more unwise set of directions was ever put together, for the teachers cannot render full obedience, however they may strive. Indeed, if the Code were rigidly followed, three out of four schools would become inefficient. Again and again the Board have been challenged to name any schools in which their Code is followed; again and again the challenge has been declined. For the sake of keeping up an appearance, the managers of the great London schools almost force their servants to be disingenuous. The amateurs say, "We know that our rules only insure partial obedience; but it is better that the teacher should be partially obedient than that he should be wholly free. Therefore we restrain the teacher." Now it happens that the very root of the matter lies in the fact that the teacher is better left without restraint. All his training tends to make him cautious, and his self-interest renders it absolutely essential that he shall never inflict punishment excepting under pressure of extremest necessity. The humane regulations are usually put together as though no such necessity ever existed, and the teacher is treated as though he were a truculent person with a latent tendency towards bullying. Six months of steady work in an elementary school would serve to do away with that idea.

The elementary teacher is obliged to get the greatest possible quantity of work out of his lads, and to manage that he must be popular. An unpopular teacher cannot live, and an unjust teacher cannot be popular.

Knowing this, the average modern schoolmaster tries to make school a happy place. If his lads are dull, the work is bad, and the teacher very soon finds his position unpleasant. If he scolds or threatens, his influence is gone at once, and he learns, long before he has finished his apprenticeship, that a set of youngsters cannot be kept going unless their guide is bright, patient, and good-tempered. There is another consideration: competition between schools is now as keen as the competition in trade. Now, children are the keenest critics of ability and conduct. They do not reason—they see; and if a man is hard or unsympathetic they simply desert him, and persuade their parents to send them elsewhere. The bright and kindly headmaster always has a full school; the bright and kindly assistant always has regular attendance in the section which he teaches; but no one ever knew any school to be well attended if the master took no pains to make youngsters like him.

Here the humane individuals may say—"This is precisely our contention. Why not carry your argument through to the end? Since it is good to be kind—since the very professional existence of the teacher depends upon his practising forbearance, why blame those who try to make forbearance universal?"

But this very common argument is only used by reason of insufficient knowledge. In every school a large number of children never need any admonition; they are industrious, obedient, and thoughtful by nature. Schoolmasters know well the type now mentioned. Then there are other children who are not bad at all, but who give a little trouble occasionally through sheer lightheartedness. When a class slackens work for a minute, these merry chatterers are very likely to begin making that low, distressing hum which teachers are bound to check. A look is all they require; then they smile in an apologetic way and settle into prim silence. But in

almost every school there are certain children who are tainted with some really serious fault, and it is in dealing with these children that the teacher finds prohibitory regulations so grievously embarrassing. The black sheep often exhibit a diseased precocity in vice, and their lack of moral sense is sometimes astounding. Such faults as untruthfulness are easily cured, but if a lad is cruel, or thievish, or foul-mouthed, or insolent, there is only one way with him. A thoroughly insolent boy will poison a whole class, and, since he is usually conceited, he grows unbearable if he is left alone. The same observation holds with regard to the other serious delinquencies named. It may be said that a child is driven deeper into brutality if brutal means are applied to cure his brutal nature. There is only one reply to this contention: All experience is against it. If a boy is thoroughly bad (and amateurs can hardly imagine the badness to which a mere youth may attain), the only way of preventing him from tainting others is to make him, at all events, refrain from showing his real disposition. He may not be *essentially* improved by sharp punishment, but if he is sternly compelled to conceal his worst side there is less risk of his contaminating his class-mates.

We must now go on to a very serious consideration. It happens that no boys are so quick to learn and to misconstrue prohibitory regulations as are the very worst characters in a class. Since the rules of the London Board have been made public, it has happened not once, but a hundred times, that defiant children have said, "You ain't allowed to punish. It's in the paper, and you ain't going to do what you like with me." The teacher must then either humiliate himself by explaining a regulation, or appear to be showing an example of deliberate disobedience. What can be said of regulations which allow such an alternative to be presented? And can we approve a Circular which appears to give the

sanction of the central Government to the very Code which brings about so much mischief?

Yet, even when the teacher is strictly within the law, it is not fitting that he should appear to the worst of his scholars as an arbitrary underling. All such rules as are hinted at in the Circular of My Lords hamper the good teachers without in the least restraining the half hundred bad ones who are aimed at. Why impose an unnecessary burden upon a vast majority of conscientious workers, only in order to keep in check a few incompetent persons who could easily be found out and promptly dismissed.

To change ground: it is continually said that certain elementary schools *are* carried on without corporal punishment. It is even said that many schools in rough neighbourhoods are managed by moral suasion alone. This may be true; although no institution of the sort has ever come under the writer's observation. There are schools where corporal punishment is not inflicted once in six months, but those schools are carried on under conditions which shall be explained presently.

Corporal punishment in school is analogous to martial law in society. Law-breakers know that if the policeman fails, the soldier is in reserve. At the root of all law is martial law; at the root of all good order in an average school is the knowledge that the teacher can inflict punishment should occasion arise.

Once let it be known that the teacher cannot punish, and the need for punishment grows frequent. There are dozens of schools known to the writer where, at this present, the work goes on from week's end to week's end without even a scolding being administered to any pupil. You can tell by the first glance at a school of this kind that you are in the domain of a good disciplinarian. A low, cheerful murmur prevents the silence from being oppressive; the teachers talk softly; the lads look interested and happy, and they pay little atten-

tion to your entrance. They are enjoying their work too much to spare time for glancing at a stranger. You notice that the teachers are very polite to the boys, and if some youngster puts up his hand and asks to be shown over a difficulty, you will see that the master talks with a caressing tone—probably with his arm over the lad's shoulder. If, by any chance, a boy shows signs of carelessness while you are there, a quiet voice will say, "I shouldn't do that if I were you, Johnson," and the culprit reddens and puts on an appearance of fierce industry. Go down in the playground, and you will see that the master is too secure of respect to be pompous or distant.

But the stamp of teacher who brings about this result has nothing soft or sentimental about him. Ask him whether he has given up corporal punishment, and he will probably say, "No; if I am forced to punish a boy, I take care that he remembers it." The lads know this; they know they are justly ruled; they know that their ruler would be stern if he had cause—and they take very good care to give him such cause as seldom as possible. A teacher of this sort would get on perfectly well with his best boys even if it were known that he would never punish; yet with good but thoughtless boys, and with bad and worthless boys, his trouble would be endless. If any one cares to see things for himself, he can be directed to many schools where he may drop in casually without giving notice. He will find charming spectacles of order, industry, trustfulness, and skill; but if he makes inquiry he will also find that the men who make a school as enjoyable to the visitor as a pleasant work of art, are just the men who desire least to be trammelled by sentimental regulations.

Let us now glance at that phrase in the new Circular which speaks of excessive punishments inflicted by adult teachers, pupil-teachers, and even managers. In round numbers there

are 75,000 members of the general teaching staff of the country. Now no one in England can count up fifty cases in which it can be shown that teachers from this vast staff have been convicted during the past two years for having been guilty of inflicting excessive punishment. My Lords cannot name two score. Since the crop of human regulations began to flourish a few parents have seen fit to drag teachers into police courts; but even with the stimulus furnished by published prohibitions the number of cases in which cruelty has been alleged falls within the figure named above. If not five per thousand of the teaching profession can be proved to have been guilty of cruelty, surely there is little need of a sweeping censure which affects the whole body?

Supposing now that any critic inquires whether teachers are really never in need of prohibitive supervision, the answer must be, "Yes, some of them are." Among teachers there are coarse, dull people—ill bred, ill educated, callous, and cruel. The writer has known men who had no pity in them; men to whom the sight of a child's tears brought no sorrow. Considering how teachers are often pitchforked into the profession, how they are sometimes left half cultured, and how the discipline of their colleges tends to convert the worst of them into overgrown charity boys, the wonder is that there are not more black sheep among them. But penal regulations should not be applied to a whole class because of the doings of a few individuals. Let the individuals who do wrong suffer. If with all the corps of inspectors and managers it is impossible to get at the delinquents, then the managers and inspectors have no reason for continuing to hold office; if they are of any use, then it should be impossible for a cruel man to hold a post in school for a single year.

J. R.

THE "WHY" AND THE "HOW" OF LAND NATIONALISATION.

II.

IN the first part of this article I have given a brief outline of the effects of landlord rule in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and I cannot but express my amazement that a writer like Professor Fawcett, who must be fully acquainted with the whole of the terrible facts I have here only been able to hint at—who nearly twenty years ago wrote so strongly on the pitiable condition of the British labourer—a condition since changed if anything for the worse, since he has become more than ever divorced from the soil and is tending to a nomadic life—and who has depicted so forcibly the land-hunger of the rich, should yet, in his latest teaching, have no other remedy to propose for the evils due to unrestricted private property in the first essential of human existence, the soil, on and by which men can alone live, than to make that property still more easily acquired by the wealthy and still more absolute, by means of complete free trade in land!

It has repeatedly been said, and will no doubt be said again, that many of the admitted evils here pointed out are not due to our system of landlordism, but to various other causes, such as improvidence, over-population, and idleness. To this I reply, that even where these causes do exist they are but secondary causes, and are themselves due to the landlord system. Improvidence is the inevitable result of insecurity for the produce of a man's labour; over-population is always local, and is produced by men being forcibly crowded together and not allowed freely to occupy and cultivate the soil; while idleness is the last accusation that should be made against any of the inhabitants of these islands,

whose fault rather is a too great eagerness for work whenever they can work for fair wages or with full security that they will reap the produce of their labour. I reply, further, that the close correspondence between the theoretical and the actual results, between deduction and induction, must not be ignored. An irresistible logic assures us that the possession of the soil by some must make those who have to live by cultivating the soil virtual slaves; that it must keep down wages and enable the landlords to absorb all the surplus wealth produced by the labourer beyond what is necessary for a bare subsistence; while it indisputably prevents all who are not landowners from any use or enjoyment of their native soil except at the landowner's pleasure—a fact everywhere visible in the unnatural mode of growth of our towns and villages, where, with ample land suitable for pleasant and healthy homes all around them, people are forced to live in close-packed houses with the view of nature's beauties shut out and much of the discomfort and insalubrity of large towns carried into the country. The best way, however, to prove that these and many other evils are directly due to landlordism is to show by actual examples how constantly they disappear whenever the land belongs to those who cultivate it. This is the case in many parts of Europe; and although climate, race, laws, and the character and habits of the people may widely differ, we always find an amount of contentment and well-being strikingly contrasted with what prevails under the system of landlordism.

As regards Switzerland, Sismondi, in his *Studies of Political Economy*, gives

full information. He declares that here we see the beneficial results of agriculture practised by the very people who enjoy its fruits, in "the great comfort of a numerous population, a great independence of character arising from independence of position, and a great consumption of goods the result of the easy circumstances of all the inhabitants." Many other writers confirm the accuracy of these statements. The observant English traveller, Inglis, speaks of the wonderful industry of the Swiss, the loving care with which they tend their fields and fruit-trees, and the complete way in which all the peasants' wants are supplied from the land; while, as a rule, pauperism and even poverty is unknown in the rural districts where peasant properties prevail. The common objection that small proprietors cannot use machinery or execute any improvements requiring co-operation, is answered by the examples of Norway and Saxony. In the former country Mr. Laing tells us how extensively irrigation is carried on by miles of wooden troughing along the mountain sides, executed in concert and kept up for the common benefit. The roads and bridges are also kept in excellent repair without tolls; and he considers this to be done because the people "feel as proprietors who receive the advantage of their own exertions."

Mr. Kay, a most unimpeachable witness, tells us that there is no farming in all Europe comparable with that of the valleys of Saxon Switzerland. After giving a picture of the perfect condition of the crops, the excessive care of manure, and other details, he adds:—"The peasants endeavour to outstrip one another in the quality and quantity of the produce, in the preparation of the ground, and in the general cultivation of their respective portions. All the little proprietors are eager to find out how to farm so as to produce the greatest results; they diligently seek after improvements; they send their

children to agricultural schools in order to fit them to assist their fathers; and each proprietor soon adopts a new improvement introduced by any of his neighbours."

The late William Howitt, writing on the rural and domestic life of Germany, says:—"The peasants are not, as with us, for the most part totally cut off from the soil they cultivate—they are themselves the proprietors. It is, perhaps, from this cause that they are probably the most industrious peasantry in the world. They labour early and late, because they feel that they are labouring for themselves. The German peasants work hard, but they have no actual want. . . . The English peasant is so cut off from the idea of property that he comes habitually to look upon it as a thing from which he is warned by the laws of the large proprietors, and becomes, in consequence, spiritless and purposeless. . . . The German *Bauer*, on the contrary, looks on the country as made for him and his fellow-men. No man can threaten him with ejection or the workhouse so long as he is active and economical. He walks, therefore, with a bold step; he looks you in the face with the air of a free man, but a respectful air." And Mr. Baring Gould, although showing how poor the peasant of North Germany often is, owing to the miserable system of each farm being cut up into scores or hundreds of disconnected plots, and his cruel subjection to Jew money-lenders, nevertheless thus compares him with the journeyman mechanic:—"The artisan is restless and dissatisfied. He is mechanised. He finds no interest in his work, and his soul frets at the routine. He is miserable and he knows not why. But the man who toils on his own plot of ground is morally and physically healthy. He is a freeman; the sense he has of independence gives him his upright carriage, his fearless brow, and his joyous laugh."

In Belgium the most highly cultivated part of the country is that

which consists of peasant properties ; and even M'Culloch, the advocate of large farms, admits that,—“in the minute attention to the qualities of the soil, in the management and application of manures of different kinds, in the judicious succession of crops, and especially in the economy of land, so that every part of it shall be in a constant state of production, we have still something to learn from the Flemings.”

In France, though the farming may not be what we call good, the industry and economy of the peasant-proprietors is remarkable, while their well-being is sufficiently indicated by the wonderful amount of hoarded wealth always forthcoming when the Government requires a loan. The connection of peasant-cultivation with well-being is apparent throughout France. Sir Henry Bulwer remarks that by far the greatest number of the indigent is to be found in the northern departments, where land is less divided than elsewhere, and cultivated with larger capitals. Mr. Birkbeck, noticing that in one district the poor appeared less comfortable, found, on inquiry, that few of the peasants thereabouts were proprietors ; while, in Anjou and Touraine, Mr. Le Quesne noticed that the houses of the country people were remarkable for their neatness, indicative of the ease and comfort of their possessors, and on inquiry as to the cause was told that the land was there divided into small properties. So when the celebrated agriculturist and traveller Arthur Young noticed exceptional improvement in irrigation and cultivation, he is so sure of the explanation of the fact that he remarks :—“It would be a disgrace to common sense to ask the cause ; the enjoyment of property *must* have done it. Give a man secure possession of a bleak rock and he will turn it into a garden ; give him a nine years' lease of a garden and he will convert it into a desert.”¹

¹ For these and many other examples see Thornton's *Plea for Peasant Proprietors*.

It hardly needs to adduce more evidence to prove the intimate connection of the sense of secure possession with industry, well-being, and content. But we must briefly notice one more example at our very doors, and under our rule—the case of the Channel Islands. The testimony of all observers is unanimous as to the happy condition of these islands, and to its cause in the almost total absence of landlordism as it exists with us. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick, in his *English Land and English Landlords*, says :—“If we judge of success in cultivation by the produce, we find that a much larger quantity of human food is raised in Jersey than is raised on an equal area, by the same number of cultivators, in any part of the United Kingdom. Not only does it support its own crowded population in much greater comfort than that enjoyed by the mass of Englishmen, but it supplies the London market out of its surplus production with shiploads of vegetables, fruit, butter, and cattle for breeding. Even wheat, for the growth of which the climate is not very suitable, is so cultivated that it yields much heavier crops per acre than in England ; and the number of live stock kept on a given area astonishes travellers accustomed only to English farming. Nor are these only the results of spade-husbandry, for machinery is largely employed by the yeomen and peasant proprietors of the Channel Islands, who have no difficulty in arranging among themselves to hire it by turns.” Mr. Brodrick, like every one else, attributes this wonderful success to the land system of the country.

Lest it be now said that there is something in the climate or soil of these various localities, or in the character or habits of the people to which these favourable results are to be imputed, I must refer to a few crucial examples in which every other cause but difference of land tenure is eliminated, and which therefore complete the demonstration to which this whole argument

tends. The first of these is afforded by Italy, over large portions of which there are still, as in the time of the Romans, *latifundia* or large estates farmed by middlemen, and cultivated by labourers or tenants at will. In a recent work the great economist, M. de Laveleye, speaks of the "naked and desolate fields, where the cultivator dies of famine in the fairest climate and most fertile soil; such is the result of the *latifundia*. Economists, who defend the system of huge properties, visit the interior of the Basilicata and Sicily if you want to see the degree of misery to which your huge properties reduce the earth and its inhabitants." Yet in the same country and under the same laws, wherever fixity of tenure or peasant properties exist, the utmost prosperity prevails. Again, let us hear M. de Laveleye:—"I know of no more striking lesson in political economy than is taught at Capri. Whence come the perfection of cultivation and the comfort of the population? Certainly not from the fertility of the soil, which is an arid rock. . . . Before obtaining the crops, it was necessary, so to speak, to create the soil. It is the magic of ownership which has produced this prodigy."

Now let us come back to our own country, where we shall find that exactly similar results are produced by similar causes. On the Annandale Estate in Dumfriesshire, plots of from two to six acres were granted to labourers on a lease of twenty-one years. They built their own cottages, having timber and stone supplied by the landlord, and these little farms were all cultivated by the labourer's family, and in his own spare hours. Now note the result. Among these peasant-farmers pauperism soon ceased to exist, and it was especially noticed that habits of marketing, and the constant demands on thrift and forethought brought out new powers and virtues in the wives. In fact, the moral effects of the system in fostering industry, sobriety, and content-

ment, were described as no less satisfactory than its economical success.

Again, on Lord Tollemache's estate in Cheshire, plots of land from two and a half to three and a half acres are let with each cottage at an ordinary farm rent, and the results have been eminently beneficial. It is remarked here too that the habits of thrift and forethought encouraged by cowkeeping and dairying, on however small a scale, constitute a moral advantage of great importance.

One more example must be given to show that even in Ireland the laws of human nature do act the same as elsewhere. Mr. Jonathan Pim, in his *Condition and Prospects of Ireland*, gives an account of how the rugged, bleak, and sterile mountain of Forth, in Wexford, is sprinkled with little patches of land, many of them on the highest part of the mountain, reclaimed and inclosed at a vast expense of labour by the peasant-proprietors, who have been induced to overcome extraordinary difficulties in the hope of at length making a little spot of land their own. "The surface was thickly covered with large masses of rock of various sizes, and intersected by the gullies formed by winter torrents. These rocks have been broken, buried, rolled away, or heaped into the form of fences. The land when thus cleared has been carefully enriched with soil, manured, and tilled. These little holdings vary from half an acre to ten or fifteen acres. The occupiers hold by the right of possession; they are generally poor; but they are *peaceable, well-conducted, independent, and industrious; and the district is absolutely free from agrarian outrage.*"

A volume might be filled with similar cases, but more are unnecessary here, for the evidence already adduced or referred to is absolutely conclusive. Wherever there are great estates let on an insecure tenure, we find in varying degrees the evils here pointed out. On the other hand, wherever we find men cultivating their own lands, or lands held on a permanent tenure

at fixed rents, we find comparative comfort, no pauperism, and little crime. And as this is exactly what a consideration of the immutable laws of human nature and economic science has demonstrated must be the inevitable result, we have fact and reasoning, induction and deduction supporting each other.

Having now cleared the ground by an inquiry into principles and a survey of the facts, we come to the practical question—Can any adequate remedy be found for these widespread and gigantic evils?

The common panacea of the Liberal party, "Free-trade in land," must surely now appear to my readers to be ridiculously inadequate. It was tried in Ireland by the Encumbered Estates Act, and it so aggravated the disease that a Liberal Government has now been forced to stop free-trade in land altogether in Ireland, and fix rents by act of parliament! It has always prevailed in America, yet many of the evils of land monopoly are beginning to appear even there. It exists in Italy, yet great estates prevail, and the tiller of the soil starves in the midst of abundance as with us. It will do nothing for the poor evicted crofters or the famine-stricken cottiers of Ireland. It will not cause the tracts now occupied by sheep and deer to be given up again for the use of men and women; but it will allow rich men, more easily than now, to make more deer-forests and sheep-farms if they choose. It will not help the labourer, the mechanic, or the shopkeeper, to a plot of land where he requires it. It will not give back the land to the use of the people who want it most, and who, as the universal experience of Europe shows, are always benefited by it both physically and morally. Let us then appeal to first principles and simply follow their teaching.

We have seen (1) that private property in *land* cannot justly arise at all; and (2) that its results, except where small portions are personally

occupied and tilled, are always evil. Hence we conclude that the land of a country should be the property of the state, and be free for the use and enjoyment of the inhabitants on equal terms. In order that every one may feel that sense of property in the land he cultivates which is the best incentive to industry, absolute security of tenure is necessary. This given, a man becomes virtually the owner of the land he holds from the state, and can deal with it like a freehold, only that it remains subject to such rents and such general conditions as may from time to time be held to be for the good of the community. Another important principle is, that sub-letting must be absolutely prohibited; for if this were allowed the evils of landlordism would again arise, as middlemen would monopolise large quantities of land which they would let out at advanced rents and under onerous conditions, so that the actual cultivators would be no better off than under the present landlord system.

Recurring again to first principles we find, that although *land* itself cannot justly become private property, yet everything added to the land by human labour is truly and properly so; and this leads to the important subdivision of landed property into two parts (as is so common in Ireland), the one represented by the landlord's rent for the use of the bare land, the other the *tenant-right*, consisting of the houses, fences, gates, plantations, drains, and other permanent and tangible improvements there always made by the tenants. Now these improvements, which for purposes of sale or transfer may here also be conveniently termed *tenant-right*, should always be the absolute property of the occupier of any plot of land, the state being the owner of the bare land only; and by this simple and logical division it will be seen that all necessity for state *management*, with the long train of evils which Professor Fawcett so properly emphasises, is absolutely done away

with, and the cultivator may be left perfectly free to treat his estate as he pleases. For everything on the land which can be deteriorated by bad farming or wilful neglect is his private property, and its preservation may safely be left to the influence of self-interest; while the *land*, which is the property of the state, is practically incapable of deterioration; for its value depends on such natural causes as geological formation, arterial drainage, aspect, rainfall, and latitude, and on such social conditions as density of population, nearness to towns, to seaports, to railroads, or canals, the vicinity of manufactures, &c., none of which can be changed by the action of the tenant. The state, therefore, will have nothing whatever to *manage*, but need only collect its quit-rent as it now collects the land-tax or house-tax, leaving every landholder perfectly free to do as he pleases, and only interfering with him by means of general enactments applicable to all holders alike. All arrangements that may be necessary for facilitating the acquisition of land by those who need it, should be in the hands of Local Land Courts, acting on principles determined by general enactment.

Having thus given the main outlines of a just and beneficial system of land tenure, let us consider briefly how to bring it into practical operation. And, first, we will explain how existing landlords are to be dealt with, as this is considered by many to be the real difficulty in the way of land nationalisation. We heartily agree with Professor Fawcett that the idea of confiscating all the landed property of the kingdom, and reducing all who derive their income wholly or mainly from land to a state of destitution, is not only grossly unjust, but would be utterly subversive of the very end for which nationalisation is proposed—the well-being of the whole community. We therefore put this suggestion altogether aside, as one

never likely to gain ground in England, unless the blind opposition of the landlords to all just reform brings on revolution and anarchy.

We next come to the supposed alternative, to buy out the landlords with hard cash, or state securities, at the full market price of their lands; and here, too, I have always accepted Professor Fawcett's proof that the thing is financially impossible. But I go further, and say, that even if possible, it would be inadmissible; for, so to pay for it, would be to admit that private property in land is *right* even if it be inexpedient, and would provide for the perpetuation of a class of wealthy idlers, supported out of the produce of land which we have declared rightly to belong to the community. I cannot imagine that any sound economic thinker will declare, that it is either right or expedient to provide by special enactment that the unborn generations of our country shall be permanently divided into two classes as regards the national soil—one class tilling it and paying rent to the state for its use, the other class receiving from the state a large portion of these rents to enable them to live in idleness.

There remains, however, a third course, totally distinct from either of these, which, while doing no material injury to any landlord, or to the expectant heirs of any landlord, yet claims and at once secures the use of the soil for the nation. This method is the simple one of allowing all revenues derived from the land by individuals to die out with their lives, while the land itself is resumed by the state for the public benefit. The advantages of this plan are, that it requires no money to be raised, and therefore creates no financial difficulty; that it is just to the landlords, because it would not diminish their net income, or that of their direct living heirs; that it is just to the people because it obtains for them immediate possession and use of the land, and the reversion to all the

rents as existing landlords and their heirs die off.

On the part of the landlords it will of course be said that the selling value of their estates will be diminished. Perhaps it will, though not to a great extent; but that is no real hardship if their incomes remain untouched, and as regards their heirs it will be a real and important advantage that their prospective incomes cannot be squandered away. Besides, this objection can hardly be made by any of those Liberals who supported the last Irish Land Act, since in that case not only was the selling value of most estates largely reduced, but the income from them was so much diminished that many landlords and their dependents have been absolutely ruined. If that extreme measure of confiscation was justified by the public benefits it was calculated to produce, then the proposal here made is more than justified, since the injury is hardly perceptible while the benefits are enormously greater. For in the case of Ireland one class has been benefited at the cost of another, while nothing has been done for the labourer or for the nation at large. But by the plan here proposed all will benefit, and there will accrue to the state a steadily-increasing income from quit-rents which will enable the more injurious taxes to be first remitted and ultimately all taxation whatever to be abolished. An especial advantage that may be claimed for this plan is, that the income derived from the annuities to landlords falling in, would begin very gradually, and go on steadily increasing for a period of sixty or eighty years. This would entirely obviate all the financial and commercial difficulty which would certainly be caused, either by the too sudden removal of many kinds of taxation, or by the too great and sudden accumulation of funds in the hands of Government, if the land revenues of the whole country came into its possession at any one fixed period.

Having thus shown how the land may be acquired by the state for the

use of the community without cost, and yet without material injury to any living person, we may proceed to consider how it may best be used for the benefit of all; and here we shall be able to answer Professor Fawcett's questions (which he seems to think unanswerable)—“What principles are to regulate the rents to be charged? Who is to decide the particular plots of land that should be allotted to those who apply for them?” The answer to both is easy. Rents will be fixed in the first place by official valuation, following the precedent of the Irish Land Act; afterwards, probably, by free competition. As to *who* is to have land, and what particular plots of land, it is essential that there should be the greatest freedom of choice compatible with the just rights of existing occupiers. How these two important matters may be settled I will now briefly indicate.

It will first be necessary to determine the value of the improvements on the land as distinguished from that of the land itself, and to facilitate subdivision or rearrangement of farms or holdings. This should be done for each separate inclosure shown on the large-scale ordnance maps. Some general principles being laid down for the guidance of the valuers there will be no real difficulty in making the separation. An old pasture field in which the hedges and gates have been constantly repaired by successive tenants may be considered to be, so far as the landlord is concerned, in an unimproved state. Here the whole value will be *land value*. From this as a datum the separation of *improvements* will take place where the landlord has recently put new gates, or has drained, or has built sheds, bridges, or farm buildings. The valuation, when complete, will show the annual value of the *land* for the state *quit-rent*, the present *annual* value of the improvements, and the present *purchase* value of the improvements to a tenant calculated on a scale determined by their quality and probable duration.

This official valuation being made, it would be only fair that the existing occupier of any farm or other land should have the first offer of it under the new conditions; these being that he should become the owner of the improvements and agree to pay the state quit-rent. If he has capital he can purchase the improvements by a cash payment, but if not he should be entitled to purchase them by means of a terminable rental, as in the case of purchases under the Irish Church Act. This would be done through the Land Courts, which would decide on the annual payments to be made and the period for which they are to run, so as to meet the views of both parties. It is the opinion of good authorities that most farmers now hold too much land in proportion to their capital, and that with perfect security of tenure and absolute freedom of action they would reduce their holdings in order to farm more highly and to be able to effect permanent improvements. Some farms would therefore be divided, and remote fields be detached from others, and these would afford land for small holdings or for gardens and fields for labourers.

But much more than this is needed. The crofters and cottiers who have been ejected from their homes, the labourers who have been driven into towns, and all who have been robbed of their ancient rights by the inclosure of commons, require immediate redress. We have seen what beneficial results invariably follow the grant of small plots of land at fair rents and on a secure tenure, and Nationalisation would not deserve the name did it not place this boon within reach of all who desire it. There is no privilege so beneficial to all the members of a community as to have ample space of land on which to live. Surround the poorest cottage with a spacious vegetable garden, with fruit and shade trees, with room for keeping pigs and poultry, and the result invariably is untiring industry and thrift, which soon raise the occupiers above poverty, and diminish, if they do not abolish,

drunkenness and crime. Every mechanic and tradesman should also be able to obtain this great benefit whenever he desires it; and this is far too important a matter for the whole community to be left to the chance of land being offered for sale when and where wanted. It is not sufficiently recognised that the use of land for the creation of healthy and happy homes is far higher than its use as a mere wealth-producing agent, in which latter aspect alone it has hitherto been chiefly viewed. To get the greatest benefit from the land of a country it is essential that every inhabitant should be, as far as possible, free to live where he pleases; and to attain this end the right to hold land for cultivation should always be subordinate to the right to occupy it as a home.

To carry these principles into effect, and to allow population to spread freely over the whole country, it is essential that all who desire a permanent home should have some right of free selection (once in their lives) of a plot of land for this purpose. A limit might be placed to the quantity so taken in proportion to the density of the population—near towns perhaps half an acre, in the country an acre or more. such choice should of course, be limited to agricultural or waste land, and at first to such land as borders public roads. Other limitations might be, that not more than a fixed proportion of any one farm should be so taken, and that a plot should never be chosen so near the farmer's house as to be an annoyance to him—questions to be decided by the Local Land Courts. Of course this land would be subject to the usual payment of quit-rent to the state according to the official valuation, while the improvements would have to be purchased from the farmer with some small addition as compensation for disturbance.

The effects of such freedom of choice in fixing upon a permanent residence would be gradually to check the increase of towns and to re-populate the

country districts. Rural villages would begin a natural course of healthy growth, and if the minimum of land to be taken for one house were fixed at an acre (the maximum being four or five acres) these could never grow into crowded towns, but would always retain their rural character, picturesque surroundings, and sanitary advantages. The labourer would choose his acre of land near the farmer who gave him the most constant employment and treated him with most consideration; and besides those who would continue to work regularly at agricultural labour, there would be many with larger holdings or with other means of living, who would be ready to earn good wages during hay or harvest time. With a million of agricultural labourers, each holding an acre or more of land, and at least another million of mechanics doing the same thing, and all permanently attached to the soil by its secure possession, that scandal to our country, the scarcity of milk and the importation of poultry, eggs, and butter from the Continent would come to an end, while the vast sums we now pay for this produce would go to increase the well-being, not only of the labourers themselves, but of all the retail and wholesale dealers who supply their wants. Our most important customers are those at home, and there is no more certain cure for the now chronic depression of trade than a system which would at once largely increase the purchasing power of the bulk of the community.

The question of house property in towns cannot now be discussed, but it may be treated on the same general principles; and I must refer my readers to a new edition of my book on Land Nationalisation, now in the press, where they will find this part of the subject treated in an appendix.

Before concluding this paper, I would wish to point out how easily the principles of land tenure here advocated may be tried on a small scale without interfering with any private rights or interests; and so

convinced am I of the soundness of these principles, that I would venture to stake the whole question of the practicability of land nationalisation on the result of such a trial. I would suggest, then, that all crown lands in any degree suitable for cultivation should be thrown freely open to applicants in small holdings for personal occupation, on the tenure which I have just explained; and I would earnestly press some liberal member of Parliament to urge this trial on the Government by means of an annual motion. The result would certainly be a large increase of revenue from these lands, since all expenses of management would be saved; while it is equally certain that the localities would be benefited by the increased well-being of the inhabitants.

In view of such a trial being made, and its further extension being desirable, a resolution should be passed declaring it inexpedient to sell any crown lands or rights over commons; and the next step should be to stop entirely the further inclosure of common lands for the benefit of landlords, a proceeding which the liberal portion of the community has long condemned as legalised robbery of the people. Many of the more extensive commons and heaths far removed from dense centres of population offer the means for a further trial of this system of land-tenure, and creating a considerable body of virtual peasant-proprietors of the best type. For this purpose all manorial rights of individuals should be declared to be (as they certainly are) injurious to the public, and should be at once acquired by the State. Their present owners might either be repaid the purchase money if they had themselves bought them, or be compensated by means of terminable annuities of amounts equal to the actual average net incomes derived from the several manors. Thus would be afforded ample means for a great social experiment, the result of which, if fairly tried, cannot be doubtful.

GENIUS.

IN one of the numbers of the *Spectator* we read of "a shepherd who used to divert himself in his solitudes with tossing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them." He could keep up four at a time for several minutes together. "I think," says the author from whom Addison quotes, "'I never saw a greater severity than in this man's face, for by his wonderful perseverance and application he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy-councillor. I could not but reflect with myself that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.'" In such an opinion as this Addison has high authority to support him. It is not all men of genius who hold to the full extent the doctrine that *poeta nascitur, non fit*—the poet is the child of nature not of art. There are few lines of life for which a strong natural disposition seems more needful than for an artist's. Almost all men would maintain that his greatness, as much as a poet's, is a special gift of nature. "His grandeur he derived from heaven alone," they would say of Reynolds as Dryden said of Cromwell. Yet Sir Joshua always asserted that it was by accident that as a painter he became famous. He held "that the superiority attainable in any pursuit whatever does not originate in an innate propensity of the mind to that pursuit in particular, but depends on the general strength of the intellect, and on the intense and constant application of that strength to a specific purpose. He regarded ambition as the *cause* of eminence, but accident as pointing out the *means*." Ambition a man must have, for, as Shenstone says:—

"Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame."

At the early age of eight Reynolds showed that he had that curiosity which, according to Johnson, is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. In the parlour window of his father's parsonage lay a copy of the *Jesuit's Perspective*. This book the child thoroughly mastered. He next "attempted to apply the rules of that treatise in a drawing which he made of his father's school." When Mr. Reynolds saw it he exclaimed:—"Now this exemplifies what the author asserts in his preface—that, by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful." Later on the lad read Richardson's *Theory of Painting*, "where he saw the enthusiastic raptures in which a great painter is described. He thought Raffaele the most extraordinary man the world had ever produced. His mind thus stimulated by a high example, and constantly ruminating upon it, the thought of remaining in hopeless obscurity became insupportable to him." That Reynolds would get fame of some kind—whether it was only the fame of the country side, or the fame of the country—was certain. That he would get it as a tosser and catcher of four eggs at a time, or as a painter, or an architect, or an engineer, or a statesman, or an author, or in a hundred other ways, was settled, if we are in this of his way of thinking, by the book that lay in the parlour window of his father's parsonage. This opinion most probably came to him first from Johnson, but in his own mind it grew into all the force of a strong conviction. Gibbon, in his autobiography, says:—"After

his oracle, Dr. Johnson, my friend Sir Joshua Reynolds denies all original genius, any natural propensity of the mind to one art or science rather than another." It would seem that Gibbon did not clearly understand what it was that Reynolds maintained, for he continues:—"Without engaging in a metaphysical or rather verbal dispute, I know by experience that from my early youth I aspired to the character of an historian. This idea," he continues, "ripened in my mind." As a proof of this he quotes passages in his journal which he wrote when he was twenty-five years old. Reynolds, in reply, would have pointed to the days of pain and languor which the great historian had passed through in his childhood, and to the "kind lessons" of his aunt, "to which I ascribe," he says, "my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India." He would point, moreover, to the chance which unlocked for the boy of eleven "the door of a tolerable library," where he "turned over many pages of poetry and romance, of history and travels."

The same kind of chance that befell Reynolds befell also Cowley, and as accident made one a painter, so it made the other a poet. "In the window of his mother's apartment," writes Johnson, "lay Spenser's *Faery Queen*, in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." In the life of Pope Johnson examined that poet's "favourite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some object." The existence of any such passion, thus innate and irresistible, might,

said Johnson, be reasonably doubted. "Those, indeed," he continues, "who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one pursuit, for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation." In talking on the same subject he said the same thing in other words:—"No, sir, people are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies; for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west." From nature must come what Burns calls "a stubborn, sturdy something," and chance must do the rest. Let a child have great activity of mind, and then there can be said of him what was said of Sir William Jones by his master:—"If he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury plain he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches."

To Sir James Mackintosh it chanced, in his childhood, as he tells us, that he was boarded in the same house with one of the ushers of his school, who, poor man, was suspected of some heretical opinions. "The boarding mistress, who was very pious and orthodox, rebuked him with great sharpness. I remember," Mackintosh goes on to say, "her reporting her own speech to her husband, and the other boarders, with an air of no little exultation. I have a faint remembrance of the usher even quoting the Savoyard Creed, and having heard of Clarke's Scripture doctrine of the Trinity . . . I rather think it contributed to make my mind free and inquisitive." The good that may thus have come to one side of his character from the usher was far outweighed by the evil that, in his character as a whole, he suffered from the master. Had this man been less indolent and less indulgent, Mackintosh might have left something more behind him than "precious fragments"

and a rapidly fading name. "I have seen him," wrote Sydney Smith, when describing how, "whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding, struck at once at Mackintosh's heart, and roused all his faculties; I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvas, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence." That the great ship made but short cruises we owe to the ill-chance of a weak master. The schoolboy had been allowed to come and go, read and lounge as he pleased. The large general powers, so far from being accidentally determined to some one particular direction, were wantonly thus early scattered in all. "No subsequent circumstance," Mackintosh said, "could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry, which the indulgence and irregularity of my school-life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life." He had suffered under a system of education not very unlike that which, nearly a hundred years later, was the object of John Mill's attack. "I rejoice," Mill wrote, "in the decline of the old brutal and tyrannical system of teaching, which, however, did succeed in enforcing habits of application; but the new, as it seems to me, is training up a race of men who will be incapable of doing anything which is disagreeable to them." "Abating his brutality," said Johnson of his old schoolmaster, "he was a very good master." In the case of Mackintosh's teacher, there was no brutality to abate, but at the same time with it almost every excellence had disappeared.

I have sought, but sought in vain, for the early accident that determined Macaulay's illustrious career. His biographer, indeed, tells us that "from the time he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a

piece of bread and butter in his hand." A boy who, beginning at this early age, day after day, and year after year, almost incessantly had a book open before him, and bread and butter in his hand, might have become either a great writer or a great alderman. Some early conversation that he heard, some accident that excited ardour and emulation, no doubt, made the child resolve to win a name amongst the dead in Westminster Abbey, rather than among the living in the hall of some city company. But what the accident was that gave us one writer the more and one feaster the less, was perhaps not remembered, and certainly it is not recorded.

To all of us alike time and chance must happen. But it is the chances that come upon us in our childhood that chiefly give the shape to such genius as we have. High up in the mountains above the valley of the Engadine, a rock is shown whence the waters, as they fall from heaven, flow some northwards by the Rhine into the German Ocean, some eastwards by the Danube into the Black Sea, and some southwards by the Po into the Adriatic. A child there might, perhaps, divert a streamlet's course with his little spade, and a tiny bank of snow. He might turn into the sunny Mediterranean waters which, but for him, would have lost themselves in the stormy Euxine, or the chilly ocean of the north. So it is with genius in its birth.

In that beautiful piece of writing in which Mr. Carlyle has built up a lofty and lasting monument to his father, he seems to show that in this matter of genius, he too was of Johnson's school. He has been laughed at for likening the old man to Robert Burns. "Were you to ask me," he wrote, "which had the greater natural faculty, I might, perhaps, actually pause before replying. Burns had an infinitely wider education, my father a far wholesomer. Besides, the one was a man of musical utterance; the other wholly a man of action with

speech subservient thereto. Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the endowment from nature and the arena from fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often, and partly know it. As a man of speculation—had culture ever unfolded him—he must have gone wild and desperate as Burns; but he was a man of conduct, and work keeps all right. What strange shapable creatures we are." That we are shapable creatures, shapable as much from without as from within, is just what Johnson held. That James Carlyle had a mind of large general powers is clearly shown by what we learn of him from his son. But to him the accident never came that should fan the smouldering fire into the blaze of genius. The genial current of the soul remained always frozen. In his father he was unfortunate—a man, we read, proud and poor, fiery, irascible, indomitable, leading a life full of irregularities and unreasons. The son had a hard youth, a youth that trains a man rather for bearing strongly than for doing greatly. "Misery was early training the rugged boy into a stoic, that one day he might be the assurance of a Scottish man." It is easier, it has been said, to do than to suffer. If this be true, then to James Carlyle's genius had fallen the harder part. "My father's education was altogether of the worst and most limited. I believe he was never more than three months at any school. What he learned there showed what he might have learned. A solid knowledge of arithmetic, a fine antique handwriting—these, with other limited practical et-ceteras, were all the things he ever heard mentioned as excellent. He had no room to strive for more. Poetry, fiction in general, he had universally seen treated as not only idle, but false and criminal." One set of masters alone had he had—the religious men of the neighbourhood. From them "he had gathered his most important culture." Yet in two ways he showed

that he had that stuff of which the poet was made. He had a depth of feeling and a strength of words. That he had that deep and tender heart, which is the very fount whence all true poetry flows, is shown by the grief he felt when he had to leave the farm where he was born. "I have heard him describe the anguish of mind he felt when leaving this place, and taking farewell of a 'big stone' whereon he had been wont to sit in early boyhood tending the cattle. Perhaps there was a thorn-tree near it. His heart, he said, was like to burst." To feelings such as these, he could easily have been trained to give lettered utterance. "None of us," wrote his son, that great master of style—"none of us will ever forget that bold, glowing style of his, flowing free from his untutored soul, full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was) with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with a surprising accuracy you often would not guess whence—brief, energetic, and which I should say conveyed the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colours, but in full white sunlight, of all the dialects I have ever listened to."

How different was the lot of Burns. His father was a man "valuing knowledge, possessing some, and what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more." "I have met with few," said his son, "who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to him." He placed the boy under a good teacher. "Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar." And then there came to him that accident, which "produced that particular designation of mind which is commonly called genius." "In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies,

witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraipts, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors." Who can tell what part each might have played, had James Carlyle's childhood been fed on tales and songs, and had Robert Burns been taught to look upon poetry and pictures as idle, false, and criminal? I once knew a good old Quaker doctor, who happened to be feeling a child's pulse, when some one in the room struck up a lively air on the piano. Never did a pulse take longer to feel, never was a tongue more thoroughly inspected. "It was well," he said, with as much of a sigh as can come from one clothed in drab, "it was well that I was born a Friend, for I should, I greatly fear, never have become one."

Mr. Carlyle, overlooking the accident which made Burns what he was, considers those which might have made him something greater still. Had not his father been so poor, the boy "had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular, well-trained, intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature; for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery [his father's nursery-ground] did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school system. Burns remained a hard-worked plough-boy, and British literature took its own course."

The Wanderer of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, that noble old Scotch pedlar, is another of those men of "large general powers," another of "the poets

that are sown by nature," to whose lot had never fallen the early conversation, the accident, the book in the parlour window.

"Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favoured
Beings,

All but a scattered few, live out their time
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave unthought of. Strong-
est minds

Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least."

Though chance had not made of him a poet, he had nevertheless been highly favoured in his early home life. He was one of

"A virtuous household, though exceeding
poor."

He had been

"Strengthened and braced by breathing in
content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life."

Communion with nature had laid
"the foundations of his mind."

"While yet a child, and long before his time
Had he perceived the presence and the
power
Of greatness."

As he grew older he had read such works as the village schoolmaster's and "minister's old shelf supplied." From the nearest town he had now and then brought home

"The book that most had tempted his desires,
While at the stall he read."

When seeking a calling

"He essayed to teach
A village school—but wandering thoughts
were then
A misery to him."

His restless mind saw no better way of satisfying itself than that he should turn a pedlar.

"Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service, deemed debasing
now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times."

Of such a pedlar, of "his tenderness of heart, his strong and pure

imagination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious whether in prose and verse," Wordsworth himself had known. Nay, the poet says that such a man he might himself have been, and such a life he might have led, for "wandering was his passion," had he "been born in a class which would have deprived him of what is called a liberal education."

Simple and natural as the Wanderer's character seems, yet it became the object of Lord Jeffrey's scoffs. More foolishly and flippantly even than many of the critics of our times have mocked Carlyle and Carlyle's father, did this great essayist mock Wordsworth and his pedlar. "The wilfulness," he wrote, "with which Mr. Wordsworth persists in choosing his examples of intellectual dignity and tenderness exclusively from the lowest ranks of society, will be sufficiently apparent from the circumstance of his having thought fit to make his chief prolocutor in this poetical dialogue and chief advocate of Providence and virtue *an old Scotch pedlar*. Why," he continues, "should he have made his hero a superannuated pedlar? What but the most wretched and provoking perversity of taste and judgment could induce any one to place his chosen advocate of wisdom and virtue in so absurd and fantastical a condition? Did Mr. Wordsworth really imagine that his favourite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgler about tape or brass sleeve-buttons?" Is dealing in tape and sleeve-buttons lower in the eyes of dull or even the cleverest respectability than mending pots and kettles? Had Jeffrey forgotten that Bunyan was first of all a tinker, and next a maker of tagged thread laces? Was not Burns a ploughman, till by promotion he became a gauger? Did not Rousseau at one time gain his livelihood by copying music? and had not Goldsmith lived among the beggars

in Axe Lane? In Jeffrey's insolently expressed contempt of what he calls "the lowest ranks of society"—though there is one thing lower than even an honest pedlar, and that is a rich idler—we can see his ignorance of mankind. He knows nothing apparently of those "large general powers" which have not been called forth into genius, of that knowledge and that wisdom which may be found beneath a pedlar's pack, or a stone-mason's coat. I know a lady who once lent a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* to an old collier. "Ay, but it is a grand book," he said, when he returned it. "Yes," she replied, "it is one of the greatest books ever written." His answer straightway was, "What dost thou know about it, lassie? It is only an old chap like me who can feel it." Had the man who could thus feel in his old age the *Pilgrim's Progress* had such a chance as even Wordsworth's pedlar, he might have become Wordsworth's Wanderer. Had he been still more favoured by accident, his name might now be one of those that the world does not willingly forget.

To this theory of genius some limitation must be set. If people are not born with a particular genius for particular employments, their "large powers" nevertheless may in many cases, perhaps in most, be not so "general," but that they are confined to certain classes of employments. It would not be easy to believe that any accident could have made Johnson a great musician. "He knew," he said, "a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar, and this was about the extent of his knowledge of music." He might easily have been a great politician, or a great lawyer. He might have sunk to the level of the woolsack, and have given up to party what was meant for mankind. Indeed, Burke said, that if he had gone early into parliament, he certainly would have been the greatest speaker that ever was there. He might have been a great ruler, a great judge, a great physician, and perhaps a great general.

But a great musician, or a great painter, he could never have become.

With this limitation, the theory seems to be true. Yet it does not at first sight account for the fact that we have an age of painters, and an age of poets, an age of philosophers, and an age of inventors; that men of genius, like herrings, move so much in shoals, and that at one time the set is towards one art, and at another time towards another. Yet this general movement comes from without, and not from within. Among the accidents that determine the line along which the "direction of desire" is given to these minds of large general powers, must be reckoned the general opinion of mankind, that so often varies with each age and each country. If in some happy land, and some happy time, the balance were held truly, if eminence in all the arts and all the great ways of life were equally esteemed and nobly rewarded, then we should find genius displayed in the most varied forms. Then we should see in the fullest and freest play that many-sided life which, during one short age, Athens displayed, but even Athens displayed imperfectly. When one way is over-valued, then chance herself joins that side which is already too strong, for among the early conversations which the child hears are more likely to be sounded the praises of that which all esteem. The laurels of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep. In what line Themistocles' genius should break forth was, perhaps, settled by the mode in which Miltiades' laurels had been won. If in any age the talk of all men were of bullocks, and if the greatest glory that could be gained were gained by cattle-breeding, then the youthful genius of one generation would be kept from sleeping by the cups and medals that adorned the house of some great exhibitor among his elders. Indeed it is sad to think how many great painters may have been already lost in great pigeon-fanciers. "Not one man

in a thousand," writes Mr. Darwin, "has accuracy of eye and judgment sufficient to become an eminent breeder. If gifted with these qualities, and if he studies his subject for years, and devotes his lifetime to it with indomitable perseverance, he will succeed, and may make great improvements; if he wants any of these qualities, he will assuredly fail. Few would readily believe in the natural capacity and years of practice requisite to become even a skilful pigeon-fancier." It is easy to believe that the same accuracy of eye, the same judgment, the same indomitable perseverance that has produced a new breed of fantails or tumblers, might, if otherwise directed, have given the world another *Blue Boy* or another *Strawberry Girl*. Henceforth we shall never at a royal agricultural show see any of these great breeders without sorrowfully thinking of the lost Pleiad, the missing decades of Livy, and the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower. As we gaze upon them we shall dream "of Raphael's sonnets, Dante's picture."

In like manner other modes of life claim other men. Where soldiers are famous, there chance too often lets the child see the old warrior's sword taken down from the wall, while in the common talk of the table he is ever hearing the names of great captains freshly remembered. In a trading state, chance in the same manner would turn him towards trade, and in a newly settled country, where man has single-handed [to fight against nature, it would lead him towards that inventiveness by which that hard struggle is so greatly lightened. In Holland he would be ever hearing the praises of great traders, and in the United States of great inventors. Yet in Holland, too, where man has always to fight for his land against the sea, and nature is more his foe than his friend, it may well be that genius is often irresistibly drawn towards inventiveness. A youth gifted with a mind of the largest

general powers, such a mind as went to make a William of Orange, a Rubens, or a Grotius, may be struck, as Reynolds was struck, when he beheld the mighty ramparts built up against the sea. "The perseverance," wrote our great painter to Edmund Burke from Amsterdam, "the perseverance of their industry and labour to form those dykes, and preserve them in such perfect repair, is an idea that must occur to every mind, and is truly sublime." Even from the swampy nature of their soil there might have come that accident which determines genius. "Another idea," he wrote, "of their industry and perseverance, which amounts, I think, to the sublime, is, that the foundation of their buildings, which is piles, cost as much as what appears above ground, both in labour and expense."

While we thus consider these accidents of whatever nature they may be, which give the direction towards particular species of excellence, we must not forget the force of antagonism, which sometimes hurries a strong and eager understanding along the opposite path to that which seems marked out for it by circumstances. Of the father's idols the son often grows sick, and seeks after strange gods. More commonly than we think are we moved as was the Athenian peasant, and are eager to banish Aristides merely because we are tired of hearing everybody call him just.

If we may trust Dan Barnard's pleasant lines, Reynolds, that "dear knight of Plympton" as he called him, went far beyond Johnson in his theory of genius. Johnson, as we have seen, said that from nature must come a mind of large general powers. Reynolds, if the dean understood him rightly, held that industry could supply everything.

"Thou sayst not only skill is gained
But genius too may be attained
By studious invitation ;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll study till I make them mine
By constant meditation."

No. 288.—VOL. XLVIII.

If Reynolds did not go so far as this, yet that one of the dean's friends who was to teach him "modesty and Greek" held the doctrine to the full. "It was a favourite opinion of Sir William Jones," his friend and biographer, Lord Teignmouth, writes, "that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement. The assertion will remind the reader of the modest declaration of Sir Isaac Newton, that, if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought. The following lines were sent to Sir William by a friend, in consequence of a conversation in which he had maintained this opinion :

"Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest genius should be ill-defined,
I term it *your superior mind* ;
Hence to your friends 'tis plainly shown,
You're ignorant of yourself alone."

Sir William Jones's answer :—

"Ah ! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow ;
My memory by art improved,
My mind by baseless trifles moved.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's or the gardener's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil
To meliorate a stubborn soil ;
And say (no higher need I ask)
With zeal hast thou performed thy task.
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer, who merit most."

His friend remained unconvinced. Indeed who would willingly be persuaded that it was the fault, not of nature, but himself, that his attainments were not equal to those of this wonderful man ? He died at the early age of forty-seven. His lesser accomplishments were considerable. He had a knowledge of chemistry, he read Newton's *Principia*, he had mastered the theory of music, he was an excellent botanist. But beyond this he was a profound lawyer, and a man deeply read in the philosophy and literature of many nations. Eight languages he

could boast he had studied critically. Among the eight were Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit. Eight he had studied less perfectly, but they were all intelligible with a dictionary. Among these were Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, and Turkish. Twelve he had studied least perfectly, but they were all attainable. If, as he maintained, all men can do this, then there are not perhaps a dozen men in each century who do even one half of what they can.

John Mill was another of these big men who seem to insult the world by publicly maintaining that what they had done any one else might do. He does not indeed go quite so far as Sir William Jones, but he goes very far beyond Johnson. Who, that has read his autobiography, can have forgotten the amazing reading of a boy not yet twelve years old? His learning at that age would, to use Johnson's phrase, have given dignity to a bishop. In fact there is not, I suppose, one bishop in a dozen who can boast so much. Yet he writes:—"What I could do, could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity and healthy physical constitution." To men such as Jones and Mill, when they maintain that it is by their industry alone, and not by it added to great natural powers that they have gained high honour, we might use, with a change, the reply of Themistocles to the Seriphian. "Neither should we have been greatly distinguished if we had had your industry, nor you, if you had had our natural powers." Whence Mr. Mill got this strange notion I do not know. But in Sir William Jones it may most likely be traced to Johnson's talk. To this same talk probably is due a striking passage in the *Wealth of Nations*, for both Jones and Adam Smith were members of Johnson's club. In the chapter in that work which treats of "the principle which gives occasion to the division of labour" this theory of genius appears in the following shape. "The difference of natural talents in

different men is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions, when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause, as the effect of the division of labour. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature as from habits, customs, and education. When they came into the world, and for the first six or eight years of their existence, they were, perhaps, very much alike, and neither their parents nor playfellows could perceive any remarkable difference. About that age, or soon after, they come to be employed in very different occupations. The difference of talents comes then to be taken notice of, and widens by degrees, till at last the vanity of the philosopher is willing to acknowledge scarce any resemblance. But without the disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, every man must have procured to himself every necessary and conveniency of life which he wanted. All must have had the same duties to perform, and the same work to do, and there could have been no such difference of employment as could alone give any occasion to any great difference of talents."

Adam Smith's porter and philosopher belonged, it is clear, to the country where children of all classes went to the same school. He was thinking of his own playfellows in the Grammar School of Kirkcaldy. Yet he forgets all that nature and accident had done for him, long before "the certainty of being able to exchange all that surplus part of the produce of his own labour which is over and above his own consumption, encouraged" him "to apply himself to a particular occupation, and to cultivate and bring to perfection whatever talent or genius he might possess for that particular species of business." He here admits that that quality may exist which is

commonly meant by genius, but he goes on to qualify the admission in the way we have just seen. His own childhood had been sickly. In the active sports of his comrades he could not join. "He attracted notice by his passion for books, and by the extraordinary powers of his memory." The young schoolboy already showed some of the awkward habits of the confirmed student. He was absent in mind, and he used to talk to himself. He had from the first the mind of large general powers. But when he maintains that the natural difference is slight between men who bear burthens and men who enlarge our knowledge of nature and of life, he reminds us how Wilcox the bookseller, eying Johnson's robust frame attentively, told him that, rather than try to get his living as an author, he had better buy a porter's knot. But both Johnson and Adam Smith, without much of the vanity of a philosopher, might have refused to acknowledge any resemblance between a common street porter and themselves.

This theory of genius is manifestly not one of merely speculative interest. If what Sir William Jones held could be shown to be true, the results would be vast indeed, were education but once wisely directed. We should all come in time to deserve the title that was conferred on one Mr. Jackson of the last century, and be each of us styled, like him, the "all-knowing." But in the sudden rapture that has come upon us from the contemplation of this golden age of learning, we are forgetting Adam Smith and his division of labour. The knowledge, more or less thorough, of thirty-six languages, of law, philosophy, literature, the theory of music, chemistry, and botany, would be confined to those whom "the general disposition to truck, barter, and exchange" has so far favoured that they need not with

their own hands bear home the peck of potatoes or the leg of mutton that they have bought in the market. Nevertheless, when we call to mind what, if we are to trust Mr. Mill, "any boy or girl of average capacity" could do by the age of twelve, and when we remember that the division of labour allows, and the law compels, all children to remain at school till almost that age, we see that even our future street porters and oyster wenches may be so far all-knowing that they shall be able to read Aristotle and Lucretius, Thucydides and Livy, Aristophanes and Terence, while with the differential calculus they shall not be unacquainted. But, allowing that Sir William Jones and Mr. Mill went much too far, yet if the opinion that Johnson taught and Reynolds accepted be just, we may then properly examine whether it is to chance conversations and accidents that must be left the guidance of those "large general powers," "that general strength of intellect," which when directed with intense and constant application to one end the world calls genius. It seems likely that all that chance does wise forethought might do at least as well. At all events it might take care to multiply the accidents, and to leave in the parlour window books describing many kinds of excellence, so that ardour and emulation may be excited in that way which is most likely to lead to great results. It may see that there is, as it were, a parlour window for every child in the land. It may open everywhere free libraries, where our youths may read of great deeds and great men, till at last haply some one here and some one there may find that he has in him that stern but noble stuff out of which the best and highest ambition should be made.

G. B. H.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JULIA HERBERT had failed altogether in her object during that end of the season which her relations had afforded her. Walter had not even come to call. He had sent a hurried note excusing himself, and explaining that he was "obliged to leave town," an excuse by which nobody was deceived. It is not by any easy process that a girl, who begins with all a girl's natural pride and pretensions, is brought down to recognise the fact that a man is avoiding and fleeing from her, and yet to follow and seek him. Hard poverty, and the memories of a life spent in the tiny cottage with her mother, without any enlargement or wider atmosphere, and with but one way of escape in which there was hope or even possibility, had brought Julia to this pass. She had nothing in her life that was worth doing except to scheme how she could dress and present the best appearance, and how she could get hold of and secure that only stepping stone by which she could mount out of it—a man who would marry her and open to her the doors of something better. In every other way it is worth the best exertions of either man or woman to get these doors opened, and to come to the possibility of better things; and a poor girl who has been trained to nothing more exalted, who sees no other way, notwithstanding that this poor way of her's revolts every finer spirit, is there not something pitiful and tragic in her struggles, her sad and degrading attempt after a new beginning? How much human force is wasted upon it, what heart-sickness, what self-contempt is undergone, what a debasement of all that is best and finest in her! She has no pity, no sympathy in her pursuit, but

ridicule, contempt, the derision of one half of humanity, the indignation of the other. And yet her object after all may not be entirely despicable. She may feel with despair that there is no other way. She may intend to be all that is good and noble were but this one step made, this barrier crossed, the means of a larger life attained. It would be better for her no doubt to be a governess, or even a seamstress, or to put up with the chill meannesses of a poverty-stricken existence, and starve, modestly keeping up appearances with her last breath. But all women are not born self-denying. When they are young, the blood runs as warmly in their veins as in that of men; they too want life, movement, sunshine and happiness. The mere daylight, the air, a new frock, however hardly obtained, a dance, a little admiration, suffice for them when they are very young; but when the next chapter comes, and the girl learns to calculate that, saving some great matrimonial chance, there is no prospect for her but the narrowest and most meagre and monotonous existence under heaven, the life of a poor, very poor single woman who cannot dig and to beg is ashamed; is it to be wondered at if she makes a desperate struggle anyhow (and alas! there is but one *how*) to escape. Perhaps she likes too, poor creature, the little excitement of flirtation, the only thing which replaces to her the manifold excitements which men of her kind indulge in—the tumultuous joys of the turf, the charms of play, the delights of the club, the moors, and sport in general, not to speak of all those developments of pleasure so-called, which are impossible to a woman. She cannot dabble a little in vice as a man can do, and yet return again, and be no worse thought of than before.

Both for amusement and profit she has this one way, which, to be sure, answers the purpose of all the others in being destructive of the best part in her, spoiling her character, and injuring her reputation—but for how much less a cause, and with how little recompense in the way of enjoyment! The husband-hunting girl is fair game to whosoever has a stone to throw, and very few are so charitable as to say, Poor soul! Julia Herbert had been as bright a creature at eighteen as one could wish to see. At twenty-four she was bright still, full of animation, full of good humour, clever in her way, very pretty, high-spirited, amusing—and still so young! But how profoundly had it been impressed upon her that she must not lose her time! and how well she knew all the opprobrious epithets that are directed against a young woman as she draws towards thirty—the very flower and prime of her life. Was she to blame if she was influenced by all that was said to this effect, and determined to fight with a sort of mad persistence, for the hope which seemed so well within her reach? Were she but once established as Lady Erradeen, there was not one of her youthful sins that would be remembered against her. A veil of light would fall over her and all her peccadilloes as soon as she had put on her bridal veil. Her friends, instead of feeling her a burden and perplexity, would be proud of Julia; they would put forth their cousinhood eagerly, and claim her—even those who were most anxious now to demonstrate the extreme distance of the connection—as near and dear. And she liked Walter, and thought she would have no difficulty in loving him, had she ever a right to do so. He was not too good for her; she would have something to forgive in him, if he too in her might have something to forgive. She would make him a good wife, a wife of whom he should have no occasion to be ashamed. All these considerations made it excusable—more than excusable, almost laudable

—to strain a point for so great an end.

And in her cousin's wife she had, so far as this went, a real friend. Lady Herbert not only felt that to get Julia settled was most desirable, and that, as Lady Erradeen, she would become a most creditable cousin, and one who might return the favours showed to her, but also, which is less general, felt within herself a strong inclination to help and further Julia's object. She thought favourably of Lord Erradeen. She thought he would not be difficult to manage (which was a mistake as the reader knows). She thought he was not so strong as Julia, but once fully within the power of her fascinations, would fall an easy prey. She did not think less of him for running away. It was a sign of weakness, if also of wisdom; and if he could be met in a place from which he could not run away, it seemed to her that the victory would be easy. And Sir Thomas must have a moor somewhere to refresh him after the vast labours of a session in which he had recorded so many silent votes. By dint of having followed him to many a moor, Lady Herbert had a tolerable geographical knowledge of the Highlands, and it was not very difficult for her to find out that Mr. Campbell of Ellermore, with his large family, would be obliged this year to let his shootings. Everything was settled and prepared accordingly to further Julia's views, without any warning on the point having reached Walter. She had arrived indeed at the Lodge, which was some miles down the loch, beyond Birkenbraes, a few days after Walter's arrival, and thus once more, though he was so far from thinking of it, his old sins, or rather his old follies, were about to find him out.

Lady Herbert had already become known to various people on the loch side. She had been at the Lodge since early in September, and had been called upon by friendly folk on all sides. There had been a thousand

chances that Walter would have found her at luncheon with all the others on his first appearance at Birkenbraes, and Julia had already been introduced to that hospitable house. Katie did not recognise Lady Herbert either by name or countenance. But she recognised Julia as soon as she saw her.

"I think you know Lord Erradeen?" was almost her first greeting, for Katie was a young person of very straightforward methods.

"Oh yes," Julia had answered with animation, "I have known him all my life."

"I suppose you know that he lives here?"

Upon this Julia turned to her chaperon, her relation in whose hands all these external questions were.

"Did you know, dear Lady Herbert, that Lord Erradeen lived here?"

"Oh yes, he has a place close by. Didn't I tell you? A pretty house, with that old castle near it, which I pointed out to you on the lock," Lady Herbert said.

"How small the world is!" cried Julia; "wherever you go you are always knocking up against somebody. Fancy Walter Methven living here!"

Katie was not taken in by this little play. She was not even irritated as she had been at Burlington House. If it might so happen that some youthful bond existed between Lord Erradeen and this girl, Katie was not the woman to use any unfair means against it.

"You will be sure to meet him," she said calmly. "We hope he is not going to shut himself up as he did last year."

"Oh tell me!" Julia cried, with overflowing interest, "is there not some wonderful ghost story? something about his house being haunted; and he has to go and present himself and have an interview with the ghost? Captain Underwood, I remember told us——"

"Did you know Captain Under-

wood?" said Katie, in that tone which says so much.

And then she turned to her other guests: for naturally the house was full of people, and as was habitual in Birkenbraes a large party from outside had come to lunch. The Williamses were discussed with much freedom among the visitors from the Lodge when they went away. Sir Thomas declared that the old man was a monstrous fine old fellow, and his claret worth coming from Devonshire to drink.

"No expense spared in that establishment," he cried; "and there's a little girl I should say, that would be worth a young fellow's while."

He despised Julia to the bottom of his heart, but he thought of his young friends on the other side without any such elevated sentiment, and decided it might not be a bad thing to have Algy Newton down, to whom it was indispensable that he should marry money. Sir Thomas, however, had not the energy to carry his intention out.

Next day it so happened that Lady Herbert had to return the visit of Mrs. Forrester, who—though she always explained her regret at not being able to entertain her friends—was punctilious in making the proper calls. The English ladies were "charmed" with the isle. They said there had never been anything so original, so delightful, so unconventional; ignoring altogether, with a politeness which Mrs. Forrester thought was "pretty," any idea that necessity might be the motive of the mother and daughter in settling there.

"I am sure it is very kind of you to say so; but it is not just a matter of choice, you know. It is just an old house that came to me from the Macnabs—my mother's side. And it proved very convenient when all the boys were away and nothing but Oona and me. Women want but little in comparison with gentlemen; and though it is a little out of the way and inconvenient in the winter season,

it is wonderful how few days there are that we can't get out. I am very well content just with the Walk when there is a glint of sunshine; but Oona, she just never minds the weather. Oh, you will not be going just yet! Tell Mysie, Oona, to bring ben the tea. If it is a little early what does that matter? It always helps to keep you warm on the loch, and my old cook is rather noted for her scones. She just begins as soon as she hears there's a boat, and she will be much disappointed if ye don't taste them. Our friends are all very kind; we have somebody or other every day."

"It is you who are kind, I think," Lady Herbert said.

"No, no; two ladies—it is nothing we have it in our power to do: but a cup of tea, it is just a charity to accept it; and as you go down to your boat I will let you see the view."

Julia, for her part, felt, or professed, a great interest in the girl living the life of a recluse on this little island.

"It must be delightful," she said with enthusiasm; "but don't you sometimes feel a little dull? It is the sweetest place I ever saw. But shouldn't you like to walk on to the land without always requiring a boat?"

"I don't think I have considered the subject," Oona said; "it is our home, and we do not think whether or not we should like it to be different."

"Oh what a delightful state of mind! I don't think I could be so contented anywhere—so happy in myself. I think," said Julia with an ingratiating look, "that you must be very happy in yourself."

Oona laughed. "As much and as little as other people," she said.

"Oh not as little! I should picture to myself a hundred things I wanted as soon as I found myself shut up here. I should want to be in town. I should want to go shopping. I should wish for—everything I had not got. Don't you immediately think of dozens of

things you want as soon as you know you can't get them? But you are so good!"

"If that is being good! No, I think I rather refrain from wishing for what I should like when I see I am not likely to get it."

"I call that goodness itself—but perhaps it is Scotch. I have the greatest respect for the Scotch," said Julia. "They are so sensible." Then she laughed, as at some private joke of her own, and said under her breath, "Not all, however," and looked towards Kinloch Houran.

They were seated on the bench, upon the little platform, at the top of the ascent which looked down upon the castle. The sound of Mrs. Forrester's voice was quite audible behind in the house, pouring forth a gentle stream. The sun was setting in a sky full of gorgeous purple and golden clouds; the keen air of the hills blowing about them. But Julia was warmly dressed, and only shivered a little out of a sense of what was becoming: and Oona was wrapped in the famous fur cloak.

"It is so strange to come upon a place one has heard so much of," she said. "No doubt you know Lord Erradeen?"

The name startled Oona in spite of herself. She was not prepared for any allusion to him. She coloured involuntarily, and gave her companion a look of surprise.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"Oh, so well! I have known him almost all my life—people said indeed——" said Julia, breaking off suddenly with a laugh. "But that was nonsense. You know how people talk. Oh, yes, we have been like brother and sister—or if not quite that—at least—. Oh yes, I know Walter, and his mother, and everything about him. He has been a little strange since he came here; though indeed I have no reason to say so, for he is always very nice to me. When he came home last year I saw a great deal of him; but I don't think he was very communicative

about—what do you call it?—Kinloch——”

“He was not here long,” Oona said.

“No? He did not give himself time to find out how many nice people there are. He did not seem very happy about it when he came back. You see all his habits were formed—it was something so new for him. And though the people are extremely nice, and so hospitable and kind, they were different—from those he had been used to.”

Oona smiled a little. She did not see her new acquaintance from the best side, and there came into her mind a slightly bitter and astonished reflection that Walter, perhaps, preferred people like *this* to—other people. It was an altogether incoherent thought.

“Does he know that you are here?” she said.

“Oh, I don't think he does—but he will soon find me out,” said Julia, with an answering smile. “He always tells me everything. We are such old friends, and perhaps something—more. To be sure that is not a thing to talk of: but there is something in your face which is so sweet, which invites confidence. With a little encouragement I believe I should tell you everything I ever did.”

She leant over Oona as if she would have kissed her: but compliments so broad and easy disconcerted the Highland girl. She withdrew a little from this close contact.

“The wind is getting cold,” she said. “Perhaps we ought to go in. My mother always blames me for keeping strangers, who are not used to it, in this chilly air.”

“Ah, you do not encourage me,” Julia said. And then after a pause added, with the look of one pre-occupied with a subject—“Is he there now?”

“I think Lord Erradeen is still at Kinloch Houran, if that is what you mean. That is another house of his among the trees.”

“How curious! two houses so close

together. If you see him,” said Julia, rising to join her cousin who had come out to the door of the cottage with Mrs. Forrester, “if you see him, don't, please don't, tell him you have met me. I prefer that he should find it out. He is quite sure, oh, sooner than I want him, to find me out.”

And then the ladies were attended to the boat in the usual hospitable way.

“You will get back before it is dark,” said Mrs. Forrester. “I am always glad of that, for the wind is cold from the hills, especially to strangers that are not used to our Highland climate. I take your visit very kind, Lady Herbert. In these days I can do so little for my friends—unless Sir Thomas would take his lunch with me some day, and that is no compliment to a gentleman that is out on the hills all his time, I have just no opportunity of showing attention. But if ye are going further north, my son, the present Mr. Forrester of Eaglescairn, would be delighted to be of any service. He knows how little his mother can do for her friends, perched up here in the middle of the water and without a gentleman in the house. Hamish, have ye got the cushions in, and are ye all ready? You'll be sure to take her ladyship to where the carriage is waiting, and see that she has not a long way to walk.”

Thus talking, the kind lady saw her visitors off, and stood on the beach, waving her hand to them. The fur cloak had been transferred to her shoulders. It was the one wrap in which everybody believed. Oona, who moved so much more quickly, and had no need to pause to take breath, did not now require such careful wrapping. She too stood and waved her hand as the boat turned the corner of the isle. But her farewells were not so cordial as her mother's. Julia's talk had been very strange to Oona; it filled her with a vague fear. Something very different from the sensation with which she had heard Katie's confes-

sions on the subject of Lord Erradeen moved her now. An impression of unworthiness had stolen into her mind, she could not tell how. It was the first time she had been sensible of any thought of the kind. Walter had not been revealed to her in any of the circumstances of his past life. She had known him only during his visit at Kinloch Houran, and when he was in profound difficulty and agitation, in which her presence and succour had helped him she could not tell how, and when his appeal to her, his dependence on her, had seized hold of her mind and imagination with a force which it had taken her all this time to throw off, and which, alas! his first appearance and renewed appeal to her to stand by him had brought back again in spite of her resistance and against her will. She had been angry with herself and indignant at this involuntary subjugation—which he had not desired so far as she knew, nor she dreamt of, until she had fallen under it—and had recognised, with a sort of despair and angry sense of impotence, the renewal of this influence, which she seemed incapable of resisting. But Julia's words roused in her a different sentiment. Julia's laugh, the light insinuations of her tone, her claim of intimacy and previous knowledge, brought a revulsion of feeling so strong and powerful that she felt for the moment as if she had been delivered from her bonds. Delivered—but not with any pleasure in being free: for the deliverance meant the lowering of the image of him in whom she had suddenly found that union of something above her with something below, which is the man's chief charm to the woman, as probably it is the woman's chief charm to the man. He had been below her, he had needed her help, she had brought to him some principle of completeness, some moral support which was indispensable, without which he could not have stood fast. But now another kind of inferiority was suggested to her, which was not that in which a visionary and

absolute youthful mind could find any charm, which it was difficult even to tolerate, which was an offence to her and to the pure and overmastering sentiment which had drawn her to him. If he was so near to Miss Herbert, so entirely on her level, making her his confidant, he could be nothing to Oona. She seemed to herself to burst her bonds and stand free—but not happily. Her heart was not the lighter for it. She would have liked to escape, yet to be able to bear him the same stainless regard, the same sympathy as ever; to help him still, to honour him in his resistance to all that was evil. All this happened on the afternoon of the day which Walter had begun with a despairing conviction that Oona's help must fail him *when she knew*. She had begun to know without any agency of his: and if it moved her so to become aware of a frivolous and foolish connection in which there was levity and vanity, and a fictitious counterfeit of higher sentiments but no harm, what would her feelings be when all the truth was unfolded to her? But neither did she know of the darker depths that lay below, nor was he aware of the revelation which had begun. Oona returned to the house with her mother's soft-voiced monologue in her ears, hearing vaguely a great many particulars of Lady Herbert's family and connections and of her being "really an acquisition, and Sir Thomas just an honest English sort of man, and Miss Herbert very pretty, and a nice companion for you, Oona," without reply, or with much consciousness of what it was. "It is time you were indoors, mamma, for the wind is very cold," she said.

"Oh yes, Oona, it is very well for you to speak about me: but you must take your own advice and come in too. For you have nothing about your shoulders, and I have got the fur cloak."

"I am coming, mother," Oona said, and with these words turned from the door and going to the rocky parapet that bordered the little platform, cast

an indignant glance towards the ruined walls so far beneath her on the water's edge, dark and cold, out of the reach of all those autumn glories that were fading in the sky. There was no light or sign of life about Kinloch Houran. She had looked out angrily, as one defrauded of much honest feeling had, she felt, a right to do; but something softened her as she looked and gazed—the darkness of it, the pathos of the ruin, the incompleteness, and voiceless yet appealing need. Was it possible that there was no need at all or vacancy there but what Miss Herbert, with her smiles and dimples, her laughing insinuations, her claim upon him from the past, and the first preference of youth, could supply? Oona felt a great sadness take the place of her indignation as she turned away. If that was so, how poor and small it all was—how different from what she had thought!

CHAPTER XXXV.

THIS was not the only danger that once more overshadowed the path of Lord Erradeen. Underwood had been left alone in one of those foreign centres of "pleasure," so called, whither he had led his so often impatient and unruly pupil. He had been left, without notice, by a sudden impulse, such as he was now sufficiently acquainted with in Walter—who had always the air of obeying angrily and against his will the temptations with which he was surrounded: a sort of moral indignation against himself and all that aided in his degradation curiously mingling with the follies and vices into which he was led. You never knew when you had him, was Captain Underwood's own description. He would dart aside at a tangent, go off at the most unlikely moment, dash down the cup when it was at the sweetest, and abandon with disgust the things that had seemed to please him most. And Underwood knew that the moment was coming when his patron and *protégé* must return home: but notwithstand-

ing he was left, without warning, as by a sudden caprice; the young man who scorned while he yielded to his influence, having neither respect nor regard enough for his companion to leave a word of explanation. Underwood was astonished and angry as a matter of course, but his anger soon subsided, and his sense of Lord Erradeen's importance to him was too strong to leave room for lasting resentment, or at least for anything in the shape of relinquishment. He was not at all disposed to give the young victim up. Already he had tasted many of what to him were the sweets of life by Walter's means, and there were endless capabilities in Lord Erradeen's fortune and in his unsettled mind, which made a companion like Underwood, too wise ever to take offence, necessary to him—which that worthy would not let slip. After the shock of finding himself deserted, he took two or three days to consider the matter, and then he made his plan. It was bold, yet he thought not too bold. He followed in the very track of his young patron, passing through Edinburgh and reaching Auchnasheen on the same momentous day which had witnessed Julia Herbert's visit to the isle. Captain Underwood was very well known at Auchnasheen. He had filled in many ways the position of manager and steward to the last lord. He had not been loved, but yet he had not been actively disliked. If there was some surprise and a little resistance on the part of the household there was at least no open revolt. They received him coldly, and required considerable explanation of the many things which he required to be done. They were all aware, as well as he was, that Lord Erradeen was to be expected from day to day, and they had made such preparations for his arrival as suggested themselves: but these were not many, and did not at all please the zealous captain. His affairs, he felt, were at a critical point. It was very necessary that the young man should feel the pleasure of being

expected, the surprise of finding everything arranged according to his tastes.

"You know very well that he will come here exhausted, that he will want to have everything comfortable," he said to the housekeeper and the servants. "No one would like after a fatiguing journey to come into a bare sort of a miserable place like this."

"My lord is no so hard to please," said the housekeeper, standing her ground. "Last year he just took no notice. Whatever was done he was not heeding."

"Because he was unused to everything: now it is different; and I mean to have things comfortable for him."

"Well, captain! I am sure it's none of my wish to keep the poor young gentleman from his bits of little comforts. Ye'll have *his* authority?"

"Oh, yes, I have his authority. It will be for your advantage to mind what I tell you; even more than with the late lord. I've been abroad with him. He left me but a short time ago; I was to follow him, and look after everything."

At this the housekeeper looked at the under-factor, Mr. Shaw's subordinate, who had come to intimate to her her master's return. "Will that be all right, Mr. Adamson?" Adamson put his shaggy head on one side like an intelligent dog and looked at the stranger. But they all knew Captain Underwood well enough, and no one was courageous enough to contradict him.

"It will, maybe, be as ye say," said the under-factor cautiously. "Anyway it will do us no harm to take his orders," he added, in an undertone to the woman. "He was always very far ben with the old lord."

"The worse for him," said that important functionary under her breath. But she agreed with Adamson afterwards that as long as it was my lord's comfort he was looking after and not his own, his orders should be obeyed. As with every such person, the household distrusted this confident and unpaid

major domo. But Underwood had not been tyrannical in his previous reign, and young Lord Erradeen during his last residence at Auchnasheen had frightened them all. He had been like a man beside himself. If the captain could manage him better, they would be grateful to the captain; and thus Underwood, though by no means confident of a good reception, had no serious hindrances to encounter. He strolled forth when he had arranged everything to "look about him." He saw the Birkenbraes boat pass in the evening light, returning from the castle, with a surprise which took away his breath. The boat was near enough to the shore as it passed to be recognised and its occupants; but not even Katie whose eyesight was so keen, recognised the observer on the beach. He remarked that the party were in earnest conversation, consulting with each other over something which seemed to secure everybody's attention, so that the ordinary quick notice of a stranger, which is common to country people, was not called forth by his own appearance. It surprised him mightily to see that such visitors had ventured to Kinloch Houran. They never would have done so in the time of the last lord. Had Walter all at once become more friendly, more open-hearted, perhaps feeling in the company of his neighbours a certain safety? Underwood was confounded by this new suggestion. It did not please him. Nothing could be worse for himself than that Lord Erradeen should find amusement in the society of the neighbourhood. There would be no more riot if this was the case, no "pleasure," no play; but perhaps a wife—most terrible of all anticipations. Underwood had been deeply alarmed before by Katie Williamson's ascendancy; but when Lord Erradeen returned to his own influence, he had believed that risk to be over. If, however, it recurred again, and, in this moment while undefended by his, Underwood's protection, if the young fellow had rushed into the snare once more, the captain felt that the

incident would acquire new significance. He felt even that something of the kind must be the case, or that the Birkenbraes party would never have been so bold as to break into the very sanctuary, into the fated precincts of Kinloch Houran. This thought brought the moisture suddenly to his forehead. There were women whom he might have tolerated if better could not be. Julia Herbert was one whom he could perhaps—it was possible—have “got on with,” though possibly she would have changed after her marriage; but with Katie, Underwood knew that he never would get on. If this were so he would have at once to disappear. All his hopes would be over—his prospect of gain or pleasure by means of Lord Erradeen. And he had “put up with” so much! nobody knew how much he had put up with. He had humoured the young fellow, and endured his fits of temper, his changes of purpose, his fantastic inconsistencies of every kind. What friendship it was on his part, after Erradeen had deserted him, left him planted there—as if he cared for the d—place where he had gone only to please the young’un! thus to put all his grievances in his pocket and hurry over land, and sea to make sure that all was comfortable for the ungrateful young man! That was true friendship, by Jove; what a man would do for a man! not like a woman that always had to be waited upon. Captain Underwood felt that his vested rights were being assailed, and that if it came to this it would be a thing to be resisted with might and main. A wife! what did Erradeen want with a wife? Surely it would be possible to put before him the charms of liberty once more and prevent the sacrifice. He walked along the side of the loch almost keeping up with the boat, hot with righteous indignation, in spite of the cold wind which had driven Mrs. Forrester into the house. Presently he heard the sound of salutations on the water, of oars clanking upon rowlocks from a different quarter, and saw the boat from the isle—Hamish

rowing in his red shirt—meet with the large four-oared boat from Birkenbraes and pause while the women’s voices exchanged a few sentences, chorused by Mr. Williamson’s bass. Then the smaller boat came on towards the shore, towards the point near which a carriage was waiting. Captain Underwood quickened his steps a little, and he it was who presented himself to Julia Herbert’s eyes as she approached the bit of rocky beach, and hurrying down, offered his hand to help her.

“What a strange meeting!” cried Julia; “what a small world, as everybody says! Who could have thought, Captain Underwood, of seeing you here?”

“I might reply, if the surprise were not so delightful, who could have thought, Miss Herbert, of seeing you here? for myself it is a second home to me, and has been for years.”

“My reason for being here is simple. Let me introduce you to my cousin, Lady Herbert. Sir Thomas has got the shootings lower down. I suppose you are with Lord Erradeen.”

Lady Herbert had given the captain a very distant bow. She did not like the looks of him, as indeed it has been stated no ladies did, whether in Sloebury or elsewhere; but at the name of Erradeen she paid a more polite attention, though the thought of her horses waiting so long in the cold was already grievous to her. “I hope,” she said, “that Lord Erradeen does not lodge his friends in that old ruin, as he does himself, people say.”

“We are at Auchnasheen, a house you may see among the trees,” said the captain. “Feudal remains are captivating, but not to live in. Does our friend Walter know, Miss Herbert, what happiness awaits him in your presence here?”

“What a pretty speech,” Julia cried; “far prettier than anything Walter could muster courage to say. No, Captain Underwood, he does not. It was all settled quite suddenly. I did not even know that he was here.”

"Julia, the horses have been waiting a long time," said Lady Herbert. "I have no doubt Lord Erradeen is a very interesting subject—but I don't know what Barber (who was the coachman) will say. I shall be glad to see your friends any day at luncheon. Tell Lord Erradeen, please. We are two women alone, Sir Thomas is on the hills all day; all the more we shall be glad to see him—I mean you both—if you will take pity on our loneliness. Now Julia, we really must not wait any longer."

"Tell Walter I shall look for him," said Julia, kissing her hand as they drove away. Underwood stood and looked after the carriage with varied emotions. As against Katie Williamson, he was overjoyed to have such an auxiliary—a girl who would not stand upon any punctilio—who would pursue her object with any assistance she could pick up, and would not be above an alliance defensive or offensive, a girl who knew the advantage of an influential friend. So far as that went he was glad; but, heavens! what a neighbourhood, bristling with women; a girl at every corner ready to decoy his prey out of his hands. He was rueful, even though he was in a measure satisfied. If he could play his cards sufficiently well to detach Walter from both one and the other, to show the bondage which was veiled under Julia's smiles and complacency, as well as under Katie's uncompromising code, and to carry him off under their very eyes, that would indeed be a triumph; but failing that, it was better for him to make an ally of Julia, and push her cause, than to suffer himself to be ousted by the other, the little parvenue, with her cool impertinence, who had been the first, he thought, to set Walter against him.

He walked back to Auchnasheen, full of these thoughts, and of plans to recover his old ascendancy. He had expedients for doing this which would not bear recording, and a hundred hopes of awakening the passions, the

jealousies, the vanity of the young man whom already he had been able to sway beyond his expectations. He believed that he had led Walter by the nose, as he said, and had a mastery over him which would be easily recovered if he but got him for a day or two to himself. It was a matter of fact that he had done him much, if not fatal harm; and if the captain had been clever enough to know that he had no mastery whatever over his victim, and that Walter was the slave of his own shifting and uneasy moods, of his indolences and sudden impulses, and impatient abandonment of himself to the moment, but not of Captain Underwood, that tempter might have done him still more harm. But he did not possess this finer perception, and thus lost a portion of his power.

He went back to Auchnasheen to find a comfortable dinner, a good fire, a cheerful room, full of light and comfort, which reminded him of "old days," which he gave a regretful yet comfortable thought to in passing—the time when he had waited, not knowing what moment the old lord, his former patron, should return from Kinloch Houran. And now he was waiting for the other—who was so unlike the old lord—and yet had already been of more use to Underwood, and served him better in his own way, than the old lord had ever done. He was somewhat *attendri*, even perhaps a little maudlin in his thoughts of Walter as he sat over that comfortable fire. What was he about, poor boy? Not so comfortable as his friend and retainer, drinking his wine and thinking of him. But he should find some one to welcome him when he returned. He should find a comfortable meal and good company, which was more than the foolish fellow would expect. It was foolish of him, in his temper, to dart away from those who really cared for him, who really could be of use to him; but by this time the young lord would be too glad, after his loneliness, to come

back and find a faithful friend ready to make allowances for him, and so well acquainted with his circumstances here.

So well acquainted with his circumstances! Underwood, in his time, had no doubt wondered over these as much as any one; but that was long ago, and he had, in the meantime, become quite familiar with them, and did not any longer speculate on the subject. He had no supernatural curiosity for his part. He could understand that one would not like to see a ghost: and he believed in ghosts—in a fine, healthy, vulgar, natural apparition, with dragging chains and hollow groans. But as for anything else, he had never entered into the question, nor had he any thought of doing so now. However, as he sat by the fire with all these comfortable accessories round him, and listened now and then to hear if any one was coming, and sometimes was deceived by the wind in the chimneys, or the sound of the trees in the fresh breeze which had become keener and sharper since he came indoors, it happened, how he could not tell, that questions arose in the captain's mind such as he had never known before.

The house was very still, the servants' apartments were at a considerable distance from the sitting-rooms, and all was quiet. Two or three times in the course of the evening, old Symington, who had also come to see that everything was in order for his master, walked all the way from these retired regions through a long passage running from one end of the house to the other, to the great door, which he opened cautiously, then shut again, finding nobody in sight, and retired the same way as he came, his shoes creaking all the way. This interruption occurring at intervals had a remarkable effect upon Underwood. He began to wait for its recurrence, to count the steps, to feel a thrill of alarm as they passed the door of the room in which he was sitting. Oh, yes, no doubt it was

Symington, who always wore creaking shoes, confound him! But what if it were not Symington? What if it might be some one else, some mysterious being who might suddenly open the door, and freeze into stone the warm, palpitating, somewhat unsteady person of a man who had eaten a very good dinner and drunk a considerable quantity of wine? This thought so penetrated his mind, that gradually all his thoughts were concentrated on the old servant's perambulation, watching for it before it came, thinking of it after it had passed. The steady and solemn march at intervals, which seemed calculated and regular, was enough to have impressed the imagination of any solitary person. And the captain was of a primitive simplicity of mind in some respects. His fears paralysed him; he was afraid to get up, to open the door, to make sure what it was. How could he tell that he might not be seized by the hair of the head by some ghastly apparition, and dragged into a chamber of horrors! He tried to fortify himself with more wine, but that only made his tremor worse. Finally the panic came to a crisis, when Symington, pausing, knocked at the library door. Underwood remembered to have heard that no spirit could enter without invitation, and he shut his mouth firmly that no habitual "come in" might lay him open to the assault of the enemy. He sat breathless through the ensuing moment of suspense, while Symington waited outside. The captain's hair stood up on his head; his face was covered with a profuse dew; he held by the table in an agony of apprehension when he saw the door begin to turn slowly upon its hinges.

"My lord will not be home the night," said Symington, slowly.

The sight of the old servant scarcely quieted the perturbation of Underwood. It had been a terrible day for Symington. He was ashy pale or grey, as old men become when the blood is driven from their faces. He had not been able to get rid of the scared and

terror-stricken sensation with which he had watched the Birkenbraes party climbing the old stairs, and wandering as he thought at the peril of their lives upon the unsafe battlements. He had been almost violent in his calls to them to come down: but nobody had taken any notice, and they had talked about their guide and about the gentleman who was living with Lord Erradeen, till it seemed to Symington that he must go distracted. "Were there ever such fools—such idiots! since there is nobody staying with Lord Erradeen but me, his body servant," the old man had said tremulously to himself. At Symington's voice the captain gave a start and a cry. Even in the relief of discovering who it was, he could not quiet the excitement of his nerves.

"It's you, old Truepenny," he cried, yet looked at him across the table with a tremor, and a very forced and uncomfortable smile.

"That's not my name," said Symington, with, on his side, the irritation of a disturbed mind. "I'm saying that it's getting late, and my lord will no be home to-night."

"By Jove!" cried Captain Underwood, "when I heard you passing from one end of the house to the other, I thought it might be—the old fellow over there, coming himself—"

"I cannot tell, sir, what you are meaning by the old fellow over there. There's no old fellow I know of but old Macalister; and it was not for him you took me."

"If you could have heard how your steps sounded through the house! By Jove! I could fancy I hear them now."

"Where?" Symington cried, coming in and shutting the door, which he held with his hand behind him, as if to bar all possible comers. And then the two men looked at each other, both breathless and pale.

"Sit down," said Underwood. "The house feels chilly and dreary, nobody living in it for so long. Have a glass

of wine. One wants company in a damp, dreary old hole like this."

"You are very kind, captain," said the old man; "but Auchnasheen, though only my lord's shooting-box, is a modern mansion, and full of every convenience. It would ill become me to raise an ill name on it."

"I wonder what Erradeen's about," said the captain. "I bet he's worse off than we are. How he must wish he was off with me on the other side of the Channel."

"Captain! you will, maybe, think little of me, being nothing but a servant; but it is little good you do my young lord on the other side of the Channel."

Underwood laughed, but not with his usual vigour.

"What can I do with your young lord?" he said. "He takes the bit in his teeth, and goes—to the devil his own way."

"Captain, there are some that think the like of you sore to blame."

Underwood said nothing for a moment. When he spoke there was a quiver in his voice.

"Let me see the way to my room, Symington. Oh yes, I suppose it is the old room; but I've forgotten. I was there before? well, so I suppose; but I have forgotten. Take the candle as I tell you, and show me the way."

He had not the least idea what he feared, and he did not remember ever having feared anything before; but to-night he clung close to Symington, following at his very heels. The old man was anxious and alarmed, but not in this ignoble way. He deposited the captain in his room with composure, who would but for very shame have implored him to stay. And then his footsteps sounded through the vacant house, going further and further off till they died away in the distance. Captain Underwood locked his door, though he felt it was a vain precaution, and hastened to hide his head under the bedclothes: but he was well aware that this was a vain precaution too.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It was on the evening of the day after Captain Underwood's arrival that Lord Erradeen left Kinloch Houran for Auchnasheen. After labour, rest. He could not but compare as he walked along in the early falling autumnal twilight the difference between himself now, and the same self a year ago, when he had fled from the place of torture to the house of peace, a man nearly frantic with the consciousness of all the new bonds upon him, the uncomprehended powers against which he had to struggle, the sense of panic and impotence, yet of mad excitement and resistance, with which his brain was on flame. The recollection of the ensuing time spent at Auchnasheen, when he saw no one, heard no voice but his own, yet lived through day after day of bewildering mental conflict, without knowing who it was against whom he contended, was burned in upon his recollection. All through that time he had been conscious of such a desire to flee as hurried the pace of his thoughts, and made the intolerable still more intolerable. His heart had sickened of the unbearable fight into which he was compelled like an unwilling soldier with death behind him. To resist had always been Walter's natural impulse; but the impulse of flight had so mingled with it that his soul had been in a fever, counting no passage of days, but feeling the whole period long or short, he did not know which, as one monstrous uninterrupted day or night, in which the processes of thought were never intermitted. His mind was in a very different condition now. He had got over the early panic of nature. The blinding mists of terror had melted away from his eyes, and the novelty and horror of his position, contending with unseen dominations and powers, had been so much softened by custom and familiarity that he now scarcely felt its peculiarity at all, except in a certain sense of contempt,

and that subtle consciousness of superiority which the more enlightened in every sphere can with difficulty subdue, towards those who felt, as he had once felt, panic-stricken, and overwhelmed with natural fear. His contempt for the two old servants of the house, who recognised with a tremor of all their senses the presence of some one whom they could not see, had a certain compassion and kindness mingled with it: but it would be difficult to describe the sensation of profound distance and difference between himself, informed and enlightened as he now was, and those curious and wondering spectators who saw his visitor, and crowded round to gaze at him, yet had nothing but a faint thrill of alarm in them to indicate who and what he was. That strange visitor smiled, with an almost humorous recognition of this obtuseness, but Walter felt a certain anger with the fools who had no clearer perception. All this, however, was over now, and he walked round the head of the loch towards Auchnasheen with a conscious pause of all sensation which was due to the exhaustion of his mind. The loch was veiled in mist, through which it glimmered faintly with broken reflections, the wooded banks presenting on every side a sort of ghostly outline, with the colour no more than indicated against the dreary confusion of air and vapour. At some points there was the glimpse of a blurred light, looking larger and more distant than it really was, the ruddy spot made by the open door of the little inn, the whiter and smaller twinkle of the manse window, the far-off point, looking no more than a taper light in the distance, that shone from the isle. There was in Walter's mind a darkness and confusion not unlike the landscape. He was worn out: there was in him none of that vivid feeling which had separated between his human soul in its despair and the keen sweetness of the morning. Now all was night within him and around. His arms had fallen from his hands.

He moved along, scarcely aware that he was moving, feeling everything blurred, confused, indistinct in the earth about him and in the secret places of his soul. Desire for flight he had none; he had come to see that it was impossible: and he had not energy enough to wish it. And fear had died out of him. He was not afraid. Had he been joined on the darkling way by the personage of whom he had of late seen so much, it would scarcely have quickened his pulses. All such superficial emotion had died out of him: the real question was so much superior, so infinitely important in comparison with any such transitory tremors as these. But at the present moment he was not thinking at all, scarcely living, any more than the world around him was living, hushed into a cessation of all energy and almost of consciousness, looking forward to night and darkness and repose.

It was somewhat surprising to him to see the lighted windows at Auchna-sheen, and the air of inhabitation about the house with which he had no agreeable associations, but only those which are apt to hang about a place in which one has gone through a fever, full of miserable visions, and the burning restlessness of disease. But when he stepped into the hall, the door being opened to him by Symington as soon as his foot was heard on the gravel, and turning round to go into the library after taking off his coat, found himself suddenly in the presence of Captain Underwood, his astonishment and dismay were beyond expression. The dismay came even before the flush of anger, which was the first emotion that showed itself. Underwood stood holding open the library door, with a smile that was meant to be ingratiating and conciliatory. He held out his hand, as Walter, with a start and exclamation, recognised him.

"Yes," he said, "I'm here, you see. Not so easy to get rid of when once I form a friendship. Welcome to your own house, Erradeen."

No 288.—VOL. XLVIII.

Walter did not say anything till he had entered the room and shut the door. He walked to the fire, which was blazing brightly, and placed himself with his back to it, in that attitude in which the master of a house defies all comers.

"I did not expect to find you here," he said. "You take me entirely by surprise."

"I had hoped it would be an agreeable surprise," said the captain, still with his most amiable smile. "I thought to have a friend's face waiting for you when you came back from that confounded place would be a relief."

"What do you call a confounded place?" said Walter, testily. "You know nothing about it, as far as I am aware. No, Underwood, it is as well to speak plainly. It is not an agreeable surprise. I am sorry you have taken the trouble to come so far for me."

"It was no trouble. If you are a little out of sorts, never mind. I am not a man to be discouraged for a hasty word. You want a little cheerful society——"

"Is that what you call yourself?" Walter said with a harsh laugh. He was aware that there was a certain brutality in what he said; but the sudden sight of the man who had disgusted him even while he had most influenced him, and of whom he had never thought but with a movement of resentment and secret rage, affected him to a sort of delirium. He could have seized him with the force of passion and flung him into the loch at the door. It would have been no crime, he thought, to destroy such vermin off the face of the earth—to make an end of such a source of evil would be no crime. This was the thought in his mind while he stood upon his own hearth, looking at the man who was his guest and therefore sacred. As for Captain Underwood, he took no offence; it was not in his rôle to do so, whatever happened. What he had to do was to regain, if possible,

his position with the young man upon whom he had lived and enriched himself for the greater part of the year, to render himself indispensable to him as he had done to his predecessor. For this object he was prepared to bear everything, and laugh at all that was too strong to be ignored. He laughed now, and did his best, not very gracefully, to carry out the joke. He exerted himself to talk and please throughout the dinner, which Walter went through in silence, drinking largely, though scarcely eating at all—for Kinloch Houran was not a place which encouraged an appetite. After dinner, in the midst of one of Underwood's stories, Walter lighted a candle abruptly, and, saying he was going to bed, left his companion without apologising or reason given. It was impossible to be more rude. The captain felt the check, for he had a considerable development of vanity, and was in the habit of amusing the people whom he chose to make himself agreeable to. But this affront, too, he swallowed. "He will have come to himself by morning," he said. In the morning, however, Walter was only more gloomy and unwilling to listen, and determined not to respond. It was only when in the middle of the breakfast he received a note brought by a mounted messenger who waited for an answer, that he spoke. He flung it open across the table to Underwood with a harsh laugh.

"Is this your doing, too?" he cried.

"My doing, Erradeen!"

Underwood knew very well what it was before he looked at it. It was from Lady Herbert, explaining that she had only just heard that Lord Erradeen was so near a neighbour, and begging him, if he was not, like all the other gentlemen, on the hills, that he would come ("and your friend Captain Underwood") to luncheon that day to cheer two forlorn ladies left all by themselves in this wilderness. "And you will meet an old friend," it concluded playfully. The composition

was Julia's, and had not been produced without careful study.

"My doing!" said Captain Underwood. "Can you suppose that I want you to marry, Erradeen?"

It was a case, he thought, in which truth was best.

Walter started up from his seat.

"Marry!" he cried, with a half shout of rage and dismay.

"Well, my dear fellow, I don't suppose you are such a fool; but, of course, that is what *she* means. The fair Julia——"

"Oblige me," cried Lord Erradeen, taking up once more his position on the hearth, "by speaking civilly when you speak of ladies in my house."

"Why, bless me, Erradeen, you gave me the note——"

"I was a fool—that is nothing new. I have been a fool since the first day when I met you and took you for something more than mortal. Oh, and before that!" cried Walter bitterly. "Do not flatter yourself that you did it. It is of older date than you."

"The fair Julia——" Underwood began; but he stopped when his companion advanced upon him threatening, with so gloomy a look and so tightly strained an arm that the captain judged it wise to change his tone. "I should have said, since we are on punctilio, that Miss Herbert and you are older acquaintances than you and I, Erradeen."

"Fortunately you have nothing to do with that," Walter said, perceiving the absurdity of his rage.

Then he walked to the window and looked out so long and silently that the anxious watcher began to think the incident over. But it was not till Walter, after this period of reflection, had written a note and sent it to the messenger, that he ventured to speak.

"You have accepted, of course. In the circumstances it would be uncivil——"

Walter looked at him for a moment, breaking off his sentence as if he had spoken.

"I have something to tell you," he said. "My mother is coming to Auchnasheen."

"Your mother!" Underwood's voice ran into a quaver of dismay.

"You will see that in the circumstances, as you say, I am forced to be uncivil. When my mother is here she will, of course, be the mistress of the house; and she, as you know——"

"Will not ask me to prolong my visit," said the captain, with an attempt at rueful humour. "I think we may say as much as that, Erradeen."

"I fear it is not likely," Walter said.

Captain Underwood gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle.

"You will be bored to death. Mark my words, I know you well enough. You will never be able to put up with it. You will be ready to hang yourself in a week. You will come off to me. It is the best thing that could happen so far as I am concerned—wishing to preserve your friendship as I do——"

"Is it friendship, then, that has bound us together?" said Lord Erradeen.

"What else? Disinterested friendship on my part. I take your laugh rather ill, Erradeen. What have I gained by it, I should like to know? I've liked you, and I liked the last man before you. I have put up with a great deal from you—tempers like a silly woman, vagaries of all sorts, discontent and abuse. Why have I put up with all that?"

"Why indeed? I wish you had not," said the young man scornfully. "Yes, you have put up with it, and made your pupil think the worse of you with every fresh exercise of patience. I should like to pay you for all that dirty work."

"Pay me!" the captain said, faltering a little. He was not a very brave man, though he could hold his own; and there was a force of passion and youth in his "pupil"—with what bitterness that word was said!—that alarmed him a little. Besides, Walter

had a household of servants behind him—grooms, keepers, all sorts of people—who held Captain Underwood in no favour. "Pay me! I don't know how you could pay me," he said.

"I should like to do it—in one way; and I shall do it—in another," said Walter still somewhat fiercely. Then once more he laughed. He took out a pocket-book from his coat, and out of that a cheque. "You have been at some expense on my account," he said; "your journey has been long and rapid. I consider myself your debtor for that, and for the—good intention. Will this be enough?"

In the bitter force of his ridicule and dislike, Walter held out the piece of paper as one holds a sweetmeat to a child. The other gave a succession of rapid glances at it to make out what it was. When he succeeded in doing so a flush of excitement and eagerness covered his face. He put out his hand nervously to clutch it with the excited look of the child before whom a prize is held out, and who catches at it before it is snatched away. But he would not acknowledge this feeling.

"My lord," he said, with an appearance of dignity offended, "you are generous; but to pay me, as you say, and offer money in place of your friendship——"

"It is an excellent exchange, Underwood. This is worth something, if not very much—the other," said Walter with a laugh, "nothing at all."

Perhaps this was something like what Captain Underwood himself thought, as he found himself, a few hours later, driving along the country roads towards the railway station, retracing the path which he had travel led two days before with many hopes and yet a tremor. His hopes were now over, and the tremor too; but there was something in his breast pocket better, for the moment at least, than any hopes, which kept him warm, even though the wind was cold. He had failed in his attempt to fix himself once more permanently on Lord Erra-

deen's shoulders—an attempt in which he had not been very sanguine. It was a desperate venture, he knew, and it had failed; but, at the same time, circumstances might arise which would justify another attempt, and that one might not fail: and, in the meantime, his heart rose with a certain elation when he thought of that signature in his breast pocket. *That* was worth an effort, and nothing could diminish its value. Friendship might fail, but a cheque is substantial. He had something of the dizzy feeling of one who has fallen from a great height, and has not yet got the giddiness of the movement out of his head. And yet he was not altogether discouraged. Who could tell what turn the wheel of fortune might take? and, in the meantime, there was that bit of paper. The horse was fresh, and flew along the road, up and down, at a pace very different from that of Big John's steeds, which had brought Captain Underwood to Auchnasheen. About half way along he came up to the waggonette from Birkenbraes, in which was Mr. Braithwaite and his luggage, along with two other guests, ladies, bound for the station, and escorted by Mr. Williamson and Katie, as was their way.

"Dear me, is that Underwood?" cried Mr. Williamson with the lively and simple curiosity of rural use and wont. "So you're there, captain," he said, as the dog-cart came up behind the heavier carriage.

"No, I'm not here—I'm going," said Underwood, quickly, "hurrying to catch the train."

"Oh, there is plenty of time; we are going too. (Bless me," he said aside, "how many visitors think you they can have had in yon old place?) I am thinking ye have been with our young neighbour, Lord Erradeen."

"That is an easy guess. I am leaving him, you mean. Erradeen is a reformed character. He is turning over a new leaf—and full time too," Captain Underwood cried, raising his voice that he might be heard over the

rattle of the two carriages. Notwithstanding the cheque which kept him so warm, he had various grudges against Walter, and did not choose to lose the opportunity for a little mischief.

"It is always a good thing," said Mr. Williamson, "to turn over a new leaf. We have all great occasion to do that."

"Especially when there are so many of them," the captain cried, as his light cart passed the other. He met the party again at the station, where they had to wait for the train. Katie stood by herself in a thoughtful mood while the departing guests consulted over their several boxes, and Captain Underwood seized the moment: "I am sorry to lose the fun," he said, in a confidential tone, "but I must tell you, Miss Williamson, what is going to happen. Erradeen has been pursued up here into his stronghold by one of the many ladies—I expect to hear she has clutched hold of him before long, and then you'll have a wedding."

"Is that why you are going away, Captain Underwood?"

"He has gone a little too far, you know, that is the truth," said the captain. "I am glad he is not going to take in any nice girl. I couldn't have stood by and seen that. I should have had to warn her people. Even Miss Julia, by Jove! I'm sorry for Miss Julia, if she gets him. But she is an old campaigner; she will know how to take care of herself."

"Is it because Lord Erradeen is so bad that you are leaving him, or because he is going to be good?" Katie asked. Captain Underwood on ordinary occasions was a little afraid of her; but his virtuous object fortified him now.

"Oh, by Jove! he goes too far," said Underwood. "I am not squeamish, heaven knows, but he goes too far. I can speak now that it's all over between him and me. I never could bear to see him with nice girls; but he's got his match in Miss Julia. The

fair Julia—that is another pair of shoes.”

“Who was he meaning with his fair Julias?” said Mr. Williamson as they drove away. “Yon’s a scoundrel, if there ever was one, and young Erradeen is well rid of him. But when thieves cast out, honest folk get their ain. Would yon be true?”

Katie was in what her father called “a brown study,” and did not care to talk. She only shook her head—a gesture which could be interpreted as any one pleased.

“I am not sure,” said Mr. Williamson, in reply. “He knows more about Lord Erradeen than any person on the loch. But who is the fair Julia, and is he really to be married to her? I would like fine to hear all about it. I will call at Auchnasheen in the afternoon and see what he has to say.”

But Katie remained in her brown study, letting her father talk. She knew very well who the fair Julia was. She remembered distinctly the scene at Burlington House. She saw with the clearest perception what the tactics were of the ladies at the Lodge. Katie had been somewhat excited by the prospect of being Oona’s rival, which was like something in a book. It was like the universal story of the young man’s choice, not between Venus and Minerva, or between good and evil, but perhaps, Katie thought, between poetry and prose, between the ideal and the practical. She was interested in that conflict, and not unwilling in all kindness and honour to play her part in it. Oona would be the ideal bride for him, but she herself, Katie felt, would be better in a great many ways, and she did not feel that she would have any objection to marry Lord Erradeen. But here was another rival with whom she did not choose to enter the lists. It is to be feared that Katie in her heart classified Miss Herbert as Vice, as the sinner against whom every man is to be warned, and turned with some scorn from any comparison with her meretricious at-

tractions. But she was fair and just, and her heart had nothing particular to do with the matter; so that she was able calmly to wait for information, which was not Oona’s case.

It had been entirely at random that Lord Erradeen had announced his mother’s approaching arrival to Underwood. The idea had come into his mind the moment before he made use of it, and he had felt a certain amusement in the complete success of this hastily-assumed weapon. It had been so effectual that he began to think it might be available in other conflicts as well as this: and in any case he felt himself pledged to make it a matter of fact. He walked to the village when Underwood had gone, to carry at once his intention into effect. Though it was only a cluster of some half dozen houses, it had a telegraph-office—as is so general in the Highlands—and Walter sent a brief, emphatic message, which he felt would carry wild excitement into Sloebury. “You will do me a great favour if you will come at once, alone,” was Walter’s message. He was himself slightly excited by it. He began to think over all those primitive relationships of his youth as he walked along the quiet road. There was sweetness in them, but how much conflict, trouble, embarrassment!—claims on one side to which the other could not respond—a sort of authority, which was no authority—a duty which did nothing but establish grievances and mutual reproach. His mind was still in the state of exhaustion which Captain Underwood had only temporarily disturbed; and a certain softening was in the weakened faculties, which were worn out with too much conflict. Poor mother, after all! He could remember, looking back, when it was his greatest pleasure to go home to her, to talk to her, pouring every sort of revelation into her never-wearied ears; all his school successes and tribulations, all about the other fellows, the injustices that were done,

the triumphs that were gained. Could women interest themselves in all that as she had seemed to interest herself? or had she sometimes found it a bore to have all these schoolboy experiences poured forth upon her? Miss Merivale had very plainly thought it a bore; his voice had given her a headache. But Mrs. Ruthven never had any headaches, nor anything that could cloud her attention. He remembered now that his mother was not a mere nursery woman—that she read a great deal more than he himself did, knew many things he did not know, was not silly, or a fool, or narrow-minded, as so many women are. Was it not a little hard, after all, that she should have nothing of her son but the schoolboy prattle? She had been everything to him when he was a boy, and now she was nothing to him; perhaps all the time she might have been looking forward to the period when he should be a man, and have something more interesting to talk over with her than a cricket-match—for, to be sure, when one came to think of it, she could have no personal interest in a cricket-match. A momentary *serrement* of compunction came to Walter's heart. Poor mother! he said to himself; perhaps it was a little hard upon her. And she must have the feeling, to make it worse, that she had a right to something better. He could not even now get his mind clear about that right.

As he returned from the telegraph-office he too met the waggonette from Birkenbraes, which was stopped at sight of him with much energy on the part of Mr. Williamson.

"We've just met your friend Captain Underwood. If you'll not take it amiss, Lord Erradeen, I will say that I'm very glad you're not keeping a man like that about you. But what is this about—a lady? I hear there's a lady—the fair—— What did he call her, Katie? I am not good at remembering names."

"It is of no consequence," said Katie, with a little rising colour, "what such a man said."

"That's true, that's true," said her father; "but still, Erradeen, you must mind we are old friends now, and let us know what's coming. The fair—— Toots, I thought of it a minute ago! It's ridiculous to forget names."

"You may be sure I shall let you know what's coming. My mother is coming," Walter said.

And this piece of news was so unexpected and startling that the Williamsons drove off with energy to spread it far and near. Mr. Williamson himself was as much excited as if it had been of personal importance to him.

"Now that will settle the young man," he said; "that will put many things right. There has not been a lady at Auchnasheen since ever I have been here. A mother is the next best thing to a wife, and very likely the one is in preparation for the other, and ye will all have to put on your prettiest frocks for her approval." He followed this with one of his big laughs, looking round upon a circle in which there were various young persons who were very marriageable. "But I put no faith in Underwood's fair—what was it he called her?" Mr. Williamson said.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

PUBLIC attention in England continues to have its central object in the doings of France, and the close of the month finds us, as did its opening, still watching with uneasy eye her course in remote waters. The danger of war between China and France has been, and perhaps still remains, imminent. Each day has brought its rumours, and the diplomatic barometer has recorded a rapid series of alternations between stormy and fair. At the moment there is reason to hope that a perilous and confusing struggle between the East and the West is being turned aside. The good offices of the British Government have been naturally and beneficently interposed, and it looks as if this time—unlike the history of last year—Lord Granville would do more by a sage and amicable diplomacy, than if he were to hurry into the fray with a Palmerstonian clatter of ironclads. Whether France recedes or persists, grave mischief will have been done by the unfortunate policy which she has imitated from what was our own pattern hardly a generation ago. For the hour, however, all interest centres on the actual issue of peace or war. One occasion of misgiving had already passed out of the acute stage at the end of August. The English missionary who had been arrested by the French commander in Madagascar on what is obviously a preposterous charge of having given to the French soldiers drugged wine was released from the ship in which he had been for some time detained. The French Government acted with honourable promptitude, and fully justified the anticipations worthily expressed by Mr. Gladstone that reasonable and reserved language on our part would be met in an upright and conciliatory spirit. In spite of the

urgent cries of some hurried politicians, the English Government, much to its credit, took for granted that the French Republic would act towards us with fairness and courtesy, instead of starting on a conventional, mischievous, and truly discreditable presumption to the contrary. The release of Mr. Shaw, however, does not close the incident. "It was a mistake," said Lord Hartington, in his speech at Sheffield, "to suppose that the arrest of Mr. Shaw was necessarily a ground of quarrel between us and the French Republic, and it would be equally a mistake to suppose that the release of Mr. Shaw has removed the ground of difference between us and our neighbours." Meanwhile Admiral Pierre, by whose orders it was that Mr. Shaw underwent a detention of more than two months in French quarters, came home and died in the quarantine station at Marseilles. The British consul and the French admiral are not the only two conspicuous persons in Madagascar affairs whom death has removed. On July 13th the Queen of Madagascar died, but she has been succeeded by her niece, Ranavalo III., and all goes on as before. The French demands, which include a recognition of sovereignty over one-sixth of the island, as well as permission to French subjects to own land, and the payment of an indemnity, are still resisted, and the Hova forces are strong enough to confine their invaders to Tamatave.

It suited some politicians to trace the release of the English missionary to an article that was published about the same time in the columns of a German newspaper. There is no solid reason for believing that either event had anything to do with the other. Prince Bismarck's semi-official organ suddenly surprised Europe by a sharp

and peremptory warning to France that the aggressive language of some of her prints could not be for ever acquiesced in by her long-suffering neighbour across the Rhine. As a matter of fact no Parisian journal had dropped a hint or a phrase at which the most susceptible German could take umbrage. The lecture of the *Nord-deutsche Zeitung*, which has been followed up by a couple of others, was absolutely unprovoked. The Germans are not a delicate race, nor do their official penmen much affect the veil of polite and considerate expression. But France is helpless. She has no ally; her army is inferior in numbers and equipment; and if it were not so, she has no practice in the art of rapid mobilisation. The French newspapers bore the stroke with dignity and self-control, but it will be remembered. These brutal methods may answer their purpose, whatever it may have been, for the moment, and may pass with the shortsighted for masterly statesmanship. But they are not very civilised, and in the long run they are apt to cost very dear. They do not raise the moral level of European opinion, and they will make the day of reckoning more formidable as well as more inevitable. Whether the interviews that have taken place this month between Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky at Salzburg concerned affairs in the West or affairs in the East, nobody knows. But at least they indicate no cooling of the alliance between Germany and Austria. Italy is as alienated from France as before. The visit of the King of Spain to Vienna, and some of the circumstances attending it, are taken to mean that the Spanish monarchy has joined the two great powers of central Europe. The Spanish monarchy has too many troubles of its own to be able either to help or to molest its neighbours at all seriously. But "in the catalogue" it goes for a Power. It serves to complete what has been called the policy of circumvallation against France.

In this, however, time may soon make

many breaches. The disturbances in Croatia, which, like disturbances in Ireland, are partly agrarian and partly nationalist, and which are only an acute phase of a restlessness that has been chronic for at least forty years, prevent us from forgetting the harassing internal troubles of the Dual Kingdom. The various manœuvres in the Balkan Peninsula—the approaching triumph of the anti-Austrian party in Servia, the combinations of Bulgarian nationalists and Russian agents in the Principality, the beginnings of an unfriendly agitation in the kingdom of Roumania in spite of the friendliness of the king—remind us at the same time of another quarter where Austria-Hungary may at any time find herself engaged. That is but a shallow policy that makes no allowance for future rifts and not remote, in Prince Bismarck's hand-to-mouth combinations, or for the future revival of a powerful France.

The Austrian government paid the Republic the compliment of forbidding a Royalist demonstration around the grave of the Comte de Chambord at Goritz. Such a demonstration could hardly have done the Republic any hurt. "The death of the Count," said one journalist, "is not a political event." Nor, he might have added, can the Legitimist Rump ever again be a political force. The obscure dispute at the dead prince's obsequies brought its political significance still lower. The Orleanist prince might have been humiliated if he had taken any but the first place in the funeral pomp, but he did not escape humiliation in the fact that the first place was denied to him. It was perhaps well that the almost splendid implacability of the Comtesse de Chambord took this turn. The imagination of France might have been touched for a moment by the death of the royal dreamer, on whose coffin was inscribed the famous historic title of King of France and Navarre. But historic sentimentalism was rudely awakened by the reminder that the true represen-

tative of the Bourbon race and its principle of Divine Right is not the son of a bourgeois intriguer like Louis Philippe, but Francis II. of Naples, and Don Carlos of Spain, and the other members of that black and sinister band, whose names symbolise all that is darkened in thought, all that is superstitious in faith, all that is disorderly, tyrannical, and cruel in government. Don Carlos has formally withdrawn claims that could never have been seriously harboured, and if some day or other under stress of passing disaster, the French nation in a moment of religious and political reaction, should bethink itself of returning to monarchy, that system may perchance be restored for a little time in the person of the prince who has now returned to Eu, with the tranquil phlegm that, like Louis XVI., he inherits from a Teutonic mother. Of this reaction, which must be clerical, if it come at all, there is at present happily not a single sign on the horizon.

The case of Mr. Shaw disclosed, what in truth could be no surprise to those who watch the various drifts and currents that make up public opinion, one of the most singular and, under certain easily imaginable contingencies, one of the most formidable obstacles, to persistency in a policy of equity, peace, and good sense. Mr. Gladstone was brought into power in 1880, not because he had taken a certain view of the proper settlement of the difficulties of the Balkan Peninsula, but because he was believed to be the special champion of the cause of peace, and of the principle that morality belongs as much to public policy as to private conduct. This was one of the secrets of the enthusiasm with which the Nonconformists rallied to his banner. But the Nonconformists have a zealous interest, which for that matter is shared by a vast body of Churchmen, in proselytising missions to the backward races. Madagascar has been a

favourite scene of these operations, which are perhaps not quite so beneficent as their supporters believe, but which at any rate in some respects show the earnestness of English character at its best. The figures of the missionary work in Madagascar for ten years show scores of stations, hundreds of native preachers, thousands of native adherents, and tens of thousands of native children in the schools. It is no wonder that the thought of this prosperous field passing under the influence of a government, which, though aggressively hostile to ecclesiasticism at home, does not disdain to favour Jesuits abroad, should have touched a sensitive fibre. "Never," says one of their most important organs, "never since Nonconformists first rallied to the standard of Mr. Gladstone . . . has their faith in the great statesman been subjected to severer tension than at the present moment in regard to the action of the French in Madagascar." In the same spirit, and in tones as loud, the same people complain of natives among whom missionaries had worked in Bechuanaland being abandoned to the tender mercies of marauders from the Transvaal. With significant reproach they point to the great Puritan precedent. "Cromwell," they cry, "interfered for the Waldenses; and we are accustomed to pride ourselves both on that interference and its result, as Liberals and as Nonconformists"—of which we can only remark, by the way, that Cromwell himself looked upon the result of his interference with disappointment and chagrin. In practice, of course, this doctrine brings its professors dangerously close to the unclean things of Jingoism and that ideal of a "spirited foreign policy" which in 1880 figured as the abomination of desolation. We are assured by competent authorities that there is "a considerable divergence of opinion among Nonconformists" on this matter, and it may well be so. But the indication deserves to be carefully

noted. If the dominant policy of the future lies in contracting rather than in extending our national responsibilities towards backward races, sentiment of this kind will have to be reckoned with. It is a curious paradox, though unfortunately not novel, in human history, that the special disciples of the morality of the New Testament should be so ready to fall into the truculent impatience of the heroes of the Old. The motive has an unselfish and even a noble side, but there is a danger that in the first place it may lead to a want of sobriety in considering the action of other countries, and in the second that it may withdraw to what are called the heathen abroad, the energy and the resources that are only too sorely needed for the worse than heathen at home. The workmen in the country appear to have an intuition of this. Their influence, which must be a rapidly growing one, will be thrown into the scale in favour of a sage, pacific, and cautious handling of all difficulties that will arise between ourselves and other nations.

We have said something above of the influence of a laudable sympathy with weaker races in some popular judgments on French action in Madagascar. Our colonists unfortunately are a generation or two behind us in respect of the consideration that we now think due to native populations. They are where we ourselves were, so long as material exigencies tempted or forced us to make light of what justice and humanity would have prescribed in our dealings with people in a lower stage of social development, and worse equipped in the fatal struggle for existence. Not only in Queensland itself, but in Victoria and in New South Wales, lively disgust and disappointment has been kindled by the refusal of the Imperial Government in Downing Street to acquiesce in the annexation of New Guinea. Here again it is the activity of France that is made the plea for action by England and her sons in the southern

seas. It is notorious, say the colonists, that in the French convict colony of New Caledonia a busy movement has been set afoot for placing both New Guinea and the New Hebrides under the tricolor of France. A French company at Noumea, so they are informed, has actually bought land in one of the New Hebrides, and formal annexation may be found to have taken place at any moment. In that case, they apprehend the accession of the worst possible neighbours in the shape of escaped convicts and inveterate criminals, who, after undergoing French sentences at home, are to be banished into these regions for life. It is supposed that 60,000 of these gentry will be despatched within the next dozen years, at the rate of 5,000 per annum. How would you like it, the colonists inquire of us, if France were to transport her most incorrigible convicts to Shetland and the Orkneys? The annexation of New Guinea by a foreign power, they maintain, would impose upon them the hateful burden of a permanent tax for a defensive military and naval force. On the other hand, it is contended, and according to Mr. Gladstone's statement in Parliament a few weeks ago, we are at liberty to believe, that there is no likelihood of any foreign power taking possession of the coveted islands. On this view it is not nervous fear of France, Russia, or Germany that really prompts the annexation of New Guinea, but the substantial demand for labour on the Queensland plantations. Until the day when the magistrate on Thursday Island annexed New Guinea, or supposed himself to be annexing it, the labour vessels had not attempted operations on that coast. That act had no sooner taken place than a vessel started in search of labourers. For three months, as the story goes, the brigantine was not heard of, but a month ago she returned to Queensland with a gross of labourers on board, obtained in New Guinea and elsewhere, but not without murderous

conflicts with the islanders. This is a foretaste of what is to come. Honest and impartial observers on the spot admit that there neither is nor can be any guarantee that the labourers understand the terms of the agreement on which they embark. There is a Government agent on board, but nobody pretends that these agents are very squeamish. What is our true policy in face of such a process? "If the annexation," it is argued by some, "had been consummated, the labour traffic with New Guinea would have been at once subjected to such regulations as would have prevented the islanders from being improperly shipped. The natives would have been better protected than those belonging to any of the islands of Polynesia at present. To refuse annexation is to leave them unprotected." That is one answer; it comes from some of the most honest men in the Australian colonies, and it finds favour with many honest and enlightened men at home. Others argue that a protectorate of this kind from Downing Street is too remote to be effective against the overmastering pressure of interests on the spot; that though for the moment the Australian colonies are not unwilling to offer to contribute towards the cost, they would not be disposed to make themselves indefinitely liable for an outlay over which they would have imperfect control; that the colonies are not equally interested, and that those least interested would hardly care to pay towards the objects of the others; in short, therefore, that we at home shall do best to leave the work, with all its difficulties, risks, and cost, to the colonies concerned, to deal with on such terms as may to them seem best. But this, like so much else, is *dictu quam re facilius*, more easily said than done. Suppose that Queensland, or Victoria, or some confederated Dominion of the Southern Cross were to fall into a quarrel with France or with Germany. Is Great Britain to stand by while they are eaten up, or is

she to be bound to take up a cause which she may not be able in justice or expediency to defend, and which may impose heavier burdens, military and financial, than she may find it convenient to bear? Are we to be responsible after the event, without power to control it? If the colonies, on the other hand, are to abide by the policy prescribed from Downing Street, will they not in their turn, and for the like reasons, demand their share in its inspiration and control? Questions of this kind are not urgent, though their interest is already something more than merely speculative. The discussions of the Colonial Congress which met at Amsterdam this month only foreshadow controversies that may at any moment pass beyond the academic stage. Meanwhile, we may remind the sentimental politicians who entreat us by all the angels to draw closer the relations between the mother country and the colonies, that the least likely way of making ourselves pleasant to our distant kinsfolk is to insist on dictating their policy in respect of labour. Yet the latter is the very object that animates this particular school in their talk about a closely-knit colonial empire. Nor is it probable that we shall solve the problem offhand by any one political principle. We shall deal with cases as they arise, and as best we can. Both objects are excellent, but we may yet find that each is incompatible with the other.

In that portion of the Empire which, though closest to us in geographical space, is most alien in sympathy and affection, things remain moderately quiet. The sixty undetected murders of the last three years remain undetected, in spite of the vigorous administration of the Crimes Act—a significant proof of the popular connivance at these lawless enforcements of the popular will. Occasional acts of violence occur from week to week, and there is no reason to doubt that the organisation of the National League is silently progressing. The latest application of the principle

has been made by the shepherds of the west, who are supposed to have already enrolled no fewer than 2,000 members of an association adopting the ordinary maxims and practices of trade unionism. At Ballinasloe, in Clare, in Kerry, there have been bad cases of incendiarism, of firing into dwellings, of assault, and in the region between Killarney and Kenmare, a man who had broken the agrarian code was only the other day shot dead. But the ostensible watchword for the moment is for quiet, and the Lord Lieutenant has felt himself able to discontinue the costly administration of the law by special resident magistrates. Meetings have been already held in many places with a view to taking advantage of the new facilities for constructing light railways, and steps are being taken to form companies with limited liability, for the purchase of estates which are suitable either for re-sale to the existing tenants or for the settlement of newcomers from the congested districts.

Immediately after the close of the session, Mr. Parnell spoke at Dublin with his usual calm assurance of tone, pointing out the substantial advantages that Ireland had gained in the measures providing for tramways, for migration, for the facilitating of purchase, all at the risk of the national exchequer; for the aid of the Irish fisheries; and for the construction, out of a local rate where necessary, of more decent dwellings for Irish labourers. There can be no doubt that in more than one of these measures, the Imperial legislature has assented to a new and remarkable departure, and that Mr. Parnell is justified in congratulating himself and his party on their successes during the session. We may assume that his own complacency and the vehemence of some of his lieutenants during the last few days of the session, each of them work in the same direction upon the opinion of the constituencies. Mr. Parnell's list of measures satisfies the popular desire for what the French call the *Solid*. Mr. Healy's strong

language reassures the popular desire to show an implacable front to the British Government, no matter how many gifts it may bring. It is worthy of remark that in a speech at Newcastle-on-Tyne (Sept. 13), Mr. Healy himself admitted that though the Cabinet "contained nine or ten utterly worthless persons, it had also three or four men of genius, of character, of principle, of integrity, of conscience;" and that if Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain had their way, Ireland would never have fallen out with the Liberal party. Whether this is complimentary and reassuring to the party, or the reverse, politicians may be left to judge for themselves.

As if to remind us of the Sisyphean nature of Irish pacification, Mr. Davitt has been making a short progress; everywhere he has been received with enthusiasm, with bands, triumphal arches, and large crowds—at Cappamore, at Cashel, at Waterford. Cappamore is a poor little place in the county of Limerick; yet in spite of rain and wind ten thousand people poured in to hear him; and in spite of the Pope's circular, a priest was in the chair, and a dozen other priests attended. Mr. Davitt preached on the old text, that the landlords must go; but he gave a new hint as to the compensation to which they are entitled for going. "The landlords themselves," he said, "and that hereditary obstructive chamber, the House of Lords, had laid down the doctrine of compensation, which, he trusted, would be applied to themselves when the time came for finally dispossessing Ireland of them. They had declared that the tenant was compensated for his improvements by enjoyment. Why should not the landlords themselves be declared to have compensated themselves by enjoyment? Since the passage of the Act of Union the landlords had taken £1,200,000,000 out of Ireland—wealth not created by them, but by the farmers and industrial classes. If, therefore, full justice were done to Irish landlords they would not receive their fares from Kingstown to

Holyhead." This short and simple statement of the case naturally makes the musing politician wonder, if the Irish were some day to have a legislature of their own as Canada or Victoria has, and if Mr. Davitt were to bring it forward there, as he or somebody else would be quite sure to do, how such a proposal as this would be dealt with. Men like Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy, distinguished by aptitudes for the common sense of business, might throw themselves on the side of what we may call conservatism and order; but would not the thousands who cheered Mr. Davitt's confiscatory project on the platform, insist upon it in the chamber? One cannot tell, but the question is of vital importance.

The other political deliverances of the recess have so far not been very significant. Lord Hartington at Sheffield was colourless, if judicious, but he again used language about Egypt which dismays the partisans of a prolonged protectorate, and satisfies those who believe that the influence of Sir Evelyn Baring will be a surer guarantee for all reasonable objects of ours in Egypt than a handful of British troops. "If they are wise," says Lord Hartington, "the Khedive and his Government will make good use of the time which lies before them before the British House of Commons again comes together to demand an account of the situation; and will be able to show such a list of reforms accomplished, and guarantees for freedom and order given, as will make it an easy task for us, even in the opinion of the most timid of our critics, greatly to reduce, if not altogether to remove, the Army of Occupation from the soil of Egypt." In other words, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues feel the necessity of being able to tell their supporters in the House of Commons in February that the evacuation of Egypt by our troops is by that time tolerably near completion. Obviously, if they are not in some such position, they will be under the humiliating obligation of having to confess that the policy with which they

entered upon the task of restoring order in Egypt has broken down. In the meantime, the situation is a very equivocal one for us. Abuses of Egyptian administration are every day pressed upon the notice of the English public by the advocates of prolonged military occupation. As if the expenses of that occupation and the several millions of indemnity that were awarded to those who suffered from the war, made it easier for the Egyptian Government to provide the machinery of effective administration. What we are doing is to hold up a state of things in which the foreign creditor is paid in full, while the actual government of the country is starved and crippled.

On a question that excites the public mind much more generally and more profoundly than any present point of international policy, Mr. Bright has at last declared himself in his speech at Birmingham. What can legislation do to check the practice of intemperance? What system may best be substituted for the present regulation of the sale of intoxicants by licensing magistrates? Is it expedient to give to the majority of ratepayers in a certain area the right of vetoing the sale? Mr. Bright thinks not. What he proposes is that a committee of the municipal council should be intrusted with the regulation of public houses, but that they should not have the power of suppressing them below a certain point. The licensing committee, according to Mr. Bright's suggestion, should not increase the number of houses in proportion to population, but on the other hand neither should they reduce the number below one half, if not the population remains the same. The experiment might be tried for ten years, and should be confined to boroughs. When the committee elected to close a public-house that had not been otherwise than respectably conducted, then the Corporation should compensate the owner. The fund out of which this compensation should be paid, would be raised from a license duty to be fixed by the Corporation, and to be used by it for municipal purposes.

On the whole it must be admitted that Mr. Bright's scheme has not come near to satisfying the most active sections of the party of reform. It is, they say, in its main principle nothing at all in advance of what actually exists, and has long existed, in Scotland: yet of all parts of the United Kingdom Scotland is the one where the cries of dissatisfaction with the licensing legislation are loudest, and the demands for prohibitive legislation most earnest. To give the ratepayers, through the councils, a direct money interest in the continuance of the sale would establish the trade on foundations more immovable than ever. To delegate the question of limitation to the municipalities, and then to limit their power of limitation, is denounced in some quarters as nothing less than "a miserable double-shuffle." To propose compensation to the publican, it is said, can only come from a misplaced feeling for the offender, instead of feeling for his victim, and is the result of an exaggerated doctrine of property. To give corporations the control means either at the time of municipal elections to postpone temperance to questions about drains or docks, or else to make it the single issue; and in the interests of good local government either alternative is as little desirable as the other.

Whatever be the force of objections of this kind, it is certain that they have, and are likely to have, great weight with those who are most in earnest in the legislative prevention of intemperance. It is hard to believe that the movement will stop short until the opportunity has been furnished for the experiment of downright prohibition. But what the local area is to be, and how the difficulties of compensation will be met or evaded, are questions in which few politicians as yet affect to see any daylight.

Like other and less eloquent people Mr. Bright, baffled by the awkward-

ness of making people temperate by Acts of Parliament, was obliged to fall back upon the spread of firmer habits of morality, and the diffusion of education in the public schools, as the sources of real improvement. But on this its Geneva correspondent writes to the *Times*:—

"Switzerland is one of the best educated countries in Europe, and Geneva the best educated and most intelligent canton in the Confederation. All the young recruits called out for training in the Federal army undergo a literary as well as physical examination, and Genevan recruits almost invariably head the list; yet Geneva is probably the most drinking, if not the most drunken, of the twenty-two cantons. I suspect Mr. Bright's Saxon friend drew too flattering a picture of his own country. I have lived in Saxony, and know something of the habits of the people. If there is not much open drunkenness among the Saxons, it is because they are well seasoned, and there can be no question that they drink a great deal more than is good for them. The quantity of beer they get through is astounding, and when they take spirits they generally take them raw. Educated people are naturally less prone to over-indulgence in drink than the non-educated; but over-indulgence is a relative term, and the idea that habitual drinking can be anything but beneficial has hardly, as yet, dawned on the Continental mind. In France women give wine to their children; in Germany they give them beer. It would require a special education to convince these women that they are wrong, and there are no teetotal societies to give the education. As far as the habit of drinking goes it seems abundantly clear, judging by the experience of Switzerland, that it tends to increase in proportion to the facilities offered for its indulgence."

In our own country we had hoped that the remarkable decline in the excise duties was one of the first fruits of ten years of a national system of education. The Chancellor of the Exchequer astonished and delighted temperance reformers by the statement in introducing his budget last April, that the consumption of wines and spirits had fallen off to such an extent within eight years as to be represented by a reduction of revenue to the tune of five millions sterling; and that, if you added beer, the falling off in the consumption would be represented by a threepenny income-tax. Unfortunately

the latest revenue returns show a sudden and unaccountable increase in the receipts under the head of excise. All teaches us the old lesson, that improvement in self-control and the habit of postponing immediate indulgence for the sake of future advantage to one's self or to others, is a plant of slow growth; that it needs to be nourished from sources many and various; and that we must prepare for manifold disappointments, being only careful to make each the starting-point of fresh effort.

After all, the temper and the intelligence of the great industrial classes constitute the decisive element in the social future. If the delegates who assemble annually at the Trades Union Congress may be taken as fair representatives of the workmen of the country, nothing could be more hopeful. The topics before the congress this year were, with one exception, of comparatively narrow and special interest. The general drift was in the direction of extended protection and supervision. There is a general desire that the proposal to prevent employers from contracting themselves out of their liability for accidents to their men, should become law; and the congress wished to make the owner of a ship as liable to the seamen in it as the employers of other kinds of labour. There is a demand for an increase in the number of inspectors and sub-inspectors, already a formidable host, in proportion to the enormous increase in the scale of universal production. Men in charge of engines of all kinds should be required to possess a certificate of competency, as is the master of a ship. In other spheres of interest, not peculiarly industrial, the congress protested against the clause in the codifying measure now before Parliament, empowering magistrates to hold inquiries where nobody is charged with a criminal offence; and it supported the various measures for increasing the direct political power of the industrial classes, such as the

extension of the hours of polling, the widening of the franchise, and the payment of members. One remarkable feature in the proceedings was the friendliness shown towards co-operation. Another was the turn of the discussion on the land question. This is the one subject, as we have said, that rises beyond a relatively narrow aim, and it is beyond all doubt or comparison the subject on which the interest of the artisans, even more than of the agricultural labourer, is at present most keenly stirred. Last year a considerable sensation was caused by the success of a resolution in favour of that vast project vaguely known as the nationalisation of the land. This year, Mr. Arch introduced a resolution which went no further than expressing an opinion in favour of "radical changes in our land system, so that the land may be cultivated for the benefit of the entire community;" and his speech turned on the two points of some sort of indefeasible tenant-right for the occupying farmer, and some scheme for bringing the ten million acres of waste land in the United Kingdom into cultivation. A prolonged discussion took place, in which the provincial delegates showed rather more weightiness of judgment than their metropolitan colleagues. An attempt was made to repeat the vote of last year, but it was defeated on the characteristic ground that by continuing to pass an unripe and impracticable resolution, they would only be allowing useful and possible reforms to slip. While we are all congratulating ourselves, and rightly so, on the good sense and moderation of the Congress, it is just as well not to forget the great host of unskilled labourers in the background. The movement that is on foot against state-aided emigration, and in favour of home colonisation, as a means of helping the London poor, is not at present very important, but some attempts are being made to press it in London, at Nottingham, Birmingham,

and elsewhere, and social observers will do well to keep an eye upon it.

In one of the greatest departments of industry there are signs of uneasiness. The strike of the cotton operatives at Ashton seems to bear a pretty close resemblance to the strike at Blackburn five years ago; and journalists and others show the same readiness now as was shown then to settle the right and wrong of the dispute by general propositions. The truth is that in such disputes general propositions of that sort are not only cheap but worthless. No opinion is worth having which is not based on a careful and thorough investigation of the special facts of the particular case in their whole range, and the generalia of the economic books are idle for purposes of practical judgment. Whether over-production has gone on until it is reaching a ruinous point, and whether the remedy consists in running fewer hours or in paying a lower rate of wages, are questions that can only be answered after careful study of detail. In 1878 we were told on both sides that the trade would never revive, yet, as we know, it did revive. The history of the trade has been one of many fluctuations. A diligent observer recounted the list of them at the time of the last Lancashire strike:—"In 1826-7 trade was bad and the mills in many localities ran but three days a week; but by 1828 trade had developed again and was prosperous. In 1841-2, the great 'plug-drawing time' trade had gone down again; but it looked up until 1847, when the country was distressed by the great potato panic and contemporaneous depression in trade. Many of the mills at this time stopped

September 22.

altogether for twenty weeks. But in the following year the cotton trade enjoyed even an unwonted prosperity. Agitation for the 10 per cent. which had been taken off was then started among the *employés*, and they got their request granted. Then there came the great lock-out of 1853, when the 10 per cent. was knocked off again. In 1857 there was the brief monetary panic. Next, in 1862, came the cotton panic, through the great dearth in the staple article caused by the Civil War in America, and the depression and suffering consequent thereon was so great that many of the operatives in Preston and neighbourhood actually kissed the bales of cotton as they arrived after the war was over, and trade revived. In 1866 the trade seemed to be favourably progressing, and the operatives got their list of prices. Then, in the early part of 1867, it relapsed, and the hands lost 5 per cent. It worsened, and in 1869 another 10 per cent. was taken off. By 1870 trade had improved, and the 10 per cent. was got back. Then came the run of prosperity followed by the recent lock-out and present depression."

The textile industries are not the only important branch of national business where anxiety prevails. A sudden recurrence of disease among cattle, in many parts of the country, has spread something like panic among the owners of stock. Whether the existing official arrangements for dealing with the disease are efficiently carried out, whether they ought to be strengthened or extended, or, finally, whether it might not now be best to leave official regulations alone altogether, are questions about which there is ample room for discussion.



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