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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1884.

EMERSON.¹

FORTY years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and renew what was to us the most national and natural institution in the world—the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: "After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fight-

ings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision." Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, and to the house of retreat and the church which he built there—a mean house, such as Paul might have lived in when he was tent-making at Ephesus, a church plain and thinly sown with worshippers—who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church-fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings from a generation which had well nigh forgotten them? Again I seem to hear him: "The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims. More dear to them that loneliness, more cheerful that severity, and more bright that gloom, than all those aids and appliances of luxury by which men nowadays attempt to make prayer less disagreeable to them. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realise that awful day, when they shall see Him face to face, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then."

Somewhere or other I have spoken of these "lost enchantments of the

¹ Address delivered in Boston, U.S.A.

Middle Age" which Oxford sheds around us, and here they were! But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides Newman's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used, and mis-used since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true; pathetic eloquence. Who can forget the emotion of receiving in its first freshness such a sentence as that sentence of Carlyle upon Edward Irving, then just dead: "Scotland sent him forth a herculean man; our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines—and it took her twelve years!" A greater voice still—the greatest voice of the century—came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle: the voice of Goethe. To this day—such is the force of youthful associations—I read the *Wilhelm Meister* with more pleasure in Carlyle's translation than in the original. The large, liberal view of human life in *Wilhelm Meister*, how novel it was to the Englishman in those days! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel. But what moved us most in *Wilhelm Meister* was that which, after all, will always move the young most—the poetry, the eloquence. Never surely was Carlyle's prose so beautiful and pure as in his rendering of the Youths' dirge for Mignon: "Well is our treasure now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying; in your hearts, also, it lives, it works. Travel, travel, back into life! Take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity." Here we had the voice of the great Goethe—not the stiff, and hindered, and frigid, and factitious Goethe who speaks to us too often from those sixty volumes of his, but of the great Goethe, and the true one.

And besides those voices, there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic—a clear and pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new,

and moving, and unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in the distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears—a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves in my mind as imperishably as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. "Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men." "What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand." "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age; betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!" These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of

like strain, I never have lost out of my memory ; I never *can* lose them.

At last I find myself in Emerson's own country, and looking upon Boston Bay. Naturally I revert to the friend of my youth. It is not always pleasant to ask oneself questions about the friends of one's youth ; they cannot always well support it. Carlyle, for instance, in my judgment, cannot well support such a return upon him. Yet we should make the return ; we should part with our illusions, we should know the truth. When I come to this country, where Emerson now counts for so much, and where such high claims are made for him, I pull myself together, and ask myself what the truth about this object of my youthful admiration really is. Improper elements often come into our estimate of men. We have lately seen a German critic make Goethe the greatest of all poets, because Germany is now the greatest of military powers, and wants a poet to match. Then, too, America is a young country ; and young countries, like young persons, are apt sometimes to evince in their literary judgments a want of scale and measure. I set myself, therefore, resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to indulgence. That is the safer course. Time has no indulgence ; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it, Time is sure to strip away.

I was reading the other day a notice of Emerson by a serious and interesting American critic. Fifty or sixty passages in Emerson's poems, says this critic—who had doubtless himself been nourished on Emerson's writings, and held them justly dear—fifty or sixty passages from Emerson's poems have already entered into English speech as matter of familiar and universally current quotation. Here is a specimen of that personal sort of estimate which, for my part, even in speaking of authors dear to me, I

would try to avoid.] What is the kind of phrase of which we may fairly say that it has entered into English speech as matter of familiar quotation ? Such a phrase, surely, as the "Patience on a monument" of Shakespeare ; as the "Darkness visible" of Milton ; as the "Where ignorance is bliss" of Gray. Of not one single passage in Emerson's poetry can it be truly said that it has become a familiar quotation like phrases of this kind. It is not enough that it should be familiar to his admirers, familiar in New England, familiar, even, throughout the United States ; it must be familiar to all readers and lovers of English poetry. Of not more than one or two passages in Emerson's poetry can it, I think, be truly said, that they stand ever-present in the memory of even most lovers of English poetry. Very many passages of his poetry are no doubt perfectly familiar to the mind and lips of the critic whom I have mentioned, and perhaps of a wide circle of American readers. But this is a very different thing from being matter of universal quotation, like the phrases of the legitimate poets.

And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think ; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself ; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish, too, is to say of him what is favourable. But I regard myself, not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself ; but rather, I repeat, as communing with Time and Nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit, and as resigning what of him is by their unalterable decree touched with caducity, in order the better to mark and secure that in him which is immortal.

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well,

Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness; it lacks concreteness; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed; in particular, the want of clearly marked distinction between the subject and the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the noble lines graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the *Fourth of July Ode* or the *Boston Hymn* is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course; but when we meet with them they give us a sense of surprise, so little has Emerson accustomed us to them. Let me have the pleasure of quoting one or two of these exceptional passages:—

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*"

Or again this:—

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply:
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.'"

Excellent! but how seldom do we get from him a strain blown so clearly and firmly! Take another passage where his strain has not only clearness, it has also grace and beauty:—

"And ever, when the happy child
In May beholds the blooming wild,
And hears in heaven the bluebird sing,
'Onward,' he cries, 'your baskets bring!
In the next field is air more mild,
And in yon hazy west is Eden's balmier
spring.'"

In the style and cadence here there is a reminiscence, I think, of Gray; at any rate the pureness, grace, and beauty of these lines are worthy even of Gray. But Gray holds his high rank as a poet, not merely by the beauty and grace of passages in his

poems; not merely by a diction generally pure in an age of impure diction: he holds it, above all, by the power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted. Here is his grand superiority to Collins, whose diction in his best poem, the *Ode to Evening*, is purer than Gray's; but then the *Ode to Evening* is like a river which loses itself in the sand, whereas Gray's best poems have an evolution sure and satisfying. Emerson's *May-day*, from which I just now quoted, has no real evolution at all; it is a series of observations. And, in general, his poems have no evolution. Take, for example, his *Titmouse*. Here he has an excellent subject; and his observation of Nature, moreover, is always marvellously close and fine. But compare what he makes of his meeting with his titmouse with what Cowper or Burns makes of the like kind of incident! One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse actually did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be quite sure that after all one has guessed right. He is not plain and concrete enough—in other words, not poet enough—to be able to tell us. And a failure of this kind goes through almost all his verse, keeps him amid symbolism and allusion and the fringes of things, and, in spite of his spiritual power, deeply impairs his poetic value. Through the inestimable virtue of concreteness, a simple poem like *The Bridge of Longfellow*, or the *School Days* of Mr. Whittier, is of more poetic worth, perhaps, than all the verse of Emerson.

I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go further, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire—writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style; writers whose prose is by a

kind of native necessity true and sound. Now the style of Emerson, like the style of his transcendentalist friends and of the *Dial* so continually—the style of Emerson is capable of falling into a strain like this, which I take from the beginning of his *Essay on Love*: “Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances.” Emerson altered this sentence in the later editions. Like Wordsworth, he was in later life fond of altering; and in general his later alterations, like those of Wordsworth, are not improvements. He softened the passage in question, however, though without really mending it. I quote it in its original and strongly marked form. Arthur Stanley used to relate that about the year 1840, being in conversation with some Americans in quarantine at Malta, and thinking to please them, he declared his warm admiration for Emerson’s *Essays*. However, the Americans shook their head, and told him that for home taste Emerson was decidedly two *greeny*. We will hope, for their sakes, that the sort of thing they had in their heads was such writing as I have just quoted. Unsound it is, indeed, and in a style impossible to a born man of letters.

It is a curious thing, that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man’s writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence, such as those which I quoted at the beginning; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigram; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer; his style has not the requisite wholeness of

good tissue. Even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, a great writer. He has surpassingly powerful qualities of expression, far more powerful than Emerson’s, and reminding one of the gifts of expression of the great poets—of even Shakespeare himself. What Emerson so admirably says of Carlyle’s “devouring eyes and portraying hand,” “those thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine, those fatal perceptions,” is thoroughly true. What a description is Carlyle’s of the first publisher of *Sartor Resartus*, to whom “the idea of a new edition of *Sartor* is frightful, or rather ludicrous, unimaginable;” of this poor Fraser, in whose “wonderful world of Tory pamphleteers, conservative Younger-brothers, Regent-street loungers, Crockford gamblers, Irish Jesuits, drunken reporters, and miscellaneous unclean persons (whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean), not a soul has expressed the smallest wish that way!” What a portrait, again, of the well-beloved John Sterling! “One, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of Infidelity (lighted up by some glare of Radicalism only, now growing *dim* too), and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgian Shovel-Hattedness.” What touches in his invitation of Emerson to London! “You shall see blockheads by the million; Pickwick himself shall be visible—innocent young Dickens reserved for a questionable fate. The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him to be a bore. Southey’s complexion is still healthy mahogany brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, man of genius in the shape of a cockney, is my near neighbour, with good humour and no common-sense; old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf chin.” How inimitable it all is! And finally, for

one must not go on for ever, this version of a London Sunday, with the public-houses closed during the hours of divine service! "It is silent Sunday; the populace not yet admitted to their beer-shops till the respectabilities conclude their rubric mummeries—a much more audacious feat than beer." Yet even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, to be called a great writer; one cannot think of ranking him with men like Cicero and Plato and Swift and Voltaire. Emerson freely promises to Carlyle immortality for his histories. They will not have it. Why? Because the materials furnished to him by that devouring eye of his, and that portraying hand, were not wrought in and subdued by him to what his work, regarded as a composition for literary purposes, required. Coming in conversation, breaking out in familiar correspondence, they are magnificent, inimitable; nothing more is required of them; thus thrown out anyhow, they serve their turn and fulfil their function. And, therefore, I should not wonder if really Carlyle lived, in the long run, by such an invaluable record as that correspondence between him and Emerson, of which we owe the publication to Mr. Charles Norton—by this and not by his works, as Johnson lives in Boswell, not by his works. For Carlyle's sallies, as the staple of a literary work, become wearisome; and as time more and more applies to Carlyle's works its stringent test, this will be felt more and more. Shakespeare, Molière, Swift—they too had, like Carlyle, the devouring eye and the portraying hand. But they are great literary masters, they are supreme writers, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials, and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect. Carlyle is too wilful for this, too turbid, too vehement.

You will think I deal in nothing but negatives. I have been saying that Emerson is not one of the great

poets, the great writers. He has not their quality of style. He is, however, the propounder of a philosophy. The Platonic dialogues afford us the example of exquisite literary form and treatment given to philosophical ideas. Plato is at once a great literary man and a great philosopher. If we speak carefully, we cannot call Aristotle or Spinoza or Kant great literary men, or their productions great literary works. But their work is arranged with such constructive power that they build a philosophy, and are justly called great philosophical writers. Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy. Emerson himself knew the defects of his method, or rather want of method, very well; indeed, he and Carlyle criticise themselves and one another in a way which leaves little for any one else to do in the way of formulating their defects. Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary production when he says of the *Dial*: "For me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy." And speaking of Emerson's orations he says: "I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well *Emersonised*—depicted by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him, then to live by itself. If these orations balk me of this, how profitable soever they may be for others, I will not love them." Emerson himself formulates perfectly the defect of his own philosophical productions when he speaks of his "formidable tendency to the lapidary style. I build my house of boulders." "Here I sit and read and write," he says again, "with very little system, and as far as regards

composition with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." Nothing can be truer; and the work of a Spinoza or Kant, of the men who stand as great philosophical writers, does not proceed in this wise.

Some people will tell you that Emerson's poetry, indeed, is too abstract, and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his *English Traits*. The *English Traits* are beyond question very pleasant reading. It is easy to praise them, easy to commend the author of them. But I insist on always trying Emerson's work by the highest standards. I esteem him too much to try his work by any other. Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the excellent markers and recorders of the traits of human life—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison—the *English Traits* will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in *Our Old Home* is the work of a man chagrined. Hawthorne's literary talent is of the first order. His subjects are generally not to me subjects of the highest interest; but his literary talent is of the first order, the finest, I think, which America has yet produced—finer, by much, than Emerson's. Yet *Our Old Home* is not a masterpiece any more than *English Traits*. In neither of them is the observer disinterested enough. The author's attitude in each of these cases can easily be understood and defended. Hawthorne was a sensitive man, so situated in England that he was perpetually in contact with the British Philistine; and the British Philistine is a trying personage. Emerson's systematic benevolence comes from what he himself calls somewhere his "persistent optimism;" and his persistent optimism is the root of his greatness and

the source of his charm. But still let us keep our literary conscience true, and judge every kind of literary work by the laws really proper to it. The kind of work attempted in the *English Traits* and in *Our Old Home* is work which cannot be done perfectly with a bias such as that given by Emerson's optimism or by Hawthorne's chagrin. Consequently, neither *English Traits* nor *Our Old Home* is a work of perfection in its kind.

Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of different kinds, when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself. It is hard not to feel despondency when we contemplate our failures and shortcomings; and Emerson, the least self-flattering and the most modest of men, saw so plainly what was lacking to him that he had his moments of despondency. "Alas, my friend," he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work—"Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature—the reporters; suburban men." He deprecated his friend's praise; praise "generous to a fault," he calls it; praise "generous to the shaming of me—cold, fastidious, ebbing person that I am. Already in a former letter you had said too much good of my poor little arid book, which is as sand to my eyes. I can only say that I heartily wish the book were better; and I must try and deserve so much favour from the kind gods by a bolder and truer living in the months to come—such as may perchance one day release and invigorate this cramp hand of mine. When I see how much work is to be done; what room for a poet, for any spiritualist, in this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America—I

lament my fumbling fingers and stammering tongue." Again, as late as 1870, he writes to Carlyle: "There is no example of constancy like yours, and it always stings my stupor into temporary recovery and wonderful resolution to accept the noble challenge. But 'the strong hours conquer us;' and I am the victim of miscellany—miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination." The forlorn note belonging to the phrase, "vast debility," recalls that saddest and most discouraged of writers, the author of *Obermann*, Senancour, with whom Emerson has in truth a certain kinship. He has in common with Senancour his pureness, his passion for nature, his single eye; and here we find him confessing, like Senancour, a sense in himself of sterility and impotence.

And now I think I have cleared the ground. I have given up to envious Time as much of Emerson as Time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematise them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand—like "boulders," as he says;—in "para-

graphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory. We all know them. First and foremost, character—character is everything. "That which all things tend to educe— which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver—is character." Character and self-reliance. "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string." And yet we have our being in a *not ourselves*. "There is a power above and behind us, and we are the channels of its communications." But our lives must be pitched higher. "Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes." The good we need is ever close to us, though we attain it not. "On the brink of the waters of life and truth, we are miserably dying." This good is close to us, moreover, in our daily life, and in the familiar, homely places. "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties—that is the maxim for us. Let us be poised and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well—treat them as if they were real: perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labour. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should not postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with; accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here."

Furthermore, the good is close to us *all*. "I resist the scepticism of our education and of our educated men. I do not believe that the differences of opinion and character in men are organic. I do not recognise, besides the class of the good and the wise, a permanent class of sceptics, or a class of conservatives, or of malignants, or of materialists. I do not believe in the classes. Every man has a call of the power to do something unique." Pretension is useless. "Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an *Iliad*, nor drove back Xerxes, nor christianised the world, nor abolished slavery." Exclusiveness is deadly. "The exclusive in social life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart you shall lose your own. The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit." A sound nature will be inclined to refuse ease and self-indulgence. "To live with some rigour of temperance, or some extreme of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men." Compensation, finally, is the great law of life; it is everywhere, it is sure, and there is no escape from it. This is that "Law alive and beautiful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it. We are all secret believers in it. It rewards actions after their nature. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt."

This is tonic indeed! And let no one object that it is too general; that more practical, positive direction is what we want; that Emerson's optimism, self-reliance, and indifference to favourable conditions for our life and growth have in them something of danger. "Trust thyself;" "what attracts my attention shall have it;" "though thou shouldst walk the world over thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble;" "what we call vulgar society is that society whose poetry is not yet written, but which you shall presently make as enviable and renowned as any." With maxims like these, we surely, it may be said, run some risk of being made too well satisfied with our own actual self and state, however crude and imperfect they may be. "Trust thyself?"—it may be said that the common American or Englishman is more than enough disposed already to trust himself. I often reply, when our sectarians are praised for following conscience: Our people are very good in following their conscience; where they are not so good is in ascertaining whether their conscience tells them right. "What attracts my attention shall have it?" Well, that is our people's plea when they run after the Salvation Army, and desire Messrs. Moody and Sankey. "Thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble?" But think of the turn of the good people of our race for producing a life of hideousness and immense ennui; think of that specimen of your own New England life which Mr. Howells gives us in one of his charming stories which I was reading lately; think of the life of that ragged New England farm in the *Lady of the Aroostook*, think of Deacon Blood and Aunt Maria, and the straight-backed chairs with black horse-hair seats, and Ezra Perkins with perfect self-reliance depositing his travellers in the snow! I can truly say that in the little which I have seen of the life of New England, I am more struck with what has

been achieved than with the crudeness and failure. But no doubt there is still a great deal of crudeness also. Your own novelists say there is, and I suppose they say true. In the New England, as in the Old, our people have to learn, it may be said, not that their modes of life are beautiful and excellent already; they have rather to learn that they must transform them.

To adopt this line of objection to Emerson's deliverances would, however, be unjust. In the first place, Emerson's points are in themselves true, if understood in a certain high sense; they are true and fruitful. And the right work to be done, at the hour when he appeared, was to affirm them generally and absolutely. Only thus could he break through the hard and fast barrier of narrow, fixed ideas, which he found confronting him, and win an entrance for new ideas. Had he attempted developments which may now strike us as expedient, he would have excited fierce antagonism, and probably effected little or nothing. The time might come for doing other work later, but the work which Emerson did was the right work to be done then.

In the second place, strong as was Emerson's optimism, and unconquerable as was his belief in a good result to emerge from all which he saw going on around him, no misanthropical satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously. When he sees "the meanness," as he calls it, "of American politics," he congratulates Washington on being "long already happily dead," on being "wrapt in his shroud and for ever safe." With how firm a touch he delineates the faults of your two great political parties of forty years ago! The Democrats, he says, "have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is de-

structive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the Conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation." Then with what subtle though kindly irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organisations—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like—follows it in all its "dissidence of dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion." He even loves to rally the New Englander on his philanthropical activity, and to find his beneficence and its institutions a bore. "Your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many of these now stand, alms to sots, and the thousand-fold relief societies—though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold." "Our Sunday-schools and churches and pauper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive." "Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the Temperance meeting, or the Transcendental Club, into the fields and woods, she says to us: 'So hot, my little sir?'"

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith

these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined; in which they work, and have their being. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." If this be so, how wise is Emerson! for never had man such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature, and such hope. It was the ground of his being; it never failed him. Even when he is sadly avowing the imperfection of his literary power and resources, lamenting his fumbling fingers and stammering tongue, he adds: "Yet, as I tell you, I am very easy in my mind and never dream of suicide. My whole philosophy, which is very real, teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue." In his old age, with friends dying and life failing, his tone of cheerful, forward-looking hope is still the same: "A multitude of young men are growing up here of high promise, and I compare gladly the social poverty of my youth with the power on which these draw." His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavour to realise our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?"

One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's *Essays* are, I think, the most important work done in prose. His work is more important than Carlyle's. Let us be just to Carlyle, provoking though he often is. Not only has he that genius of his which makes Emerson say truly of his letters, that "they savour always of eternity." More than this may be

said of him. The scope and upshot of his teaching are true; "his guiding genius," to quote Emerson again, is really "his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice." But consider Carlyle's temper, as we have been considering Emerson's; take his own account of it: "Perhaps London is the proper place for me after all, seeing all places are *improper*: who knows? Meanwhile, I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded life; consuming, if possible in silence, my considerable daily allotment of pain; glad when any strength is left in me for writing, which is the only use I can see in myself—too rare a case of late. The ground of my existence is black as death; too black, when all *void* too; but at times there paint themselves on it pictures of gold, and rainbow, and lightning; all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. Withal, I am very much of a fool." No, not a fool, but turbid and morbid, wilful and perverse. "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope."

Carlyle's perverse attitude towards happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness; his grand point in *Sartor*, his secret in which the soul may find rest, is that one shall cease to desire happiness, that one should learn to say to oneself: "What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy!" He is wrong; Saint Augustine is the better philosopher, who says: "Act we *must* in pursuance of what gives us most delight." Epicurus and Augustine can be severe moralists enough; but both of them know and frankly say that the desire for happiness is the root and ground of man's being. Tell him and show him that he places his happiness wrong, that he seeks for delight where delight will never be really found; then you illumine and further him. But you only confuse him by telling him to cease to desire happiness; and you will not tell him this unless you are already confused yourself.

Carlyle preached the dignity of labour, the necessity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams. He is said by many people to be a great teacher, a great helper for us, because he does so. But what is the due and eternal result of labour, righteousness, veracity?—Happiness. And how are we drawn to them by one who, instead of making us feel that with them is happiness, tells us that perhaps we were predestined not to be happy but to be unhappy?

You will find many earnest preachers of our popular religion to be fervent in their praise and admiration of Carlyle. His insistence on labour, righteousness, and veracity pleases them; his contempt for happiness pleases them too. I read the other day a tract against smoking, although I do not happen to be a smoker myself. "Smoking," said the tract, "is liked because it gives agreeable sensations. Now it is a positive objection to a thing that it gives agreeable sensations. An earnest man will expressly avoid what gives agreeable sensations." Shortly afterwards I was inspecting a school, and I found the children reading a piece of poetry on the common theme that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. I shall soon be gone, the speaker in this poem was made to say—

"And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a dreary place,
And my life is getting low."

How usual a language of popular religion that is, on our side of the Atlantic at any rate! But then our popular religion, in disparaging happiness here below, knows very well what it is after. It has its eye on a happiness in a future life above the clouds, in the New Jerusalem, to be won by disliking and rejecting happiness here on earth. And so long as this ideal stands fast, it is very well. But for many it stands fast no longer; for Carlyle, at any rate, it had failed and vanished. Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity—in the life of the spirit—here was

a gospel still for Carlyle to preach, and to help others by preaching. But he baffled them and himself by choosing the paradox that we are not born for happiness at all.

Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness—by this conviction and hope Emerson was great; and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson.¹ These two are, I think, the most distinctively and honourably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable. Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope; that hope is, as Wordsworth well says—

"The paramount *duty* which Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering
heart."

¹ I found with pleasure that this conjunction of Emerson's name with Franklin's had already occurred to an accomplished writer and delightful man, a friend of Emerson, left almost the sole survivor, alas! of the

But the very word *duty* points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken. Franklin and Emerson maintained theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy. Franklin's confidence in the happiness with which industry, honesty and economy will crown the life of this work-day world,

famous literary generation of Boston—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has kindly allowed me to print here the ingenious and interesting lines, hitherto unpublished, in which he speaks of Emerson thus :

“ Where in the realm of thought, whose air is
 song,
 Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?
 He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,
 Born to unlock the secret of the skies;
 And which the nobler calling—if 'tis fair
 Terrestrial with celestial to compare—
 To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
 Or walk the chambers whence the lightning
 came
 Amidst the sources of its subtle fire,
 And steal their effluence for his lips and
 lyre?”

is such that he runs over with felicity. With a like felicity does Emerson run over, when he contemplates the happiness eternally attached to the true life in the spirit. You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both the branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still, as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of heightened stature and shining feature, with one hand stretched out towards the East, to our laden and labouring England; the other towards the ever-growing West, to his own dearly loved America—“great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America.” To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN A GREAT TOWN HOSPITAL.

THERE is something in the monotonous regularity of the rows of tidy little white beds in a hospital, with their neat white coverlets, and the load of misery upon each, which at first sight is very depressing. It is the wonderful variety, however, both of the characters of the inmates and of the ailments treated, that is their most striking characteristic as they become better known; while the insight there to be gained as to the "manners and customs" of the classes for whose dwellings we are now trying to legislate, is only too significant of the houses (miscalled "homes," indeed) from which they come. The strange phases of human nature, and human suffering in unimaginable forms, the manner in which science is utilised to remedy that suffering, and the care and kindness that strive to alleviate it, make a large hospital a most interesting study of the best kind of help. It is often here that any civilizing influence is first brought to bear on the sufferers, that they first experience gentle treatment and kindness, and come in contact with larger ideals.

Here are a few experiences during a few months in a few beds of a great town hospital.

No. 73 (each occupant is known by his number alone) was a tall, strong Irishman, a dock labourer, brought in violently drunk, wet through, and with a very bad scalp wound. He had been helping to unload a vessel with casks of spirits, and had been "sucking the monkey"—a favourite dodge—when a hole is pierced in a cask, when it can be done unobserved, and the raw spirits are sucked out with a straw. In this case the not unnatural result had been that the man had fallen into the river. The nurses began to wash and prepare the wound for the doctors, but he was so

drunk that he would scarcely let them touch him, and complained bitterly of their unkindness. When the doctors arrived they began by playing on the wound with carbolic spray, used to prevent it from growing cold, but the patient said that it spurted into his face, he became violent, and declared that he would not have anything done to him, for they were using him cruelly.

The doctor grew angry, and sent for the porter to help, telling the man that he must either have his wound properly dressed or leave the hospital; the threat would have been difficult to carry out, however, for the wet clothes could not be put on him, and there were no others to be had. The house-surgeon and three students were now standing two on each side the bed, when suddenly the patient hit out with his powerful arms in their drunken strength, threw down the four doctors—who, being utterly unprepared for the assault, went over like ninepins—jumped out of bed, and ran across the ward into the next in his hospital shirt. The porter came in at this moment and stopped him. "Pretty fellow you are!" said the doctor. "Why you've been so long in coming that the patient might have flung himself out of window." "I fling myself out of window! I am not such a fool. I am not going to hurt myself to please any of you," laughed the man. He was then got back into bed, and the doctor sternly ordered him to lie still. Perhaps the run had quieted him to a certain degree, and he submitted at last. The spray, which is rather fragrant and refreshing, was used again, and again he complained angrily. "If he is such a coward as to mind that, cover his face with a handkerchief," said the doctor, contemptuously. At length

the dressing was over, and he went to sleep. The next morning when the spirits were out and the wits were in, he was thoroughly ashamed of his conduct, of which he could only recollect a small portion, but was kindly reminded of the rest by the occupants of the beds on both sides. He became one of the best behaved patients in the ward—tried to be helpful to the nurses, and was considered “very good company” by his neighbours, for whose delectation and his own he used to dance jigs and hornpipes as he grew better. After he left the hospital one of the nurses was startled one day by an unrecognisably dirty man rushing out of a group of other workmen like himself to pour out his thanks in vehement terms.

I pass over the details concerning the next, which was a horrible case of suicide—a Spaniard who had attempted to blow out his brains in bed and had only partially succeeded. He lived five or six dreadful hours after he was brought in.

The next occupant of the No. 73 bed was a very respectable, well-looking young man who had gone to the Alexandra Palace with a friend for a day’s pleasure. “We went about and about, and we took a little of the Irish here, and a little of the Irish there, till we had had too much of the Irish, and we went on till the latest train had left.” He then walked back to London to a little street in the West End. It was four in the morning, and the lodging-house refused to admit him, so he sat down on the step in a half-drunken sleep, and a bitter spring night, to wait till the door was opened. He was suffering from a cold, and the spirits and the chill together brought on violent inflammation of both lungs (which is uncommon). A few days after his arrival he became delirious, and the only person who could manage him was a nurse, whom he took for some friend of his called “Minnie.” “Thank God, I have got one friend here!” he kept on repeating. He set his heart on their taking an expe-

dition together. “Now promise me that you will go to the Alexandra Palace with me, Minnie, next week.” And as all contradiction enraged him, she was obliged to answer, “If you’re well enough on Monday, I promise to go,” which could be safely done. Whenever she was away he became extremely violent, and on one occasion rushed off trying to escape from the ward, pursued by eight men and several of the nurses. At last he was secured and carried to the padded room where delirious patients are kept. He gave an account of what had taken place to “Minnie,” and correctly so far, ending, however, with—“One man held a revolver and the other a knife over me; one said, ‘Let us blow his brains out,’ and the other, ‘No, let us cut his throat.’”

He was so heated by the strait-waistcoat that the nurse, when she came, undid it, with the doctor’s permission—“If you think you can manage him.” The bed is on the floor, and no chair is allowed in the padded room lest it should be used for aggressive purposes, so that she had to kneel when putting on jacket poultices and feeding him. The friend who had led him into mischief came to see him, and was asked to bring some jelly to the patient. “It is not the least use,” said he, “the nurses will take it all away—that is what they are here for!” The nurse, who had been extremely kind to him, was pained—crazy as she knew him to be—and showed it. When his visitor was gone he looked at her. “Minnie, why do you look so scared? Did you think I was going to tell? No, no; I am a bad one, but not so bad as that!”

He was thankful for the quiet of the padded room, but it was very close, though the door is always left open that the nurse may summon assistance. “Oh for a breath of fresh air!” sighed the poor patient, who was a Devonshire man, and he was transferred to a small ward, the nurse undertaking to keep the peace.

The chaplain attempted to come to

his help, but the sight of a strange man made the patient ungovernable, and the few texts and "good words" which the nurse could slip into the poor wandering mind was all that could be done for him. "If I get over this I'll lead a new life, I'll not live as I have done," he repeated. He grew worse and worse, and one evening when she was going off duty he said, "Shake hands, Minnie, I'll never forget you—good-night. Why will you leave me?" Her duty, however, required her to go, and she promised to return to him in the morning. "I'll try and live till you come back," he sighed; but he never saw her again, he died within an hour or two afterwards. He was so much above the usual level of the inmates of the wards that his death made quite a sensation among the patients, who are generally very indifferent to the fate of their comrades.

Another case of suicide came in at this time; a poor woman whose husband had been gaining from four to five guineas a week, was suddenly left a widow, with six children, one of them a baby. After striving a little time to support them, she lost heart, said she could not see them starve, and drank a horrible mixture, like vitriol, used for cleaning lamps, to poison herself. It burnt the throat and the stomach in a fearful manner, but she was carried into the hospital immediately, so that measures were taken to prevent her death. It seemed strange that with so many painless modes of dismissal she should have chosen one entailing such frightful suffering; but she was evidently completely beside herself; and it was very pathetic how she had rushed upon her release without bestowing a thought upon the pain of the means, "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world." "Shall I get over it?" she said in a depressed tone when she was beginning to improve—it was evidently not to her a wished-for ending. Having been better off she

could not bear the idea of coming down to being a pauper. Friends, however, turned up when it was almost too late, and helped with the children. A policeman was waiting for her to take her before a magistrate when she left the hospital, but the nurses connived at her going out at an hour when he was not there. And here the story ends, how she faced her life-struggle again and with what results remains for ever unknown, sunk in the deep tide of misery to be found in our great towns.

No. 47 was a boy of fifteen, with dreadful fits; he foamed at the mouth, he twisted and twirled and sometimes threw his legs into the air, almost standing on his head. At the end of a week, however, nurses and doctors began to have their doubts, the attacks never came on when the doctors were by, and the dead faints never took place until he was within safe distance of the bed to fall upon. A little "spine boy" in the bed opposite early suspected him, and used to call out, "Go it, No. 47, you do do it grand; I could not come the thing half so well myself!" The doctors are extremely cautious in declaring that a patient is shamming, by which they may get the hospital into bad odour, and the boy was allowed to go on for some little time. At last the doctor called for a wet towel, and gave him a sharpish flick on the cheek, in the fit, when the "insensible" patient winced, and the next day when, by the doctor's orders, the nurse gave him a smart cut with the same wet towel, in his "dead faint," he howled and called out about her cruelty. He was sentenced to be turned out, and his mother was sent for; she arrived in a perfect state of fury at the slur cast upon her son, declaring that she would appeal to the directors, the trustees, the police, and the world at large—but go he did. It was found that he had been apprenticed, and not liking work, he had retired on the hospital as a pleasant retreat. He must have been a clever

boy to imitate the symptoms of a fit so as to deceive both doctors and nurses for even so long.

Drunkenness is the cause of two-thirds of the accidents, and a great portion of the illnesses that come into hospital. No. 46 was a man who came in drunk, with a broken leg, after an accident. A kind friend, drunk like himself, took him on his back to carry him to the hospital, he could not, however, walk straight, and fell with his burden and upon him, seriously injuring the broken limb. The drinking begins before breakfast, and the patients say to each other, "I say, old boy, don't yer miss the half-pint" (beer, understood) "and the pen'orth?" (gin, understood).

A shoemaker, with a good shop and a good business, was found dead drunk in the gutter, so full of spirits that he was dying of suffocation. He was brought into the ward, and the students, seeing what was the matter, and thoroughly disgusted, put a screen round him and set to work pumping upon him with all their hearts, till he was completely wet through. He remained two days, till his clothes were dry, calling out for his wife, who came to see him with a beautiful baby in her arms, and took him away; the future which probably lay before her and her children was a dismal one indeed.

"Patients' friends" are generally a sad nuisance, and do much harm. Two or three Irishwomen will come and howl and shriek over a dying compatriot so as to disturb the whole ward, before they can be stopped. A tender mother will slip oranges and apples into the bed of a child suffering from bad stomach disorders, or a wife insinuate a cooked sausage under the coverlet of a man in the worst stage of dysentery. Whiskey is the cure for all ailments, and a number of bottles are not seldom detected. The eatables are put behind the ward fire in public, that it may not be supposed that nurses profit by their confiscation; the whiskey is poured out of

window, and the owners are almost in tears at the "sinful waste" of the "beautiful" stuff thus recklessly sacrificed!

The next case was a man brought in with his throat cut nearly from ear to ear. The surgeon asked, "Is this suicide or murder?" "No, sir, not suicide," said one of the students, standing by, "it was one of his friends did it for him," at which there was a laugh all round the bed except from the poor sufferer. He was a dock labourer who had taken a job at a lower rate than a fellow-workman; his rival met him in the street by daylight, and drew a razor across his throat. The victim fell bathed with blood, but his enemy, not feeling sure that he had accomplished his object sufficiently, gave him a second cut even deeper than before. The patient could not swallow, and could only be fed by a tube inserted in the throat. He was suffering already from a bad attack of bronchitis, and the doctors had hardly any hope of getting him through. With the care and the skilled nursing he recovered, however; "but I shall never be my own man again," he said. Policemen were watching him day and night, because if he died the case would become one of hanging for his assailant, who had been arrested immediately. As soon as the patient was able to stand he was taken in a carriage to give his evidence, when the aggressor was condemned to a long term of penal servitude.

To No. 57 there came a great burly Irishman, with an enormous lump on his forehead, his eye shut up, and a blow at the back of his head which it was feared might prove serious. He said that he had fallen from a scaffolding, but the doctors felt quite sure that the blows had been received in fighting. He had a scowling, bad expression, and came in swearing, dirty as the ground, his clothes torn, and his shoes dropping off his feet. The porter put him into a bath, but even then he

was hardly fit to touch. He began at once making difficulties; he was not used, he said, to lie down in the day. It was with great trouble that he was got into bed, where his huge bulk lay "like a hippopotamus." He used to get rid of the sheets and wrap himself up in the bedclothes in a bundle, like an animal. His language was abominable, and he sang wicked songs. He would jump out of bed, and shut the windows of the small ward in which he lay, and when he got the nurses into trouble about the want of ventilation, he always denied that he had touched the window.

"Why don't you help us with our singing, as they do in the other wards?" said one of the patients to the nurse. "Because," she said, "you can't expect me to sing such things as you are singing," whereupon he struck up the *Te Deum*, and she helped him to the best of her power. That afternoon they had none but proper songs; the next day, however, the Irishman complained bitterly that "the nurses would sing yesterday all that the others wanted, and if I begin there's nothing but looks as black as thoonder." There is a placard in each ward forbidding all swearing, and the nurses tried to check his oaths by saying that they should report him to the authorities. "Yes," he said; "there you go on, all of you, reporting and reporting! We're not children. You'll find yourselves in the wrong box some of these days. What will you say if you get a crack on the back of the neck some day as you're passing round the corner of the street?" He was utterly unmanageable, and the doctors were extremely anxious to get him out of the hospital, where he did harm to all in the ward who followed his lead; and at the end of three weeks, to his great disgust, he was sent away, his wounds being very much better. He had complained of everything—of the food, of the dressings, which were not at all painful. But the sorest grievance of all was being turned out sooner than the

rest. "Thankful!" he said; "what should I be thankful for? This hospital belongs to the poor, and you nurses are our paid servants. We are not going to be thankful to you; you get your training on us."

There were some very bad cases of skin-disease at this time—"I wonder whether Job was suffering from eczema," said an expert). One of elephantiasis, which, being rare, was very interesting to the doctors, and of which the possessor was exceedingly proud, the leg having swelled so that he required a trouser almost like a petticoat.

The uncommon cases receive most attention (not care) from the doctors; accordingly the fortunate object takes great pride in himself. "I am an interesting case," he says to his neighbour, perhaps "a compound fracture," whose sufferings may be far greater, if more commonplace, and who sighs and looks on him with envy.

"A compound fracture," however, became a public character about this time. After trying to save the patient's leg the doctors told him that it must be amputated. He was fed up and prepared with great care, and was supposed to be in very good condition for the operation. His wife was warned that it was to take place, and she came to see him just before he was carried to the theatre, when she was left sitting by his bed to await his return. Chloroform was administered, but before a knife had even touched him the man was dead. There was a terrible "upset" among the doctors; the ward-sister and the nurses were crying as if their hearts would break. "You must tell her," said the sister. "I never can do it," sobbed the nurse. At last the sister had to go up to the watching woman, widowed within the last few minutes, and sitting all unconscious beside the empty bed, to break the news.

The effects of chloroform are strangely varied. In general the sickness brought on by it produces great depression, but in one case

man was brought out of the operation theatre singing at the top of his voice with excitement. When he reached the ward he cried out, "Chorus, gentlemen, chorus!" and every one took up the song as they were told, supposing only that he rejoiced that the probation time was over.

The things which alarm some of these great strong men are very curious. "Just look at that there window-curtain blowing! the draught's enough to kill a man." A bath is looked upon as very dangerous; they will do anything to avoid it. "Why, it'll just be the death of me to be wet all over!" or, "I had a bath last night, I needn't go in!" entreats a man who has apparently never been washed since he was a child. The thermometer for taking the "temperature" of a patient is looked upon with awe. "Will it hurt me *very* much, nurse?" said a great, heavy dock labourer, looking anxiously at the mysterious little instrument.

Two frightful cases of hydrophobia, which came in at not long intervals, illustrated the terrible side which must always be in a hospital. The madness which accompanies the disease was so violent that it was too much for the nurses to manage, and both had to be looked after by the porter—both died.

The wide catholicity of the help which hospitals afford is shown by the number of strange nationalities to be found there at different times—black men, yellow men, dusky men, pale-faced men, Spaniards, Norwegians, East Indians, and men of the West, &c. &c. A full-blooded negro sailor, who came in fresh from Africa, used to strip off his shirt and tie a handkerchief round his waist as soon as nurses and doctors turned their backs, and even rush across the ward in this condition; he was not used to clothes; washing was detestable to him, but he saved up his butter to oil himself all over with. If he was thwarted, he looked as if he would put a knife into the offender. He

was suffering from dysentery, and could not endure the starvation from solid food which the treatment required, and ran away. He was sent back by the ship's doctor, however, and when asked for the reason of his flight, said, "Abdallah's small boy dead;" but as the sad event took place in Africa it hardly seemed relevant to his escape.

A mad Chinaman was so conscious that he was well off that when he was ordered to be taken to the Union he absolutely refused to go, and adhered so firmly, though quietly, to the floor of the padded room that he was only got off with great difficulty. He was like a surly dog.

Another Chinaman, suffering from bronchitis, was persuaded one day, as he sat on the side of his bed, to unplait his tail, and laughed heartily at the surprise of the earnest onlookers, to find that it, and indeed all other tails (he said), were largely composed of false hair and silk, to make them look big and important.

The number of negroes, chiefly sailors, to be found in hospital, is great, and points to the growing difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of English seamen. It shows that the whole nominal strength of our merchant service is not to be relied on as a reserve for the navy in time of war, on which we sometimes seem to count.

A surreptitious addition was made to the black population in hospital one day. A woman (white) had been admitted for some complaint, and her further condition was not found out till so late that the authorities did not like to send her away. The child, when it arrived, turned out a full negro, woolly hair, thick lips, colour, &c., all complete. It was a jolly little babe, however, and the sister, who was most angry at the clandestine mode of its arrival, was so proud of it that she often carried it about the wards to be admired.

Even the hurts from wild beasts are not unrepresented. A man working

in a menagerie was bitten severely by a bear in cleaning out his den, having omitted to drive him into the inner cell. His hand was hardly human to look at, but as soon as he could get out he went back "to stir up the bear with a pole," and he ended by declaring that he "would be even with him still." So that as the bear probably had his own views on the subject, the prospects of peace were not great in the den.

The sufferings of children are always very pathetic to witness. No. 73 was a poor little boy of seven years old; his father, in a drunken fit, was beating his wife violently, when the child rushed in to try and protect her; the father seized him by the legs and threw him over his shoulder on to the stone floor behind. His head was frightfully injured, and he was carried into the hospital, where he lay moaning in delirium for days and days. After that he recovered a little, so as to be conscious, and was a great pet in the ward. The dressings were very painful, and the men in the beds round him, who did not care much for each other's sufferings, were all extremely interested and pitiful.

"Don't yer mind, chappie, it'll soon be over, and you'll be so comfortable afterwards; take heart, little un, and then you shall sing to us."

The child's songs were very popular, particularly one about Jacko, the negro boy. "There is no fun when Jacko is not there," was the chorus; then all sorts of misfortunes happened, "the fiddler's fingers won't go straight; he'll go and bust his bow!"

The father and mother came to see him, to the great indignation of the company. The men cried out when they were gone, "He ought to have twenty years" (penal servitude, understood). That he should beat his wife was natural, and probably served her right, but that he should so injure his boy was quite outside the laws of the game in their eyes.

The child had not the smallest feel-

ing against his father, but he quite agreed with this view, and added, "Yes, he ought to be in a cook-shop for a month, with nothing to eat but the steam he can lick off the windows." He had evidently served his apprenticeship to the sight of pleasures without the possibility of enjoying them. As he grew better he became a little restless, and used to run about, in his small hospital dressing-gown, sometimes with the temperature thermometer tucked under his arm, in and out among the beds; it was against orders, but neither nurses nor doctors chose to see him; the men sometimes interceded for him—"Let him run, nurse; it'll do him a lot o' good, poor little chap."

He was kept as long as possible, and was very sorry to go to the dismal home which he was to return to, although the mother seemed to be a tolerably respectable, quiet woman. His health was permanently injured, and he never could hope to be a strong man.

Another little thing of six years old, and looking even younger, was brought in, terribly burnt from sitting up in bed smoking "pretence" cigarettes in paper. The dressing of the wounds was so painful that he often tried to bite and scratch the nurses; but at other times he was a sweet little boy, of whom they were all extremely fond; and one of the nurses used to carry him about in her arms like a baby to visit the different beds, where he sang his little songs, which were very popular—"The girl I did court, and the ring I did bought, &c."

On one occasion a mere baby was brought in with a burn. It had been taken first among the children, but was suspected of measles, and the doctor ordered it into the men's ward, as a matter of precaution.

"I do not believe it is measles," said the nurse.

"What else can it be?" answered the doctor.

"Flea-bites," replied she.

The marks literally touched each other; she turned out right; it gives

some little idea of the dirt of the places from which some of the patients come.¹ The men who could walk were always fussing about the little cot, giving the baby her bottle, &c., &c., and those who were bedridden talked of it.

The presence of child patients in a ward is extremely beneficial; the men scruple at using bad words or swearing before them, and it brings out the best and kindest parts of their nature. In the wards where they are to be found, the men are always more civilised and better conducted.

There is an open time after tea, when the patients are allowed to do what they please. Music is the great distraction. When a nurse is there and can persuade one performer to sing at a time, and the rest to join in chorus, the effect is very tolerable; but when each man sings his own words to his own tune, and when the triangle, the penny whistle, and the jews-harp—the only instruments allowed—all take their own lines, the uproar of discord is tremendous; the pleasure in mere noise is evidently great after the enforced quiet of so many hours, and it must be remembered that many of the patients are lads under twenty. There are, however, more sedate pastimes—drafts, dominoes, and illustrated papers.

These are a few cases only among the thousands of sufferers. The manner in which the human atoms rise into the full light of hospital publicity, and are helped in all the ways that skill and kindness can suggest, and then disappear for ever in the great seething

¹ In one instance, a nurse sent in to help a dying woman found only a pudding-dish which could hold water to wash her face; in another there was nothing but a tea-pot. It must never, however, be forgotten that cleanliness is nearly impossible when every household operation has to be carried out in one room. It is here that the superior comfort of cottages tells most. Such overcrowding as cramming a whole family into one room is simply unheard of in the country, and there is a bit of garden or yard, space in short for the various works required, and for the children to play and be out of the way.

ocean of life, into an oblivion as complete as that of death itself, is, however, very sad; not one in four or five hundred is ever heard of again. A few return on the visiting days to see their friends and thank the nurse or doctor, but the population inside and outside the hospital changes so rapidly that their visits soon cease.

The hospital itself, however, is anything but a sad place. On the women's side those who are married hanker after their children and their wretched homes, but the men are less troubled by sentimental regrets, and are extremely "jolly." They are mostly better off than they have ever been in their lives in material comforts; they have what is to them very agreeable society and a good deal of amusement; the nurses are cheerful, and low spirits are not the distinguishing feature of young doctors.

The immense change which a greater knowledge of the human frame has brought about in medical treatment has entirely altered the status of nurses; they must be sufficiently trained to carry out the orders of the doctors now, when the mere swallowing of drugs has become a small part of the cure. External applications have taken the place of the old practice; bleeding² and blistering are almost unknown. The use of the microscope, of the stethoscope, the taking of the temperature, are all discoveries of the last score of years. The idea of assisting nature to restore health has taken the field, conservative surgery has become the rule, and the value of good nursing has accordingly risen in proportion. "This is a case for the nurse," says the doctor continually, especially in medical cases, after giving his orders, which only an intelligent person on the spot, trained for the purpose to under-

² It is told of a country practitioner of the last generation that he said to his assistant, "If you are called in during my absence and don't know what to do, bleed." In letters of the seventeenth century bleeding is prescribed for everything—sore eyes, dyspepsia, even small-pox.

stand what is before her eyes, could see carried out properly. "To put in practice the instructions she receives according to the changing exigencies at the moment of the sick person" is no light task.

The hospital is a charitable institution which may be said to do more good and less harm than any other. It does not pauperise, and gives help at the most critical moment to the sufferers. It is essentially Christian; there is no trace of anything of the kind in the ancient religions. Hospitals for cats and monkeys existed in Egypt and India, but it was as sacred characters, sick divinities, that they were well treated, not as fellow-creatures. It was not till Christianity taught the world the value of the individual human life, even when distorted and degraded by disease and misery, that such institutions became possible. It is the more to be regretted when we hear of any shortcomings in "Hospital Saturdays" and Sundays, and that the working classes do not take more interest in assisting the cause. Perhaps, if they could have some share of representation on the governing bodies of the hospitals, this at least might be to some degree remedied. The cause is their own, it is for their own

benefit, as they are strangely slow to perceive. The balance sheets of some of the unendowed hospitals are somewhat sad reading. In one case 20,000*l.* was asked for to conduct the work, which there is small chance of raising; and smaller institutions require far larger subsidies than they can get. A wider field from which to draw their resources would greatly assist the harvest necessary for the full development of the most useful of charities.

Probably also some small payments should be exacted from many who are perfectly able to contribute, for assistance which they receive at present *in formâ pauperis*—an imputation which they would resent greatly in any other connection. To receive charity, in short, when they ought to provide the help for themselves, is to prevent those in real destitution from obtaining as much of the benefits of the institution as they would otherwise do. Many beds are left vacant in several of the best of the hospitals because the funds are not sufficient to support the expense of them, which is indeed a sorry sight for those who care for their kind.

F. P. VERNEY.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

THE Life which Colonel Maurice has written of his father has nothing to fear even from the prejudice which a plethora of biographies has created against each new-comer in the same field. In this case the work meets that desire to approach a very noble and remarkable personality which will always be far stronger than any such prejudice: it answers to a special necessity, and it is carried out with conspicuous ability. The necessity lay in this, that Mr. Maurice was one of those whom it was almost impossible to know or to appreciate justly except in that intimacy of personal intercourse which a biography can in a measure imitate, and which brings the different thoughts and acts of a man into some kind of relation with each other, with his own individuality, and with all the influences of his special antecedents and circumstances. And the ability of Colonel Maurice's work is due not merely to his allowing his father to speak for himself—a biographical expedient which is only effective when effectively used—but to the skill shown in his management of connecting links, in the selection of mottoes and page-headings which mark the points as the narrative moves along, to the candour with which unfavourable facts are allowed a place, but, above all, to the preservation in the son, alike to his own honour and that of his father, of the position, in itself so difficult to define, so easy to translate into commoner shapes, which his father held. As such, the book will stand high among biographies of its kind, which exhibit their "subject" faithfully and distinctly. It does not possess—and in the nature of the case the particular writer could hardly cultivate—the excellence of the other kind of biography, which attempts a critical

estimate, and in the light of later experience revises the judgments passed on contemporary people and events.

It is impossible to attempt any estimate of such a book without a profound sense of difficulty, which everything combines to increase. There is always a sort of irony attaching to the criticism by ordinary people of men whom genius marks as extraordinary: and Mr. Maurice stands out in this book as one of the most remarkable figures in this century for the independence of moral and mental originality, for range and subtlety of thought, for the magic of personal influence. "Those who were privileged to know him," says even the dry page of an *Encyclopaedia*, "did not know a more beautiful soul." But this is not all, or nearly all. It was of the essence of his thought to claim to hold, and yet to modify, opinions the most various and even antagonistic: his mind had something of the "prophetic" quality which in a very real sense gets beneath and behind ordinary thoughts and the expression of them, and to which correspondingly ordinary criticism does injustice. There were few statements which viewed in some light or another he would not have felt to represent part of his mind: and accordingly it is difficult to affirm or deny anything about him without an immediate inclination to qualify or cancel the words. Nor can it be without something more than intellectual diffidence, with grave moral anxiety, that any one who reverences Christian faith and Christian goodness can touch the record of one who, endowed with so large a measure of both, claimed to have a message of rebuke and illumination for all schools of religion alike. I should frankly say myself that I think we are hardly in a position as

yet to do this rightly. The conditions under which Maurice lived and thought have changed rapidly, but they have not changed enough to enable us to-day to look with a sufficiently fresh eye at his work; nor has the test of time fully sifted out the true significance of his many-sided thought, and of the tendencies which were combined in it. To say this at the outset may perhaps give me liberty to express more simply and with less of continual qualification the little that I have to say. Colonel Maurice has told us that his father wished any publication of his *Life* to be delayed till twenty years after his death, and we could wish that the pressure of circumstances had compelled the extension rather than the reduction of the period.

I desire to treat the book, and the memory which it enshrines, as a contribution to the *Christian Witness* or *Apologia* delivered in our times. What would be out of place in many cases, is in Mr. Maurice's nothing more than a simple acknowledgment of the end for which he lived, and by which he would himself desire his life to be tried.

It will be a very great pity if the number and interest of the questions which the book arouses distract the minds of its readers from the personal life and character of the man. But the book itself gives some sign that this is likely to happen: for as it moves on we seem to see very much less of the man, in his home and in his personal life, than we did at first. It is a sign of this that the other personages who belong to the home become so much fainter in the picture. We almost lose sight of the venerable and pathetic figure of the father. The mother's death is implied rather than noticed. The relations to the sisters lose distinctness before they die. We have far less of the man in the second married life than in the first. The glimpses which we obtain of the relations with the sons make us wish to know more of a part of

his life which, however, it was natural that Colonel Maurice should throw into the background. Of the later Cambridge time, during his professorship, we get only the faintest picture. We should like to know more of the holiday times and side interests which gave such life and colour to the biography of Kingsley.

But enough is given to us to make a very distinct portrait, and I am only anxious that readers when they read the book should not forget a part of their impressions which I think they will find, if they cast their thoughts back, to have been, for perhaps necessary reasons, more vivid in the earlier part of their reading. For a character like this may well set men a-thinking about itself and its springs; they will do ill to pass it over for the attraction of speculative and polemical matters. It may be that not the least remarkable thing to be thought of is that thinking should be required in order to realise the significance of such a character. So natural, so simple, so harmonious is it, that it is easy to forget what has been required to forge such products out of human nature, and what a combination of seeming opposites gives the richness to the colour. In the case of Maurice the most conspicuous instance of this is his humility.

Here we have a man who, coming up to Cambridge with no advantages, becomes the acknowledged leader of the most remarkable body of men within it; a man of whom Sterling could say "that he spent his time in picking up stones by the ocean of Maurice's genius;" Mill, that he regarded him as "in intellectual power decidedly superior to Coleridge;" Arthur Hallam, that he "moulded like a second nature men eminent for intellectual powers;" Hare that he was "incomparably the grandest example of human nature that it has ever been my happiness to know;" whom in late life the Juridical Society of lawyers "elect as their single non-

legal member in this country ;" who has the individuality and originality of thought, and the vivacity of conversation which give concreteness and substance to self-esteem. And as you walk alongside of this man by the biographer's help you are almost deluded into taking it as a matter of course that he should regard himself as quite an ordinary person, only behind others with whom he has to do in conscientiousness, judgment, or feeling ; that he should build no great castles of ambition in the air ; that he should accept and throw his heart into the country curacy at Bubbenhall, or the Hospital Chaplaincy at Guy's ; that he should have the simplicity and warmth of a child in private relations. I say this without idealising Mr. Maurice's humility ; and while feeling that the book does a little idealise it. The position into which he came, rightly or wrongly, did not leave him untouched by self-consciousness and self-assertion, or by the asperity and peremptoriness which they bring along with them. But underneath this influence of the part upon the player, the substance of the character remained unchanged. Meanwhile by another paradox this humility is not crippling, it does not hinder him from uttering what is in him to utter ; it does not prevent him from being fearless in opposing and criticising his friends. Perhaps few passages in the book draw out so much admiration for him as those which describe his relations with his fellow-workers in the Christian Socialist cause ; his willingness to help and work, and his readiness to disappear and efface himself are alike so genuine ; his reverence for his fellow men is so warm and true ; he " esteems them " so naturally " better than himself ; " he lays such delighted emphasis on all their merits and excellences ; his hearty use of instruments and methods is combined with such vigilance and readiness in detecting the moment when they begin to be hindrance rather than

help. But perhaps nothing strikes one so much as the courage with which he will face his friends and tear up one of their articles on its way to press, or stand out against them upon some distinction which perhaps seems to us fine, but in which he saw a principle. It is in this union, natural and unforced of what might seem opposites ; in the combination, to add another example, " of severe earnestness of purpose with irresistible kindness ; " in the large " compass " of character ; in an individuality which some influence makes at once larger and richer and firmer and more distinct, and yet more self-forgetful and even self-condemning, that we take note of the deepest thing that such lives have to tell. In Maurice, at any rate, it admits of but one explanation. It is directly connected with the relation in which he stands to One who commands in an infinite degree the love and awe of his heart. It flows from what he himself called " continued intercourse with the Father of Light." It belongs, to quote the German Professor of Political Economy, to a man " drenched with Christianity."

It may, however, be objected by some, and felt by others, that the value of this witness to Christianity is materially diminished by the difficulty of determining what the Christianity was. It may be suggested that one whose attitude was often that of pronouncing all kinds of Christians wrong, and himself more wrong than all, cancels in practical effect very much of the value of his witness, because this does not point to any definite mould of truth or conduct. For the possibility that this should be said at all Maurice is responsible, and it is a grave responsibility. The most serious fear about the book is that it may have this effect on many minds. But though the difficulty is real, it is only by a confusion or inversion of the facts that it can be made to obscure the main effect. Broadly and popularly speaking, Maurice's profession

was that of an earnest and attached Christian and Churchman; and to make others the same should be the broad effect of his influence so far as its authority is acknowledged. We cannot too confidently insist that this interpretation of Maurice's position, which puts first his positive and commanding convictions, and leaves to a secondary place the theories and interpretations which he connected with them, is as scientific as it is natural. But this is of course only a popular way of dealing with the matter. A more careful examination of his position may serve to bring out in greater distinctness its positive character, and at the same time to give an opportunity for noticing what appears to the writer to be its very serious defects.

The point of departure for Maurice's mature life was, it is needless to say, the change by which, leaving the hereditary Unitarianism of his family, he accepted with deliberate and absolute conviction the doctrine of the Church about the Person of Jesus Christ, and in necessary connection with it the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Thenceforward throughout his life that conviction was the centre and key to all his thought and all his life. It was never out of his mind. He never wavered or altered about it. He never betrayed the least inclination to alter or modify the language in which it has been embodied and transmitted in the Church. He thought that "it accounted for the facts which we know, that it satisfied the wants which we feel, that it led up to the truth which we desire." In setting forth that truth he did so much that it was possible for a friendly critic to say that perhaps "no living man had done anything at all approaching to what Maurice has effected in reconciling the reason and conscience of the thoughtful men of our age to the faith of our Church." And one such man has borne in touching words his witness to the effect: "If he, so wise and good beyond other men, could live and die in the assurance of the reality of this

light, he has borne a witness of its reality of which they who knew him best know best the power." And, as every one knows, he identified himself, not with a particular doctrine of that faith, however central, but with the whole system of the Church, with her Prayer-book, with her Creeds, and even with her Articles. We claim, and reclaim, for the Church of England all the value of that adhesion. But, I am well aware, the very completeness of it excites inquiry and suspicion. What, it will be asked, is the meaning and value of this attachment to a Church on the part of one who came more and more to repudiate, and be repudiated by, all its more prominent representatives of every school? Is it the paradox of an able and eccentric man who in the last days of a belief or an institution extemporises for it a new and ingenious *a priori* justification? Did he not really try to hold the belief of the Church along with other convictions which are really inconsistent with it? Does not his conduct and history tell for more than his theory? Are we not more with Maurice, if outside the Church of England and holding aloof from all definite religious adhesion, than if sharing his nominal position? There is force and common sense in such questions, and they may be taken to represent the conclusions of many minds about Maurice. As a man he is honoured and loved, as a witness to dogmatic Christianity and to the Church he is shelved. Practical logic will be pleaded in favour of this treatment. But the logic, whether practical or formal, must be valid; and its validity in this case requires that another explanation of the fact should be disposed of which is at least as likely to be true. That explanation would be that the isolation of Maurice's position, his repudiation of his fellow Churchmen, and their repudiation of him, were due partly to causes, which however powerful, from circumstances at the time, are of their nature accidental and personal rather than

essential; partly to mistakes, not so much as to the beliefs themselves, but as to their corollaries, and to their relation with other truths.

That the former part of such an explanation is likely will become probable to any one who will take dates into consideration. Maurice was baptised into the Church in 1831, he was ordained deacon at the beginning of 1834. In the interval the Reform Bill passed, Mr. Keble preached the sermon which has been accepted as a date of the rise of the Oxford Movement, and a year later the first Ecclesiastical Commission was to begin its work. But our immediate point is the general condition of the Church of England in and up to that time. Few institutions have ever presented a greater contrast between their theoretical character and its counterpart in fact. On paper the Church had a rich, orderly, and articulate system, a firm hold on her continuity with the Christian life of past times, an embodiment of her life in worship and observance which was at once vigorous, delicate, and sober. But one who looked from the paper picture to the other would hardly have recognised the identity. There was indeed in quiet places, and in forms which were to a fault unassertive, a steady tradition of life and practice corresponding to the Prayer-book type. But it was such that a sweeping glance over the field might easily have overlooked it altogether. The features which caught the eye would have been, perhaps, a hard and formalist rigidity, maintaining (with very unequally distributed jealousy) the letter of the system; a respectable Churchmanship, in which much real piety and ordered integrity of life was swathed in a conventional and politically Conservative maintenance of the existing order; and lastly, one region of religious life, diffusing influence more or less visibly beyond its own limits, of which it is enough to say that it had as much affinity with what the Prayer-book opposed as with what it maintained.

The effect, then, of such a state of things was that if you joined the Church of the Prayer-book you joined what existed for you in great measure on paper alone. You were not taken up into a life which gave to system its interpretation, which stimulated and corrected your thought, which enlisted your enthusiasm and employed your energies. You were left very much to yourself. Joining a theory, you did your part by theory. For such a state of things the Church of England suffered as she deserved. In this respect, it may be permissible to suggest a parallel between two men and two careers otherwise widely different, between Mr. Newman and Mr. Maurice. Both practically entered her from without, both contributed to her a powerful stimulus, both will rank among her great figures of this century; to both adhesion to her was adhesion to a theory which she was considered to embody; neither had that more intimate identification with her which in a nation or a Church is a matter of transmission as well as of logical persuasion. Both (though of course in very different senses and degrees) were lost to her effective service—Newman in another communion, Maurice in a position which if it keeps some in attachment to the Church, seems to others to propose to them an alternative between Maurice and herself. There is no good in disguising such facts: the Church's *Apologia* must be compatible with the frankest acceptance of her share of the blame for them.

With regard to Maurice, at least it is not difficult to see the bearing of what has been suggested. The very phrase "entering the Church" is not congenial to describe his case: what he did was to close with a great speculative and practical principle, presented to him by Revelation. This was the first step; and in immediate connection with it his synthetic quickness and dexterity recognised, or shaped, the whole teaching and order of the Church as a suitable and coherent

expression of this truth or principle, as he regarded it. Thus, he became, to all appearances, a Churchman of Churchmen. There was something almost too rapid and complete about it. There was something suspicious in a frame of mind which spoke of the Prayer-book in almost the same language as of the Bible, and invested the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion with a kind of seeming infallibility, contrasted rather in kind than in degree with the imperfections of all present-day theology. It suggested the symmetry of theory rather than the gradual assimilation and initiation of discipleship. What, then, was the mistake?

The mistake (if the writer may venture to speak in such a manner of one like Maurice) was that he did not sufficiently recognise the obligation under which he lay intellectually and morally to the Church from whom he had received the central Truth of her doctrine. Mr. Maurice saw clearly how the truth of the Incarnation was the key of the New Testament, and the crown and climax of all the lines of movement in the Old; he saw how it gave a centre to history, and morality, and thought. But having got it, and seen the illumination that it cast, he did not recognise how hard it was to get—in other words, he did not dwell enough on the fact, or, at least, the method, of revelation; he did not sufficiently remember that historically the truth was realised, guarded, perpetuated, and interpreted by the consciousness of the believing society, by the witness of the Church; or, if he did (and a verbal contradiction can probably be given out of his writings to any such statements), he did not recognise what this implied as to the claims and character of that society. In support of this, we allege his attitude to the movement which, contemporaneously with his own start, stirred in Oxford. It may fearlessly be asserted that his relation to that movement was one of the most unfortunate and unsatisfactory parts of his life,

and, in faithful reflection, of his biography. In plain language, it was narrow, unsympathetic, and, in public effect, uncharitable: in view of the notes of holiness and of depth in thought and life, which showed themselves in that movement, I had almost said that it was irreverent. And it was all the worse because it was that of a man the bent of whose genius, and the motto of whose thought, was to look for the good in all opinions, make that the key of their interpretation.

Now that movement, while it too had in it a considerable element of individual theorising, was in central purpose an attempt to restore the life of the Church, to make the blood flow in the veins of her system, to take up again the slack, the almost broken, thread of continuity with the Catholic Church of all times. From such an attempt Mr. Maurice should not have lightly parted; to it he should have been drawn by an attraction which would have caused him at least to suspend judgment, and to deliberate, and to learn, before he parted company and defied it, and took a lonely and self-guided path.

Let me not be mistaken. I am not saying that Mr. Maurice ought to have been, or could have been, a Tractarian, nor that the blame of severance is all on his side. Of the two temperaments and two functions which must always coexist in a healthy Church, the one which dwells on the affinities of its truth to other thoughts and things, and the one which emphasises the distinctive or unique character of that truth, one belonged to him, and the other to them. He had his task, his noble task, to do in going out to meet the thoughts of men who could not imagine that they had any affinity with a religion which they identified with some of its many unhappy associations; in “steadying the men of an unsettled generation by eliciting the inward witness of their own hearts to the Gospel:” in persuading those who were full of the enthusiasms of liberty and humanity and self-help to recog-

nise in Christian faith their necessary and natural guide. In theological matter the same relative character of Maurice's work is illustrated by the fact that he wrote his *Theological Essays* to make Christian faith acceptable to the Unitarians, and his *Kingdom of Christ* with a like aim towards the Society of Friends, for a Christian witness in their own thoughts. On the other hand, it was of the essence of the Tractarians' work to get clear the conception of the Church in contrast to the world, and the grace of Sacraments in contrast to other divine gifts. In the then state of opinion within and without the Church, these were not easy truths to teach. They not only required to be put forward with distinct and bold outlines, but, for the time, truths complementary to them could at the best not receive an equal emphasis. There was an aggressive tone, there was an inclination to give no hearing to things which might (it would have been felt) be well enough in their place, but would only hinder the work in hand. But the complaint which is to be made of Mr. Maurice is that he did not see that that work was the primary necessity of the time, in this sense, that it alone could supply the foundation on which other work like his own could be built up; or to vary the figure, that it alone could supply the centre from which Christian thought might radiate without the danger of insensibly losing its very identity, and merging among the many varieties of conjectures and opinions. This was the tendency of his mistake; but the cause of it can be put more broadly and simply. A man who had received such a truth as Mr. Maurice had received from the Church should have been more careful of the context in which he found it. He should not have run off with it, and made what he could of it by the resources even of his own powerful, devout, and far-ranging mind. If he had discovered it, this would have been natural; having received it, he should have taken a different attitude. He should

have been prepared, to say the least, partly to learn, as well as to develop, what it involved. Had he done so, we cannot, of course, say what results he would have reached, but we are safe in saying that (for example) he would not have rejected off hand and *en bloc* Dr. Pusey's display of the baptismal language of the early Church; he would not have been so much at his ease in occupying so individualist a position; he would not (in one of his newspaper correspondences) have flung aside as meaningless such a distinction as that between the inspiration of the Scripture-writers and the ordinary gifts of God's grace.

Had he done so, the Church would have been enormously the gainer: we should have lost nothing of his positive thought, and there would be at this moment far less of antagonism between truths which should be complementary, far less tangling and crossing of what should be concentric circles of thought. But he would, on his side, have gained at least as much. Some of us will perhaps feel that nothing has brought home to us the educating power of the Christian faith more than the history of Mr. Maurice. What he held gave such a stimulus to his thought; what he left would have contributed so much to its harmony, and balance, and lucidity. We should have lost that "monotone," that sense of perpetual iteration, which makes one feel that a great theology is being narrowed to the scheme of a particular thinker. The Proteus-like character of thought, the haziness and difficulty which (as the biographer so candidly allows us to see) were constantly felt even by his friends, which made favourable critics, like Mr. McLeod Campbell, invert his meaning, and drew men to adhere to him for what he did not teach, the constant tendency to merge two truths instead of combining them, and to bring out the affinity between co-ordinate truths by obliterating the equally necessary distinction between them,—all this would have disappeared, or been modi-

fied into the wholesome distinctiveness of a marked and original personality.

These remarks are not made without definite purpose and meaning. The Church's conviction of truth is a broad and many-sided thing, wrought out in a corporate consciousness, fashioned by the action and interaction of various types of mind and temperaments, and in continuous sensitive response to the claims of different sides of Scripture, different aspects of revelation, different experiences of the human life with which revelation has to deal. Discipleship to such a conviction may act as a weight upon a dull man; may make a weak man complacently confused; but for a great and strong man it is admirably calculated to draw out the wealth of his genius, to give his thought the strength of harmony, completeness, and circumspection. I venture in this connection upon the only allusion that I shall make to the solemn topic which was the subject of that dismissal from King's College which a younger generation follows some of his greatest contemporaries in lamenting. In this matter surely Maurice wavered between two lines. In part he acknowledges the control just described, and his statements would then not pass the limits of legitimate speculation and suggestion. Bishop Wilberforce thought that they could have been put so as to pass the hostile board of King's College. But there was ever at hand another method of dealing with the matter, that namely which settles it by an *a priori* deduction (verified of course by a partial use of Scripture), from the single premise "God is love:" premise and deduction being conceived and drawn by the individual understanding. That method in its common form Maurice condemned with force and truth. But it is difficult to avoid thinking that in much of his language he drops into something very like it. This may be indicated by the words of Mr. Glad-

stone when he deprecated the decision of the King's College Council on this, if no other ground, that Mr. Maurice's utterances on the subject are hardly capable of reconciliation. The criticism would not, however, be made even for purposes of illustration were it not necessary to protest against those passages where in language the most harsh Mr. Maurice goes so far as to assume that his opponents are not themselves believers in a God of love. With regard at least to the most eminent of these, such as Dr. Pusey, it is certain that such a charge could only be justifiable on the ground that they had not arrived at that very conclusion from which Mr. Maurice himself shrank. But to return to the object for which I introduced this topic, the difference between the deeper and shallower parts of Mr. Maurice's teaching upon it seems to illustrate what is gained or lost to individual thought by such deference to the control of the Church's continuous and many-sided belief. Another illustration in important matter would perhaps not be hard to find.

This then is one thing. But there is another thing close beside it. The Divine working which is the object of Christian faith holds at every stage, and in every point, a twofold relation to the world in which it finds itself. It is old and new. It "fulfils" and it innovates. It is the climax of an ascent and it is a descent. It is natural and supernatural. It is so human that it seems at times as if we must have come to it, and the world must have come to it; and yet it is so much beyond us, that at other times it almost seems that it is too utterly unique to be true. It would have been of course childish and impertinent to put such sentences before Mr. Maurice as though they were not to him elementary truisms. And yet in full view of this it may be insisted that he did not consistently apply them. Had he done so (to speak of theological points) his teaching on

baptism *would not* have been fashioned in phrases which cover all the difference between the gift of that which we are not and the recognition of that which we already are; but he *would* have been able to supplement the concentrated emphasis laid on the novelty of the gift, by the invaluable teaching that it is of no arbitrary kind, but is and must be the gift to us of the true self, of enabling human nature to become what in God's purpose it already is. He *would not* have blurred into one our relations to Christ as Christians and as men; or (which is the same thing in other words) identified in time present an abstract Catholic Church with humanity; but he *would* have contributed to save the teaching of the distinctive privileges, gifts and character of the concrete Catholic Church from becoming narrow and technical and exclusive by showing, as few could have done with anything like his sympathy and insight and captivating power, how dwarfed and poor the Church becomes unless she keeps constantly before herself and before men that it is only evil within and without, in her and in them, which prevents her from becoming in fact, what she is in idea, a cosmopolitan society, a perfect humanity, in which all the life of humankind, with all its variety of play and power, would find itself at home. He would have helped us to realise in a hundred ways who that life, even while it is outside, displays not a little of the character which if it were within would be the Church's glory and joy, and therefore deserves from Christians, both for what it is and for what it might be, no stinted measure of sympathy and reverence.

I believe we may appeal even to those who are themselves neutral whether such a mental habit would not have made Christianity in Maurice's hands a thing more lucid, and for them more possible. They would have felt it more human, less individual. They would have felt more that they were asked to embark on a ship, and not on

a very cleverly-constructed raft. But one would be willing to pursue the matter on to less theological ground. Such a habit of mind as we have considered would have escaped the confusion implied in such a sentence as "we must begin all our thoughts,—or rather our thoughts do begin from a Father," &c. It could hardly have failed to produce a reconsideration of the relations between form and spirit, which would have spared us from many indiscriminating speeches about formalism. Or, to speak of a matter of practice, I shall venture to add that we should not have seen Mr Maurice on the one hand claiming to hold all that the Bible, the Prayer-book, and the Articles teach, and desiring to impress men with the urgent importance and vital truth of what he thus believed, and yet, on the other, hearing with "delight" that a Sacrament had been administered indiscriminately to those who were, and those who were not, believers in the Divinity of its Giver, those who were and those who were not members of the Church which transmits that belief.

What is true of Mr. Maurice's thought is true also of his position. In both there is an independence and a fearlessness which commands our admiration. But in both this independence parts, and parts too lightly, with the things which should control it. Among the impressions which the book makes, one of the strongest is the increasing sense of the harm that it does to any man to stand by himself. "It is not good for man to be alone." To begin to regard it first as not surprising, then as a matter of course, then almost as a principle of action, that you differ from everybody and belong to nobody, is fraught with danger to character. It can hardly help leading to a greater disregard of the wholesome control which deference for the thoughts of his neighbours exercises over a man: and to the danger of a greater capriciousness and wilfulness. If you are always expecting to differ from everybody, you lose the motive

for careful and considerate attention to their real mind, which is supplied by the hope and desire of being in agreement with them. To a Christian all this which is true for everybody is additionally true for the reason suggested in the earlier part of this paper, namely, that whether necessary or no, a position of ready and continuous isolation is in sharp *primâ facie* contrast to the position of intimate fellowship with the society in which you find, and with which you share, the truth which you hold. In saying this, I feel how harshly and unworthily and unkindly I may seem to some to be speaking of a nature so warm, so clinging, so generously affectionate as Mr. Maurice's. But he of all men would have permitted a reviewer to put one side of the case without being supposed to overlook the other. And in Mr. Maurice's life the side which is now in question was one of very serious and damaging import. Many readers will be conscious of an increasing peremptoriness and aggressiveness of tone which makes the second volume less pleasant than the first, and which is due in great part to this cause. No man should write that he hopes "the religious world will hate him more and more," and "hopes to hate it more and more:" or again, "As I was fortunate enough to find another way of bringing myself into discredit with the religious world." Judgment and charity were alike endangered by a tendency which could make him write of "a set of Church clubs which, I do believe, ten years hence will have left the Jacobin club and every other at an immeasurable distance behind them in the race of wickedness." Nor can such a position be evenly maintained; the very paradox of it leads to a man's being in more opposition to those with whom he shares the most solemn beliefs than to those with whom he has little in common but a desire to sympathise. And so in many cases, as the biographer points out (though he suggests his own explanation), the effect was

actually misleading; and it was possible for men to regard and join him as one who wished "to criticise or modify the Christian faith." He does not seem to have reflected, in his desire to be unpopular, that the unpopularity of maintaining, even crudely, even woodenly, the unchanging faith was one of those which deserved his sympathy and his interpreting charity. He let himself be wholly separated from the "orthodox" side, even apparently from dear and personal friends upon it, while he was in unhampered intercourse (though not agreement) with those who were availing themselves of the results of his influence to found, as his biographer says, "a new sect more negative in its tenets than any other." It is necessary to offer such criticism, but here, as so often elsewhere, criticism is half-disarmed by his own anticipation of it, by the touching record of his foresight, that the line which he took "would separate me from those with whom I should most wish to act, and would give me not only the appearance of isolation and self-conceit, but often the reality of both." Everything would dispose us to defer to the claim which he makes when he says that "It may be good here and there to have a man who holds himself more aloof from every sect and party than it is perhaps possible or right for most to do," to deny it might be to deny what was very probably in the deepest sense of the word a personal vocation. The Church would be very unhappy which had no place for her free lances and her pioneers: only we must claim full value for the admission implied in the latter part of the sentence; the free lances must not depreciate the ordered and deliberate movements of the main body, who have to bear the monotony of the march, and by whose steadfastness the battle must be decided. We are obliged to feel that these conditions were by Mr. Maurice very imperfectly observed.

It would then be impossible not to

criticise from a Churchman's point of view a life like this, in which loyalty and devotion to the Church are so equally mixed with aggressive controversy against her existing representation, and particularly against those to whom the title of a Churchman is especially dear. But the criticism has not been offered as so much mere polemic. It has kept in sight the object indicated at first, which was to show that Maurice's idiosyncrasy does not prevent him from being in practical effect what he lived to be, a witness to a Faith which he shared with those from whom he held so much aloof and of whom he spoke so slightly. It has been with a view of liberating this testimony that I have tried to show that by stopping when he did, neglecting what he did, adopting the attitude that he did towards his fellow Churchmen, he did not gain but lost; lost not only in his theology but in the substance and clearness of his thought, and (as regards public effect) in the harmony and tenderness of his character. If any who read the book should say that it has no net effect for them because they cannot see in it anything more than a beautiful paradox of individual thought and life; this is due, we should urge, to what makes Maurice weak, and not to what makes him strong: to his being less and not more of a Christian than he should have been.

But in the case of such a life, to which death has added a sacredness beside that which it drew from its purity and elevation, criticism even when necessary is painful. It will be happier service, still tending to the same end, to exhibit, in rapid summary, the points which show to how great a degree in tone and substance Maurice was identified with historical and Catholic Christianity. If such a description seems at any point to clash with criticisms already made, or with parts of his own teaching, it may fairly be claimed that the responsibility for this rests chiefly on him, and that no description of him, from any point

of view is conceivable to which some objection might not be raised, and which expressions of his own could not be quoted to sustain.

To begin when he would probably have wished us to begin, Maurice tells us repeatedly that he learnt from the Unitarians the belief in the Fatherhood of God (though he feared their own system would not allow them to retain it). But the doctrine of the Incarnation gave to this belief entirely new force, and he seems to have put that doctrine at once in its right place. He regarded it in the true spirit of Christian Theology, not as an opinion, or as an isolated belief; not as a fact subsidiary to a scheme of salvation, but as a centre of all life and all truth, "a common centre of the world;" as a great declaration and manifestation to us at once of God, and of man: a declaration of God as the Eternal Charity, and of the worth and dignity of man as the object and mirror of that charity: a truth in which "all other relations, even the most intensely affectionate," acquire a new "significance:" a truth which helps us to large-hearted treatment of the lives, and thoughts, and self-made religions of all men everywhere, because it shows what was the Divine power that shaped their course, and the human ideal that worked in all their good, even when unknown to them. Next, he saw that out of this revelation in life, nothing less than life could come: life embodying itself and inspiring a new society of a universal human sect, "a commonwealth with a personal centre." Therefore he rejected the irreligious modernism of men "forming Churches." Therefore he rejected also in perfectly legitimate language the idea of a Church founded on opinion. Probably somewhere in his works he has shown how the truth on which it is founded must in the intellectual region express itself in "opinion" or intellectual expression. Certainly his thought implies this: he is grateful to "fixed standards of doctrine;" he has found that "Creeds

have made the words of St. John intelligible to him in their length and breadth." He acknowledges in "the creed an heirloom of the Church which each generation of her members is bound to watch over as an essential sign and necessary safeguard of her existence." If he protests against "those who would give us only the husks of truths in systems," he protests also against those "who would give us only the juice of truths in feelings and sympathies." He realised the beauty of sacraments as "the *organon* (*sic*, ? the organs) of a revelation of life" theoretically and actually, and acknowledged this as "the lesson which he owed to the Tractarian School." He regarded "Episcopacy as necessary to the idea of a Church" as a security, and for its "comprehension and universality." He defended an Ordinal which set forth in strong and awful words the fact of a Divine gift: he saw in the ministry the result of a call which must be "felt more" and not less "distinctly" if the call of all men to their several professions is to be felt; and he looked to our "Catholic institutions" as the ground on which union with other Christian bodies round the centre of unity might be legitimately desired. He taught with the Church the existence of a Spirit of evil, "an evil will who must be a person." His inward life of keen and humbled self-scrutiny combined with his teaching to show how intensely he shared the Church's sense that the revelation of love was the revelation of the true character of evil in its malignity and depth, and we are grateful to his biographer for a glimpse of his steady and severe observance of her rules of self-discipline.

In the language congenial to belief so definite he repudiates with wholesome warmth the idea of "fraternising on our common Christianity, the mere *caput mortuum* of all systems," though his letter leaves us in doubt what practical expression he would give to

this determination. And he sees right through that species of "Liberality which is at once the counterpart and the greatest contradiction of charity." This is natural in one who saw that there could be no such thing as a "modified Christianity."

It would be painful in a very high degree to be obliged to conclude that one who so spoke and believed had not contributed more to help and strengthen his Church than to weaken and confuse her. And it is best to leave untouched a question on which all judgment that we can form must be so profoundly uncertain. To some, I am aware, it may seem in the nature of an irreverence to raise the question, still more to leave it with any but the most unqualified answer. The grounds for doing so, it must be replied, have been already given. In whatever degree Christian belief is bound up with individual theorising, and associated with attack upon all its own ordinary forms and representatives, it becomes thereby exposed to the peril of being no more lasting than the presence or influence of the individual who so presents it. Maurice would have felt this in fullest force: he would have disclaimed from the bottom of his heart any desire to make men the proselytes of his individual opinions; yet we cannot feel sure that his practical course escaped the danger. Men stood on a platform with Maurice; they heard him continually saying that he was *contra mundum*; they were dissociated from the help and support of their brethren and predecessors in the faith. The issues must needs have been various; it is better not to profess to disentangle them. But on the positive side of the account there is one item which may be registered safely and in golden letters. We talk of a personal influence which passes away with its own generation, but if in that generation (a generation, too, of turmoil and perplexity) it has won a number of individuals to that kind of Christian belief which comes of

having "seen and believed" the living power of faith in the Son of God, what a bequest is therein involved to the common life, into which all those threads of individual influence will work! Conspicuous individual instances are memorials to us of the work which Maurice probably did for the Church of England in very great numbers by the radiance of a Christian life joined to the testimony of a personal faith. But we may go beyond this. To all who believe that all true life is corporate, there is peculiar happiness in reflecting that that large life of the Church of which he said some things so well, has done with his influence what he would have desired. In such matters the best is apt to grow secretly, and the best results of Mr. Maurice's work would probably be found, if we could trace connections so delicate, where his thoughts and words have mingled with and stimu-

lated the efforts made in the last few decades by those who prize most every aspect of the name of Catholic, to realise in the interpretation of human thought and life present and past, the catholicity of the truth of which their fathers revived for them the definiteness and the vitality. The Church's corporate presentation of the faith which is her trust stands, we hope, in a very different position, and adopts a very different tone, towards the world of life and thought around it from what it did over fifty years ago. Mr. Maurice could not of course have accomplished this result; he would, we may think, have put the attempt to accomplish it on fatally wrong lines, which would have led to failure and break-up instead of construction and growth. But we may hold with confidence and gratitude that he made to it a great and stimulating contribution.

AN EPISODE OF CIRCLE VALLEY.

It had been a stormy day in Circle Valley, and earth and air were blended together in one vast impenetrable tone of monotonous grey. Clouds of flying snow were hurled to the ground only to be torn up again by the violent tempest, and sent bowling away through the pine-trees and foot-hills. Jackson's staunch log-house quivered before the blast, and the old man declared he had never seen such a day since he came to the valley. I had arrived just in time. The darkness was already beginning to gather ere I had discovered Jackson's buildings through the blinding snow, and I breathed a sigh of relief when I knew that I was not doomed to a shelterless night under such dangerous circumstances. It was with feelings of great satisfaction that I had followed Jackson into his large sitting-room, where a huge fire of pine logs blazing in an enormous fire-place did double service in furnishing both light and heat. The room, though rudely furnished, and of course, carpetless, nevertheless possessed an air of comfort which to me was greatly multiplied as I thought of my long cold day's ride. Indeed it seemed to me I had never before in my life been in such a cheerful apartment, and I quickly settled myself in a nook by the chimney to await supper. Jackson was a generous, hearty, old fellow, and gave me a slap on the back that nearly took my breath away, but for some reason or other made me feel very much at home. He presented me to three other men who, like myself, had been forced by the weather to seek the protection of his friendly roof. One was a jolly old miner from Pioche, the second was a tall, thin, gaunt man, an elder in the Mormon church—and a very entertaining fellow he proved to

be, and the third was a rough and ready ranchman from Grass Valley. The prospect of a several days sojourn here was more pleasing with such varied company, for I saw at once that they were all men who could relate an interesting chapter or two from their own experience if they chose to; and there is nothing like a snug fireside and a pipe to draw such men out. But the most interesting chapter—in fact one of the strangest tales I ever heard—came from quite an unexpected source. However, I must not anticipate. When we had partaken of the well-prepared supper, which Jackson's worthy better-half finally set before us, we all felt very contented and comfortable, and drew up to the fire with our pipes. The storm augmented with the darkness, and swept through the valley with increasing violence.

Jackson ventured out for a final inspection of his stable, and when he returned he closed the door and locked it with a positive air that plainly indicated that he did not expect to open it again before morning. But he was mistaken. For scarcely had he pulled a chair into our group, when there was a sudden barking of the dogs.

"Another benighted cuss wants to come in probably," said the old miner, with a grin.

Expressing great surprise, Jackson went to the door to obtain a view, if possible, of the approaching individual, or learn the cause of the disturbance, and out of curiosity I followed him. As he opened the door a terrific blast of cold and snow swept in, so that the men by the fire shouted good-naturedly—

"Shut the door—shut the door, old man."

Jackson laughed at this, and stepped

outside, closing the door behind us—for I kept beside him. He stood peering into the chaos of storm for some moments unable to distinguish a single object. Then, shouting for the dogs to be quiet, he said—

“I don’t believe there’s any one or anything—let’s go in.”

Almost instantly there loomed up before us like a phantom, full under the light of the window, a muffled figure on horseback.

“Hullo, the house there!” the person shouted, not perceiving us as we stood shivering beside the door.

“Hullo,” replied Jackson, through his chattering teeth, brushing the accumulating snow off his bare head at the same time.

“Can I have accommodation here?”

“Yes—of course—you couldn’t go on nohow,” yelled the old man.

“No, you’re right—you’re right. I couldn’t go on, for the excellent reason that I wouldn’t know where to go, even if I could see a rod a-head of my nose. The truth is, I’m lost, and I’ve stumbled on your place by pure accident. Ugh! I’m cold, and——”

The remainder of his sentence was torn off and swept away by the gale as the stranger dismounted, and shook himself to dislodge the snow which had packed itself in a thick coating all over him.

“Go in—go in,” said Jackson, taking the bridle, “you are freezing here.”

The stranger entered, as Jackson threw open the door and called his boy Tom to come and put up the horse.

“Good evening,” the man said quietly to those inside, as he stepped over the threshold. “No, I’m not so very cold—not so very cold,” he replied to my inquiries.

I poured him out a large glass of brandy. He swallowed it eagerly. Then he took off his wraps, and hung them on the pegs by the door, stamped his feet to shake off the snow which still clung to his heavy boots, and advanced to the fire. He stood sadly

regarding it, and his thoughts appeared to be far away.

“Rough night outside,” remarked one of the group, with the plain intention of drawing the stranger into conversation.

“Y-e-s—very—rough—very,” he answered absently.

“Come far?” inquired another.

“Seemed a long way to me with that dreadful thing always confronting me,” and a perceptible tremor passed over the stranger’s frame.

We looked from one to the other for some explanation of this curious remark.

The stranger meanwhile continued to gaze steadily into the glowing fire. Evidently he was not in a communicative mood, and after his last words no one knew what to say to him, so we said nothing. I occupied myself with examining his appearance more closely. He was dark, and swarthy, and weather-beaten, I noticed, and though his jet black hair was streaked with grey his face seemed strangely youthful. His eye was roving and restless. His stature was below the average, and his frame was slender, I might almost say, delicate. A slight accent in the few words he had spoken seemed to betray a foreign origin, and there was a trace of Jewish blood apparent in the general cast of his features. His whole manner was that of a man wholly absorbed in thought, or brooding over some deep and secret trouble. Presently his supper was ready, and he sat down to it in silence. I watched the man closely when he was not observing me. He puzzled me, and I was curious to know what was the matter with him. My attention was finally diverted to a conversation between the elder and the old miner, wherein the former was trying to convince the latter of the efficacy of the Mormon ceremony of the laying on of hands. The miner was hard to convince, and disbelieved the story which the elder brought up as proof.

“You don’t believe it,” the elder

said, "because you have never seen it tried, yet probably you could tell us something extraordinary yourself, and we might refuse to believe it because we were not eye witnesses."

"There's something in that; but I don't go much on spirits and that sort o' thing, you know."

"But have you never had anything which verged on the supernatural come under your observation?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes—there was the time my brother was killed in the Red Mountain mine. That was singular—but I don't think the spirits had a hand in it."

"What was it?" inquired the elder.

"Well, you see, the strangeness was not so much in his dying as in the apparent warning I had of it beforehand. I knew he was working a drift deep down in a new part of the mine, and I was worried about him because I knew the kind of rock he was going through. One night I dreamed that as he was working his shift alongside a comrade, a big piece came loose from the hanging wall, and crushed him so badly that he died in two hours, and it did not hurt his neighbour at all. I woke up, and the clock in my room struck three. The clock striking as it did, seemed to connect itself with my dream, and I could not shake off the feeling that something was going to happen. So in the morning I wrote a letter to my brother, begging him to keep out of the mine for a while. He considered it all nonsense, and said he couldn't possibly stay up just then. Besides, he said, the rock through which they were drifting was unusually solid, and there was no danger. Still I was uneasy, and on the third day after my dream I started for his mine. I arrived a few minutes past two in the afternoon, and as I approached the works I saw there was some excitement amongst the men. I rushed in and asked what it was that had happened.

"'Man badly crushed,' they said.

"'His name?' I demanded; and they gave me the name of my brother.

"At this moment the cage came to the surface bearing his inanimate form. We took him to his lodgings, and everything was done for him, but it was soon all over, poor boy! Two hours after the accident he died, and singularly enough just as he died the clock in the room struck three. It was very strange."

"Very," I said; "yet doubtless, like many other things of the sort, a mere coincidence."

"Oh, yes—nothing more. I never thought there was any truth in the dream."

"Yet I myself have found truth in things quite as strange."

This sentence, uttered in the peculiar voice of the stranger whom we had completely forgotten, caused all to start. He had finished his meal, and had silently seated himself in the half-shadow at one corner of the chimney-piece.

"I have no doubt, sir," I said to him, "that you could tell us from your own experience something fully as strange as our friend's story, and I beg you will do so."

He had been looking steadily into the fire from his shadowy corner, and the side of his face was towards us. As I spoke he turned his head deliberately and looked me straight in the face for a moment. At the same instant some object beyond me which came in the line of his vision caused him to spring up, and he exclaimed hoarsely—

"That clock—did it stop to-day?"

Every glance was turned toward the clock which rested quietly on its shelf at the further end of the room, and was brightly illuminated by the ruddy glare of the fire. The hands pointed to ten minutes past five, though the actual time must have been about nine o'clock. The clock was stopped.

"Yes," replied Jackson, "the durned thing's stopped sure—but it's the first time for weeks."

The stranger groaned.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and he appeared much agitated.

There was a dead silence, and then Jackson said in a soothing tone—

"Tell us what it's all about, stranger—it'll do ye good."

"Perhaps," the man replied mournfully, with a deep-drawn sigh. "But it's a very strange story."

"All the better," said Jackson.

"Well, well," the man said absently, "it can do me no harm, and will doubtless interest you, so if you wish it I will try to relate my history."

We all with one voice urged him to proceed, and after a moment's hesitation he said:—

"I am not, as you might suppose, suffering the pangs of a guilty conscience, but the fearful oppression of a cruel and relentless fate." He paused as if for breath. The thoughts passing through his mind were evidently very painful. But he continued:—"However, I will tell you the whole. In the first place, I am not an American, as you may already have suspected; on the contrary I was born in the south of France. My father was a banker, of Jewish extraction, and my mother was the daughter of an English consul. Being called in by his government some months after the marriage, my grandfather returned to England, and my mother was then left without a single relative in the country. My father, though generally of an agreeable disposition, unfortunately for us all, proved to be a man of strange temper. Many years passed ere his peculiarities began to exhibit themselves. If my mother discovered them before, she was successful in disguising her knowledge of them, though it is probable that they were for the most part latent till the tide of fortune turned against him, and he suddenly beheld his wealth slipping surely and rapidly from his possession. He had resort to alcohol to buoy up his spirits and brace his nervous system. But this soon had no effect and he sought a more powerful and deadly stimulant.

He began to drink absinthe. Each day he took larger and more frequent doses, until his nerves were completely shattered by the seductive and extraordinary liquor. He was plunged deeper and deeper into the mire of misfortune. From opulence we sank to the very threshold of poverty. Happily we succeeded in saving our home from the general wreck, and we were not turned into the street as seemed so probable at one time. A hard struggle was now before us. I was by this time old enough to turn myself to account, and with the remainder of the family—four brothers all older than myself—succeeded in earning enough to supply our daily needs. I fortunately secured a place as assistant in the post-office; two of my brothers already had employment in a bank, another had just finished a course in pharmacy, and compounded prescriptions at an apothecary's; while the oldest was private clerk to a wealthy wine-merchant. We might have obtained money by selling some of our furniture, much of which was of curious workmanship and great antiquity, but nothing short of actual starvation would have induced us to part with it. Amongst other rare articles we possessed a complicated, and elaborately-constructed, musical clock. The devil himself must have designed the infernal thing. However, the case of this clock was carved and inlaid in the most sumptuous fashion. It was the first, and I believe, the only clock of the kind ever constructed. It had been made specially for one of my father's remote ancestors, a vicious and cruel old duke, by a celebrated clockmaker of that period who was said to be also an alchemist and magician of extraordinary power. He must have been Satan himself. It was always supposed that this man had invested the clock with strange powers and properties, but we had never up to the beginning of our misfortunes remarked in it anything out of the ordinary. There were vague traditions that had been handed down with it from generation to generation.

Chief amongst them was one that hinted that the time-stained dial had looked down on several deeds of darkness. These in some mysterious way it possessed the power of recording, and if one held the secret he might have them pictured before him; in fact he could bring up in a sort of panorama all that had ever passed at any time in front of the dial. We did not believe any of these things; if we had, we might have rid ourselves of the diabolical machine, and our family history might have run differently. But the mysteries of the future are sealed to us, and we continued to regard the old clock with that reverence and affection which one always has for things of that sort that have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The clock was an exceptionally large one—so large indeed, that a person of average height could easily enter the case and close himself in behind the massive carved door. Once, when a lad of goodly size, I happened to be left alone in my father's bed-room where the clock always stood, and I was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable desire to enter the case in search of the secret springs which I imagined must exist there. I boldly opened the door, and had almost closed myself in, when I felt a dreadful pricking sensation all over my body. This pricking sensation grew each moment more intense, and I was oppressed by a feeling of faintness and heat. I was also horrified to discover that the ticking had stopped. Much frightened, I hastened to get out, and the instant I did so the pricking sensation disappeared, and the pendulum resumed its monotonous swing. My brain reeled, and I was glad to make my escape from the room. I never dared to repeat the experiment. I knew if I were discovered tampering with the clock, my father would be very angry, and his anger was a thing to be dreaded as the caravan dreads the simoom. You will pardon me for relating these insignificant details, I hope, but all

my life comes up before me now with the freshness of a picture—and perhaps it is the last time I shall ever rehearse it." He paused and stared sadly into the fire.

"Give us all the details you like," I said; "your story is very interesting."

"Thank you," he answered. He passed his hand across his eyes and continued—

"My father at length began to have occasional attacks of a peculiar and violent delirium, and during these attacks he was extremely unmanageable, though he showed no inclination to do any one bodily harm. Sometimes, however, he injured himself more or less, and we considered the feasibility of placing him under some sort of constant surveillance, but my mother thought it best to permit him, at least for a time longer, his full liberty. One morning, however, he was discovered insensible in his bed, and my mother was nowhere to be found. A window which opened into the garden bordering the river was ajar; clothing, jewels, and articles of furniture were strewn about the apartment in wild confusion. On my father's brow was a frightful gash which had bled profusely, dyeing the bed and carpets crimson. There had evidently been a commotion and a struggle, but as all the walls of the old house were exceptionally thick, not a soul had heard a sound. So soon as my father's insensible form could be removed to another room, a search was instituted for my mother. All the closets and every place where she could possibly have been concealed were carefully examined, but with no success. We were about to conclude that she had been carried off by brigands, when I happened to notice that the old clock had stopped, and remembering my old experience with it, I rushed to it and tore open the locked door. There before me, insensible and apparently lifeless, lay the form of my poor mother. We tenderly took her out, but all attempts to resuscitate her

were unavailing. She was dead. There were no marks of violence about her. Her colour was fresh and lifelike; but some blue spots on her throat were discovered, and it was then thought that my father had perhaps dealt foully with her while he was in one of his fits of delirium. But on recovering sensibility, he declared he had been suddenly attacked—he supposed by robbers—and he knew nothing more. He was arrested, and the case was tried before the magistrate, but there was absolutely no proof that he had committed the crime. He, too, had been seriously injured, and the whole affair was finally dropped, and regarded by many people as the work of a band of clever brigands that infested the neighbourhood, and which, it was surmised, had some special grudge against him. My father's first care after the matter had been decided was to start the old clock, the hands having remained in the position they were in on the morning of the tragedy—they still indicated ten minutes past five. For many years the clock had not been stopped for so long a time, and my father for some reason was much exercised because it had been neglected. He appeared to have now a greatly increased desire to guard it and keep it going, and he watched it with intense solicitude. It had always been astonishingly regular, and it was expected to continue as before when it was again started; but it failed to do so. I was standing close to my father's side when he opened the door to touch the pendulum the first time after the mournful tragedy, and I observed a tremor pass over him. His hand shook as he reached out to push the rod. When he touched it, the clock immediately resumed its regular beating, but there was an instant stirring of the musical apparatus, and the deep notes of a *requiem* vibrated on the air of the silent chamber. As the pipes poured forth the melancholy strain my father started back, bowed his head, and remained in this attitude

silent as a statue. He was deeply moved. Since that fatal night he had changed for the better, and not a drop of absinthe had passed his lips. He was feeble and nervous, but I believed he had resolved to abandon his stimulants entirely. I prayed he might have the strength to adhere to his resolution, and it gratified me to see that the solemn music affected him. I considered it a sign of bright promise. The tears rolled down his pale and haggard cheeks, and as silently as I could I stole out of the chamber and left him alone. When the next fifth hour came round the clock stopped at ten minutes past, to the great annoyance of my father, and it continued in this way for ten days, stopping at ten minutes past five as often as it was started and occasionally playing the *requiem*. My father watched it with eager anxiety, and each time so soon as it stopped he started it again. He seemed to have a special horror for the position of the hands at ten minutes past five, and constantly feared the very thing which happened, the stopping of the clock at that hour. Finally he declared something must be wrong with the works, and though when the ten days were over the clock went on as usual, he had an expert mechanic come to overhaul it thoroughly. I watched this man with almost breathless interest as he examined the clock preparatory to taking it apart. At last, I thought I was to know something about this strange machine which had, since earliest childhood, been such a great mystery to me. I was about to view with my own eyes the curious machinery that many a time had struck me dumb with wonder by its performances. Even in my later years I could never conceive by what means the clock contrived to execute its manifold duties, and I followed the mechanic's movements with, as I said, almost breathless interest. But I will not weary you with a description of it."

"By all means tell us about it," we exclaimed almost in a breath, for by this

time we were intensely interested in the strange man's strange story.

"I have no objection," the man said in the same sad tone; "but I must say that the mechanic failed to comprehend a large part of the machinery, and of course it was still more unintelligible to me. However he first took out the pendulum and the weights and then removed a large upper case which inclosed the principal works. This brought to light a square mass of intricate brass and wood-work, and numerous wires of copper that seemed to extend to all parts of the case. The time-measuring apparatus was immediately in front, and connected with it was a series of wheels and cylinders. Next came the long cylinder with its innumerable little brass pins which, operating on a key-board, admitted the compressed air from a bellows arrangement into the pipes. The latter were all of fine wood over seventy in number, of varying size, and constructed with admirable precision. But the strangest part of the machinery was discovered immediately below the pipes. It was a box-like cavity containing numerous sheets of beaten silver attached to copper frames; and several hermetically sealed glass cylinders partly full of different coloured liquids. The whole of this was connected by wires with the rollers and wheels adjoining the time-apparatus. Besides these curious things there were on both sides, and also connected by wires with the rest, a number of parallel rods of copper and zinc. The man refused absolutely to touch anything but the time portion, and this differed very little from that of other clocks of the period except in the excellence of its finish. There was nothing out of order and the mechanic expressed great surprise that the clock had stopped. He replaced the few wheels he had taken out and went away. The clock was left to itself. My father appeared to dread the sight of the room in which it was—his old bed-room—and never slept there. Strangely enough he in-

variably visited it several times each day to see if the clock was still going. There was never a more faithful time-piece, and as faithfully did my father now abstain from all intoxicating drinks. With so much energy did he devote himself to his business that it was not long before he began to recover his lost ground. Before three years had passed he was once more in comfortable circumstances, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dreadful occurrence which had been the cause of his reform. In the fifth year after the tragedy he was in excellent health, in the full enjoyment of returning wealth. He had actually begun to pay his addresses to a rich and handsome widow of our neighbourhood, when suddenly the old clock took another freak and halted at ten minutes past five, thus vividly recalling the melancholy affair of five years before. It was faithfully started, but behaved precisely as it had behaved the first time, stopping each day at exactly ten minutes past five. My father was extremely troubled. He grew pale and haggard, and was evidently suffering deeply from the unhappy memory. He kept to his room and sat long hours with his face buried in his hands, hearing nothing—seeing no one. When he looked up his eyes had a vacant, glassy expression that gave us much alarm. We did all that we could to soothe him, but our efforts were unavailing. On the morning of the tenth day after the first stopping of the clock we discovered him dead, with an expression of intense agony on his features, and strange blue marks about his throat. We found also that the old clock had again stopped at ten minutes past five, and when it was started the pipes sounded the solemn notes of the *requiem*.

"After this it continued with its customary regularity, but my brain was haunted by its extraordinary performances. I tried to shake it off, but I could not. I beheld looming up before me everywhere I went a tall spectral clock, the hands of which were fixed

on what I now began to regard as a fatal hour, ten minutes past five. Besides this the slow notes of the *requiem* rang constantly in my ears, and my every motion seemed in cadence with it. At length I thought I saw a connection between the stopping of the clock at the time of my mother's death and the later one. There suddenly appeared to be meaning in it. I recalled the fact that my father had died precisely five years after my mother, and I believed the stopping of the clock was some kind of a premonition. The matter worried me for weeks, and then, unable to form a solution of it, I gradually forgot it amidst the distractions of other affairs. I told you, I believe, that I had four brothers. Well, about a year after my father's death the clock stopped a third time, in the same mysterious way, at ten minutes past five, and persisted as before in stopping at that hour as often as it was started. Out of respect for my father's fondness for the clock, a servant was instructed to keep it going. We thought it only another freak that might last for several days, after which it would continue as before. Such at least was the opinion entertained by my brothers, but for my own part I was much alarmed because I thought I saw more in this stopping than the mere interruption of the regularity of the timepiece. I believed the stopping to be a harbinger of misfortune, and my thoughts on the subject after the death of my father now returned to me with double force. When I divulged my ideas, however, I was ridiculed, and being the minority I was obliged to refrain from further expressing my views on the subject. The clock continued to stop exactly for ten days [at the same hour. On the morning of the tenth we were shocked by the discovery of our eldest brother dead, his throat marked with blue, and a dreadful expression of fear on his countenance. The clock hands pointed to ten minutes past five. I was now certain that the

stopping was full of horrible significance. I hated and dreaded the diabolical machine. I wanted to crush it out of existence. I longed to destroy it to the very last wheel and pinion, but my remaining brothers regarded me as one demented when I suggested it. They appeared to inherit from my father the singular reverence for the hateful clock as well as the desire to have its motion uninterrupted. I said nothing more, but began a close analysis of its peculiarities. I discovered that my brother had died one year after my father, almost, if not exactly to the minute, and my naturally superstitious nature was henceforth thoroughly imbued with the idea that there was some mysterious and fatal connection between this curious clock and our family life. I felt sure the ten minutes past five so persistently adhered to on the different occasions was a symbol of destruction for us. I reviewed the whole matter. My mother had been foully murdered by some person or persons unknown. The clock had been found stopped, with her corpse within its huge case. No doubt, I thought, the clock had stopped at the very moment her spirit fled, and her poor body was crushed into the case. My father had died precisely five years after this, and the clock had stopped in its singular fashion, apparently giving him ten days' warning of the approach of the fatal hour. The five years, I decided, after much consideration, must correspond to the number of hours recorded on the dial at the moment of the murder. So I concluded that this meant that five years after the murder there was to be another death, with as many days' warning as there had been minutes on the dial, *i. e.*, ten. Who was to die? was the next question I put to myself. There could be but one answer, it seemed to me—the murderer. Could it be possible, then, that my father was actually the murderer? In one of his fits of delirium he was irresponsible and capable of anything. It was

a horrible thought, yet it was the natural sequence of my investigation.

"I resolved not to quail and accepted it as philosophically as possible. He had doubtless done the deed in a delirious moment. The gash in his head I explained by supposing that he fell against some hard object when the frenzy was spent. It was highly probable that he afterwards had no recollection whatever of the matter. I remembered, too, the pricking sensation I had experienced on attempting to enter the case when a boy, and it occurred to me that the clock might be so constructed that when an object was placed inside it, and the door completely closed, that object would be subjected to a violent galvanic shock that in most cases would produce death. Then I thought my father had only imprisoned my mother in the clock without knowing its dreadful power, though, even had he known, he would not have hesitated in his madness. Perhaps the clock had served to exterminate objectionable people in the days of its original possessor, and though the secret had been lost, it still retained its peculiar qualities. The constructor of the machine had responded to the demands of the duke by giving him a clock by which an instantaneous and mysterious death might be produced, but it was evident that he had also invested it with properties that would avenge the murder by making the life of the perpetrator miserable just at the time when he considered the crime a thing of the forgotten past. The old duke, so the tradition ran, had died in a sudden and mysterious way, and considering all these circumstances, I believed that if I could only secure the clue to the secret machinery, I might know not only all about my mother's death, but everything that had occurred in the same room with the clock since the day of its completion. I was confident that it was telling the time in its singular way when our blood-stained family should be extinct.

"I racked my brain for the meaning

of the 5-10 symbol, and I finally found it. In order that you may better understand it, I must recall the fact that my eldest brother died exactly one year after my father, and that I had four brothers. Counting myself, we were therefore five; and supposing that one of us should die with each succeeding year, five years after the death of my father, and ten after the morning of that dreadful occurrence which had left an eternal stain on our family name, would find every one of us in the grave. Evidently, then, the five figure of the symbol indicated the five years that had elapsed before the death of the murderer, and the ten the years that should pass away before the whole family would be annihilated.

"Arriving at this conclusion, I resolved to destroy completely the infernal machine, with a hope of averting the catastrophe, but fearing the wrath of my brothers, I decided finally only to disable it, so that it could not be set in motion again without great difficulty. With this intention I stole into the room where it stood. This room was never occupied after the death of my mother, and, like all rooms that have been unoccupied for a long period, impressed me with a sense of vacancy and lifelessness that was far from agreeable. Having some mechanical dexterity, and remembering the construction of the clock from the time when I had watched the man examine it, I determined to injure the peculiar escapement so that the injury would be barely perceptible, and yet would effectually prevent the ratchet wheel from performing its revolutions. To make doubly sure I meant, also, to remove some minute pinion, so that any but the most thorough attempts at repair would be baffled. The hour was late, and the room was sombre and ghostly. I confess that a nervous thrill passed over me when I found myself alone and face to face with the mysterious machine which I now considered the cause of all our ill-fortune. I paused to regard it for a moment, and I plainly

heard the regular ticking of the huge pendulum, which seemed to me to be repeating solemnly the words—five—ten—five—ten—five—ten. Suddenly there was a swift buzzing of wheels and the clock began striking. Instinctively I counted, though with an indescribable sensation of dread—*one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!* I glanced at the dial. The hands pointed to half-past six, yet I had counted ten strokes of the bell. ‘Was it another premonition?’ I asked myself. At first I thought it must be a mistake on my part, but some further consideration showed me that it was indeed a repetition of the ten figure of the symbol. Being the youngest son, my hour, as affairs were going, would come last, or, according to my interpretation of the symbol, in the tenth year after the murder. It was a warning to me in person that my days were exactly numbered. As I fully realised this, the angry blood flew to my temples, and I lost all self-control. Enraged and desperate, I forgot everything but the infernal machine before me. I grasped a heavy oaken chair, and concentrating all my fury into one tremendous crashing blow, I shattered the old clock into a thousand fragments. At the same instant I received a peculiar and violent shock as from an electric current of intense power. The chair was stricken from my hold, and a strange tingling sensation first perceptible at the ends of my fingers spread almost instantaneously over my entire person. I fell back, and sank, as it seemed to me, into a bed of softest down, with an indescribable sense of comfort and delicious languor. My body appeared to have lost all weight, and was wafted gently off into ethereal space. Like a feather I sailed away on perfumed zephyrs. A delightful feeling of eternal rest and tranquillity pervaded the whole universe as I drifted airily on and on. Distance was nothing, and weight had vanished. My will-power had forsaken me, but

after a time I succeeded in concentrating my thoughts enough to wonder what had befallen me. Whither was I drifting? I thought. Was I dead, and was [this my spirit only that was thus drifting—drifting? Would I—could I remain for ever in this blissful condition, drifting without time, without care, through all eternity? There appeared to be no beginning, and there was apparently no end, and I was wafted dreamily on. Suddenly a sweet voice whispered in my ear, ‘Prepare thy soul; ten minutes past five is the hour, and the year is not far hence.’

“The voice died away, and darkness fell in place of the glorious light. A cold chilling sensation swept over me, and I strained my eyes into the deep gloom. I found myself on earth, and recognised the outlines of my father’s old chamber, with the fragments of the clock scattered about me. The room was nearly dark, for night was coming on. The tomb-like stillness frightened me. I sprang to my feet and rushed in terror to my own apartment. I pondered long on my vision or dream, but the more I pondered the less was I able to decide whether it was merely the result of a swoon caused by a blow on the head, or a shock from the galvanic apparatus of the clock, or whether my spirit had in reality been transported away into space for some minutes, there to receive a special warning.

“My brothers soon discovered that I had ruined the clock, and they were very angry. When I attempted an explanation they said I was a fool, and refused to listen. At this I lost my temper, and we had a great quarrel, the result of which was that I decided to take my share of the estate, or rather its equivalent in money, and depart from the wretched place altogether. I breathed easier, however, because the clock was in a condition beyond the possibility of repair, and I had a faint hope that with the destruction of the odious thing the remainder of our family might escape the fate which I firmly believed had been

marked out for them. I went to Paris, and tried to forget the whole of our unfortunate history, and lose sight of the hateful symbol in a mad whirl of pleasure. But to no purpose. I had been there only a few months, when I received news of the sudden and peculiar death of the eldest of my remaining brothers. I made a calculation, and found that he had died just two years after my father, and therefore seven after the day of the murder. I was now sure that I was not the victim of an absurd superstition, or a diseased imagination. Indeed, I was positive that my solution of the clock-symbol was the correct one, however strange it might seem. Accordingly I knew I had but three more years of this life left to me, and I again warned my remaining brothers that they had respectively one year and two years more to live. For my own part I was driven half mad by the vision of the old clock, which was constantly before me, the hands fixed at ten minutes past five, and the dial sometimes presenting the outlines of ghastly heads. Every clock I saw intensified this hideous vision, and I soon grew to hate the very sight of one. I longed for some desert land or mountain fastness, away out of the world, where there should be no clocks. At last in my despair I resolved to flee to America, and somewhere in the vast solitudes of the Great West find some lonely vale where I could live secluded and alone. I would spend the remainder of my days there, regardless of time, in reckless adventure and careless ease.

"Having learned to speak English from my mother, when a child, I found no difficulty with the language on my arrival. I made no haste to reach the mountains, for I tried to banish entirely all thoughts of time. I strove to consider myself still in that outer world that had appeared to me in my vision, where time and distance were banished. But I could not forget that dreadful haunting symbol. O, God, what misery! You cannot

realise it, my friends. It clung to me and followed me everywhere—everywhere—everywhere. Then it received fresh emphasis; I received notice of the death of one of my brothers. He died exactly a year after the last. I immediately severed all communication with the remaining brother, so that I should not know the date of his death, and I retired into complete solitude in a wild and unknown cañon, in the vain hope of escape, but the symbol came up more vividly than ever. Every rock took the shape of a curious clock, striking over and over again the fatal number, and the dismal cawing of the ravens fell like mockery on my ears. I felt that I should go stark mad if I remained in that place, so I quitted it and wandered ceaselessly from valley to valley, and from crest to crest, seeking diversion. I staid in one town or in one habitation only long enough to rest and learn the road to another. Still the apparition followed me, and even to-night as I pushed my way through the snow, I heard the same ten strokes of the bell. I felt that the fatal hour was not far off. I was becoming benumbed, and my horse found his own path. I knew not where to go, but suddenly I found myself face to face with this house and almost under the glowing window. As soon as I became warm, the stagnant blood coursed through my veins, and life appeared beautiful to me. For the first time in many weary years I almost forgot my fate and the hateful symbol. Imagine, therefore, my despair when my eyes fell on that clock and beheld its awful warning. My heart stood still, and the blood froze in my veins. I knew that my hour was nigh. I know, I feel, that the tenth year is done, and that to-morrow morning, at ten minutes past five, my soul will take its flight into the mystery of mysteries. The deed of blood will be avenged. So be it."

He ceased, and stared despondently into the fire. No one spoke for some time; then we did our best to console the

poor man, assuring him he was merely the victim of his own imagination, and urging him to shake off his melancholy. But it was unavailing. He retired sadly to the chamber assigned to him, and in the morning when we opened it to wake him and chaff him about his fears, we found him cold in death, an expression of the most intense agony still resting on his con-

torted features, and on his throat some curious blue spots, looking as if some bony hand had clutched long and hard around his neck. We buried him under a pine tree, and it was many months before I could rid myself of the disagreeable sensations produced by the extraordinary occurrence.

F. S. D.

A CHAPTER ON FRENCH GEOGRAPHY.

It is curious to see what errors even instructed English folks fall into on the subject of French geography. Not long since a popular and accomplished novelist, in the description of a French town which headed one of her stories, made as many geographical blunders as there were words in the sentence. Later, another lady, discoursing in one of the leading reviews, on the abject condition of peasant proprietors in France and the disadvantages of small holdings generally, made a blunder far more serious. The country this writer described was Savoy, and the inhabitants, Savoyards; but she took no account of the fact that Savoy was only made French by a stroke of the pen in 1860, and that therefore there could be no analogy whatever between the agricultural class she was describing and the normal condition of rural France. A third writer, also a lady, the other day showed equal ignorance of facts every child of thirteen ought to know. She had been spending three weeks in Alsace, and published her experience under the head of a tour in the Vosges. Now without referring to maps or geographies, it is clear to all who travel in these parts that the chain of the Vosges divides the department of that name from Alsace. Nothing can be more self-evident. But if a traveller cannot trust his own eyes there is Joanne to instruct him,

and Joanne's little manuals are to be had everywhere for the asking. If then thus hazy are the notions of those who take pen in hand to instruct us, how much more so must be those of the world in general! We meet with English and American tourists as familiar with Switzerland as with their native village, yet if you tell them that Mont Blanc belongs to France, and that Chambéry is the *chef-lieu* of a French department, they look positively incredulous.

It is less surprising that errors should be made both in print and in conversation regarding the alterations caused in the French map by the Prussian annexations of 1871. Alsace is no holiday ground of English tourists. The line of railway between Strasburg, Mulhouse and Belfort is not often diverged from, yet seeing that mis-statements on the subject still creep into print, it may be useful to give a precise account of what then took place.

Able as we are to rely on our silver streak, we can hardly realise the feelings of our French neighbours when they now survey their diminished territory and altered frontier; and it is these mutilations more than anything else that have destroyed the prestige of imperialism in France. As the late M. Henri Martin was constantly insisting on, the Bonapartes have been the mapmakers of France to her cost.

The illustrious historian set himself the task of disseminating accurate geographical knowledge among the people as the best means of combating Bonapartism, and one of his achievements in this field is quite a bibliographical curiosity. It is a halfpenny publication consisting of map and pamphlet, the purport of both being to show what losses of French territory were caused by the First and Second Empire. The map is in black and white except for two portions printed in colours, representing respectively the mutilation of the frontier occasioned by the treaties of 1815 and 1871. Roughly speaking, the triangular blotch in M. Henri Martin's little map, indicating that portion of territory annexed by Prussia, would cover any other choicest region of France; but it was the position of Alsace-Lorraine that made these provinces so valuable. A glance at the map will show us why the consequence of these encroachments should be the transformation of Besançon and Dijon into strongly fortified places. Odd as it may sound, Dijon is a frontier town, and is protected by a formidable girdle of forts erected within the last ten years at a cost of many millions. No foreigners are permitted to inspect these forts; but the curious in such matters may gather some notion of the altered aspect of the Dijon of to-day from the breezy height of Mont Affique, or any other summit commanding the town. It may also be noted that in many places, now considered on the frontier, the telegraph wires are laid underground as a precautionary measure in case of war. The pretty little fortified town of Auxonne on the Saône, near Dijon, needed no additional works of defence. It had already defied every effort of the Germans to take it in the last war; but as we proceed eastward towards the frontier we find what has been done in this direction. Besançon has been greatly strengthened, and forts have been erected on commanding positions between that city and Montbéliard, whilst enormous addi-

tions have been made to the fortifications of Belfort. The double *enceinte* begun by Vauban has been enlarged, and new forts added in order more effectually to cover the pass between the Jura and the Vosges, known as the Trouée de Belfort. These undertakings, pushed on as expeditiously as possible, have yet occupied the last decade, and the necessary outlay has of course heavily taxed the resources of the country. But such precautions were unavoidable. The exactions of Prussia in 1871 were so adjusted as to lay open the entire eastern frontier of France.

In the fewest possible words we will then state the precise partition of territory that took place upon that occasion.

One of the first acts of the Constituent Assembly, as everybody knows, was to do away with the ancient divisions of France into provinces, so embarrassing from a fiscal and administrative point of view, and in order to effect the political unification of the country, divided it into eighty-six departments, a scheme of which Burke wrote: "In the spirit of this geometrical distribution and arithmetical arrangement, these pretended citizens treat France exactly like a conquered country." The Duchy of Lorraine was apportioned into four—La Meuse, La Meurthe, La Moselle, Les Vosges.

With the first mentioned, bordering as it does on Belgium, the Prussians did not meddle—it was not their affair; but of the two second, viz., La Meurthe and La Moselle, so large a portion was taken that of the remainder one had to be formed. This is now the department of Meurthe and Moselle, with the beautiful city of Nancy for its *chef-lieu*.

We still find in English works references to the departments of La Meurthe and Moselle, as existing separately, so that it is worth while making the point quite clear.

The picturesque Vosges was only deprived of one canton, Schirmsmech,

but when we come to the magnificent province of Alsace, we find so much taken away that only a mere fragment remained—a precious fragment, certainly, but nothing compared to the forfeited portion.

Alsace united to the French crown in 1648 formed the two departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, with Strasburg and Colmar for *chef-lieux*. Of this vast territory only Belfort was rescued to France, that is to say, the town and fort with six cantons extending over sixty thousand hectares, and numbering a mixed rural and manufacturing population of 60,000.

This "Territoire de Belfort" may be regarded as a new department, and will thus ere long be inscribed on French maps.

The forfeited territory, therefore, comprised one entire department, the best part of three, and a portion of a third. When we further consider the loss of frontier, and of over a million and a half of thrifty, enlightened, and patriotic inhabitants, we need hardly wonder that French feeling towards Prussia remains very much what it was immediately after the close of the war.

The subject of French geography from a French point of view offers some curious anomalies. Our neighbours, it would seem, are under the odd necessity of re-naming not only their streets and squares, but their departments and even gulfs!

The much contested etymology of the Gulf of Lyons is occupying attention over the water. In our own maps we find the name changed to that of the Golfe du Lion, and is generally admitted to have nothing to do with the city from which it is so far removed.

Many derivations have been given, none wholly satisfactory to the learned. There is the poetic symbolism of the Lion, adapted by old writers. "*Leonis ideo sic nuncupatum quod semper asperum fluctuosum et crudele est,*" wrote one. There is the equally fanciful connection between the naming

of the gulf and the heraldic lion of Marseilles and Arles, the device of which latter city is still "*Ab ira leonis.*" Nor will modern authorities have anything to say to the *Λιγυστική γῆ* of Strabo, nor the supposititious *sinus lagunis* corrupted into the Languedocien *Launes* or *Lônes*. The learned in the subject have finally come to the conclusion that the gulf has been all along inappropriately named, and that it should be for once and for all rechristened the Golfe Gaulois. Golfe Gaulois, *Gallicum mare*, it was indeed to old French geographers, and in the Portulans or beautifully illuminated maps of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it is invariably thus designated.

There certainly seems no reason why the French nation should not rechristen their gulf if they chose, although for a time the change might occasion some slight inconvenience.

When we come to departments we find one at least absurdly misnamed. This is the Var, a region so familiar and attractive to English valetudinarians who have perhaps not discovered that the river from which the department originally took its name, does not so much as touch its limits. It has not done so for the last twenty-four years, that is to say, since the annexation of the Comté de Nice.

It was then found necessary in order to equalise the Var and the Alpes Maritimes, to enlarge the latter at the expense of the former, and the very portion taken away happened to be that traversed by the river. The Var rises in Italy at the foot of Mont Cemelione and disembogues after traversing the Alpes Maritimes, whereas it is the important river Argens that waters the neighbouring department and should give it a name. Or there is the historic mountain range of Les Maures, so familiar to travellers at Hyères, after which it might be called with equal appropriateness. French geographers protest against a misnomer so easy to be remedied.

We now turn to another subject,

namely, the lesser known divisions of ancient France, so apt to puzzle the stranger. Le Morvan, Le Forez, La Beauce, Le Velay—what meaning do they convey to our minds? If we turn to the map we do not find these names, yet they are still in constant use locally, and in the writings and on the lips of French people have a definite meaning.

Thus, an inhabitant of Dijon would naturally describe the little watering place of St. Honoré-les-Bains, as situated in Le Morvan, instead of mentioning La Nièvre, preferring the historic to the departmental name. We constantly hear folks in the Côté d'Or speak of such and such a place being "En Forez," and if we go to our map we find no mention of Forez at all, and the place alluded to is in the department of La Loire.

Fortunately French writers, especially novelists, do their best to preserve these names so interesting and valuable from a historic point of view—often as in the case of the little Celtic kingdom of Le Morvan, in themselves a history. Nor do we find any analogy between these local subdivisions of France; each and all have a character of their own.

We go to the Morvan, for instance, to study village communism, the history of which may be clearly made out from local records, and the last traces of which as an actuality did not disappear till 1848. In the Morvan, too, may yet be seen the loose *saie*, garment of primitive Gaul, and the physiognomy and speech of the people remind us that we are among a pure Celtic race.

Whilst Le Morvan, picturesque, ethnological, historic, has a literature of its own, another region, interesting from wholly different points of view, has found a chronicler in these days. That charming and learned writer, M. Émile Montégut, has made no more welcome contribution to French literature than the series of home travels, of which *En Forez* forms a part. Many of us glancing through

these pleasant pages are startled to find that we have already traversed the regions therein described without so much as knowing it! We have journeyed from Clermont-Ferrand to St. Étienne without taking account that the scenery round about the dingy little town of Boen is historic, and that the history of the noble house of Forez forms a chapter of the history of France. It was a Comte du Forez who wrote that famous pastoral *L'Astrée*, the great literary success of Henri Quatre's epoch and the favourite-reading of illustrious personages a century later. Madame de Sévigné and La Fontaine praised it, Racine borrowed from it, and so, some critics affirm, did the great George Sand herself in our own epoch.

Two miles and a half from Boën is the Château de la Bâtie, creation of another Comte du Forez. Veritable Italian palace, in the midst of the quiet Forésien scenery, the Château de la Bâtie has been compared in interest and importance to the celebrated Château of Bussy-Rabutin. It was built by Claude D'Urfé, ancestor of the author of *L'Astrée*, confidant of Henri II., and governor of the Dauphin, husband of Mary Stuart. Le Forez was incorporated into the French kingdom in 1527, although the titles of count were retained till long afterwards by members of this once powerful house.

La Beauce, Le Velay, and many other ancient divisions offer equal interest, but we will now pass on to matters partly historical, and partly of a physical nature.

Researches of late years have thrown much light on the history of certain regions. We may, indeed, affirm that the very beginnings of French history must in consequence be dated earlier by many centuries.

The traveller bound from Marseilles to the Spanish port Boo (not to be confounded with the French port De Bouc) will naturally take account of the changes wrought in the contour

of the coast within comparatively recent periods, the sea receding farther and farther before the encroachments of the land. But as he skirts the silent shores of Languedoc, how little does he dream of the cities and civilisations that lie buried underneath! Provence is already familiar ground, and recent archæological investigations have brought home to most of us the length of the historic records to be unrolled there. Such names as Cimiez, Turbia, Vence, have each told their own story. We know that we must go back three thousand years for the beginning of Provençal history. Ligurian, Iberian, Phœnician, Phœcean, Gallic, Roman, Gothic, Saracenic—Provence has been all by turns, and from one fragment and another we are now able to put together a coherent whole. But whilst the new light thrown upon the civilisations of ancient Provence lends a charm to one of the most fascinating regions in Europe, and an additional interest induces many to visit its shores who are neither idlers nor invalids; quite otherwise is it with the neighbouring coast. Here and there some curious traveller will quit the beaten track to visit the fortified church of Maguelone, or the shrine of Holy Maries, in the picturesque but deadly Camargue. Aigues-Mortes, purchased by Saint Louis, of the monks of Psalmodi,¹ in the month of August, 1248, will be visited, the Greek city of Arles also and Narbonne. There inquiry for the most part ends.

No less interesting to the geographer, as well as the archæologist, is the curve of flat sandy shore between Narbonne and the Cap de Creux, on the borders of Spain. The country is not particularly attractive, and certainly not healthy; but the physical changes undergone by these regions offer matter for much interesting speculation, whilst to the student of history the fishing villages and sleepy

towns dotting the way have each an interest of their own. Many of them occupy sites of cities that had flourished and decayed before the Roman epoch in Gaul.

Illiberis, the modern Elne, where Hannibal and his hosts were hospitably entertained on their march towards Rome; Ruscino, ancient Celtic metropolis, important enough to give its name to the province of which Perpignan afterwards became capital; Agathapolis, now Agde, frequented by Phœcean navigators six hundred years before our era; Magalo, in modern Provençal, Maguelonne, at the present day a desolate ruin, but a rich, populous, and strongly fortified city before the civilisation of Greece and Rome—these are among the *villes mortes*, the buried cities along the Gulf of Lyon, which a French archæologist has recently unearthed for us.¹ Nor is the physical aspect of the country less changed within comparatively recent periods. Materially, as well as morally, we find a persistent retrogression. The once busy ports of these shores are deserted, the cities, formerly so populous and flourishing, have sunk into oblivion and decay. The stream of life that animated the line of coast has now set in another direction; and where once rose forests of pine and poplar, and verdant islands from the midst of navigable waters, we now find stagnant marsh and pestilential swamp. The human agencies at work here for two thousand years have been disastrous, not only in the cutting down of forests, but in successive undoings of the beneficent reparations of nature.

Again and again, in spite of the aridity of the soil, the dryness of the climate, and the devastating mistral, light foliage has made green the waste, and again and again it has been wantonly cleared or given up to flocks and herds. Even in modern times the

¹ This curious treaty of sale exists. The monks of Psalmodi made, of course, an excellent bargain with the king.

¹ *Les Villes mortes du Golfe de Lyon, par Ch. Leuthéric*, one of a series of most interesting works on French archæology and physical geography. Paris, 1883. (Plon.)

condition of things contrasted favourably with the present. The flourishing abbeys of Psalmodi and Montmajeur, Aigues-Mortes, or the city of St. Louis, the Iles de Cordes, formed, during the Middle Ages, actual floating oases of which it is now difficult to form any idea. The encroachments of the land upon the sea have also greatly contributed to the altered aspect and outward decay of this region. Its maritime prosperity was already declining in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era, and from that time navigation, in consequence of alluvial deposits, had become more and more difficult. The gradual transformation of the lagoons into stagnant marshes induced deadly pestilences, and until the eighteenth century population steadily diminished. St. Gilles, which in the tenth century had 30,000 inhabitants, was a busy sea-port and court of the Counts of Toulouse, possessed also a mint of its own, became as insignificant as it is in the present day. Attention to drainage and improved hygienic conditions have of late somewhat improved matters, but whether a revival of life and commerce all along the coast may be looked for is another question. French authorities are urgent on the subject, and clamour for the restoration of certain of these decayed ports. What is urged upon with even more insistence is the desirability of excavations. In the opinion of those best able to judge, Elne and Ruscino are mines of archæological wealth as yet to be worked, and seeing how much light has been thrown upon the history of the two cities by the discovery of a simple inscription, there seems every reason to support such a view.

In the Middle Ages Elne was a bishopric and a place of some importance, as its magnificent cloisters testify. Constantine had already restored and beautified it, but alike the Christian episcopate and the Roman Acropolis sink into insignificance beside the

Iberian city suggested by ancient writers.

Pomponius Mela and Pliny wrote of the vanished Illiberis, the magnificence of its buildings, its vast population—already in their days greatly diminished; and Livy mentions the halt of Hannibal and his forces there, a fact also attested by the numerous Carthaginian coins that have been found in the neighbourhood. Yet the very name of Illiberis, which signifies in the Basque tongue Ville-Neuve, teaches us that the beginnings of Elne take us much farther back; and there is little doubt that the Iberian Illiberis, or new city, replaced a Phœnician settlement of which only myth and legend bear evidence.

Ruscino offers equal interest, and it may without exaggeration be affirmed that every inch of ground from the dreary Camargue to the Spanish frontier is historic. Nor are these vast solitudes and monotonous lagoons without a certain weird and poetic charm.

An intense blue sky bends over the sleepy seas and flat horizons, groups of stone-pine here and there break the monotony of waving sand, whilst above the reedy salt-marshes wheel flocks of the crimson-plumaged flamingo, animating the solitude with their cries. And we may here see at work those natural agencies which have transformed the outline of coast within quite recent periods.

By gradual processes the lagoon becomes morass, the salt-marsh is being transformed into solid land, inland lakes are becoming farther and farther isolated from the sea, and the sites of towns on the coast are appreciably changing. From whichever side we approach it, therefore, physical, political, historic, French geography offers interesting matter for speculation. I quit the subject—so fascinating to a traveller in France—whilst as yet on the threshold, to return to it, I hope on some other occasion.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

“ Que voulez-vous ? Hélas ! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure ! ”

CHAPTER I.

TREASURES DROPPED AND PICKED UP.

“ Dans l'air pâle, émanant ses tranquilles
lumières
Rayonnait l'astre d'or de l'arrière-saison. ”

THERE was nothing remarkable in the scene. It was just a bit of country lane, cut deeply into the side of a hill, and seamed with little pebbly courses, made by the streams of rain which had poured across it on their downward way. The hill-side faced the west, and, standing on this ledge as on a balcony, one might look down into a valley where cattle were feeding in the pastures, and where a full and softly-flowing river turned the wheel of a distant mill, and slipped quietly under the arched bridge of the lower road. Sometimes in summer the water lay gleaming, like a curved blade, in the midst of the warm green meadows, but on this late October day it was misty and wan, and light vapours veiled the pale globe of the declining sun. Looking upward from the valley, a broad slope of ploughed land rose above the road, and the prospect ended in a hedge, a gate, through whose bars one saw the sky, and a thin line of dusky, red-trunked firs. But from the road itself there was nothing to be seen in this direction except a steep bank. This bank was crowned with hawthorn bushes, and here and there a stubborn stunted oak, which held its dry brown leaves persistently, as some oaks do. With every passing breath of wind there was a crisp rustling overhead.

This bit of road lay deserted in the faint yellow gleams. But for a wisp of straw, caught on an overhanging

twig, and some cart-tracks, which marked the passage of a load, one might have fancied that the pale sun had risen, and now was about to set, without having seen a single way-farer upon it. But there were four coming towards it, and, slowly as two of them might travel, they would yet reach it while the sunlight lasted. The little stage was to have its actors that afternoon.

First there appeared a man's figure on the crest of the hill. He swung himself over the gate, and came with eager strides down the field, till he reached the hedge which divided it from the road. There he stopped, consulted his watch, and sheltering himself behind one of the little oaks, he rested one knee on a mossy stump, and thus, half-standing, half-kneeling, he waited. The attitude was picturesque, and so was the man. He had bright grey-blue eyes, hair and moustache brown, with a touch of reddish gold, a quick, animated face, and a smiling mouth. It was easy to see that he was sanguine and fearless, and on admirable terms with himself and the world in general. He was young, and he was pleasant to look at, and, though he could hardly have dressed with a view to occupying that precise position, his brown velvet coat was undeniably in the happiest harmony with the tree against which he leaned, and the withered foliage above his head.

To wait there, with his eyes fixed on that unfrequented way, hardly seemed a promising pastime. But the young fellow was either lucky or wise. He had not been there more than five minutes by his watch, when a girl turned the corner, and came, with

down-bent head, slowly sauntering along the road below him. His clasping hand on the rough oak-bark shifted slightly, to allow him to lean a little further and gain a wider range, though he was careful to keep in the shelter of his tree and the hawthorn hedge. A few steps brought the girl exactly opposite his hiding-place. There she paused.

She sauntered because her hands and eyes were occupied, and she took no heed of the way she went. She paused because her occupation became so engrossing that she forgot to take another step. She wore long, loose gloves, to guard her hands and wrists, and as she came she had pulled autumn leaves of briony and bramble, and brier sprays, with their bunches of glowing hips. These she was gathering together and arranging, partly that they might be easier to carry, and partly to justify her pleasure in their beauty by setting it off to the best advantage. As she completed her task, a tuft of yellow leaves on the bank beside her caught her eye. She stretched her hand to gather it, and the man above looked straight down into her unconscious upturned face.

She was not more than eighteen or nineteen, and by a touch of innocent shyness in her glances and movements she might have been judged to be still younger. She was slight and dark, with a soft loose cloud of dusky hair, and a face, not flower-like in its charm, but with a healthful beauty more akin to her own autumn berries—ripe, clear-skinned, and sweet. As she looked up, with red lips parted, it was hardly wonderful that the lips of the man in ambush, breathlessly silent though he was, made answer with a smile. She plucked the yellow leaves and turned away, and he suffered his breath to escape softly in a sigh. Yet he was smiling still at the pretty picture of that innocent face held up to him.

It was all over in a minute. She had come and gone, and he stood up, still cautiously, lest she should return,

and looked at the broad brown slope down which he had come so eagerly. Every step of that lightly-trodden way must be retraced, and time was short. But even as he faced it he turned for one last glance at the spot where she had stood. And there, like coloured jewels on the dull earth, lay a bunch of hips, orange and glowing scarlet, which she had unawares let fall. In a moment he was down on the road, had caught up his prize, and almost as quickly had pulled himself up again, and was standing behind the sheltering tree while he fastened it in his coat. And when he had secured it, it seemed, after all, as if he had needed just that touch of soft bright colour, and would not have been completely himself without it.

"Barbara's gift," he said to himself, looking down at it. "I'll tell her of it one of these days, when the poor things are dead and dry! No, that they never shall be!" He quickened his pace. "They shall live, at any rate, for me. It would not be amiss for a sonnet. *Love's Gleaning*—yes, or *Love's Alms*," and before the young fellow's eyes rose the dainty vision of a creamy, faintly-ribbed page, with strong yet delicately-cut Roman type and slim italics. Though not a line of it was written, he could vaguely see that sonnet in which his rosy spoil should be enshrined. He could even see Barbara reading it, on some future day, while he added the commentary, which was not for the world in general, but for Barbara. It became clearer to him as he hurried on, striking across the fields to reach his destination more directly. Snatches of musical words floated on the evening air, and he quickened his pace unconsciously as if in actual pursuit. To the east the sky grew cold and blue, and the moon, pearl white, but as yet not luminous, swam above him as he walked.

So the poet went in quest of rhymes, and Barbara, strolling onward, looked for leaves and berries. She had not gone far when she spied some more, better, of course, than any she had

already gathered. This time they were on the lower bank which sloped steeply downward to a muddy ditch. Barbara looked at them longingly, decided that they were attainable, and put her nosegay down on the damp grass that she might have both hands free for her enterprise.

She was certain she could get them. She leaned forward, her finger-tips almost brushed them, when a man's footsteps, close beside her, startled her into consciousness of an undignified position, and she sprang back to firmer ground. But a thin chain she wore had caught on a thorny spray. It snapped, and a little gold cross dropped from it, and lay, rather more than half-way down, among the briars and withered leaves. She snatched at the dangling chain, and stood, flushed and disconcerted, trying to appear absorbed in the landscape, and unconscious of the passer-by who had done the mischief. If only he *would* pass by as quickly as possible, and leave her to regain her treasure and gather her berries!

But the steps hesitated, halted, and there was a pause—an immense pause—during which Barbara kept her eyes fixed on a particular spot in the meadow below. It appeared to her that the eyes of the unknown man were fixed on the back of her head, and the sensation was intolerable. After a moment, however, he spoke, and broke the spell. It was a gentleman's voice, she perceived, but a little forced and hard, as if the words cost him something of an effort.

"I—I beg your pardon, but can I be of any service? I think you dropped something—ah! a little cross." He came to her side. "Will you allow me to get it for you?"

Barbara went through the form of glancing at him, but she did not meet his eyes. "Thank you," she said, "but I needn't trouble you, really." And she returned to her pensive contemplation of that spot where the meadow grass grew somewhat more rankly tufted.

He paused again before speaking. It seemed to Barbara that this young man did nothing but pause. "I don't think you can get it," he said, looking at the brambles. "I really don't think you can."

If Barbara had frankly uttered her inmost sentiments she would have said, "Great idiot—no—not if you don't go away!" But, as it was, she coloured yet more in her shyness, and stooped to pick up her nosegay from the ground. He had been within an inch of treading on it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, starting back. "How clumsy of me!"

Something in his tone disarmed her. She feared that she had been ungracious, and moreover she was a little doubtful whether she would not find it difficult to regain her trinket without his help. "You haven't done any harm," she said. Then, glancing downward, "Well, if you will be so kind."

The new-comer surveyed the situation so intently that Barbara took the opportunity of surveying him.

She was familiar, in novels, with heroes and heroines who were not precisely beautiful, yet possessed a nameless and all-conquering charm. Perhaps for that very reason she was slow to recognise good looks where this charm was absent. The tall young fellow who stood a few steps away, gazing with knitted brows at the little wilderness of briars, was really very handsome, but he was not certain of the fact. Beauty should not be self-conscious, but it should not despondently question its own existence. This man seemed to be accustomed to a chilly, ungenial atmosphere, to be numbed and repressed, to lack fire. Barbara fancied that if he touched her his hand would be cold.

In point of actual features he was decidedly the superior of the young fellow who was climbing the hill-side, but the pleasant colour and grace were altogether wanting. Yet he was not exactly awkward. Neither was he ill-

dressed, though his clothes did not seem to express his individuality, except perhaps by the fact that they were black and grey. Any attempt at description falls naturally into cold negatives, and the scarlet autumn berries which were just a jewel-like brightness in the first picture would have been a strange and vivid contrast in the second.

His momentary hesitation on the brink of his venture was not in reality indecision, but the watchful distrust produced by a conviction that circumstances were hostile. He wished to take them all into account. Having briefly considered the position of the cross, and the steepness of the bank, he stepped boldly down. In less than half a second the treacherous earth had betrayed him; his foot slipped, he fell on his back, and slid down the short incline to the muddy ditch at the bottom, losing his hat by the way.

Barbara, above him, uttered a silvery little "Oh!" of dismay and surprise. She was not accustomed to a man who failed in what he undertook.

The victim of the little accident was grimly silent. With a scrambling effort he recovered his footing and lost it again. A second attempt was more successful; he secured the cross, clambered up, and restored it to its owner, turning away from her thanks to pick up his hat, which luckily lay within easy reach. Barbara did not know which way to look. She was painfully, burningly conscious of his evil plight. His boots were coated with mire, his face was darkly flushed and seamed with a couple of brier scratches, a bit of dead leaf was sticking in his hair, and "Oh," thought Barbara, "he cannot possibly know how muddy his back is!"

She stood, turning the little cross in her fingers. "Thank you very much," she said nervously. "I should never have got it for myself."

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, with bitter distinctness. "I think you would have managed it much better."

"I'm sure I would rather not try." She dared not raise her eyes to his face, but she saw that he wore no glove, and that the thorns had torn his hand. He was winding his handkerchief round it, and the blood started through the white folds. "Oh, you have hurt yourself!" she exclaimed. He answered only with an impatient gesture of negation.

"How am I to thank you?" she asked despairingly.

"Don't you think the less said the better, at any rate for me?" he replied, picking a piece of bramble from his sleeve, and glancing aside, as if to permit her to go her way with no more words.

But Barbara held her ground. "I should have been sorry to lose that cross. I—I prize it very much."

"Then I am sorry to have given you an absurd association with it."

"Please don't talk like that. I shall remember your kindness," said the girl hurriedly. She felt as if she must add something more. "I always fancy my cross is a kind of—what do they call those things that bring good luck?"

"Amulet? Talisman?"

"Yes, a talisman," she repeated, with a little nod. "It belonged to my godmother. I was named after her. She died before I was a year old, but I have heard my mother say she was the most beautiful woman she ever saw. Oh, I should hate to lose it!"

"Would your luck go with it?" He smiled as he asked the question, and the smile was like a momentary illumination, revealing the habitual melancholy of his mouth.

"Perhaps," said Barbara.

"Well, you would not have lost it this afternoon, as it was quite conspicuously visible," he rejoined.

By this time he had brushed his hat, and, passing his hand over his short waves of dark hair, had found and removed the bit of leaf which had distressed Barbara. She advanced a step, perhaps emboldened a little by

that passing smile. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, "but when you slipped you got some earth on your coat." (She fancied that "earth" sounded a little more dignified than "mud" or "dirt," and that he might not mind it quite so much.) "Please let me brush it off for you." She looked up at him with a pleading glance and produced a filmy little feminine handkerchief.

He eyed her, drawing back. "No!" he ejaculated; and then, more mildly, "No, thank you. I can manage. No, thank you."

"I wish——" Barbara began, but she said no more, for the expression of his face changed so suddenly that she looked over her shoulder to discover the cause.

A gentleman stood a few steps away, gazing at them in unconcealed surprise. A small, neat, black-clothed gentleman, with bright grey eyes and white hair and whiskers, who wore a very tall hat and carried a smart little cane.

"Uncle!" the girl exclaimed, and her uplifted hand dropped loosely by her side.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

THE old gentleman's face would have been a mere note of interrogation, but for a hint of chilly displeasure in its questioning. The young people answered with blushes. The word was the same for both, but the fact was curiously different. The colour that sprang to Barbara's cheek was light and swift as flame, while the man at her side reddened slowly, as if with the rising of a dark and sullen tide, till the lines across his face were angrily swollen. The bandage, loosely wound round his hand, showed the wet stains, and the new-comer's bright gaze, travelling downwards, rested on it for a moment, and then passed on to the muddy boots and trousers.

"Uncle," said Barbara, "I dropped my gold cross, and this gentleman was so kind as to get it back for me."

"It was nothing—I was very glad to be of any service, but it isn't worth mentioning," the stranger protested, again with a rough edge of effort in his tone.

"On the contrary," said the old gentleman, "I fear my niece has given you a great deal of trouble. I am sure we are both of us exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness." He emphasised his thanks with a neat little bow. To the young man's angry fancy it seemed that his glance swept the landscape, as if he sought some perilous precipice, which might account for the display of mud and wounds.

"Yes," said Barbara quickly, "the bank is so slippery, and there are such horrid brambles—look, uncle! I came to meet you, and I was gathering some leaves, and my chain caught and snapped."

"Ah! that bank! Yes, a very disagreeable place," he assented, looking up at the stranger. "I am really very sorry that you should have received such——" he hesitated for a word, and then finished, "such injuries."

"The bank is nothing. I was clumsy," was the reply.

"I think, Barbara, we must be going home," her uncle suggested. The young man stood aside to let them pass, with a certain awkwardness and irresolution, for their road was the same as his own.

"I beg your pardon," he said, abruptly, "but perhaps, if you are going that way, you can tell me how far it is to Mitchelhurst."

They both looked surprised. "About a mile and a half. Were you going to Mitchelhurst?"

"Yes, but if you know it——"

"We live there," said Barbara.

"Perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. I would just as soon not go on this afternoon. Is there a decent inn, or, better still, could one be tolerably sure of getting lodgings in the place, without securing them beforehand?"

"You want lodgings there?"

"Only for a few days. I came by train a couple of hours ago"—he named a neighbouring town—"and they told me at the hotel that it was uncertain whether I should find accommodation at Mitchelhurst; so I left my luggage there, and walked over to make inquiries."

"I do not think that I can recommend the inn," said the other, doubtfully. "I fear you would find it beery, and smoky, and noisy—the village ale-house, you understand. Sanded floors, and rustics with long clay pipes—that's the kind of thing at the Rothwell Arms."

"Ah! the 'Rothwell Arms'!"

"And as for lodgings," the old man continued, with something alert and watchful in his manner, "the fact is people *don't* care to lodge in Mitchelhurst. They live there, a few of them—myself for instance—but there is nothing in the place to attract ordinary visitors."

He paused, but the only comment was—

"Indeed?"

"Nothing whatever," he affirmed. "A little, out-of-the-way, uninteresting village—but you are anxious to stay here?"

The stranger was re-arranging the loosened handkerchief with slender, unskilful fingers.

"For a few days—yes," he repeated, half absently, as he tried to tuck away a hanging end.

"Uncle," said Barbara, with timid eagerness, "doesn't Mrs. Simmonds let lodgings? When that man came surveying, or something, last summer, didn't he have rooms in her house? I'm very nearly sure he did."

Her uncle intercepted, as it were, the stranger's glance of inquiry.

"Perhaps. But I don't think Mrs. Simmonds will do on this occasion."

"Why not?" the other demanded. "I don't suppose I'm more particular than the man who came surveying. If the place is decently clean, why not?"

"Because your name is Harding. I

don't know what his might happen to be."

The young man drew himself up, almost as if he repelled an accusation. Then he seemed to recollect himself.

"Yes," he said, "it is. How did you know that?"

The little Mitchelhurst gentleman found such pleasure in his own acuteness that it gave a momentary air of cordiality to his manner.

"My dear sir," he replied, looking critically at Harding's scratched face, "I knew the Rothwells well. I recognise the Rothwell features."

"You must be a keen observer," said the other curtly.

"Voice too," the little man continued. "Especially when you repeated the name of the inn—the Rothwell Arms."

Harding laughed.

"Upon my word! The Rothwells have left me more of the family property than I was aware of."

"Then there was your destination. Who but a Rothwell would ever want to stay at Mitchelhurst?"

"I see. I appear to have betrayed myself in a variety of ways." The discovery of his name seemed to have given him a little more ease of manner of a defiant and half-mocking kind. "What, is there something more?" he inquired, as his new acquaintance recommenced, "And then——"

"Yes, enough to make me very sure. You wear a ring on your little finger which your mother gave you. She used to wear it thirty years ago."

"True!" said Harding, in a tone of surprise. "You knew my mother then?"

"As I say—thirty years ago. She is still living, is she not? And in good health, I trust?"

"Yes." The young man looked at his ring. "You have a good memory," he said, with an inflection which seemed to convey that he would have ended the sentence with a name, had he known one.

The little gentleman took the hint.

"My name is Herbert Hayes." He

spoke with careful precision, it was impossible to mistake the words, yet there was something tentative and questioning in their utterance. The young man's face betrayed a puzzled half recognition.

"I've heard my mother speak of you," he said.

"But you don't remember what she said?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. It is very stupid of me. But that I have heard her speak of you I'm certain. I know your name well."

"There was nothing much to say. We were very good friends thirty years ago. Mrs. Harding might naturally mention my name if she were speaking of Mitchelhurst. Does she often talk of old days?"

"Not often. I shall tell her I met you."

Barbara stood by, wondering and interested, glancing to and fro as they spoke. At this moment she caught her uncle's eye.

"By the way," he said, "I have not introduced you to my niece—my great niece, to be strictly accurate—Miss Barbara Strange."

Harding bowed ceremoniously, and yet with a touch of self-contemptuous amusement. He bowed, but he remembered that she had seen him slide down a muddy bank on his back by way of an earlier introduction.

"Mr. Rothwell Harding, I suppose I should say?" the old man inquired.

"No. I'm not named Rothwell. I'm Reynold Harding."

"Reynold?"

"Yes. It's an old name in my father's family. That is," he concluded, in the dead level of an expressionless tone, "as old a name as there is in my father's family, I believe."

"I suppose his grandfather was named Reynold," said Mr. Hayes to himself. Aloud he replied, "Indeed. How about Adam?"

Harding constrained himself to smile, but he did it with such an ill grace that Mr. Hayes perceived that

he was a stupid prig, who could not take a joke, and gave himself airs.

"About these lodgings?" the young man persisted, returning to the point. "If Miss Strange knows of some, why won't they do for me?"

Mr. Hayes gulped down his displeasure.

"There is only one roof that can shelter you in Mitchelhurst," he said magnificently, "and that is the roof of Mitchelhurst Place."

"Of Mitchelhurst Place?" Reynold was taken by surprise. He made a little step backward, and Barbara, needlessly alarmed, cried, "Mind the ditch!" Her impulsive little scream nearly startled him into it, but he recovered himself on the brink, and they both coloured again, he angrily, she in vexation at having reminded him of his mishap. "How can I go to Mitchelhurst Place?" he demanded in his harshly hurried voice.

"As my guest," said Mr. Hayes. "I am Mr. Croft's tenant. I live there—with my niece."

The young man's eyes went from one to the other. Barbara's face was hardly less amazed than his own.

"Oh thank you!" he said at last. "It's exceedingly good of you, but I couldn't think of troubling you—I really couldn't. The lodgings Miss Strange mentioned will do very well for me, I am sure, or I could manage for a day or two at the inn."

"Indeed—" Mr. Hayes began.

"But I am not particular," said Harding with his most defiant air and in his bitterest tone, "I assure you I am not. I have never been able to afford it. I shall be all right. Pray do not give the matter another thought. I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness, but it's quite out of the question, really."

"No," said Mr. Hayes, resting his little black kid hands on the top of his stick and looking up at the tall young man, "it is out of the question that you should go anywhere else. Pray do not suggest it. You intended to go back to your hotel this evening and

to come on to Mitchelhurst to-morrow? Then let us have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow as early as you like to come."

"Indeed—indeed," protested Harding, "I could not think of intruding."

The little gentleman laughed.

"My dear sir, who is the intruder at Mitchelhurst Place? Answer me that! No," he said, growing suddenly serious, "you cannot go to the pot-house—your mother's son—while I live in the Rothwells' old home. It is impossible—I cannot suffer it. I should be for ever ashamed and humiliated if you refused a few days' shelter under the old roof. I should indeed."

"If you put it so——"

"There is no other way to put it."

"I can say no more. I can only thank you for your kindness. I will come," said Reynold Harding, slowly. Urgent as the invitation was, and simply as it was accepted, there was yet a curious want of friendliness about it. Circumstances constrained these two men, not any touch of mutual liking. One would have said that Mr. Hayes was bound to insist and Harding to yield.

"That is settled then," said the elder man, "and we shall see you to-morrow. I am a good deal engaged myself, but Barbara is quite at home in Mitchelhurst, and can show you all the Rothwell memorials—the Rothwells are the romance of Mitchelhurst, you know. She'll be delighted to do the honours, eh, Barbara?"

The girl murmured a shy answer.

"Oh, if I trespass on your kindness I think that's enough; I needn't victimise Miss Strange," said the young man, and he laughed a little, not altogether pleasantly. "And I can't claim any of the romance. My name isn't Rothwell."

"The name isn't everything," said Mr. Hayes. "Come, Barbara, it's getting late, and I want my dinner. Till to-morrow, then," and held out his hand to their new acquaintance.

Young Harding bowed stiffly to

Barbara. "Till to-morrow afternoon."

The old man and the girl walked away, he with an elderly sprightliness of bearing which seemed to say, "See how active I still am!" she moving by his side with dreamy, unconscious grace. They came to a curve in the road, and she turned her head and looked back before she passed it. Mr. Reynold Harding had taken but a couple of steps from the spot where they had left him. He had apparently arranged his bandage to his satisfaction at last, and was pulling at the knot with his teeth and his other hand, but his face was towards them, and Barbara knew that he saw that backward glance. She quickened her steps in hot confusion, and looked straight before her for at least five minutes.

During that time it was her uncle who was the hero of her thoughts. His dramatic recognition of Harding, and Harding's ring, his absolute refusal to permit the young man to go to any house in Mitchelhurst but the Place, something in the tone of his voice when he uttered his "thirty years ago," hinted a romance to Barbara. The conjecture might or might not be correct, but at any rate it was natural. Girls who do not understand love are apt to use it to explain all the other things they do not understand. She waited till her cheeks were cool, and her thoughts clear, and then she spoke.

"I didn't know you knew the Rothwells so well, uncle."

"My dear," said her uncle, "how should you?"

"I suppose you might have talked about them."

"I might," said Mr. Hayes. "Now you mention it, I might, certainly. But I haven't any especial fancy for the gossip of the last generation."

"Well, I have," said the girl. And after a moment she went on, "How long is it since they left the Place?"

Her uncle put his head on one side with a quick, birdlike movement, and

apparently referred to a cloud in the western sky before he made answer.

"Nineteen years last Midsummer."

"And when did you take it?"

"A year later."

The two walked a little way in silence, and then Barbara recommenced.

"This Mr. Harding—he is like the Rothwells, then?"

"Rothwell from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. The old people, who knew the family, will find him out as he walks through the village—see if they don't. The same haughty, sulky, sneering way with him, and just the same voice. Only every Rothwell at the Place, even to the last, had an air of being a *grand seigneur*, which this fellow can't very well have. Upon my word, I begin to think it was the pleasantest thing about them. I don't like a pride which is conscious of being homeless and out at elbows."

Barbara undauntedly pursued her little romance.

"You are talking about the men," she said. "Is Mr. Harding like his mother?"

"Well, she was a handsome woman," Mr. Hayes replied indifferently, "but she had the same unpleasant manner."

The girl was thrown back on an utter blankness of ideas. A woman beloved may have a dozen faults, and be the dearer for them; but she cannot possibly have an unpleasant manner. Barbara could frame no theory to fit the perplexing facts.

As they turned into the one street of Mitchelhurst, Mr. Hayes spoke musingly.

"To-morrow afternoon, Barbara, let that young man have the blue room—the large room. You know which I mean?"

"Yes, uncle."

"See that everything is nice and in order. And, Barbara——"

"Yes, uncle," said Barbara again, for he paused.

"Mr. Reynold Harding will pro-

bably look down on you. I suspect he thinks that you and I are about fit to black his boots. Be civil, of course, but you needn't do it."

"I'm sure I don't want," said the girl quietly; "and at that rate I should hope he would come with them tolerably clean to-morrow."

Mr. Hayes laughed suddenly, showing his teeth.

"By Jove!" he said, "they were dirty enough this afternoon!"

"In my service," said Barbara. "Now I come to think of it, it seems to me that I ought to clean them."

"Nonsense!" her uncle exclaimed, still smiling at the remembrance. "And you saw him roll into the ditch?—Barbara, the poor fellow must hate you like poison!"

She looked down as she walked, drawing her delicate brows a little together.

"I dare say he does," she said softly, as if to herself.

Between ten and eleven that evening Mr. Reynold Harding sat by his fireside, staring at the red coals as they faded drearily into ashes. Being duly washed and brushed, he showed but slight traces of his accident. The scratches on his face were not deep, and his torn hand was mended with little strips of black plaster. Intently as he seemed to think, his thoughts were not definite. Had he been questioned concerning them he could have answered only "Mitchelhurst." Anger, tenderness, curiosity, pride, and bitter self-contempt were mixed in silent strife in the shadows of his soul. The memory of the Rothwells had drawn him on his pilgrimage—a vain, hopeless, barren memory, and yet the best he had. He had intended to wander about the village, to look from a distance at the Rothwells' house, to stand by the Rothwells' graves in the churchyard, and to laugh at his own folly as he did so. And now he was to sleep under their roof, to know the very rooms where they had lived and died, and for this he was to thank these

strangers who played at hospitality in the old home. He thought of the morrow with curious alternations of distaste and eagerness.

Mr. Hayes, meanwhile, with the lamplight shining on his white hair, was studying a paper in the Transactions of the county Archæological Society, "On an Inscription in Mitchelhurst Church." Mr. Hayes had a theory of his own on the subject, and smiled over the vicar's view with the tranquil enjoyment of unalloyed contempt.

And Barbara, in the silence of her room, opposite a dimly-lighted mirror, sat brushing her shadowy hair, whose waves seemed to melt into the dusk about the pale reflection of her face. As she gazed at it she was thinking of some one who was gone, and of some one who was to come. Dwelling among the old memories of Mitchelhurst Place her girlish thoughts had turned to them for lack of other food, till the Rothwells were real to her in a sense in which no other fancies ever could be real. She was so conscious that her connection with the house was accidental and temporary, that she felt as if it still belonged to its old owners, and she was only their guest. They were always near, yet, whimsically enough, in point of time they were nearest when they were most remote. Barbara's phantoms mostly belonged to the last century, and they faded and grew pale as they approached the present day, till the latest owner of the Place was merely a name. The truth was that at the end of their reign the Rothwells, impoverished and lonely, had simply lived in the house as they found it, and were unable to set the stamp of any individual tastes upon their surroundings. They were the Rothwells of the good old times who left their autographs in the books in the library, their patient needlework on quilts and bell-pulls, their mouldering rose-leaves in great china jars, their pictures still hanging on the walls, and traces of their preferences in the

names of rooms and paths. There were inscriptions under the bells that had summoned servants long ago, which told of busy times and a full house. The lettering only differed from anything in the present day by being subtly and unobtrusively old-fashioned. "MR. GERALD" and "MR. THOMAS" had given up ringing bells for many a long day, and if the one suspended above MISS SARAH'S name sometimes tinkled through the stillness, it was only because Barbara wanted some hot water. Miss Sarah was one of the most distinct of the girl's phantoms. Rightly or wrongly, Barbara always believed her to be the beautiful Miss Rothwell of whom an old man in the village told her a tradition, told to him in his boyhood. It seemed that a Rothwell of some uncertain date stood for the county, ("and pretty nigh ruined himself," said her informant, with a grim, yet admiring, enjoyment of the extravagant folly of the contest), and in the very heat of the election Miss Rothwell drove with four horses to the polling-place, to show herself clothed from head to foot in a startling splendour of yellow, her father's colour.

"They said she was a rare sight to see," the old man concluded meditatively.

"And did Mr. Rothwell get in?" asked Barbara.

"No, no!" he said, shaking his head. "No Rothwell ever got in for the county, though they tried times. But he pretty nigh ruined himself."

Had she cared to ask her uncle Barbara might very possibly have ascertained the precise date of the election, and identified the darkly beautiful girl who was whirled by her four spirited horses into the roaring, decorated town. But she was not inclined to talk of her fancies to Mr. Hayes. So, assuming the heroine to be Miss Sarah, she remained in utter ignorance concerning her after life. Did she ever wear the white robes of a bride, or

the blackness of widow's weeds? Barbara often wondered. But at night, in her room, which was Sarah Rothwell's, she could never picture her otherwise than superbly defiant in the meteor-like glory of that one day.

As she brushed her dusky cloud of hair that evening she called up the splendour of her favourite vision, and then her thoughts fell sadly away from it to Reynold Harding, the man who had kindred blood in his veins, but no inheritance of name or land. Those iron horse-hoofs, long ago, had thundered over the bit of road where Barbara gathered her autumn nosegay, and where young Harding—oh, poor fellow!—slipped in the mire, and scrambled awkwardly to his feet, a pitiful, sullen figure to put beside the beautiful Miss Rothwell.

Was she glad he was coming? She laid down her brush and mused, looking into the depths of her mirror. Yes, she was glad. She did not think she should like him. She felt that he was hostile, scornful, dissatisfied. But Mitchellhurst was quiet—so few people ever came to it, and if they *did* come they went away without a word—and at eighteen quiet is wearisome, and a spice of antagonism is refreshing. Did he hate her as her uncle had said? Time would show. She took her little cross from the dressing table, and looked at it with a new interest. No, she did not like him. "But, after all," said Barbara to herself, "he is a Rothwell, and my fairy godmother introduced us!"

Many miles away a bunch of hips, scarlet and orange, lay by a scribbled paper. They had had adventures since they were pulled from a Mitchellhurst brier that afternoon. They had been lost and found, and travelling by rail had nearly been lost again. A clumsy porter, shouldering a load, had blundered against an absorbed young man, who was just grasping a rhyme; and the red berries fell between them to the dusty platform, and were barely saved from perils of hurrying feet. Still, though a little bruised and

spoilt, they glowed ruddily in the candle-light, and the paper beside them said—

*"Speech was forbidden me; I could but stay,
Ambushed behind a leafless hawthorn screen,
And look upon her passing. She had been
To pluck red berries on that autumn day,
And Love, who from her side will never stray,
Stole some for pity, seeing me unseen,
And sighing, let them fall, that I might
glean—*

*'Poor gift,' quoth he, 'that Time shall take
away!'*

*Nay but I mock at Time! It shall not be
That, fleet of foot, he robs me of my prize;
Her smile has kindled all the sullen skies,
Blessed the dull furrows, and the leafless tree,
And year by year the autumn, ere it dies,
Shall bring my rosy treasure back to me!"*

CHAPTER III.

"WELCOME TO MITCHELHURST PLACE."

MITCHELHURST was, as Mr. Hayes had said, a dull little village, by no means likely to attract visitors. It was merely a group of houses, for the most part meanly built, set in a haphazard fashion on either side of a wide road. Occasionally a shed would come to the front, or two or three poplars, or a bit of garden fence. But the poplars were apt to be mercilessly lopped, with just a tuft at the extreme tip, which gave each unlucky tree a slight resemblance to a lion's tail, and the gardens, if not full of cabbages, displayed melancholy rows of stumps where cabbages had been. There was very little traffic through Mitchellhurst Street, as this thoroughfare was usually called, yet it showed certain signs of life. Fowls rambled aimlessly about it, with a dejected yet inquiring air which seemed to say that they would long ago have given up hopping if they could have found anything else to do. A windmill, standing on a slight eminence a little way from the road, creaked as its sails revolved. Sounds of hammering came from the blacksmith's forge. Children played on the foot-path, a little knot of loungers might generally be seen in front of the "Rothwell Arms," and

at most of the doorways stood the Mitchelhurst women, talking loudly while their busy fingers were plaiting straws. This miserably paid work was much in vogue in the village, where generation after generation of children learned it, and grew up into stunted, ill-fed girls, fond of coarse gossip, and of their slatternly independence,

At the western end of the village, beyond the alehouse, stood the church, with two or three yews darkening the crowded grave yard. The vicarage was close at hand, a sombre little house, with a flagged path leading to its dusky porch. Mitchelhurst was not happy in its vicars. The parish was too small to attract the heroic enthusiasts who are ready to live and die for the unhealthy and ignorant crowds of our great cities. And the house was too poor, and the neighbourhood too uninteresting, for any kindly country gentleman, who chanced to have "the Reverend" written before his name, to come and stable his horses, and set up his liberal house-keeping, and preach his Sunday sermons there. No one chose Mitchelhurst, so "those few sheep in the wilderness" were left to those who had no choice, and the vicars were almost always discontented elderly men. As a rule they died there, a vicar of Mitchelhurst being seldom remembered by the givers of good livings. The incumbent at this time was a feeble archæologist, who coughed drearily in his damp little study, and looked vaguely out at the world from a narrow and mildewed past. As he stepped from the shadowy porch, blinking with tired eyes, he would pause on the path, which looked like a row of flat unwritten tombstones, and glance doubtfully right and left. Probably he had some vague idea of going into the village, but in nine cases out of ten he turned aside to the grave-yard, and sauntered musingly in the shadow of the old yews, or disappeared into the church, where there were two or three inscriptions just sufficiently defaced to be interesting. He fancied

he should decipher them one day, and leave nothing for his successor to do, and he haunted them in that hope.

When he went into the street he spoke kindly to the women at the doors, with an obvious forgetfulness of names and circumstances which made him an object of contemptuous pity. They could not conceive how any one in his senses could make such foolish mistakes, and were inclined to look on the Established Church as a convenient provision for weak-minded gentlefolks. They grinned when he had gone by, and repeated his well-meant inquiries, plaiting all the time. It was only natural that the vicar should prefer his parishioners dead. They did not then indulge in coarse laughter, they never described unpleasant ailments, and they were neatly labelled with their names, or else altogether silent concerning them.

The vicar's shortcomings might have been less remarked had the tenants of Mitchelhurst Place taken their proper position in the village. But where, seventy or eighty years before, the great gates swung open for carriages and horses, and busy servants, and tradesmen, there came now down the mossy drive only an old man on foot, and a girl by his side, with eyes like dark waters, and a sweet richness of carnation in her cheeks. Mr. Hayes and his niece lived, as the later Rothwells had lived, in a corner of the old house. It was queer that a man should choose to hire a place so much too big for him, people said, but they had said it for nineteen years, and they never seemed to get any further. Herbert Hayes might be eccentric, but he was shrewd, he knew his own business, and the villagers recognised the fact. He was not popular, there was nothing to be got by begging at the Place, and he would not allow Barbara to visit any of the cottages. But it was acknowledged that he was not stingy in payment for work done. And if he lived in a corner he knew how to make himself comfortable there, which was more

than the last Rothwell had been able to do.

The church and vicarage were at one end of Mitchelhurst, and the Place, which stood on slightly rising ground, was at the other. It was a white house, and in a dim light it had a sad and spectral aspect, a pale blankness as of a dead face. The Rothwell who built it intended to have a stately avenue from the great ironwork gates to the principal entrance, and planted his trees accordingly. But the site was cruelly exposed, and the soil was sterile, and his avenue had become a vista of warped and irregular shapes, leaning in grotesque attitudes, dwarfed and yet massive with age. In the leafiness of summer much of this singularity was lost, but when winter stripped the boughs it revealed a double line of fantastic skeletons, a fit pathway for the strangest dreams.

The gardens, with the exception of a piece close to the house, had been so long neglected that they seemed almost to have forgotten that they had ever been cultivated. Almost, but not quite, for they had not the innocence of the original wilderness. There were tokens of a contest. The plants and grasses that possessed the soil were obviously weeds, and the degraded survivals of a gentler growth lurked among them overborne and half strangled. There was a suggestion of murderous triumph in the coarse leaves of the mulleins and docks that had rooted themselves as in a conquered inheritance, and the little undulations which marked the borders and bits of rock-work of half a century earlier looked curiously like neglected graves.

It seemed to Barbara Strange, as she stood looking over it all, on the day on which Mr. Harding was to come to Mitchelhurst, that there was something novel in this aspect of desolation. She knew the place well, for it was rather more than a year since she came, at her uncle's invitation, to live there, and she had seen it with all the changes of the seasons upon it. She knew it well, but she had

never thought of it as home. The little Devonshire vicarage which held father and mother, and a swarm of young sisters and brothers—almost too many to be contained within its walls—was home in the past and the present. And if the girl had dreams of the future, shy dreams which hardly revealed themselves even to her, they certainly never had Mitchelhurst Place for a background. To her it was just a halting place on her journey into the unknown regions of life. It was like some great out-of-the-way ruinous old inn, in which one might chance to sleep for a night or two. She had merely been interested in it as a stranger, but on this October day she looked at it curiously and critically for Mr. Harding's sake. She would have liked it to welcome him, to show some signs of stately hospitality to this son of the house who was coming home, and for the first time a full sense of its dreariness and hopelessness crept into her soul. She could do nothing, she felt absurdly small, the great house seemed to cast a melancholy shadow over her, as she went to and fro in the bit of ground that was still recognised as a garden, gathering the few blossoms that autumn had spared.

Barbara meant the flowers to brighten the rooms in which they lived, but she looked a little doubtfully into her basket while she walked towards the house. They were so colourless and frail, it seemed to her that they were just fit to be emptied out over somebody's grave. "Oh," she said to herself, "why didn't he come in the time of roses, or peonies, or tiger lilies? If it had been in July there might have been some real sunshine to warm the old place. Or earlier still, when the apple blossom was out—why didn't he come then? It is so sad now." And she remembered what some one had said, a few weeks before, loitering up that wide path by her side: "An old house—yes, I like old houses, but this is like a whited sepulchre, somehow. And

not his own—I should not care to set up housekeeping in a corner of somebody else's sepulchre." Barbara, as her little lonely footsteps fell on the sodden earth, thought that he was perfectly right. She threw back her head, and faced the wide, blind gaze of its many-windowed front. Well, it *was* Mr. Harding's own family sepulchre, if that was any consolation.

Her duty as a housekeeper took her to the blue room, which Mr. Hayes had chosen for their guest, a large apartment at the side of the house, not with the bleak northern aspect of the principal entrance, but looking away towards the village, and commanding a wide prospect of meadow land. The landscape in itself was not remarkable, but it had an attraction as of swiftly varying moods. Under a midsummer sky it would lie steeped in sunshine, and dappled with shadows of little, lightly-flying clouds, content and at peace. Seen through slant lines of grey rain it was beyond measure dreary and forlorn, burdening the gazer's soul with its flat and unrelieved heaviness. One would have said at such times that it was a veritable Land of Hopelessness. Then the clouds would part, mass themselves, perhaps, into strange islands and continents, and towering piles, and the sun would go down in wild splendours of flame as of a burning world, and the level meadows would become a marvellous plain, across which one might journey into the heart of unspeakable things. Then would follow the pensive sadness of the dusk, and the silvery enchantment of moonlight. And after all these changes there would probably come a grey and commonplace morning, in which it would appear as so many acres of very tolerable grazing land, in no wise remarkable or interesting.

Barbara did not trouble herself much about the prospect. She was anxious to make sure that soap and towels had been put ready for Mr. Harding, and candles in the brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece,

and ink and pens on the little old-fashioned writing-table. With a dainty instinct of grace she arranged the heavy hangings of the bed, and, seeing that a clumsy maid had left the pillow awry, she straightened and smoothed it with soft touches of a slender brown hand, as if she could sympathetically divine the sullen weariness of the head that should lie there. Then, fixing an absent gaze upon the carpet, she debated a perplexing question in her mind.

Should she, or should she not, put some flowers in Mr. Harding's room? She wanted to make him feel that he was welcome to Mitchelhurst Place, and, to her shyness, it seemed easier to express that welcome in any silent way than to put it into words. And why not? She might have done it without thinking twice about it, but her uncle's little jests, and her own loneliness, while they left her fearless in questions of right and wrong, had made her uneasy about etiquette. As she leaned against one of the carved pillars of the great bed, musing, with lips compressed and anxious brow, she almost resolved that Mr. Reynold Harding should have nothing beyond what was a matter of housewifely duty. Why should she risk a blush or a doubt for him? But even with the half-formed resolution came the remembrance of his unlucky humiliation in her service, and Barbara started from her idle attitude, and went away, singing softly to herself.

When she came back she had a little bowl of blue and white china in her hands, which she set on the writing-table near the window. It was filled with the best she could find in her basket—a pale late rosebud, with autumnal foliage red as rust (and the bud itself had lingered so long, hoping for sunshine and warmth, that it would evidently die with its secret of sweetness folded dead in its heart), a few heads of mignonette, green and run to leaf, and rather reminding of fragrance than actually breathing it; a handful of melancholy

Michaelmas daisies, and two or three white asters. The girl, with warm young life in her veins, and a glow of ripe colour on her cheek, stooped in smiling pity and touched that central rosebud with her lips. No doubt remained, if there had been any doubt till then—it was already withered at the core, or it must have opened wide to answer that caress.

“Don’t tell me!” said Barbara to herself with a little nod. “If such a drearily doleful bouquet isn’t strictly proper, it ought to be!”

It was late in the afternoon before the visitor came. There was mist like a thin shroud over the face of the earth, and little sparks of light were gleaming in the cottage windows. Reynold Harding held the reins listlessly when the driver got down to open the great wrought-iron gate, and then resigned his charge as absently as he had accepted it. He stared straight before him while the dog-cart rattled up the avenue, and suffered himself to sway idly as they bumped over mossy stones in the drive. The trees, leaning overhead, dropped a dead leaf or two on his passive hands, as if that were his share of the family property held in trust for him till that moment.

There was something coldly repellent in the stony house front, where was no sign of greeting or even of life. The driver alighted again, pulled a great bell which made a distant clangour, and then busied himself at the back of the cart with Harding’s portmanteau, while the horse stood stretching its neck, and breathing audibly in the chilly stillness. There was a brief pause, during which Harding, who had not uttered a word since he started, confronted the old house with a face as neutral as its own.

Then the door flew open, a maid appeared, the luggage was carried into the hall, and Mr. Hayes came hurrying out to meet his guest. “Welcome to Mitchelhurst Place!” he exclaimed. That “Welcome to

Mitchelhurst Place!” had been in his thoughts for a couple of hours at least, and now that it was uttered it seemed very quickly over. Harding, who was paying the driver out of a handful of change, dropped a couple of coins, made a hurried attempt to regain them, and finally shook hands confusedly with Mr. Hayes, while the man and the maid pursued the rolling shillings round their feet. “Thank you—you are very kind,” he said, and then saw Barbara in the background. She had paused on the threshold of a firelit room, and behind her the warm radiance was glancing on a bit of white-panelled wall. Reynold hastily got rid of his financial difficulties and went forward.

“Oh, what a cold drive you must have had!” she cried, when their hands met. “You are like ice! Do come to the fire.”

“We thought you would have been here sooner,” said Mr. Hayes. “The days draw in now, and it gets to be very cold and damp sometimes when the sun goes down.”

Harding murmured something about not having been able to get away earlier.

“This isn’t the regular drawing-room, you know,” his host explained. “I like space, but there is a little too much of it in that great room—you must have a look at it to-morrow. I don’t care to sit by my fire-side and see Barbara at her piano across an acre or two of carpet. To my mind this is big enough for two or three people.”

“Quite,” said Reynold.

“The yellow drawing-room they called this,” the other continued.

The young man glanced round. The room was lofty and large enough for more than the two or three people of whom Mr. Hayes had spoken. But for the ruddy firelight it might have looked cold, with its cream-white walls, its rather scanty furniture, and the yellow of its curtains and chairs faded to a dim tawny hue. But the liberal warmth and light of the blaz-

ing pile on the hearth irradiated it to the furthest corner, and filled it with wavering brightness.

"It's all exactly as it was in your uncle's time," said Mr. Hayes. "When he could not go on any longer, Croft took the whole thing just as it stood, with all the old furniture. But for that I would not have come here."

"All the charm would have been lost, wouldn't it?" said Barbara.

"The charm—yes. Besides, one had need be a millionaire to do anything with such a great empty shell. I suspect a millionaire would find plenty to do here as it is."

"I suppose it had been neglected for a long while?" Reynold questioned with his hard utterance.

Mr. Hayes nodded, arching his brows.

"Thirty or forty years. Everything allowed to go to rack and ruin. By Jove, sir, your people must have built well, and furnished well, for things to look as they do. Well, they shall stay as they are while I am here; I'll keep the wind and the rain out of the old house, but I can do no more, and I wouldn't if I could. And when I'm gone, Croft, or whoever is master then, must see to it."

"Yes," said the young man, still looking round. "I'm glad you've left it as it used to be."

"Just as your mother would remember it. Except, of course, one must make oneself comfortable," Mr. Hayes explained apologetically. "Just a chair for me, and a piano for Barbara, you see!"

Reynold saw. There was a large eastern rug spread near the fire-place, and on it stood an easy chair, and a little table laden with books. A shaded lamp cast its radiance on a freshly-cut page. By the fire was a low seat, which was evidently Barbara's.

"That's the way to enjoy old furniture," said Mr. Hayes. "Sit on a modern chair and look at it—eh? There's an old piano in that further corner; that's very good to look at too."

"But not to hear?" said Harding.

"You may try it."

"That's more than I may do," said Barbara, demurely.

"You tried it too much—you tried me too much," Mr. Hayes made answer. "You did not begin in a fair spirit of investigation. You were determined to find music in it."

The girl laughed and looked down.

"And I did," she murmured to herself.

"Ah, you are looking at the portraits," Mr. Hayes went on. "There are better ones than the two or three we have here. I believe your Uncle John took away a few when he left. Your grandmother used to hang over there by the fireplace. The one on the other side is good, I think—Anthony Rothwell. You must come a little more this way to look at it."

Harding followed obediently, and made various attempts to find the right position, but the picture was not placed so as to receive the full firelight, and being above the lamp it remained in shadow.

"Stay," said the old gentleman, "I'll light this candle."

He struck a match as he spoke, and the sudden illumination revealed a scornful face, and almost seemed to give it a momentary expression, as if Anthony, of Mitchelhurst Place, recognised Reynold of nowhere.

The younger man eyed the portrait coldly and deliberately.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Anthony Rothwell, my grandfather, I suppose?"

"Great grandfather," Mr. Hayes corrected.

"Oh, you are well acquainted with the family history. Well, then, I should say that my great grandfather was remarkably handsome, but——"

"If it comes to that you are uncommonly like him," said his host, with a little chuckle, as he looked from the painted face to the living one, and back again.

Reynold started and drew back.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, with a

short laugh. If he had been permitted to continue his first remark, he would have said, "but as unpleasant-tempered a gentleman as you could find in a day's journey."

The words had been so literally on his lips that he could hardly realise that they had not been uttered when Mr. Hayes spoke.

For the moment the likeness had been complete. Then he saw how it was, laughed, and said—

"Oh, thank you."

But he flashed an uneasy glance at Barbara, who was lingering near. Was he really like that pale, bitter-lipped portrait? He fancied that her face would tell him, but she was looking fixedly at Anthony Rothwell.

"Mind you are not late for dinner, Barbara," said her uncle quickly.

She woke to radiant animation.

"I won't be," she said. "But if you are going to introduce Mr. Harding to all the pictures first——"

"I'm not going to do anything of the kind."

"That's right. Mr. Harding's ancestors won't spoil if they are kept waiting a little, but I can't answer for the fish."

"Pray don't let any dead and gone Rothwells interfere with your dinner," said Reynold. "If one's ancestors can't wait one's convenience, I don't know who can."

CHAPTER IV.

DINNER AND A LITTLE MUSIC.

BARBARA was the first to reappear in the yellow drawing-room. She had gone away, laughing carelessly; she came back shyly, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. She had put on a dress which was reserved for important occasions, and she was conscious of her splendour. She felt the strings of amber beads that were wound loosely round her throat, and that rose and fell with her quickened breathing. Nay, she was conscious to the utmost end of the folds of black drapery, that followed her with a soft sound, as of a

summer sea, when she crossed the pavement of the hall. For Barbara's dress was black, and its special adornment was some handsome black lace that her grandmother had given her. Something of lighter hue and texture might have better suited her age, but there was no questioning the fact that the dignified richness of her gown was admirably becoming to the girl. One hardly knew whether to call her childish or stately, and the perplexity was delightful.

Her heart was beating fast, half in apprehension and half in defiance. Over and over again while she waited she said to herself that she had *not* put on her best dress for Mr. Harding's sake, she had *not*. She did not care what he thought of her. He might come and go, just as other people might come and go. It did not matter to her. But his coming seemed somehow to have brought all the Rothwells back to life, and to have revealed the desolate pride of the old house. When she looked from Reynold's face to Anthony's, she suddenly felt that she must put on her best dress for their company. It was no matter of personal feeling, it was an instinctive and imperative sense of what the circumstances demanded. She had never been to such a dinner party in all her life.

The feeling did her credit, but it was difficult to express. Feelings are often difficult to express, and a woman has an especial difficulty in conveying the finer shades of meaning. There is an easy masculine way of accounting for her every action by supposing it aimed at men in general, or some man in particular; and thus all manner of delicate fancies and distinctions, shaped clearly in a woman's mind, may pass through the distorting medium to reach a man's apprehension as sheer coquetry. The knowledge of this possibility is apt to give even innocence an air of hesitating consciousness. Barbara was by no means certain that her uncle would understand this honour paid, not to any living young man, but to the tra-

ditions of Mitchelhurst Place, and her blushes betrayed her shame at his probable misreading of her meaning. And what would Mr. Harding himself think?

He came in with his languid, hesitating walk, looking very tall and slender in his evening dress. He had telegraphed home for that dress suit the day before. The fact that he was travelling for a week or two, with no expectation of dining anywhere but in country inns, might naturally have excused its absence, but the explanation would have been an apology, and Harding could not apologise. He would have found it easier to spend his last shilling. Perhaps, too, he had shared Barbara's feeling as to the fitness of a touch of ceremony at Mitchelhurst.

At any rate he shared her shyness. He crossed the room with evident constraint, and halted near the fire without a word. Barbara's shyness was palpitating and aflame; his was leaden and chill. She did not know what to make of his silence; she waited, and still he did not speak; she looked up and felt sure that his downcast eyes had been obliquely fixed on her.

"Uncle is last, you see," she said. "I knew he would be."

"I was afraid I might be," he replied. "A clock struck before I expected it. I suppose my watch loses, but I hadn't found it out."

"Oh, I ought to have told you," she exclaimed penitently. "That is the great clock in the hall, and it is always kept ten minutes fast. Uncle likes it for a warning. So when it strikes, he says, 'That's the hall clock; then there's plenty of time, plenty of time, I'll just finish this.' And he goes on quite happily."

"I fancied somehow that Mr. Hayes was a very punctual man."

"Because he talks so much about it. I think he reminds other people for fear they should remind him. When I first came he was always saying, 'Don't be late,' till I was quite frightened lest I should be. I couldn't be-

lieve it when he said, 'Don't be late,' and then wasn't ready."

"You are not so particular now?"

"Oh yes, I am," she answered very seriously. "It doesn't do to be late if you are the housekeeper, you know."

A faint gleam lighted Harding's face.

"Of course not; but I never was," he replied, in a respectful tone. "How long is it since you came here?"

"I came with my mother to see uncle a great many years ago, but I only came to live here last October. Uncle wanted somebody. He said it was dull."

"I should think it was. Isn't it dull for you?"

"Sometimes," said Barbara. "It isn't at all like home. That's a little house with a great many people in it—father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters, and father's pupils. And this is a big house with nobody in it."

"Till you came," said Reynold, hesitating over the little bow or glance which should have pointed his words.

"Well, there's uncle," said Barbara with a smile, "he must count for somebody. But I feel exactly like nobody when I am going in and out of all those empty rooms. You must see them to-morrow."

The clock on the chimney-piece struck, and she turned her head to look at it. "*That's* five minutes slow," she said.

"And the other was more than ten minutes fast."

"Yes, it gains. Do you know," said Barbara, "I always feel as if the great clock were *the* time, so when it fairly runs away into the future and I have to stop it, to let the world come up with it again, it seems to me almost as if I stopped my own life too."

"Some people would be uncommonly glad to do that," said Harding; "or even to make time go backward for a while."

"Well, I don't mind for a quarter of an hour. But I don't want it to go back, really. Not back to pina-

fores and the schoolroom," said Barbara with a laugh, which in some curious fashion turned to a deepening flush. The swift, impulsive blood was always coming and going at a thought, a fancy, a mere nothing.

Harding smiled in his grim way. "I suppose it's just as well *not* to want time to run back," he said at last.

"Uncle might find himself punctual for once if it did. Oh, here he comes!" The door opened as she spoke, and Mr. Hayes appeared on the threshold with an inquiring face.

"Ah! you are down, Barbara! That's right. Dinner's ready, they tell me."

Reynold looked at Barbara, hesitated, and then offered his arm. Mr. Hayes stood back and eyed them as they passed—the tall young man, pale, dark-browed, scowling a little, and the girl at his side radiantly conscious of her dignity. Even when they had gone by he was obliged to wait a moment. The sweeping folds of Barbara's dress demanded space and respect. His glance ran up them to her shoulders, to the amber beads about her neck, to the loose coils of her dusky hair, and he followed meekly with a whimsical smile.

They dined in the great dining-room, where a score of guests would have seemed few. But they had a little table, with four candles on it, set near a clear fire, and shut in by an overshadowing screen. "We are driven out of this in the depth of winter," said Mr. Hayes. "It is too cold—nothing seems to warm it, and it is such a terrible journey from the drawing-room fire. But till the bitter weather comes I like it, and I always come back as soon as the spring begins. We were here by March, weren't we, Barbara?"

The girl smiled assent, and Harding had a passing fancy of the windy skies of March glancing through the tall windows, the upper part of which he saw from his place. But his eyes came back to Barbara, who was watch-

ing the progress of their meal with an evident sense of responsibility. The crowning grace of an accomplished housekeeper is to hide all need of management, but this was the pretty anxiety of a beginner. "Mary, the currant jelly," said Miss Strange in an intense undertone, and glanced eloquently at Reynold's plate. She was so absorbed that she started when her uncle spoke.

"Why do you wear those white things—asters, are they not? They don't go well with your dress."

Barbara looked down at the two colourless blossoms which she had fastened among the folds of her black lace. "No, I know they don't, but I couldn't find anything better in the garden to-day."

"It wouldn't have mattered what it was," Mr. Hayes persisted, with his head critically on one side. "Anything red or yellow—just a bit of colour, you know."

"But that was exactly what I couldn't find. All the red and yellow things in the garden are dead."

"Why not some of those scarlet hips you were gathering yesterday?" said Reynold.

"Oh! Those!" exclaimed Barbara, looking hurriedly away from the scratch on the cheek nearest her, and then discovering that she had fixed her eyes on his wounded hand. "Do you think they would have done? Well, yes, I dare say they might."

"I should think they would have done beautifully, but you know best. Perhaps you did not care for them? You threw them away?" He was smiling with a touch of malice, as if he had actually seen Barbara in her room, gazing regretfully at a little brown pitcher which was full of autumn leaves and clusters of red rose-fruit.

"Of course they would have done," said Mr. Hayes.

"Yes, perhaps they might. I must bear them in mind another time. Uncle, Mr. Harding's plate is empty." And Barbara went on with her dinner,

feeling angry and aggrieved. "He might have let me think I had spared his feelings by giving them up," she said to herself. "It would have been kinder. And I should like to know what I was to do. If I had worn them he would have looked at me to remind me. I can't think what made uncle talk about the stupid things."

During the rest of the meal conversation was somewhat fitful. The three, in their sheltered, fire-lit nook, sat through pauses, in which it almost seemed as if it would be only necessary to rise softly and glance round the end of the screen to surprise some ghostly company gathered silently at the long table. The wind made a cheerless noise outside, seeking admission to the great hollow house, and died away in the hopelessness of vain endeavour. At last Miss Strange prepared to leave the gentlemen to their wine, but she lingered for a moment, darkly glowing against the background of sombre brown and tarnished gold, to bid her uncle remember that coffee would be ready in the drawing-room when they liked to come for it.

Mr. Hayes pushed the decanter to his guest. "Where is John Rothwell now?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Harding, listlessly. He was peeling a rough-coated pear, and he watched the long, unbroken strip gliding downward in lengthening curves. "Somewhere on the Continent—in one of those places where people go to live shabbily."

Mr. Hayes filled the pause with an inquiring "Yes?" and his bright eyes dilated.

"Yes," the other repeated. "Didn't you say he took some pictures away with him? They must be all gone long ago—pawned or sold. How would you raise money on family portraits? It would look rather queer going to the pawnbroker's with an ancestor under your arm."

"But there was his mother's portrait. He would not——"

"Hm!" said Harding, cutting up his pear. "Well, perhaps not. Per-

haps he had to leave in a hurry some time or other. A miniature would have been more convenient."

"But this is very sad," said Mr. Hayes. He spoke in an abstract and impersonal manner.

Harding assented, also in a general way.

"Very sad," the other repeated. Then, quickening to special recollection—"And your uncle was always such a proud man. I never knew a prouder man than John Rothwell five-and-twenty years ago. And to think that he should come to this!"

He leaned back in his chair and slowly sipped his wine, while he tried to reconcile old memories with this new description. The wine was very good, and Mr. Hayes seemed to enjoy it. Reynold Harding rested his elbow on the table, and looked at the fire with a moody frown.

"Some pride can't be carried about, I suppose," he said at last. "It's as bad as a whole gallery of family portraits—worse, for you cannot raise money on it."

Mr. Hayes nodded. "I see. Rooted in the Mitchelhurst soil, you think? Very possibly." He looked round, as far as the screen permitted. "And so, when this went, all went. But how very sad!"

The young man did not take the trouble to express his agreement a second time.

"And your other uncle," said Mr. Hayes briskly, after a pause. "How is he?"

"My other uncle?"

"Yes, your uncle on your father's side—Mr. Harding."

"Oh, he is very well—getting to be an old man now."

"But as prosperous as ever?"

"More so," said Harding in his rough voice. "His money gathers and grows like a snowball. But he is beginning to think about enjoying it—he is evidently growing old. He says it is time for him to have a holiday. He never took one for some wonderful time—eighteen years I

think it was ; but he has not worked quite so hard of late."

"Well, he deserves a little pleasure now."

"I don't know about that. If a man makes himself a slave to money-getting I don't see that he deserves any pleasure. He deserves his money."

The old gentleman laughed. "Let the poor fellow amuse himself a little—if he can. The question is whether he can, after a life of hard work. What is his idea of pleasure?"

"Yachting. He discovered quite lately that he wasn't sea-sick ; he hadn't leisure to find it out before. So he took to yachting. He can enjoy his dinner as well on board a boat as anywhere else, he can talk about his yacht, and he can spend any amount of money."

"You haven't any sympathy with his hobby?"

"I? I've no money to spend, and I *am* sea-sick."

"You are? I remember now," said Mr. Hayes, thoughtfully, "that your grandfather and John Rothwell had a great dislike to the water."

"Ah! It's a family peculiarity? A proud distinction?" Harding laughed quietly, looking away. He was accustomed to laugh at himself and by himself. "It's something to be able to invoke the Rothwell ancestry to give dignity to one's qualms," he said.

Mr. Hayes smiled a little unwillingly. He did not really require respect for the Rothwell sea-sickness, but it hardly pleased him that the young fellow should scoff at his ancestry, just when it had gained him admission to Mitchelhurst Place. "Bad taste," he said to himself, and he returned abruptly to the money-making uncle. "I suppose Mr. Harding has a son to come after him?"

"Yes, there's one son," Reynold replied, with a contemptuous intonation.

"And does he take to the business?"

"I don't know much about that. I fancy he wants to begin at the yachting end, anyhow."

"Only one son." Mr. Hayes glanced at young Harding as if a question were on his lips ; but the other's face did not invite it, and the subject dropped. There was a pause, and then the elder man began to talk of some Roman remains which had been discovered five miles from Mitchelhurst. Reynold crossed his long legs, balanced himself idly, and listened with dreary acquiescence.

It was some time before the Roman remains were disposed of and they rejoined Barbara. They startled her out of her uncle's big easy chair, where she was half-lying, half-sitting, with all her black draperies about her, too much absorbed in a novel to hear their approach. Harding, on the threshold, caught a glimpse of the nestling attitude, the parted lips, the hand that propped her head, before Miss Strange was on her feet and ready for her company.

Mr. Hayes, stirring his coffee, demanded music. He liked it a little for its own sake, but more just then because it would take his companion off his hands. He was tired of entertaining this silent young man, who stood, cup in hand, on the rug, frowning at the portraits of his forefathers, and he sent Barbara to the piano with the certainty that Harding would follow her. As soon as he saw them safely at the other end of the room he dropped with a sigh of relief into the chair which she had quitted, and took up his book.

The girl, meanwhile, turned over her music and questioned Reynold. He did not sing?—did not play? No ; and he understood very little, but he liked to listen. He turned the pages for her, once or twice too fast, generally much too slowly, never at the right moment. Then Barbara began to play something which she knew by heart, and he stood a little aside, with his moody face softening, and his downward-glancing eyes following her fingers over the keys, as if she were weaving the strands of some delicate tissue. When she stopped, rested one

hand on the music-stool on which she sat, and turned from the piano to hear what her uncle wished for next, he saw, as she leaned backward, the pure curve of her averted cheek, and the black lace and amber beads about her softly-rounded throat.

"Oh, I know that by heart, too!" she exclaimed.

He took up a sheet of music from the piano, and gazed vaguely at it while she struck the first notes. He

read the title without heeding it, and then saw pencilled above it in a bold, but somewhat studied, hand,

"ADRIAN SCARLETT."

For a moment the name held his glance; and when he laid the paper down he looked furtively over his shoulder. He knew that it was an absurd fancy, but he felt as if some one had come into the room and was standing behind Barbara.

To be continued.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

DIFFICULT as it must always be to measure exact proportions among contemporary affairs, nobody doubts that the two chief political topics of the current month concern events of profound and lasting importance. Egypt may even yet, before we have done with it, permanently transform the relations of Great Britain to Europe, add an African to an Indian Empire, and force us into new systems of alliance and defence. Parliamentary Reform, the second leading interest of the hour, is a step or a stride towards a readjustment of internal forces and a transformation of our domestic system, which may prove to correspond with the other changes before us in the vast area of outside interests. Great transactions, however, are made up of an endless number of very little ones, and it is the little ones that fix attention from day to day, to the exclusion or at least the obscuration of a vigilant sense of their general drift and direction.

In the march of domestic policy it is the expected that has happened, though that the second reading of the Franchise Bill should have been carried as it was by a majority of 130, and what would have been nearly a hundred without the votes of the Irish Nationalists was an expected result on an

unexpectedly triumphant scale. Everybody knew that a majority of a reasonable size was assured, but hardly anybody was prepared for the appearance of the whole of the ministerial party in a compact and unbroken phalanx in the division. The discussion was not of a high order of interest, for the issue was not clearly defined and the conclusion was foregone. All the facts bearing on the subject were well known, so were the various inferences to be drawn from them, and so, too, were the tactical possibilities and the limits of party combination. The material for a great dramatic debate, therefore, was wanting. It is supposed that no fewer than one hundred prepared speeches remained unspoken, but nobody believes that any of those who rose in flushed coverts on each side whenever a neighbour resumed his seat, and failed after all to catch the Speaker's eye, had any new contribution to make. The struggle is not over. The stakes are too large, and the ultimate consequences to the rival parties too momentous, for the contest to be abandoned without effort upon effort. The battle of the franchise may after all, on the present occasion, be lost or won, not on the shore of the Thames, but by the banks of the Nile or of the Seine.

Meanwhile the Leeds programme has been justified by events: franchise first, without redistribution, and at the beginning of the session; then the better government of London; and whatever other measures the Ministers may think expedient. That was the Leeds forecast, and the result has shown the wisdom of the calculation. The state of Parliamentary business proves only too plainly that to have placed the Franchise Bill second to the London Bill, or to have added to it the endless complexities and the irritated interests of a Bill for Redistribution would have been to make it for this session an impossibility, and for the next a thing of doubtful probability. The manner of the acceptance of the measure by the more active portions of the constituencies proves the confidence of the general expectation on the subject, and the chagrin that would have been caused by any default or tardiness in respect of it. The inclusion of Ireland may still turn out to have given something of a shock to politicians who are nothing if not circumspect, and who of course make their influence felt at the polls. It is to be observed, however, that politicians of such typical moderation as Mr. Walter, have not hesitated to declare themselves in favour of what some have found a paradox and a scandal. Mr. Walter does not "care two straws whether thirty or forty more Home Rulers are returned or not;" on the contrary, he thinks it much better that the country should face the problem of Home Rule in all its force, and that the two nations should confront one another foot to foot, and on a four-square base.

In Parliament a vigorous and persistent attempt will no doubt be made to invent and to secure checks and guarantees to counterbalance this and other democratic provisions of the enfranchising Bill. An interim device to hinder the mischief that is apprehended, is the proposal that the extended franchise shall not be operative until it has been followed by a

redistribution of seats. But at present the general opinion is so strong against anything tending to delay an extension of the franchise for which the public mind on both sides has been perfectly ripe for the last six or ten years, that the common expectation is that the majority against Mr. Grey's amendment to the above effect will not be appreciably less decisive than the majority against the corresponding proposal for delay which was defeated on April 8. To a neutral observer,—if a personage so little valued in the active world should continue to exist,—the position of those who share Mr. Goschen's misgivings, and who sympathise with the aim of an amendment like Mr. Grey's, must be one of the most interesting problems on the surface of politics. Mr. Goschen, with a courage that may well have caused sharp searchings of heart in some around him, offered a direct resistance from the very first to the creation of two million fresh voters without security and without new qualification. Will his resistance become in time a rallying point, the nucleus round which, by and by, the mutinous atoms will collect? Or will he be left stranded, a Cato to whom the lost cause is as dear as victory is to gods on the front bench? If there were no constituencies, the answer would be certain; but with constituencies having minds of their own, whatever we may think of it, and whether we like it or not, the case is altered, and less and less room seems to be left for the policy of stemming the tide. That, in truth, is what people mean by talking of the democratic age in which we live; the tide declines to be stemmed, and for good or ill, democracy will have to be left to work its perfect work. But there will be pauses and moments of fatigue, when the majority may choose rest with thankfulness. The question is whether, when that mood comes, its organ in public affairs will be the Conservative party pure and simple, or moderate Conservatives reinforced

by moderate Liberals, or moderate Liberals severed from their more ardent allies. Which is the great main body of modern Liberalism, and which is the wing? Time was when the Radicals were the wing, and a wing not attached by bonds of any remarkable affectionateness. Is it so still? Or has time turned them into the main army, and their old masters into a sort of high-class camp-followers? Only time can show, but we may be sure that the matter will be tested by inevitable circumstance, and tested not very much later than the day when the present Prime Minister shall give up the helm, whenever that may be. These are the issues which the Franchise Bill is preparing, and on which the speeches of Mr. Goschen on the one hand, and Mr. Chamberlain on the other, might well have made men reflect. The pregnant hints of these two speeches respectively are more important than the official cuts and thrusts of a regulation debate, and even more important than the exact figures of a particular majority.

As the Easter holidays have filled half of the month, no new illustrations have been furnished of the difficulties under which the Parliamentary machine now labours. Mr. Gladstone did indeed, at the beginning of the month, in an outburst of the most singular and crushing vehemence, remonstrate with his opponents for forcing the House of Commons to spend seventeen nights out of two months on Egypt. But whatever we may think of that particular instance, the conviction spreads that it is not the spirit of faction that hinders Parliament, but inadequate rules and a superannuated procedure. Mr. Forster described the causes of the mischief candidly and truly in his speech at Leeds (April 17). "We cannot," he said, "put it all upon the action of parties, nor can we say that much of the delay of this year is due to the action even of gentlemen from Ireland." They have asked innumerable but trifling questions on

Government nights, still they have otherwise taken very little part indeed.

"Well, then," says Mr. Forster, "we must not throw the blame altogether upon either party. It results very much from the fact that our work has outgrown our machinery. If I may use an illustration that strikes home to my own business and to many of yours, How could we get on, when we get orders which have to be executed quickly, with the speed and machinery of former days? There have been inventions in looms and spinning boxes, which now go quicker than they did, and so, too, the demands on the time and labour of the House of Commons are far above what they used to be. We have more interests that require legislation, and there is an immense number of foreign and colonial questions which Parliament has to consider, for you must not expect that Parliament will give up its control and criticism over those questions. These are great and important matters, which Parliament is elected to deal with. And now, taking these facts into consideration, just look at the present absurd arrangements with regard to business."

He then described what the arrangements are, but the only suggestion that he made was that the putting of questions should be limited to one night, and that night should be Tuesday, so that whatever time was lost should be lost by private members, and not by the Government. Mr. Forster admitted that this alone would not be enough, and that many other changes in procedure would be necessary, as in fact everybody knows to be the case. But when may we expect the time and the man for undertaking a task which is more difficult in detail, as it is not much less important in general effect, even than reforms in the electoral constitution of Parliament?

We are now so accustomed to hear of the condition of our Egyptian affairs being critical, that it is almost ludicrous to say that this time a crisis cannot be far off. It seems as if Mr. Gladstone's hopeful assurances at the Mansion House the last Lord Mayor's Day had been made in the last century, so rapid has been the hurry of events. Only the other day the policy

was to leave the government entirely in the hands of the Egyptians, with such moderate external control in the hands of Sir Evelyn Baring as had previously been exercised by England and France. "The result," says a competent witness, not over friendly to such a policy, "would have been the re-establishment of the authority of the Khedive under the fairly benevolent, if despotic, government of Riaz Pasha, the fellah being neither better nor worse off than formerly." That policy, however, was formally abandoned in the despatch of January 4, when Lord Granville announced that, whoever might be Egyptian Minister, he would have to take his orders from England. The consequent resignation of Sherif marked the end of the plan of governing Egypt by Egyptians according to Egyptian ideas. Then came the plan of governing by English ideas and English men, with an Egyptian figure-head. Nubar is not an Egyptian, but he is an Oriental, and that was thought to come near enough. Such a duplicated arrangement clearly needed, above all things, tact in the men who were to work the machinery. To Nubar was appended that particular Englishman who had already become notorious beyond all other men in the whole imperial service for the most impracticable want of tact. Here is an admirer's picture of Mr. Clifford Lloyd: "He possesses indomitable energy and courage; he is thoroughly in earnest; and he attacks an abuse like a bull, utterly regardless of all obstacles. Political considerations and personal susceptibilities he does not consider to be within his province." It is not surprising that a gentleman of this peculiar stamp should have in six weeks not only come to loggerheads with an important English colleague, but have made things so hot for Nubar, that the pasha who was to stand for Orientalism in the new Anglo-Egyptian control should have speedily desired to resign his post (April 7). The breach was tempo-

rarily repaired, but Nubar is practically played out, his resignation may take place to-morrow morning, and the policy of which he was a symbol seems as good as dead. The policy of the despatch of January 4 will either have to be retracted, and Riaz or Sherif recalled on their own terms, or else when Sir E. Baring returns to Cairo, he will go as being to all intents and purposes the English Lieutenant-Governor. The rank is easily bestowed on paper, and the English colony in Egypt are said to be clapping their hands at the prospect. But many things will have to happen before then, as we may be very certain that many formidable things will happen after.

In the Soudan the British force has been withdrawn from Souakim, and its place taken by Egyptian troops, accompanied by half a dozen young English officers. What would happen in case Osman Digna should again appear on the scene, it is well not to inquire. Nor need we inquire how Egyptian finances will be repaired by the cost of these troops, and of the expedition, of which the entire expense has not fallen on England, though the Khedive wished to be rid of Souakim, and it is retained for English and not for Egyptian purposes. As for the fruits of the Souakim expedition, what they are, no man can say. The same improvident deference to the foolish and uncalculating sentiment of the instant sent General Gordon to Khar-toum, and we are now feeling the consequences of intrusting serious business to a man who is apt to work by miracle and inspiration, instead of trusting to homelier instruments. The miracle that General Gordon promised has missed fire, and the fate of the Government, and more important things than that, hang upon the fortunes of a hero whose qualities, noble and romantic as they are on one side, are, from more prosaic points of view, such as nobody would care to describe in plain language at a moment like this. But let us be just. It was

never in General Gordon's mind that he was to work his miracle subject to every capricious condition that might be imposed on his operations by the fitful impulses of superficial opinion in Great Britain. Yet the first request that he made, not a request for men or for money, but for the services of a man of whom some influential people in England happened to disapprove, was peremptorily set aside, because the Government believed that the British public would not stand Zebehr.

The exact position at Khartoum is obscure, the rumours are conflicting, and it is impossible to measure with confidence the proportions of the danger; whether Gordon's own life and position are secure, and whether the great movement of the insurgents is likely to become almost in a few days a menace to Lower Egypt itself. At the moment, the story is that an Anglo-Egyptian force is to be sent to Berber as fast as may be, and the gloomiest tidings are apprehended. We are now in a position to compare the two policies that were open in December. One was to let the Soudan go; to prepare for defence at Wady Halfa, or whatever other frontier was definitely fixed; and to leave the garrisons to make terms for themselves (as the governor of Berber is not afraid of doing even now). The other was to despatch a hero to work a miracle. Jingoës, bondholders, philanthropists, all manner of harum-scarum scribes in newspapers, raised a loud shout for the miracle. Then some of the same species promptly turned round on the hero; they scolded him for his slavery-proclamation; they scolded him for wishing to have Zebehr, and confuted him out of his own mouth by unfavourable opinions expressed by him about Zebehr when he was in the Soudan before. The very people who are now teasing the Government for their inattention to Gordon, were then teasing the Government into refusing Gordon's request for Zebehr. We see what has come of that. The country and the Govern-

ment have reason already, and will soon have better reason still, to rue the hour when they allowed themselves to be driven into forgetting that calculation, conditions of cause and effect, relations of means to ends, providence in its poor human and secular sense, are all of them still good for something in the world, even in a crisis.

In the background of the Egyptian question constantly looms the figure of France. There is, and there from the first has ever been, the great dominating consideration. The closer we are brought by events to a crisis in Egypt, military, political, or financial, the clearer is it that we cannot settle it without and against, France. No swagger nor bluster, no words of whatever violence, can soften that impenetrable fact. As soon as ever there are signs of the English Government wishing, as well they may, for an escape from our present thankless and burdensome position, at the first token of it the French journalist raises his head and warns us of the troubles that are to come.

Parisian journals of less repute than the *Débats* have taken up the cry, and they have done so for the obvious reason that the time has come, or is rapidly coming when France is called upon to speak, if she is ever to speak at all. Egypt must have a loan of eight millions sterling, more or less,—four and a half of it due for the Alexandria indemnities, no inconsiderable portion of these redoubtable claims being notoriously of the nature of pure swindles. The loan cannot be raised without the sanction of France, among other Powers. No brag nor bounce will dislodge her from that position. What is the use of our talking and acting as if this solid fact were a dream and an illusion that we might dispel if we chose to open our eyes? This is only one illustration of the way in which our hands are tied in Egypt, and no Gordian sword can cut the knot for us. It is highly important, Mr. Goschen said, in his speech in February, that

the English public should understand, and understand thoroughly, that the withdrawal of England does not mean *carte blanche* to the National Party. That is quite true, and it is just as important that the English public should understand what is no less true, that our retention of Egypt does not mean *carte blanche* to England. It has been put before, but Sir William Harcourt was quite right in recalling this at Derby the other day :—

“I would ask you to consider in your own interests the absolute impracticability of England permanently administering Egypt, which means setting aside the native government altogether. Everything done in Egypt is almost as if it were done upon the continent of Europe. Other countries have rights there; all the important continental countries have equal rights in Egypt with yourselves under their capitulations, under their international tribunals, and you are called upon therefore to administer a government under these conditions—that all other countries of Europe will have a right to call you to account for your administration through their international tribunals, through their control over the finance of Egypt, which, after all, is the basis of all government. That is an enormous difficulty in administering Egypt. If you are to administer Egypt, in my opinion, you will embark yourselves in a perpetual European quarrel.”

And a quarrel most certainly with the very Power with whom it is most to our interest to keep on decently comfortable terms. The quarrel may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, but it will come one day, and in the meantime in every question that comes up—the Congo, the deportation of hardened criminals, or whatever the question may be—we shall have to encounter keen and irritated prepossessions. The English press has not had many hints of what is going on in Morocco. But the evidence is clear that doings are afoot in Morocco which look remarkably like a prelude to the reproduction of the Tunisian episode. The interpretation is that if we install ourselves at one end of the Mediterranean, France will plant herself in a peculiarly inconvenient spot for us at the other end.

Nobody asks that we shall go cap in hand to France, but any solution that leaves consideration, and careful consideration, for her views out of account, will raise more difficulties than any that it may seem to settle.

In their own more immediate difficulties, the French Government have been successful. The French troops have been victorious in the Far East, and are at last masters of the Delta of the Songkoi. Tonquin is now French, and French it is likely to remain. The fact, we may notice, is not without its bearing on the affairs of Egypt, for the French are already borrowing our own trick of argument, and talking of the importance of Egypt as on the road to Indo-China. Whether China will pay the indemnity demanded as a punishment for aiding the Black Flags to resist, or will prefer to fight, still remains to be seen. The commotion inside the Chinese Government is painfully lively, as the presence of a hornet might well perturb a hive of bees. To the French their successes may be more mischievous in the long run than defeat would have been, for the victors will be ultimately saddled with a large and burdensome dependency. Meanwhile the nation is content. The French premier having gone to the south to unveil a statue of Gambetta at his birthplace, Cahors, made a speech at Périgueux, in which he declared that in no part of the world would France allow her legitimate interests to be tampered with. This may mean nothing, or it may mean anything, depending on the amount of emphasis laid on the word legitimate. The French press seem for the most part to have understood the drift in a pacific and conciliatory signification. The true sense will be imparted by circumstances, and M. Ferry is not yet secure enough in the ministerial saddle to be master of circumstances, to turn them to peace or war at his own will.

Among other things that he said at Périgueux, M. Jules Ferry, who has

held office for the unprecedented period of eighteen months, warned his hearers of the mischiefs that would follow if ministerial power were to change hands every other day. Italy has hitherto been almost as conspicuous an example of the failure of continental assemblies to secure a decent continuity in the executive as France ; but the comparatively long duration of the Mancini-Depretis Ministry has led to the hope that a means had been found of making governments something firmer than ropes of sand. The centrifugal forces are again proving too strong. Just as in Spain not long ago the want of cohesion in the factions of the Left led to the return to power of S. Canovas del Castillo and the Right, so disunion among the groups that supported the coalition in Italy has ended in a move towards the Right and alienation from the Left. In Italy, however, such transformations are less significant and less sinister than they are in Spain, where the reactionary party are pursuing the reactionary methods so well known in the Peninsula. The conduct of the Italian Government in compelling the Congregation of the Propaganda, like other ecclesiastical corporations, to convert their real property into a charge upon the Italian funds has continued to exacerbate feeling in ecclesiastical circles. The activities of the Propaganda are to be transferred to centres in other lands, and the old story has been revived that the Pope himself designs to leave the sacrilegious City and seek shelter with faithful Austria. Whether Austria would give a very hearty welcome to so august and powerful a guest is perhaps open to some question, for she would hardly choose, if she could help it, to be put in a position that would be disagreeable to her Italian ally.

April 24th.

There has been some simmering and bubbling in the cauldron of the Balkan Peninsula. The expiry of the term of Aleko Pasha's government in Eastern Roumelia has been made the occasion for a certain display of the sentiment in favour of union of Eastern Roumelia and the northern principality into a big Bulgaria. We are warned that an attempt roughly to suppress this sentiment might provoke resistance, and resistance might lead to all manner of formidable events of European importance. Of the really important parties, however, none is interested in disturbance just now, and things will go on as before, whether under Aleko, Rustem, or another. The elaborate and sumptuous hospitalities of the Sultan to the Austrian Crown Prince have impressed the imagination of those who can recall the secular antagonism between Vienna and Constantinople. They have excited some curiosity among the political gossips of Europe, as indicating the Sultan's sense of the urgency of looking for a friend in even the most unlikely quarter, in face of perils that may any day become imminent. The movements of friendship between Russia and Germany have attracted attention, and stimulated some of that random guesswork which is the favourite exercise of amateur diplomatists. There is a good deal of writing in the English papers as to the condition of Russia, the mixed despotism, impotence, and anarchy. It is only too probable that that government is in as wretched a state as these writers describe, but at the same time, it is just as well to remember that the oracles seem to be long, in one way and another, to the revolutionary faction, who may be in the right, but from whom it would be irrational to expect perfect candour and scrupulous accuracy.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1884.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX.

SIDNEY MALREWARD and Frank Mainwaring were at Christ Church together, but they had not seen each other for several years until they met at Cairo this spring. Malreward had entered political life, and sat for three years in Parliament, but lost his seat on the accession of the Tories to power in 1874. Immediately after his defeat he went abroad. His friends and enemies (and of the last he had more than he deserved) were periodically reminded of his existence by letters in newspapers and articles in reviews full of denunciations of ministers and consular agents, dated sometimes from Peking, and at other times from Pernambuco, now from the Fiji Islands, and again from the Bluff of Yokohama. When in the House Malreward had sat on the Ministerialist benches, but he had always been considered a free lance, and when the slender thread which tied him to a party was snapped, he delighted in nothing so much as in corrosive epigrams and acidulated epithets, attacks on the insincerity of the Cabinet, and exposures of the blunders of the Opposition. He was often right, but occasional thrusts, however deftly inflicted, do not give a man that character for solidity of judgment which is the only passport to permanent reputation in England. His treatment of those who differed from him was contemptuous, and his conciliatory manner had been neatly described as never going beyond "a repellent affability."

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Thus, when he entered the House at five-and-twenty, he had been called brilliant and promising; and when he returned to England at five-and-thirty he was pronounced clever and impracticable. The harder features of his character became more prominent every day, and he was on the verge of becoming a club-house Apemantus when he made a friendship which transfigured his life. In a fit of weariness he went to Palestine. There, as he was wandering with a sneer on his lip from holy place to holy place, he met Colonel Bayard. From a conversation with him at the foot of Mount Carmel Malreward dated the beginning of a new life. Old things were forgotten; favourite doctrines and phrases consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness. New interests were awakened, and he began to approach the real question, viz., the duties men and nations owe to their neighbours, in a new spirit. After a while, following Bayard's advice, he went to London and worked as he had never worked before. He devoted himself to charitable and social institutions, and strove not to re-organise, but to re-animate, them. After two years his health broke down, and the doctors prescribed change and rest. He found an old friend named Eldred Waverton going to Egypt, and this decided his destination. Two days after they arrived at Cairo they met Mainwaring, who had been at college

with both of them, and who had come out to add another to the already long list of books on the economical and financial condition of Egypt. His views were those of a large number of Englishmen. He hated sentimental statesmanship, and believed that every question resolved itself at last into a sum in arithmetic. Before he and his old friend had been an hour together he felt that he was altered in many ways. Malreward referred to principles of action and motives of national conduct that never entered into his (Frank Mainwaring's) head as operative on either individual or senate. The weight attached to conscience and the ignoring of selfishness as a motive seemed to show that Malreward had gone over to the philosophic Radicals, whose names were abominable to Mainwaring; but a few minutes after this suspicion had dawned on his mind, Malreward lashed out so savagely on the speech of a leading Radical statesman that Mainwaring was puzzled. However, it is not easy to talk politics in Cairo when we are there for the first time. There are so many colours, such harmonies and contrasts, such flushes of bright hues and varieties of intertwining forms all around one; and then, above all, there is such a vivid movement of life in street and bazaar, down the steps of tall, cool mosques, and around the twisted pillars of many-arched fountains, that your eyes are too actively employed for unruly tongues to jangle.

It happened, then, that the familiar English themes were only referred to once during the first three days of their stay, and the friends saw and enjoyed to the full. In Malreward's travelling days he would have made it a point of duty not to go to see the Pyramids or the Sphinx, which he considered monuments of pride, cruelty, and folly. His opinions, however, about the relative proportion of things *in rerum natura*, and of himself in particular, were changing. He realised that he could not afford to send an-

cient history to Coventry. He spent hours in the museum. He pondered in the darkness of Coptic churches and in the glare of the thronged El Azhar, and when he spoke it was as one who had for a long time seen men "as trees walking," but who now had brought the two lines of his intellectual life into contact. All that experience of foreign travel and observation, which had supplied him with statistics whereupon to base cynical criticisms on humankind, was henceforth to be so much fuel wherewithal to feed the flame of a bright and active conscience. And conscience with Malreward was not as it too often is—a whip kept in an oratory for private flagellation: it was a lighthouse that he was responsible for, and on the brightness and steadiness of its lamp the fate of millions depended. The caustic rhetoric that had spent itself in the House in proving the tergiversation of ministers and the apathy of the Opposition was employed in finding fault with the past. Henceforward there was hope for the world. A new departure had been taken. A new era was about to dawn. What it was, Mainwaring was for some time at a loss to understand, until after seeing the sun set from the summit of the Great Pyramid, and enjoying a modest dinner picnic fashion at its base, the three reclined watching the full moon, and letting the soft sand drop in powdery streams through lazy fingers beneath the shadow of the Sphinx.

The desert stretched, a bright expanse, under the shining moon. The Sphinx, looking more human than it ever looks by day, rose like a great rocky island out of the sea of sand. Behind towered the vast rampart of the oldest of the Pyramids with a slight flush of pale red suffusing and softening its rough face. The Pyramid of Chephren was in shadow.

"The sentiment that overpowers every other with me," said Malreward, "as I look at the Sphinx is one of compassion. There is something inexpressibly sad in the loneliness of

this creature. Here in the desert, surviving all who understood its purpose, all who revered its power, it remains 'for the people's pity and wonder.' If it could open those closed lips and tell us what it told the generation that created and adored it, would it have anything to say to which we should care to listen?"

"The Arabs call the Sphinx '*Abu'l hól*,' 'The Father of Terror,' and the name is fitly chosen. For from its age, from its size, from its strength, it seems suited to be the parent of all the progeny of demons that through the peopled centuries have cowed hearts, and crushed wills, and usurped the sceptre of God. I hate the thing with its calm face and bestial body," said Mainwaring with a passion he rarely showed in his voice.

"It is a quotation beloved by tourists," said Waverton, "but I cannot help, whenever I come here, recalling the short chapter about the Sphinx in *Eöthen*. You remember—'Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon dreaming of an eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting.'"

"Yes," said Mainwaring, "war and tyranny. Conquerors crushing Egypt in their grasp and using it as a foothold whence they may stride on to crush yet more distant lands. For my

part I feel the necessity of such things, yet wish that they were not needed. But I suppose they are the ugly consequences of that law which declares that the civilisation of the West must have its turn and dominate the East."

"Surely," replied Waverton, whose opinions and language were coloured by those of Malreward, "it is time we had outlived the idea that the word civilisation is a monopoly of Europe and America, and indeed (for that is what we mean in our hearts) peculiar to the nineteenth century. Am I to be asked to believe that the civilisation of Egypt dates from Napoleon I. and goes no further back? Were the architects who built magnificent Thebes savages, and the soldiers who played *écarté* amidst its ruins, and stuck up a placard inscribed 'To Paris' on its most stately pylon, civilised men?"

"No one would go so far as that now," said Malreward. "But I should like to sift that statement of yours, Mainwaring. When you say that the civilisation of the West must dominate the East, do you mean that the Western nations must conquer the East as the French have conquered Algiers, the Spaniards Cuba, and we ourselves India?"

"I believe there is no evading that somewhat stern interpretation of my words," replied Mainwaring reluctantly.

"That was really my conviction," returned Malreward, "all the time that I was supposed to be making laws for my unhappy country. In fact I repeated my political belief as the chivalrous Poles said their *credo* in church, with my sword drawn in my hand and my face turned to the east."

"And have you changed your opinion?" asked Mainwaring.

"So completely that every structure of argument built on those lines seems frail and foolish beyond description," said Malreward emphatically.

"Tell me, and I shall perhaps get an explanation of many changes that

have been puzzling me of late in my old friend," said Mainwaring.

"Since you desire it," returned Malreward, "and the time and place are germane to such speculations, I will tell you how after long consideration of these matters I was helped to find a definition which gave me a glimpse of light. But I never dreamed that any one would attempt to carry my theory into practice until in this year of grace 1883, and in this country of riddles I seem to espy a kind of hope."

Mainwaring and Waverton expressed surprise, and the former pressed for a full explanation with a promise not to interrupt unless under special provocation.

There was a pause of at least a minute before Malreward complied with the invitation and addressed himself to reply to the objectors.

"Surely this ever-recurring question of the relations of the Western peoples to the Eastern remains in the unsatisfactory state in which we find it to-day because we have never taken the trouble to get a definition of civilisation. There are two views diametrically opposed to each other. One party says, 'Leave nations, distinguished from us by race and religion, and separated from us by leagues of land and sea, alone. Why should we force ourselves and our institutions on Zulus and Egyptians, on Chinese and Japanese? Why not leave them unvisited by the missionary, and his companion the inevitable gun-boat? If they are torn by wars, let them alone to stew in their own juice. If they are our neighbours, and jeopardise our interests, and the cry of *proximus ardet* is raised, let us limit our interference sternly and distinctly to the protection of those imperilled interests, and when these are secured let us withdraw with all speed.' Another party begins by assuming that the Western man is undoubtedly in the position of superiority, and has a mission, in the most imperious sense of that widely-used word, to teach the

Eastern man all the lore his inquiring spirit and varied experience have garnered through centuries of activity, and above all, to begin by obliging him to make a clean sweep of all practices and prejudices, creeds and customs, which stand in the way of the process of de-Orientalisation. If the Asiatic or the African wears flowing robes, restrain his limbs in a tight surtout; if he writes from right to left, make him write from left to right; if he travels on a camel, make him travel in a train; if he drinks water, teach him to drink wine; if he eats with his fingers, compel him to eat with a fork. Have I stated the case fairly or not? Grant that I have, for the sake of argument for a moment, and rout me in detail afterwards."

Mainwaring and Waverton assented, but with rights reserved.

"Well, then," continued Malreward, "my main point is this. That the Western man does this too often in a masterful spirit, without sympathy and without examination, and that in the process he involves himself in countless contradictions and inconsistencies, as well as in costly and sanguinary wars. And then, that having a wakeful and sensitive conscience, though its prickings are felt more commonly after an injustice has been done than when he is preparing to commit it, he is ill at ease with himself, and lets the Oriental discover, when he has thoroughly unfitted him for the country in which God has put him, that he is half afraid he has made a mistake after all——"

"This is not so clear," interrupted Mainwaring. "The fatal fluency with which my honourable friend was twitted in a certain debate at the Union has assuredly led him astray."

"No," said Malreward. "It is the point I am most anxious to bring out. I do not know that I should quarrel with masterful reorganisation if it were consistently carried out, and if we believed in it ourselves. But ever

and anon we let the Oriental see that we are not quite certain we have been on the right tack, and that we are by no means sure that the medicine we have been administering is the proper prescription for the patient. For the sake of antithesis and precision you employed the words Western man and Eastern man, and that use of the singular has led you into a fallacy. You may personify the West for rhetorical purposes, but you do not thereby make it an individual. The Government of England, to narrow the issue, resolves to annex and civilise according to its view of that word an Indian state. When the annexation and civilisation are accomplished, evils are found to exist in the state, as it was perfectly fair to expect they would continue to do for some time. Then a section of the English people cry out that we have done the Hindoos no good, but the best-informed portion of the English people probably know that a great many practical benefits have been conferred on the natives."

"There is truth in what you say," replied Mainwaring. "Your arguments move me, however, but do not remove me. I grant that it is impossible to expect all Englishmen to think alike on any question, much less on one of foreign policy."

Malreward saw his way to making his favourite point.

"But I maintain that if we had a definition of civilisation to fall back upon and appeal to, there would not be such a wide divergence of opinion on our duties to eastern and other non-European peoples as there is at present. We are now most of us, I fear, content to regard civilisation as a convenient phrase covering all that world of materialistic appliance and scientific discovery which the nineteenth century has developed in Europe and America. This system, with its vast apparatus for subduing the earth, we desire to see set up in all lands. The phrase 'March of civilisation' is not quite so fashionable as it once was,

but it is still heard occasionally and it represents a progress like that of the mythic Bacchus over India, only that instead of blushing vineyards and fountains running wine, the modern god would leave behind him stacks of smoking chimneys and streams black with the refuse of chemical manufactories."

"I fancy," said Mainwaring, "that Waverton and I are prepared to agree in the main with what you say, though we might wish it said in less tropical language. However, we will look over that if you give us a definition of your own. Let us see you try your hand at building a house if only to give us the neighbourly pleasure of proving that your edifice is not a whit more stable than those you have demolished."

"Agreed," said Malreward. "I will try a definition of the civilised man then. He is the man who makes the most of the powers God has given him, and the world God has put him in. The man who does this has a right to teach his brother who does not do it. He does not merely go and compel him to make a railway or a canal, or to lay a line of telegraphic wires on pain of having his country taken from him. He requires improvements and reforms of all kinds, beginning with the reform of the man himself."

"Again you are speaking of a nation as if it were a unit, which if you persist in doing, we shall have fresh confusion," said Mainwaring.

Malreward answered as if he had expected the objection.

"I did it on purpose to bring out the fact that the individual must be first reformed, made honest, self-reliant, obedient, punctual, truth-telling. In a word, must be taught to make the most of himself before you can expect him to make the most of the place in which he is put. Mr. Gladstone, in his much-abused and little-read volume on Church and State, says:—'The State and the Church are both of them moral agencies. But the State aims at character

through conduct, the Church at conduct through character.' You admit that these are the two powers which have set about the task of reforming the world. I say a nation with an instructed conscience which has enabled it to recognise its obligations to its people and to give them intelligent teaching, strict laws, and free institutions, is bound also, on the principle of *noblesse oblige*, to try and induce a nation long kept in a prison of ignorance, superstition, and semi-savagery, to come from darkness to light. Civilisation, defined as I have defined it, will induce a man to approach another in the two ways named just now. It will labour to improve him in conduct and character. This is a very different thing from telling him that unless he cuts a canal through his country, or buys piece goods of your Manchester, you will bombard his towns, land on his coast, and dictate a treaty to him in his capital."

"We shall be led in a direction in which we do not wish to go if we suffer you to proceed without interruption," said Waverton. "Your beneficent civilisation with all its professions of respect for the territorial rights of others is to be, after all, an aggressive missionary power."

"Besides," added Mainwaring, "you have to remember one thing after all. We desire an outlet for our manufactures and employment for our young men. You will both call me a Philistine, but you cannot dispute the truth of the statement. England is not an educational establishment. It is a mercantile firm anxious to increase the number of its customers. The Western must approach the Eastern in one of three ways, by war, by religion, or by trade. Now, though recent facts tell against me, I am optimist enough to say that I believe fighting is going out. It is possible that the growth of scepticism may drive the clergy in despair of doing anything at home to go out in larger numbers than they have hitherto done, and so missions may become an important factor in

the question; but it is certain that we shall go on manufacturing cotton goods, and that we shall be obliged to make people buy them. It is a material question after all. The countries that tried to keep us out have one by one been compelled to open their ports. 'The diapason of our policy' is commerce. It is impossible to ignore the moving power of the world. In the days of old the cities rose into prominence and sunk into decay as the trade stream washed their busy quays. Coptos, whence the clerks and book-balancing caste of Egypt takes its name, is the emporium one day.¹ After a while Myos Hormos has greater advantages and supersedes Coptos, to be in turn thrust into the background by Philoterias Portus, which had a commercial reputation in the days of the Pharaohs. As it was in the beginning so it is to-day. It is not by ethical theories but by mutual interests that the nations will be guided in their treatment of each other."

Malreward replied, speaking rapidly and earnestly—

"This might have been the last word on the question some years ago, but we have learned, I sincerely believe, that this is not the sum of the whole matter. Believe me, the question has widened. There is a fourth speaker who will have to be listened to. Besides the soldier, the missionary, and the merchant there is 'the man in politics,'² not the politician remember; and if he says, with no uncertainty in his tone, what shall be our animating principle, and appeals to the national conscience we shall find that henceforth the dealings of states

¹ See the inimitable burlesque prospectus in Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's *Egypt and the Egyptian Question*, p. 49.

² The whole passage whence the quotation comes is worth reading: "It is specially true that he who holds offices of public trust runs a thousand hazards of sinking into a party man instead of man employing party instrumentality for its ulterior purposes; into a politician instead of man in politics; into an administrator instead of man in administration." —MR. GLADSTONE in *The State in its Relations to the Church*.

with each other will be swayed by higher laws than have been recognised before. Not what we can get out of the country, but what we can make of the man in it will be the first consideration. I do hope that a beginning is being made here in Egypt. It seems to me that this occupation is one of the greatest events in the history of the world. It is an opportunity which is an importunity crying, trumpet-tongued, to every man concerned to try and make this the starting point of a new policy. The unique character of this country makes it a duty of extraordinary interest, and of course of extraordinary difficulty."

"We are all agreed as to the difficulty," said the two listeners, for Malreward's flowing speech compelled them to adopt that subordinate part.

"I grant," continued Malreward, "that we are here under circumstances that can never be expected to recur, but I do say that if we even partially succeed in carrying out our ideal, we shall have supplied a practical commentary on my definition of civilisation, which I never expected to see in my most hopeful moments. We are here not to mow men down with shot and shell—"

"We had to begin with that, though, you must admit—" muttered Mainwaring; but Malreward took no notice of the interruption save by repeating the sentence he had just uttered, with more incisive emphasis—

"We are not here to mow men down with shot and shell, or to force them to change their religion, or to oblige them to change graceful garments for hideous ones. We are here, as I believe from my heart, with a single eye to the good of a people whose past has been piteous and hard beyond all words. We have come from our Western home on a mission which is many missions—in a word, we are going as far as I know for the first time to try and make six millions of human beings make the most of the powers

God has given them, and the country God has put them in. Just look at it in this light. A man acquires wide reputation if he secures the passing of one benevolent law through Parliament; we are going to readjust all the laws of a nation. A man gains the credit of being an enlightened statesman if he removes a single encumbering weight from the parliamentary machine; we are going to create an entire constitution. A man is held to have deserved an honourable place in history if he introduces an improved agricultural process on farm or field; we have promised to improve the productive powers of the whole of the Nile Valley. Army reform, sanitary reform, educational reform—all the tasks that have hitherto been undertaken slowly and hesitatingly when they were demanded for ourselves, we are going to undertake for a people to whom we are bound by the slenderest ties, and whose fields we are pledged to leave directly we see them white to the harvest our efforts have enabled them to reap. For years I have been weary of our political shortcomings and social hypocrisies; but I avèr that this high enterprise gives me hopes of our England—yes! and of the reality of the progress of our epochs that I have been a stranger to of late. It is surely refreshing to turn from the subjects with which the thoughts of the English people have been employed for the last three or four years, to this attempt at unselfish political action. It proves that we really feel that we are stewards, not owners. It shows that we acknowledge that the vast estate of science and learning, and experience, is not to be used to aggrandise England, but is to be regarded as charged with debts to others—freely we have received, freely we should give:—

"No man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they're extended ; who, like an arch,
 reverberates
 The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat."¹

"This is a new doctrine in politics, and savours too strongly of the romantic school for me," said Mainwaring. "I think we shall have to pay dearly for furnishing you with an acted commentary on your definition of civilisation. We had two legitimate and obvious courses open to us ; either of them would have been intelligible to the Egyptians and the European powers. They are briefly 'to go' or 'to stay.' There can be no doubt that we should have done good by the last course, but we will not discuss the question. I see one vulnerable point in your argument, however, which must not be passed over. You represent England as the inheritor of a storehouse of precious gifts, sciences, arts, and experiences, and you say she shows herself in a new and noble light when she gives of her abundance to Egypt, and sends her best men to undertake an enterprise as splendid in its unselfishness as it is bold in the novelty of its conception."

"But——"

Malreward interrupted, and continued, half answering the objector, half speaking to himself—

"That it bristles with difficulty I admit, but it is something to have made an attempt so novel and so generous. Should it not succeed I can only adopt Mrs. Siddons's reading of the great passage in *Macbeth*, and say, if the worst comes to the worst, '*We fail*;' but failure in such an attempt is better than victory with meaner motives, and it is better to be defeated in an attempt to drag Egypt from the sphinx-like shadow of an immemorial despotism than to add our names to the long catalogue of tyrants who have attempted to keep her under the black shadow beneath which her strength has dwindled and her ener-

gies withered for thirty centuries of bondage."

"But——" said Mainwaring, "for I rebel against being overwhelmed by your words, however grandiloquent and copious—you say we have given of our best. I say, in all fairness, we have not done so, for we have never had the courage of our Christian convictions. We are holding back, and carefully keeping behind, our Christianity; and though we know that Mohammedan institutions are the real cause of Egypt's weakness, we are discouraging every attempt to reform El Islam. If a missionary were to make a convert of an Arab to-morrow, should we not do all we could, in the timidity begotten of a faith professed only with the lips, to compel him to keep his convictions to himself?"

Malreward hesitated for a moment before he replied.

"I admit the truth of a part of your statement. In these days, a power entrusted with the charge of reforming a Mohammedan population must copy the *Gallio* of history, who, recollect, is not the Gallio of the evangelical pulpit. The champions of liberty must remember that liberty in religion is the highest form of freedom, and for the present we may apparently put that last which should be first."

"I am glad I have got you to concede that much at all events, for that concession convicts us of unreality," said Mainwaring.

"I am not disposed to agree with you," replied Malreward, "though I admit how telling and plausible your accusation seems. No! The motive power which induces us to make this attempt is the Spirit of the Divine Founder of Christianity. In every other case apparently akin to this that I recall, there has been a difference which, if rightly considered, proves the length and firmness of the step we have made. Hitherto we have sent sailors and soldiers in thousands, and traders, who, though perhaps good

¹ *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. sc. 3.

Christians enough, have never attempted to conceal the overmastering selfishness of their motives. This great body of soldiery and merchants has been accompanied, perhaps preceded, by a handful of missionaries. In effect, from the nature of the case, there has been one apostle of Christ and a thousand apostles of Mars and Mammon. The nature of this attempt makes every man, be he soldier or civilian, lawyer or man of science, a missionary."

"I wish," said Mainwaring, despondingly, "I wish I could see a gleam of hope of all this coming true. I have not had time to study the country for myself, but from all I have read, I should say you will only galvanise the officials into activity for a few months. By August all their promises will have been forgotten, and by the end of the year most of your lay missionaries who started high in hope in the autumn of 1882 will have sent in their resignations or returned, broken in health and spirits, anxious to bury in oblivion their share in the civilisation campaign. Remember this is not the first time when an illustrious statesman has dreamed of the regeneration of Africa and the beneficent reflex action of such a regeneration on Europe. Waverton will supply us with the peroration of Pitt's memorable speech, for it is a stock passage for every budding orator to commit to memory."

Waverton was pleased at being able to comply with the request, and repeated the lines:—

"Then also will Europe, participating in African improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness, if kindness it can be called, of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which in other more fortunate regions has been so much more speedily dispelled.

"Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper."¹

¹ Lord Stanhope mentions an incident connected with the delivery of this speech which shows how the orator acted on the painter's

"I do not want a stronger passage in support of my case," replied Malreward. "Look at the map of Africa in Pitt's time, a blank of unexplored regions, and compare it with the map of Africa now, and you see how much has been done in the seven decades that have passed since that speech was delivered. Because the explorer, the missionary, the colonist, have done so much, I have confidence that they will do more. Compare the Egypt of to-day with the Egypt of the Mameluke beys, and surely, in spite of its long furrows of suffering, we see traces of improvement and auguries of hope."

"Of one thing we may be certain," returned Mainwaring, "that however egregious may be your collapse, you will never acknowledge it. You believe in your prescriptions, and will declare they cure the patient even if he happens to drop through your fingers in the process. Faith is the power of ignoring failure."

"Say rather," said Malreward, rising with the air of one who closes a discussion, "say rather there is no failure when there is faith. Of that we western folk have far too little. Look there—"

He pointed to their Arab servant, who, gravely and slowly after the manner of his race, recited the prescribed prayers.

* * * *

The travellers waited until he had ended his devotions. Then ordered their carriage, and drove back to Cairo in silence.

A jagged cloud crossed the moon's disc, and a trick of flitting shadow gave to the great stone lips of the mysterious creature the semblance of a cynic smile.

motto "never lose an accident": "I have heard it related by some who at that time were members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed as Pitt looked upwards to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded."—STANHOPE'S *Life of Pitt*, p. 146.

JUVENTUS MUNDI.

BY THE LATE CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LIST a tale a fairy sent us
 Fresh from dear Mundi Juventus.
 When Love and all the world was young,
 And birds conversed as well as sung;
 And men still faced this fair creation
 With humour, heart, imagination.
 Who come hither from Morocco
 Every spring on the Sirocco.
 In russet she, and he in yellow,
 Singing ever clear and mellow,
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you,
 Did he beat you? Did he beat you?"
 Phyllophneustes wise folk call them,
 But don't know what did befall them,
 Why they ever thought of coming
 All that way to hear gnats humming,
 Why they built not nests but houses,
 Like the bumble-bees and mousies.
 Nor how little birds got wings,
 Nor what 'tis the small cock sings—
 How should they know—stupid fogies?
 They daren't even believe in bogies.
 Once they were a girl and boy,
 Each the other's life and joy.
 He a Daphnis, she a Chloe,
 Only they were brown, not snowy,
 Till an Arab found them playing
 Far beyond the Atlas straying,
 Tied the helpless things together,
 Drove them in the burning weather,
 In his slave-gang many a league,
 Till they dropped from wild fatigue.
 Up he caught his whip of hide,
 Lashed each soft brown back and side
 Till their little brains were burst
 With sharp pain, and heat, and thirst.
 Over her the poor boy lay,
 Tried to keep the blows away,
 Till they stiffened into clay,
 And the ruffian rode away.
 Swooping o'er the tainted ground,
 Carrion vultures gathered round,
 And the gaunt hyenas ran
 Tracking up the caravan.

But—Ah, wonder! that was gone
Which they meant to feast upon.
And, for each, a yellow wren,
One a cock, and one a hen,
Sweetly warbling, flitted forth
O'er the desert toward the north.
But a shade of bygone sorrow,
Like a dream upon the morrow,
Round his tiny brainlet clinging,
Sets the wee cock ever singing,
“Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you,
Did he beat you? Did he beat you?”
Vultures croaked, and hopped and flopped,
But their evening meal was stopped.
And the gaunt hyenas foul,
Sat down on their tails to howl.
Northward towards the cool spring weather,
Those two wrens fled on together,
On to England o'er the sea
Where all folks alike are free.
There they built a cabin, wattled
Like the huts where first they prattled,
Hatched and fed, as safe as may be,
Many a tiny feathered baby.
But in autumn south they go
Past the Straits, and Atlas' snow,
Over desert, over mountain,
To the palms beside the fountain,
Where, when once they lived before, he
Told her first the old, old story.
“What do the doves say? Curuk-Coo,
You love me and I love you.”

MEISSONIER.

A FEW months ago Paris was horrified by an act of vandalism, almost of sacrilege. A deadly insult had been offered to one of the greatest of her great men. The eccentric wife of an American millionaire had engaged Meissonier to paint her portrait, and, as too often happens, was not pleased with the picture when it was done. There was a quarrel, some say about the goodness of the likeness, some say about the price, and in a fit of pique the lady, who claimed to do what she would with her own, flung the precious panel into the fire. Naturally the artists, the critics, and the public in general cried out that such an act was scarcely better than the burning of the Tuileries, and all kinds of vengeance were darkly hinted at. Whether it was in consequence of the act of the American iconoclast that M. Petit, the great picture dealer of the Rue de Sèze, determined to open a Meissonier exhibition we cannot tell, but if it was, no happier revenge could have been taken by an indignant and ingenious country. Since the 23rd of last month the crowds which have visited the Galerie Petit have been the answer of Paris to the fantastic insolence of New York.

It is a severe ordeal, this gathering together of the whole or the greater part of an artist's works into one room, to be examined and judged independently, without the support that comes from contrast. Very few reputations come out of it unscathed. In England we have had a considerable number of such shows of late, and in most cases the harm done to the artist's fame has been irreparable. Who, after the Creswick exhibition of some years ago, will ever care to look at a Creswick again? Linnell's picturesqueness was proved to be little

more than a trick, by the comparison of all the works of his middle and later manner which was made possible a year ago. Even Landseer suffered a little from the Landseer exhibition. Mr. Alma-Tadema, indeed, went through the fire, and bore the trial with but little harm; Mr. Watts and Sir Joshua Reynolds emerged victorious. But it requires very rare qualities to be able to do so, and the living artist who would submit himself to the proof must be very conscious of his strength before he ventures. Monotony, artificiality, mannerism—these may pass unnoticed if we have but one or two of a man's pictures before our eyes; an exhibition of his whole work reveals them in an instant. To face such an exhibition with success a man must have variety, naturalness, style.

The marvellous variety, the complete mastery of the secrets of nature, the style, the distinction of Meissonier have been more than proved by this extraordinary exhibition, in which some eighty of his pictures, besides a dozen water-colour drawings and several studies, have been brought together. The exhibition will be of historical interest, and the gratitude of all people of taste and sense is due to the owners who have so generously lent them "au profit de *l'Hospitalité de Nuit*," the excellent charity which is to receive the admission money. The list does not, of course, cover the whole of Meissonier's work, for some of his early paintings seem to have disappeared, and the pictures belonging to Americans could not, under the present ridiculous tariff law, be lent without having to pay duty on reimportation. Thus the famous "1807," among others, is missing from the catalogue, just as we missed the *Sappho* from the Alma-Tadema exhi-

bition. But still, the collection is singularly comprehensive, and besides including all the famous works which are to be found in European galleries, it includes a number of early pictures—the earliest of all being among them—and many, lent by the painter, that have never been seen before. Taking a rapid chronological survey, we find the list goes from *Les Bourgeois Flamands* of 1833 to *Le Chant* of last year, and thus covers the space of exactly half a century. One or two small works, obviously modelled on the great Dutch painters, represent the work done before 1840; then come the *Violoncello Player*, the portrait of Meissonier's doctor, and a very few more, dated between 1840 and 1850. These are still somewhat youthful in style, a little hard in execution, and wanting in the last touch which implies mastery. But soon after 1850 the painter is at his best. His fortieth year has struck; his talent is mature. Instead of perpetual repetitions of *Liseurs*, *Fumeurs*, and so forth, he rises to the very height of intense dramatic and historical painting; he gives us *Les Bravos*, with its unsurpassable rendering of human villainy; he gives us *Moreau et Dessoles*, superb in its drawing of horses, and complete in its historic significance. It was from the Universal Exhibition of 1855, as is well known, that Prince Albert brought *La Rixe*, the gift of Napoleon III.; and *La Rixe* displays special qualities which Meissonier has never surpassed. He has immensely extended his field of vision since then; he has proved himself, in the *Portrait du Sergent* and other pictures, to be as miraculous a painter of light as Peter de Hooch himself, and in the Napoleon series he has told the history of the First Empire; but almost all that he has achieved since was potentially present in *La Rixe* in 1855.

It is, then, to the twenty years that followed 1833 that we have to look if we wish to trace the growth of Meissonier's talent. The first half of them at least were, to him, years of struggle.

He earned but little, and he had nothing but what he earned. His early years at Lyons, where he was born in 1811, were years of absolute poverty; that much we gather from the scanty admissions which, pending the appearance of his long-promised *Souvenirs*, are all that he has been induced to make to curious biographers. In 1830 he came to Paris, set to work to make some drawings, and was introduced by Tony Johannot into the studio of Léon Cogniet, whose sole title to fame will probably be that he was for a season Meissonier's master. In 1833 the young painter exhibited his first work, *Les Bourgeois Flamands*; and he sold it for a hundred francs to the Société des Amis des Arts, from whom it was bought by M. Poturle, a well-known amateur of the day. At his sale it passed into the possession of Sir Richard Wallace, who sends it, with four others, to the present exhibition.

The art world of Paris at the time of Meissonier's *début* was passing through the most feverish and agitated period of its modern history. Never had the interests of letters and of painting been so closely intermingled, and the great disturbing influences of Romanticism were felt with equal strength among the artists and the poets. Painters like Delacroix steeped themselves in Shakespeare and Goethe; even in distant Normandy young Millet, who did not arrive in Paris till 1837, pored over Scott and Victor Hugo, and thrilled under the typical excitements of the time; while at the famous first performance of *Hernani* in January, 1830, there were almost as many artistic as literary *rapins* among the enthusiastic crowd which waited eight long hours for the drawing up of the curtain. Meanwhile the forces of the "perruques," that is to say of the classicists in literature and art, were still strong in all directions, and in art they had one stronghold which gave them an enormous advantage over the attacking host of Romantics; they filled the Institute,

and the Institute, as represented by the Académie des Beaux Arts, controlled the Salon, and contemptuously rejected whom it would among the "dabblers" who followed not the tradition of David. In those days the Salon was held, in the Louvre. A temporary wooden gallery was erected in the Place du Carrousel, while inside the walls of the Salle Carrée were covered in for the occasion, and the first efforts of Fromentin or Diaz, of Millet or Meissonier, were hung over concealed Raphaels and Titians patiently awaiting underneath the moment of their release and revenge. No one knew beforehand whether his picture was accepted or no, and consequently the eager pushing crowd which filled the Place du Carrousel on the 1st of April every year was amply provided with every possible motive for expectation and excitement. "It is difficult," says M. Du Camp, in his amusing *Souvenirs*, "to imagine the Place du Carrousel and the approaches to the Louvre as they were at this epoch (1847), with the dog-sellers, the *bric-à-brac* dealers, the open-air dentists, and conjurers who blocked up the unpaved square, of which the surface was deep mud or deeper dust according as the weather was wet or fine. The Rue du Doyenné, the Rue des Orties which ran along the great gallery, the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, and the Rue Froimanteau, which the new buildings of the Ministry of Finance have replaced, closed in the square on which the crowd was gathered. Nowadays the whole neighbourhood has been so changed by the junction of the Louvre and the Tuileries that its old features are no longer recognisable.—About a quarter to twelve the surging mass began to close round the great door, and the pushing grew formidable. Sometimes above the general murmur one would hear a young student's vibrating voice crying, '*L'Institut à la Lanterne!*' We laughed, and some old classic gone astray among us Romantics would grumble out, 'What

are we all coming to, *mon Dieu*; what are we all coming to?' At the first stroke of twelve the wide door flew open, and the well-known figure of the Swiss guard, who always officiated, halberd in hand, with red coat, knee breeches, and cocked hat, appeared upon the threshold. '*Vive le père Hénaut!*' cried the crowd, and then there was a rush, the stairs were cleared, and each artist ran feverishly over the catalogue to see if his name was inscribed there before penetrating into the Salle Carrée."

At the time when Meissonier began to exhibit, the idol of the young Romantics was Delacroix. He sent his first picture to the Salon of 1822. The classic painter Gros, a man of great power, but so troubled and bewildered by innovations which he could not understand, and could not bring himself to tolerate, that he presently put himself quietly and tragically out of the world, sent for the young artist and said to him bluntly, "You are a colourist, my young friend, but you draw like a pig!" The second half of this remark roughly expressed the feeling which swayed the academical jury for many a year, and the majority of Delacroix's glowing canvases were returned to him, Salon after Salon. In the drawing-rooms of Paris, where he was personally extremely popular, men shook their heads over him with compassionate vexation, distressed to think that "so good a fellow could paint such things." Delacroix, however, held his own way, and formed a school of followers as numerous and far more enthusiastic than ever Ingres could boast. But, though he was an intimate friend of Meissonier, and though, strange as it may seem, this "colourist who drew like a pig," admired Meissonier so much as to say that of all French painters this painter of minute subjects was "*le seul qui avait de la grandeur*," he exercised no influence whatever upon Meissonier's art. Nor, for the matter of that, did any modern artist. As Théophile Gautier said, Meissonier's originality "*a trouvé sa*

formule sans tâtonnements ;" it had no need to grope for a means of expressing itself. His taste led him away from the modern studios, away from the lists where Classics and Romantics held their endless tournament, to the Louvre, to the canvases of Terburg and Metzú; and from these great masters he learned how character and incident might be portrayed. He learned from them that the first element of success in the genre-painter must be the keen and patient observation of life; that with exact drawing, solid modelling, and a just sense of the right distribution of light and shade the smallest picture may have the attributes of great art, and even a single figure six inches high be made interesting.

Some years before 1850, as we have said, Meissonier had brought the public over to him, and the battle-cries of the conflicting schools were silent as people flocked round his little pictures at each successive Salon. By this time, in fact, he had almost formed a school of his own; MM. Plasson, Fauvilet, and others had begun the long list of his imitators which has gone on increasing in France and Germany, till our own day, and which now includes such dexterous artists as M. Seiler, M. Holwey, M. Léo Herrmann, and even, in certain aspects of his work, our own brilliant young Academician, Mr. Gow. "The invasion of the miniature" was the object of many a serious protest from critics at home and abroad; and more than one writer of mark, who failed to see the strength and the seriousness underlying Meissonier's work, lifted up a warning voice against what they supposed to be the trivial turn that art was taking. Trivial in the hands of his followers art may have become; but not in his own.

We have named the years following 1850, as the period at which Meissonier's talent reached maturity; and it may be well if we follow him from that time onward along the walls of the exhibition, choosing a few of

his chief works here and there by way of illustration. With the date of 1849, we have one of his masterpieces of minute execution, the well-known *Joueurs de Boules*, a party in eighteenth century costume, amusing themselves with a game of bowls on the coast at Antibes, a little picture flooded with light, and drawn on a canvas "not much larger than the lid of a snuff-box," with a force and solidity that would gain nothing were the dimensions to be multiplied by ten. But it was 1853 that was the first *Annus Mirabilis* of Meissonier, when he exhibited at least four works of the first importance, totally different from one another in subject and style, and yet all of them as near perfection as it is given to the human hand to attain. These were *The Young Man Working*, *A Scene from the Decameron*, *Moreau and Dessoles*, *Une Reconnaissance dans la Neige*, and *The Bravos*. It was the first of these that drew Gautier's enthusiastic tribute; and Gautier, be it remembered, was a Romantic *pur sang*, who had put Delacroix side by side with Hugo, and had worshipped *La Barque de Don Juan* as a revelation. "It is a great art," he says, "that of inspiring interest with a single figure; and Meissonier possesses it in the highest degree. The painters who cannot compose a picture without setting in motion all history, all legend, and every philosophy, would never speak of such a subject as this; and yet what a charm it is that keeps your eyes fixed upon this *Young Man Working*,"—this young scholar of Diderot's time, who sits at his table before a bookcase crowded with delicious-looking volumes in *veau fauve* or paper covers:—"no doubt he is at work upon some article for the *Encyclopédie!*" But this is not all that Meissonier gives us as the fruit of the year 1853. He has much besides the single, tranquil figure, brimming as that is with life, and composed with a science of which even Metzú has given no example. As though in answer to those

who complained that he banished the graces from his studio and never painted women, he condescends to meet Watteau on his own ground, and gives us a *Scene from the Decameron*—an eighteenth century Decameron—a poet reading his work to a group of lovely creatures, met together in the Park of Versailles. Then, turning alike from the placid interior with its books and its absorbed student, and from the graceful illusion of the *fête champêtre*, he takes us to the snow-covered Bavarian slopes and to the eve of Hohenlinden. It was a “new departure;” it was a venture into the domain of the battle painters and the painters of horses; and those who admired Meissonier’s *Smokers* and *Guitar Players* the most, were those who were most anxious as to its success. But from the moment it was hung, they saw that to doubt had been a foolish blunder. The same mastery of line, the same intimate knowledge of every anatomical detail, the same power of grouping which had charmed them in his interiors was present in this picture, where the general and his chief of the staff stood reconnoitring on a snowy mound, while their mounted orderlies held their horses below. We cannot say whether these horses were the first that Meissonier had ever drawn; but if they were, he showed in them, as he showed in the illustrations to the *Contes Rémois* five years later, and as he showed still more triumphantly in the Napoleon series, that he knew horses like a professor of anatomy, and loved them like an Arab sheikh.

Then there was *The Bravos*, deservedly one of the most celebrated of his works. It is of slightly larger dimensions than the rest; the figures are perhaps a foot high, or more. One of them, with dagger ready for the thrust, bends breathlessly forward to the key-hole of the door through which the victim is about to pass; the other, with drawn sword, stands in reserve close by. The composition is simple enough; but what movement, what animation,

what imminence of action is here! How the faces, the gestures of the men, “suborned to do this piece of ruthless butchery,” are instinct with life and with every kind of ferocious passion! But still more famous is the picture which was the chief representative of Meissonier’s art in the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and which now Queen Victoria has gracefully allowed to return for a season to the city whence her husband received it. This is *La Rixe*, not well-known in itself—for how rarely do even students of art find their way into the Gallery of Buckingham Palace!—but well-known from photographs, and destined to be known still better from the etching which M. Bracquemond, one of the most original of French etchers, has been engaged to make from it. This, too, is a “costume piece,” the scene laid in the early seventeenth century, in some Paris tavern, such as “the King’s servants” and “the servants of the Cardinal” used to frequent, in the thrilling days of the *Trois Mousquetaires*. One, the assailant, has drawn his dagger, and is struggling in the arms of his two companions to get to his enemy, who, pushed back by a third peacemaker, is in the act of drawing his sword. But no words can describe the rushing movement and the fierce struggle of the scene as Meissonier has painted it, or the intensity of expression with which he has invested not only every face, but every limb, of every actor in the scuffle. A little authentic detail, as yet, we believe, unpublished, will throw an interesting light upon the painter’s manner of working. The very centre of the picture, the point on which the eye falls first as expressing the furious action of the combatants in its most concentrated form, is the neck of the assailant, the muscles of which seem ready to burst with the effort he is making to get free. When Meissonier was painting the picture, he could not, of course, keep his group constantly posed before him; so he fastened a rope to the wall, and made

the model strain against it with all the force he could muster. The man could not keep up the tension at its extreme point for more than a few seconds; so Meissonier made him do it time after time till he had mastered the set of the muscles. It was an instance of the same 'passion for reality, the same resolve to leave nothing to chance, which led him, when he was painting "1814," to borrow Napoleon's coat from the National Museum, to have it copied line for line and crease for crease, and to dress himself in it, mount a wooden horse in his studio, and sit for hours before a mirror, till he had mastered every detail.

Though he fought *en bon Républicain* in the siege of Paris—Manet, the impressionist, was by an odd hazard a fellow officer of his—Meissonier was Imperialist enough under the Empire. His *Napoleon III. at Solferino*, lent by the Luxembourg to this exhibition, was a commission from the emperor; it was long delayed, and was first shown at the Salon of 1864. It altogether yields in interest, however, to the celebrated cycle illustrating the campaigns of Napoleon I., of which four pictures only have been painted—"1805" (or *Les Cuirassiers*), "1807" (*Friedland*), "1814" (*Retraite de Russie*), and the small *Napoleon*, which Mr. Ruskin bought for 1,000*l.* some twenty years ago and sold again for close upon 6,000*l.* in 1882. The "1807" is in America, but M. Delahante has lent "1814," and the other two are also in M. Petit's exhibition. Undoubtedly they represent the highest achievement of Meissonier's art, and among them—though the small *Napoleon* is faultless in its way—"1814" is pre-eminent. On the first plane of the picture rides the emperor on his white horse, with a throng of marshals and generals behind him; beyond, in a parallel line, marches the ragged, shivering infantry. The ground is frozen so hard that it seems as though it would never be thawed; the track is made rougher for the horses' feet by

the ruts cut by the artillery. The foot-soldiers are struggling bravely against cold, hunger, and despair. On the features of the staff, Drouot, De Flahault, and the rest, sadness, disappointment are written, but not anger; Berthier sleeps in the saddle; only Ney, next behind the emperor, seems bracing his nerves against misfortune, and meditating another blow. But Napoleon, what of him? His face is set, firm as the ice beneath him, grey as the sky above; on his brow and in his eyes is written the history of France for twenty years—its ambitions, schemes, hopes, plans, successes, and defeat. To have painted such a face, had that been all, would of itself have stamped Meissonier as one of the great artists.¹

On the whole, there can be little doubt that "1814" is the painter's masterpiece. Other works of his, indeed, show precisely the same qualities as this—the same science, the same power of expressing much in little space, the same mastery of all technical resources—but none in the same marvellous combination with a subject of high and general interest. The *Friedland* follows it in date, but not many other works of the first importance have come from Meissonier's hand since these two were finished. He has indeed done some pictures for his own gratification, such as a view of the Tuileries in ruins; a wonderful sketch of M. Thiers after death; and a singing lesson, *Le Chant*, which seems to be his latest picture, and which is by no means a satisfactory example. Besides, he has done some portraits, such as the hapless one of Mrs. Mackay; and, in a word, at seventy-three years of age he is robust and full of energy, able to paint as much as he chooses, and ready to enjoy to the full the two wonderful houses that he has built for

¹ The picture has just been brilliantly engraved in line by M. Jules Jacquet, for M. Petit. Those curious in such matters may like to know that M. Delahante (who paid 1,000*l.* for the picture) has just refused 18,000*l.* for it. It measures about 2 feet by 16 inches.

himself at Poissy and on the Boulevard Malesherbes—that quarter of Paris so much affected, as M. Claretie has lately told us, by the painters who belong to the *École du Bank-note*. Meissonnier, indeed, has never professed any scruples about the bank-note, or has pretended that he was above being paid for his work at the highest market rate. But one thing besides he has not done—he has never condescended to make money by scamping his work, or even by deliberately choosing subjects which he might paint with little trouble. Of how many successful painters can this be said, now at least, when the moment a man has made a name he is beset by dealers offering him his own terms for anything he chooses to sign? It was only the other day that a celebrated English artist, turning over some old canvases, found some which he had left unfinished twenty years ago; marvels of delicate workmanship, every flower and every branch wrought with loving care, and the lines of the distant headland studied with the most scrupulous fidelity. Now, he paints large pictures in a broad, effective style, and sells his half-dozen a year at great prices. But when he looked at the small unfinished landscapes he owned, not without many searchings of heart, that the popular stuff that he now turns out to order is worth nothing in comparison with the work he did while he was making his reputation.

This power of self-control in the face of what must be a perpetual

temptation, is perhaps the most admirable moral fact in Meissonnier. He has never sent out from his studio a piece of work that is not the best he could do at the time. What labour has gone to each and all of his pictures; how he has painted out and painted out, and made wax models of his horses, and studied his costumes in all possible combinations; how he steeped himself in the serious literature of the eighteenth century, till he became, as Gautier said, a more truthful interpreter of it than Eisen or Moreau, than even Diderot or Sedaine—all this is known to his friends; and the result is seen in the marvellous little canvases that shine from the walls in the Rue de Sèze. "Patience and conscience" are his, as Balzac said of the artists of the Netherlands; and if we were to ask what else, we might answer—over and above his unequalled manual skill—intelligence and sanity. The mind that conceived the Napoleon of "1814" and of Mr. Ruskin's picture, and that thought out the faces of the admiring soldiers in the *Portrait du Sergent*, is a mind that pierces through and through every disguise, that grasps character as if by instinct. Lastly, Meissonnier is before all things sane, measured, orderly, delighting in proportion and harmony, and hating extravagance. What a lesson he reads in this matter to half those painters whose works are at this moment offered to our admiration at the Royal Academy—or, indeed, at the Salon!

COOKERY TEACHING UNDER THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE feeling which has of late been gaining ground among us in favour of creating technical schools, induced the London School Board to appoint a special committee to inquire whether classes for such instruction could be established under their direction. The committee, however, while admitting the importance of technical knowledge, came to the conclusion that it was beyond the province of the Board to found classes for the teaching of handicrafts, by which is here meant employments followed for gain. But although the impracticability of introducing technical instruction generally has been thus recognised by the London School Board, they have, ever since they commenced their work, supplied special teaching of this character to their female pupils, *i.e.* in needlework, and, during the last seven or eight years, in cookery. These two industries in their lower grades are, indeed, so closely interwoven with the daily life of women in all but the wealthy classes, that we cease to regard them as handicrafts at all, except in that higher development which can only be reached through an apprenticeship.

The instruction in needlework and in cookery which our girls receive is then distinctly technical, though necessarily it does not advance beyond the elementary stage. Some knowledge of these arts is essential to the comfort of the working classes, a fact, however, so little recognised among them, especially with regard to cookery, that the Committee of Council on Education have wisely encouraged its study by placing it in their code as a subject of instruction for girls. Another subject—like this limited to the older girls—is known by the comprehensive and somewhat high-sounding title of Domestic Economy. It includes instruction—

of course only theoretic—in various subjects, among them house cleaning, nursing, and cooking. Practical teaching in cookery was added as the complement to its theoretical study; and so in part it remains, though the grant offered by the Education Department in 1883 enabled the Board to admit to their cookery classes girls who have not yet reached a position in the school entitling them to enter that for domestic economy. This grant for girls, in whatever standard, having attained the age of twelve, who learn to cook, induced the Board thus to extend such instruction—a beneficent concession as regards the miserable dwellers in the slums of our metropolis. Their irregular attendance keeps them still in the lower standards, when the age comes for them to leave school and earn their own livelihood, and knowledge which will enable these poor children to command somewhat higher wages than otherwise, as mere drudges, they could hope to obtain is of greater value to them than even a competent knowledge of the three R's. It is to be regretted that the more catholic grant of 1883 has, by an alteration in this year's Code, been restricted to those girls who have attained to the fourth and higher standards; not an exalted level indeed, but alas, beyond the reach of many who as yet—and then by painful compulsion alone—make but a meagre and unpunctual attendance.

But long before the Education Department had recognised practical cookery as a fitting subject for the instruction of girls, the London School Board had determined to introduce it into their schools. The first suggestion for such teaching made by Mr. John Macgregor, so well known as Rob Roy, dates as far back as 1874, and instruction on a small scale was begun in the

next year. But improvements demand time. Teachers had to be trained, and other hindrances arose causing delay. The system finally adopted in 1878 was formulated by Mr. Heller, one of the representatives for Lambeth.

It had been intended that cookery should be taught in each school by one or more of the mistresses on the staff. But experience soon showed that instruction could be more conveniently and systematically given in rooms erected for the purpose on the premises, apart from the main building, of certain suitably placed schools. One class room or "cookery centre" would thus suffice for several schools; all within a certain distance would send thither their contingent of pupils. These centres rose one after the other to meet increasing needs, until at the present time there are thirty spread over the School Board area; while more are in building or projection. As instruction is needed for about 21,000 girls per annum, or about one-fifth of the whole number on the school rolls, a number, of course, constantly increasing, and as each of the existing centres can afford instruction to only between five and six hundred during the year, it is plain that additional centres must be built. A few schools there are so near the boundary of the School Board area that there is little probability of a centre coming within their range. In several of these the Board have already fitted up a class-room to serve this purpose.

The cookery centre consists of a vestibule fitted with pegs for cloaks and hats, and a class-room, together measuring twenty-four feet by twenty-one, well lighted, and so ventilated as to prevent the smell of cooking from affecting unpleasantly either teacher or pupil. On one side of the room are seats and desks sufficient to accommodate from twenty to thirty girls so raised, one behind the other, that all can see what the teacher is doing. In the corners opposite to the desks are two small cooking ranges, and along the wall between them is the

dresser, with plates and dishes ranged on shelves above. Across the room, leaving, however, at one end ample space for passing, a long table or counter runs, in which half way along is inserted a gas cooking stove. The dresser is fitted with cupboards and drawers, and the saucepans are kept on the pot-board under the counter, technically known as the "demonstration table." A large recess on one side is fitted with a sink, where water is laid on; a provision safe, with a couple of chairs and a clock complete the furniture of the centre.

The supervision of these centres was at first undertaken by volunteer ladies, but as the classes increased in number it was found necessary to appoint a paid officer, who should overlook the whole. Her designation is Superintendent of Cookery. It is her duty to report to the School Board, through its Cookery sub-committee, on the condition of the centres, the capacity and conduct of the staff. She examines the bills for provisions, and renders an account of all disbursements and receipts to the Board.

When separate centres were established, in which cookery classes, consisting of pupils from many different schools, were to be held on every school day during the week, the mistresses on the staff could no longer undertake this branch of the work. Special instructors were therefore appointed. The qualification for this post has been the diploma of some well-known school of cookery. The majority of the instructors employed by the Board have been trained at South Kensington, but a serious disadvantage here arises, for though these teachers may possess a competent knowledge of their art, and the power of imparting that knowledge, unless they have also acquired experience in the teaching of children in class, they lack the capacity to maintain the discipline essential to success.

To meet this difficulty the Board determined last year to try the experiment of training their own cookery

instructors. They chose candidates who were already elementary teachers, but who for some sufficient reason preferred taking up instruction in cookery as their calling, rather than pursue the course of study necessary to fit them for the higher ranks of their profession. The candidates were placed under our most competent instructors for six months training at the centre, and attended also an evening course of twenty lessons in higher class cooking. The period of training completed, they underwent a tri-partite examination in the theory of cooking, its practice, and in the management of a class. This experiment has succeeded well enough to warrant a continuance of the plan, and fresh candidates continue to enter upon their course of training.

Each instructor has under her a "kitchen maid," whose duties consist in keeping the centre and utensils clean, lighting fires, and in rendering assistance to the instructor when she is teaching, to prevent her attention from being called away from her class.

The Committee of Council requires that each girl shall receive forty hours instruction in cooking during her school year, *i.e.* the period between each annual government inspection. To fulfil this condition she attends a course of twenty lessons. Should she (as is frequently the case) fail to be present at every lesson of her appointed course, she must attend the next, once every week, until the required number is completed.

The teaching of cookery requires a large amount of material. For instance, the cost of provisions for the month, ending March 15th in the current year, amounted to 77/. If this were not sold when cooked, the loss would be so great as to render this branch of our work impracticable. Therefore, a sale must be secured for our dishes. No sale can be found for ill-dressed food. Tolerably good cooking is therefore essential; and not only must our dishes be well cooked, but they must be such as the customers

we can attract will buy. These consist principally of the pupils themselves, and of the teachers in the schools at which the centres are placed. But while dishes must be prepared which our customers will purchase, they must at the same time be adapted to supply the knowledge that it is the Board's aim to impart. We are sometimes asked why we do not employ the children in making soup or cheap stews, which would command, our critics believe, a ready sale among the poor of the neighbourhood. The answer is that it is not our object to cook for the poor, but to teach the girls the elements of the culinary art, an object incompatible with the preparation of large quantities of the same kind of food. While, therefore, our centres must not, on the one hand, endeavour to rival the variety of dishes in a restaurant, they must, on the other, avoid degenerating into a soup kitchen. We hope we have avoided both evils, for while our dishes command a more or less ready sale, their preparation is well adapted to invest the pupil with a by no means contemptible skill in simple cookery for present use, and should she in future desire to pursue the art to its higher branches, the elementary knowledge gained at our classes will be of invaluable assistance to her.

A syllabus, comprising twenty lessons, has been issued by the Board for use in the centres. It includes recipes for cooking different kinds of vegetables in various ways, for the making of inexpensive soups and stews, bread, plain cakes, coffee, &c., our pupils being taught to make coffee in an earthen jug, by the method approved by Dr. Vivian Poore.

Sick cookery is not omitted. The girls learn to make beef-tea, light puddings, mutton broth, and gruel, this last unexpectedly proving a saleable article. The syllabus also includes recipes for palatable dishes made from provisions which have been already cooked. Each girl, as has been said,

should receive one lesson a week until the course of twenty is completed. The recipes demonstrated in lesson number one, are repeated every day during the first week, those in lesson number two likewise during the next, and so on until the syllabus is exhausted. By this method, each pupil, if she attend regularly, may see the practical working of every recipe contained in the syllabus. As the cookery course begins at different times of the year, it occasionally happens that some vegetable or fruit required for a particular lesson is either altogether out of season, or would cost more than it is prudent to spend. When this occurs, the instructor substitutes for it a suitable recipe from another lesson, returning to the one omitted when the ingredients are cheap.

It is the duty of the instructor to see that her kitchen maid has every article, both utensil and ingredient, ready for the lesson which commences in the morning at 9.15, and in the afternoon at two o'clock. Girls who are in their places by 9.15 obtain a red or "punctuality" mark in the register, a certain number entitling them at the end of the quarter to a reward card, two such reward cards bringing a prize. Each girl has two copy-books, one for taking rough notes during the demonstration, the other in which to write out a fair copy of the recipe and "method." The former she carries home, that she may, if feasible, practise her cooking between her weekly lessons; the latter remains at the centre to be examined by the instructor, and becomes, when full, the property of the pupil.

The girls assembled and the roll called, the instructor, after distributing exercise books, pens, and pencils, takes her place behind the demonstration table, inquires whether any of her pupils desire to purchase, and, if so, what particular dishes from that day's lesson they have chosen. By this time she has also learned what the teachers have selected,

and can calculate the size and number of dishes to be prepared. She then announces the recipes, already written in large hand on the black board, to be copied by the girls into their note-books, thus:—

FRENCH VEGETABLE MARROW SOUP.

Ingredients.—2 lb. pumpkin or marrow.

1 large onion.

2 oz. butter.

1 teaspoonful of sugar.

2 teaspoonfuls of salt.

$1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of pepper.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water.

1 pint of milk.

2 tablespoonfuls of flour.

Method.—Peel and cut the pumpkin or marrow into large squares. Peel and slice the onion. Put these vegetables into a saucepan, add the sugar, salt, pepper, and butter; put cover on saucepan. Simmer the vegetables well, add the water, stew slowly for twenty minutes, or until the vegetables pulp; then add the flour (previously mixed into a smooth paste with a little of the milk), add the rest of the milk. Stir the soup until it boils, then let it simmer for ten minutes. Stir frequently. Pour the soup into a basin, and serve with small squares of toast. If liked, the soup may be rubbed through a sieve before it is thickened.

Time, one hour.

CORNISH PASTIES.

Ingredients.— $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. buttock steak.

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. potatoes.

1 small onion.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt.

A pinch of pepper.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour.

$\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of dripping.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gill of cold water.

Method.—Cut the meat into small pieces. Peel, wash, and parboil the potatoes and peel the onion. Cut the potatoes into small pieces and mince

the onion. Put the flour, salt, and baking powder into a basin, mix all together; rub in the dripping. Mix into a stiff paste with the water. Roll out a quarter of an inch thick. Cut into rounds. Place a portion of the meat, potato, and onion on each round; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wet the edges, press them together. Make a frill on the top. Place on a greased baking tin. Bake half an hour.

Time, one hour.

It must be understood that these recipes are merely outlines. The instructor fills in the details as the lesson goes on. She begins by weighing or measuring her ingredients, and placing them in readiness before her. *Chemin faisant* she tells her pupils the prices per pound or pint, and the quantities she is about to use, calling upon them to calculate the entire cost of the dish. Thus the pupils acquire knowledge invaluable to them in their future marketings. I remember to have heard some years ago, at an examination in domestic economy, the inspector ask the girls—"What is the cost of a rabbit pie?" Should he now make such an inquiry of our cookery scholars, there might be found one sufficiently bold to inquire in a low whisper—of even so august a personage as H. M. Inspector—"Please, sir, how large is the rabbit pie?"

The girls having copied the recipe, they next take down the method from the instructor's dictation while she proceeds with her work, now talking, now cooking, while the girls are now writing, now watching, until the dish is finished. The next recipe is then taken in a similar manner, and so on until the demonstration is ended, during which the instructor must have maintained the attention of her pupils by her lively and intelligent dictation no less than by the skilful exercise of her art. Her next step is to direct one half of the class to make the fair copy of their rough notes while she sends the other division to wash their hands, *clean their nails*, and put on their cooking pinafores. She then sets

them to work at the table in couples or trios as convenience dictates. "I have many orders this morning," she might say; "meat patties, and fruit pies are wanted in the boys' school, several teachers have ordered soup or mutton broth, and a dozen patties are to be made for the girls. Luckily I have some patties and some broth left from yesterday afternoon, or we could not supply so many customers, but you must be very industrious girls, or we shall not have finished by twelve o'clock." So saying she directs the weighing of the different ingredients, for which, to save time, the centres are now supplied with two sets of scales. This accomplished with precision, the girls begin to prepare the ingredients, some washing vegetables, cleaning fish, cutting up meat, mixing the seasoning, and making the pie-crust, while others are busy with the soup or the broth—a pretty sight. The instructor meanwhile flits from group to group showing the best method, smoothing difficulties, preventing mistakes, superintending the whole class, including the party busily writing the fair copy of notes, until the time is exhausted for practice by the first division. They now return to the desks, while those who have been writing take their places (after washing their hands, &c.) at the demonstration table. Thus the work is carried on till the cooking is over. The instructor then shows how the food should be dished up and served. Twelve o'clock strikes, when knocks are heard, and little messengers arrive for the *plats* their teachers have ordered. The pupils clear away, leaving the table clean for the afternoon lesson, this part of the work being very popular. It is obvious that in the short time allotted to the learning of cookery there is but scant leisure for the girls to take part in the cleaning of the utensils; the instructors are enjoined, however, when opportunity arises to give their pupils practice in this important branch of a cook's education. A strict adherence to the lessons in the syllabus is usually required. But at seasons when certain

national dishes are in demand, we allow the order to be so far relaxed as to admit of these dishes being made, such as plum puddings just before the Christmas holidays, or pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Further, when, at the end of last summer, fruit was cheap, preserves were permitted to be made during one week in all the centres. The whole quantity was bought up, the demand far exceeding the supply.

If we be asked how far our cookery teaching has found favour among the parents it would be difficult to give a conclusive answer. It is true we sometimes hear frivolous excuses from them to account for the non-attendance of their daughters at these classes. The girls, they may remark, go to school to learn reading and writing; as for cooking they can learn that at home. The School Board do not enforce attendance at the classes in cases where the parents object. They prefer to convince rather than to compel. But there are encouraging signs that our efforts in this direction are appreciated by both parents and children.

A widow, who had obtained leave for her daughter to become a half-timer, was nevertheless advised to let her attend school as often as possible. "Yes, I will," she answered; "and she shall always go to the cookery lesson. I don't intend her to miss *that*." A woman, stopping in the street the head mistress of a Board School, burst out with "When does the cookery class begin? I can't have my daughter left out on any account." At one of the centres a lady visitor asked a pupil if she were able to help her mother to cook. "I have no mother," was the answer, "but father likes my cooking." Another cookery scholar, her schoolmistress relates, so well replaced her absent mother that even the all-important Sunday dinner was dressed to the father's satisfaction. And yet another girl, one who had left school for service, proved the practical benefit received from the class. Watching, one day, her mistress's culinary operations, she thought a fatal error was about to be commit-

ted, and exclaimed, "Please, ma'am, *young* potatoes are put into *boiling* water." "How do you know that?" was the answer. "I learnt it at the cookery centre," she replied. "And can you cook?" her mistress rejoined. "Oh, yes, ma'am." She was allowed to try, and acquitted herself so well that henceforth her mistress gladly left the cooking to her.

The School Board for London are subjected every now and then to a storm of criticism—sometimes for their alleged extravagance, at others for their folly, or for the slovenly manner in which they perform their duties. But amid all this animadversion so liberally bestowed, we do not remember ever to have heard blame imputed to us for our cookery instruction. On the contrary, persons will exclaim, "Oh, do you teach cookery? That is something really useful." But though the instruction itself affords satisfaction, the apparatus we employ, and the dishes we prepare, not unfrequently meet with disapproval. For instance, the scales we use at the centres are said to be wholly out of place. "How extravagant you School Board people are! Scales, indeed! Why, the girls will never meet with them in their own homes. How will they manage there, do you suppose?" "All the better," we might answer, "for having been trained to be exact in our centres." Exactitude, the primary qualification for a good cook, can only be acquired by careful weighing and measuring. When this has been learned with proper apparatus, more homely appliances may be substituted; and this our instructors are careful to show their pupils.

Six years' experience has satisfied the London School Board that the system for teaching cookery they have established is well adapted to secure its object, though, doubtless, capable of further development; assuredly their aim will be constantly to improve and extend that teaching which the centres have been called into existence to afford.

ROSAMOND DAVENPORT-HILL.

ART AND LIFE: A DIALOGUE.

Warnford. I was a little surprised to see you at the "Grosvenor" private view this afternoon, Garniston.

Garniston. I am sorry for that. The surprise of an intimate friend at anything one does cannot possibly be flattering.

W. Why not?

G. Why not? Think a moment. If I have surprised you, I must have revealed some new point of character, compelling you to revise your former conception of me—perhaps for the better, perhaps for the worse. But how can it possibly flatter me to learn either that you undervalued me yesterday, or that I have fallen in your estimation to-day?

W. You are captious, my dear fellow. We may discover new qualities in a friend without its affecting our estimate of him, either for better or worse.

G. I believe that to be a mathematical impossibility. Every fact of character must have either a *plus* or a *minus* sign. But let us test it by the concrete case. You were surprised, you say, to see me at the private view. Why?

W. Well, I did not know you cared about art, or artists, or crowds of notabilities, or fashionable shows of any sort.

G. In other words, you did not know that I was either the better by an æsthetic faculty with which you had not credited me, or the worse by a frivolous taste of which you did not suspect me. Come! open your left hand. Which compliment are you going to offer me?

W. The first, unhesitatingly. I plead guilty to having appraised you at one faculty below your value. I pronounce you a hitherto unsuspected connoisseur in art.

G. And I disclaim the character. Art-connoisseurship, in so far as I have had an opportunity of inquiring into its parentage and means of subsistence, is the child of Prejudice handed over to Dogmatism to support. I like my opinions, such as they are, to be the children of Reason, who keeps alive no offspring that she cannot herself maintain.

W. That is a stern sort of mother, Garniston.

G. As Reason is. Is there any sacrifice in that kind of which her severity is incapable?—she who can look on unmoved while slowly-dying Faith, the most beautiful of her daughters, is calling to her for sustenance in vain.

W. Don't reckon too hastily upon *that* death, my friend. Sentiment has already adopted more than one of Madame Reason's deserted children, and Faith, who has been last received beneath her roof, may thrive there for many a year yet.

G. Amen! I am not one of those who think that mankind will be the better for her death.

W. If she perishes as Faith, she will survive as Hope. The world may no longer know her as that radiant house-damsel of its youth, who was wont to trip down stairs with the sunrise, the keys of Paradise jingling at her girdle, and every chamber ringing with her morning-song; but in the evening of man's days, he will still find her at his fireside, no longer joyous perhaps, but calm and cheerful, ever ready with the caress of consolation and the whisper of good courage.

G. True; but you should remember that even the most delightful of old maids is not immortal.

W. I know I should. I foresaw that objection, in fact, when it was

too late to escape it. I wish somebody would invent a metaphor with a handle. I never knew one that didn't cut your fingers.

G. Especially when you are trying, as you were just now, to snatch the edged tool from somebody else.

W. Yes, to be sure, it was you who first attacked me with it, in your refusal to allow connoisseurship a rational parentage. But surely you don't deny that there are *some* reasoned principles by which the merit of an artist's work may be judged.

G. I dare say there may be; but the only ones that I am acquainted with are so majestically abstract that they seem to me to throw no light whatever upon any concrete case.

W. Are they any less enlightening than literary canons of taste?

G. I think so. I imagine that I should find less difficulty in showing a student *why* such and such a passage was to be accounted good literature, and such and such another the reverse, than an art-professor would experience in giving reasons in any particular case for the faith that is in him.

W. I admit that you would have an advantage in the nature of your subject matter.

G. An immense advantage. Literary criticism is ultimately concerned with mental ideas, as to which there is little or no "personal equation" to be taken into account. But art criticism deals with sensory impressions varying infinitely as between individuals. How *convince* any one, for instance, that Mr. A.'s colouring is "mellow," and Mr. B.'s "crude," that X.'s "symphonies" are harmonious, and Y.'s horribly out of tune?

W. In questions of form, however, as distinct from colour, the difficulty does not arise.

G. Doesn't it? Take Mr. Burne Jones's ideal of beauty in the female form. You may accept or you may reject it, but you cannot deny that it differs sensibly from that of Rubens, and that neither is identical

with that of the modeller of the Melian Venus.

W. Yes, but—

G. Excuse me. I mustn't be beguiled by you into a disputation on art criticism. Why, moreover, is it necessary that I should be interested either in art criticism or in art? I can account otherwise for my visit this afternoon to the private view. Suppose I am interested in artists?

W. I can't entertain such a supposition—no offence to them. I have always found them the most self-centred of men.

G. And you think that makes them less interesting?

W. I certainly think it doesn't make them better company.

G. Who said anything about their company? I see, Warnford, that you are infected with the chief intellectual, as it is the chief social, vice of the times—the desire to be incessantly excited and amused. Men, even the most intelligent, seem nowadays to look round upon their fellows in the spirit, not so much of a Greek philosopher, as of a Roman emperor. Their question is not, What can I learn from you? but, What sport can you make for me? Look at the exaggerated horror with which we are accustomed in these days to speak of a bore. Yet how much profit we may often derive from listening to one!

W. You are thinking of George Herbert's "God takes the text and preaches patience."

G. No, most facetious of men, I am not. I am thinking of the instruction which we get from the man himself. You may learn something new of human nature from any one who is natural, and the bore is natural almost in very virtue of his definition. Will you tell me that his self-disclosing tediousness can teach one less than the false epigram, the artificial picturesque, the sham profundity, in which your celebrated talker is mostly found to deal? No! give me the bore.

W. With all my heart, and much

may you learn from him! Zeus, says Æschylus, "has founded knowledge upon suffering by a fixed law." But I hope the artists don't know your reason for cultivating their society.

G. They might know it, so far as I am concerned. It is you, not I, who have classed them, by implication, among the bores. All I said was in answer to your depreciatory remark upon these "most self-centred of men." It is their very self-absorption that makes them so interesting to me. That most of them care for nothing outside their art is the very thing that piques my curiosity about them. They are almost the only men I know—of those, I mean, whose calling involves the exercise of the higher faculties—who seem completely satisfied with the work of their lives. They are constantly employing their brains and imaginations, yet without apparently suffering any evil results from that most dangerous practice; they live in an atmosphere charged with the "malady of thought," yet never seem to catch it; they are as contented with their life as if they rode to hounds six times a week, and as assiduous in their work as if it were money-making.

W. So it is very often.

G. Yes; but I leave those cases out of account. There is no known employment so self-sufficing as the *chasse aux pièces de cent sous*, unless it be that other *chasse* which is chiefly dear to Englishmen. Once enslave yourself to the passion for killing as many animals, or for collecting as many sovereigns as possible in the course of the year, and you will never more be troubled with any vague mistrust of the worth of your work in life, still less with those darker misgivings of the value of life itself. But it is rare to find immunity from such heart-searchings among those whose nightly pillow is not smoothed for them by the daily indulgence either of the acquisitive or of the destructive instinct. The exercise of any other human faculty, whether it be imaginative energy, or speculative subtlety,

or scientific curiosity, appears to be attended among almost all men with increasingly imperfect satisfaction.

W. In the case of scientific curiosity, that is not to be wondered at. It presupposes an incurable dissatisfaction with existing knowledge.

G. No doubt; but not with the work of enlarging knowledge. You know the famous choice of Lessing between the two gifts presented to him in either outstretched hand of God. "Pure Truth, O Lord, is for Thee alone. Give me the search for truth. I will be content with that!" There indeed was a saying all aglow with that happy philosophic spirit of the eighteenth century—the saying of a man who found in the work of inquiry the perfect satisfaction of the soul. But is that the spirit that animates the inquirer of the present day? Is it in that spirit, for instance, that the man of science interrogates nature?

W. Well, no. I confess that he is given to interrogating her a little too much after the manner of a French *juge d'instruction*—that is to say with a preconceived theory to support.

G. Precisely. He is determined to make her admit that she alone is responsible, and no Person or Persons unknown. How can anybody contend that the pursuit of scientific truth brings peace to him who pursues it in these days? He is as much tormented by the speculative unrest of the age as any man; and it drives him to all sorts of distractions, controversial and other. He can't spend six consecutive months in the laboratory or the dissecting-room without getting so restless that he has to go out of doors and fight a parson to relieve his feelings. And when he isn't wrangling with Theology, he's flirting with Metaphysics.

W. Yes, that last is certainly the strangest phenomenon of our time.

G. Isn't it? And so significant. Who would have thought that Metaphysics, who only the other day plumped down exhausted by her

ineffectual dance of two thousand and odd years, was only to enjoy the repose of the "wall flower" for so short a time, and should be off again in a wild gallop with Physical Science, utterly discomposing the staid quadrille of the Positivists, and making one as giddy to look at her as ever she used to do in the days of her German waltz.

W. Well, I suppose I must give up the man of science. But I confess I am surprised that you should regard the life of art as more self-sufficing than that of letters.

G. The words "art" and "letters" are not mutually exclusive. There is a large department of literature which could not be self-sufficing without abandonment of its proper function: which is, to reflect faithfully the temper of an age as far as possible from being satisfied with itself. The literature which deals with the actualities of life, with the

"Quidquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira,
voluptas,
Gaudia discursus,"

must needs exhibit all those signs of discontent and unquiet which mark its era.

W. What? On the principle of the line, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

G. No. On the principle of the line, "He best can paint them who hath felt them most."

W. Felt them most? I am sure you can't mean oxen; for that would be to elevate every rib-puncher at a cattle show into a Paul Potter. May I take it that you were speaking not of oxen but of emotions?

G. You may. I wanted to show you that one quotation is only good as an argument until another is cited. My position however is a very simple, and, I think, an unassailable one. The everyday literature of a restless and discontented age will have its own undertone of restlessness and discontent just as the ordinary prose description of scenes of pain and horror must

itself be painful and horrible. Unrest, like any other form of human suffering, must be poetised before its representation ceases to partake of its own nature. Poetry, which conjures beauty and pleasure out of hideousness and anguish is alone capable of picturing agitation in forms of repose.

W. Hideousness is surely a little beyond the control of the poet.

G. Not at all. Let us imagine a modern newspaper rendering of a certain famous incident of antiquity which the poet and the sculptor have alike admirably dealt with, and compare their work with the reporter's. This is how the latter's account would probably have run:—"Shocking Death of a Father and two Sons.—Yesterday afternoon as our respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. —, was walking on the beach in company with his two sons, youths of fourteen and fifteen years of age respectively, he was startled by the apparition of two enormous snakes, who, emerging suddenly from the ocean, glided swiftly towards the lads, and proceeded with incredible rapidity to envelop them in their serpentine folds. Horror-stricken at the sight, the father hurried to his sons' assistance, but only to be himself seized by the scaly monsters in a double coil, one round the middle and the other round the neck, while their heads, towering above their elder victim, presented a most appalling spectacle. The unfortunate man, whose clothes and hat were speedily covered with blood and slaver, strove in vain to loosen the folds which encircled him. His cries were terrible, and are compared by witnesses of the scene to the bellowings of a wounded bull. After having been engaged for a few minutes in their work of destruction the monsters retired, when the usual restoratives were at once applied to their victims, but the vital spark was in each case extinct." There you have the prose version of the death of Laocoon and his sons, and its effect, or, at any rate its effect upon my own mind is

one of mere disgust and disturbance. How does it strike you?

W. Certainly it has neither the beauty of the lines in the second *Æneid*, nor the repose of the group in the Vatican.

G. And yet it is a pretty close paraphrase of Virgil. Poetry therefore *can* exercise its transforming power not only over the painful but over the hideous, so that what, in the description of our imaginary penny-a-liner, appears as a mere confused and ignoble tussle, is not only elevated by her into grace and symmetry, but subdued into calm. But the tranquillising power of Poetry is no less than the beauty-giving power, her exclusive secret. I repeat that the prose literature of a restless and discontented age will have its own undertone of restlessness and discontent; and it would be unreasonable to expect that the men who provide us with this form of literature should find contentment in their work.

W. There is one class of modern prose writers who, concerned exclusively with actualities, would be more deeply imbued I should think than any other, with the spirit of their age. What should you say of the occupation of the journalist?

G. I should say that it was the most stimulating and animating that exists.

W. Indeed?

G. Why, of course. You know the guild of antiquity to whom they have been so truly compared. What can be more stimulating and animating than the work of making the worse appear the better reason? And our journalists pursue it with an impunity denied to their Hellenic ancestors. They ought to have as good a time of it as the Sophists before the appearance of Socrates.

W. Do you know, I begin to be horribly afraid that I have misunderstood you from the outset. It is most unfortunate.

G. Not at all. I have no doubt that it has greatly tended to moderate

the asperities of discussion. The value of misunderstandings for that purpose is not half appreciated. Yet to my mind it is one of the chief attractions of metaphysical controversy; for hence it is, that while grammarians, whose points of difference are not easily mistaken, have for generations been invoking the Divine vengeance upon each other's heads for their rival theories of the irregular verb, metaphysicians, on the other hand, have always dwelt together in the amity of the mutually unintelligible.

W. Still, even at the risk of disagreeing with you, I think I should like to understand you. I find it difficult to reconcile your favourable view of the journalist's occupation with what you had just said about prose writers in general. Surely this most "stimulating and animating employment" must be self-sufficing?

G. Every active employment of the faculties is so, during the period of their exercise.

W. But I thought you said it would be unreasonable to expect the modern prose writer to find contentment in his work.

G. Oh, I see now; it is one of the old pitfalls of the English language. May I talk Greek to you?

W. H'm—yes, in moderation.

G. It is not in my power to exceed it. When I spoke of "work" then, I did not mean *energeia* but *ergon*—not intellectual activity, but its results. And I certainly think that the *ergon* of the journalist, the end to which he devotes those energies, from the exercise of which he doubtless derives pleasure, is as little likely to afford him contentment as can well be imagined.

W. Perhaps so: if your comparison of him to the Sophist is a just one. But I have good reason, as you know, to protest against it.

G. Then, please consider it withdrawn. The Sophists were not only unscrupulous in boasting their ability to make the worse appear the better reason, but foolish as well. They

ought, like their intellectual heirs, to have begun business by seriously considering the question whether any one reason is better than another.

W. Well, let the journalists take care of themselves, and the rest of the prose writers, essayists, novelists, critics, into the bargain. I am eager to get on to the contradiction in which I think you have involved yourself.

G. And which is——?

W. Which is that the praise of self-sufficingness which you declared to belong exclusively to the work of the artist—by whom, of course I understood you to mean the pictorial and plastic artist—you are here extending to the poet also. For surely the poet, whose own art has the same power of reducing the discords and agitations of life to harmony and repose—he surely should share the painter's or the sculptor's peace of mind, and enjoy the same perfect contentment in his work.

G. And can you find any denial on my part that he should do so?

W. No denial that he should, but a pretty strong suggestion that he doesn't. Did not you confine the happy frame of mind we are speaking of to the painter and the sculptor?

G. I said they were almost the only men I had found to possess it, and to that I adhere. I do not think that the poet enjoys nearly as much immunity from the *maladie du siècle* as the artist. The world, I think, is much more "with him," in the sense of Wordsworth's sonnet, than it is with the painter or the sculptor.

W. And yet it was to the work of the brain and not of the hand that the catch-phrase of "art for art's sake" was first applied. That saying should have come only from men with whom the ideal was everything and the actual nothing.

G. Undoubtedly that is so; but "ought" and "is" are at their old quarrel again. "Art for art's sake" has come to have almost as little meaning in the mouths of many of our

poets as if it were a religious catch-word. I shall soon get to mistrust a man who talks about "art for art's sake" as much as I do men who tell me that they do such and such a thing for the love of God.

W. I cannot say that I altogether agree with you about the poets. Some of them, I think, have discredited the "art for art's sake" formula in quite a different way.

G. Oh, you mean by treating it as a declaration of war against morality? Why, yes, there are undoubtedly a certain number of our younger poets who seem to think that art, in ceasing to be didactic, is bound to become licentious, just as one often finds a clerical person talking loosely to prove himself a man of the world. Some of our modern poetry is no more an example of the poetic art pursued for its own sake than some of our theatrical performances are examples of the choreographic art as practised in the same disinterested spirit. Both the bard and the ballet-girl are simply bent upon the exhibition of what ought to be concealed.

W. I was not thinking of that, however. This formula is also discredited in another equally distinct, though somewhat more innocent, way. "Art for art's sake," among our younger poets, might often be paraphrased as "carving cherry-stones for the sake of the carving." The question in my mind as to much of their work is whether "its own sake" is a thing worth making sacrifices for. To do such work solely for its own intrinsic value appears to me to be carrying disinterestedness to the point of Quixotism. What are some of our latter day sonnets? Exquisitely painted miniatures of a fly in amber. Quite exquisitely painted, I allow, but when you have said that, you have said all.

G. A sonnet, I believe, should contain but a single thought.

W. Some of these, then, are one short of their full complement of ideas. But, if the sonnet is to have but one thought, that thought should

at least be big enough to fill it. Why compel us to unwrap fourteen folds of a curiously-wrought tissue, only to find a seed-pearl inside?

G. Is it always a seed-pearl, moreover? To my mind it is sometimes as worthless as it is minute. Do you remember that admirably acute contrast drawn by Coleridge between the "conceitists" of the seventeenth century and our more recent versifiers: "the former," he says, "conveying the most fantastic thoughts in the most correct and natural language, the other in the most fantastic language conveying the most trivial thoughts"?

W. Yes, I recollect; and he is as severe elsewhere on the obscurity of the language as he is on the poverty of the idea. There is great wit in his remark that certain modern works are "as trivial in thought, and yet enigmatic in expression, as if Echo and Sphinx had laid their heads together to compose them."

G. However, that makes the art perhaps a little more disinterested. The self-contemplative element in poetry is certainly complete when the poet holds his meaning as something too sacred for any eye but his own.

W. Well, so far, it seems, we are pretty well agreed; but you do not yet seem to me to have altogether justified your original charge against the modern bard. Valueless though this "*Kunst an und für sich*," as the dear old lumbering Germans have it, may be, I see nothing to show that it is not a genuine thing as far as it goes. Genuineness, however, is the very quality which I understand you to deny to it. You are not ready to admit that the poet's work is really felt by him to be as self-sufficing as the painter feels his to be, or that the poet is as often content as the painter with single-minded service to the spirit of beauty. Is it not so?

G. I certainly do not admit that; and it would argue considerable assurance on the poet's part for him to expect me to do so. Nothing can be less single-minded, or more obviously

the contrary, than what you call his "service to the spirit of beauty."

W. Well, I hardly know about "obviously the contrary."

G. What? Not when the manners of the devotee are like nothing so much as those of a Spanish coquette, in that great trysting-place of intrigue the cathedral? Our poets make a show of kneeling before the altar, but they can no more keep their thoughts upon their worship than the donna can keep her eyes upon her breviary. Poetry is perpetually ogling some one or another from behind her fan.

W. I think the comparison between the two cases is hardly a just one. Poetry, you know, is supposed to concern herself with all forms of life.

G. And prayer to take account of all sorts and conditions of men. Perhaps that is why the young woman in the mantilla has so appreciative an eye for every bearded face among those around her. It may be that she has not apprehended the philological distinction between *homo* and *vir*.

W. Pray be serious. Your analogy between religious worship and the æsthetic cult is surely a misleading one. In the one case, devotion implies abstraction; in the other case, so far from implying, it almost excludes it. He surely is the greatest poet who is in the closest and most constant contact with actualities, idealising them wherever he touches them. It is as though your Spanish coquette—

G. Stay! I renounce the Spanish coquette. I divorce her before she has time to betray me, as I see you are about to induce her to do. Metaphors are something far more dangerous than double-edged and unhafted knives. They are women who desert you at a moment's notice for another lover.

W. Well, dropping metaphors, I repeat that you do not substantiate your charge against poets of deficient devotion to the ideal by merely noting the variety of their interests in the real.

G. You have misunderstood me. I did

not mean to complain of the catholicity of the poet's interest in the general concerns of humanity. That would have been perverse indeed. Let him, with all my heart, idealise as many forms of human action, thought, emotion as he can bring under the magic of his art. But let him deal with life as one whose main business is with the phenomena of this world, and not with the uncertainties of that, if any, which is to come.

W. Now, indeed, you astonish me. I had supposed it to be the chief boast of the modern poet that he makes the phenomena of this world his sole concern.

G. So it is: and that is his worst sign of weakness. If he really did what he boasts of doing we should hear a good deal less of his boastings than we do. The wise man, says a true philosophic aphorism, "*De nulla re minus quam de morte cogitat.*" What, pray, should we think of his wisdom and fortitude if he showed us that he was always thinking about death by incessantly protesting that he has no fear of it? Yet this is the invariable burden of one half of the modern poet's utterances.

W. Hardly in so many words.

G. Hardly in so few words, you mean. He requires a good many more words than other people to express anything. But surely, my dear Warnford, you must admit that this, in one form or another, is his incessant song. Can the man describe you a rose without adding that it will fade, and that *he* for one doesn't care? Can he praise the beauty of Helen without hastening to remind you that even to her it was appointed to die, and that death, in stripping the flesh of a woman from her bones, "greatly alters her," as Swift grimly puts it, "for the worse." All this perpetual dwelling upon mortality—so very old a grievance as it is—is surely a sign of weakness.

W. Death, however, is a great fact, the most impressive that we know of. You must expect the poet to have

much to say about it, and to be more deeply moved by it than other men.

G. Moved by it in what way? With a sense of awe and a summons to fortitude? My complaint against them is that they are agitated instead of solemnised by the thought of death, and that their perpetual bravado of indifference to it shows that mortality, instead of being compelled, like every other subject of contemplation, to subserve their immortal art, is simply distracting and distorting it. Their poetry in fact becomes one prolonged whistle of the school-boy who has to pass through the churchyard after dark.

W. Still I think that it is demanding too much of art to expect it to dignify the attitude of a man towards the awful mysteries of his lot on earth.

G. Too much! Why, I had supposed that that was the very function which it claimed to have taken over from Philosophy and Religion. And yet now you would find excuses for the failure of Poetry, the greatest of the arts, to fulfil it. She lies forsooth under some natural disability to execute her promises of spiritual redemption, and is actually to be allowed to plead that disability two thousand years after the death of Lucretius. Will you tell me that Lucretius failed in what you say Poetry cannot be expected to accomplish? or will you evade the difficulty by crediting Philosophy with her success?

W. Well, I must say that I think the second explanation at least an arguable one.

G. Do you? Then read the third book of the *De Rerum Natura* after reading a prose summary of the Epicurean doctrines, and ask yourself whether it is philosophy or art, speculative conviction or poetic feeling, to which those lines upon annihilation owe their majestic calm.

W. My own belief is that Christianity has for ever deprived man of the power of finding peace in the poetic contemplation of nature as

divorced from some form or other of religious aspiration. Yes, I know what you are about to say. I can almost see the name of Wordsworth on your lips. But surely you cannot hold that his mysticism—purely Pantheistic as it seems to be in form—is unindebted, is anything indeed but a very large debtor, to his religious beliefs.

G. Then let modern Poetry make her humble apologies to Religion, and confess either to gross imposture or flagrant self-delusion in pretending to have succeeded to her authority over the human spirit.

W. She might add, by way of excuse for the mistake, that in believing herself-capable of superseding Religion, she had by some strange oversight forgotten the unfortunate death of Pan.

G. Yes, and that her attempts to revive the ancient Pantheon had only led to a rehabilitation of the worship of Venus in poetic forms as destitute of the element of masculinity as were the rites of the Bona Dea.

W. You are determined, I see, to bring me round to your admired artists at last. After all, though, I am a little surprised that your abstract views of the dignity and elevation of the artistic life in the abstract should have survived any large acquaintance—if you have had it—with artists in the flesh. For my part, I have found as much petty vanity, jealousy, and affectation among these people, as in any body of men, with, of course, the exception of actors. The actor is, as we all know, the incarnation of the two former of these failings, and probably would not succeed in his profession if he were not.

G. Affectation is to be found among artists as everywhere else; but you must be on your guard against unjustly overrating its amount. There is a danger lest you fallaciously confuse the teacher with his disciples. Many an artistic style, to our thinking grotesque and unlovely in itself, and made additionally ridiculous by the insincere raptures of pretended con-

noisseurs, is practised by the artist himself in a spirit of humble and single-minded apostleship. The levity and shallowness of the congregation should not be permitted to discredit the piety of the priesthood. As to the jealousy and vanity of artists—why they are not exempt, of course, from human weaknesses; but I assure you that I have found less of these two vices among them than among any class of men I know. And this might naturally be expected if, as I believe, they have a purer and more undistracted devotion to the work of their lives, a more perfect contentment in it, a fuller and more unwavering faith in the sufficiency of its results. These are the feelings which exclude vanity and jealousy, and with these I am disposed to credit artists as a class.

W. The artist life should certainly be apt to confirm the mind in that grave and manly attitude which is the most antagonistic to the indulgence of feminine foibles. It is as contemplative as the angler's, without his tendency to aimless dreaming, while the mental activity necessary to its pursuit is, unlike that of the man of letters, protected from aggravation into restlessness by the steady demand upon the physical faculties of attention. Yes, if a healthy balance between the energies of the body and the mind can insure happiness, the artist should be happy.

G. I know a score of them who are. One I am thinking of in particular, to whom every day bringing with it its allotted portion of toil brings also something more than the mechanic contentment which waits everywhere upon faithful and industrious labour—brings, I mean, a sensible addition to the stored delight of life. The sunrise finds him at his easel: before the birds are in full chorus he is at his work. And yet though he often only lays aside his brush and palette with the nightfall, he finds abundant time to freshen his blood with exercise and to unfix his thoughts among his play-

mate children or in cheerful converse with his friends. Never is this man haunted, like so many of us, by questionings of the real value of all human effort. That spectre, "What is the good of it?" has been "laid" in his heart for ever.

W. Are you sure you are still observant of your own distinction between the *energeia* and the *ergon*? Is it in the doing of the work or in the work itself that he finds such perpetual satisfaction?

G. In both: but whereas the delight of creation is of course but transitory, the delight in the created thing is a joy for ever. It seems to be a source of pure and quiet rejoicing to him to have, with every fresh completed picture, added something to the treasury of material beauty in the world.

W. You will think me brutal to ask so earthly a question about such sublimated work, but does it add nothing to any other treasury, that you should deem it so wholly disinterested?

G. Nothing, or almost nothing. His love for the art which he has wedded has given the best proofs of its unworldly purity; for she came to him, and has remained with him, a portionless bride. His studio is an involuntary gallery—a museum of unappreciated treasures. The homage of a few admirers has found its way thither, but neither the applause of the public nor the money of the dealer. Nor do I think it very likely that in my friend's lifetime they ever will.

W. But does he not regret it?

G. He is quite above the affectation of pretending the contrary. He would, of course, be glad to know that the works which have given so much pleasure to himself could diffuse it also among hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men. But he shows no discontent with his lot as it is. He labours and will labour on without bitterness and without discouragement, adding yearly to this storehouse of the invaluable and unsaleable until he dies.

W. But in the meantime how does

he live? Is the pot set boiling by sheer glow of enthusiasm?

G. No, in the usual way. He *can* paint if he chooses, paint what the public will buy, and he takes no false shame in doing the work that he must in order to enable himself to do the work that he would. But he never thinks of converting a means of subsistence into a means of amassing wealth. And those who love him love him too well to urge it.

W. And you think this paragon a fair type of the ordinary artist?

G. No more than you think that a fair question. Such men I know are not common anywhere, but my personal belief is that they are less infrequently met with among artists than in any other class; and it is this belief which led me—since I see no reason for imagining artists to be naturally men of more elevated aims than other people—to the theory that they draw more abiding tranquillity and contentment than men of letters, for instance, from their ideals.

W. How any man can look round upon the acres of pot-boiling babies in an art exhibition, and talk as you do passes my comprehension. But in the suggestion you seem to make that men of letters are incapable of surrendering material advancement for the prosecution of a high intellectual purpose, you are surely guilty of gross injustice.

G. The suggestion is not mine, and therefore the injustice is yours. I know that there are men of that stamp in the profession of literature, as in every other in the world. But you must yourself see, I think, that the temptation, to sacrifice your high intellectual purpose has never borne so strongly upon men of letters, or has been so much yielded to as in this luxurious and money-loving age. You must know how freely the old formula of the student is nowadays reversed, and how many men find "high living and plain thinking" a far more satisfactory ideal. Have you not yourself noticed how the all-devouring monster

of Fleet Street is yearly adding to his consumption of——

W. Stop! I beg of you. I must not hear my master spoken of in these terms. Besides, you are quite mistaken in supposing that any of those who take service in journalism have surrendered one jot of their literary ideals.

G. No?

W. I assure you, no. Believe me, they are every one of them in the same case as your friend, the artist. They only do the work that they must, in order to enable themselves to do the work that they would. There is not one of them who writes a single line more for the newspapers than is necessary to earn him a bare subsistence, and supply him with the wherewithal to live until he completes the *opus magnum*—the epoch-making work upon which every journalist is engaged. You talk of your artist's studio as an involuntary gallery. I know many a writer whose study is an undesigned

waste-paper shop. I have a literary colleague, whose chief recreation it is to stack and re-stack the unsold copies of his works, as a child amuses itself with a "box of bricks." He takes as much delight in the sight of his creations as does your artist friend. He is as satisfied with contemplating the backs of his books as the public itself is; and to paraphrase your own words, "it seems to be a source of pure and quiet rejoicing to him to have with every fresh completed volume added something to that treasury of intellectual beauty," which—which—well, upon which no one seems to have the slightest inclination to draw bills. But you smile; I half believe you suspect me of irony, and as I should give the greatest offence to many excellent persons if my words were not taken as serious, I must, as a mere measure of self-protection, bid you good morning.

H. D. T.

IN A GREEK FAMILY TO-DAY.

It was not on account of the earthquake that we chose Chios for a visit ; in fact, if we had thought twice about that catastrophe we should certainly have not gone there, for the ruins led us into frequent difficulties. Nor was it on account of the far-famed beauty of the island—its orange and lemon groves—nor on account of the mastic-trees, from which the Chiotese supply the inmates of every harem in Turkey with gum to masticate ; but simply because we were told that by riding on muleback for two days over the Chiote mountains to a certain distant village called Pyrgi we could there plunge ourselves into the depths of a population of Greeks of the ancient Ionian type, whose manners and customs would remind us of many things we had read of the Greeks of old, and whose hospitality was proverbial.

We rode accordingly for two weary days through the country devastated by the earthquake ; we chewed the mastic, and we sniffed the air burdened with the fragrance of orange and lemon blossom. Most visitors to Chios would have been content, and considered they knew the island well, our work had not as yet begun. The mountain paths were rugged and fatiguing, yet our beasts were sure-footed, and we had now got out of the region of ruined villages and sickly reminiscences of the great disaster.

The southern villages of Chios are like round fortresses ; they have no walls properly so called, but the backs of the houses join all round and offer a circular line of fortification. The doors of these houses open into a street which encircles the town inside. There are generally four entrances to the town by archways under the houses, the iron gates of which are

closed at night. Numerous narrow streets converge towards the centre like the spokes of a wheel, many of them being covered over so as to afford a means of progression on the roof from house to house. The centre of the wheel is a large square (*πλατεία*) with a tower in the middle dating from the days of the Genoese occupation, the lower story of which is generally the fashionable café, whilst the upper one is entered only by a ladder and forms the acropolis of the place in time of local disturbances, from which vantage-ground the soldiers can command nearly every house in the village. These fortress villages are generally some little distance from the sea, and are remnants of the old days when pirates haunted the coasts.

Such was the village of Pyrgi which we were about to visit. It was a relief to find that our friend's house looked into the square, and not into the dingy, dark street by which we had entered. We alighted from our mules in front of the café, and then ascended a dark wooden staircase to be introduced to our host and hostess.

The latter was a stout, busy woman, scantily clad, without shoes or stockings ; she had on a white cotton skirt, while over this was a blue jacket, gauged behind and frilled at the edge. She had on a white head-dress twisted in folds, and a streamer hanging down behind. Her name was *Κυρία Κυριακή*, which, being translated, means Mrs. Sunday. She had large, brown, almond-shaped eyes, she had exquisitely-pencilled eyebrows, a sallow, almost swarthy, complexion, and a profile as Grecian as ever was seen on any vase. She greeted us with effusion, apologising, as women will, for her

négligé attire, and busied herself to prepare for our reception.

Mrs. Sunday was the mother of a numerous offspring. The eldest daughter, aged about fifteen, and growing up the image of her mother, was named *Παρασκευή* (Friday). The names of the others did not excite any curiosity except that of the baby, which reposed in a cradle made of a goatskin on a framework of cane. They called it Dragon, and on inquiry I was told that it was the custom to call male babies Dragon or Iron, or some such name, until they were baptised, prophetically alluding to their prospective strength, and that Master Dragon was soon to become Master Palamedes.

After a few minutes our host and a few friends dropped in. He was a regular islander, with his baggy trousers, his loose embroidered waistcoat, and his fez. He carried a gourd in his hand full of wine, some of which he spilt as a libation (*σπονδή*), just as if he were an ancient Greek who wished to propitiate *Ζεύς ξένιος*. Then we all raised the gourd to our lips in turn, saying, "We have found you well," and other compliments which flow like water in these parts. Our host expressed his delight at the honour we had done him in visiting his roof, and told us that a table should be spread for us later on, after which he would have the pleasure of questioning us about our wanderings. Until the *πράπεζα* is laid and justice has been done to the viands it is now, as in ancient times, a breach of hospitality to question a guest.

I was left alone now for a while, much to my relief. I wanted a few minutes of privacy to recover from the journey, and to peep around and investigate our quarters.

I was sitting on a sort of *daïs*, raised from the rest of the room by a step eighteen inches high. Around this ran the divan, and looking into the square were five narrow windows, with no glass in them, but a carved rail in front. These windows were closed

by wooden shutters at night, and above each was a round hole with glass in, through which the light could penetrate when the shutters were shut. The room was panelled along the window side, a row of plates was arranged on a shelf along the wall, quite primitively æsthetic in its design; a lot of pictures with a lamp burning before them formed the little family altar. A curiously-plaited thing of corn-ears, the sacred *οἶλος*, was hung near as a thank-offering to the Madonna for the last harvest, in her capacity as successor to Demeter.

As yet we had seen no beds, and were aware of the existence of plenty of vermin hopping about on the dirty wooden floor. Our hearts misgave us.

After about a quarter of an hour Mrs. Sunday reappeared, carrying a tray, on which was a pot of sweetmeat and two glasses of water. We took a teaspoonful of the sweetmeat, drank a little water, and this meal was over. They are great lovers of sweet things in these parts. They make them of rose leaves, orange and lemon flowers, mastic, and all sorts of strange things, but the best of all is the *lemonaki*, made of lemons no bigger than walnuts, so plentiful is this fruit in Chios. A large assortment of these *γλυκίσματα* is the great pride of the island housewife.

We were left for half-an-hour's repose, and Mrs. Sunday then returned again with small cups of Turkish coffee and pieces of *loukoum*. This time she was accompanied by various members of her family; the girls wore a curious headgear peculiar to the place, being a sort of loose embroidered cap, with ends or tassels hanging down, after the fashion of a clown's, and their hair, which was cut short at the side, protruded on their cheeks like whiskers. Their dress was all in one piece, with holes for their arms, and gauged all down the back; a belt was worn round their waists, and their feet were bare. They hid shyly behind their mother as she served the coffee, and seemed

aghast when we wished them good-day. The boys were somewhat more brazen; they each wore little caps like bowls stuck on the back of their heads, and their hair stood out straight, which gave them a wild and somewhat wicked appearance. They had on the inevitable wide trousers, which flapped about between their legs like the stomach of a goose.

Mrs. Sunday showed a mother's pleasure at the notice I took of her offspring. I captured, with some trouble, young Miss Hadriana, and submitted her to a closer inspection.

"What is this?" I asked, pointing to some wretched trinkets tied round her neck.

"To ward off the evil eye" (*βασκαρεία*), rejoined her mother; and this suggested a conversation which detained Mrs. Sunday nearly an hour with us.

"It prevents her from being withered by the glance of the Nereids," firmly ejaculated our hostess, as a suspicion of scepticism flitted across our faces; and she grew mysteriously confiding as she told us the following local superstition:—

"When a babe sickens, and no medicine can cure it, we say it is struck by the Nereids, who dance in the bed of the dry river yonder, close to the church of the Appearance of the Virgin. Woe to them who see them dance! Not many years ago, when a babe sickened in this way, it was the custom to strip it of its clothes, and leave it all night on the marble altar of the church; if the babe survived, it was a proof that it had not been struck by the Nereids, and generally recovered its proper health. But the infidel authorities have put a stop to this. May the Nereids strike them, and their false prophet!"

Mrs. Sunday was evidently an implicit believer in mystic phenomena, so I questioned her further about charms and healing roots. Out of a cupboard in the wall she produced a bit of root.

"This," she said, triumphantly,

"is the most valuable medicine I possess; it cures every illness we have. We call it the *phystoula root*," she added, "and it is both difficult and dangerous to get; it holds very firm to the ground, and, when rooted up, utters a cry like a baby; the person who pulls it up is sure to die. Some tie the root by a rope to a mule, and then the animal pulls it up, and dies."

It was quite dark before the table was spread for our meal, and when served it was more curious than sumptuous; the water, in which a kid had been boiled with some rice in it, led the way as soup, and was followed by pickled cuttle fish, very hard and unpalatable, but a prized luxury in these islands, especially during Lent—so much so, that it would pay the enterprise of pickling the many thousands we throw away in disgust to send out here. Then came the kid, a deliciously tender little thing, one of a litter of six, our host informed us. After the kid came the *misethra*, a standard dish in the Grecian islands, made of curdled milk. I have tasted exactly the same in Corsica, under the name of *broccio*, and I always revel in it. There was a Turkish dish of rice and sour milk, called *pilaff* and *yaourte*, and which I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of; figs and almonds brought the repast to a close. The wine was rich and excessively sweet, such as, I presume, once was the nectar of the gods.

The table was laid for four, ourselves, our host, and his brother. Mrs. Sunday and her family waited upon us; occasionally she sat down respectfully in a corner, with a bone which she gnawed; but when all was cleared away, and the men began to smoke, she drew her chair up to the table, took occasional sips out of her husband's glass, and became talkative.

Now all restraint was at an end, and questions about England and the far west occupied more time than I cared to devote to them. Every Greek adores the name of Mr. Gladstone, and I went up considerably in our

host's estimation when I told him I had been at Oxford. "Then you are a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's?" To this novel way of looking at the question I deemed it wise to assent.

By degrees I drew them on to talk about themselves and their customs—a line of conversation far more interesting to me. I wished to gather information about the growth of the grape.

"Did they have a grand ceremony as in Italy at the vintage season?"

"Not much," was the reply, after a pause.

Presently, however, our host told us that when a man wished to plant a vineyard near Pyrgi, he would call together fifty or more men, according to the size of the vineyard he proposed to plant, on a feast day at the church door. Each of these he would provide with a spade, and he would slaughter goats, and fill skins with wine. Next morning the troop would start out to work, singing songs, and preceded by a standard bearer holding a white banner. They would eat the goats and drink the wine after the planting of the vines, which, according to custom, must all be done in one day, and they would return home in the evening singing and shouting more lustily than when they went. Surely this is very akin to a feast of Bacchus!

"Sing us one of your Chiote songs," I asked our host. He was nothing loth to do this, and his wife gave him the key-note by striking a knife on a brass dish. The tune was monotonous, and of the words I could only catch the refrain, which was, "Forty-five lemon trees planted by the way." And I felt it must be a purely Chiote song judging by the quantities of lemons we had passed through in the Kampos.

Attracted by the sound of revelry the neighbours now dropped in one by one, ostensibly to chat with our host, but really to scrutinise the foreigners. The priest, of course, led the way, and very stately he looked in his tall hat

and long robe as he seated himself in a corner, stroked his white beard, and settled himself to look on. The local authorities (the Demogerontes) were formally introduced to us as they walked in, and each was handed a glass of wine; other local magnates followed, and the feast waxed merry. Despite their poverty, Turkish oppression, and earthquakes, the Greeks of Chios can still be merry when they please. Our host laughed, and cracked jokes with everybody; he told his experiences by sea and land, on mountain and plain. Perhaps his bow was a little long, especially when talking of sport. I had seen no game in Chios, and I doubted whether he ever had.

A propos of sport, the priest put rather a good riddle to the company. I got our host to write it down for me in my note-book, and the following is the translation:—

"I live on all sorts of sport, yet I never go up to the mountain forests.

I weave nets, and I set them, yet I am not a fisherman.

I am found with the poor, yet I am by no means a pauper.

And with the offspring of poverty I provide dinner for my belly."

Most of those present knew the answer, and all eyes were turned upon me, as if to test the ability of a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's. With shame I confess that I had to be told that the answer was a spider; on thinking it over coolly next day I wondered at my stupidity.

After a while I delicately inquired if they ever danced in Chios. "Not often now," they said, somewhat sadly; "since the earthquakes we have had no spirit for it." I gently pressed the subject. "I should like to see some of your steps." They looked from one to the other, smiled, and at length hesitatingly consented.

There were plenty of men in the room already, so our host was despatched in all haste to secure partners for them all, whilst Mrs. Sunday, at my special request, took her eldest

daughter into an adjoining room, and decked her in the holiday attire peculiar to Pyrgi. I have seldom seen anybody look smarter than Miss Friday when she walked in; her scarlet stomacher was beautifully decorated with gold, her jacket was of the same pattern as her mother's everyday one of blue, but it was of every day silk; from her head came the *manthelion*, a fairy-like thing of light silk hanging down to her heels behind; on her head was a garland of artificial flowers, and the whole was kept on by beautiful silver pins; her hair hung over her breast in two long plaits. She had on a stiff white petticoat, and an apron of crimson, with gold roses embroidered on it. These dresses the Chiotess wear on grand gala days when they dance on the village green, and it was a mark of the greatest condescension on Mrs. Sunday's part to allow of its being seen to-night.

I should like to have seen the whole company when dressed like this, but unfortunately they only came in their everyday clothes. Nevertheless they looked excessively quaint, each with her hair cut short and brought on to her cheek like whiskers, and the men too with their baggy trousers like divided skirts, which wobbled about oddly as they capered to and fro.

They treated us to several dances to the tune of the phlogera, a sort of bagpipe; but as yet they had danced nothing which I had not seen in other parts of Greece. Before closing the entertainment a singing dance was suggested, and, as it was the first I had ever seen, I was deeply interested. The dancers stand in a circle. Each man has a woman on his right hand for his partner, so that every young man has an old woman, and every old man a young woman. They join hands, and dance round slowly in a circle, and the one who is styled the leader begins to sing. At the end of four or five lines he mentions the second dancer by name, who forthwith kisses his partner and then begins to

sing; then he mentions the third dancer, who likewise kisses and sings: and so on all round the circle till all have had their song and their kiss. When it comes to the leader again he takes his kiss, but does not continue to sing. Peals of laughter greeted each kiss; it was now obvious to us why the partners were so curiously chosen.

It was getting very late, past eleven, and as yet we had seen no signs of bed or the abatement of the feast. Perhaps we yawned, perhaps our host himself felt sleepy, but greatly to our relief all the guests suddenly took their departure, bidding each of us a hearty *κάλλη νύκτα*. The priest alone sat on as a privileged person; he never spoke, but seemed deeply interested in the unpacking of our meagre stock of luggage. Mrs. Sunday and her daughters were very busy now. First of all they cleared away the table and the dishes, then they dragged in a large mattress which was spread on the floor, clean white sheets and pillowcases were next fetched out of a cupboard and spread on the mattress. Over all was cast a quilt rich in its many-coloured embroidery. All was ready now. So our host and hostess bade us good-night and soft repose, and departed; but not so the priest, who lingered on stroking his white beard as if reluctant to leave so interesting a sight. We partially undressed with the vain hope of shocking him. Nothing would drive him away till twelve o'clock struck, when he hastily left us with his blessing to retire privately to rest, or rather a mockery of rest, for "those black-faced mules, all blood and skin," as the Chiotess call them, found us excellent hunting grounds.

Before we were out of bed in the morning, snatching a few of those winks of which the exigencies of our nocturnal chase had deprived us, Mrs. Sunday's little family began to peer into our room; first a head, then shoulders, then a body, then another body, and we awoke to the knowledge that four little human beings were contemplating our repose. It availed little

driving away the urchins and closing the door. Before we had time to become what we considered presentable, in walked the old priest with his blessing, and took up his position again on his chair. Mrs. Sunday quickly followed him, bringing in a tray with little cups of coffee thereon, and our life of publicity began.

All ablutions had perforce to be performed at a public tap outside. These taps are regular family institutions in Chios; they are generally rudely decorated with a carved marble slab covered with quaint devices, and here all the washing that the family requires is performed. Soap is plentiful enough here, being a local product, and is made out of the refuse of the olives with soda added. The Greeks are very superstitious about soap; they will not pass a piece from one to the other, it is sure to provoke a quarrel. Likewise olive oil is looked upon in the same light as salt with us—to spill it is most unlucky.

When we were dressed and our coffee was finished, our host volunteered his services as cicerone. Our plan was to visit the objects of interest in Pyrgi before a stout lunch at eleven, and after that to devote our time to inspecting the immediate neighbourhood of the place. So we left Mrs. Sunday spinning away. Her wheel was a simple one, being nothing but a framework of cane stuck into a stone to keep it up, and as she twirled her spindle, and wished us a good expedition, one might have thought she had walked straight out of the Iliad or the Odyssey for our benefit.

The parish church of Pyrgi is nothing much to look at outside. Yet within the wood carving is excellent, as indeed it is universally in these island churches. There is the everlasting tempelon, a sort of rood screen of wood which shut off the holy of holies from the vulgar gaze. This is usually a labyrinth of carving, biblical subjects let in in panels, and wreaths of flowers around them. Carving in minute detail is quite a specialty

here, and numerous crosses were for sale, the minuteness of the work on which was almost painful. The pulpit too at Pyrgi is a grand work of carving, as is also the *προσκυνητήριον* where the picture of the patron saint, *St. Ballast of the People*, is exposed to be kissed by the faithful. The gallery is a curious contrast to these works of art, being constructed of alternate panels of brilliant red and green. Outside the entrance stood rows of chimney pots with what seemed to be miniature gibbets over them. We were informed that they were tombs over which no grave-stone is put, but incense is kept continually burning inside the chimney-pots, suspended in little lamps from the gibbets.

Down a dark entrance I was next taken to visit one of the most exquisite little Byzantine churches I had ever seen, numerous as these are over the old Grecian empire, at Constantinople, Athens, and elsewhere. I don't think any pleased me more than this church at Pyrgi. It is entirely shut in by houses, and buried in a luxuriant garden. The red bricks have assumed a rich mellow tint; the tooth patterns and intricate designs in brick are more than usually elaborate, and around the dome old Rhodian plates, let into the bricks, form an exceedingly rich decoration. The windows are narrow, and the patterns wander on carrying your eye into a deep recess where is a strip of glass scarcely a foot wide. The exterior is like a rich autumn leaf in colouring, or a bit of mediæval tapestry. Inside the dome is covered with frescoes blackened by age and dirt. The Turks made a stable of it during the revolution, and it appears scarcely to have been cleaned since.

From the churches our host took us to inspect an olive oil factory of which there are several in Pyrgi, so that the stream which waters the village is brown with olive juice, like water tinged by peat in an Irish bog. Here they use no machinery or modern

appliances in pressing the oil, merely the old primitive wooden press. Women, or sometimes mules, walk round and round revolving a wheel which crushes the olives; in this condition they put them into sacks and then into that "black-faced heifer which devours oakwood," as the Chiotēs in their figurative way are wont to describe their ovens. The sacks are then placed one over the other in the press, and two men turn a post which pulls a rope, which drags a stick, which tightens the press, and the oil oozes into the receptacle prepared for it, with water inside. The oil and water of course do not amalgamate, the dregs sink to the bottom, and the pure oil flows into jars prepared for it.

It is impossible to realise the affection people have for olives in a purely olive-growing country. "An olive with a kernel gives a boot to a man," is a true adage with them. It is the principal fattening and sustaining food in a country where hardly any meat is eaten. It takes the place of the potato in Ireland, and on the olive crop depends the welfare of many. An olive yard is presented to the church by way of glebe, and the peasants collect on a stated day to gather these sacred olives, which they buy from the church, and always at the highest market value.

The other objects we visited in Pyrgi did not interest us much. The streets are narrow and dark, and the inhabitants squalid. Moreover, we never could get it out of our heads that they were wicked; the women with the clowns' caps and bushy whiskers, I think uniformly gave us that impression. We went to the school and saw the female youth of Chios occupied in learning western crochet, instead of eastern embroidery as their mothers had done, and then we went to see several women weaving rugs of striped colours in their looms, here called an *ἀργαλέον*, just as in ancient days Homer used the word to express anything hard to do.

At eleven we fed off the remains of our last night's repast. During the progress of our meal I heard some curious monotonous singing in the square, so I hastened to the window to see what it was. Some children were going from door to door singing a low dirge like the Breton storyteller who goes from fair to fair with his banner to illustrate the incidents of his song. One boy carried a long cane in his hand, on the top of which was perched a rude wooden bird which was moved to and fro in a supplicating fashion by means of a thread inside the cane. "These children," explained our host, "are having their swallow feast (*χελιδόνισμα*) to-day. Every spring when the first swallow has been seen the children claim a half holiday at Pyrgi; in some towns it is the 1st of March, and then they go round and beg for alms."

One boy carried a basket which was nearly full of eggs, another had a basketful of bread, another of olives, and as they went from door to door I caught the first line of their song, nothing more—"The swallow has come from the dark sea," and the rest was lost to me. Some weeks later on Palm Sunday I heard some children singing in a similar strain; this time a girl carried a doll dressed as a bride, and some wallflowers in her hair. Their song was equally monotonous, and reminded me strongly of what must have been a chorus in an old Greek play. The doll was waved in their arms from side to side, and their baskets were filled by the neighbours. I made the leading girl repeat slowly to me her words, and found that the doll was supposed to represent Lazarus, and that the words formed a sacred song, and ran as follows—"Then Christ weeps, and makes Hades to tremble as He says, 'Hades, Tartarus, and Charon, I demand Lazarus of you.'" No wonder ancient customs and ancient mythology are wonderfully blended with the new.

After lunch Mrs. Sunday showed us her linen cupboard full of things

woven by herself and her female ancestors. Some of her rugs in stripes of colour made us eager to possess, but she was our hostess, we could not summon up courage to make her an offer for her goods; then she had some pretty red and blue towels edged with home made Greek lace, which struck us with such admiration that Mrs. Sunday was generous enough to present us with a pair. We felt almost as much embarrassed as if we had asked for them, and cast over our few possessions in our minds to find an equivalent to give her. Nothing presented itself as likely except a case of English needles, which were received with raptures. Wherever we went we found English needles appreciated, and they are the most portable and most valued "beads for the natives" that can be found.

We were quite attached to Mrs. Sunday by this time, yet we could see she had a temper of her own which kept her numerous progeny in great awe. She was, as the Chiotess say, "Pinks to strangers, thistles to her friends." We saw her under both aspects, and enjoyed her as a pink excessively. Talking of pinks, we saw several dried ones in Mrs. Sunday's linen cupboard, which we imagined were intended to act the part of lavender and make the linen fragrant. — "Not at all," laughed she; "it is to preserve it from the rats."

"Good gracious," we replied, "this is a use for pinks of which we have never heard."

Mrs. Sunday assumed then a solemn air and continued: "On St. Basil's day put three pinks into your breast when you go to liturgy. On returning home take them out and cast one on the boards of your house so that it may fall to pieces, and you will be lucky for a year. Eat another with your household, and no sickness will come nigh your dwelling for a year. Put the third into your cupboard and for a year it will be free from the visitation of rats and mice."

It was quite a hot afternoon when

we went out to inspect the environs of the town with our host. The year was yet young, but the sun had a great deal of power. The mastic groves were excessively uninteresting — low dark green shrubs covered with a red powdery sort of flower; the stems bore evidence of the use of the knife, but August is the month for tapping. Both as regards scent and taste we had already acquired a disgust for mastic, and were glad to turn into a field where two bullocks were drawing a plough of primitive construction probably differing in no way from the ploughs which Homer would have seen if he had not been blind. It was formed of a young tree with two branches proceeding from the trunk in opposite directions. The trunk served as the pole, one branch stood up and served as the tail, the other had a bit of iron fixed into it, and penetrated the ground.

The country around Pyrgi has no pretensions to beauty, as I have already stated. Low brown volcanic hills surround green valleys; hardly a tree, save the mastic, the olive, and the fig. From every eminence the sea is visible, dotted with islands. There is Psara quite close, the barren island of fishermen which fought so well for Greek independence; but owing to its geographical position amongst the Sporades, Psara was obliged to see the success her bravery had gained for others, and fall back itself into slavery. There are the rocky mountains of the north of Chios full of rich mineral treasures—manganese, boracite, &c.,—as our host explained, yet somehow the environs of Pyrgi did not please us much, and we were not sorry when rain came on which obliged us to join Mrs. Sunday once more.

Rain in spring is plentiful in the Sporades just as the warm weather commences, and winds, too, howl amongst them in the spring time with terrific violence. The sailors along the coast call each wind by its Italian name, but inland and up in the mountains Boreas the king of

winds still rules under his ancient name.

A Greek islander has curious fancies about the many storms which visit his coasts. Thunder is the Prophet Elias driving in his chariot in pursuit of devils; sometimes a hotly pursued devil takes refuge in a tree, and if lightning strikes this tree the peasants cross themselves and say, "Holy Elias has caught him."

Rain, say they, falls through holes in heaven, which is a species of sieve, and from the rainbow the peasants prognosticate many things about the weather and about the crops. In the morning a rainbow announces luck, in the evening woe, and the three colours denote what kind of harvest there will be. If red prevail the grape will prosper, if yellow the corn, if green the olive. It is curious to notice how in these points the ancient mythology is woven into the new. A rainbow is called the nun's girdle, doubtless an adaptation of the virgin goddess Iris. It is still God's messenger to mortal man to indicate where a hidden treasure is to be found, and in Chios great excitement still prevails whenever a rainbow is seen, for at the revolution every one hid his treasures in the earth before he fled from the Turkish

slaughter. Many died or never returned to dig them up, and the discovery of some of these buried treasures from time to time serves to keep up the excitement.

Our second evening at Pyrghi was passed much as the last, saving that an ancient fowl was substituted for the tender kid, and no dancing closed the evening's revelry. The priest was in attendance again, and so were the vermin, and however much we regretted taking leave of Mrs. Sunday next morning our sorrow had its alleviation.

Then arose the difficulty of remunerating our host and hostess for their kindness. No money of course would be taken—for were we not the friends of their great friends who had given us the letter of introduction?—to receive money would be a distinct breach of hospitality. Experience however in these matters had taught me how to place a coin in the hands of one of the children of the house whilst her mother was looking on, and after this difficult point was settled, I have reason to believe Mrs. Sunday's kiss of farewell was really genuine.

J. THEODORE BENT.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

“Que voulez-vous ? Hélas ! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure !”

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD LOVE STORY.

THE next morning saw the three at breakfast in a little room adjoining the drawing-room. The sky was overcast, and before the meal was over Barbara turned her head quickly as the rain lashed the window in sudden fury. She arched her brows, and looked at Mr. Harding with anxious commiseration.

“It’s going to be a wet day,” she said.

He raised his eyes to the blurred prospect.

“It looks like it, certainly.”

Her expression was comically aghast.

“I never thought of its being wet !”

“Yet such a thing does happen occasionally.”

“Yes, but it needn’t have happened to-day. I thought you would want to go out. What *will* you do ?”

“Stay indoors, if you have no objection.”

“But there is nothing to amuse you. You will be so dull.”

“Less so than usual, I imagine,” said Reynold. “Do you find it so difficult to amuse yourself on a wet day ?”

“No, but I have a great deal to do. Besides, it is different. Don’t men always want to be amused more than women ?”

“Poor men !” said he.

Mr. Hayes read his letters and seemed to take no heed of his niece’s trouble. But it appeared, when breakfast was finished, that he had arranged how the morning should be spent. He announced his intention of taking young Harding over the Place, and he

carried it out with a thoroughness which would have done honour to a professional guide, showing all the pictures, mentioning the size of the rooms, and relating the few family traditions—none of which, by the way, reflected any especial credit on the Rothwells. He stopped with bright-eyed appreciation before a cracked and discoloured map, where the Mitchelhurst estate was shown in its widest extent. Reynold looked silently at it, and then stalked after his host through all the chilly faded splendour of the house, shivering sometimes, sneering sometimes, but taking it all in with eager eyes, and glancing over the little man’s white head at the sombre shelves of the library or the portraits on the walls. Mr. Hayes was fluent, precise, and cold. Only once did he hesitate. They had come to a small sitting-room on the ground floor, which, in spite of long disuse, still somehow conveyed the impression that it had belonged to a young man.

“This was John Rothwell’s favourite room,” he said. He looked round. “I remember, yes, I remember, as if it were yesterday, how he used——”

Harding waited, but he stood staring at the rusty grate, and left the sentence unfinished.

“And to think that now he should be living from hand to mouth on the Continent !” he said at last, and compressed his lips significantly.

He took the young man to the servants’ hall, across which the giggling voices of two or three maids echoed shrilly, till they were suddenly silenced by the master’s approach. Reynold followed him down long stone passages, and thought, as he went,

how icy and desolate they must be on a black winter night. He was oppressed by the size and dreariness of the place, and bewildered by the multiplicity of turnings.

"I think," said Mr. Hayes suddenly, "that I have shown you all there is to see indoors."

And, as Reynold replied that he was much obliged, he pushed a door, and motioned to his guest to precede him. Reynold stepped forward, and discovered that he was in the entrance hall, facing Barbara, who had just come down the broad white stairs, and still had her hand upon the balustrade. It seemed to him as if he had come through the windings of that stony labyrinth, the hollow rooms and pale corridors, to find a richly-coloured blossom at the heart of all.

"Oh, Barbara, I'll leave Mr. Harding to you now," said the old gentleman. "I'm going to my study—I must write some letters."

He crossed the black and white pavement with brisk, short steps, and vanished through a doorway.

"Has uncle shown you everything?" she asked.

"I should think so."

"It's a fine place, isn't it?"

"Very fine, and very big," said Harding slowly. "Very empty, and ghostly, and dead."

"Oh, you don't like it! I thought it would be different to you. I thought it would seem like home, since it belonged to your own people."

"Home, sweet home!" he answered with a queer smile. "Well, it is a fine place, as you say. And what have you been doing all the morning?"

"Housekeeping," said Barbara. "And now"—she set down a small basket of keys on the hall table, as if she were preparing for action—"now I am going to set the clock right."

"I'll stay for that if you'll allow me," said Reynold. "I remember what you told me last night. It is *the* time, and the world stands still when it stops."

"For me, not for you," the girl

replied. "You have your watch—you don't believe in the big clock."

"Yes, I do. Here, in Mitchelhurst, what does one want with any but Mitchelhurst time? What have I to do with Greenwich? But as for Mitchelhurst, your uncle has talked to me till I feel as if I were all the Rothwells who ever lived here. Why, what's this? Sunshine!"

"Yes," said Barbara. "It's going to clear up."

It could hardly be called actual sunlight, but there certainly was a touch of pale autumn gold growing brighter about them as they stood.

Harding was listening to the monotonous tick—tick—tick—tick.

"I remember a man in some book," he said, "who didn't like to hear a clock going—always counting out time in small change."

"Oh, but that's a worrying idea! I should hate to think of my life doled out to me like that!"

"I'm afraid you must," he answered, with his little rough-edged laugh. "It would be very delightful to take one's life in a lump, but how are you going to have more than a moment in a moment? There are plenty of us always trying to do it. If you could find out the way——"

"How, trying?" said Barbara.

"Trying to keep the past and grasp the future," Harding replied. "Working and waiting for some moment which is to hold at least half a lifetime—when it comes! Oh, I quite agree with you; I should like a feast, and I am fed by spoonfuls!"

She looked up at him a little doubtfully, and the clock went on ticking. "I always thought it was like a heart beating," she said, swerving from the idea he had presented as if it were distasteful. "Now!"

There was silence in the empty hall, as if, in very truth, she had laid her brown young hand upon Time's flying pulse, and stilled it.

"Talk of killing time!" said Harding.

"No," Barbara answered, without

turning her head. "Time's asleep—that's all—asleep and dreaming. He'll soon wake up again."

She had so played with the idle fancy that, quite unconsciously, she spoke in a hushed voice, which deepened the impression of stillness. Harding said no more, he simply watched her. His imagination had been quickened by the sight of the Place; its traditional memories, its pride, and its decay had touched him more deeply than he knew. Life, with its hardness and its haste, its obscure and ugly miseries and needs, had relaxed its grasp, and left him to himself for a little space in the midst of that curious loneliness. He felt as if the wide, living, wind-swept world beyond its walls were something altogether alien and apart. Everything about him was pale and dim; the very sunlight was faded, as if it were the faint reflection of a glory that was gone; everything rested as if in the peace of something that was neither life nor death. Everything was faded and dim, except the girl who stood, softly breathing, a couple of steps away, and even she seemed to be held by the enchantment of the place, and to wait in passive acquiescence. Reynold's grey eyes dilated and deepened.

But as she stood there, unconscious of his gaze, Barbara smiled. It was just the slightest possible smile, as if she answered some smiling memory; a curve of the lip, hardly more than hinted, which might betoken nothing deeper than the recollection of some melodious scrap of rhyme or music. Yet Reynold drew back as if it stung him. "That's not for me!" he said to himself.

The movement startled Barbara from her reverie. "Oh, how like you are to that picture in the drawing-room!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

He knew what she meant, and the innocent utterance was a second sting. But he laughed. "What, the good-looking one?"

It seemed to her that she could have found a light answer but for his eyes

upon her. As it was, he had the gratification of seeing her colour and hesitate. "I—I wasn't thinking—I didn't mean—" she stammered, shyly. "Oh, of course!" And then, angry with herself for her unreadiness, she stepped forward, and, with a gesture of impatience, set the pendulum swinging.

"Time is to go on again?" said he.

"Yes," Barbara replied, decidedly. "It would be tiresome if it stood still long. It had better go on. Besides, I'm cold," and she turned away with a pretty little shiver. "I want to go to the fire; I can't stay to attend to it any longer."

Harding lingered, and after an instant of irresolution she left him to a world which had resumed its ordinary course.

At luncheon there was the inevitable mention of the weather, and Mr. Hayes, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, said, "Yes, it has cleared up nicely. I suppose you are going into the village?"

The young people hesitated, not knowing to whom the question was addressed. Miss Strange waited for Mr. Harding, and Mr. Harding for Miss Strange. Then they said "Yes" at the same moment, and felt themselves pledged to go together.

"I thought so," said Mr. Hayes, and began to remind his niece of this thing and that which she was to be sure and show their visitor. "And the sooner you go the better," he added when the meal was over. "The days grow short."

Barbara looked questioningly at Mr. Harding. "If you like to go——"

"I shall be delighted, if you will allow me," said the young man, and a few minutes later they went together down the avenue.

"The days grow short," Mr. Hayes had said, and everything about them seemed set to that sad autumnal burden. The boughs above their heads, the ground under foot, were heavy with moisture, the bracken was withered and brown, there were no

more butterflies, but at every breath the yellowing leaves took their uncertain flight to the wet earth. The young people, each with a neatly furled umbrella, walked with something of ceremonious self-consciousness, making little remarks about the scenery, and Mr. Hayes, from his window, followed them with his eyes.

"Rothwell, every inch of him," he said to himself, as Reynold turned and looked backward at the Place. "I never knew one of the lot yet who didn't think that particular family had a right to despise all the rest of the world. The only difference I can see is that this fellow despises the family too. Well, *let him!* Why not? But, good Lord! what an end of all his mother's hopes!" And Mr. Hayes went back to his fireside—*his*, while John Rothwell was dodging his creditors on the Continent! There was unutterable dreariness in the thought of such a destiny, but the little old man regretted it with a complacent rubbing of his hands and a remembrance of Rothwell's arrogance. There is a belief, engendered by the moral stories of our childhood, that it is good for a man that his unreasonable pride should be broken—a belief which takes no heed of the chance that its downfall may hurl the whole fabric of life and conduct into the foulness of the gutter. Mr. Hayes naturally took the moral story view of a pride by which he had once been personally wounded; yet he wore a deprecating air, as if Fate, in too amply avenging him, had paid a compliment to his importance which was almost overpowering.

It was more than a quarter of a century since Rothwell and he had been antagonists, though they had not avowed the fact in so many words, and Rothwell, with no honour or profit to himself, had baffled him. Herbert Hayes was then over forty and unmarried. The Mitchelhurst gossips had made up their minds that he would live and die a bachelor. But one November Sunday he came, dap-

per, bright-eyed, and self-satisfied, to Mitchelhurst church, gazed with the utmost propriety into his glossy hat, stood up when the parson's dreary voice broke the silence with "When the wicked man——" and, looking across at the Rothwells' great pew, met his fate in a moment.

The pew held its usual occupants—the old squire, grey, angular, and scornful; young Rothwell, darker, taller, paler, less politely contemptuous, and more lowering; Kate, erect and proud, sulkily conscious of a beauty which the rustic congregation could not understand. These three Hayes had often seen. But there was a fourth, a frail, colourless girl, burdened rather than clothed with sombre draperies of crape, pale to the very lips, and swaying languidly as she stood, who unconsciously caught his glance and held it. She suffered her head, with the little black bonnet set on the abundance of her pale hair, to droop over her Prayer-book, and she slid downward when the exhortation was ended as if she could stand no longer. The time seemed interminable to him until she rose again.

His instantaneous certainty that there was no drop of Rothwell blood in her veins was confirmed by later inquiry. He learnt that she was distantly related to the squire's wife, and had recently lost her parents. Though she had not been left absolutely penniless, her little pittance was not enough to keep her in idleness, and she was staying at Mitchelhurst while the question of her future was debated. It was difficult to see what Minnie Newton was to do in a hardworking world. She could sink into helplessly graceful attitudes, she could watch you with a softly troubled gaze, anxious to learn what she ought to think or say; she was delicate, gentle, and very slightly educated. She had not a thought of her own, and she was pure with the kind of purity which cannot grasp the idea of evil, and fails to recognise it, unless indeed vice is going in rags and dirt

to the police-station, and using shocking language by the way. Her simplicity was touching. She thought nothing of herself; she would cling to the first hand that happened to be held out to her. She might be saved by good luck, but nature had obviously designed her for a victim.

Miss Newton was polite to Mr. Hayes as to everybody else, but she was the last person at Mitchelhurst Place to suspect the little gentleman's passion. The very servants found it out, and wondered at her innocence. John Rothwell laughed.

"What a fool she is!" he said to his sister, as he stood by the window one day, and saw Hayes coming up the avenue.

"That's an undoubted fact," said the magnificent Kate.

"And what a fool he is!" John continued.

"Well, we won't quarrel about that either," she replied liberally. "They will be all the better matched."

"Matched?" said Rothwell. "No."

She looked up hastily.

"Eh?" she said. "Not matched? And why not?"

Instead of answering, he deliberately lighted a cigarette and smoked, gazing darkly at her.

Kate shrugged her shoulders.

"What difference can it possibly make to you?"

He took his cigarette from his lips and looked at it.

"It will make a difference to him," he said at last.

The bell rang, and the knocker added its emphatic summons. One of Rothwell's dogs began to bark. Kate had risen, and stood with her eyes fixed on her brother's face.

"It would be a very good thing for the girl," she remarked meditatively. "I don't see what is to become of her, poor thing, unless she marries."

"Damn him!" said Rothwell.

The answer was not so irrelevant as it appeared. His gaze was as steady as Kate's own, and seemed to prolong his words as a singer prolongs a note.

She drew her brows together, as if perplexed.

"Well," she said, turning away, "I must go and look after our lovers!"

"And I," he said.

The dapper, contented little man had done Rothwell no harm, but the young fellow cherished a black hatred, born of the dulness of his vacant life. Hayes, without being rich, was very comfortably off, and he was apt to betray the fact with innocent ostentation. A sovereign was less to him than a shilling to John Rothwell, and it seemed to the latter that he could always hear the gold chinking when Hayes talked. One could do so much with a sovereign, and so little with a shilling. Rothwell was hungry, with a hunger which only just fell short of being a literal fact, and he had to stand by, with his hands in his empty pockets, while Hayes could have good dinners, good wine, good clothes, good horses, whatever he liked in the way of pleasure—and was "such a contemptible little cad with it all," the young man snarled. His own poverty would have been more bearable had it not been for his neighbour's ease and security. And now, heaven be praised!—heaven!—the prosperous man had set his heart on this white-faced, fair-haired, foolish girl who was under the roof of Mitchelhurst Place, and for once he should be baffled.

Rothwell set to work with evil ingenuity—it seemed almost fiendish, but, really, he had nothing else to do—to ruin Hayes's chance of success. But for him it must have been almost a certainty. Kate was inclined to favour the suitor. The old squire disliked him, perhaps with a little of his son's feeling, but would have been very well satisfied to see the girl provided for. And Minnie Newton was there for any man, who had a will of his own, and was not absolutely repulsive, to take if he pleased. The course of true love seemed about to run with perfect smoothness till young Rothwell stepped in and troubled it.

Mockery, not slander, was his weapon.

As Miss Newton idled over her embroidery he would lounge near her and make little jests about Hayes's age, size, and manners. She listened with a troubled face. Of course Mr. Rothwell was talking very cleverly, and she tried not to remember that she had found Mr. Hayes very kind and pleasant when he called the day before. Of course it was absurd that a man of that age should want to be taken for five-and-twenty—yes, and he had a *very* ridiculous way of putting his head on one side like a bird—when Mr. Rothwell had insisted on having her opinion, she had said, "Yes, it was *very* ridiculous"—and a gentleman, a real gentleman, would not talk so much about his money, and what he could do with it—Mr. Rothwell said so, and he certainly knew. And as she had agreed to it she supposed it was quite right that he should repeat this at dinner-time, as if it were her own remark, though she wished he wouldn't, because his father turned sharply and looked at her. But, no doubt, Mr. Hayes did look absurdly small by the side of John Rothwell, and there was something common in his manners. Many people might think they were all very well, but a lady would feel that there was something wanting. And so on, and so on, till she began to ask herself what John Rothwell would say of her if, after all this, she showed more than the coldest civility to Mr. Hayes.

Kate perfectly understood the position of affairs, but did not choose openly to oppose her brother. If Hayes would have come and carried Minnie off, young Lochinvar fashion, she would have been secretly pleased. As it was, she was contemptuously kind to the girl, and if the little suitor met the two young women in the village, Miss Rothwell shook hands and looked away. Once she found herself some business to do at the Mitchelhurst shop, and sent Minnie home, lest she should be out too long in the December cold. She had spied Herbert Hayes coming along the

street, and had rightly guessed that he would see and pursue the slim, black-clothed figure. And, indeed, he used his walk with Miss Newton to such good purpose that he might have won her promise then and there if a tall young man had not suddenly sprung over a stile and confronted them. Minnie fairly cowered in embarrassment as she met Rothwell's meaning glance, which assumed that she would be delighted to be rid of a bore, and she suffered him to give her his arm and to take her home, leaving poor Hayes to feel very small indeed as he stood in the middle of the road. He tried a letter, but it only called forth a little feebly-penned word of refusal as faint as an echo.

Hayes never suspected the young man's deliberate malice. He fancied the old squire, if anybody, was his enemy; but he was more inclined to set the difficulty down to the Rothwells' notorious pride than to any special ill-will to himself.

"No one is good enough for them, curse them!" he said over the little note. "They won't give me a chance of winning her. I'm not beaten yet though!"

But he was. Early in January Minnie Newton took cold, drooped in the chilly dreariness of the old house, and died before the spring came in.

One day Kate Rothwell came upon Hayes as he lingered, a melancholy little figure, by the girl's grave.

"Ah, Miss Rothwell," he said, looking up at her, "I wanted to have had the right to care for her and mourn her, but it was not to be!"

"No," said Kate. "I'm sorry," she added, after a moment. It was just at the time when she herself was about to defy all the barren traditions of the Rothwells to marry Sidney Harding with his brilliant prospects of wealth. Harding's half-brother, who had made the great business, was pleased with the match, and promised Sidney a partnership in a couple of years. Everything was bright for Kate, and she could afford a regretful

thought to poor Hayes. "I'm sorry," she said.

Her voice was hard, but the slightest proffer of sympathy was enough. "Ah! I knew you wished me well—God bless you!" said the little man, "and help you as you would have helped me!"

Perhaps Kate Rothwell felt that at that rate Providence would not take any very active interest in her affairs. She turned aside impatiently. "Pray keep your thanks for some one who deserves them, Mr. Hayes. I don't."

"You could not do anything, but I know you were good to her. She told me, that afternoon——" He spoke in just the proper tone of emotion.

"Nonsense!" Kate answered, sharply. "How could she? there was nothing to tell." Mr. Hayes might well say, even a quarter of a century later, that Miss Rothwell had an unpleasant manner.

Nevertheless she held a place in that idealised picture of his love which in his old age served him for a memory. In Sidney Harding's death, within a year of the marriage, he saw a kindred stroke to that which had robbed him of his own hope, and he never thought of Kate without a touch of sentimental loyalty. When he met Kate's son that October afternoon with the familiar face and voice, on his way to Mitchelhurst, he had felt that, Rothwell though he was, he must be welcomed for his mother's sake. And yet it had almost seemed as if it were John Rothwell himself come back to sneer in a new fashion.

How came he to be so evidently poor while old Harding was rolling in wealth? Mr. Hayes, sitting over the fire, wondered at this failure of Kate's hopes. People had called it a fair exchange, her old name for the Hardings' abundance of newly-coined gold. But where was the gold? Plainly not in this young Harding's pockets. What did he do for a living? Why was he not in his uncle's office, a man of business with the world before him? There was no stamp of success about

this listless, long-legged fellow, who had come, as hopeless as any Rothwell, to linger about that scene of slow decay. "He'll do no good," said Mr. Hayes to himself, stirring up a cheerful blaze.

CHAPTER VI.

REYNOLD'S RESOLUTION.

MEANWHILE the young people had passed through the great gate and turned to the right. "Do you mind which way you go?" Barbara asked, and Reynold replied that he left it entirely to her. "Then," she said, "we will go this way, and come back by the village; you will get a better view so."

At first, however, it seemed that a view was the one thing which was certainly not to be had in the road they had chosen. On their left was a tangled hedge, on their right a dank and dripping plantation of firs. The slim, straight stems, seen one beyond another, conveyed to Reynold the impression of a melancholy crowd, pressing silently to the boundary of the road on which he walked. It was one of those fantastic pictures which reveal themselves in unfamiliar landscapes, and Barbara, who had seen the wood under a score of varying aspects, took no especial heed of this one, as she picked her way daintily by the young man's side. Indeed she did not even note the moment when the trees were succeeded by a turnip-field, lying wide and wet under the pale sky. But when in its turn the field gave place to an open gateway and a drive full of deep ruts, in which the water stood, she paused. "You see that house?" she said.

It was evident from its surroundings of soaked yard, miscellaneous buildings, dirty tumbrils, and clustered stacks, that it was a farm-house. Harding looked at it and turned inquiringly to her. "It was much larger once," said Barbara. "Part of it was pulled down a long while

ago. Your people lived here before they built Mitchelhurst Place."

He pushed out his lower lip. "Well," he said, "I think they showed their good taste in getting out of this."

"But it was better then," said the girl. "And even now, sometimes in the spring when I come here for cowslips——"

She stopped short, for he was smiling. "Oh, no doubt! Everything looks better then. But I have come too late." He had to step aside as he spoke to let a manure cart go by, labouring along the miry way. "And what do you call this house?" he asked.

"Mitchelhurst Hall. I don't think there is anything much to see, but if you would like to look over it or to walk round it——"

"No, thank you; I am content." He took off his hat in mocking homage to the home of the Rothwells, and turned to go. "And have you any more decayed residences to show me, Miss Strange?"

"Only some graves," she answered, simply.

"Oh, they are all graves!" said Harding with his short laugh, swinging his umbrella as they resumed their walk. Already Barbara had become accustomed to that little jarring laugh, which had no merriment in it. She did not like it, but she was curiously impressed by it. When the young man was grave and stiff and shy she was sorry for him; she remembered that he was only Mr. Reynold Harding, their guest for a week. But when he was sufficiently at his ease to laugh she felt as if all the Rothwells were mocking, and she were the interloper and inferior.

"I suppose it does seem like that to you—as if they were all graves," she said timidly, as she led the way across the road to a gate in the tangled hedge; the field into which it led sloped steeply down. "That is what people call the best view of Mitchelhurst," she explained.

To the left was Mitchelhurst Place,

gaunt and white among its warped and weather-beaten trees. Before them lay the dotted line of Mitchelhurst Street, and they looked down into the square cabbage-plots. The sails of the windmill swung heavily round, and the smoke went up from the blacksmith's forge. To the right was the church, with its thickset tower, and the sun shining feebly on the wet surface of its leaden roof. Barbara pointed out a small oblong patch of grass and evergreens as the vicarage garden, while a bare building, of the rawest red brick, was the Mitchelhurst workhouse. The view was remarkably comprehensive. Mitchelhurst lay spread below them in small and melancholy completeness.

"Yes, it's all there, right enough," said Reynold, leaning on the gate. "An excellent view. All there, from the Place where my people spent their money, to the workhouse, where—— By Jove!" his voice dropped suddenly, "I'm not Rothwell enough to have a right to be taken into the Mitchelhurst workhouse! They'd send me on somewhere, I suppose. I wonder which they would call my parish!"

"Are you sorry?" Barbara asked, after a pause.

"Sorry not to be in the workhouse?" indicating it with a slight movement of his finger. "No, not particularly."

"I didn't mean that," said the girl, a little shortly. "I meant, of course, are you sorry you are not a Rothwell?"

"I don't know."

He spoke slowly, half reluctantly, and still leaned on the gate, with his eyes wandering from point to point of the little landscape, which was softened and saddened by the pale light and paler haze of October. It was Barbara who finally broke the silence. "You didn't like the house this morning, and you didn't like the old hall just now, so I thought most likely you wouldn't care for this."

"Well, it isn't beautiful," he replied, without turning his head. "Do

you care much about it, Miss Strange? Why should anybody care about it? There are wonderful places in the world—beautiful places full of sunshine. Why should we trouble ourselves about this little grey and green island where we happened to be born? And what are these few acres in it more than any other bit of ploughed land and meadow?"

"I thought you didn't care for it," said Barbara, sagely. "I thought you scorned it."

"Scorn it—I can't scorn it! It isn't mine!" He turned away from it, as if in a sudden movement of impatience, and lounged with his back to the gate. "It's like my luck!" he said, kicking a stone in the road.

Barbara was interested. Harding's tone revealed the strength and bitterness of his feelings. He had never seemed to her so much of a Rothwell as he did at that moment. "What is like your luck?" she ventured to ask.

He jerked his head in the direction of Mitchelhurst. "I may as well be honest," he said. "Honest with myself—if I can! Look there—I have mocked at that place all my life; for very shame's sake I have kept away from it because I had vowed I didn't care whether one stone of it was left upon another. What was it to me? I am not a Rothwell. I'm Reynold Harding, son of Sidney Harding, son of Reynold Harding—there my pedigree grows vague. My grandfather is an important man—we can't get beyond him. He died while my father was in petticoats. He was a pork-butcher in a small way. I believe he could write his name—*my* name—and that he always declared that his father was a Reynold too. But we don't know anything about my great-grandfather—perhaps he was a pork-butcher in a smaller way. My uncle Robert went to London as a boy and made all the money, pensioned his father, and afterwards educated his half-brother Sidney, who was twenty years younger than himself. He would have

made my father his partner if he had lived. If my father had lived I might have been rich. As it is, I'm not rich, and I'm not a Rothwell."

"Well, you look like one!" said Barbara. She was not very wise. It seemed to her a cruel thing that this earlier Reynold should have been a pork-butcher—a misfortune on which she would not comment. She looked up at the younger Reynold with the sincerest sympathy shining in her eyes, and in an unreasoning fashion of her own took part with him and with the old family, as if his grandfather were an unwarranted intruder who had thrust himself into their superior society. "You look like one!" she exclaimed, and Reynold smiled.

"And after all," she said, pursuing her train of thought, "you are half Rothwell, you know. As much Rothwell as Harding, are you not?"

He was still smiling. "True. But that is a kind of thing which doesn't do by halves."

She assented with a sigh. She had never before talked to a man whose grandfather was a pork-butcher, and she did not know what consolation to offer. She could only look shyly and wistfully at Mr. Harding, as he leaned against the gate with his back to the prospect, while she resolved that she would never tell her uncle. She did not think her companion less interesting after the revelation. This discord, this irony of fate, this mixing of the blood of the Rothwells and the small tradesman, seemed to her to explain much of young Harding's sullen discontent. He was the last descendant of the old family of which she had dreamed so often, and he was the victim of an unmerited wrong. She wanted him to say more. "And you wouldn't come to Mitchelhurst before?" she said, suggestively.

"No; but the thought of the place was pulling at me all the time. I couldn't get rid of it. And so—here I am! And I have seen the dream of my life face to face—it's behind my back just at this minute, but I can

see it as well as if I were looking at it. I'm very grateful to you for showing me this view, Miss Strange, but you'll excuse me if I don't turn round while I speak of it?"

"Oh, yes," said Barbara, wonderingly.

He had his elbows on the top rail of the gate, and looked downward at the muddy way, rough with the hoof marks of cattle. "You see," he explained, "I want to say the kind of thing one says behind a—*a landscape's back.*"

"I'm sorry to hear it," she answered. She had drawn a little to one side, and had laid a small gloved hand on one of the gate posts. Somebody, many years before, had deeply cut a clumsy M on the cracked and roughened surface of the wood. The letter was as grey and as weather-worn as the rest. Barbara touched it delicately with a finger tip, and followed its ungainly outline. Probably it was his own initial that the rustic had hacked, standing where she stood, but she recognised the possibility that the rough carving might be the utterance of the great secret of joy and pain, and the touch was almost a caress.

"Some people follow their dreams through life, and never get more than a glimpse of them, even as dreams," said Harding, slowly. "Well, I have seen mine. I have had a good look at it. I know what it is like. It is dreary—it is narrow—cold—hideous."

"Oh!" cried Barbara, as if his words hurt her. Then, recovering herself, "I'm sorry you dislike it so much. Well, you must give it up, mustn't you?"

He laughed. "Life without a fancy, without a desire!" he said.

"Find something else to wish for."

"What? If there were anything else, should I care twopence for Mitchelhurst? No, it is my dream still—a dream I'm never likely to realise, but the only possible dream for me. Only now I know how poor and dull my highest success would be."

"You had better have stayed away," said the girl.

He took his elbows off the gate, and bowed in acknowledgment of the polite speech. "Oh, you know what I mean," she said hurriedly.

"Yes, I know. And, except for the kindness of your fairy godmother, I believe you are perfectly right. *That*, of course, is a different question."

Barbara would not answer what she fancied might be a sneer. "You see the place at its worst," she said, "and there is nobody to care for it; everything is neglected and going to ruin. Don't you think it would be different if it belonged to some one who loved it? Why don't you make your fortune," she exclaimed, with sanguine, bright-eyed directness, as if the fortune were an easy certainty, "and come back and set everything right? Don't you think you could care for Mitchelhurst if——"

She would have finished her sentence readily enough, but Reynold caught it up.

"*If!*" he said, with a sudden startled significance in his tone. Then, with an air of prompt deference, "Shall I go and make the fortune at once, Miss Strange? Shall I? Yes, I think I could care for Mitchelhurst, as you say, *if*—" He smiled. "One might do much with a fortune, no doubt."

"Make it then," said Barbara, conscious of a faint and undefined embarrassment.

"Must it be a very big one?"

"Oh, I think it may as well be a tolerable size, while you are about it. Hadn't we better be moving on?"

Mr. Harding assented. "Where are we going now?"

"To the church. That is, if you care to go there."

"Oh, I like to go very much. I wonder what you would call a tolerable fortune," he said in a meditative tone.

"My opinion doesn't matter."

"But you are going to wish me success while I am away making it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"That will be a help," he said gravely. "I shan't look for an omen in the sky just now—do you see how threatening it is out yonder?"

The clouds rolled heavily upwards, and massed themselves above their heads as they hastened down a steep lane which brought them out by the church. Barbara stopped at the clerk's cottage for a ponderous key, and then led the way through a little creaking gate. The path along which they went was like a narrow ditch, the mould, heaped high on either side, seemed as if it were burdened with its imprisoned secrets. The undulating graves, overgrown with coarse grasses, rose up, wave-like, against the buttressed walls of the churchyard, high above the level of the outer road. The church itself looked as if it had been dug out of the sepulchral earth, so closely was it surrounded by these shapeless mounds. Barbara, to whom the scene was nothing new, and who was eager to escape the impending shower, flitted, alive, warm, and young, through all this cold decay, and never heeded it. Harding followed her, looking right and left. They passed under two dusky yew trees, and then she thrust her big key into the lock of the south door.

"Are my people buried in the churchyard?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed reverentially. "Your people are all inside."

He stepped in, but when he was about to close the door he stood for a moment, gazing out through the low-browed arch. It framed a picture of old-fashioned headstones fallen all aslant, nettles flourishing upon forgotten graves, the trunks of the great yews, the weed-grown crest of the churchyard wall, defined with singular clearness upon a wide band of yellow sky. The gathered tempest hung above, and its deepening menace intensified the pale tranquillity of the horizon. "I say," said Harding as he turned away, "it's going to pour, you know!"

"Well, we are under shelter," Barbara answered cheerfully, as she laid her key on the edge of one of the pews. "If it clears up again so that we get back in good time it won't matter a bit. And anyhow we've got umbrellas. The font is very old, they say."

Harding obediently inspected the font.

"And there are two curious inscriptions on tablets on the north wall. Mr. Pryor—he's the vicar—is always trying to read them. Do you know much about such things?"

"Nothing at all."

"Oh!" in a tone of disappointment. "I'm afraid you wouldn't get on with Mr. Pryor then."

"I'm afraid not."

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to look at them."

"Oh, let us look, by all means!"

They walked together up the aisle. "I don't care about them," said Barbara, "but I suppose Mr. Pryor would die happy if he could make them out."

"Then I suspect he is happy meanwhile, though perhaps he doesn't know it," Reynold replied, looking upward at the half effaced lettering.

"He can read some of it," said the girl, "but nobody can make out the interesting part."

Harding laughed, under his breath. Their remarks had been softly uttered ever since the closing of the door had shut them in to the imprisoned silence. He moved noiselessly a few steps further, and looked round.

Mitchelhurst Church, like Mitchelhurst Place, betrayed a long neglect. The pavement was sunken and uneven, cobwebs hung from the sombre arches, the walls, which had once been white, were stained and streaked, by damp and time, to a blending of melancholy hues. The half light, which struggled through small panes of greenish glass, fell on things blighted, tarnished, faded, dim. The pews with their rush-matted seats were worm-eaten, the crimson velvet of the pulpit was a dingy rag. There was but one bit of vivid modern colouring in the whole

building—a slim lancet window at the west end, a discord sharply struck in the shadowy harmony. “To the memory of the vicar before last,” said Barbara, when the young man’s glance fell on it. Such gleams of sunlight as lingered yet in the stormy sky without irradiated Michael, the church’s patron saint, in the act of triumphing over a small dragon. The contest revealed itself as a mere struggle for existence; a Quaker, within such narrow limits, must have fought for the upper hand as surely as an archangel. Harding as he looked at it could not repress a sigh. He fully appreciated the calmness of the saint, and the neatness with which the little dragon was coiled, but it seemed to him a pity that the vicar before last had happened to die; and he was glad to turn his back on the battle, and follow Miss Strange to the north chancel aisle. “These are all the Rothwell monuments,” she said. “Their vault is just below. This is their pew, where we sit on Sunday.”

Having said this she moved from his side, and left him gazing at the simple tablets which recorded the later generations of the old house, and the elaborate memorials of more prosperous days. More than one recumbent figure slept there, each with upturned face supported on a carven pillow; the bust of a Rothwell was set up in a dusty niche, with lean features peering out of a forest of curling marble hair; carefully graduated families of Rothwells, boys and girls, knelt behind their kneeling parents; the little window, half blocked by the florid grandeur of a grimy monument, had the Rothwell arms emblazoned on it in a dim richness of colour. In this one spot the dreariness of the rest of the building became a stately melancholy. Harding looked down. His foot was resting on the inscribed stone which marked the entrance to that silent, airless place of skeletons and shadows, compared to which even this dim corner, with its mute assemblage, was yet the

upper world of light and life. If he worked, if fortune favoured him, if he succeeded beyond all reasonable hope, if he were indeed predestined to triumph, that little stone might one day be lifted for him.

The windows darkened momentarily with the coming of the tempest. Through the dim diamond panes the masses of the yew-trees were seen, and their movement was like the stirring of vast black wings. The effigies of the dead men frowned in the deepening gloom, and their young descendant folded his arms, and leaned against the high pew, with a slant gleam of light on his pale Rothwell face. Barbara went restlessly and yet cautiously up and down the central aisle, and paused by the reading-desk to turn the leaves of the great old-fashioned prayer-book which lay there. When its cover was lifted it exhaled a faint odour, as of the dead Sundays of a century and more. While she lingered, lightly conscious of the lapse of vague years, reading petitions for the welfare of “Thy servant *GEORGE*, our most gracious King and Governour,” “her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of *Wales*, and all the Royal Family,” the page grew indistinct in the threatening twilight, as if it would withdraw itself from her idle curiosity. She looked up with a shiver, as overhead and around burst the multitudinous noises of the storm, the rain gushing on the leaden roof, the water streaming drearily from the gutters to beat on the earth below, and, in a few moments, the quick, monotonous fall of drops through a leak close by. This lasted for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then the sky grew lighter, the downpour slackened, a sense of over-shadowing oppression seemed to pass away, and St. Michael and his dragon brightened cheerfully. Barbara went to the door and threw it open, and a breath of fresh air came in with a chilly smell of rain.

As she stood in the low archway she heard Harding’s step on the pave-

ment behind her. It was more alert and decided than usual, and when she turned he met her glance with a smile.

"Well?" she said. "I didn't like to disturb you, you looked so serious."

"I was thinking," he admitted. "And it was a rather serious occasion. My people are not very cheerful company."

"And now you have thought?"

"Yes," he said, still smiling. "Yes, I have thought—seriously, with my serious friends yonder."

Barbara, as she stood, with her fingers closed on the heavy handle of the door, and her face turned towards Harding, fixed her eyes intently on his.

"I know!" she exclaimed. "You have made up your mind to come back to Mitchelhurst."

"Who knows?" said he. "I'm not sanguine, but we'll see what time and fortune have to say to it. At any rate my people are patient enough—they'll wait for me!"

To the girl, longing for a romance, the idea of the young man's resolution was delightful. She looked at him with a little quivering thrill of impatience, as if she would have had him do something towards the great end that very moment. Her small, uplifted face was flushed, and her eyes were like stars. The brightening light outside shone on the soft brown velvet of her dress, and something in her eager, lightly-poised attitude gave Reynold the impression of a dainty brown-plumaged, bright-eyed bird, ready for instant flight. He almost stretched an instinctive hand to grasp and detain her, lest she should loose her hold of the iron ring and be gone.

"I know you will succeed—you will come back!" she exclaimed. "How long first, I wonder?"

"*Shall* I succeed?" said Reynold, half to himself, but half-questioning her to win the sweet, unconscious assurance, which meant so little, yet mocked so deep a meaning.

"Yes!" she replied. "You will! You must be master here."

Master! She might have put it in a dozen different ways, and found no word to waken the swift, meaning flash in his eyes which that word did. Her pulses did not quicken, she perfectly understood that he was thinking of Mitchelhurst. She could not understand what mere dead earth and stone Mitchelhurst was to the man at her side.

"You will have to restore the church one of these days," she said.

Harding nodded.

"Certainly. But it will be very ugly, anyhow."

"Well, at least you must have the roof mended. And now, please, will you get the key? It is on the ledge of that pew just across the aisle. I think we had better be going—it has almost left off raining."

She stepped outside and put up her umbrella, while he locked up his ancestors, smiling grimly. It seemed rather unnecessary to turn the key on the family party in that dusty little corner. They were quiet folks, and, as he had said, they would wait for him and his fortune not impatiently. If he could have shut in the brightness of youth, the warmth and life and sweetness which alone could make the fortune worth having, if he could have come back in the hour of success to unfasten the door and find all there—then indeed his big key would have been a priceless talisman. Unfortunately one can shut nothing safely away that is not dead. The old Rothwells were secure enough, but the rest was at the mercy of time and change, and all the winds that blow.

The pair were silent as they turned into Mitchelhurst Street. Reynold looked at the small, shabby houses, and noted the swinging sign of the "Rothwell Arms," though his deeper thoughts were full of other things. But about half way through the village he awoke to a sudden consciousness of eyes. Eyes peered through small-paned windows, stared boldly from

open doorways, met him inquisitively in the faces of loiterers on the path, or were lifted from the dull task of mending the road as he walked by with Barbara. He looked over his shoulder and found that other people were looking over their shoulders, after which he felt himself completely encompassed.

"People here seem interested," he remarked to Miss Strange, while a pale-faced, slatternly girl, with swiftly-plaiting fingers, leaned forward to get a better view.

"Why, of course they are interested! You are a stranger, you know. It is quite an excitement for them."

"You call that an excitement?" said he.

"Yes. If you spent your life straw-plaiting in one of these cottages you would be excited if a stranger went by. It would be kinder of you if you did not walk so fast."

"No, no," said Harding, quickening his steps. "I don't profess philanthropy."

"Besides, you are not altogether a stranger," she went on. "I dare say they think you are one of the old family come to buy up the property."

"Why should they think anything of the kind?" he demanded incredulously.

"Well, they know you are staying at the Place. Every child in the street knows that. And, you see, Mr. Harding, nobody comes to Mitchelhurst without some special reason, so perhaps they have a right to be curious. I remember how they stared a few months ago—it was at a gentleman who was just walking down the road——"

"Indeed," said Harding. "And what was *his* special reason for coming? I suppose," he added quickly, "I've as good a right to be curious as other Mitchelhurst people."

"Oh, I don't know. He was a friend of Uncle Herbert's—he came to see him."

"And did *he* walk slowly from

motives of pure kindness?" the young man persisted.

"Yes," said Barbara defiantly. "He stood stock still and looked at the straw plaiting. I don't know about the kindness; perhaps he liked it."

"Well, I don't like it."

"But you needn't take such very long steps: these three cottages are the last. Do you know I'm very nearly running?"

Of course he slackened his pace and begged her pardon; but in so doing he relapsed into the uneasy self-consciousness of their first interview. When they reached the gate of the avenue he held it open for her to pass, murmuring something about walking a bit further. Barbara looked at him in surprise, and then, with a little smiling nod, went away under the trees, wondering what was amiss. "I can't have offended him—how could I?" she said to herself, and she made up her mind that her new friend was certainly queer. It was the Rothwell temper, no doubt, and yet his awkward muttering had been more like the manner of a sullen schoolboy. A Rothwell should have been loftily superior, even if he were disagreeable. It was true, as Barbara reflected, almost in spite of herself, that Mr. Harding had no such hereditary obligation on the pork-butcher side of his pedigree.

Reynold had spoken out of the bitterness of his heart, and a bitter frankness is the frankest of all. But perhaps he had not shown his wisdom when he so quickly confided his grandfather to Miss Strange. Because we may have tact enough to choose the mood in which our friend shall listen to our secret, we are a little too apt to forget that the secret, once uttered, remains with him in all his moods. In this case the girl had been a sympathetic listener, but young Harding scarcely intended that the elder Reynold should be so vividly realised.

Later, when all outside the windows was growing black and black, Barbara went up to dress for dinner.

She was nearly ready when there came a knock at her door, and she hurried, candle in hand, to open it. In the gloom of the passage stood the red-armed village girl who waited on her.

"Please, miss, the gentleman told me to give you this," said the messenger, awkwardly offering something which was only a formless mass in the darkness.

"What?" said Miss Strange, and turned the light upon it. The wavering little illumination fell on a confusion of autumn leaves, rich with their dying colours, and shining with rain. Among them, indistinctly, were berries of various kinds, hips and haws, and poison clusters of a deeper red, vanishing for a moment as the draught blew the candle flame aside, and then re-appearing. One might have fancied them blood drops newly shed on the wet foliage.

"Oh!" Barbara exclaimed in surprise, and after a moment's pause, "give them to me." She gathered them up, despite some thorny stems, with her disengaged hand, and went back into her room. So that was the meaning of Mr. Harding's solitary walk! She stood by the table, delicately picking out the most vivid clusters, and trying their effect against the soft cloud of her hair, cloudier than ever in the dusk of her mirror. "I hope he hasn't been slipping into any more ditches!" she said to herself.

With that she sighed, for the thought recalled to her the melancholy of an autumnal landscape. She remembered an earlier gift, roses and myrtle, a summer gift, the giver of which had gone when the summer waned. She had seen him last on a hot September day. "We never said good-bye," Barbara thought, and let her hand hang with the berries in it. "He said he should not go till the beginning of October. When he came that afternoon and I was out, and he only saw uncle, I was sure he would come again. Well, I suppose

he didn't care to. He could if he liked—a girl can't; there are lots of things a girl can't do; but a man can call if he pleases. Well, he must have gone away before now. And he didn't even write a line, he only sent a message by uncle, his kind regards—Who wants his kind regards?—and he was sorry not to see me. Very well, my kind regards, and I'm sure I don't want to see him!"

She ended her meditations with an emphatic little nod, but the girl in the mirror who returned it had such a defiantly pouting face that she quite took Barbara by surprise.

"I'm not angry," Miss Strange declared to herself after a pause. "Not the least in the world. The idea is perfectly absurd. It was just a bit of the summer, and now the summer is gone." And so saying she put Mr. Harding's autumn berries in her hair, and fastened them at her throat, and, with her candle flickering dimly through the long dark passages, swept down to the yellow drawing-room to thank him for his gift.

CHAPTER VII.

A GAME OF CHESS.

WHEN Kate Rothwell promised to be Sidney Harding's wife she was very honestly in love with the handsome young fellow. But this happy frame of mind had been preceded by a period of revolt and disgust, when she did not know him, and had resolved vaguely on a marriage—any marriage—which should fulfil certain conditions. And that she should be in love with the man she married was not one of them. In fact, the conditions were almost all negative ones. She had decreed that her husband should not be a conspicuous fool, should not be vicious, should not be repulsively vulgar, and should not be an unendurable bore. On the other hand he should be fairly well off. She did not demand a large fortune, she was inclined to rate the gift and prospect

of making money as something more than the possession of a certain sum which its owner could do nothing but guard. Given a fairly cultivated man, and she felt that she would absolutely prefer that he should be engaged in some business which might grow and expand, stimulating the hopes and energies of all connected with it. The sterility and narrowness of life at Mitchelhurst had sickened her very soul. She was conscious of a fund of rebellious strength, and she demanded liberty to develop herself, liberty to live. She knew very well how women fared among the Rothwells. She had seen two of her father's sisters, faded spinsters, worshipping the family pride which had blighted them. Nobody wanted them, their one duty was to cost as little as possible. That they would not disgrace the Rothwell name was taken for granted. Kate used to look at their pinched and dreary faces, and recognise some remnants of beauty akin to her own. She listened to their talk, which was full of details of the pettiest economy, and remembered that these women had been intent on shillings and half-pence all their lives, that neither of them had ever had a five-pound note which she could spend as it pleased her. And their penurious saving had been for—what? Had it been for husband or child it would have been different, the half-pence would have been glorified. But they paid this life-long penalty for the privilege of being the Misses Rothwell of Mitchelhurst. Life with them was simply a careful picking of their way along a downward slope to the family vault, and it was almost a comfort to think that the poor ladies were safely housed there, with their dignity intact, while Kate was yet in her teens.

Later came the little episode of Minnie Newton and her admirer. Kate perceived her brother's indifference to the girl's welfare, and the brutality of his revenge on the man whose crime was his habit of chinking the gold in his waistcoat pocket.

Probably, with her finer instincts, she perceived all this more clearly than did John Rothwell himself. She did not actively intervene, because, in her contemptuous strength, she felt very little pity for a couple whose fate was ostensibly in their own hands. Minnie was not even in love with Hayes, and Kate did not care to oppose her brother in order to force a pliant fool to accept a fortunate chance. She let events take their course, but she drew from them the lesson that her future depended on herself. And, miserably as life at Mitchelhurst was maintained, she was, perhaps, the first of the family to see that the time drew near when it would not be possible to maintain it at all, partly from the natural tendency of all embarrassments to increase, and partly from John Rothwell's character. He could not be extravagant, but he had a dull impatience of his father's minute supervision. Kate made up her mind that the crash would come in her brother's reign.

She had already looked round the neighbourhood of her home and found no deliverer there. Had there been any one otherwise suitable the Rothwell pride was so notorious that he would never have dreamed of approaching her. An invitation from a girl who had been a school friend offered a possible chance, and Kate coaxed the necessary funds from the old squire, defied her brother's grudging glances, and went, with a secret, passionate resolve to escape from Mitchelhurst for ever. She saw no other way. She was not conscious of any special talent, and she said frankly to herself that she was not sufficiently well educated to be a governess. Moreover, the independence which achieves a scanty living was not her ideal. She was cramped, she was half starved, she wanted to stretch herself in the warmth of the world, and take its good things while she was young.

Fate might have decreed that she should meet Mr. Robert Harding, a

successful man of business in the city, twenty years older than herself, slightly bald, rather stout, keen in his narrow range, but with very little perception of anything which lay right or left of the road by which he was travelling to fortune. The beautiful Miss Rothwell would have thanked Fate and set to work to win him. But it is not only our good resolutions that are the sport of warring chances. Our unworthy schemes do not always ripen into fact. Kate did not meet Mr. Robert Harding, she met his brother Sidney, a tall, bright-eyed, red-lipped young fellow, with the world before him, and the pair fell in love as simply and freshly as if the croquet ground at Balaclava Lodge were the Garden of Eden, or a glade in Arcady. In a week they were engaged to be married, and were both honestly ready to swear that no other marriage had ever been possible for either. To her he appeared with the golden light of the future about his head; to him she came with all the charm and shadowy romance of long descent, and of a poverty far statelier than newly-won wealth. Friends reminded Sidney that with his liberal allowance from his brother, and his prospect of a partnership at twenty-five, he might have married a girl with money had he chosen. Friends also mentioned to Kate, with bated breath, that the Hardings' father, dead twenty years earlier, had been a pork-butcher. Sidney laughed, and Kate turned away in scorn. She was absolutely glad that she could make what the world considered a sacrifice for her darling.

At Mitchelhurst her engagement, though not welcomed, was not strongly opposed. John Rothwell sneered as much as he dared, but he knew his sister's temper, and it was too like his own for him to care to trifle with it. So he stood aside, very wisely, for there was a touch of the lioness about Kate with this new love of hers, and he saw mischief in the eyes that were so sweet while she was thinking about

Sidney. It was at that time that she spoke her word of half-scornful sympathy to Herbert Hayes.

And in a year her married life, with all its tender and softening influences, was over. An accident had killed Sidney Harding before he was twenty-five, before his child was born, and Kate was left alone in comparatively straitened circumstances. For her child's sake she endured her sorrow, demanding almost fiercely of God that He would give her a son to grow up like his dead father, and when the boy was born she called him Reynold. Sidney was too sacred a name; there could be but one Sidney Harding for her, but she remembered that he had once said that he wished he had been called Reynold, after his father.

It was pathetic to see her dark eyes fixed upon the baby features, trying to trace something of Sidney in them, trying hard not to realise that it was her own likeness that was stamped upon her child. "He is darker, of course," she used to say, "but—" He could not be utterly unlike his father, this child of her heart's desire! It was not possible—it must not be—it would be too monstrous a cruelty. But month by month, and year by year, the little one grew into her remembrance of her brother's solitary boyhood, and faced her with a moody temper that mocked her own. No one knew how long she waited for a tone or a glance which should remind her of her dead love, remind her of anything but the old days that she hated. None ever came. The boy grew tall and slim, handsome after the Rothwell type, with a curious instinctive avidity for any details connected with Mitchelhurst and his mother's people. He would not confess his interest, but she divined it and disliked it. And Reynold, on his side, unconsciously resented her eternal unspoken demand for something which he could not give. He would scowl at her over his shoulder, irritated by his certainty that her unsatisfied eyes were upon him. Mother and son were so fatally

alike that they chafed each other continually. Every outbreak of temper was a pitched battle, the combatants knew the ground on which they fought, and every barbed speech was scientifically planted where it would rankle most.

A crisis came when it was decided that Reynold should leave school and go into his uncle's office. The boy did not oppose it by so much as a word; but as he stood, erect and silent, while Mr. Harding enlarged on his prospects, he looked aside for a moment, and Kate's keener eyes caught his contemptuous glance. To her it was an oblique ray, revealing his soul. He despised the Hardings; he was ashamed of his father's name. She did not speak, but in that moment with a pang of furious anguish she chose once and for ever between her husband and her son, and sealed up all her tenderness in Sidney's grave.

Reynold's stay in Robert Harding's office was short, but it was not unsatisfactory while it lasted. He never professed to like his work, but he went resignedly through the daily routine. He was not bright or interested, but he was intelligent. What was explained to him he understood, what was told him he remembered, as a mere matter of course. He acquiesced in his life in a city counting-house, as his grandfather at Mitchelhurst had acquiesced in his narrow existence there. It seemed as if the men of the family were apathetic and weary by nature, and only Kate had had energy enough to revolt.

An unexpected chance, the freak of a rich old man who had business relations with Robert Harding, and who remembered Sidney, made Reynold the possessor of a small legacy a few months after he had entered his uncle's service. He at once announced his intention of going to Oxford. Of course, as he said, without his mother's consent he could not go till he was of age, and if she chose to refuse it he must wait. Kate hesitated, but Mr. Harding, who was full of schemes for

the advancement of his own son, did not care for an unwilling recruit, and the young fellow was coldly permitted to have his way. His mother, in spite of her disapproval, watched his course with an interest which she would never acknowledge. Was he really going to achieve success in his own fashion, perhaps to make the name she loved illustrious?

Nothing was ever more commonplace and unnoticeable than Reynold's university career. He spent his legacy, and came back as little changed as possible. It seemed as if he had felt that he owed himself the education of a gentleman, and had paid the debt, as a mere matter of course, as soon as he had the means. "What do you propose to do now?" Kate inquired. He answered listlessly that he had secured a situation as under-master in a school. And for three or four years he had maintained himself thus, making use of his mother's house in holiday time, or in any interval between two engagements, but never taking anything in the shape of actual coin from her. She suspected that he hated his drudgery, but he never spoke of it.

Thus matters might have remained if it had not been for Robert Harding's son. The old man, whose dream had been to found a great house of business which should bear his name when he was gone, was unlucky enough to have an idle fool for his heir. Reynold's record was not brilliant, but it showed blamelessly by the side of his cousin's folly and extravagance. Mr. Harding hinted more than once that his nephew might come back if he would, but his hints did not seem to be understood. Little by little it became a fixed idea with him that Reynold alone could save the name of Harding, and keep his cousin from utter ruin. He recognised a kind of scornful probity in his nephew, which would secure Gerald's safety in his hands, and perhaps he exaggerated the promise of Reynold's boyhood. At last he stooped to actual solicitation. Kate gave the letter to her son,

silently, but with a breathless question in her eyes.

The old man offered terms which were almost absurdly liberal, but he tried to mask his humiliation by clothing the proposal in dictatorial speech. He gave Reynold a clear week in which to consider his reply, and almost commanded him to take that week. But Mr. Harding wrote, if in ten days he had not signified his acceptance, the situation would be filled up. He should give it, with the promise of the partnership, to a distant connection of his wife's. "Understand," said the final sentence, "that I speak of this matter for the first and last time."

"I think," said Reynold, looking round for writing materials, "that I had better answer this at once."

"Not to say 'No!'" cried Kate. "You shall not!" She stood before him, darkly imperious, with outstretched hand. It seemed to her as if the whole house of Harding appealed to her son for help. He was asked to do the work that Sidney would have done if he had lived. "You shall not insult him by refusing his offer without a moment's thought—I forbid it!" she exclaimed.

"Very well," said Reynold. "I will wait." He turned aside to the fire-place, and stood gazing at the dull red coals.

His mother followed him with her glance, and after a moment's silence she made an effort to speak more gently. "He is your father's brother," she said.

"Yes," Reynold replied, in an absent tone. "Such an offer couldn't come from the other side."

The words were a simple statement of fact, the utterance was absolutely expressionless, but a sudden flame leapt into Kate's eyes. "Answer when and as you please!" she cried. Her son said nothing.

He was waiting at the time to hear about a tutorship which had been mentioned to him. The matter was not likely to be settled immediately, and

the next morning he appeared with his bag in his hand, and announced that he was going into the country for a few days, and would send his address. In due time the letter came with "Mitchelhurst" stamped boldly on it, like a defiance.

When Barbara Strange bade young Harding go and make his fortune, she did not know the curious potency of her advice. The words fell, like a gleam of summer sunshine, across a world of stony antagonisms and smouldering fires. And, with all the bright unconsciousness of sunshine, they transformed it into a place of life and hope. She had called her little cross her talisman, but Harding's talisman—for there are such things—was the folded letter in his pocket-book. As she stood beside him, flushed, eager, radiant, pleading with him, "Could not you care for Mitchelhurst, *if*—" she awakened a sudden craving for action, a sudden desire of possession in his ice-bound heart. To any other woman he could have been only Reynold Harding, a penniless tutor, recognised, perhaps, as a kind of degenerate offshoot of the Rothwell tree. But to Barbara he was the one remaining hope of the old family of which she had thought so much; he was the king who was to enjoy his own again, and her shining glances bade him go and conquer his kingdom without delay. And in Mitchelhurst Church, as he stood among his dead people, with the rain beating heavily on—

"The lichen-crustled leads above,"

he had made up his mind. He would cast in his lot with the Hardings till he should have earned the right to come back to the Rothwells' inheritance. He would do it, but not for the Rothwells' sake—for a sweeter sake, breathing and moving beside him in that place of tombs. He looked up at the marble countenance of his wigged ancestor, considering it thoughtfully, yet not asking himself if that dignified personage would have

approved of his resolution. Reynold, as he stared at the aquiline features, wondered idly whether the lean-faced gentleman had ever known and loved a Barbara Strange, and whether he had kissed her with those thin, curved lips of his. Of course they were not as grimy and pale in real life as in their sculptured likeness. And yet it was difficult to picture him alive, with blood in his veins, stooping to anything as warm and sweet as Barbara's damask-rose mouth. It seemed to Reynold that only he and Barbara, in all the world, were truly alive, and he only since he had known her.

When he went back into the lanes alone, after leaving her at the gate, the full meaning of the decision which had swiftly and strangely reversed the whole drift of his life rushed upon him and bewildered him. He hastened away like one in a dream. It was as if he had broken through an encircling wall into light and air. Ever since his boyhood he had held his fancy tightly curbed, he had reminded himself by night and day that he had nothing, was nothing, would be nothing; in his fierce rejection of empty dreams he had chosen always to turn his eyes from the wonderful labyrinthine world about him, and to fix them on the dull grey thread of his hopeless life. Now for the first time in his remembrance he relaxed his grasp, and his fancy, freed from all control, flashed forward to visions of love and wealth. He let it go—why should he hinder it, since he had resolved to follow where it led? In this sudden exaltation his resolution seemed half realised in its very conception, and as he gathered the berries from the darkening hedgerows he felt as if they were his own, the first-fruits of his inheritance. He hurried from briar to briar under the pale evening sky, tearing the rain-washed sprays from their stems, hardly recognising himself in the man who was so defiantly exultant in his self-abandonment. Nothing seemed out of reach, nothing seemed impossible. When the dark-

ness overtook him he went back with a triumphant rhythm in his swinging stride, feeling as if he could have gathered the very stars out of the sky for Barbara.

This towering mood did not last. It was in the nature of things that such loftiness should be insecure, and indeed Reynold could hardly have made a successful man of business had it been permanent. It would not do to add up Barbara and the stars in every column of figures. But the very fact of passing from the open heavens to the shelter of a roof had a sobering effect, the process of dressing for dinner recalled all the commonplace necessities of life, and in his haste he had a difficulty with his white necktie, which was distinctly a disenchantment. The shyness and reserve which were the growth of years could not be shaken off in a moment of passion. They closed round him more oppressively than ever when he found himself in the yellow drawing-room, face to face with Mr. Hayes, and, being questioned about his walk, he answered stiffly and coldly, and then was silent. Yet enough of the exaltation remained to kindle his eyes, though his lips were speechless, when he caught sight of Barbara standing by the fire-side, with a cluster of blood-red berries in her hair, and another nestling in the dusky folds of lace close to her white throat. The vivid points of colour held his fascinated gaze, and seemed to him like glowing kisses.

He had a game of chess with his host after dinner. As a rule he was a slow and meditative player, scanning the pieces doubtfully, and suspecting a snare in every promising chance. But that evening he played as if by instinct, without hesitation. Everything was clear to him, and he pressed his adversary closely. Mr. Hayes frowned over his calculations, apprehending defeat, though the game as yet had taken no decisive turn. Presently Barbara came softly sweeping towards them in her black draperies, set down her uncle's coffee-cup at his

elbow, and paused by Harding's side to watch the contest. Her presence sent a thrill through him which disturbed his clear perception of the game. It made a bright confusion in his mind, such as a ripple makes in lucid waters. He put out his hand mechanically towards the pawn which he had previously determined to move.

"Dear me!" said Barbara, strong in the traditional superiority of the looker on, "why don't you move your bishop?"

Reynold moved his bishop.

Quick as lightning Mr. Hayes made his answering move, and, when it was an accomplished fact, he said—

"Thank you, Barbara."

Reynold and Barbara looked at each other. The aspect of affairs was entirely changed. A white knight occupied a previously guarded square, and simply offered a ruinous choice of calamities.

"Oh, what have I done?" the girl exclaimed.

Reynold laughed his little rough-edged laugh.

"Nothing," he said. "Don't blame yourself, Miss Strange. You only asked me why I didn't move my bishop. I ought to have explained why I *didn't*. Instead of which—I *did*. It certainly wasn't your fault."

Barbara lingered and bit her underlip as she gazed at the board.

"I've spoilt your game," she said remorsefully. "I think I'd better go now—I've done the mischief."

"No, don't go!" Harding exclaimed, and Mr. Hayes, rubbing his hands, chimed in with a mocking—

"No, don't go, Barbara!"

The girl looked down with an angry spark in her eyes.

"Well, I'll give you some coffee," she said to the young man; "you haven't had any yet."

"And then come back, Barbara!" her uncle persisted.

She did come back, flushed and defiant, determined to fight the battle

to the last. But for her obstinacy Mr. Hayes would have had an easy triumph, for young Harding's defence collapsed utterly. Apparently he could not play a losing game, and a single knock-down blow discouraged him once for all. Barbara, taking her place by his side, showed twice his spirit, and at one time seemed almost as if she were about to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Mr. Hayes ceased to taunt her, and sat with a puckered forehead considering his moves. He kept his advantage, however, in spite of all she could do, and presently unclosed his lips to say "Check!" at intervals. But it was not till he had uttered the fatal "Mate!" that his face relaxed. Then he got up, and made his niece a little bow.

"Thank you, Barbara!" he said, and walked away to the fire-place.

The young people remained where he had left them. Barbara trifled with the chessmen, moving them capriciously here and there. Reynold, with his head on his hand, did not lift his eyes above the level of the board, but watched her slim fingers as they slipped from piece to piece, or lingered on the red-stained ivory. She brought back all their slain combatants, and set them up upon the battle-field.

"I wish I hadn't meddled!" she said suddenly. "I spoilt your game."

She spoke in a low voice, and Reynold answered in the same tone,

"What *did* it matter?"

"No, but I hate to be beaten. I wanted you to win."

"Well," said he, still with his head down, "you set me to play a bigger game to-day."

"Ah!" said Barbara, decidedly. "I won't meddle with that!"

"No?" he said, looking up with a half-hinted smile. Her cheeks were still burning with the excitement of her long struggle, and her bright eyes met his questioning glance.

"Perhaps you think I can't help meddling?" she suggested.

"Perhaps you can't. You are

superstitious, aren't you? You believe in amulets and that kind of thing—or half believe. Perhaps you are foredoomed to meddle, and destiny won't let you set me down to the game and go quietly away."

Barbara was holding the king between her fingers. She replaced it on its square so absently, while she looked at Reynold, that it fell. His words seemed to trouble her.

"Well, if this game is an omen, you had better not *let me meddle*," she said at last.

"How am I to help it?"

"Thank you!" she exclaimed resentfully; "I'm not so eager to interfere in your affairs as you seem to take for granted!"

"Indeed I thought nothing of the kind. I thought we were talking of destiny. And, you see, you were good enough to take a little interest this afternoon."

She uttered a half-reluctant "Yes." She had a dim feeling that she was, in some inexplicable way, becoming involved in young Harding's fortunes.

The notion half-frightened, half-fascinated her. When they began their low-voiced talk she had unconsciously leaned a little towards him. Now she did not precisely withdraw, but she lifted her face, and there was a touch of shy defiance in the poise of her head.

Mr. Hayes, as he stood by the fire, was warming first one little polished shoe, and then the other, and contemplating the blazing logs.

"Barbara," he said suddenly, "did we have this wood from Jackson? It burns much better than the last."

Barbara was the little housekeeper again in a moment. She crossed the room, and explained that it was not Jackson's wood, but some of a load which Mr. Green had asked them to take. "You said I could do as I pleased," she added, "and I thought they looked very nice logs when they came."

"Green—ah! Jacob Green knows what he's about. Made you pay, I dare say. No, no matter." The girl's eyes had gone to a little table, where an account-book peeped out from under a bit of coloured embroidery. "I'm not complaining; I don't care about a few extra shillings, if things are good. Get Green to send you some more when this is burnt out."

Reynold had risen when Barbara left him, and after lingering for a moment, a tall black and white figure in the lamplight by the chess-board, he followed her, and took up his position on the rug. The interruption to their talk had been unwelcome, but it was not, in itself, unpleasant. He liked to see Barbara playing the part of the lady of the Place. It was a sweet foreshadowing of the home, the dear home, that should one day be. There should be logs enough on the hearths of Mitchelhurst in October nights to come, and, though the fields and copses round might be wet and chill, the old house should be filled to overflowing with brightness and warmth and love. Some wayfarer, plodding along the dark road, would pause and look up the avenue, and see the lights shining in the windows beyond the leafless trees. Reynold pictured this, and pictured the man's feelings as he gazed. It was curious how, by a kind of instinct, he put himself in the outsider's place. He did not know that he always did so, but in truth he had never dreamed anything for himself till Barbara taught him, and his old way of looking at life was not to be unlearned in a day. Still he was happy enough as he stood there, staring at the fire, and thinking of those illuminated windows.

He could not sleep when he went to bed that night. The head which he laid on the chilly softness of his pillow was full of a joyous riot of waking visions, and he closed his eyes on the shadows only to see a girl's shining glances and rose-flushed cheeks.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE aspect of national affairs is losing none of its gravity, and the distractions of the state are rather multiplying than dispersing. The clouds of external difficulty are growing heavier on the horizon, and the political situation internally seems to be drawing slowly towards a crisis. It is idle to narrow the explanation of such a state of things within the commonplace re-creations of rival faction. We are borne upon a larger tide of circumstance than can be fathomed by the plummet of party. It is not beyond the bounds of what is possible that we are on the eve of great and costly expeditions, of war in many parts of the globe, of a violent rupture with our nearest neighbour, of large extensions of the Empire, and of a destructive strain on more than one of our most cherished institutions. It may be that the operation of many outside forces and the minds of men in other countries are moving in this direction with a certainty that no dexterity of statesmanship within our own borders can resist. Nobody can be satisfied that these formidable events are impossible or even altogether improbable. They may not come to pass, but then they may. The bare prospect may well make every one among us watch the motion of the hands of the great political horologe with an anxiety more sharp than has been known before in this generation.

The famous line, "*merses profundo, pulchrior evenit*," is as true of the Englishman as it was of the old Roman—the deeper you plunge him into difficulty the more admirable does he show. Seasoned and unexcitable politicians agree that the difficulties of to-day have not been surpassed within modern memory, and we may

very soon have a chance of seeing whether in judgment, courage, and resolution the men of the present are not the equals of their forefathers in the past. Even if it were true that no one of our troubles is of superlative dimensions, the combination of them makes a whole that is full of vexation and of danger. Our embarrassments in Egypt are serious enough, and though a resolute course is the only plan by which we can shake ourselves free from them, it is a great mistake to think that even a resolute course, whether towards annexation or evacuation, is easy to pursue, or that it will not create fresh embarrassments of its own. But Egypt does not stand alone. Affairs on the Congo have taken a new, surprising, and disquieting turn. Here again we are face to face with France, under circumstances of which a very little time back nobody in this country was dreaming. The International Association, which was fondly supposed to have been founded by the King of the Belgians with a view to the opening up of Africa on beneficent and enlightened principles of a bran-new type, and which was recognised by the United States as a sort of independent and friendly government on that understanding, now appears to have made a private bargain with France of very remarkable purport and effect. The Association is to proceed on its appointed way, doing its work, and settling its acquisitions on the Congo; but if, for causes not more particularly described, the Association should be driven to abandon its mission, then it agrees to give France the refusal of its possessions. It may be that this curious agreement is of no actual significance, and will come to nothing within any period such as we need concern ourselves about. But it

is enough to show what strong currents are moving underneath the surface. The strong feeling in our own country against the recognition of Portuguese claims on the Congo is a measure of the strength of British commercial interests in that region, and these interests will not fail to make themselves heard against the more menacing arrangement that is now announced. The Germans, on the other hand, are showing some signs that they too feel concern in these matters, and if the signs really prove to mean anything, and if Prince Bismarck puts his heavy finger into the African pie, then our affairs will indeed need more careful steering than the reckless preachers of our Forward school are dreaming of in their harum-scarum philosophy.

If trouble is thus brewing in Central Africa, less serious but still extremely tiresome causes of perturbation have revived in Southern Africa. The confusions of Zululand, which have, in fact, never ceased since the first calamitous interference with Cetawayo, have become more confounded. The Reserve and the British Resident, and even Natal itself, are all represented as being in peril more or less imminent, from the internecine conflict among the Zulu tribes, and it is said that the movement is complicated and embittered by the invasion of Zululand by freebooting Boers whom the Transvaal government is too weak to control on the Zulu border, as we know that it was too weak to control them on the Bechuana border. It is now perceived to have been a great blunder in the first instance to have had a Reserve and a Resident. There were arguments in favour of such a compromise, no doubt. There always are, in favour of all compromises. But the temporary convenience is dearly purchased at the cost of future entanglements, and these entanglements now hold us fast. The British Government is urged to accept the duty of preventing all these sanguinary disorders, and "securing good govern-

ment" for the savages who are engaged in a struggle of extermination, just as it is urged with equal peremptoriness to undertake the same duty in the Soudan, on the Gold Coast, and in most other parts of the habitable globe. Circumstances seem almost to be reducing to a bitter absurdity the doctrine so passionately held in many quarters, that wherever there is disorder or wrong, it is the business of the people of Great Britain, heedless of cost or of proportion between means and ends, to impose order and enforce right. One gentleman wishes the Foreign Office "to use firm language" to the Dutch Government, because some poor shipwrecked sailors are captives in the hands of the Rajah of Sumatra, in a region over which the Dutch claim sovereignty; and the firm language means in truth an expedition for their rescue. The expedition would probably lead to the death of the unfortunate men, and there is no reason why we should not then feel it our imperative duty to annex Sumatra and rescue the native races from the oppression of the Dutch. There is no end to the splendid follies to which we may be thus reduced by the canting logic of the day.

If so many ticklish affairs are pressing on us from without, the sky is far from being clear within. The business of the session advances slowly, but that is not the worst of it. The Franchise Bill, which is beyond all comparison, whether for good or for evil, the most important article in the programme, moves tardily but surely through the water. The affirmation of the propriety of dealing with franchise first, and apart from re-distribution, by a majority of 130, and the resolution to include Ireland within the scope of its operation by a majority of 195, show, beyond all possibility of misapprehension, that the mind not only of Parliament but of the constituencies is made up on this great subject. In face of this manifestation, it has been spread

abroad on authority that the Opposition in the House of Lords will meet the second reading with a resolution which, while recognising the necessity for some extension of the suffrage, will, if accepted, be tantamount to a rejection of the Bill. The plea on which this very strong measure is justified, is that the Opposition honestly believe the Government to have forfeited the confidence of the nation; and with this opinion they naturally and confessedly are on the watch for an opportunity to compel Ministers to put its validity to the test by a general election.

It is not, however, easy to see how the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the Lords would put this compulsion on the Government. No Ministers have ever recognised the doctrine that defeat in the non-representative Chamber implies want of confidence on the part of the Chamber that is representative. It would be a novelty to give to the Chamber which has no constituencies, the power of forcing an appeal to the constituencies at its own good will and pleasure. Few even of those who set most value on the Upper House have raised any such pretensions as this. And what would happen, we may pretty certainly conjecture, would be that the Ministers would send up the Bill a second time in an autumn session. So much is tolerably clear. It would be a perfectly constitutional, legitimate, and political course, to give the Lords a chance of reconsidering a measure which their leaders have (rather indiscreetly) promised to throw out before they had either deliberated upon it, or had a chance of finding out what the House of Commons thought and wished about it. But a struggle between Lords and Commons means a warm autumn and a perfervid winter. That will not make the strong conduct of delicate foreign relations any easier or simpler, though it may possibly be that, if our people are recalled in this way to the fact that they have a few affairs of their own to attend to, they may prac-

tise a little wholesome and sorely-needed indifference to the affairs of people some thousands of miles away. It is not a defeat on the Franchise Bill in the Lords that the Queen's Ministers have to fear. That, as clear-sighted Conservatives are well aware, will strengthen rather than weaken them. It will be to give the Ministerial party the very ground of battle that they would themselves deliberately choose. The danger lies not here at all, but in a defeat or a too narrow majority on some point in their Egyptian policy. That might force a dissolution at an hour's notice.

The chief Parliamentary struggle of the month was short, and in some senses it may be called indecisive, but it brought into prominence pregnant issues that have still to be fought out for many a long day to come. For the purposes of the administration a majority of eight-and-twenty over a combination of Conservatives and Irish Nationalists may be pronounced adequate and sufficient. In older times it would have passed for a triumph. But it marks a decline, whether temporary or not, in the Parliamentary if not in the popular, strength of the present Government. It is true that from the first, in spite of all that has been said about mechanical majorities, the Government has had a less commanding influence over its adherents in the House of Commons than over its supporters in the country. In the case of the Irish Land Act, members on its own side pressed hostile amendments; and the Crimes Act was made more severe than Ministers thought necessary at the instance, not of Conservatives, but of Liberals. In the various motions arising out of the Northampton election, they were systematically abandoned by many of their friends; and on the Affirmation Bill they were beaten. In July last the resolution in favour of greater restriction upon the importation of foreign cattle was passed in their teeth by 202 against

192. Only a month ago the Ministerial proposal on this subject, contained in Mr. Dodson's amendment, was rejected by 185 to 161. At the end of March, in the present session, a resolution declaring urgency for the re-adjustment of local taxation was carried against them by 208 against 197. The list of these checks might easily be prolonged, but enough has been said to show that no majority can less fairly be called mechanical than the gentlemen who now sit on the right of the Speaker. From this point of view, then, in the defeat of the Vote of Censure on the morning of May 14th, the Government did well enough, though there was a diminution by twenty-one from the majority on the preceding Vote of Censure in February last.

Nor can it be contended that the type and quality of those on their own side who declined to support the Government make the defection really significant as a mark of public opinion. Mr. Goschen is a man of singular acuteness of intelligence, much ability in certain kinds of public business, and thoroughly versed in affairs, but how little he can be in harmony with the opinion of his political friends is shown by his honest, but desperate, attitude in respect of the extension of the franchise. Mr. Forster, on the other hand, has really popular fibre in him, and he has a faculty of moral indignation which, if its effect were not marred by a suspicion, just or unjust, of personal resentments—as well as by a very equivocal record both in the Education controversy and in his troublous Irish administration—might have shaken the country as Mr. Bright has known how to shake it—with the difference, however, that one has always been for the sedate courses of peace, while the other has become a systematic preacher of the meddlings that lead to war. As it is, so long, at least, as the present Prime Minister remains in the front of affairs, Mr. Forster's influence is hardly even secondary, and is certainly not equal

to the task, even if he had the inclination, of directing a great secession.

Although, however, the defection on the Vote of Censure was not of the first importance, it has not improbably had the effect of aggravating what has been the great fault of the present Ministry almost from the beginning of their existence, and certainly ever since Egyptian troubles reached the acute stage. That fault has been lack of faith in their own judgment. It is as if each meeting of the Cabinet had opened with a unanimous vote of want of confidence in themselves. They have been too easily frightened, too deferential to a certain impostor going under the assumed name of Public Opinion. In foreign affairs, it will most likely be found that the popular constituencies who are the future masters of the country both desire and expect a strong lead from their chiefs. What the defections on the Vote of Censure have probably done is to make this energetic initiative more remote than ever.

It is not unfair to include among the multitudinous difficulties of the time the weakness and division of the Opposition. No sensible man would make too much of the quarrels which have during the month amused one party and vexed another, between Lord Randolph Churchill and the older heads of the political connection of which he has made himself an extremely important member. Such quarrels might pass for the mere effervescence that has always been common enough when men are not forced into self-control by the heavy and complicated responsibilities of office. A long spell of the cold shade of opposition is naturally trying to temper, and explosions of spleen under such circumstances ought not to be taken for more than they are worth. Nor ought reconciliations, on the other hand, to be taken for more than they are worth. The *diable boiteux* in Le Sage's novel describes a renewal of friendship between

himself and another spirit: "We were reunited, we embraced, and we have hated each other heartily ever since." Such things have happened many a time before now among political allies, who in spite of hearty hatreds have still been able to co-operate very usefully for the public service. It was a much graver circumstance when a schism revealed itself in open day upon an issue of policy of real and substantial moment. Whether it be prudence or madness to increase the number of voters in Ireland by 200 per cent., we must all agree that it is to take a very important step. Nobody will deny that it is a step on which a party and its most conspicuous members ought to have made up their minds one way or another. There can be no doubt as to the view which the bulk of the Conservative party take of this proposal; they would hardly deserve their name if they took any view but one. It was, then, with perplexity bordering on stupefaction that people listened to Lord Randolph Churchill deriding his leaders for their stupidity in fearing to extend the franchise in Ireland, and afterwards taking nearly a dozen gentlemen from his side of the House of Commons into the Ministerial lobby, while several of the principal men in the party, including the leader, abstained from voting either for or against. If we consider the vital importance of Irish policy to the commonwealth at the present time and for a very long time to come, the revelation of such discordant counsels as these in respect of it, is a heavy blow to public confidence in the party where they have broken loose.

Conscious of these weaknesses in his own ranks, Lord Salisbury has made a suggestion which, coming from one of his authority, is singular, and if it had come from any one else would hardly have received a moment's consideration. We do not want you to put us into office, he says, but you ought to get rid of the peccant elements in the present Administration,

and reconstruct the Government on such a basis as will allow of a firmer and more consistent management of affairs in Egypt. But when we proceed to look into the practicability of such a notion, it is seen to be devoid of all possible substance. The present Ministry is Mr. Gladstone. To transform it, is to banish him. But whither and how? To expel him would be to rend the party in two, and how could the surviving remnant continue in office with the support of one section of the party only, and the doubtfully benevolent neutrality of the other? To fill up the offices with men of sufficient ability would not be difficult. But would the rank and file obey? Mr. Forster was once designated as leader of the party; he would be the proper person to carry out the Egyptian policy which Lord Salisbury thinks expedient; but where would he find adherents enough to enable him effectively to carry on affairs, and what would become of that firm union which is absolutely indispensable to the strong Government that Lord Salisbury craves? Besides, there is no evidence that one section of the present Cabinet has a different policy from any other; or that if one or half-a-dozen of its members were purged from it, those who would be left have any particular clue that might lead us out of the terrible Egyptian maze.

It is true that no one of his colleagues is so deeply and irretrievably committed against a policy of annexation as Mr. Gladstone is, and his departure would of course make such a policy easier. But, for this very reason, it is inconceivable that he should consent to efface himself in order to make things smooth for steps which he, whether rightly or wrongly, has always denounced as fraught with disaster to the Empire. Nor is he likely to overlook the effect which his retirement at the present juncture would have upon the peace of Europe. Under him England may not be feared, but she is trusted. An Italian journal truly describes the

foreign view of his policy:—"The fall of the Gladstone Ministry, which is pacific, just, conciliatory to all, and tolerant towards the restless ambition of France, would arouse well-founded apprehensions throughout Europe, and would result in a radical change of English policy, which, from being yielding and pacific, would become resentful, enterprising, bellicose, and exacting on all questions in which England supposes she has present or future interests." Whether this interpretation of a change of Government be true or not, it is certain that it prevails upon the Continent of Europe. Lord Salisbury is too well-informed to be ignorant of it, and it is his knowledge of it that makes him admit the objections that exist to the accession of his own party to power.

The Egyptian darkness does not become less obscure as our eyes grow more accustomed to the absence of light. Relentless efforts are made to flog up national passion in a case which more than any other in our history needs to be judged with reason and self-possession. Alarming stories are fabricated, exciting projects are invented, all sorts of military designs are boldly launched. Every scrap of news from the Soudan, however unauthenticated, however improbable, however certain to be demolished the next day, is worked up into an inflammatory stimulant. On the whole, these frenzied attempts to kindle international jealousy, and to light the fires of territorial covetousness, are plainly and rapidly failing. Those who would have us violate our pledges to Europe for the sake of loading ourselves with the nuisance and the burden of governing Egypt are making no impression. They have, however, one trump card in their hands, and it is a high one. General Gordon is still, so far as we know, in Khartoum, in the midst of what he has called a "trumpery revolt." Fresh material for excitement is to be found in the mission of Admiral Hewett to

Abyssinia. His object is to persuade King John to help a British force to march from Massowah by way of Kassala to the Nile. The Admiral has not yet reached the King, and he has been received with no good will by the population. It is impossible not to follow the mission with anxiety. Admiral Hewett has the reputation of being an able man in his profession, but he is known to be peremptory and high-handed, and it remains to be seen how King John will take peremptory and high-handed ways. It remains to be seen, too, whether the British agent has terms to offer which the King may care to take. It is at least to be apprehended that the mission gives the King a good chance of driving a harder bargain.

The deliverance of General Gordon, if bitterly acquiesced in by some as a deplorable if inevitable sequel to his original despatch, and if heedlessly welcomed by others as the satisfaction of a chivalrous sympathy with a "great personality," is of course hailed with secret enthusiasm by those who are always hungering and thirsting after more territory, heavier responsibilities, and new fields for national enterprise. To them the predicament into which General Gordon has been permitted to get himself and his country is a godsend. Their only fear is lest some comparatively light expedition up the Nile should answer the purpose, and so the blessed opportunity of a permanent entanglement in the Soudan be allowed to pass away. Not the Nile, on any account, they cry. Khartoum can be best approached and most effectively aided from Suakin and the coast of the Red Sea. "Suakin means Berber, and Berber means Khartoum, while Khartoum means the key to the control of all that is worth holding in the Soudan, and the open door to Central Africa. A steamer trip up the Nile would be open to the serious objections that, although it might bring away Gordon, and even the most faithful of

his followers, it could not remove the entire garrison and the loyal population, still less the isolated garrisons at remoter points. The moral effect, even if success rewarded the little excursion, would be *nil*—indeed worse—for to rescue Gordon and then to retire would be to proclaim to all the Soudanese that Egypt and civilisation had finally washed their hands of them." The right thing, then, is a railway from Suakin to Berber, with a view primarily to the relief of Gordon and the garrisons, and next with a view to the permanent control if not possession of Khartoum. There is the cloven foot. We are not only to take over the government of Egypt, but also that frightful dependency which it has been one of the curses of Egypt to have acquired. There can be no sort of doubt that the presence of an expeditionary force at Khartoum will be made a fresh starting-point for arguments against abandoning it. The idea has already been put into circulation that General Gordon should remain in the Soudan for an indefinite time, and be left, if he pleases, to create a sort of independent kingdom for himself. What that would mean Sir Evelyn Baring has plainly forewarned us, and if we fall into so wretched a trap, it will be our own deliberate fault.

"In the first place, I doubt its practicability, if General Gordon be left to his own unaided resources. There can, I think, now be no doubt that the extent of General Gordon's personal influence in the Soudan was overrated, both by himself and by public opinion in England. It is very questionable whether he would be able to establish any government unless a military force were sent to assist him. But, even if the scheme be practicable, it appears to me to be open to very great political objections. . . . If an Englishman became ruler of the Soudan he would soon call out for other Englishmen to help him. Public opinion in England would demand the creation of a government in the Soudan which would be in harmony with European ideas of civilisation, and a constant pressure would be exerted to do away with slavery—a reform which would not be accomplished for a very long time to come without the aid of material force. I should much fear that a condition of things would then be

created from which it would result that England would, in some form or other, become virtually responsible for the government of the Soudan; and this, as it appears to me, is precisely the solution which, above all others, should be avoided."

The size of the Soudan has been conveniently represented to our imagination by the statement that if you draw a line from St. Petersburg to Bordeaux, and another line from London to Constantinople, you will intersect a country about the size of the Soudan. Further, if you were to take away 19-20ths of the population of the districts of Europe within the area above described, and deserts of rock and sand varying from 50,000 to 150,000 square miles were thrown in, that would give you a picture of the Soudan. The Indian Under-Secretary, when he warned Parliament of the magnitude of the task implied in marches to Khartoum, added to the above figures a quotation from Sir S. Baker, which gives us an idea of what a Soudanese desert is like: "A few hours from Korosko," says Baker, "the misery of the scene surpassed description. Glowing like a furnace, the vast extent of yellow sand stretched to the horizon. As far as the eye could reach were waves like a stormy sea—grey, cold-looking waves in the burning heat, but no drop of water; it appeared as though a sudden curse had turned the raging sea to stone." This is hardly a land in which either English generals or English statesmen will choose to involve themselves if they can avoid it, or for a day longer than they can help.

Even in the way of the temporary expedition from Suakin to Berber, which it is the fashion to speak of with so light a heart, the difficulties are enormous. They have been set forth in accurate detail by the able correspondent of the *Standard* at Cairo, and for people who have a fancy for realising what they are talking about, his version of things is worth more than the hurried consideration that most readers give to

the morning's telegrams. There are two routes proposed, he says, by which the relieving force might advance to Khartoum. The first is by Korosko to Berber, *viâ* Aboo Hamad. By this route we need only say that the troops would have to cross 200 miles of the terrible desert described by Sir S. Baker in the passage we have quoted above, without a drop of water except a single well in the middle which is only fit for camels to drink at. Let us look at the other. On the Suakin to Berber route, the *Standard* tells us, it is possible that sufficient water might be found to water the beasts, but every drop necessary for the men would have to be carried. The distance is 250 miles, or twenty-five days' march. The greater part of the road is through mountainous defiles. The 106 miles at the end of the journey have only one watering place, containing wells enough for the beasts alone between. The allowance for each soldier is one gallon per diem. It has been reckoned that the weight of his water and food is thirteen pounds a day. For twenty-five days his rations therefore weigh 325 pounds, or twenty-five pounds more than the burden of a camel on a long march. We must, therefore, be prepared to provide a camel per man. That is not all. It does not take into account loss of camels or waste of water. At Suakin it was found that in carrying fifty gallons of water from the base to the first stockade—a distance of eighteen miles—one gallon was wasted. "In order, therefore, to ensure a sufficient supply it would be necessary to have at least three camels to two men. For a force of 10,000 men we should, therefore, need 15,000 camels. But it is necessary to have at least one driver to every three camels, which adds 5,000 drivers to this force, who also would need more camels to carry their food. Finally, 20,000 camels might, perhaps, equip the force were they self-feeding, but then there comes the question of who is to carry the food for the camels. It is reckoned

that, with the scanty grazing they can find, each camel would require at least twenty-six pounds of fodder once in two days. Again, therefore, we find that the camel cannot even carry his own food for a twenty-five days' march."

That is a somewhat sobering story; but it is not all. Nearly the whole route from Suakin to Berber lies through defiles where, perhaps, two camels can walk abreast. The marching column would therefore stretch along for miles, hemmed in and exposed to attack. The despatch of the force in dribbles of five hundred would be suicidal; but, on the other hand, what would be the use of a larger army, where one part of it would be unable to come to the aid of the rest? "Has any one ever considered the gigantic task of loading and unloading thousands of camels; or the position of the troops if attacked whilst this operation was going on? It may be stated that it would take six hours to load and unload, and thus a twenty-five days' march might be prolonged to one of thirty days, or more. And what would such a prolongation mean? It would simply mean starvation and death by thirst of the whole army." To start without the most perfectly organised Commissariat and Transport must bring disaster. The expense would be enormous. Finally, there would be no returning to the base. It would be the advance of a flying column through an enemy's country. A man on falling sick might just as well be shot and put under ground. "There will be no possibility of halting or erecting shelter-tents in the race across the desert against starvation. Sun-fever and heat-apoplexy are what may be expected. The treatment necessary for such cases will be next to impossible. One-fifth or one-sixth of the whole force travelling under the conditions proposed would probably die on the road."

This is a sufficiently sombre picture. It may be that the circumstances are taken at their worst, and painted in

the darkest possible colours. But there is at least the possibility. There is not a single item of the writer's calculation which might not prove to be borne out by fact. Some may think that we are bound at all hazards to undertake such an expedition, whatever misery and horror might arise from it. It may be so. Only let people know what it is they are about.

If it is said that a force ought to have been sent earlier—the answer is complete. It is true that in the first week of March General Gordon advised the despatch of a small force of British or Indian cavalry to Berber, as soon as the road was opened between that place and Suakin. But Sir E. Baring did not approve this proposal. The object of the expedition was to overawe the tribes between Berber and Khartoum, and reassure the population of the towns. But according to Lord Granville, the military information in the possession of the Government “showed that it was unsafe to send a small body of cavalry from Suakin, and impossible to send a large force. They could not, therefore, authorise the advance of any troops in the direction of Berber until they were informed of the military conditions on which it was to be made, and were satisfied that the expedition was necessary for General Gordon's safety, and would be confined to that purpose.” This decision was reconsidered on learning that General Gordon was still expecting the arrival of troops at Berber, but having regard to the danger of the climate and the extraordinary military risk, the Government did not feel justified in altering it.

The position in short was this. General Gordon had gone to Khartoum with a given mission. After he had been there a certain time he conceived—for good reasons or bad—a new view of his mission, vastly enlarging its scope, and wholly changing its objects. He had gone to bring away the garrisons; he wished to stay in order to put down

the Mahdi; he desired the despatch of a force as likely to help to this end. The question, then, is simply this, whether a military subordinate is to be allowed to dictate a policy to the civil Government, and to be free to use strong language against his masters if they think twice before giving him whatever he may choose to ask. What makes the strong language in this case particularly unreasonable is, that the very course which, in an impetuous moment, General Gordon stigmatised as an “indelible disgrace,” had been suggested to the Government by himself. “I leave to you,” he says, “the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Sennaar, Kassala, Berber, &c.” Yet on March 9 he had said that under such and such circumstances the Government had better instruct him to evacuate Khartoum. “You would understand,” he adds, “that such a step would mean the sacrificing of all outlying places except Berber and Dongola.” That is to say, he acquiesced in, and even invited the very course which he afterwards called disgraceful. But that is not the question. We are all as well able as General Gordon to judge what is disgraceful. The question is, we repeat, whether statesmen or soldiers are to settle the enterprises on which the nation is to embark. We are for the statesman, however infirm of purpose, against the soldier, however heroic in intention. The Government departed from the paths of calculation, foresight, circumspection, and practical common sense when they despatched General Gordon, and they are not expiating that grave fault more bitterly than it deserves.

Such, then, are the circumstances under which the British Government is going into a Conference with the other great European Powers on the most critical branch of the Egyptian question. It is no exaggeration to say that for us it may easily come to be far the most important diplomatic gathering of this century. We go

into the Conference with military difficulties on our hands in the Soudan, and possibly in Zululand; with diplomatic difficulties in respect of French convicts in the Pacific, and French designs on the Congo and elsewhere; and with party and Parliamentary difficulties within a stone's throw of the room where it is expected that the Conference will be held. Of all these difficulties, by the way, and certainly not excepting the last, the representatives at the Conference will be perfectly aware. The prospect stirs the hopes of some and the fears of others. The Conference, whatever else it may do, must in the end define the position of England in Egypt, and bring to a close a suspense that has for some time been intolerable. It will either leave us fastened up in Egypt for ever, or it will once more restore Egypt to its proper place as a great European and international concern. Supposing the deliberations of the Conference to be rigorously limited to financial objects, and to secure the required changes in the Law of Liquidation, the creditors will insist on some sort of supervision of the bankrupt estate, and that is the real issue. If England desires to acquire a protectorate, she may be able to gain her ends by paying for it, and by guaranteeing the public debt of the country. For it would be irrational to suppose that we should guarantee a shilling, unless we have a full and undisputed title to regulate the administration. Whether we agree to guarantee the whole debt, or to advance the eight millions required for the floating debt, or to allow the prospective increment of our dividends on the Canal shares to be made a security for the new loan,—on any supposition we should be committing ourselves by a direct material interest to a responsible superintendence of the Egyptian Government, and it would be our duty, as well as our right, to make ourselves definitely masters in the country. It is impossible, however,

that Mr. Gladstone, of all men in the world, can design the establishment of a protectorate under this or any other plea. Nor, if this had been his aim, would it have been either necessary or expedient to invite the Powers to a Conference. His view of the relations of Egypt to England is not that it is an acquisition to be coveted, but a burden, a weakness, and a danger, to be at almost any cost avoided. That being so, it is not readily to be believed that the end of these negotiations will leave us with responsibilities made at once larger and more definite, or with pretensions, that have hitherto been systematically disavowed, now boldly proclaimed by us, and tamely accepted by France and by Russia.

Events elsewhere have made the present a peculiarly inopportune moment for throwing overboard a moderate and conciliatory policy. A month ago it seemed as if France were on the eve of a war with China. Prince Kung had been disgraced, and the war party at Peking were triumphant. France was believed to be insisting on an indemnity for the expenses of the war in Tonquin, virtually in the shape of a cession by China to France of territory beyond the borders of Tonquin. Bellicose writers in the Parisian press were calling for the infliction of an exemplary humiliation on the barbarians, and used very much the counterpart of the inflammatory arguments with which we are painfully familiar from similarly injudicious gentry at home. M. Ferry, fortunately, under a plain and unimpressive mien, has strong sense and a will of his own. The same good sense must somehow have come to prevail in the counsels of the Chinese Government—strange as it is that good sense should be listened to when the mischievous fires of national jealousy have once been fairly set alight. Li Hung Chang, like Walpole, Fleury, Peel, and other great peace Ministers in the Western hemisphere,

believes that prudence is no small part of national valour, and he persuaded the Empress to be of his own mind. France did not maintain her pretensions to an indemnity at the expense of the territorial integrity of the Chinese empire. China is formally to recognise the protectorate of France over Tonquin and Annam within their present boundaries. The great provinces which stretch along the southern frontier of China—Yunnan, Quang-si, and Quang-tung—from Burmah on the west to the Fo-kien and Formosa Channels in the east, are to be opened to French trade. A glance at the map will show the reader that unless and until those trade routes are effectually opened, which have so often been talked about, through Burmah to the Gulf of Bengal, the trade of the two more western of the three provinces will tend to flow through Tonquin. Tonquin is rich in agricultural resources; with Annam and Cochin-China it contains no fewer than 15,000,000 inhabitants; and this great dependency, almost as large as France itself, can be governed, at an inconsiderable expense, with a little force of 3,000 troops, and a miniature fleet of a score of flat gunboats for the suppression of pirates on the border. The French have not hitherto turned their past position here to brilliant advantage, and it may be doubted whether they will do much better with their new opportunities. The acquisition, however of a new territory, both extensive and populous, is one of those glittering victories that dazzle politicians and strengthen Ministers, even if more often than not they weaken nations. France has escaped an arduous and unprofitable war, and China has only sacrificed a shadow. England, too, in some respects, at least, may well be satisfied, for Heaven only knows to what adventures she might have been driven—if a great war had broken out—in the way of sending ships to watch the interests of civilisation, and taking other measures

for picking a quarrel with France. It is true that England and the other nations have little or nothing to gain from the stipulations just made in favour of French trade. But if there is any reason for discomfort on our part, it is less from such considerations as that, than from the remoter consequences. The success of France in her dealings with China may easily tempt her Government to new enterprises that may be thought to be much more inconvenient to English commerce and English pride than the creation of the Indo-Chinese dependency.

“If the Sultan of Morocco reads telegrams,” says a contemporary, “that of May 11, announcing the Treaty of Tientsin, must have given him a cold fit. The world is so closely bound together now, that the action of a Chinese Mandarin on the Yellow River has certainly shaken and may have destroyed an independent Musulman kingdom in North-West Africa.” That is to say, the release from difficulties in Tonquin will leave M. Ferry free to make difficulties elsewhere, and especially in Morocco. About this country a word was spoken here last month, and the *Spectator* made light of us for thinking it worth talking about. “Suppose France,” it said, “risking the permanent hostility of Spain, does add Morocco to Algeria and upset the peculiarly evil native government, what is it to us? Fortresses cannot bar ironclads from steaming past them, and except as regards free entrance to the Mediterranean, Morocco may, as far as England is concerned, as well be French as Spanish.” *Except as regards free entrance to the Mediterranean!* But considering all the dangers that we are at this moment willing to run, in order to guard free exit from the Mediterranean at the other end, this is a very mighty and portentous “except.” And it is the mismanaged doings at the eastern exit that have set France to work at the western entrance.

Cyprus led to Tunis: Egypt leads to Morocco. And our lips are sealed from remonstrance. "Had England put her foot down firmly," says one correspondent, "as she did after the Saida massacres when France wished to cross the Moorish frontier into Fighig, things would not have come to their present pass. Lord Lyons then informed the French Government that neither England nor Spain could look on quietly if such a step were taken, and it was not taken." But England cannot put her foot down firmly in a dozen places at once. The British Lion is not a centipede.

As it is, the pretexts of intervention in Morocco are the usual pleas for the interference of a Western with a Mohammedan Power. The people are, from a Western point of view, grossly misgoverned and oppressed. The prisons are pronounced to be a disgrace even to barbarians. The scandalous sale of slaves goes on in the streets. Finally, the country is rich in minerals, is blessed with the possibilities of illimitable wealth, only needs capital to open it up, and so forth, and so forth, in phrases that we all know by heart. The French representative (the counterpart of M. Roustan in Tunis) is now in Paris along with the Minister of the Sultan of Morocco, and the earthen and brazen pipkins are in close contact to one another by the Seine; it is sure to prove fatal to one of them.

Spain is more immediately interested in this particular phase of the matter than we are, but those take a superficial view of the forces of our time who do not see that the African question, though multiform, is substantially one. Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, the Gold Coast, the Congo, are all episodes in the same great struggle. It may take years for the drama to unfold itself, or, on the other hand, heedless statesmanship may precipitate vast and formidable events before we know that they are upon us. Spain has

hitherto acted in accord with Great Britain, but there are reasons for thinking that she is now wavering in this traditional policy in respect of her interests in Northern Africa. It may be that Spain knows, first, that without England she is powerless, and next, that England with one arm tied up in Egypt, is unlikely to meddle in Morocco. M. Ferry again is, as every day more clearly shows, an astute and calculating statesman, and the stories are likely enough to be true that he thinks he has something to offer which Spain may reckon a compensation for French aggrandisement in Morocco.

However this may be, certainly one of the most important factors of the present European situation is the growing prospect of a stable Government and something like a coherent policy in France. For the first time since the fall of Thiers, if not since the ruin of the Empire, there is a Ministry that seems likely to last, and a chief who is capable of working carefully and steadfastly towards the attainment of his own objects. In Paris recent elections have given a victory to the Autonomists, or Radical advocates of local self-government in the capital, but the 400,000 electors of Paris are only one-thirtieth part of the 12,000,000 electors of France, and in the provinces it is the Opportunists of M. Ferry's school who have successfully held their ground against attack from Radicals on the one hand and Reactionists on the other. The session has begun, and the programme of the French Chamber is almost as crowded as our own. Reforms in criminal procedure, improvements in the university system, the budget of 1885, the settlement of Tonkin, and, above all, revision of the Constitution, all press for attention. The country is declared to be weary of the sacramental formulæ of parties, and to desire attention to its economic interests and requirements. So do all countries, but this never hinders politicians with the reins in their hands from pushing on whatever pieces of business may

seem most likely to serve their own notions of patriotic purpose. The new scheme of Constitutional revision proposes, among other things, that the irremovable Senators shall in future sit not for life but only for nine years; that such Senators shall be elected by Senate and Chamber together; that the financial rights of the Senate shall be modified; and, finally, that there shall no longer be public prayers at the opening of the legislature. The last will strike foreigners as a curious element in a plan of Constitutional revision. It recalls a singular fact. Before the census of 1881 it had been usual to class all persons who declined to state what was their religion, or who stated that they had no religion, as Roman Catholics. In 1881 persons "who declined to make any declaration of religious belief" were enumerated as such, with the result that there were upwards of seven and a half millions who registered themselves under that head, against twenty-nine millions of Roman Catholics. That more than one-fifth of the entire population should deliberately set themselves down as making no profession of religious belief is certainly a very astonishing and a highly momentous fact.

Compared with France, Spain is politically weak, and materially poor and without resource. France is not without intestine faction, but the Spanish monarchy is far less surely consolidated than the French Republic. The farce of an election of popular representatives to the Spanish Cortes was satisfactorily accomplished in the last week of last month. The Ministerialists number 295, against 93 of all other sections put together. The adherents of the Minister, Señor Canovas del Castillo, are thus seven times as many as the forty-two gentlemen who support Señor Sagasta. Nobody supposes that this represents anything like the proportion of opinion in the population, but the

electoral machinery places it in the power of the Government of the day, of whatever complexion it may be, to secure a Parliamentary majority. It was with this view that the king called the Conservative leader to power, instead of giving the right of a dissolution to either Sagasta or Posada Herrera. Besides taking care to make sure of a majority, the Reactionists sought to win a little capital by exaggerating or creating revolutionary movements in Navarre, Catalonia, and elsewhere. Arrests were made at Barcelona, two agents of Zorilla were discovered in possession of compromising papers at Cadiz, revolutionary risings were reported from the west, and the disastrous wreck of a bridge near Ciudad Real, on the Badajos railway, was imputed to the deliberate action of political malignity. In our own country, or at least in Ireland, we know something of the trick of making every trumpety disorder a plea for coercion; and so in Spain these trivialities have been turned into arguments for dictatorships, military law, and all the other poisons that pass with Spanish partisans of most schools for salutary medicines.

Though only half a dozen years ago we were all ready to cut one another's throats or the throats of Turks or of Russians, in our passion for or against Bulgarians, that is a very bad reason why we should forget all about them until the revolution of time and things brings on another attack of the same fever. The obscure intrigues connected with the appointment of a new governor in Eastern Roumelia have ended in a mild victory for Russia. If things had been ripe for serious trouble, the incident would not have come to so unexciting an end. The question lay between the reappointment of Aleko, the new appointment of Rustem, and the choice of M. Crestovitch. Russia objected strongly to Aleko, nominally on the ground that he had gravely compromised the effi-

ciency of the militia by allowing the promotion of incompetent Bulgarian officers to the exclusion of their comrades of Russian nationality. Her candidate was M. Crestovitch, and the Porte, under the influence of considerations that have not been authentically divulged, has agreed. The assent of the Powers who signed the Berlin Treaty is technically necessary, but they have no interest in giving Russia trouble on a matter of this kind at this moment, though they would have preferred the maintenance of the *status quo*. The new Governor-General is of Bulgarian origin; he studied law in Paris, and has for the best part of his life been a member of the Tribunal of Commerce at Constantinople. Latterly he has been Secretary-General of Eastern Roumelia under Aleko. He is described as of a conciliatory disposition, as a Bulgarian patriot of the mildest type, and as having always endeavoured to restrain the heated

impatience of his countrymen. Though not brilliant, he has the merit of being of the nationality of those whose affairs he is now to administer, and under present circumstances his lack of brilliance is not likely to do harm.

In Roumania, they are preparing a revision of the electoral law, and showing that for once there are *vestigia retrorsum* from universal suffrage, by a project substituting for it a suffrage of three degrees. In Servia the Skuptchina is to hold a session at Nisch, instead of Belgrade, in order to be free from popular pressure in discussing questions so important as freedom of the press, and liberty of association and public meetings. Fifty years ago, how incredible it would have sounded that such themes should be exercising men's minds in lands then directly under the yoke of the Turk! Progress is not wholly and everywhere an illusion after all.

May 26.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1884.

M. RENAN'S NEW VOLUME.

M. RENAN'S new volume of studies in religious history will hardly excite the same general interest as was aroused last year by those *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, of which certain portions tried so severely the sympathy and respect of the writer's admirers. The interest of autobiography is perennial; whether in its simpler or more complicated forms, it is almost always sure of an audience, sure of drawing to itself the sympathies of readers in a way which is possible to few other forms of literary expression. Probably a far greater number of people in the present generation will henceforward know M. Renan through the *Souvenirs* than have ever known him, directly at least, through the serious work of his life. Such is the power and such the responsibility which attaches to any commanding revelation of the personal life. To our mind M. Renan has no right to a completely easy conscience under this burden of responsibility; his volume of *Souvenirs*, with all its extraordinary artistic perfection, and the abundance of serious interest attaching to some two-thirds of it, was not a very edifying revelation of the mind of a great writer. But there is a fascination, a savour, a piquancy in M. Renan's style which is irresistible. Applied to matters of criticism or history, it renders them luminous and even popular without any disadvantage to the accuracy and depth of the author's method and range. M. Renan

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is capable of beguiling us through a mere catalogue of MSS. with pleasure, and of putting his scholar's facts and arguments with a grace and ease which are rather associated with French *causerie* than French science. His most serious work indeed at bottom is more or less *causerie*; it implies in the writer's mind an exceptionally keen and realistic sense of his reader and of his reader's needs. M. Renan, even when discussing the philology of the Semitic languages or the intricacies of Averroism, is still talking—talking to some one with whom he is on excellent terms, and for whom he is anxious to obtain the maximum of information on the subject in hand at a minimum cost of toil and trouble.

When such a style as this comes to be applied to subjects in which the great majority of mankind take a natural interest, more or less independent even of the accessories with which they are presented to them, the result from the artistic and literary point of view can hardly be anything else than one of exceptional brilliancy and distinction. Nothing, we may safely prophesy, in the region of prose style, will ever surpass certain qualities of composition shown in the *Souvenirs*. At the same time, there are dangers attaching to the use of such an exquisite instrument as that handled by M. Renan. The smaller is the resistance of the material upon which it is employed, the more fan-

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tastic, the more *flamboyant*, its work becomes. The energy which, devoted to the ordering and beautifying of a tough and difficult material, would have produced a whole of singular balance and charm, runs riot when it has to do with something lighter and softer, something which bends itself more easily to the caprice of the moment, and fits itself to every form which the artist in the very wantonness of power may impress upon it.

This, perhaps, is part of the explanation why all M. Renan's utterances about himself are at once so fascinating and so disappointing. The man disappears behind the artist; his work becomes both less sincere and less weighty; we are dazzled, but we cease to be persuaded, and in the long run we are repelled. The present volume contains a very small proportion of direct autobiographical matter. The different essays of which it is composed are full of characteristic judgments—judgments that nobody but M. Renan would have delivered in the same way; but, properly speaking, it is only the preface which represents the Renan of to-day, discussing his views of the present and his hopes for the future in the ears of the France of to-day. Whatever happens to the rest of the volume, these few pages at any rate are sure to be read, and they have the same strange mixture of seriousness and triviality, of weighty reflection and wanton disregard of all literary *bien-séances*, which characterised the book of last year. All the reading world will be glad to know what M. Renan thinks as to the advisability of abolishing the Concordat in France and of substituting for it a liberal right of association, and nothing can possibly be more interesting, whether we agree with the conclusions reached or no, than those passages in the preface in which the author of the *Vie de Jésus* compares the average state of religious opinion in 1863, the year of publication of that famous book, with that existing in 1884. But unfortunately the whole utterance is, as it were, put out of court by the

peroration to which it leads up. These last two paragraphs have been abundantly quoted and warmly criticised. We can hardly escape repeating them here at some length, because, in any attempt to estimate M. Renan's present position and influence, the habit of mind to which they bear witness must of necessity play a prominent part. There can be little doubt that, though M. Renan has always shown more or less tendency to it, it has very much increased upon him of late years, and that it is rapidly and disastrously weakening his hold upon his time, both as thinker and critic.

"Dogma," says M. Renan, "is a thing which passes, but piety is eternal. St. Nilus arranged the 'Manual of Epictetus' to meet the needs of Christian life. I have sometimes planned a similar undertaking, though of an infinitely more modest kind. So many persons have expressed to me their pleasure in certain passages of my books, and have represented themselves as finding both edification and consolation in them, that I have often thought of extracting these passages from the volumes in which they appear, under the name of *Devotional Readings*. I should divide the matter into fifty-two parts, corresponding to the fifty-two Sundays in the year." Such a book would be indistinguishable from the Missal, "and in the end a pious woman might even come to prefer it." "What a victory would that be! The book of all others which I envy most is the book of the Mass. Certainly there are very fine things in it; there is no denying, however, that its fate has been a strange one, and scarcely proportional to its intrinsic worth. To deserve to be thus lovingly read in the hours of solitude and meditation, to enjoy the incomparable privilege of meeting the tender gaze of a woman at the moment when she believes herself alone with her Creator, the Missal ought to be woven throughout of gold and fine linen. But it is nothing of the kind. This little volume, which so many exquisite

beings carry pressed in trembling hands, and which sometimes feels the touch of their lips, contains weaknesses and errors too well calculated to confirm a woman in the unfortunate habit of compromise with what is absurd. These lines, on which so many charming eyes have been fixed with a sort of amorous tension, are often almost nonsense. A great step forward will have been taken whenever we are able to place a book of devotion less imperfect than this in the hands of women. Far be it from me to dream of undertaking a work so delicate, in which nothing but talent, feeling, and simplicity could enable one to succeed. All I wish is to gather together a few honest pages into a small volume, which might attract those for whom the old *Missal* is insufficient. My highest ambition would have been gratified if I could hope to enter the church after my death under the form of a little volume in 18mo, bound in black morocco, and held between the taper fingers of a well-gloved hand."

It is worth while to try and explain to one's self how it is that such a passage as this—which, but for the audacity with which it flies in the face of religious association, would be a mere piece of egotistical triviality—comes to be written by a man who has shown himself in many respects possessed of a remarkable power of penetration into the religious feeling both of the past and of the present. To many of us it seems almost impossible that a writer capable of such incurable levity of feeling as these sentences betray should possess any serious influence at all. M. Renan indeed, every now and then, is careful to assure us that he possesses no influence, and that his function is simply "to be a little amusing" to his countrymen. But this is one of those deprecations which mean very little beyond a certain uneasiness of conscience on the part of the speaker. There are several passages in the present book which show that M. Renan, like everybody else who has worked and thought laboriously and with

marked success, is proud of his influence in the past, and hopeful that posterity will recognise in the future the importance of the part he has played.

In a sense, the recognition of posterity is indeed assured to him. Whatever may or may not be thought of the *Origines du Christianisme* as a book, or of M. Renan as an individual, the historical effect of M. Renan's work in the past is an accomplished fact which will always have its weight independently of any feeling of attraction or aversion towards his personality which may happen to prevail. Still, this image and impression of himself which a great writer forms in the mind of his generation may enormously help or hinder the duration of his work and the spread of his ideas. It may either prolong his action upon his time beyond what is fairly his due, or it may destroy it as a living force before it has been legitimately exhausted. There can be no doubt, for instance, that if our personal idea and impression of Carlyle had remained what it was ten years ago, Carlyle's work and influence would have been infinitely more potent among us at the present moment than they are. Mr. Froude's unfortunate conception of the duties of a literary executor has interfered with and effaced the personal impression which once existed. The image of Carlyle in our minds is not what it was, and his work has lost indefinitely in consequence. M. Renan is on the road to something like the same result. The quality of levity, the incapacity to estimate at its full value the force of human feeling involved in a given association, which has always been more or less present in his writing, and which the serious labours and enthusiasm of his early maturity were for a time able to keep in check, is now penetrating the whole field of his thought, and changing for the worse the impression which his individuality makes upon his contemporaries.

In the following passage M. Amiel,

of Geneva, the first volume of whose *Journal Intime* we reviewed in these columns a few months ago, describes the effect upon himself of certain currents of style and feeling in the *Vie de Jésus*. "The author," he says, "is lacking in moral seriousness, and confuses nobleness of mind with holliness. He speaks as an artist, conscious of a pathetic subject, but his moral sense seems to be altogether disinterested in the matter. It is not possible to mistake what is mere epicureanism of the imagination, allowing itself the pleasure of an æsthetic spectacle, for the agonised struggle of a soul seeking passionately after truth. There is often something of priestly *ruse* in his tone towards his subject; he strangles with sacred cords. One may tolerate his air of contemptuous indulgence when it is displayed towards a captious and hostile clergy, but he should have shown more respectful sincerity towards true and pious souls. Treat Pharisaism with satire if you will, but speak plainly and simply to honest folk."

Here we have the natural comment of a mind of exceptional delicacy and sensitiveness upon those obtusities of feeling and taste which appear more or less throughout M. Renan's work. But we may go further. M. Amiel's temper is the natural heritage of a Protestant society; M. Renan's insensibility to the austerer strains of religious feeling and the light-heartedness with which he breaks through a chain of time-honoured associations, are in reality essentially Catholic in origin. For Protestantism, by the mere individualism of its ethical and religious system, takes a deeper hold upon the mind than any religion which depends, as Catholicism does, upon external authority and organisation, so that, when the dogmatic system of Protestantism is thrown off, the force of spiritual association is still incalculably strong. M. de Laveleye's recent astonishment at the strength of religious feeling in

England, even among those who have broken with orthodox Christianity, supplies an illustration of it. But the individual as it were moves at large within the great barriers which Catholicism raises around him. The whole of his outer life is affected by his religious system; his inner man, on the other hand, is constantly taking refuge from the appeal of religion proper, either in the resignation of conscience into another's keeping, or in that simple deadness of moral feeling which is the common accompaniment of all highly developed and externalised forms of faith. No sooner therefore is the external pressure removed than the force of spiritual association tends to disappear. For the pressure brought to bear upon the man as an individual has been weak throughout compared to the pressure brought to bear upon him as the member of a society, and when he ceases to belong to the society he comes to be more radically separated from his old position than is possible to the Protestant.

M. Amiel, for instance, has thrown off every vestige of Calvinistic theology, but his whole temperament is still deeply tinged with Calvinism. "Sin," and "grace," and "salvation," are still ideas interwoven with his inmost self: the mind of his forefathers still survives in him, and it is impossible for him to treat any portion of their religious tradition with the detachment, the "tone of contemptuous indulgence," which offends him in M. Renan. M. Renan, indeed, is full of a certain kind of sympathy for the system he has renounced. But it is the sympathy of the artist for the artistic merits and possibilities of Catholicism, of the man of cultivation and refinement for an ancient institution which has grown distasteful to the vulgar crowd. It is seldom or never the sympathy which a man feels for the faith which has once lain at the very heart of his own life or that of his forefathers. If it were, M. Renan would be incapable of mistaking the language of a puerile

gallantry for the language of religious feeling, or of allowing himself to be betrayed into what, to millions of his countrymen, is a religious outrage by a passing wave of self-complacency.

There are large numbers of people, indeed, who are very willing to allow M. Renan his extravagances. His work interests and charms them as a whole, and they will not permit themselves to dwell upon the bad taste, as they call it, which may occasionally disfigure it. There are, perhaps, signs that this tolerant mood has lasted long enough. We are all of us more or less directly interested in the fortunes of a great literary personality: the reader must play his part as well as the writer. The audience to which a writer appeals may and ought to make itself felt by him; not only as a stimulating but as a controlling force. The mass of his French admirers have been too long accustomed to set up a special standard and make exceptional allowances for M. Renan. A larger proportion of such criticism as M. Scherer has been for some time past devoting to M. Renan's recent books in the columns of the *Temps* might perhaps in time lessen the evil and protect an eminent man from himself.

For the rest, apart from these unlucky pages, the preface contains much that is characteristic and worth quoting. In the first place, M. Renan pronounces frankly for the abolition of the Concordat, and for the institution in its stead of a free right of religious association. He will not admit that, as things stand at present, the Catholics have any reason to complain of the suppression of the unauthorised orders, so long as they continue to have a special bargain with the State. "The Catholic party," he says, "claims all the privileges of the Napoleonic Concordat without accepting any of the burdens of it. They wish to be free as they are in America, and official as they have always been accustomed to be in France; it is impossible that they

should be allowed to appeal at one and the same time to an exceptional statute and to the common law." In M. Renan's opinion, the remedy for all existing difficulties is to be found in the realisation of the idea of the State as the system which guarantees to the individual the free exercise of his activity, but has nothing to do with any opinion as such. The State so conceived, he declares, "has no more reason for setting up Concordats with religion than for setting them up with Romanticism, or Realism, or Classicism, or any other opinion which a man is allowed to have or not to have as he pleases." But the difficulty lies, as he sees, in the fact that the Concordat could not be suppressed, unless a satisfactory and liberal law on the subject of the right of association were passed at the same time. And the democratic party show no inclination to pass such a law. The anti-Clerical Democrats and the Catholic party are, for very different reasons, almost equally opposed to any such solution.

As to the progress of scepticism in modern society, M. Renan gives a more decided and sweeping opinion than will be possible to any one out of France.

"The maledictions," he says, "which greeted my first attempts, would not even be understood at the present day. Propositions for which I was anathematised at the outset of my career are now adopted by writers who still call themselves Catholics. Time is the necessary helpmeet of reason. All we have to do is to wait. The methods which all the partisans of the older routine declared thirty years ago to be merely frivolous and dangerous have now become the law of every intelligent mind. And the truth that, 'in the world accessible to the experience of man, miracles do not happen,' is taking possession more and more of the human race. . . . If we take into consideration the whole of Europe, the progress made, whatever one may say, is real: we may see many religious reactions; we shall

not see a return of true fanaticism. Fanaticism is only possible while the faith of the masses is still intact. But the faith of the masses has been greatly weakened; and it is not possible that even under the influence of great social disasters it should ever greatly revive. Belief in the supernatural will be slowly mined by primary instruction and by the predominance of scientific education over literary education.

These facts are not the result of this or that political *régime*, of theories, true or false, invented by publicists; they are the consequence of the advance of modern society towards a state of things in which the individual requires a certain amount of positive instruction to be able to live. Formerly the peasant, who could neither read, write, nor count, was able to live all the same, for he was protected by the feudal structure of society, and by the general patriarchal spirit of our institutions. Now the struggle for life condemns an individual placed in such conditions to die of hunger."

It is an interesting point—the influence of economic progress upon religious belief—and would bear much discussion. Is it true that at any rate the more positive and tangible forms of faith are dependent for their prosperity upon social ill-being, upon the maintenance of rudimentary and imperfect conditions of physical life? The diffusion of material comfort, the increased competition for the good things of the world, bring with them a weakening of the religious spirit—tend naturally and inevitably to the death of religion? Such of course has been the instinct of the religious reformer from the beginning; the cry of the primitive conscience of Christendom was but repeated twelve hundred years later in the cry of the Franciscan movement, in the homage paid by one of the most beautiful of human souls to his sweet bride Poverty. But nowadays are we to accept it as a truth of social science,

an inevitable consequence of human development, no more to be escaped by effort than is the operation of any other natural law? M. Renan thinks so, and is prepared to face the change of the future.

"We must look forward with calmness to the triumph of these hostile forces. Year by year they will attack our century with greater force and brutality. But the end and aim of human life will still be high and sacred. If it is true to say that, in future, intellectual culture even of the humblest kind will exclude belief in the supernatural, it is equally true to say that the highest cultivation will never destroy religion taken in its loftiest sense. Man plays his part in the great order of things; whether he will or no, he adores, he serves."

The same confidence in the future of religion as M. Renan understands it pervades the pleasant but rather thin address delivered at the Spinoza Bicentenary, with which the volume concludes. "The cause of the supernatural is compromised; the cause of the ideal is still untouched, nor will harm ever reach it. The ideal remains the soul of the world, the permanent God, the primordial, effective, and final cause of the universe. Here is the basis of the eternal religion. We have no more need of miracles nor of selfish prayers, in order to adore God, than Spinoza had. So long as there is a fibre in the human heart which vibrates to the sound of all that is just and honest, so long as the upright soul prefers honour and delicacy to life, so long as there are friends of truth who will sacrifice their repose to the interests of knowledge—friends of righteousness who will devote themselves to holy and useful works of mercy—women's hearts to love the good, the beautiful, and the pure, and artists to render them by sounds, by colours, and by the accents of inspiration, God will still be alive within us."

No doubt to the Christian this cheerful optimism of M. Renan's is a

mere tissue of words without meaning. He will remind us, and with justice, that there is little or nothing in history which serves to throw light upon the mystery of a future in which religion will be the mere appanage of high cultivation, a fine last flower of intellectual effort, inaccessible to the vulgar and the ignorant, whose religion has been destroyed by the inexorable progress of things. That the old world is passing away is certain and inevitable, but it may well be maintained, by the idealist who has thrown off all belief in special revelations no less than by the Christian, that the satisfactory evolution of the new world will depend upon something more vigorous in us than the mere expression of the pious opinion that, whatever happens, the ideal will still persist, still win the homage of an *élite* circle of worshippers. Frédéric Amiel too has faith in the future, but it is a faith according to knowledge, which refuses to be optimistically blind to the difficulties lying in the path. "A narrow creed," as he sees, "has much more energy than an enlightened creed; the world belongs rather to will than to wisdom. It is not then altogether certain that liberty will triumph over fanaticism; and, if it were, independent thought will never have the force of prejudice. The solution perhaps will be found in a division of labour. After those whose business it is to disengage the ideal of a free and pure faith, will come the men of violence, who will open a path for it within the circle of recognised things, prejudices, and institutions." And, in truth, if this idealism in which so many of us live and move, this belief in God realising Himself in life and nature, and revealing Himself in the laws of the mind and of the universe, is to last and to be effectual, it too must produce its "men of violence" who will take by force; it too must descend from the high regions of science and philosophy, and adapt itself in simple forms to simple men; it must be content to go through the

drudgery, the degradation if you will, of forms and ceremonies and organisations—those inevitable instruments by which the spiritual few have in all ages succeeded, not only in communicating something of their own fire to the unspiritual many, but in maintaining and protecting its glow within themselves. The world advances by the successive crystallisation of ideas. It is not enough that ideas should be produced. They must be crystallised into shapes which can be handled by the majority of mankind, shapes "not too bright and good for human nature's daily food"—simple, practical, work-a-day forms, under the shelter of which the thought of the philosopher may once more, as in the best Christianity, come into fruitful contact with the instincts and needs of the untaught.

But our rebellion against the unreality, which marks many of M. Renan's dreams of the future, has led us far away from his volume of essays. There is not much in the book of great distinction or commanding interest, and the subjects treated in the different papers have so little common bond that it is difficult to describe them satisfactorily. Still the essay on Buddhism is certainly one of the most delightful sketches of the subject ever written. The first half of it, which was put together nearly thirty years ago, cannot at the present day have much value from the scholar's point of view, although in the second half M. Renan has endeavoured to correct some of the assumptions of the first by the aid of more recent researches. But the style is that of M. Renan at his best. Not a point is missed which could possibly bring the subject home to the reader's imagination; the skill shown in the choice of quotations is unerring, and although M. Renan is throughout on his guard against those large and misleading comparisons between Buddhism and Christianity which were at one time so common, he still always, when writing of the East, keeps the West

in view, and every now and then allows his exceptionally delicate sense of literary likeness and contrast to betray itself in remarks and epigrams full of suggestiveness. For instance,

‘A religion is often at its origin little more than a new kind of literature ;’ or, ‘In the vulgarisation of ideas all progress is a fall. It has been often remarked that our modern languages, so inferior in point of beauty to the languages of the old world, are much better adapted to the expression of popular feeling, and answer to the appearance of Christianity, which brings within the reach of all that moral culture which was once reserved for the few.—Broth was needed for the new-born child: the strong meat of antiquity was unfit for it.—When ideas become diffused, they lose something of their nobility. But the Eternal Mind, which makes its profit out of everything, knows how to draw strength for new achievements even out of such loss and deterioration.’ This last sentence contains an admission which deserves to be pondered by some of our modern despairers of the republic. Religion, politics, education, they say—M. Renan himself has said it often—are becoming more and more vulgarised ; we are entering upon an era of mediocrity in all things. Perhaps ; but here is consolation for those who believe that the humanity which has produced religion and civilisation is still unexhausted, still capable of solving her problems as they present themselves : ‘*The Eternal Mind makes its profit out of everything ; and from these apparent fallings-back it draws strength for fresh efforts.*’

Perhaps the most striking passage in the Buddhist paper is that which describes the radical difference between Hindoo and Chinese civilisation. Nobody is more skilful than M. Renan in drawing up these series of comparisons ; they are a characteristic of his style.

‘Among the contrasts,’ he says, ‘presented by the infinite variety of the human mind, that between India

and China is perhaps the most striking, and the one which shows us most clearly in how many different proportions the intellectual and moral faculties which compose our nature may be intermingled. Never did opposing qualities and defects establish a wider gulf between two races. During the four or five thousand years which make up her history, China offers us the unique spectacle, as it seems to me, of a society founded upon a purely human basis—without Prophet, without Messiah, without Revealer, without mythology ; of a society calculated for temporal well-being and the good organisation of this world, and for nothing else. India, on the other hand, shows us a not less surprising spectacle of a race exclusively speculative, living by the ideal, building its religion and its literature in the clouds, without any intermingling elements drawn from history or reality. The characteristic feature of the Chinese mind is a negation of the supernatural ; what it cannot understand does not exist for it. India, on the contrary, absorbed in the contemplation of the Infinite, has exhausted her activity in the creation of an exuberant mythology, and of innumerable systems of metaphysics. Nor has the study of nature, of man, or of history, ever seemed to her worthy to check her thought for an instant. China is indisputably, of all countries, that which possesses the best-ordered and the most abundant archives. Since the twelfth century before the Christian era, she has stored up, dynasty by dynasty, and almost year by year, the official documents of her history, the decrees of her sovereigns, the rules of her administration. India, so prodigiously fruitful in everything else, has not a line of history. She has reached modern times without believing that the real is ever worth writing down. This present life is for the Chinese the only aim of human activity. For the Indian it is but an episode in a series of existences, a passage between two

eternities. On one side you have a *bourgeois* and reasonable race, narrow as common sense is narrow; on the other, a race devoted to the infinite,—dreamy, absorbed, and lost in its own imaginations. Nor are the physical characteristics of both less strikingly contrasted. The bright, oblique eye, the flat nose, the short neck, the cunning look of the Chinese, indicate the man of common sense, well trained in the affairs of this world; the noble outline of the Indian, his slim figure, his broad, calm brow, his deep, tranquil eye, show us a race made for meditation, and destined even by its very errors to provide us with a measure of the speculative power of humanity."

A *propos* of this essay M. Renan tells an amusing story of that original, Buloz, the editor and creator of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The aim of M. Renan's paper, which was written for the *Revue*, was to represent Buddhism as something tangible and intelligible, to make it possible for the modern French reader to enter into the fascination which enabled a religion without a God and without a heaven, to convert half Asia, and to extend its sway over the majority of the human race. So strong is M. Renan's imaginative power, so delicate and plastic the touch with which he describes either men or philosophies, that the result when it came to be laid before M. Buloz, produced a curious and unexpected effect upon him. M. Buloz was startled, and the protesting common sense in him awoke. Buddhism as a name, or as a distant, incomprehensible superstition, was familiar to him, but a Buddhist "in flesh and blood," presented to the French world as a more or less reasonable being, possessed of a Nihilist explanation of the universe for which philosophically a great deal could be said, and dying in defence of this explanation as cheerfully as a Christian with the hope of heaven before him, was too much for M. Buloz. "He refused," says M. Renan, "to believe that it could be

true." To all my proofs he replied inexorably, "It is not possible that there should be such fools as that!" and the paper had to be returned to M. Renan's portfolio till the wheel of popular sympathy should have turned. In the interval Schopenhauer and his followers have diffused a Buddhist philosophy; the world has become familiar with Buddhist ideas; Buddhist legend and Buddhist morality have even become fashionable, and M. Renan could have had no doubt as to the general interest of the subject when he decided to publish the paper in his new volume of essays.

The study of Joachim the Abbot of Flores in Calabria, and "the Eternal Gospel" is a careful and valuable contribution to the religious history of the middle ages. Indeed it is somewhat out of place in a volume of which scholarly accuracy and thoroughness are by no means the characteristic features. But although M. Renan's study is such as no student will neglect, it would not be his if it were not lighted up and brought within the range of the average reader, by a good deal of imaginative and brilliant generalisation. M. Renan sees in the movement among the early Franciscans which resulted, about the middle of the thirteenth century, in the production of the new Apocalypse or Gospel, which was partly the work of the Abbot of Flores, and partly of certain mystical Franciscans forty years after his death, "an abortive attempt at religious creation. The thirteenth century, extraordinary in so many respects, was within very little of witnessing the upgrowth of a new religion, of which the germs were contained in the Franciscan order; had the issue depended on the more fanatical members of the new institution, the world, instead of *Christian*, would have become *Franciscan*." His account of the authors of this short-lived faith, and of the way in which the poetical mysticism of the new sect shattered itself against French logic as repre-

sented by the University of Paris, and the interests of property and the established order as represented by the Roman Curia, is always readable and suggestive. "What excites the wonder of those who make a close study of the history of the middle ages," he says in conclusion, "is that Protestantism did not appear three hundred years earlier. All the causes of a religious revolution existed in the thirteenth century; and all were stifled. It happened to the thirteenth century as it would have happened to the sixteenth if Luther had been burned, if Charles V. had exterminated the Reformed churches, if the Inquisition had succeeded in the whole of Europe as it succeeded in Spain and Italy. Aspirations towards a spiritual Church and a purer worship were making themselves felt on all sides." The *Eternal Gospel* of Joachim of Flores, which represented the more ardent and mystical spirits among the Franciscans, "is the boldest attempt at religious revolution to be found in the middle ages, and it would have changed the face of the world if all the disciplined and reflecting forces of the thirteenth century had not thrown themselves abruptly across its path."

"A Monkish Idyl of the Middle Ages" describes the friendship of Christina von Stommeln, a pious woman of the thirteenth century, for a young Dominican friar, Peter of Dacia. The story of Christina's stigmata and visions, of her nervous symptoms, which of course assumed the form of diabolical temptations to herself and her friends, is well told. We see the little German village, a few miles from Cologne, and the mediæval farm with its pious society—young Dominicans full of the first enthusiasm of the Friars' movement, the schoolmaster, the parish priest, the pale Christina in her long veil covering her from top to toe, and her friend, her "*dilectissime*," Friar

Peter. Outside the inner circle of mystics and enthusiasts M. Renan suggests with great skill a circle of scoffing neighbours, practical sober folk, speaking the one language which is the same from century to century—the language of common sense. The whole is admirably done, except for a few touches here and there, a few innuendoes of which the style and manner are distasteful. M. Renan sees, of course, that Christina's relation to Peter was that of love, and not at all that of spiritual affinity as she and he supposed. But it would have been better to have said it plainly and simply at the outset; there is something disagreeable in the way in which M. Renan, as an artist in human feeling, attempts to take advantage of two opposing orders of ideas at once—the physical scientific order, and the Catholic order,—now explaining his characters by the one, and now weaving a delicate rhapsody round them out of the other.

The remaining papers hardly deserve description in detail. Everything that M. Renan writes has some interest. But it is a little trying to a literary reputation to put forth under its shelter work so slight as the reprinted review headed "*L'Art Religieux*," or so flippant as the fantastic sketch of the sixteenth century struggle between the Molinists and Predeterminists. This last was written immediately after M. Renan left St. Sulpice, and bears many marks of youth and irritation. It will serve, like much else in the volume, to gauge the progress of a great writer in his art. Unfortunately, M. Renan's very latest utterance, the concluding pages of the preface to the present volume, shows that certain qualities which forty years ago might have been excused in him as the products of youth and immaturity, are still present in him to vitiate his wonderful style and weaken his legitimate influence upon his time.

ON AN IRISH TROUT STREAM.

If the heart of a country be especially typical of its life and characteristics, the region which lies around the little town of Ballywhin should unquestionably be typical of Ireland, for it is as near as can be to her very centre. Ballywhin, however, and its neighbourhood, is almost as little known to the English public as an average village in the State of Pennsylvania. This is in no way due to its position, on the contrary, a much-used line of railway traverses the region with that diabolical ingenuity for making the very worst of it which is common to railroads all the world over. Thousands of passengers annually on westward-bound expresses look out over the dreary flats of bog and rushy pasture that for many miles on either side of Ballywhin line the railway track. Thousands of less fortunate ones who have unknowingly committed themselves to a slow train—and what a significance that adjective thus applied has in Ireland!—have an opportunity at any rate of studying its name upon the station wall, and marking the facial eccentricities of the tattered car-drivers as they noisily compete for the patronage of some solitary bagman. But with this cursory acquaintance ends pretty much all the introduction that the outer world gets to Ballywhin.

This obscurity is due, doubtless, to a lack of exceptional characteristics. There are one or two great houses in the neighbourhood, to be sure, but it is doubtful whether their owners could find their way out to them without a guide. There are mighty ruins, but the tales that must have hung thereby have all resolved themselves into the one rather doubtful fact of their destruction by the inexhaustible cannon-balls of Cromwell. Furthermore, there are no infantry or cavalry

barracks to familiarise the name of Ballywhin among those connected with her Majesty's forces. Neither has Tom Moore ever sung of its local charms and glories, though there are in truth within a walk of its uninviting streets vales quite as sweet as that celebrated one through which the now polluted waters of the Avoca force their way. If any district indeed can be really typical of a country which, putting Ulster aside, contains such contrasts as the rich fattening pastures of Meath and the desert wastes of Connemara—the substantial graziers of the one, the hungry bog-trotters of the other—the one in question surely is. There is a dilapidated town. There are great bogs stretching far away like inland seas, with fields and woods and farmhouses sloping to their shores. There are clean pastures that would rival Leicestershire, and there are vast unfenced stretches of common bristling with thorn-trees and yellow with gorse. Hard white limestone roads carry you over an undulating country, over grey stone bridges, through which peaty streams slide down upon rocky beds, or lead you under avenues of beech and firs, of larch and ash, where unmolested birds, as if the woes of Erin were no more, fill the air with joyous song. In a short ten miles too, if you so choose, from Ballywhin, you may find yourself upon the summit of wild mountains, beyond all signs of life but the whirr of a startled grouse, and of all sound but the drip of infant streams leaving their watershed for the Shannon basin or the southern coast. Here among these lonely heights, product of half a dozen converging glens, the Bruffy starts on its long journey seawards. Like many mountain streams, its infant growth is prodigious. From the head of the

mountain to Ballywhin is scarcely eight miles as the crow flies; by the windings of the river it is perhaps nearly double that distance, but long before it enters the town there are spots so wide that it would tax the powers of the most accomplished of anglers to drop his fly beneath the further bank. With such a birthplace I need hardly say that the Bruffy is a trouting stream. Lower down it changes its name, and becomes a river that most Irishmen and a few geographical experts perhaps upon this side of the channel have heard of. It is in the first bloom of its youth and beauty, however, and while veiled in the obscurity of an unknown name, that the Bruffy is most interesting to me. With increased size and a grand name it relapses into a sluggish, sulky stream. Below Ballywhin it winds for miles through a dull country between high alder-covered banks, and slips from pool to pool with scarcely even a murmur to mark its mountain origin. In its dark holes pike and trout and salmon contend for the survival of the fittest, and something like a doubt haunts you as in some rash moment you make a descent upon its shores whether to "put up" a black hackle or a frog. But the Bruffy in its infancy offers a very different bill of fare. It differs, in fact, in most essentials very little from those numerous streams in Scotland, Wales, and the west of England, in which hundreds of anglers find pleasure in killing small trout by the dozen, to the astonishment of their brethren further eastward, who see sport only in killing big fish by the brace.

But the Bruffy is a remarkable little river in its way. It is not only unpreserved in the ordinary sense of the word, so far as rod fishing is concerned, but is at the absolute mercy of any infernal machine the country people may bring to bear upon its prolific waters. In the droughts of summer (for there are droughts even in Ireland), when its rapids are reduced to trickles and its deep holes to shallow

runs, there is not a soul even to protest against the constant net and still worse devices of sporting Paddy. In the full floods of spring, too, he may ply the deadly worm or the deadlier salmon roe at his own sweet will, for there is not a soul who would even care to say him nay. Nevertheless, with all this, I know of no river in her Majesty's dominions, where, on a falling flood and clearing water, more small trout may be taken in a day by a fairly experienced hand than on the Bruffy. It is not, however, the number of the fish alone that holds the river in my affection; nor would each opening summer find me upon its banks if its neighbourhood contained no stronger attractions than its bubbling waters. People who go to Ireland to fish or to sketch have never heard of the Bruffy. They go intent, and naturally so, on bigger game. You will meet no educated anglers upon its banks. There are country houses, to be sure, within reach, but many of these are standing empty, and those still tenanted produce horsemen rather than anglers. The rustic who is at liberty to fish in the most profitable manner possible is not greatly addicted to the tedious process of rod fishing unless the water is in full flood; so on the Bruffy one is never haunted by that constant dread of finding some stranger unlimbering by one's favourite pool, that is seldom absent on more familiar streams. From early morning when you start upon the head waters amid the desolation of the mountains, till, tired and wet, and let us hope with a tight basket strap, you mount your car upon the bridge some six or seven miles down, no rival will in all probability interfere with your privacy. As regards many leading features of the scenery, you might be rambling by the side of some feeder of the Tweed or Tyne, but at every turn characteristics of the sister isle dispel such an illusion. Even the soft glories of early June, when all nature is at its freshest and its best, only lends pathos to that sense of desertion

that seems somehow to fill the air of every nook in southern Ireland. The gorse gleams and the wild grass clothes the broken banks that once divided the wheat patch from the potatoes of the small huddling tenant of forty years ago. Sippy pastures still showing the furrows ploughed by a forgotten generation, and relapsing back into bogs and rushes run far up the mountain-side. The long, rank heather is crawling back over these premature seats of habitation, and is asserting itself once again upon its natural haunts. There let it wave until some future age and denser civilisation shall force mankind on to sterile slopes like these.

For two or three miles the Bruffy lingers amid these open uplands. If any wind is stirring it sweeps with double force down the mountain glens, whistles over the bogs, and blows friendly ripples upon the glassy pools, that are just here more frequent than the angler likes. There are no trees to cause anxiety; none indeed but a stunted thorn or two are in sight, and when the water and the wind are right this bit of the Bruffy is the luxury of fishing. The little river, however, makes haste to atone for the bleakness of its early youth. On leaving what may fairly be called the base of the mountain, it buries itself for a mile or more in the shade of woodlands to which neglect has given a wildness that the British angler seldom looks for. Dark walls of fir, rising above the glancing foam of the waters, fill your vision at one moment—at another, tall larch trees, in the fresh green of early June, throwing their trembling shadows over some dark and quiet pool. Glades open here and there in the forest where ash and thorn, holly and gorse straggle in wild confusion over the grass. Here are the pools and runs that old acquaintance with the Bruffy makes you most rejoice in. Into the water you must go if you would secure the six- and seven-ounce monsters that seem especially to lurk

beneath the overhanging roots and under the hollow banks of this least molested spot. The rheumatic horrors with which friends have never ceased to threaten your declining years are forgotten after the first chill of the cold brown water running in at the tops of your boots is over. Here in the midst of the stream—though you are lazily drifting down with the wind instead of patiently toiling up against it like the model fisherman of *The Boy's Own Book*—you can command both banks, and with water slightly coloured and a long line can pick out the sturdy, shining little fellows from every likely spot.

There are days upon the Bruffy and kindred streams all the world over when twenty or thirty fish will rise at your fly the day through for one you hook, and half of those that are hooked will fall back into the water, or dart off into freedom, before the fatal landing-net is under them. Of all the mysteries that the fly fisherman in his art encounters, this is, perhaps, the greatest. Why, with one consent, the whole finny tribe of a river should devote their energies to leaping round and round the insects upon which they feed, nothing but the wildest surmises have been ventured in explanation of. "They are rising short," is the only remark that the experienced angler makes to his companion. The tyro, deeply impressed perhaps with the bewildering humbug of some book on angling, lays the blame on his selection of flies. He changes his "black hackle" for a blue dun, and his "blue dun" again for an orange grouse. Later in the day he falls back perhaps upon a "March brown" in despair. The fish at the same time begin feeding seriously, and the much-tortured man is prepared to swear from that day forward to the efficacy of the latter lure above all others.

The day after a freshet, however, upon the Bruffy, there is not much danger of such trifling on the

part of the trout. The water should appear to be the colour of sherry, but not so high as to convert the little "runs" behind the rocks, and the swirls at the head of the pools into a useless race of foam and wave. The sunlight, if tempered by drifting clouds, will be all the better, and better still if a few smart sprinkles of rain from time to time come spattering on the pools. On such days there will be no half measures on their part; on such days their shallows and ordinarily translucent streams, that at other times would defy the deftest of anglers, are turned into feeding-grounds; on such days the expectant fish are everywhere, and the "monarchs of the brook" are abroad; on such days, too, "bites" of flies come fluttering down above the current, from time to time their tiny wings glancing in the sun's rays. The summer wind too draws what force it has into the narrow vista of foliage through which the river burrows its way. It shivers in the beech-trees, and sways gently the pendent boughs of ash or alder—curls upon the pools, and blows the woodland blossoms like snow flakes over the brown water.

The *raison d'être* of this long luxuriance of woodland is the near neighbourhood of a deserted mansion, whose grey roof can be seen above a grove of beeches not half a mile from the river bank. It has long been abandoned by everything but the rooks, who hover faithfully over its tangled shrubberies, and the rank weeds of decay have forced their way through the cracks on its once too hospitable threshold. There is, as I have said, a touch of wildness in these Bruffy woods that Saxon economy would hardly admit of. Where a larch tree has fallen before some winter gale, there it lies to-day; where a fir has been snapped in half its fragments strew the ground as unnoticed as in the woods of Michigan, save that the rank grass, which in Ireland will be nowhere denied, tangles and mats around every pros-

trate limb. Holly bushes, beloved of woodcocks on blustering winter days, straggle everywhere in wild confusion. A dry dyke, choked with dead leaves and twining underbrush, about here runs parallel with the stream. That this was once a mill race, the ruined, ivy-clad wall rising on the further bank gives ample evidence, but for what generation of men its long vanished wheel revolved local history does not say.

To make fishing for small trout really enjoyable as a mere sport, apart from the natural surroundings, it is necessary to be able to catch a fair number. More frequently than not the reason which makes so many anglers despise, or affect to despise, this class of fishing, is that they are bunglers at it. This branch of the sport in reality tests the merits of the fisherman as nicely as does the most famous of still chalk streams; but the merits are of a different order. To suppose that any one can make good baskets where streams are rapid, and fish of the small mountain or moorland breed, is the greatest of errors. To be first-class in this special department of angling requires a long experience above all things. It demands also exceeding quickness of eye and hand, and a far greater amount of activity than any other branch. A proficient in the art must be an adept at casting under overhanging trees, and at dropping his flies through narrow spaces between spreading branches. A big chalk-stream trout, as a rule, will fasten to the most moderately quick "strike," but great numbers of mountain trout would be lost in every day's fishing by a failure in that quick sympathy between eye and wrist that only comes of long practice. An adept, too, will know by a sort of instinct the moment his tail fly is taken, though it may be out of sight and whirling about under broken water forty feet away. There is a sympathy between him and the movements of his flies as he sweeps them

deftly here and there that can only be realised by watching afterwards the performances of some novice in the art. The "rough-water" fisherman will know precisely how much attention to bestow upon each eddy, each little run, each pool. He must understand how to search quickly, but thoroughly, every likely spot on the ever-changing surface of the stream that his practised eye will detect as the probable habitat of a fish. Nor will he waste time in flogging unlikely shallows. Almost any fly fisherman can kill some trout in rivers like these; but when you get beyond this elementary stage, the contrast between different performers will, according to their merits, be as marked and consistent as among the gentlemen who haunt the banks of the Kennett or the Colne.

When the Bruffy leaves the woods and emerges once more into the open, it runs a still boisterous course through a pleasant, though not especially beautiful, pastoral region. It is an ill country, however, which does not look charming in early June, and the banks of the Bruffy are very far from that. There are still for many miles glancing waters and grey bridges, with ivy hanging in festoons almost to the surface of the stream beneath them. There are green meadows, and hedgerows rich in foliage, and wild flowers. There are avenues of rook-haunted beech trees. There are acres of yellow gorse. Behind you run the forests you have just left, and above the forests the long line of round-topped mountains meets the sky.

Angling is said to be the recreation of the contemplative man. If the fish grow slack there is certainly ample food for contemplation in the country that stretches east and west from either bank of the Bruffy. Every element of modern Irish life, and the monuments of every stage of Irish history, will be found therein contained. There, upon a lofty rock, the light of the summer sky shining through the rifts in its crumbling walls, stands the ruins of a mediæval fortress.

It was built by the Celto-Norman chiefs who ruled this midland country in the days that, with all due deference to imaginative priests and patriotic orators, may fairly be called pre-historic. Popular tradition credits, of course, its destruction to the cannon of Cromwell. All that could be said, however, after a glance at the tremendous solidity of the walls still standing, and of the fragments that in different ages have fallen down on to the green slope of the hill, is that Cromwell's artillery, must have been as supernatural as his own person appeared to the unhappy Kernes who resisted him.

You would naturally look about, too, for the gentleman whose affairs to-day are occupying so very much of the collective wisdom of the empire—namely, the Irish tenant farmer. If, as is very probably the case, Ireland has been typified in your mind, either by what you have read or what you have seen in the poorer parts of Galway, Clare, or Kerry, you will probably be surprised when you make his acquaintance and become aware of the rural economy of the district—a district, by the way, admirably illustrative of a large slice of the south of Ireland. Do not suppose he lives in the miserable hovels that, propped up often with fir poles to keep them from falling, bulge out here and there upon the public road. These are the homes of labourers, whose average wages in this district, which is a good one, are 1s. 2d. a day. The tenant farmers are graziers, holding mostly from one to three hundred acres of admirable grass land, with tillage enough for horse, corn, and two or three acres of potatoes or roots. An English farmer would say it was under-rented at twenty shillings, and would well bear the premium in the shape of goodwill which these Irish tenants—not starving Connemara peasants, but substantial grass farmers—pay one another for the privilege of occupation at such a rent. The homesteads leave little to be desired as far as size and substantiality go, though a good deal in

the direction of cleanliness and order. The difference between the Catholic and Protestant farmers in this respect in the neighbourhood of Ballywhin is most marked. One main road leading from the town traverses for something like five miles a country almost entirely Protestant. Whatever may be the reason, the contrast is a matter beyond dispute, between the well-ordered houses, trim gardens, and neat fences that here meet the eye, and the sloth and untidiness that characterise other homesteads which have been held for generations under similar conditions. The tenants, however, of both religions—the “ould faith” of course largely predominates—are, and should be, a well-to-do lot. This does not, however, prevent them from being ardent Nationalists and disciples of Mr. Parnell. One does not see, indeed, what they would gain by being otherwise. Their name is quite as likely to be Smith or Jackson as O’Flaherty or Phelan. They are “sthrong men” for the most part—well-to-do, that is. They drive in gigs, ran horses in the local races when those festive gatherings flourished, and I have even seen their daughters in riding habits of the most approved fashion.

It is not easy to see how the Land Purchase Bill, admirable as its intentions are, is to convert this class of occupier, holding, as they do, a considerable portion of southern Ireland into the peasant proprietor of the idealist. A grass country, occupied and owned by a substantial yeomanry, is to my thinking the perfection of the rural state; but if the tenants of these districts become owners, they become yeomen, not peasant proprietors. And if so, what then is to become of the labourers—or the “peasants” as English newspapers perhaps would call them? Whatever may be the case over the rest of the country, a fatal hindrance exists to the operation of the new Bill in the Ballywhin district. The conviction that before a very great while they will get their land for nothing is so strong in the minds of the farmers, that the logic of

opening their purse strings under the most favourable conditions will hardly recommend itself very forcibly to their minds just now. It is not easy for an unsympathetic Saxon to follow the line of argument by which Tim Watson, who lives yonder upon the river bank, would claim his birthright in the land he occupies. His ancestor was in all probability a soldier of Cromwell’s, and helped to batter down the ruined castle on the hill, while his landlord is by common consent acknowledged to be the lineal descendant of the despoiled Celtic chieftain who once lived there. Tim, I have no doubt, if he ever had any qualms on the subject, has had them all explained away to his perfect satisfaction, and firmly believes his ancestors to have fought for the liberties of their country at the battle of Clontarf. Tim, however, is a great character, though a very small farmer. He is devoted to fishing, or at any rate to talking about it. The Bruffy skirts his farm, and it is impossible for a passing angler to escape his eagle eye. Whatever work he may be employed in it is instantly abandoned at the sight of a rod waving over the bushes, and if you can shake this garrulous and sporting agriculturist off short of an hour you may consider yourself fortunate. This year I had already passed his house. I had fished on to the edge of his farm—slowly too, for the trout were taking very fast—without seeing a sign of my friend. I thought he must be dead, but he was nothing of the sort, for on coming slowly round a corner, and while myself in the bed of the stream and screened from sight by overhanging boughs, I espied the redoubtable Tim himself standing on the further bank. Opposite him stood a man who I think was his brother-in-law, and between them was his wife. It was evidently sheep-washing they were intent on, for all three stood contemplating some half dozen sheep in a pen at the edge of the stream.

“They’re great sheep, Mike,” said Tim after a long pause.

"They are that," said Mike, and the silent admiration (for I hadn't discovered myself) of these remarkable animals on the part of all three was again resumed. Suddenly Tim rouses himself with a shake.

"Have ye the whisky, Biddy?" says he.

"Sure, an' o' course I have," says the wife, producing a big black bottle from under her cloak and handing it to Tim.

The latter pulls the cork, and applying the bottle to his mouth at an angle which proclaims that this is not the first attack upon it, takes a long and steady drink. The fiery beverage is then handed to Mike, who emulates his brother-in-law's example; and lastly, the woman takes a more modest instalment, corking up the bottle again and laying it on the grass. Once more there is a long pause of admiration, and once again the dictum goes forth from Tim, and meets with no opposition that "they are great animals."

Says Tim at last, "Now, Mike, are ye ready?"

"Bedad, I am that," says Mike.

"In the name o' God, thin, come on," says the proprietor.

"Come on, thin, in the name o' God," says the relative; and thus fortified with whisky and pious objurgations, the two men and the woman fall to work upon the six sheep.

There is a dismal contrast between the buttercup-strewn meadows and the cushat-haunted groves through which the Bruffy steals, and the sad streets of Ballywhin. It is difficult to say which is the dreariest—the double row of thatched cabins that lead you into the market-place, or the dejected-looking shops that occupy that central situation. It is true you must not always judge of the prosperity or happiness of things Irish by their externals; but to say that prosperity had spread her wings long ago and flown from Ballywhin would be merely to echo the fate of most inland country

towns in the south of Ireland. The Protestant church shoots its tall spire above the horse chestnuts that shade its graveyard. The Catholic chapel, huge, cold, and substantial, towers above the thatched cabins, and lifts its bald roof to a level with the distant mountains. The appearance of the little court-house utterly belies its proved capacity for supporting the weight of the curious throngs that crowd it at the weekly sessions. The police barracks alone look smart and trim and worthy of the more than soldier-like giants in their black uniforms who move about among their tattered compatriots. It is fortunate perhaps that many of the squalid cabins, of which more than half the town consists, promise irremediable collapse. How the tenants, who, at the sound of your horse's feet upon the silent street, appear at the entrance of these dark dungeons, make a livelihood, would be the first thought on looking round in vain for mill or factory. The answer is simple enough, for most of them live upon the rates. We are accustomed to speak of stagnation brooding over bright little English boroughs of old coaching fame. If that applies, some other word would most certainly have to be forthcoming to suit the case of Ballywhin. Yet there have been times when even Ballywhin must have been animated, and after a fashion prosperous—when a host of rollicking squires ate and drank and raced in its neighbourhood; when three packs of hounds hunted a country that now, with the most strenuous exertions, finds it difficult to support one; when woodcocks abounded in the woods and bogs, and wages were fourpence a day; when the partridges had not fled the country, and when men made bags of snipe in a day that nowadays could hardly be made in a year. Then in all probability some spurious prosperity attached itself to Ballywhin, and its burghers flourished and grew rich.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF PESSIMISM: A DIALOGUE.

Warnford. It is very strange, Garniston, but, do what I will, I cannot get your talk at our last meeting out of my head.

Garniston. "Strange," and "do what you will!" The same adroit flatterer as ever! Well, it certainly is remarkable that any poor words of mind should stick so fast in your memory, and it is equally natural that you should do your utmost to shake them off. Burrs will be burrs, however, and I have no doubt that it is only with their irritating form of tenacity that my talk has continued to retain its hold upon your mind.

W. No; that's not it. It is not a case of phrases clinging on to one's brain by mere epigrammatic tentacles. Your words have stayed by me in virtue of their mind-revealing quality. They have thrown a new light on your view of life, compelling me to revise it and study it afresh; and one hates the nuisance of having to apply that process to one's friends.

G. Yes; it is their means of livelihood rather than their view of life that commonly interests us. And when we have settled the amount of their incomes we have hardly time left to discuss anything but the defects of their characters.

W. Well, I can honestly say that I devote even less time to the moral analysis of my friends than to that of my enemies. Upon *their* evil qualities I must of course bestow some reflection, if only to supply my spirit of Christian forgiveness with the stimulus of difficulty. But one likes to have one's friends properly labelled and "pigeon-holed," if I may be allowed to say so. It is extremely annoying, for instance, to find that you have mistakenly stowed away an

Optimist in the Pessimist compartment.

G. Oh, then you think that is what you have done in my case.

W. Undoubtedly. Your sneaking admiration for those who have really found comfort in the doctrine and practice of "art for art's sake," is surely rather in the nature of backsliding from the pure faith of Pessimism.

G. I won't stop just now to inquire what are your reasons for saying that. You must admit, I think, that even if I were to be reckoned a backslider on that account, I have not slid very far. I said I knew a score of artists who took a disinterested pleasure in their art. What of that? Twenty is not a large number, and there are eccentrics in all professions.

W. You may not have actually praised more than a score on these grounds; but you implied praise of a much larger number.

G. How does one imply praise?

W. By not concurring in censure. Did you make any assentient reply to my remark upon the "acres of pot-boiling babies" in every art exhibition?

G. No; but only because the image it presented to the mind was too terrible. I admit the culinary infants, and to prove to you that I do not exaggerate the amount of elevated inspiration among our artists, I will, as you have reminded me of the babies, remind you of the portraits.

W. Ha! the portraits! Mr. Boodle, the master of foxhounds, and Mr. Noodle, the chairman of quarter sessions. Is that art for art's sake, any more than *Baby's First Step*, or *In Grandpapa's Hat*?

G. Certainly not. Nor have I ever

denied that the painters of such or analogous subjects represent an appallingly large proportion of the whole. But you have not nearly exhausted the pot-boilers yet.

W. No doubt there are other specimens.

G. You have omitted one whole class of them. The painter is not always translating the philoprogenitive emotions of the middle-class parent; nor is he always seeking inspiration from some face which is fondly cherished, in the recollection of a bench of county magistrates, or stirs the enthusiasm of the members of a hunt. There is another set of subjects which is peculiarly attractive to the *bourgeois* patron of art.

W. Wedding pictures? Old-shoe-and-rice pictures? "Ask papa" pictures?

G. These, and, as Plato would say, whatsoever leads up to these. Must I remind you of the picnic, of the boating party, of the lawn tennis group? Think of the youths in white flannel suits, and of the maidens in muslin frocks—spick youths and span maidens, with spick and span boats and oars, or nets and bats, a glory to the eye enamoured of bright colours, and not repelled by vulgar prettiness in woman, or underbred good looks in man.

W. Ah, but the class of pictures you are now speaking of is but a subdivision of a much more extensive category. They belong to the same order of art as that innumerable host of "fashion plate" canvases, if I may call them so without disrespect, of which Paris, the mother of millinery, has taught the trick to our English painters of *genre*, just as her great creative artists in ladies' apparel give laws to the dressmakers of this less inspired isle.

G. Well do I know the exquisite works of art of which you speak—the young lady starting for the ball, the young lady returning from the ball, the *ingénue* confiding her first love affair to her friend, the wife confiding

her first love affair (since her marriage) to her friend; the moral of all alike being this—that women may be portrayed in rich and costly attire whether they are going to or returning from a ball, or giving or receiving confidences, and that a conscientious artist need only bear in mind that under the two former conditions they should be represented in "low bodies," and with dresses of tulle, or some other gauzy fabric, whereas confidences are given and received nowadays—not as in *Tilburina's* time in white muslin and white calico respectively—but in morning gowns of dark silk or velvet, or some such material as will declare the wealth of the wearer and the loving skill of the painter in their heavy folds.

W. The embroidered edges of petticoats, however, may be treated with the same reverential minuteness both in the morning and in the evening scene.

G. Undoubtedly "they are much worn" as the fashion books say, by ladies in this class of pictures.

W. Yes, the language of the court milliners is certainly the most suitable to the critic of this species of art. Indeed a few sentences extracted from one of *Madame Grenadine's* descriptions of the toilettes at some great state function might be printed in the *Academy Catalogue* with much more propriety than the half-dozen lines of irrelevant poetry which frequently accompany these illustrations of the wardrobe.

G. Well, I think we have said enough to prove our unanimity on this point. But now what becomes of the psychological mare's nest which you imagined yourself to have discovered in the recesses of my character? That indiscriminate enthusiasm for English art and artists which you suspected me of cherishing, has, you see, no existence. I am just as sensible as yourself that in art as in literature it is only the minority who devote themselves to worthy ideals. But now let us go back a little. Tell me as a

matter of curiosity why you considered that my supposed "admiration for those who have really found comfort in the doctrine and practice of art for art's sake" was "rather in the nature of a backsliding from the pure faith of Pessimism." Those, I think, were your words, were they not?

W. Yes.

G. Well, I was extremely surprised to hear them. I know that these are days when no philosophical term can expect to stand on its dignity, and "pessimism" has, perhaps, been more roughly thumbed by the hands of vulgar familiarity than any other. I have heard a Stock Exchange "bear" described as a pessimist, which I take to be not only the lowest but the narrowest of all possible applications of the word. It involves the descent from a particular theory of the relations between the universe of Time and Space and its surrounding Infinity to a belief that "Americans" or "Egyptians" will "go worse" in the course of the next ten or fourteen days.

W. You need not have troubled yourself to illustrate the degradation which this word like many others has undergone in popular usage. I was, of course, employing it in its strictly philosophical sense.

G. Oh, indeed, we are as scientifically precise as that, are we? You style me a Pessimist in the sense not of a mere "croaker" who is given to anticipating specific misfortunes at given moments, but of a thinker who has satisfied himself that human existence itself is, as compared with non-existence, and despite all temporary "alleviations of man's state," essentially an evil. That is so, is it not?

W. Yes, that is so.

G. Then I repeat that I am surprised at your inference from my supposed enthusiasm for art. From never having heard you join in the chatter of the day about Schopenhauer I inferred that you had read him. But if you had, you would have known that he specially excludes the pleasure

given by art from the category of those transitory gratifications of ever-recurring longing, which together make up the contemptible sum and fix the miserable character, of life.

W. Excuse me, I was perfectly well aware of that inconsistency in his teachings. But you surely won't make so humiliating an admission as that you have founded a belief of your own on the mere circumstance that Schopenhauer wished to put a saving clause into his gloomy philosophy in favour of his own pet pleasures, and that, being unwilling to except literature because his mother whom he hated wrote novels, he was obliged to confine the exception to art.

G. Good. I see you have studied the man, if you have not gone very deeply into his philosophy. And now let me reply to your charge of having borrowed my beliefs from Schopenhauer. I have, I think, a sufficient answer. I have never read a line of him.

W. And you call that a sufficient answer! Your affected cynicism, Garniston, is tempered by a certain *naïveté* which adds considerably to its piquancy.

G. First, my pessimism, and now my affected cynicism! Upon my word, I recognise no quality of mine under the apparel of the second of those words.

W. I don't know about "recognising" it. You may "cut" it, perhaps, for being ill-dressed. I don't profess to be a perfectly skilled tailor in words. But I stick to it, that my ideas are accurate enough, and that the quality you repudiate is yours.

G. Perhaps, then, you will be good enough to define it. What is "affected cynicism"—nay, first, what is real cynicism?

W. Do you really wish me to begin at the beginning? Very well. Cynicism, Garniston, is derived from a Greek word signifying "a dog;" and the Cynics, the school of Greek philosophers from whose name the "ism" comes, were so styled because—be-
cause—

G. Ah, exactly! I expected that hesitation.

W. Well, either because of their dog-like habit of snarling at—

G. Nonsense! That's an altogether exploded notion. It was undoubtedly because they made it their deliberate choice to live a life as nearly as possible resembling that of the brutes, whom the Greeks, I regret to say, were benighted enough to typify in the dog. Well, I don't live that life.

W. No, but you have or had the credit of surveying your fellow-men with that contempt with which Diogenes was wont to flavour his mouldy crust.

G. That then is your definition of cynicism—the habit of contemplating one's fellow-men with contempt?

W. Yes, and with an arrogantly complacent sense of superiority to their weaknesses. The cynics were the Pharisees of philosophy. The typical cynic, indeed, was the most perfect example of philosophical Pharisaism.

G. Diogenes?

W. Yes. Where in all history will you find me a more arrant *poseur*? Talk of his trampling upon the pride of Plato with greater pride! Why his tub itself was a perpetual advertisement of the vanity in which he matched the weakest of the race whose weaknesses he pretended to despise.

G. Excellent criticism, no doubt, but a little hard on an "affected cynic," whose cynicism thus turns out to be the affectation of an affectation—the counterfeit of a sham.

W. Well, I don't mind letting you off the "affected." I will make it cynic, pure, and simple. Cynic and Pessimist is what I had set you down to be—a man with a contemptuous view of human nature and a desponding view of human life.

G. Whereas now?

W. Whereas now you seem to me to feel more sympathy with your fellow mortals, and to look more cheerfully upon their destiny upon earth.

G. Dear me! And all because I know an artist who is fond of his calling. At the risk of boring you, Warnford, I must really endeavour to explain to you what a Pessimist's view of his fellow-men and of their occupations really is. Will it be too tiresome?

W. Don't think me rude if I venture to reply by another question, namely, How on earth can I tell?

G. What I mean is, does the subject interest you sufficiently to overcome your natural distaste for my methods of exposition?

W. If you will be as brief as you can I think it possibly may.

G. Very well then. Let me first of all say that I accept your definition of the cynic and the cynic's attitude towards his fellow-men as sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes; and then let me tell you that not only is this attitude exactly opposed in fact to that of the rational pessimist, but that as a matter of logic it must be so. Does that assertion surprise you?

W. Well, it *sounds* a little like a paradox. But go on.

G. What is it which causes the cynic's contempt for his fellow-man? Why, their defection from an ideal standard of wisdom and virtue which he mentally propounds for man's attainment. The stronger his conviction that man is capable of attaining it, the bitterer is his disappointment at the failure, and contempt for the being who has failed. Without that preliminary conviction,—in the absence of that antecedent assumption. the disappointment and the contempt would alike be absurd. And which, pray, of the two is it who starts with that assumption? Is it the pessimist, who, regarding existence as in itself an evil, has no reason whatever to believe in man's ability to modify, either by his wisdom or his virtue its essential character in this respect? Or is it the optimist, whose very belief that human existence is a good in itself and is pregnant with infinite

possibilities of greater good, implies the belief that man has a natural capacity for developing them?

W. Well, in that way of putting the case, it is of course the optimist.

G. But is there any other way of putting the case? If I expect much of life and am disappointed, will not my disappointment naturally transform itself into hatred and contempt of my fellow-men? If I expect nothing of life, will not its failures and shortcomings tend rather to inspire me with sympathy and compassion for the race who for a few brief years sliced out of eternity have been condemned to it? Fellow-prisoners will not denounce each other for their common incapacity to pass the bounds of their dungeon yard; it is the fellow-travellers making no progress towards the city of the mirage who fall to mutual reproaches on the slowness of their advance. Yes, your Optimist is your natural cynic; and it is to Pessimism that you must turn to find toleration for the weaknesses and follies of mankind.

W. It was "compassion" I thought just now.

G. Toleration in some natures rises to compassion in others. My point is that at any rate contempt and hatred of humanity is absolutely alien to the true spirit of Pessimism. Where will you find a more profound Pessimist than Pascal, but to speak of him as a cynic would be ridiculous. That he looked to Divine Grace, and not to Annihilation as the antidote for the bane of existence, is a mere detail.

W. A pretty important one you will admit.

G. No doubt, but still a detail.

W. You do not really contend that a Pessimist cannot be misanthropical?

G. No more than I contend that he cannot be gouty. But the gout and the misanthropy will be equally unconnected with his philosophical creed. And now applying my remarks to the case in point, I say that as a Pessimist who does not happen to be a martyr to the moral gout of acidity of

temper, I am glad to see mankind amusing themselves with this fancied improvement of their condition on earth—their increasing taste for the delights of art.

W. This is, indeed, mild wisdom—a most paternally indulgent frame of mind. But I wonder that I haven't heard you refer to what is usually considered the most striking proof of this fancied improvement as you call it, in our own time—the revival of the Shakespearian drama.

G. You mean on the stage?

W. Of course, of course. Do you suppose I meant to suggest that Shakespeare had been revived in the study?

G. It is generally supposed that he could not become more popular there than he has always been.

W. I am quite of opinion that there are insuperable obstacles to it.

G. Just as there are, I suppose, to adding more liquid to a full vessel.

W. Yes; or to putting any liquid into a bottomless vessel. But, pray, select which simile you please, and don't say afterwards that I forced mine upon you.

G. Well, let us leave people with their Shakespeares in their studies.

W. Better say libraries. Always avoid ambiguity whenever you can.

G. Let us leave them, then, in their libraries, and go ourselves to the theatre.

W. They won't "stay put," as the Americans say. We shall find them all flocking to the theatre after us.

G. Exactly. That is the illustration and the measure of what you rightly consider our progress in this matter. The acted Shakespearian drama now attracts crowds of studious people.

W. Or libristious people, at any rate. I don't say it isn't the same thing: only I prefer my own word.

G. It attracts crowds of such people from their libraries, whom for nearly a generation it had altogether failed to reach.

W. Yes. I admit that the fact has significance, for though theatres have

become more comfortable of late years, so have libraries. We are both of us agreed, it seems, that Shakespeare has beaten the musical glasses completely out of the field. And what surprises me is that you have not cited this well-merited triumph of our national poet in an honourable competition as a proof of the advance of our society towards nobler and more truly self-sufficing ideals of life.

G. I see. You expected me to instance the modern revival of the higher drama as marking a great popular movement towards recognition of the nobler forms of art?

W. Precisely. I won't say of "art for art's sake." Stay! Yes, I will, though. The actor's art for the sake of the upholsterer's.

G. And you really think that sneer a just one?

W. Not entirely. To do complete justice in such a matter would require too long an enumeration of arts. The electrician and the machinist, the costumier and the wig-maker, must excuse me for having lumped all their efforts and effects together under the general category of upholstery.

G. I sometimes wonder, Warnford, whether it is through impudence or through malice that you lay traps to inveigle me into discussions after the order of Melchizedek, with neither beginning of years nor end of days. I could almost suspect that your last remarks were intended to prepare the way for a *plaidoyer* on behalf of what I may call the "barn" standard of Shakesperian representations. Can it really be that you are hankering after a bout of that dear old interminable dispute between those two classes of superior persons who flatter themselves upon a dramatic imagination so strong in the one party that no scenic accessories whatever are needed to assist it, so pure in the other that the utmost wealth of scenic accessories is powerless to distract it?

W. Reassure yourself, my dear fellow! I meditate no such waste of time. But let me, on the other hand,

protest against your growing fondness for the fallacy of extremes. I am not bound to advocate the "barn standard" of Shakesperian representation because I think the Lyceum standard unduly sumptuous; nor, let me add, am I bound to contend that the Lyceum *is* unduly sumptuous, for you or for others like you, when I maintain that it is calculated to make a very large number of luxurious people imagine that they admire the poetic drama when what is really delighting them is theatrical *spectacle*.

G. Pretty well, all this, for a man who complains of my cynicism! I should have thought that you would have set me an example of belief in human nature, by accepting the assurance of these worthy playgoers—as I, the so-called cynic, unreservedly accept it—that they are attracted to the Lyceum solely by a sincere admiration for the genius of Mr. Irving.

W. That is the very assertion which most discredits their sincerity in my estimation.

G. Good Heavens, Warnford! This passes the limits of the cynical. It is satanic.

W. You know the old *mot* upon the owl-like chancellor—that it was impossible for any one to be really as wise as Thurlow looked! I hold that it is equally impossible for any actor to be really as great as Mr. Irving would appear to be in the belief of his adorers.

G. Well, that depends of course upon the place which you assign to acting in the hierarchy of the arts.

W. Excuse me. It depends upon the place which you assign to acting in the hierarchy of all human occupations whatever. It depends upon whether you regard the actor as a greater figure on the stage of life than the greatest statesman, as a higher and nobler personality than the foremost of poets, as the centre of a more commanding influence than the most powerful of thinkers. Because, unless he is all of these things put together,

the fame which Mr. Irving has achieved is excessive.

G. I think you go a little too far. His present place in public estimation is, it seems to me, distinctly second to that of Mr. Gladstone, and I feel confident that if you could roll the Prime Minister, Lord Tennyson, and Mr. Herbert Spencer into one, the resulting prodigy would be still more competent to hold his own against this distinguished actor.

W. I greatly doubt it. I do not believe that your hypothetical statesman-poet-philosopher would draw anything like such crowded houses. I do not believe that so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen would send him forth with tears on a starring tour in the United States, or that they would welcome him half as enthusiastically when he came again with joy, bringing his sheaves of bank-notes with him. Still less do I believe that the audience of a crowded theatre would rise to their feet and direct a volley of applause towards a private box which happened to be occupied by somebody who happened to be related to the lady who happened to have accompanied him.

G. I gather from your remarks—you will correct me if I am wrong—that you think the tendency of our existing society is to make too much of actors.

W. I may have expressed myself inadequately, but that was certainly the suggestion which I wished to convey.

G. There is beyond doubt an unmistakable reaction against the contemptuous treatment to which these artists were once subjected.

W. Unmistakable. Our Episcopature will soon owe it only to the actor's forbearance that he does not deny Christian burial to bishops.

G. It is possibly with a view to averting that prohibition that the ecclesiastic has struck up an alliance with the actor in these latter days.

W. I have always contented myself with that explanation of the Church

and Stage Guild. But I would ask you in all seriousness whether you consider that a taste for the higher drama which is carried to these fantastic and extravagant lengths—a taste which exhibits so many marks of the folly peculiar to a fashionable craze—can be adduced in proof of the advance of modern society towards the ideal of Matthew Arnold's "humane life"? Convince me that it may, and in future I shall always regard the Dutch tulip mania as testifying to Mynheer's disinterested love of botany.

G. We seem to have changed foils, like Hamlet and Laertes. I hardly see why I, the so-called cynic, should be summoned to show cause against a denial of human progress.

W. Only that you were singing the praises of art at our last conversation.

G. I praised it for its satisfying effect upon those, or rather upon some of those, who practise it; of its humanising effect upon those who merely cultivate a more or less sincere and discriminating taste for it, I said nothing. However, cynic as you call me, I should be quite prepared to congratulate modern society on the distinct advantages which have accrued to it from the general advance in artistic taste which we have witnessed in the course of the present generation.

W. What, you, of all men, a believer in the way of salvation by blue china! of acceptance through the resurrection of Queen Anne! Do you really believe that life is humanised by merely making the walls of a drawing-room serve the purposes of a kitchen dresser, and that we are higher beings than when our tea-tables were not so easy to upset? Can Japanese fans and the triple-brass of fire-irons—

G. Supply you with any new variation upon a dismally hackneyed tune? No, they can't. The last joke that any intelligent man can laugh at has been cracked at æstheticism and its apostles long ago, and we may take it that all that can be proved by jokes has been

proved already. The jesters have shown that the "domestic art" movement has been taken up, like every other movement since the world began, by a large number of people in an unintelligently imitative fashion; that a great many persons pretend to admire what they hear, but do not feel, to be admirable, while many more, starting from a basis of genuine pleasure, and as yet undisciplined to that difficult attitude of the judgment which guarantees the sincerity without repressing the play of the æsthetic emotions, have corrupted the original honesty of their tastes with an alloy of affectation.

W. Well, suppose it were all genuine, what then? What has the love of pretty things, and a refined judgment as to their prettiness, got to do with the real advance of humanity, with the true elevation of human ideals? I can understand, though I can only very imperfectly appreciate the manner in which great imaginative art might contribute to that end. But all these cups and saucers and *plaques* and *dados*—all these objects of decorative art, in short—are only by courtesy or by confusion to be classed in the category of art at all. They have no affinities with art considered as a moral or intellectual influence upon life. The love of them is a mere refinement of luxury, and the nation which acquires it has no more right to deem itself truly progressive on that account alone, than an individual would be entitled to regard himself as nearer to the kingdom of heaven because he happens to possess a fine taste in claret.

G. Who said anything about human progress? Not I, certainly. I spoke of human happiness, or rather of the best substitute for what can have no real existence in a state (such as life is for the average mass of mankind) of perpetually recurring desires. Anything which tends to popularise the milder and more sober kind of pleasures, to substitute the less for the more vehement appetites, diminishes

the violence of that perpetual alternation—shortens, so to speak, the arc of those constant oscillations from longing to satiety, and back again to longing, which constitute and prove an essential unhappiness—because constituting or proving an essential unrest which is inconsistent with true happiness—in human existence.

W. It is very kind of you to reduce the question to the terms of a philosophic creed which I do not myself hold, and have never so much as adequately examined. I prefer to stick to practical life: and I say again that from the point of view of human progress, and of the part appointed to England therein, the development of art-luxury among us—for that is all it amounts to—is matter not of congratulation, but of regret and alarm.

G. Again the cynicism of the Optimist! You begin by setting up unattainable ideals of life, and then when you see men drawing no nearer to them, you denounce their defection from what you call "progress."

W. Unattainable ideals! Good Heavens! Is it really, then; extravagant to expect that the foremost races of the world should maintain their primacy?

G. Eminently extravagant, to judge from all the experience of history.

W. Is it so fanatically sanguine to believe that there might be *one* great World Power able to retain its sceptre of empire in a grasp unrelaxed by the opiates of wealth and ease?

G. How on earth can you expect to take opiates without their relaxing your grasp? You seem to think that the laws of cause and effect are to be suspended for the special accommodation of the British lion. Why, the lion of actuality might just as well complain that he cannot gorge himself into a state of torpor, and remain equally safe against the hunter.

W. You admit, then—or you seem to admit—that this growing refinement which you profess to welcome in the interest of human happiness is gradually preparing England to

become the prey of some barbarous, but hardier race.

G. I certainly see every reason to believe that such is the fate in store for us.

W. And you do not lament it?

G. Lament it? Why, I might as well lament the law of evolution, or the return of winter, or anything else which we look upon as invariable and consider disagreeable.

W. You do not strive against it?

G. Oh, there I beg your pardon. I have given a steady Tory-Jingo vote upon all questions connected with the empire for years past.

W. Why, if you think its downfall predestined?

G. Because, along with the forces which are determining that downfall, there are others impelling me to resist it.

W. But you hold that the social causes which are contributing to that disaster are at the same time making for human happiness.

G. Well, why not? The sum of human happiness—or rather the number and power of those distractions which are its best counterfeit in this sphere of being—has been gradually increasing throughout the ages while empire has been passing from one race to another. The process will probably continue when the sceptre has departed from *us*.

W. Your position, Garniston, is certainly a curious one. In practical politics, so far as you concern yourself with them, your views, as you say, and as I know, are rather of the ultra-patriotic kind. But on the speculative side you seem incapable of forming even a conception of what patriotism means, let alone appreciating the arguments by which the sentiment is defended. I could understand that position if you adopted even in theory, the attitude of a "citizen of the world." But you don't.

G. No, thank Heaven! my worst enemy can't accuse me of any prejudice so narrow as that of cosmopolitanism.

W. So narrow? Oh, I see. A citizen of the solar system.

G. What? When any fairly good telescope reveals to us an innumerable company of fixed stars, the suns of other planets tenanted, it may well be, by beings like ourselves—beings blessed perhaps with parliaments, and caucuses, and "harassed interests," and "legitimate aspirations," and everything else which must engage the concern of the thorough-going politician, I should regard myself as guilty of the most contemptible parochialism if I limited my sympathies to the inhabitants of those heavenly bodies whose orbit happens to be cast like ours within the gravitative attraction of the sun.

W. I apologise for the dishonouring suspicion. I ought, I suppose, to have perceived that you reserve your patriotic feelings for the Kosmos, in the sense of the whole material universe.

G. I must equally disclaim that nationality, except in so far as I may have acquired it by naturalisation. The Kosmos is not the country of my origin and allegiance.

W. Ah, now indeed you seem to me to be getting beyond the range of practical politics.

G. From what I may call the higher international point of view there is only one aspect in which a sentient being can be truly regarded. He is a citizen of the Absolute, temporarily domiciled in the region of the Conditioned. Do I express myself too transcendently?

W. Not at all. Go on.

G. I have nothing to add. The definition is as complete as I can make it.

W. Perhaps it needs no further elucidation; but on the whole I cease to wonder at your reluctance to present yourself as a candidate before a popular constituency.

G. I confess I have never seen my way to stating my view of life in any form well suited to an election address. But, seriously, I hold, with

as much fulness of conviction as ever fortified any Indian follower of Buddha, that the destined goal of all individual existence and the only final satisfaction of its restless longings is absorption in the infinite sum of Being.

W. Then why, in Heaven's name, do you not pass your time like the devotees, whom you seem to resemble? Why not imitate the Quietists of Mount Athos, and contemplate the pit of your stomach until that process produces its singular result of suffusing your whole being with an ineffable light of peace?

G. It would be enough to reply that the contemplation of the pit of an empty stomach begets restlessness rather than repose in the Western mind. But it would be a more dignified and quite as true an answer to say that I am an Englishman of the nineteenth century, and that the pressure of my surroundings more irresistibly impels me to the life of action than my beliefs to that of Quietism.

W. So you apparently compromise matters by carrying the theories of Quietism into the life of action. You are a Tory, and a Tory seems to me to be one of those enthusiasts who sits in rapt contemplation of the portly middle-class stomach of our body politic until there radiates from it a beatific effulgence of light, which he mistakes for the glory of the British constitution.

G. God bless the type! I know and admire it with all that heartfelt sympathy which can only be aroused in us through a quickening of our sense of humour. But it has practically ceased to exist. And besides, you are wrong in supposing—it is, indeed, if you will excuse me, a mere vulgar error to suppose—that Pessimism in philosophy leads necessarily to Toryism in politics. Why should it?

W. Why should it? Surely the temperament which engenders the philosophical belief is likely to beget the political creed also. He who starts with the theory that existence is an

evil, whether he looks forward, like the religious Pessimist, to a heaven, or like the irreligious Pessimist, to annihilation, as its sole cure, will hardly labour much or suffer anything for the sake of any modification of the outward forms which the evil may happen to wear.

G. Then a Spanish explorer of the new world, who had no belief in the El Dorado of his or his companions' search, would have no preferences as to the particular road by which the party should pursue their journey?

W. Would he not stand still?

G. Probably—if he could. And so the old-fashioned Tory did: and the pessimist might, by choice, no doubt, adopt the rôle of the old-fashioned Tory if it hadn't been struck out of the drama. But it has been. Needs must when the devil drives, and Fate, who is stronger than the devil (for she has decreed *his* disappearance also from the recognised *persona* of the drama of life), is urging us all onward with her invisible scourge. We must march, Tories and Liberals alike; be it grumbling or exulting, march we must. And whether one believes with the Tory that this particular path will at least lead us clear of the quagmires, or with the Liberal that that other is the sole road to the City of Gold, is a question with which philosophic Optimism and philosophic Pessimism have nothing to do.

W. Well, say what you will, I can never believe that without a faith in the human future, without a conviction that the choice of the true path in politics is not a matter of merely temporary but of enduring—I had almost said of eternal—interest, to mankind, one can ever display genuine tenacity in defence of the cause which he espouses.

G. Then let me tell you that you signally underrate the power of the combative instinct in the human breast, and have formed, moreover, a strangely inadequate estimate of the complexity of human motives. You might as well tell me that Tommy

Atkins, holding on like grim death through the long hours of that "loud Sabbath" to the ridge of La Haye, had fortified his stout British heart by a deliberately-formed conviction that "in the enduring, I had almost said the eternal, interests" of Europe the ambition of Napoleon required to be checked. No. Tommy only knew that he had been sent to Waterloo to beat Boney, and that he was bound to give and take as many hard knocks as might be necessary for that purpose. Do you remember that pithy homily of Themistocles to the Athenians before Salamis, on the text of the fighting cocks?—"animals who contended with so much obstinacy, though they fought neither for their country, their families, nor their liberty, but merely for the honour of victory."

W. Well, I can hardly say, as a Liberal, that I hope the Tory party will find that motive sufficient in your case if you ever enter Parliament; but what I cannot say as a Liberal, I may perhaps say as a friend of yours.

G. Make yourself quite easy on that score. If ever I am returned to Parliament I will vote regularly and vote straight. And you may depend upon it, that whatever happens, the Pessimistic philosophy shall not be discredited in my person. The Conservative whip shall report of me, that however eccentric may be my attitude towards the Absolute, I show by my regular presence in the right lobby at the right moment that I take a sound Conservative view of the categories of Space and Time.

H. D. T.

HEINE'S MOUNTAIN-IDYLLS

I.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

ON the mountain stands the shieling,
 Where the good old miner dwells;
 Green firs rustle, and the moonbeams
 Gild the mountain heights and fells.

In the shieling stands an armchair,
 Carven quaint and cunningly;
 Happy he who rests within it,
 And that happy guest am I.

On the footstool sits the lassie,
 Leans upon my lap her head;
 Eyes of blue, twin stars in heaven,
 Mouth as any rosebud red.

And the blue eyes gaze upon me,
 Limpid, large as midnight skies;
 And the lily finger archly
 On the opening rosebud lies.

“No, the mother cannot see us—
 At her wheel she spins away;
 Father hears not—he is singing
 To the zitter that old lay.”

So the little maiden whispers,
 Softly, that none else may hear,
 Whispers her profoundest secrets
 Unmistrusting in my ear.

“Now that auntie's dead, we cannot
 Go again to Goslar, where
 People flock to see the shooting:
 'Tis as merry as a fair.

“And up here it's lonely, lonely,
 On the mountain bleak and drear:
 For the snow lies deep in winter;
 We are buried half the year.

“And, you know, I'm such a coward,
 Frightened like a very child
 At the wicked mountain spirits,
 Goblins who by night run wild.”

Suddenly the sweet voice ceases ;
 Startled with a strange surprise
 At her own words straight the maiden
 Covers with both hands her eyes.

Louder outdoors moans the fir-tree,
 And the wheel goes whirring round ;
 Snatches of the song come wafted
 With the zitter's fitful sound.

Fear not, pretty one, nor tremble
 At the evil spirits' might ;
 Angels, dearest child, are keeping
 Watch around thee day and night.

II.

CONFESSIO FIDEI.

Outside, the green-fingered fir-tree
 Taps against the window pane ;
 And the moon, that pale eaves-dropper,
 Slyly peeps in on us twain ;

On us wide awake, still chatting :
 Through the half-closed bedroom door
 (Mother, father, both are sleeping)
 Comes a distant muffled snore.

"No, you never will persuade me
 That your daily prayers you say ;
 No, your lips are ever quivering,
 Not like lips of men who pray ;

"That satiric wicked quiver
 Strikes me with a sudden chill,
 Though one eye-glance, true and tender,
 All my doubts and fears can still.

"Yours, I'm sure, is not the right creed
 All good men believe, almost ;
 Tell me true, do you believe in
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ?"

"Ah, my child, when yet a small boy
 At my mother's knee I stood,
 I believed in God the Father
 High in Heaven, great and good :

"Who this glorious earth created,
 And us men, a glorious race ;
 Earth and sun and moon and planets,
 Pre-ordained for each his place.

"Then, my child, as I grew older,
Grew in years and wisdom won,
Reason taught me wider knowledge;
I believe too in the Son.)

"In the Son who, love revealing,
Lived for us and loved and died,
By the world, as the world's way is,
In requital crucified.

"Now I've read much, much have travelled,
Riper insight now can boast,
And my heart swells, with my whole heart
I believe in Holy Ghost.

"Marvels great He wrought of old time,
Greater will He work again;
He hath burst th' oppressor's stronghold,
He hath broke the prisoner's chain.

"Old-world wounds the Spirit healeth
And renews the ancient right;
All mankind by birth are equal,
All are noble in His sight.

"He dispels the mists and cobwebs,
Grinning phantoms of the brain,
Which by day and night molest us,
Mar our joy and mock our pain.

"Thousand knights well-harnessed serve him,
Day and night fulfil his best;
He hath armed their hands for battle,
And with courage filled their breast.

"Flash their trusty swords like lightning,
Stream afar their banners bold!
Ah, my child, 'twould please you rarely
Such brave champions to behold.

"Well then look on me—and kiss me—
Look straight at me, for I boast
I too, child, am of the knighthood,
Knighthood of the Holy Ghost!"

III.

A MOUNTAIN TRANSFORMATION.

Out of doors the moon is sinking
Slow behind the green fir-tree,
And the lamp within our chamber
Glimmers faint and fitfully.

But the starry pair of blue eyes
Brighter beam amid the shade,
Redder glows the purple rosebud,
And she speaks, my pretty maid :

“ Wee folk, little elfish thievers,
Filch our bacon and our bread ;
Safe at night within the cupboard,
Next day all away is sped.

“ Wee folk, dainty elfin gluttons,
Skim our milk on cream to sup,
Then they leave the bowl uncovered,
And the rest the cat laps up.

“ And the cat's a witch ! she slinks off
Through the storm at midnight hour,
To the witches' mountain yonder,
To the haunted castle tower.

“ There was once a lordly castle,
Gay with gleaming shield and lance ;
Lord and lady, squire and damsel,
Circled in the torchlight dance.

“ But there came a false enchantress,
Laid on all her wicked spell ;
Now amid the tumbled ruins
Only owls and owlets dwell.

“ But my aunt (Heaven rest her !) told me
If by night, at the right hour,
One should speak the right word, standing
On the right spot by the tower,

“ Straight again the lordly castle
From the ruined heap would spring,
Lord and lady, man and maiden,
Thread once more the torchlit ring.

“ And to him who spoke the right word
Keep and castle would belong,
Drum and trumpet greet his lordship,
Welcomed home with shout and song.”

Thus the fairy legends blossom
From the rose's opening bud,
Blue eyes with their starry magic
All my ravished senses flood.

With her flaxen locks the maiden
Binds my fingers, holds them fast,
Calls them pretty names, and laughing
Kisses, and is still at last.

All within the stilly chamber
A familiar aspect wears,
Sure I oft before had seen them,
Press and cupboard, table, chairs.

Like a friend the old clock gossips,
In my ear the zitter seems
Of its own accord to tinkle,
And I sit as one who dreams.

'Tis the right hour, 'tis the right spot!
Would you marvel greatly, dear,
If I now the right word uttered,
At this instant, standing here?

If I speak that word, the midnight
With the throes of dayspring quakes;
Stream and forest echo louder,
And the haunted mountain wakes.

Zitter's twang and elfin carols
From the mountain fissures ring,
And the forest burgeons, maddened
With untimely birth of spring;

Burgeons into magic blossoms
Fan-like foliage, flowers bright;
Breathes in myriad scents its passion,
Quickened by the season's might.

Roses like red flames upstarting
Shoot from out the wild turmoil,
Lilies rear their crystal pillars
Heavenward from th' enchanted soil.

Large as suns the stars in heaven
Downward beam with gaze intense,
And the lily's broad cup gathers
All their tender influence.

Meanwhile we ourselves, my darling,
Feel a rarer, subtler change;
Gold and silk around us shimmer,
Gleaming torches round us range.

You're a princess, and the shieling
Is a lordly castle, see!
Lord and lady, squire and damsel,
Dance before us merrily.

And 'tis I, 'tis I have won thee;
Thou and castle all belong
To my lordship; drum and trumpet
Hail me, greet me shout and song!

EASTER WEEK IN AMORGOS.

THIS, the remotest island of the Cycladic group, and the bulwark, so to speak, of the modern Greek kingdom, would well repay a visit at any other time than Easter week, for its quaint costumes and customs, and unadulterated simplicity; but Easter week is the great festival (*πανάγυρις*) of Amorgos, and is unlike Easter in other parts of Greece, for the Amorgotes at this time devote themselves to religious services and observances, which now scandalise the more advanced lights of the Hellenic Church, and greatly annoy the liberal-minded Methodios, Archbishop of Syra, in whose diocese Amorgos is situated, and who cannot bear the prophetic source (*μυρτίον*) for which this island is celebrated, and would stop it if he dared; but popular feeling, and the priests, who gain thereby, prevent him.

The steamer now touches here once a week—a dangerous enemy, indeed, to these primæval customs, but pleasanter than a caique—so we availed ourselves of it, and carried with us a letter of introduction to the Demarch of Amorgos from the head functionary in these parts, the Nomarch of the Cyclades. It is seldom calm between Amorgos and her neighbours; the full force of the Icarian sea runs into a narrow channel which separates her from some smaller islands. This fact, again, prior to the advent of the steamer, tended to keep the Amorgotes to themselves.

The few houses down by the quay at Amorgos do not offer much interest; ruins of a temple, and the ancient fortress town of Minoa which towers overhead, occupied us some time in antiquarian research. And then, after an hour's climb, we reached the town, situated 1,000 feet above the sea in a strong position, where

pirates could not molest it, and where every one stared at us as if we had come from the antipodes. The chief feature of the place is a big rock, 100 feet high, rising straight out of the centre of the town, on which the mediæval fortress stood, and around which cluster the flat-roofed houses; from the top of this rock the view over the much-indented coast and peaky mountains of Amorgos is truly magnificent.

The first object which struck us was the costume of the elderly women; that wretched steamer has brought in western fashion now, so that the younger women scorn their ancestral dress, but the old crones still seem to totter and stagger beneath the weight of their traditional headgear. There is a soft cushion on the top of the head, a foot high at least, covered with a dark handkerchief, and bound over the forehead with a yellow one; behind the head is another cushion, over which the dark handkerchief hangs half way down the back, and the yellow handkerchief is brought tightly over the mouth so as to leave only the nose projecting, and is then bound round so as to support the hindermost cushion. This complicated erection rejoices in the name of *tourlos*, and is hideously grotesque, except when the old women go to the wells, and come back with huge amphoræ full of water poised on the top of it, plying their distaffs busily the while, totally unconcerned about the weight on their heads. Naturally a head-dress such as this is not easy to change, and the old women rarely move it until their heads itch too violently from the vermin they have collected within.

We only saw the rest of the old Amorgote costume on a feast day;

with the exception of the *troulos*, or *tourlos*, the silks and brocades of olden days are abandoned in ordinary life.

The demarch received us rather gruffly at first; he was busy with the weekly post which had arrived by our steamer. He distributes the letters, there being no postman in the island. But when his labours were over he regaled us with the usual Greek hospitality, with coffee, sweetmeats, and *raki*, and then prepared to lay out a programme for our enjoyment.

"Papa Demetrios," said he, "is the only man who knows anything about Amorgos."

So the said priest was forthwith summoned, and intrusted with the charge of showing me the lions of Amorgos.

"We had better visit the points of archaeological interest first," said he. "Next week we shall be too busy with the festival to devote much time to them."

So accordingly the three next days were occupied in visits to remote parts of the island, old sites of towns, old towers and inscriptions, whilst the world was preparing for the Easter feast.

I do not propose to narrate the usual routine of a Greek Easter, the breaking of the long fast, the elaborately decorated lambs to be slaughtered for the meal, the nocturnal services, and the friendly greetings—of these everybody knows enough; but I shall confine myself to what is peculiar to Amorgos, and open my narrative on a lovely Easter morning, when all the world were in their festival attire ready to participate in the first day's programme.

First of all I must take the reader to visit a convent dedicated to the life-saving virgin (*παναγία χωλιβιότισσα*), the wonder of Amorgos. It is the wealthiest convent in Greece next to Megaspelaion, having all the richest lands in Amorgos and the neighbouring islands, besides possessions in Crete, in the Turkish islands, and

elsewhere. The position chosen for this convent is most extraordinary. A long line of cliff, about two miles from the town, runs sheer down 1,000 feet into the sea; a narrow road, or ledge, along the coast leads along this cliff to the convent, which is built half way up. Nothing but the outer wall is visible as you approach. The church and cells are made inside the rock. This convent was founded by the Byzantine emperor, Alexius Comnenus, whose picture existed until lately, but they suffer here frequently from rocks which fall from above, one of which fell not long ago and broke into the apse of the church and destroyed the picture of the emperor.

We entered by a drawbridge, with fortifications against pirates, and were shown into the reception room, where the superior, a brother of the member for Santorin, met us, and conducted us to the cells in the rock above, to the large storehouses below, and to the narrow church, with its five magnificent silver pictures, three of which were to be the object of such extraordinary veneration during Easter week. The position of this convent is truly awful. From the balconies one looks deep down into the sea, and overhead towers the red rock, blackened for some distance by the smoke of the convent fires; here and there are dotted holes in the rock where hermits used to dwell in almost inaccessible eyries. It is, geographically speaking, the natural frontier of Greece. Not twenty miles off we could see from the balcony the Turkish islands, and beyond them the coast of Asia Minor. Our friendly monks looked too sleepy and inert to think of suicide, otherwise every advantage would here be within their reach.

Three of the five silver *eikons* in this church were to be the object of our veneration for seven days to come. One adorns a portrait of the Madonna herself, found, they say, by some sailors in the sea below, and is beauti-

fully embossed and decorated with silver; one of St. George Balsamitis, the patron saint of the prophetic source of Amorgos, of which more anon; and the other is an iron cross set in silver, and found, they say, on the heights of Mount Krytelos, a desolate mountain to the north of Amorgos, only visited by peasants, who go there to cut down the prickly evergreen oak which covers it as fodder for their mules.

We were up and about early on Easter morning, the clanging of bells, and the bustle beneath our windows made it impossible to sleep. Papa Demetrios came in dressed exceedingly smartly in his best canonicals, to give us the Easter greeting. Even the demarch and his wife were more genial and gay. At nine o'clock we and all the world started forth on our pilgrimage to meet the holy *eikons* from the convent. The place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile from the town, at the top of the steep cliff, and here all the inhabitants of the island from the villages far and near were assembled to do reverence.

I was puzzled as to what could be the meaning of three round circles like threshing floors, left empty in the midst of the assemblage. All round were spread gay rugs and carpets, and rich brocades; every one seemed subdued by a sort of reverential awe. Papa Demetrios and two other chosen priests, together with their acolytes, set forth along the narrow road to the convent to fetch the *eikons*, for no monk is allowed to participate in this great ceremony. They must stop in their cells and pray; it would never do for them to be contaminated by the pomps and vanities of so gay a throng. So at the convent door, year after year at Easter time, the superior hands over to the three priests the three precious *eikons*, to be worshipped for a week. A standard led the way, the iron cross on a staff followed, the two *eikons* came next, and as they wended their way by the narrow path along the sea the priests and their acolytes chanted

monotonous music of praise. The crowd was now in breathless excitement as they were seen to approach, and as the three treasures were set up in the three threshing floors everybody prostrated himself on his carpet and worshipped. It was the great panegyric of Amorgos, and of the 5,000 inhabitants of the island not one who was able to come was absent. It was an impressive sight to look upon. Steep mountains on either side, below at a giddy depth the blue sea, and all around the fanatical islanders were lying prostrate in prayer, wrought to the highest pitch of religious fanaticism.

Amidst the firing of guns and ringing of bells the *eikons* were then conveyed into the town to the Church of Christ, a convent and church belonging to the monks of Chozobiotissa, and kept in readiness for them when business or dissipation summoned them to leave their cave retreat. Here vespers were sung in the presence of a crowded audience, and the first event of the feast was over.

Elsewhere in Greece on Easter day dancing would naturally ensue, but out of reverence to their guests no festivities are allowed of a frivolous nature, and every one walks to and fro with a religious awe upon him.

Monday dawned fair and bright as days always do about Easter time in Greece. Again the bustle and the clanging of bells awoke us early. There was a liturgy at the Church of Christ where the *eikons* were, and after that a priest was despatched in all hurry up to the summit of Mount Elias, which towers some 2,000 feet above the town. Here there is a small chapel dedicated to the prophet, and this was now prepared for the reception of the *eikons* by the priest and his men, and tables were spread with food and wine to regale such faithful as could climb so far. Meanwhile we watched what was going on below in the town, and saw the processions form, and the *eikons* go and pay their respects to other shrines prior to

commencing their arduous ascent up Mount Elias. It was curious to watch the progress up the rugged slopes, the standard-bearer in front, the *eikons* and priests behind, chanting hard all the time with lungs of iron. Not so my friend the demarch, with whom I walked. His portly frame felt serious inconvenience from such violent exercise, so we sat for a while on a stone, and he related to me how in times of drought these *eikons* would be borrowed from the convent to make a similar ascent to the summit of Mount Elias to pray for rain, and how the peasants would follow in crowds to kneel and pray before the shrine.

It is strange how closely the prophet Elias of the Christian Greek ritual corresponds to Apollo, the sun god of old; the name Elias and Helios doubtless suggested the idea, just as now St. Artemidos in some parts has the attributes of Artemis. When it thunders they say Prophet Elias is driving in his chariot in pursuit of dragons, he can send rain when he likes, like $\delta\mu\beta\rho\iota\sigma\ \text{Ze}\upsilon\varsigma$ of ancient mythology, and his temples, like those of Phœbus Apollo, are invariably set on high, and visited with great reverence in times of drought or deluge.

After the liturgy on Mount Elias the somewhat tired priests partook of the refreshments prepared for them, for Phœbus Apollo was very hot to-day, and the *eikons* were heavy, and my host, the demarch, enjoyed himself vastly, for his pious effort was over, and the descent was simple to him.

All the unenergetic world was waiting below, but we who had been to the top felt immensely superior, and Papa Demetrios gaily chaffed the lazy ones on the way to vespers in the metropolitan church for their lack of religious zeal. Here the *eikons* spent the second night of their absence from home. I was very curious about the next day's proceedings, for on Tuesday the *eikons* were to visit the once celebrated church of St. George Balsamitis, where is the prophetic

source of Amorgos. So I left the town early with a view to studying this spot, and if possible to open the oracle for myself before the crowd and the *eikons* should arrive. It is a wild walk along a narrow mountain ridge to the Church of St. George, about two miles from the town. Here I found Papa Anatolios, who has charge of this prophetic stream, very busily engaged in preparing for his guests. A repast for twenty was being laid out in the refectory, and he said a great deal about being too much occupied when I told him I wished to consult his oracle.

At the beginning of this century and during the War of Independence this oracle of Amorgos was consulted by thousands; sailors from all the islands round would come to consult it prior to taking a lengthened voyage, young men and maidens would consult it prior to taking the important step of matrimony; but during the piratical days which followed, the discovery was made that evil-intentioned men would work the oracle for their own ends. The spot is unprotected and easy of approach from the sea, so the pirates used to bribe the officiating priest to send an unwitting mariner to his doom. Despite all this the oracle is much consulted by the credulous, and reminds one forcibly of the shrine of Delphi of old, or the sanctuary of Trophonius, in the fluctuations of popular favour which have attended its utterings.

There is the church on the slopes of a hill commanding an almost deserted valley, there are the tall religious cypresses towering above it. The genius of the place is decidedly awe-inspiring. No habitations are near, only the ruins of an old water-mill, garlanded with maiden-hair, which was once doubtless worked by a branch of the sacred stream. Over the doorway, as I entered, I read that the church was repaired in 1688, and then I stepped with Papa Anatolios into the dark pronaos, covered with frescoes representing the adventures of St. George,

the modern Theseus, of St. Charalambos the modern Æsculapius, and of St. Nicholas, the modern Poseidon, the tutelary deity of seamen.

On entering the narthex Papa Anatolios still demurred much about opening the oracle for me, fearing that I intended to scoff; but at length I prevailed upon him, and he put on his chasuble and went hurriedly through the liturgy to St. George before the altar. After this he took a tumbler, which he asked me carefully to inspect, and on my expressing my satisfaction as to its cleanness he proceeded to unlock a little chapel on the right side of the narthex with mysterious gratings all round, and adorned inside and out with frescoes of the Byzantine school. Here was the sacred stream, the *ἀγίασμα*, which flows into a marble basin, carefully kept clean with a sponge at hand for the purpose lest any extraneous matter should by chance get in. Thereupon he filled the tumbler and went to examine its contents in the sun's rays with a microscope that he might read my destiny. He then returned to the steps of the altar and solemnly delivered his oracle. The priests of St. George have numerous unwritten rules, which they hand down from one to the other, and which guide them in delivering their answers. Papa Anatolios told me many of them.

1. If the water is clear with many white specks in it about the size of a small pearl, and if these sink but rise again, it signifies health and success but much controversy. I was a foreigner and a guest, so politely he prophesied this lot for me.

2. If there is a small white insect in the water, which rushes about hither and thither in the glass, there is no fear of storm or fire.

3. Black specks are bad, and indicate all sorts of misfortunes according to their position in the water; if they float they are prospective. Some that appeared in my glass sank, which Papa Anatolios told me referred to difficulties of the past.

4. Hairs are often found therein; these indicate cares, ill health, and loss of money. From these I was luckily exempt, but my unfortunate servant, who tried his luck after me, had lots in his glass. Poor man, he never recovered his peace of mind till dinner time, when the enlightened demarch laughed at his fears and told him some reassuring anecdotes.

5. When you ask a direct question concerning matrimony or otherwise, the wily priest regulates his answers by these microscopic atoms which float in the glass. If the marble bowl is empty at Easter time the year will be a bad one; if full, the contrary. This is easily accounted for by the rainfall.

These and many other points Papa Anatolios told me, and I thanked him for letting me off so mercifully.

To my surprise on offering him a remuneration for opening to me the oracle he flatly refused and seemed indignant.

Whilst waiting for the guests Papa Anatolios discoursed freely about his oracle. Centuries ago, he said, some lepers had bathed here and became clean, thereupon they dug in the ground and found the eikon of St. George, which now set in silver is kept at the convent, and was just about to revisit its hiding-place. The church of the oracle is rich, and at various epochs it has been filled with *ex voto* offerings, such as wedding wreaths from those who have consulted the oracle prior to matrimony and have been satisfied with the result; silver ships from mariners whose course has been directed safely by the oracle. All manner and kind of limbs are hung up here and there in dazzling confusion, very like, I thought, what an old heathen temple must have looked like when hung around with the *ἀνθήματα* to the gods. Nowhere is one brought so closely face to face with the connecting links between heathendom and Christendom as one is in Greece: the *eikons* themselves are worn away with kisses like that

statue of Hercules at Agrigentum, which Cicero speaks of as being worn away by the same pious treatment.¹ The lamps that burn before them, and the little household shrines, had all their parallel in the ancient belief.

About midday we heard the distant chanting of the procession, and soon the three *eikons* and their bearers were upon us. After the liturgy was over and the religious visit paid, we had a very jolly party in the refectory. Papa Anatolios produced the best products of the island—lamb, kids, fresh curdled cheese, wines, and fruits—and it was not till late in the afternoon that we started on our homeward route, still chanting and still worshipping these strange silver pictures from the convent.

We were all rather tired that evening on our return from the oracle, so next morning the bells failed to wake us early, and I was glad to learn that the *eikons* had started on a visit to a distant place where I had already been—Torlaki—where is an old round Hellenic tower; so during the early part of the day I strolled quietly about the town, and ingratiated myself as best I could into the good graces of the old women of the place, who had much that was quaint to tell me.

I had heard of Kera Maria's wonderful skill in incantations, and accordingly wished to hear one. It is exceedingly difficult to get at these quack charms for curing diseases by the magic of certain words, full faith in which exists largely in the remote islands, to the exasperation of the local Hippocrates. The old witch in question was of course busy with her loom—her *ἀργαλέον*, as they call them here, reminding one of the Homeric word to express toil and difficulty of execution; so I sent my man before me to inform her—by no means an untruth—that the English gentleman had a pain, and having heard of her skill in magic was desirous of being relieved of the same. She mumbled to herself as I entered, and as she mumbled she

made certain curious signs; her words were very indistinct, but that evening, thanks to the kindly aid of Papa Demetrios, I was able to obtain them and append a literal translation:—

“Belly! woeful belly!
Woeful and fearful that thou art,
Down on the sea shore, down on the beach,
Are three spoons,
One of them has honey, another milk,
another the entrails of a man,
Eat honey, drink milk, and leave the
bowels of the man.”

The quaintness of these incantations struck me forcibly in my wanderings through the islands. I collected many of them, but none quainter than this.

Whether the old dame's cure was effectual or not I shall never know; at all events I was strong enough that evening to walk down to the sea-shore to see the arrival there of the *eikons*, with their wonted accompaniment of chanting and festivity. The little harbour village was decked with flags, the caiques and brigs were also adorned, and a good deal of firing was going on in honour of the event. That night the *eikons* and I passed by the harbour certainly to my personal discomfort, for never in the course of my wanderings did I rest under a dirtier roof than that of Papa Manoulas. He is a proverbial Greek priest, having a family of eleven children; he keeps a sort of wine-shop restaurant for sailors, and excused the dirtiness of his table by saying that men had been drunk in his house the night before. He cooked our dinner for us in his tall hat, cassock, and shirt sleeves, and then put me to sleep in a box at the top of a ladder in one corner of the café, which was redolent of stock-fish, and alive with vermin.

I wanted no waking next morning, and was pacing the sea-shore long before the *eikons* had begun their day's work; it was fresh and bright everywhere except in Papa Manoulas' hole. To-day was to be the blessing of the ships, and as every Amorgiote, directly or indirectly, is interested in shipping,

¹ *In Verr.* iv. 43.

it was the chief day in the estimation of most. When the procession reached the shore the metropolitan priest of the island entered a bark decorated with carpets and fine linen, carrying with him the precious *eikon* of the life-saving Madonna; he was rowed to each ship in turn, and blessed them, whilst the people all knelt along the shore, and as each blessing was concluded a gun was fired as a herald of joy. The rest of the day was spent in revelry. I was glad not to be going to pass another night under Papa Manoulas' roof, for I felt sure that it would be dirtier than ever. Friday and Saturday were passed by the *eikons* and priests in complimentary visits, and liturgies in the numerous churches in and around the town. I did not accompany them on these journeys, and persuaded Papa Demetrios to come off with me on an excursion, for he too was tired of these repeated ceremonies, and was not sorry to transfer his *eikon* to inferior hands.

He took me a long trudge over hill and dale to visit his old father, a peasant of some eighty years of age, who owns and tills the site of the once powerful city of Arkesini, to the south of Amorgos. On our way we lunched at a quaint farmhouse. The furniture of the room we entered was primitive; a little low table, about a foot high, with stools all round, off which we fed; a lamp, fixed to a piece of wood, nailed on to a block, which could be carried about at will; all round the wall ran a shelf like a frieze, decorated with the household gods, old plates of the Venetian epoch mixed with modern bright pottery from the Dardanelles; in one corner stood a table on which, by way of ornament, was placed a red dried gourd and an abortive lemon, and the walls were decorated with those rude religious pictures, a large number of which found their way into Greece a few years back from Russia, when that country hoped, on the score of religion, to get a footing here.

An old woman and her grandchild

were busily occupied plucking cotton as we entered; they were very hospitable, and amused to see us, and under pressure from Papa Demetrios the old crone told us some interesting folklore beliefs. How there is an evil spirit close by which rises from the sea and seizes children, and how the mother of the afflicted infant has to go down at sunset to the shore and select forty round stones brought up by forty different waves; these she must take home and boil in vinegar, and when the cock crows the evil phantom will disappear and leave the child whole.

Papa Demetrios, on entering his father's house, touched the ground with his fingers as a token of respect before embracing him. His sisters, on the contrary, touched the ground with their fingers before kissing the proffered hand of their priestly brother. The old man was surrounded by his implements of husbandry—his plough, his sickle, and his wooden spade, his pronged hoe for trimming his vines (the *δίκελλα*, which we read of in Sophocles, and which still exists in Amorgos with its old name reduced to *δίκλα*). Into the crannies of his wall he had stowed away a lot of the antiquities he had found whilst digging. These he generously placed at my disposal—old plummets for lines, old weights and measures and implements for polishing marble. Before we left he gave us a pull at his raki-bottle, drinking first himself, according to the old custom, to prove that his liquor was not poisoned.

Papa Demetrios then personally conducted me over the ruins, every stone of which he knew by heart; and towards evening we bade farewell to the old man, and climbed up to a village called Brutzi, where we were to pass the night. There is a local proverb about the hospitality of this place—"Whoso goeth to Brutzi and does not get drunk is like a pilgrim who goeth to the Holy Sepulchre and doth not worship;" and this hospitality of Brutzi was no empty boast, for on our

arrival under the roof of a friend of my guide's, the neighbours flocked in with provender—one with eggs, another with wine, another with bread, and then came in our host with a little pig, which he killed, skinned, and roasted before our longing eyes. After dinner we had music, singing, and dancing to the tune of a primæval lyre; and on the morrow not a penny would our host take for all this hospitality. On Saturday we went a good distance to visit some Hellenic remains, and returned tired to the demarch's house that evening. The Sunday next after Easter may be said to be the real festival in Amorgos, for on this day the *eikons* return to their home. The same concourse of people assembled on the spot where they met them to bid farewell, and 500 men then accompanied the three priests all the way to the convent along the narrow road, and the monks beneficently presented each with as much bread and cheese as he could carry, for which purpose large baskets full of these materials were collected at the convent door; and the Easter dole took up well nigh all the afternoon.

Towards five o'clock there was a going to and fro in the little plateau before the church of the town. Old women with the large wagging *tourlos* on their heads arrived to get a good position for the sight, each with their little stool under their arms—these stools being about six inches high, and made of cross bits of wood and covered with goats' skin. Places were reserved for the demarch and ourselves on a stone ledge which runs along the façade of the church. The musicians came, and had seats placed for them under the wavy plane-tree which adorned the

middle of the square. There were three of them: one with a cithara, another with a lyre, and another with a flute. After half an hour's delay, the chief priest came and took the place of honour, being a stone arm-chair on the same ledge on which we were sitting, and this was the signal for the musicians to begin. The week's veneration for the *eikons* was at an end, and the Amorgiotes were now prepared for enjoyment.

Every one knows the beauties of the Greek *syrtos*, as the dance goes waving round and round the plane-tree in a village square, now fast, now slow, now three deep, now a single line, and then the capers of the leader as he twists and wriggles in contortions. Here in Amorgos the sight was improved by the brilliancy of one or two old costumes. One lady especially was resplendent; her *tourlos* was of green and red, her scarf an Eastern handkerchief such as we now use for antimacassars, coins and gold ornaments hung in profusion over her breast, her stomacher was of green and gold brocade, a gold sash round her waist, and a white crimped petticoat with flying streamers of pink and blue silk, pretty little brown skin shoes with red and green embroidery on them. She was an excellent dancer, too, a real joy to look upon. The men wore their baggy trousers, bright-coloured stockings, and embroidered coats; but the men of Amorgos are not equal to the women. The beauty of an Amorgiote female is proverbial.

My stay in Amorgos ended thus gaily. Next day the relentless steamer called and carried me off to other scenes.

J. THEODORE BENT.

WORDSWORTH'S RELATIONS TO SCIENCE.

In his *History of English Thought in the Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Leslie Stephen says that Wordsworth "hates science, because it regards facts without the imaginative and emotional colouring." The statement is not correct, but it expresses the belief generally held. And that this unfounded view should be the common one is scarcely surprising when we consider the way in which Wordsworth speaks of science and her votaries in the few writings known to the general reader which contain any allusion to them. For example, in *Stanzas suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees' Head*, he declares that to Promess, guided by the keen insight of the Genius of our age, "Matter and Spirit are as one Machine." In *The Tables Turned*, he contrasts the sweetness of "the lore which Nature brings" with "our meddling intellect," which "mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things." In his notes upon his poems he compares the botanical names given to the plants and flowers imported from all quarters of the globe with the touching and beautiful names of our indigenous flowers, and says, "Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society." He speaks of the better days when "Art's abused inventions were unknown," and of "undue respect" for "proud discoveries of the intellect." In the *Poet's Epitaph*, he calls the philosopher "a fingering slave; one that would peep and botanise upon his mother's grave;" and speaks of his "ever-dwindling

soul." The philosopher of that day is the man of science of this, as the literary and scientific societies of this day are the legitimate children of the literary and philosophical societies of ninety years ago. Wordsworth's botanical philosopher is the man of science "whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes," and we have it upon the authority of our poet, endorsed by common-sense, that such a one "is a slave, the meanest we can meet."

But we must remember that Wordsworth's life was a long one, and that he was born and educated before scientific inquiry had claimed the general acceptance which is now acknowledged to be her due. When the second edition of his *Lyrical Ballads* was published, in the year 1800, the Linnæan Society was the only learned body in England devoted to the investigation of a single branch of physical science. The Royal Society had existed for a century and a half, but the Royal Institution did not begin its labours until that very year; the Geological Society was established in 1808; the Institute of Civil Engineers in 1818; and the Royal Astronomical Society in 1821. The greatest triumphs of steam were still in the far future. There was much scientific speculation indeed, and often of great value, but there was as yet little patient, systematic, and wide-spread observation. Scientific inquiry was an individual, not a general, task. It had but little hold of the popular mind. It was looked upon with suspicion, if not with dread, by the religious world, who did not see that to strive against truth in any form was to strive against their own highest ideal. Before Wordsworth died, in

1850, the world of thought had changed, and it is no discredit to him to acknowledge that his range of vision had widened. His stand-point from time to time was different; but I hope to show that it was always a reasonable one, always rather in advance of, than behind, the times; the stand-point of an honest and earnest thinker, who was indeed a poet, but none the less a close observer, and a shrewd, practical, common-sense man.

I shall not attempt to exhaust the instances of the scornful way in which Wordsworth speaks of him whose life is spent in the consideration of details, and who never rises to a general view, never sees beyond "the mind of his own eyes." Nor shall I take account of the quality of the poetry which I cite or quote. I confine myself simply to what bears most directly upon my theme, and pass to that slightly tedious poem, in nine books, *The Excursion*, because in it Wordsworth treats frequently and fully of scientific inquiry and its results. We must listen to all he says in this poem on the subject, or we shall assuredly misconceive his relations to it.

His words are frequently those of condemnation. He speaks of "knowledge ill begun in cold remark on outward things," and ending "with formal inference;" of the prying, poring, and dwindling of the men who, "still dividing and dividing still," would weigh the planets in the hollow of a hand; of the philosophers who prize the human soul, with its thousand faculties and twice ten thousand interests, but "as a mirror that reflects to proud self-love her own intelligence." He describes "the wandering herbalist," who casts a slight regard of transitory interest upon the lofty crags and masses of rock around him, whilst peeping anxiously about "for some rare floweret of the hills;" and "the fellow wanderer," whose road and pathway may be traced by the scars his activity leaves behind:—

"He who with pocket-hammer smites the
edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, dis-
guised
In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths, detaching by the
stroke
A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts ;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous
name,
And hurries on ;
. . . . and thinks himself en-
riched,
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than
before !"

Although Wordsworth was brought up in the pre-scientific age, he knew that the world may be wiser, and even wealthier in the wealth which perishes not in the possessing, from the labours of patient and laborious observers with the imaginative power to make their observations of worth, and never dreamed of including such amongst those whom he satirised. He expresses indeed his admiration of "the great Newton's own ethereal self;" he describes with praise the astronomical researches of the Chaldeans, amongst whom "the imaginative faculty was lord of observations natural;" he lauds the "nicest observation and unrivalled skill" of the Greeks; he even points out the close connection between the higher mathematics and poetry, and tells how, "in geometric science," he "found both elevation and composed delight"; and his gentle satire is aimed at those, and at those alone, "whose mind is *but* the mind of their own eyes," and in geology, as in other things, the tribe is unlikely to become extinct.

He says frequently and plainly that such alone *are* the men he objects to, and that he objects to them because they never rise above that which they see to that which it really is; because they place the letter above the spirit, or perhaps do not know that there is any spirit, the light in them being darkness. He is careful to explain that even minute scientific inquiry

has not necessarily this soul-dwindling effect; that such result depends upon the character and capacity of the individual inquirer; that the human mole will grub into the earth wherever you may place him, and be satisfied therewith. "Some are of opinion," Wordsworth writes, "that the habit of analysing, decomposing, and anatomising, is inevitably unfavourable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect, and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less, but more apparent, as a whole, by a more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A *savant*, who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart, is a feeble and unhappy creature." But he speaks of the happiness of him who, "directed by a meek, sincere, and humble spirit," explores not human nature only but all natures, to the end that he may find the law that governs each, "the constitutions, powers, and faculties," that assign to every class of visible beings its station and its office—

"Through all the mighty commonwealth of things,
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man."

He does not hate science; he only sees clearly the errors and the dangers into which an undue appreciation of it, and a neglect of that which is outside of it, may cause its votaries to fall. He does not deny that it is an important realm of the intellect; but he does not hold it to be the most important. Take such a passage as the familiar one—

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were
heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

From such a passage we learn what it is which Wordsworth places far above scientific knowledge. He does not teach that poetry and science are necessarily antagonistic, but that they are different. He goes even further than this, and tells us that they should not be looked upon as enemies, but as intimate allies. True that in a note to the "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads" he explains that "much confusion has been introduced into criticism by the contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter of fact, or science." But this is no more than most men would readily admit. It is simply a question of more or less felicitous expression. Wordsworth holds that science will only be a "precious visitant," that it will only be of true worth when the loftier teachings of poetry supplement and embrace its instruction; that the man who neglects the imaginative side of his intellect cannot truly live; and that scientific observation, which has no out-look beyond the naked object, will make man dull and inanimate, will chain him to that object as a slave, instead of supporting and guiding his mind's excursive power.

When he turns to the visible outcome of scientific research, and considers the results of the practical application of scientific discovery to the useful arts, he sees both sides of the case and states them fairly. He takes a view which

is remarkable indeed for common sense, and in it, as in the whole of his relations to science, we are struck by the unerring instinct which leads him to admire the good and eschew the evil. He tells how the little hamlets have grown into huge continuous and compact towns; how the furthest glens have been penetrated "by stately roads, easy and bold:"

And wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
Hence is the wide sea peopled—hence the shores
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous!"

He is writing before beneficent legislation began to root out that infant slavery in England under which mere babies worked twice the hours which grown men will now consent to labour, and at tasks of the most fatiguing and degrading kind. And he looks upon both sides of the shield, and tells also of the darker aspect of the great change which has come over the land—

"When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale
". . . . And the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord;
Then in full many a region, once like this,
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
And, at the appointed hour, a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curfew knoll

That spake the Norman conqueror's stern
behest—
A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorge are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them at the crowded
door—
And in the courts—and where the rumbling
stream
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below; men, maidens,
youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice."

Fully and earnestly had Wordsworth felt the miserable inequalities in the conditions of existence, the depth of sadness in the lives of too many of the working poor, and the ever-increasing number of those in our great cities, where the application of scientific discovery has been carried the furthest, "who sit in darkness and there is no light." Nobly does he exclaim, and his exclamation claims audience of all men now as forcibly as when it was penned—

"Our life is turned
Out of her course, whenever man is made
An offering or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right, or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt."

Warmly does he protest in his latter days against the thirst for gold which would leave "no nook of English ground secure from rash assault." He inveighs in bitter terms against the invasion of his favourite mountain solitudes by the ruthless railway director in search of dividends. And his words have helped to save, in our own day, these last refuges of repose from the ravages of railways, saved them not only for the inhabitants of the district or for wealthy visitors, but for the toiling masses of our great centres of industry in the north of England, who, thanks to the proper application of railways, are able to

escape from time to time for a few hours from the ceaseless whirl and hum of machinery into these lovely and noble scenes, to "let the misty mountain wind be free to blow against them," and to

"Feel that this cold metallic motion,
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals."

The two letters to the *Morning Post*, in which Wordsworth, in 1844, discussed the projected Kendal and Windermere railway, are good examples of the calm, sensible, and thorough way in which he argues a question. He does not rave wildly against all railways, nor does he assume that all men, whether they be rich or poor, are fitted to appreciate the beauties of Nature. There is a good deal of Wordsworth, of Ruskin, and of humbug, in the present day's ready-made enthusiasm for natural beauty or grandeur, led up to by excellent roads, and not too remote from comfortable and well-ordered inns. But he puts his points strongly:—"The railway power, we know well, will not admit of being materially counteracted by sentiment; and who would wish it where large towns are connected, and the interests of trade and agriculture are substantially promoted by such mode of inter-communication? But, be it remembered, that this case is a peculiar one, and that the staple of the country is its beauty and its character of retirement." And again—"The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will, guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interests, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. If gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured, but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might hereafter be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, be selfishness, then, indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to

the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district merely, but, as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who, coming hither, shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily enjoy."

Wordsworth was no simple reviler of railways or of other useful scientific appliances. He felt the grandeur of the

"Motions and means, on land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling."

He would not judge them amiss. He had "that prophetic sense of future change, that power of vision," which enabled him to discover the soul which is behind even "steamboats, viaducts, and railways," and he sang of them—

"In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art; and
Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered
crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer
sublime."

He is not led to hate science because many of its votaries can see nothing beyond it, nor to decry its practical application because of the many abuses attendant upon that application. On the contrary, he bursts forth into full acknowledgment of the might of the power which he will not hold all mighty—

"Yet do I exult,
Casting reserve away—exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
That, by the thinking mind, have been
compelled
To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man."

This surely should go far to dispel the delusion that Wordsworth hated science. You do not hate the less because you hold that it is included in

the greater. You can scarcely hate that which you exult in and rejoice at.

At the beginning of the last book of *The Excursion*, we learn what, to Wordsworth, is the conclusion of the whole matter—

“To every form of being is assigned
An active principle : howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures ; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unending clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed ;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude ; from link to link
It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.”

This is that which we must remember whatever else we may forget—this spirit, this living principle, this “soul of all the worlds.” Preached often indeed by Wordsworth, the central thought of all his poetry, but not of his alone. This same truth we find in Genesis, “and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters ;” this in Proverbs, “rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth ; and my delights were with the sons of men ;” this in John, “in Him was life, and the life was the light of men ;” this in Milton's, “holy light, offspring of Heaven first born ;” this in Cowper's, “there lives and works a soul in all things ;” this in Shelley's, “light whose smile kindles the universe ;” this in Matthew Arnold's, “calm soul of all things ;” and in Robert Browning's, “the forests had done it ;” this repeated in many forms by all true poets in all true poetry, of which it is, indeed, a fundamental truth. And, this being so, however closely we may observe, whatever laws we may discover, however often we may “triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,” we have made but a little further progress into the illimitable unknown ; we are “groping blindly in the darkness,” until, by this talisman, we “touch God's right hand

in that darkness, and are lifted up and strengthened.”

Then we gather from Wordsworth's poems that he fully recognised the true value of science, and acknowledged the benefits to mankind accruing from scientific investigation applied to the arts of every-day life. We gather also that he saw how the value of these benefits was diminished by their inherent dangers. And he is careful to point out the chief danger, that of causing the soul to dwindle by centering its life upon petty, or even upon important, details, whilst neglecting the wider and higher fields of vision.

His views upon this matter are yet more directly stated in his prose writings—those writings so full of interest and of wisdom, yet so little known. In the pamphlet usually called *The Convention of Cintra* there are many passages in which he points out the danger I have referred to, and the way in which it must be avoided. I shall quote but one of these :—

“In many parts of Europe (and especially in our own country), men have been pressing forward, for some time, in a path which has betrayed by its fruitfulness ; furnishing them constant employment for picking up things about their feet, when thoughts were perishing in their minds. While mechanic arts, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, and all those products of knowledge which are confined to gross, definite, and tangible objects, have, with the aid of experimental philosophy, been every day putting on more brilliant colours, the splendour of the imagination has been fading. . . . Animal comforts have been rejoiced over, as if they were the end of being. . . . Now a country may advance, for some time, in this course with apparent profit ; these accommodations, by zealous encouragement, may be attained, and still the peasant or artisan, their master, be a slave in mind—a slave rendered even more abject by the very tenure under which these possessions are held ; and if they veil from us this fact, or reconcile us to it, they are worse than worthless.”

I do not wish to argue that physical science has any prominent place in Wordsworth's writings. That was not to be expected, for reasons

already sufficiently stated. But whenever it does come across his path, and he has to notice it, he does so in a clear-sighted and sympathetic way. This is the case throughout all his writings, from the familiar letters to his friends to the formal and carefully-polished sonnet; from his youthful days to the fulness of his years. He studiously discriminates between that which is evil and that which is good, and when he condemns, his condemnation is confined to those particular points upon which our greatest scientists would cordially unite with him. As in the last quotation, he points out the practical dangers which he saw in the too complete absorption in scientific pursuits, so in the following words, from his essay on the *Principles of Poetry*, he states explicitly what his views really were upon the relations between poetry and science:—

“The poet considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature; and thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those which, through labour and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure, but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . .

“If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect

effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.”

Thus, then, both from his prose and poetry we have seen what Wordsworth thought of the relations between poetry and science, and have learned how grave a misconception it is to speak of him as a science-hater. Since he ceased to write science has made gigantic strides, and has fulfilled some of his demands, and our true poets have not failed in some measure to recognise and avail themselves of the fact. But the dangers which he foresaw are still present with us, and in ever-increasing strength. They are actual, not imaginary dangers—dangers which affect our everyday lives; and Wordsworth's warning voice is even of greater value in our time than it was in his own.

For this is the day of specialised study—of specialised life. In all branches of human affairs, intense competition, the pressure of numbers, the desire to go far, the wish to know much and to know it accurately, have led to sub-division of labour, to the individual man's becoming a specialist—in some instances “a tool or implement.” In our manufactories apprentices no longer learn a trade but one department of a multiform business. In medicine there is a strong tendency to become attached to some special form of disease or disaster; in painting to walk along a certain path—that usually which is most economical of thought. In science it

is really necessary that a man should choose his subject, and devote his life to it, if he is to make any substantial progress, but it is his work-a-day life, not his whole life, which must be so devoted. The stunting and dwindling soul-processes must be counteracted; and surely it is to poetry that we must look as to the force which can best counteract them. Specialising is in its infancy in England as compared with Germany, and in Germany it has become so universal that poetry has almost ceased to be written.

A few weeks ago an eminent French critic said that, owing to the specialising tendency of science and to its all-devouring force, poetry would cease to be read in fifty years. Not English poetry, I trust and believe. We live in a time of transition. Science, which has won for mankind liberty of thought, and which has created for mankind "new heavens and a new earth," receives in our day her full meed of

praise. But all movements which depend upon the mind of man go forward in tides, and, for the moment, the tide of science flows on to the full whilst that of art is on the ebb. It is a time when it behoves those who believe that the relations of Wordsworth towards science were true and wise ones, to be firm in upholding them, and whilst, with him, exulting "to see an intellectual mastery exercised o'er the blind elements," yet to keep ever before the minds of men that the higher life is that which passes beyond the realms of sense into those of spirit; that there are emotions, passions, longings, of the mind of man, which are just as truly facts, and enter just as largely into the web of life, nay, which demand to be studied, understood, and accounted for, just as faithfully, and with just as fatal consequences for neglect or misunderstanding, as any of the laws which affect the physical world.

R. SPENCE WATSON.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

“*Que voulez-vous ? Hélas ! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure !*”

CHAPTER VIII.

BARBARA'S TUNE.

HARDING fell asleep towards morning, and woke from his slumber with a vague sense that the world had somehow expanded into a wide and pleasant place, and that he had inherited a share of it. And though the facts were not quite so splendid when he emerged from his drowsy reverie, enough remained of possibilities, golden or rosy, to colour and brighten that Saturday. It is something to wake to a conviction that one's feet are set on the way to love and wealth.

While he dressed, he thought of the letter he had to write, and then of its consequences. How long would it be before he would have the right to come and say to Barbara, “I have begun the fortune you ordered. I am not rich yet, but I have fairly started on the road to riches and Mitchelhurst—will you wait for me there?” Or might he not say, “Will you travel the rest of the way with me?” How long must it be before he could say that? Two years? Surely in two years he might unclose his lips; for he would work—it would be no wearisome task. A longing, new and strange, to labour for his love flooded the inmost recesses of his soul. The man's whole nature was suddenly broken up, and flowing forth as a stream in a springtide thaw. It seemed to him that he could give himself utterly to the most distasteful occupations; in fact, that he would reject and scorn any remnant of himself that had not toiled for Barbara.

The girl herself woke up, a room or two away, and lay with her eyes fixed

on the tester of the great shadowy bed. It was early, she need not get up for a few minutes more. The pale autumn morning stole in between the faded curtains, and lighted her vivid little face, a little face which might have been framed in a couple of encircling hands. And yet, small as it was, where it rested, with a cloud of dusky hair tossed round it over the pillow, it was the centre and the soul of that melancholy high-walled room. She had dreamed confusedly of Reynold Harding, and hardly knew where her dream ended and her waking thought began—perhaps because there was not much more reality in the one than in the other.

Girls have an ideal which they call First Love. It is rather a troublesome ideal, involving them in a thousand little perplexities, self-deceits, half-conscious falsehoods; but they adore it through them all. First Love is the treasure which must be given to the man they promise to marry; the bloom would be off the fruit, the dewdrop dried from the flower, if they could not assure him that the love they feel for him was the earliest that ever stirred within their hearts. The utmost fire of passion must have the freshness of shy spring blossoms. Love, in his supreme triumphant flight from soul to soul, must swear he never tried his wings before.

But, to be honest, how often can a girl speak confidently of her first love? She reads poems and stories, and the young fellows who come about her, while she is yet in her teens, are hardly more than incarnate chapters of her novels. How did she begin? She loved Hector, it may be, and King Arthur, and Roland,

and the Cid. Then perhaps she had a tender passion for Amyas Leigh, for the Heir of Redclyffe, or for Guy Livingstone; and the curate, or the squire's son, just home with his regiment from India, carries on the romance. This she assures herself is the mystic first love; but the curate goes to another parish, or the lieutenant's leave comes to an end, and the living novel is forgotten with the others. She will order more books from Mudie's and take an interest in them, and in the hero of some private theatricals at a country house close by. She will meet the young man who lives on the other side of the county, but who dances so perfectly and talks so well, at the bachelors' ball. She will think a while first of one, then of the other; and afterwards, when the time comes to make that assurance of first love, she will, half unconsciously, efface all these memories, and vow, with innocent, smiling lips, that her very dreams have held no shape till then.

Miss Strange was intent on the change in her little world of coloured shadows. Adrian Scarlett and Reynold Harding rose before her eyes as pictures, more life-like than she could find in her books, but pictures nevertheless, figures seen only in one aspect. Adrian, a facile, warmly-tinted sketch of a summer poet, Reynold, a sombre study in black and grey—what *could* the little girl by any possibility know of these young men more than this? Reynold's romance, with its fuller development, its melancholy background, its hints of passion and effort, might well absorb the larger share of her thoughts. Her part was marked out in it; she was startled to see how a word of hers had wakened a dormant resolution. She was flattered, and, though she was frightened too, she felt that she could not draw back; she had inspired young Harding with ambition, and she must encourage him and believe in him in his coming fight with fortune. Barbara found herself the heroine of a drama, and for the

sake of her new character she began to rearrange her first impressions of the hero, to dwell on the pathos of his story, to deepen the ditch into which he had slipped in her service, till it would hardly have known itself from a precipice, to soften the chilly repulsion which she had felt at their meeting into the simple effect of his proud reserve. She lay gazing upward, with a smile on her lips, picturing his final home-coming, grouping all the incidents of that triumphant day about the tall, dark figure with the Rothwell features, who was just the puppet of her pretty fancies. The vision of his future, expanding like a soap-bubble, rose from the dull earth, and caught the gay colours of Barbara's sunny hopes. Everything would go well, everything must go well; he should make his fortune while he was yet young, and come back to the flowery arches and clashing bells of rejoicing Mitchelhurst. Beyond that day her fancy hardly went. Of course he would have to take the name of Rothwell, the name which, for the perfection of her romance, should have been his by right. At that remembrance she paused dissatisfied—the pork-butcher was the one strong touch of reality in the whole story. In fact the mere thought of him brought her back to everyday life, and to the certainty that she must waste no more time in dreams.

Reynold, consulting his uncle's letter, found with some surprise that he had pushed silence to its utmost limit, and that another day's delay would have overstepped the boundary which Mr. Harding had so imperiously set. The discovery was a shock; it took away his breath for a moment, and then sent the blood coursing through his veins with a tingling exhilaration, the sense of a peril narrowly escaped. He was glad—glad in a defiant, unreasonable fashion—that he had not yielded till the last day, though at the same time he was uneasy till his answer should be despatched. He went up to his room

immediately after breakfast, and sat down to his task at the writing-table which faced the great window.

After one or two unsatisfactory beginnings he ended with the simplest possible note of acceptance, to which he added a postscript, informing his uncle that he should remain two or three days longer at Mitchelhurst Place, and hoped to receive his instructions there. He wrote a few lines to end the question of the tutorship for which he had been waiting, addressed the two envelopes, and leaned back in his chair to read his letters over before folding them.

As he did so he looked out over the far-spreading landscape. The sunshine broke through the veil of misty cloud and widened slowly over the land, catching here the sails of a wind-mill, idle in the autumn calm, there a church spire, or a bit of white road, or a group of poplars, or the red wall of an old farmhouse. The silver grey gave place to vaporous gold, and a pale brightness illumined the paper in his hand on which those fateful lines were written. One would have said Mitchelhurst was smiling broadly at his resolution. Reynold stretched himself and returned the smile as if the landscape were an old friend who greeted him, and tilting his chair backward he thrust his letter into the directed cover.

"When I come back," he said to himself, "I will take this room for mine."

Writing his acceptance of his uncle's offer had not been pleasant, yet now that it was done he contemplated the superscription,

"*R. Harding, Esq.,*"

with grave satisfaction. Finally, he took up the pen once more, hesitated, balanced it between his fingers, and then let it fall. "Why should I write to her?" said he, while a sullen shadow crossed his face. "She will hear it soon enough. Since she is to have her own way about my career for the rest of my life, she may well

wait a day or two to know it. Besides, I can't explain in a letter why I have given in. No, I won't write to-day." He shut up his blotting-case with an impatient gesture, and there was nothing for Mrs. Sidney Harding by that afternoon's post.

He went down the great stone stairs with his letters, and laid them on the hall table, as Barbara had told him to do. Then, pausing for a moment to study the weather-glass, a note or two, uncertainly struck, attracted his attention. The door of the yellow drawing-room was partly open, and Mr. Hayes was presumably out, for Barbara was at the old piano. When Harding turned his head he could see her from where he stood. The light from the south window fell on the simple folds of her soft woollen dress, and brightened them to a brownish gold. She sat with her head slightly bent, touching the keys questioningly and tentatively, till she found a little snatch of melody, which she played more than once as if she were eagerly listening to it. The piano was worn out, of that there could be no doubt, yet Reynold found enchantment in the shallow tinkling sounds. He could not have uttered his feelings in any words at his command, but that mattered the less since Mr. Adrian Scarlett had enjoyed *his* feelings in the summer time, and, touching them up a little, had arranged them in verse. It was surely honour enough for that poor little tune that its record was destined to appear one day in the young fellow's volume of poems.

AT HER PIANO.

*It chanced I loitered through a room,
Dusk with a shaded, sultry gloom,
And full of memories of old times—
I lingered, shaping into rhymes
My visions of those earlier days
Mid their neglected waifs and strays;
A yellowing keyboard caught my gaze,
And straight I fancied, as I stood
Resting my hand on polished wood,
Letting my eyes contented trace,
The daintiness of inlaid grace,
That Music's ghost, outworn and spent,
Dreamed, near her antique instrument.*

*But when I broke its silence, fain
To call an echo back again
Of some old-fashioned, tender strain,
Played once by player long since dead—
I found my dream of music fled!
The chords I wakened could but speak
In jangled utterance, thin and weak,
In shallow discords, as when age
Reaches its last decrepit stage,
In feeble notes that seemed to chide—
This was the end! I stepped aside,
In my impatient weariness,
Into the window's draped recess,
Without, was all the joy of June,
Within, a piano out of tune!*

*But while, half hidden, thus I stayed,
There came in one who lightly laid
White hands upon the yellow keys
To seek their lingering harmonies.
I think she sighed—I know she smiled—
And straightway Music was beguiled,
And all the faded bygone years,
With all their bygone hopes and fears,
Their long-forgotten smiles and tears,
Their empty dreams that meant so much,
Began to sing beneath her touch.*

*The notes that Time had taught to fret,
Racked with a querulous regret,
Forsook their burden of complaint
For melodies more sweetly faint
Than lovers ever dreamed in sleep—
Than rippling murmurs of the deep—
Than whispered hope of endless peace—
Ah, let her play or let her cease,
For still that sound is in the air,
And still I see her seated there!*

*Yet, even as her fingers ranged,
I knew those jangled notes unchanged,
My soul had heard, in ear's despite,
And Love had made the music right.*

So had Master Adrian written, after a good deal of work with note-book and pencil, during a long summer afternoon, and then had carried his rhymes away, to polish them at his leisure. Reynold Harding merely stood listening in the hall, as motionless as if he were the ghost of some tall young Rothwell, called back and held entranced by the sound of the familiar instrument. Barbara knew no more of his silent presence than she did of Adrian's verses. When she paused he stepped lightly away without disturbing her. He was very ignorant of music; he had no idea what it was

that she had played; to him it was just Barbara's tune, and he felt that, when he left Mitchelhurst, he should carry it in his heart, to sing softly to him on his way.

He passed into the garden and loitered there, recalling the notes after a tuneless fashion of his own. The neglected grounds, which had seemed so sodden and sad when first he looked out upon them, had a pale, shining beauty as he walked to and fro, keeping time to the memory of Barbara's music. The eye did not dwell on their desolation, but passed through the leafless boughs to bright misty distances of earth and cloud-land. Reynold halted at last by the old sun-dial. The softly diffused radiance marked no passing hour upon it, but rather seemed to tell of measureless rest and peace. There was a slight autumnal fragrance in the air, but the young man perceived a sweeter breath, and stooping to the black earth he found two or three violets half hidden in their clustering leaves. He hardly knew why they gave him the pleasure they did; he was not accustomed to find such delicate pleasure in such things. Perhaps if he had analysed his feelings he might have seen that, for a man who had just pledged himself to a life of hurrying toil, there was a subtle charm in the very stillness and decay and indolent content of Mitchelhurst, breathing its odours of box and yew into the damp, windless air. It was a curious little pause before the final plunge. Reynold felt it even if he did not altogether understand, as he stood by the sun-dial which recorded nothing, with the violets at his feet, and the rooks sailing overhead across the faintly-tinted sky. A clump of overgrown dock-leaves stirred suddenly, Barbara's cat pushed its way through them and came to rub itself against him. He bent down and caressed it. "I'll come again—I'll come home," he said softly, as he stroked its arching back.

CHAPTER IX.

OF MAGIC LANTERNS.

It was fortunate that young Harding demanded little in the way of gaiety from Mitchellhurst. Such as it could give, however, it gave that evening, when the vicar, and a country squire who had a small place five or six miles away, came to dinner. The clergyman was a pallid, undersized man, who blinked and twitched his lips when he was not speaking, and had a nervous trick of assenting to every proposition with an emphatic "Yes, yes." After the utterance of this formula his conscience usually awoke, and compelled him to protest, for he considered most things that were said or done in the world as at any rate slightly reprehensible. This might happen ten times in one conversation, but the assent did not fail to come as readily the tenth time as the first. It would only have been necessary to say, with a sufficient air of conviction, "You see, don't you, Mr. Pryor, that under these circumstances I was perfectly justified in cutting my grandmother's throat with a blunt knife?" to secure a fervent "Yes, yes!" in reply.

The squire was not half an inch taller, a little beardless man with withered red cheeks, and brown hair which was curiously like a wig. Barbara had doubted through two or three interviews whether it was a wig or not, and she had been pleased when he talked to her, because it gave her an excuse for looking fixedly in the direction of his head. At last he arrived one day with his hair very badly cut, and a bit of plaster on his ear, where the village barber had snipped it, after which she took no further interest in him. Happily her previous attention had given him a very high opinion of her intelligence and good taste, and Mr. Masters remained her loyal admirer. "A very sensible girl, Miss Strange," he would say, and Mr. Pryor would reply "Yes, yes," and then add doubtfully

that he feared she was rather flighty and that her indifference to serious questions was much to be regretted. This meant that Barbara would not take a class in the Sunday-school, and cared nothing about old books and tombstones.

The dinner was not a conversational success. Mr. Masters, on being introduced to Reynold Harding, was amazed at the likeness to the old family, and repeatedly exclaimed, "God bless my soul! How very remarkable!" Harding looked self-conscious and uncomfortable, and the vicar said "Yes, exactly so." The little squire's eyes kept wandering from the young man's face to the wall and back again, as if he were referring him to all the family portraits. By the time they had finished their fish the resemblance was singularly heightened. Reynold was scowling blackly, and answering in monosyllables, which seemed to grate against each other as he uttered them. Mr. Hayes, who did not care twopence for his young guest's feelings, looked on with indifferent eyes, and would not interfere, while Barbara made a gallant little attempt to divert attention from Reynold's ill-temper by talking with incoherent liveliness to the clergyman. As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Masters, who had more than once addressed his new acquaintance as "Mr. Rothwell," suddenly grasped the fact that he was not Rothwell at all, but Harding, and began to take an unnecessary interest in the Harding pedigree. He was so eager in his investigation that he did not see the young man's silent fury, but went on recalling different Hardings he had known or heard of. "That might be about your grandfather's time," he reckoned.

"You never knew my Hardings!" said Reynold abruptly, in so unmistakable a tone that Mr. Masters stopped short, and looked wonderingly at him, while Barbara faltered in the middle of a sentence. At that moment the remembrance of his grandfather was an intolerable humiliation

to the poor fellow, tenfold worse because Barbara would understand. The dark blood had risen to his face and swollen the veins on his forehead, and his glance met hers. She coloured, and he took it as a confession that he had divined her thoughts. In truth she was startled and frightened at her hero of romance under this new aspect.

"Pryor," said Mr. Hayes sharply, "you are all wrong about that inscription in the church. Masters and I have been talking it over—eh, Masters?—and we have made up our minds that your theory won't do."

"Yes," said the vicar, and Mr. Masters chimed in, following his host's lead almost mechanically. The worthy little squire concluded that he must have said something dreadful, and wondered, as he talked, what these Hardings could have done. "I suppose some of 'em were hanged," he said to himself, and stole a glance of commiseration at Reynold, who was gloomily intent upon his plate. "People ought to let one know beforehand when there's anything disagreeable like that—why, one might talk about ropes! I shall speak to Hayes, though perhaps he doesn't know. A deucedly unpleasant young fellow, but so was John Rothwell, and it must be uncommonly uncomfortable to have anything of that kind in one's family. God bless my soul! he looked as if he were going to murder me!"

Barbara breathed again when the inscription was mentioned, recognising a safe and familiar topic, warranted to wear well. They had not ended the discussion when she left them to their wine. Mr. Masters was quicker than Reynold, and held the door open for her to pass, with a little old-fashioned bow, but he exclaimed over his shoulder as he closed it, "No, no, Pryor, you are begging the question of the date," and she went away with those encouraging words in her ears. Mr. Masters and Mr. Pryor might disagree as much as they pleased. They would never come to any harm.

Still, as she waited alone till the gentlemen should come, she could not help feeling depressed. The yellow drawing-room was more brilliantly lighted than usual, and the portrait of Anthony Rothwell chanced to be especially illuminated. Barbara sat down on a low chair, and took a book, but she turned the leaves idly, and whenever she lifted her eyes she met the painted gaze of the face that was so like Reynold. By nature she was happy enough, but her lonely life in the desolate old place, the lack of sympathy, which threw her back entirely on her own thoughts, the desires and dreams which she did not herself understand, but which sprang up and budded in the twilight of her innocent soul, had all combined to make her unnaturally imaginative. A little careless irresponsibility, a little healthy fun and excitement, would have cured her directly. But, meanwhile, the silence and decay of the great hollow house impressed her as it would not have impressed a heavier nature. She was like a butterfly in that wilderness of stone, brightening the spot on which she alighted, but failing to find the sunlight that she sought. Her moods would vary from one moment to the next, answering the subtle influences which a breath of wholesome air from the outer world would have blown away. As she sat there that evening she wished she could escape from Mitchelhurst and Mr. Harding. His angry glance had printed itself upon her memory, and it haunted her. She had been playing with his hopes, trying to awaken his ambition, thinking lightly of the Rothwell temper as a mere item in the romantic likeness, and suddenly she had caught sight of something menacing and cruel, beyond all strength of hers. She lifted her head, and Anthony Rothwell looked as if he were smiling in malicious enjoyment at her trouble. The very effort she made to keep her eyes from the picture drew them to it more certainly, till the firelit room seemed to contract

about the portrait and herself, leaving no chance of escape from the ghostly *tête-à-tête*.

The sound of steps broke the spell. She threw down her book as the door opened, and could scarcely help laughing at the queer little company, the three small elderly men, and the tall young fellow who towered over them. A covert glance told her that Reynold was as pale, or paler, than usual, and she noticed that he answered in a constrained but studiously polite manner when the good-natured little squire made some remark on the chilliness of the autumn evenings. After a moment he came across to her, and stood with his elbow on the chimney-piece, looking at the blazing logs, while Anthony Rothwell smiled over his shoulder.

Barbara wondered what she should say to the pair of them, and she tormented her little lace-edged handkerchief in her embarrassment. Finally she let it fall. Young Harding stooped for it, and as he gave it back their eyes met, and he smiled.

"Are you going to play to us?" he asked.

"I wish Miss Strange would play for me at my entertainment at the schools next week," said Mr. Pryor plaintively. "Won't you be persuaded, Miss Strange?"

"I'll play for you now if you like," she answered, "but you know my uncle won't let me play at the penny readings. And really it is no loss, I am nothing of a musician."

The vicar sighed and looked across at Mr. Hayes. "I wish he would!" he said. "Couldn't you persuade him? I can't get the programme arranged properly."

"Why, haven't you got the usual people?"

"Yes, yes, I have got the usual people. But perhaps," said Mr. Pryor, not unreasonably, "it would be as well to have something a little different—a little new, you know. It is extremely kind of them, but the audience, the back benches, don't you

know?—Well, I suppose they like variety."

Barbara looked gravely sympathetic. "And it's rather awkward," Mr. Pryor continued, "young Dickson at the mill has some engagement that evening, and won't be able to sing 'Simon the Cellarer,' unless I put it the first thing."

"Why, he sings nothing else!" Miss Strange exclaimed.

"Yes, he *does* know two other songs, I believe, but they are, in my opinion, too broadly comic for such an entertainment as this. He hummed a little bit of one in my study one evening, in a *very* subdued manner, of course, just to give me an idea. I saw at once that it would never do. I stopped him directly, but I found myself singing the very objectionable words about the parish for days. Not *aloud*, you know, not *aloud*!"

Mr. Pryor looked sternly over the top of Miss Strange's head, and pressed his lips so tightly together that she was quite sure he was singing Mr. Harry Dickson's objectionable song to himself at that very moment.

"But why shouldn't he sing 'Simon the Cellarer' at the beginning just as well as at the end?" she questioned.

"Yes," said the vicar, "but there is my little reading, of course that must come in early—my position as the clergyman of the parish, you see. And I thought of something a little improving, a short reading out of a volume of selections I happen to have, 'Simon the Cyrenian.'"

"Why, you read that before," Barbara began, and then stopped and coloured.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Pryor, "I did, but I don't think they paid much attention, the back benches were rather noisy that evening, and it is a nice length, and seems very suitable. But the difficulty is how to keep 'Simon the Cellarer' and 'Simon the Cyrenian' apart on the programme. I don't know how it is to be managed, I'm sure. I thought perhaps you would play us something appropriate

between the song and the reading. I'm afraid some of the audience may smile."

Reynold took his arm from the chimney-piece. "Appropriate to both Simons?" he inquired.

"Yes, just so, to both Simons. At least, not exactly that, but something by way of a transition, I suppose."

"I wonder what that would be like," Barbara speculated. "I'm really very sorry I can't help you, Mr. Pryor."

"Oh never mind," said the clergyman. "I did tell Dickson he might change the name in his song, but he wouldn't, in fact he answered rather flippantly. Well, I suppose I must find another reading, but it's a pity, when I knew of this one. Such a suitable length! Unless," he looked at Reynold, "unless your friend—"

Reynold's "No!" was charged with intense astonishment and horror. "I can't play a note," he added.

"But you could recite something," Mr. Pryor persisted. "Now that would really be very kind. Something like the 'Charge of the Light Brigade'—'Into the valley of death, don't you know, 'Rode the six hundred'—that pleases an audience. We had a young man from Manchester once who did that very well, a *little* too much action, perhaps, but remarkably well. Or something American—American humour. If it isn't flippant I see no objection to it; one should not be too particular, I think. And it is very popular. Not flippant, and not too broad—but I needn't say that—I feel very safe with you. I'm sure you would not select anything broad."

Harding had recoiled a step or two, and stood with a stony gaze of unspeakable scorn. "It's out of the question," he said, "I couldn't think of such a thing. It's utterly impossible. Besides, I shall be gone."

"Well, I'm very sorry," said the vicar, "I only thought perhaps you might." He turned to Barbara, "Your other friend was so very kind at our little harvest home. Mr.—I forget his name—but it was very good of him."

"Mr. Scarlett," said Barbara. She had her hand up, guarding her eyes from the flickering brightness of a log which had just burst into flame, and Reynold, looking down at her, questioned within himself whether there were not a faint reflection of the name upon her cheek. But it might be his jealous fancy.

"Yes, yes, Scarlett, so it was. A very amusing young man."

This soothed the sullen bystander a little, though he hardly knew why, unless it might be that he fancied that Barbara would not like to hear Mr. Scarlett described as a very amusing young man. But when she answered "Very amusing," with a certain slight crispness of tone, it struck him that he would have preferred that she should be indifferent.

The vicar took his leave a little later, mentioning the duties of the next day as a reason for his early departure. "Must be prepared, you know," he said as he shook hands with the squire.

Mr. Hayes came back from the door, smiling his little contemptuous smile. "That means that he has to open a drawer, and take out an old sermon," he said, turning to Mr. Masters. "Well, as I was saying—"

"Does he always preach old sermons?" Reynold asked Barbara.

"I think so. They always look very yellow, and they always seem old."

"Always preaches old sermons, and has the same old penny readings—do you go?"

"Oh yes, we always go. Uncle thinks we ought to go, only he won't let me do anything."

"Do you *want* to do anything?"

"No," said the girl. It was a truthful answer, but her consciousness of the intense scorn in Harding's voice made it doubly prompt.

"But do you like going?"

She hesitated. "Oh yes, sometimes. I liked going to the harvest home entertainment."

"Oh!" A pause. "Did Mr. Scarlett sing 'Simon the Cellarer'?"

"No, he did not." After a moment

she went on. "They are not always penny readings; a little while ago we had a magic lantern and some sacred music. They were views of the Holy Land, you know, that was why we had sacred music."

"Oh!" said Reynold again. "And did you enjoy the views of the Holy Land?"

"Well, not so very much," she owned. "They didn't get the light right at first, and they were not very distinct, so he told us all about Bethlehem, and then found out that they had put in the wrong slide, and it was the woman at the well, so they had to change her, and then he told us all about Bethlehem over again. Joppa was the best, a fly got in somewhere and ran about over the roofs of the houses—it looked as big as a cat. I shall always remember about Joppa now. Poor Mr. Pryor began quite gravely—" Barbara paused, turned her head to see that her uncle was sufficiently absorbed, and then softly mimicked the clergyman's manner. "'Joppa, or Jaffa, may be considered the port of Jerusalem. It is built on a conical eminence overhanging the sea'—and then he saw us all whispering and laughing, and the fly running about. He told us it wasn't reverent; he was dreadfully cross about it. He stopped while they took Joppa out, and, I suppose, they caught the fly. Anyhow it never got in any more. Oh yes, it was rather amusing altogether."

"Was it?"

She threw her head back and looked up at him. "You are laughing at me," she said in a low voice, "but it isn't always so very amusing at home."

His face softened instantly. "I oughtn't to have laughed," he said. "I ought to know—" He could picture Barbara shut up with her smiling, selfish, unsympathetic little uncle, in the black winter evenings that were coming, all the fancies and dreams of eighteen pent within those white-panelled walls, and exhaling sadly in little sighs of weariness over book

or needlework. But he saw another picture too, a dull London sitting-room whose dreariness seemed intensely concentrated on the face of a disappointed woman. Life had held little more for him than for Barbara, but he had rejected even its dreams, and had spent his musing hours in distilling the bitterness of scorn from its sordid realities. He would not have been cheered by a magnified fly. "You are wiser than I am, Miss Strange," he said abruptly.

"What do you mean?"

"You take what you can get."

She considered for a moment. "You mean that I go to Mr. Pryor's entertainments, and hear 'Simon the ——'"

"Cyrenian! Yes, and see Joppa in a magic lantern. That is very wise when the real Joppa is out of reach."

"I don't know," said Barbara hesitatingly, "that I ever very particularly wanted to go to Joppa."

"Nor I," said Harding, "but being some way off it will serve for all the unattainable places where we do want to be. 'Joppa may be considered the port of Jerusalem'—wasn't that what Mr. Pryor said?" He repeated it slowly as if the words pleased him. "And where do you really want to go?"

"To Paris," said Barbara, with a world of longing in the word. "To Paris, and then to Italy. And then—oh, anywhere! But to Paris first."

"Paris!" Harding seemed to be recording her choice. "Well, that sounds possible enough. Surely you may count on Paris one of these days, Miss Strange; and meanwhile you can have a look at it with the help of the magic lantern."

She laughed. "Not Mr. Pryor's."

"Oh no, not Mr. Pryor's. I shouldn't fancy there were any Parisian slides in his. But I suspect you have a magic lantern of your own which shows it to you whenever you please."

"Pretty often," she confessed.

The dialogue was interrupted by a tardy request for some music from Mr. Masters. Barbara went obediently

to the piano, and Reynold followed her. She would rather he had stayed by the fireside; his conscientious attempts to turn the leaf at the right time confused her dreadfully, and she dared not say to him as she might have done to another man, "I like to turn the pages for myself, please." Suppose he should be hurt or vexed? She was learning to look upon him as a kind of thunder-cloud, out of which, without a moment's warning, came flashes of passion, of feeling, of resolution, of fury, of scorn. She did not know what drew them down. So she accepted his attentions, and smiled her gratitude. If only ("Yes, please!" in answer to an inquiring glance)—if only he would always be too soon, or always a little too late! Instead of which he arrived at a tolerable average by virtue of the variety of his failures. Worst of all was a terrible moment of uncertainty, when, having turned too soon, he thought of turning back. "No, no!" cried Barbara.

"I'm very stupid," said Harding, "I'm afraid I put you out." "No, no," again from Barbara, while her busy fingers worked unceasingly. "Couldn't you give me just a little nod when it's time?" A brief pause, during which his eyes are fixed with agonised intensity on her head, a fact of which she is painfully conscious, though her own are riveted on the page before her. She nods spasmodically, and Reynold turns the leaf so hurriedly that it comes sliding down upon the flying hands, and has to be caught and replaced. As usual, displeasure at his own clumsiness makes him sullen and silent, and he stands back without a word when the performance is over. Mr. Masters thanks, applauds, talks a little in the style which for the last forty years or so he has considered appropriate to the young ladies of his acquaintance, and finally says good-night, and bows himself out of the room.

Mr. Hayes stands on the rug, and hides a little yawn behind his little hand. "Is Masters trying to make

himself agreeable?" he asks. "Let me know if I am to look out for another housekeeper, Barbara."

Barbara has no brilliant reply ready. The hackneyed joke displeases her. As her uncle speaks, she can actually see Littlemere, the village where the small squire lives; a three-cornered green, tufted with rushy grass, with a cow and half-a-dozen geese on it; a few cottages, with their week's wash hung out to dry; a round pond, green with duckweed; a small alehouse; a couple of white, treeless roads, leading away into the world, but apparently serving only for the labourers who plod out in the morning and home at night; an ugly little school-house of red brick and slate; and Littlemere Hall, square, white, and bare, set down like a large box in the middle of a dreary garden. She cannot help picturing herself there, with Mr. Masters, caught and prisoned; the idea is utterly absurd, but it is hideous, as hateful as if an actual hand were laid on her. She shrinks back and frowns. "You needn't get anybody just yet," she says.

"Very good," her uncle replies. "Give me a month's warning, that's all I ask." He yawns again, and looks at his watch. Reynold takes the hint, and his candle, and goes.

"Good riddance!" says the little man on the rug. "Of all the ill-mannered, cross-grained fellows I ever met, there goes the worst! A Rothwell! He's worse than any Rothwell, and not the genuine thing either! Can't he behave decently to my friends at my own table? What does he mean by his confounded rudeness? Masters is a better man than ever he will be!"

Barbara shuts the piano, and lays her music straight. Poor little Barbara, trying with little soft speeches and judicious silences to steer her light-winged course among these angry men, is sorely perplexed sometimes. Now as Mr. Hayes mutters something about "an unlicked cub," she thinks it best to say, "Well, uncle, it isn't

for very long. Mr. Harding will soon be going away."

"Yes, he'll soon be going away, and for good too! Never will *he* set foot inside Mitchelhurst Place again—I can tell him that! When he crosses the threshold he crosses it once for all. Never again—never again!"

This time Barbara, who is looking to the fastenings of the windows, is in no haste to speak. She feels as if she had been conspiring with Harding, and, remembering their schemes for his return, her uncle's reiterated assurances ring oddly and mockingly in her ears. "When he crosses the threshold, he crosses it once for all." No, he does not! He is going away to work, he will come back and buy the Place of Mr. Croft, he will be living there for years and years when poor Uncle Hayes is dead and gone. And she, Barbara, has done it all. With a word and a look she has given a master to Mitchelhurst.

But, being a prudent girl, she merely says "Good-night."

CHAPTER X.

AN AFTER-DINNER DISCUSSION.

MR. PRYOR, aloft in his pulpit in Mitchelhurst Church, with a sounding-board suspended above his head, was preaching about the Amalekites to a small afternoon congregation. The Amalekites had happened to come out of that drawer in his writing-table of which Mr. Hayes had spoken, and perhaps did as well as anything else he could have found there. He was getting over the ground at a tolerable pace, in spite of an occasional stumble, and was too much absorbed in his manuscript to be disturbed by an active trade in marbles which was going on in the front row of the Sunday scholars. Indeed, to Mr. Pryor's short-sighted eyes, his listeners were very nearly as remote as the Amalekites themselves.

Some of the straw-plaiting girls, whose fingers seemed restless during their Sunday idleness, were nudging

and pulling each other, or turning the leaves of their hymn-books, or smoothing their dresses. A labourer here and there sat staring straight before him with a vacant gaze. A farmer's wife devoted the leisure moments to thinking out one or two practical matters, over which she frowned a little. The clerk, in his desk, attended officially to the Amalekites, but that was all.

Barbara and Reynold were apart from all the rest in the square, red-lined pew which had always belonged to the Rothwells. When they stood up their heads and Reynold's shoulders were visible, but during the sermon no one could see the occupants of the little inclosure except the preacher.

Reynold had established himself in a corner, with his head slightly thrown back and his long legs stretched out. Barbara, a little way off, had her daintily-gloved hands folded on her lap, and sat with a demurely respectful expression while the voice above them sent a thin thread of denunciation through the drowsy atmosphere. Harding did not dislike it. Anything newer, more real, more living, would have seemed unsuited to the dusty marble figures which were the principal part of the congregation in that corner of the church. He had knelt down and stood up during the service, always with a sense of union between his own few years of life and the many years of which those monuments were memories; and the old prayers, the "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord," had fallen softly on his ears. Perils and dangers seemed so far from that sleepy little haven where he hoped to live his later days, and to come as a grey-haired man, when all the storms and struggles were over, and hear those words Sunday after Sunday in that very pew. Barbara, from under her long lashes, stole a meditative, questioning glance at him while he was musing thus, and the glance lingered. The young fellow's head rested against the faded red baize, his eyes were half closed, his brows had relaxed, his mouth

almost hinted a smile. He was not conscious of her scrutiny, and, seeing his face for the first time as a mere mask, she suddenly awoke to a perception of its beauty.

Overhead, it appeared that the Amalekites typified many evil things, and were by no means so utterly destroyed as they should have been. Mr. Pryor intended his warnings to be as emphatic as those of the fierce old prophet, and he drew a limp white finger down the faded page lest he should lose his place in the middle. Time had made the manuscript a little unfamiliar. "My brethren," said the plaintive voice from beneath the sounding board, "we must make terms—ahem!—we must *never* make terms with these relentless enemies who lie in wait for us as for the Israelites of old. Remember"—he turned a leaf and felt the next to ascertain if it were the last. It was not, and he hurried his exhortation a little, finding it long, yet afraid to venture on leaving anything out. Meanwhile a weary Sunday-school teacher awoke to sudden energy, plunged into the midst of the boys, and captured more marbles than he could hold, so that two or three escaped him and rolled down the aisle, amid a general manifestation of interest. The luckless teacher was young and bashful, and the rolling marbles seemed to him to fill the universe with reverberating echoes.

The vicar reached the goal at last, and gave out a hymn. Then the young people in the red-lined pew appeared once more, Miss Strange singing, Reynold looking round to deepen and assure his recollection of that afternoon. When he found himself in the churchyard, passing under the black-boughed yews with Barbara, he broke the silence. "I shall be far enough away next Sunday."

It was so strange to think that by the next Sunday his work would have begun, the work which he so loathed and so desired. He had directed his letter to his uncle at his place a few miles out of town, where Mr. Harding

always went from Saturday to Monday, and he remembered as he spoke that the old gentleman would have received it that morning. Reynold pictured a little triumph over his surrender, but he did not care. Something—it could hardly be Mr. Pryor's sermon—had sweetened his bitter soul, and he did not care. He felt as if that little corner of Mitchelhurst church had become an inalienable possession of his, and he could enter into it at any time wherever he might chance to be.

Barbara was sympathetic, but slightly pre-occupied. If young Harding had understood women a little better he would certainly have perceived the pre-occupation, but as it was he only saw the sympathy. When they got back to the Place she delayed him in the garden, as if she too felt the charm of that peaceful afternoon and regretted its departure. They loitered to and fro on the wide gravel path, where grass and weeds encroached creepingly from the borders, and paused from time to time watching the sun as it went down. At last, when there was only a band of sulphur-coloured light on the horizon, Barbara turned away with a sigh.

Reynold did not understand her reluctance to go in. In truth she was uneasy at the thought of the long evening which her uncle and he must spend in the same room. Mr. Hayes had come down in a dangerous mood that morning, not showing any special remembrance of Harding's offence of the night before, but seeming impartially displeased with everything and everybody. If ill-temper were actual fire, his conversation would have been all snaps and flashes like a fifth of November. Letters absorbed his attention at breakfast, but Barbara perceived that they only made him crosser than before. Happily, however, since a storm of rain hindered the morning's church-going, he went to his study to write his answers, and was seen no more till lunch-time, after which the weather cleared, and the young people walked off together to

hear about the Amalekites. Reynold had no idea how anxiously Barbara had been sheltering him all day under her little wing, but now the sun was down, there was no help for it, they must go in and face the worst. She had paused and looked up at him as if she were about to say something before they left the garden, but nothing came except the little sigh which he had heard.

Even when they went in, fate seemed a little to postpone the evil moment. Harding, coming down stairs, saw a light shining through the door of a small room—the book-room, as it was sometimes called. A glance as he passed showed Barbara, with an arm raised above her head, taking a volume from the shelf. “Can I help you?” he asked, pausing in the doorway.

“Oh, thank you, but I think this is right.” She examined the title-page. The window shutters were closed, the room was dusky with its lining of old brown leather bindings, and Barbara’s candle was just a glow-worm glimmer of brightness in it. “You might put those others back for me if you would. I can manage to take them down, but it isn’t so easy to put them up again.”

Tall Reynold rendered the required service quickly enough, while she laid the book she had chosen with some others already on the table, and began to dust them. It was an old-fashioned writing-table, with a multitude of little brass-handled drawers. The young man took hold of one of these brass handles, and noticed its rather elaborate workmanship. “Look inside,” said the girl, as she laid her duster down.

The drawer was full of yellowing papers, old bills, and miscellaneous scraps of various kinds. She pulled out a few, and they turned them over in the gleam of candlelight. “Butcher, Christmas, 1811,” said Barbara, “and here is a glazier’s bill. What have you got?”

“To sinking and bricking new well, 32 ft. deep,” Reynold replied. “It is

in 1816. To making new pump, 38 ft. long.”

“Why, that must be the old pump by the stables,” said Barbara. “Look at this receipt, ‘for work Don accorden to Bill?’”

“There seem to be plenty of them. Are the other drawers full too?”

“Yes, I think so. You had better take one as a souvenir.”

“No, thank you.” He smiled as he thrust the bills he held down among the dusty bundles in the drawer, and brushed his finger tips fastidiously. “Souvenirs ought to be characteristic. A receipted bill would be a very respectable souvenir, but I’m afraid it would convey a false impression of the Rothwells.”

She looked away, a little perplexed and dissatisfied. It seemed to her that the future master of Mitchelhurst should not talk in that fashion of his own people, and she did not understand that the slight bitterness of speech was merely the outcome of a life of discontent. He hardly knew how to speak otherwise. “I suppose they would have paid everybody if they hadn’t had misfortunes,” she said.

“No doubt. We would most of us pay our bills if we had nothing else to do with the money.”

“Well,” Barbara declared with a blush, “the next Rothwell will pay *his* bills, I know.”

“We’ll hope so.” His smile apparently emboldened her, for she looked up at him. “Mr. Harding,” she began.

“Well?”

She put her hand to her mouth with an irresolute gesture, softly touching her red lips. “Oh—nothing!” she said.

“Nothing?” he questioned. But at that moment there was a call. “Barbara! Barbara! are you stopping to *write* those books?”

She turned swiftly, caught them up and was gone, sending an answering cry of “Coming, uncle—coming!” before her.

Reynold lingered a little before he followed her, to wonder what that something was that was nothing.

When he went in he found Mr. Hayes and Barbara both industriously occupied with their reading, after the fashion of a quiet Sunday in the country. He took up the first volume that came to hand, threw himself into a chair, and remained for a considerable time frowning and musing over the unread page. Mr. Hayes turned his pages with wearisome regularity, but after a while Barbara laid her *Good Words* on her lap and gazed fixedly at the window, where little could be seen but the reflection of the lamp in the outer darkness. The silence of the room seeming to have become accustomed to this change of attitude, the slightest possible movement of her head brought Reynold within range. He moved, and she was looking at the window, from which she turned quite naturally, and met his glance. Her fingers were playing restlessly with her little gold cross, and Harding said, "Your talisman!"

No word had been spoken for so long that the brief utterance came with a kind of startling distinctness.

"My talisman still, thanks to you," Barbara replied.

The absurdity of his misfortune was a little forgotten, and the fact of his service remained, so Harding almost smiled as he rejoined—

"I say 'thanks to it' for my introduction."

Mr. Hayes knitted his brows, and looked from one to the other with bright, bead-like eyes. When, a minute later, a maid came to the door, and asked to speak to Miss Strange, he waited till his niece was gone, and then sharply demanded—

"What was that about a talisman?"

"That little cross Miss Strange wears. She calls that her talisman."

"Indeed! Why that particular cross?"

"It belonged to her godmother, I believe," said Harding.

The old gentleman stared, and then considered a little.

"Her godmother, eh? Why," he began to laugh, "her godmother—what does Barbara know about her?"

"I think she said she was named after her——"

"So she was."

"And that her mother told her she was the most beautiful woman she ever knew——"

"That's true enough. She *was* beautiful, and clever, and accomplished, no doubt about that. One ought to speak kindly of the dead, they say. Well, she was beautiful, and if ever there was a selfish, heartless coquette——"

"Hey!" said Reynold, opening his eyes. "Is that speaking kindly of the dead?"

"Very kindly," with emphasis.

"But Miss Strange's mother——"

"Well, I should think she must have begun to find her friend out before she died. I don't know, though; Mrs. Strange isn't over wise, she may contrive to believe in her still. I wonder what Strange would say, if he ever said anything! So that is Barbara's talisman! Not much *virtue* in it, anyhow; but I dare say it will do just as well. There have been some queer folks canonised before now."

He ended with a chuckling little laugh. Evidently he knew enough of the earlier Barbara to see something irresistibly comic in the girl's tenderness for this little relic of the past.

Harding was grimly silent. Barbara's fancy might be foolish, but since she cherished it, he hated to hear this ugly little mockery of her treasure, and he had found a half-acknowledged satisfaction in the remembrance that the little cross was a link between himself and her. Now, when she came into the room again, and Mr. Hayes compressed his lips, and glanced from the little ornament to his visitor, and then to his book again, in stealthy enjoyment of his joke, the other felt as if there were something sinister in the token. He wished Barbara would not

caress it as she stood by the fire. He would have liked to throw it down and tread it under foot.

There might have been some malignant influence in the air that day, for Barbara will wonder as long as she lives what made her two companions insist on talking politics at dinner. She did not like people to talk politics. She had never looked out the word in the dictionary, and perhaps she might not have objected to a lofty discussion of "the science of government, that part of ethics which consists in the regulation and government of a nation or state." She looked upon talking politics as a masculine diversion, which consisted in bandying violent assertions about Mr. Gladstone. It never led, of course, to any change of opinion, but it generally made people raise their voices, and interrupt one another, and get red in the face. As far as her opportunities of observation went, Barbara had judged pretty correctly.

Her uncle held what he called his political creed solely as a means of enjoyable argument. He considered himself an advanced Liberal, but he had so many whims and hobbies that he was the most uncertain of supporters. No one held his views, and if, by some inconceivable chance, he had convinced an adversary, he would have been very uncomfortable. He would have felt himself crowded out of his position, and would have retired immediately to less accessible ground, and defied his disciple to climb up after him. When he had arranged his opinions he was obliged to find ingenious methods of escaping their consequences. For instance, with some whimsical recollection of the one passion of his life, he chose to hold advanced views about Woman's Rights, which disgusted his country neighbours. Woman was, in every respect but physical strength, the natural equal of man. She was to be emancipated, to vote, to take her place in Church and State—when Mr. Hayes was dead. At present she was evi-

dently dwarfed and degraded by long ages of man's oppressive rule, and needed careful education, and a considerable lapse of time, to raise her to the position that was hers by right. Meanwhile she must be governed, not as an inferior, on that point he spoke very strongly indeed, but as a minor not yet qualified to enter into possession of her inheritance, and he exerted himself, in rather a high-handed fashion, to keep her in the proper path. The woman of the future was to do exactly what she pleased, but the woman of the present—Barbara—was to do as she was told, and not talk about what she did not understand. By this arrangement Mr. Hayes was able to rule his woman-kind, and to deny the superiority of his masculine acquaintances.

It was precisely this question that came up at dinner time. Harding had no real views on political matters; he was simply a Conservative by nature. He had none of the daring energy which snatches chances in periods of change; his instinct was that of self-defence, to hold rather than to gain, to gather even the rags of the past about him, with the full consciousness that they were but rags, rather than to throw himself into the battle of the present. It was true that he was going to work for Mitchelhurst and Barbara, but the double impulse had been needed to conquer his shrinking pride. That a man should be hustled by a mixed and disorderly crowd was bad enough, but that a woman should step down into it, should demand work, should make speeches, and push her way to the polling-booth, was in Harding's eyes something hideously degrading and indecent. As to the equality of the sexes, that was rubbish. Man was to rule, and woman to maintain an ideal of purity and sweetness. Education, beyond the simple old-fashioned limits, tended only to unsex her.

He would have opposed Mr. Hayes's theories at any time, but they cut him to the quick just then, when he had

felt the grace of womanhood, when a woman had passed into his life and transformed it. The old man was airily disposing of the destinies of the race in centuries to come, the young man was fighting for his own little future. He could not rule the world. Let it roar and hurry as it would, but never dare to touch his wife and home. What did the man mean by uttering his hateful doctrines in Barbara's hearing? Her bright eyes came and went between the speakers, and Reynold longed to order her away, to shut her up in some safe place apart, where only he might approach her.

He need not have been anxious. There was no touch of ambition in the girl's tender feminine nature to respond to her uncle's arguments. She did not want to vote, and wondered why women should ever wish to be doctors or—or—anything. Her eager glances betokened uneasiness rather than interest. Indeed the inferior being, scenting danger, had tried to turn the conversation before the terrible question of Woman's Rights had been mentioned at all. She had endeavoured to talk about a lawn-tennis ground rather than the aspect of Irish affairs. Harding did not know much about lawn-tennis, but he was quite ready to talk about it, just as he would have talked about crewel-work, if she had seemed to wish it. Mr. Hayes, however, pooh-poohed the little attempt at peace.

"What is the good of planning the ground now?" he said. "And who cares for lawn-tennis?"

"I do," said the girl. "It's much more amusing than talking about Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell."

"That's all you know about it," her uncle retorted. "Now if you had been educated—"

"Oh yes, of course," she replied, with desperate pertness. "You are always talking about the woman of the future—I daresay she will *like* to see people make themselves hot and disagreeable, arguing about Ireland." She made a droll little face of disgust. "Well, she may, but I don't!"

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"Perhaps the woman of the future will be hot and disagreeable too," Harding suggested.

"You might not find her agreeable," said Mr. Hayes drily. "She would be able to expose the fallacy of your views pretty clearly, I fancy."

"Well," Barbara struck in hurriedly, amazed at her own boldness, "we get hot enough over tennis sometimes, but nobody is ever so cross over that, as men are when they argue."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Hayes. "To think that women, who rightfully should share man's most advanced attainments and aspirations—" and off he went at a canter over the beaten ground of many previous discussions.

Barbara looked from him to young Harding. His dark eyes were ominous, he was only waiting, breathlessly, till Mr. Hayes should be compelled to pause for breath. "I hope you don't mean to imply, sir—" he began, and Barbara perceived that not only had she failed to avert a collision, but that, by her thoughtless mention of the woman of the future, she had introduced the precise subject on which the two men were most furiously at variance. Thenceforward she merely glanced from one to the other as the noisy battle raged, watching in dumb suspense as one might watch the rising of a tide. Mr. Hayes had been thoroughly cross all day, and had not forgiven Reynold's rudeness of the evening before. Under cover of his argument he was saying all the irritating things he could think of, while Harding's harsher voice broke through his shrill-toned talk with rough contradictions.

After a time Barbara was obliged to leave them, and she went back to the drawing-room with a sinking heart. She had been uneasy the night before, but that was nothing to this. How earnestly she wished Mr. Pryor back again! She was pitiless, she would have flung the gentle flaccid little clergyman between the angry combatants without a moment's hesitation, if she could only have brought him

there by the force of her desire. Happily for Mr. Pryor, however, he was safe in his study, putting away the Amalekites at the bottom of the drawer, till their turn should come again.

At last when Barbara was in despair at the lateness of the hour, she sent one of the maids to tell the gentlemen that coffee was ready, and crept into the hall behind her messenger to hear the result. At the opening of the door there was a stormy clamour, and then a sudden silence. It was closed again, and the maid returned. "Master says, Miss, will you send it in?" The last hope was gone, she could do nothing more but pour out the coffee, and wish with all her heart it were an opiate.

She was as firmly convinced as Reynold himself of the vast superiority of men, but these intellectual exercises of theirs upset her dreadfully. If only it had been Mr. Scarlett! He had a light laughing way of holding her uncle at arm's length, avowing himself a Conservative simply as a matter of taste, and fighting for the old fashions which Mr. Hayes denounced, because he wanted something left that he could make verses about. Barbara, as she stood pensively on the rug, recalled one occasion when Adrian Scarlett put forward his plea. He was sitting on the sill of the open window, with the evening sky behind his head, and while he talked he drew down a long, blossomed spray of pale French honeysuckle. "Oh yes, I'm a Conservative," he said; "there are lots of things I want to conserve—all the picturesqueness, old streets, and signs, and manor-houses, old customs, village greens, fairs, thatched cottages, little courtesying maidens, old servants, and men with scythes and flails, instead of your new machines." She remembered how Mr. Hayes had interrupted him with a contemptuous inquiry whether there was not as much poetry to be found on one side as on the other. "Oh yes," he had assented, idly swinging his foot, "as fine on your

side no doubt, or finer. You have the Marsaillaise style of thing to quicken one's pulses. Yes, and I came across a bit the other day, declaring—

"*Que la Liberté sainte est la seule déesse,
Que l'on n'adore que debout.*"

The words, uttered in the sudden fulness of his clear, rounded tones, seemed to send a great wave of impulse through the quiet room. Barbara could recall the sharp "Well, then?" with which Mr. Hayes received it.

"Ah, but not for me," young Scarlett had answered. "You don't expect me to write that kind of thing? It isn't in me. No, I want to rhyme about some little picture in an old-fashioned setting—Pamela, or Dorothy, or—or Ursula, walking between clipped hedges, or looking at an old sundial, or stopping by a basin rimmed with mossy stone to feed the gold fish. Or dreaming—and she must not be a Girton young woman—I couldn't imagine a Girton young woman's dreams!"

And so the argument ended in laughter. If only it could have been Adrian Scarlett instead of Reynold Harding in the dining-room that night! Barbara's apprehensions would all have vanished in a moment. But Mr. Scarlett was gone ("He *might* have said good-bye," thought Barbara), and the pleasant time was gone with him. The window was closed and shuttered, and the honeysuckle, a tangle of grey stalks, shivered in the wind outside.

She tried to amuse herself with *Good Words* again, but failed. Then she went to the piano, but had no better success there. She was listening with such strained attention, that to her ears the music was only distracting and importunate noise. As a last resource she bethought her of a half-finished novel which she had left in her bed-room. She had not intended to go on with it till Monday, but she *would*, and she ran up stairs with guilty eagerness to fetch it.

She was coming back along the

passage with the book in her hand, when she heard the opening and shutting of doors below, and the quick fall of steps. In another moment Reynold Harding came springing up the wide stairs to where she stood. There was a lamp at the head of the staircase, and as he passed out of the dusk into its light, she could see his angry eyes, and she knew the veins which stood out upon his forehead, looking as if the blood in them were black.

He saw her just before he reached the top, and stopped short. For a moment neither spoke, then he drew a long breath, and laid his hand upon the balustrade.

"Miss Strange," he said, "I'm going away."

Barbara hardly knew what she had expected or feared, but this took her by surprise.

"Going? Not now?" she exclaimed in amazement.

"Not to-night—it is too late. I *must* stop for the night. I can't help myself. But the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Oh, why?"

"I can't stay under the roof of a man who has insulted me as your uncle has done. It is impossible that we should meet again," said Reynold. His speech seemed to escape in fierce little jets of repressed wrath. "I'm not accustomed—I ought never to have come here!"

"Oh!" cried Barbara, in a tone of pained reproach.

He was silent, looking fixedly at her. The meaning of what he had said, and the fatal meaning of what he had done, came upon him, arresting him in the midst of his passion. All his fire seemed suddenly to die down to grey ashes. What madness had possessed him?

They faced each other in the pale circle of lamplight, which trembled a little on the broad, white stairs. Reynold, stricken and dumb, grasped the balustrade with tightening fingers. Barbara leaned against the white-

panelled wall. She was the first to speak.

"Oh!" she said in a low voice. "That *you* should be driven out of Mitchelhurst!"

"Don't!" cried he. "God! it was my own fault!"

"What was it? What did you quarrel about?"

"Do I know?" Reynold demanded. "Ask him! Perhaps he can remember some of the idiotic jangling. Why did we begin? Why did we go on? I don't believe hell itself could be more wearisome. I was sick to death of it, and yet something seemed to goad me on—I couldn't give in! It was my infernal temper, I suppose."

"Oh I am so sorry!" Barbara whispered.

"He shouldn't have spoken to me as he did when I was his guest at his own table," young Harding continued. "But after all, he is an old man, I ought to have remembered that. Well, it's too late; it's all over now!"

"But is it too late? Can't anything be done?"

He almost smiled at the feminine failure to realise that the night's work was more than a tiff which might be made up and forgotten.

"Kiss and make friends—eh?" he said. "Will you run and fetch your uncle?"

The leaden little jest was uttered so miserably that Barbara only sighed in answer.

"No," said the young man, "it's all over. Even if I could apologise—and I can't—I couldn't sit at his table again. It wouldn't be possible. No, I must go!"

"And you are sorry you ever came!"

"Don't remind me of that! I'm just as sorry I came here as that I ever came into the world at all."

The old clock in the dusky hall below struck ten slow strokes.

"This will be good-night and good-bye," said Harding. "I shall be gone before you are down in the morning."

Even as he spoke he was thinking

how completely his bitter folly had exiled him from her presence.

"You are going home?"

"Home? Well, yes, I suppose so. By the way, I don't know that I shall go home to-morrow. I may have to stay another day in Mitchelhurst. That depends—I shall see when the morning comes. Your uncle's jurisdiction doesn't extend beyond the grounds of the Place, I suppose. I won't trespass, he may be very sure of that, and I won't stay in the neighbourhood any longer than I can help. Only, you see, this is rather a sudden change of plans."

"I am so sorry," the girl repeated. "I hate to think of your going away like this. I'm ashamed!"

"No! no! I'm rightly served, though you needn't tell Mr. Hayes I said so. I was fool enough to let my temper get the upper hand, and I must pay the penalty. How I *could* be such an inconceivable idiot—but that's neither here nor there. It was my own fault, and the less said about it the better."

Barbara shook her head.

"No, it was my fault."

This time Harding really smiled, dearly enough, but still it was a smile.

"Yours?" he said. "That never occurred to me. How do you make it out?"

"Well," she said, looking down, and tracing a joint of the stone with the tip of her little embroidered slipper, "it was partly my fault, anyhow."

This "partly" seemed to point to something definite.

"How do you mean?" he asked, looking curiously at her.

"I knew he was cross," she said. "I knew it this morning, as soon as he came down, and he generally gets worse and worse all day. He isn't often out of temper like that—only now and then. I dare say he will be all right to-morrow, or perhaps the day after."

"That's a little late for me!" said Harding.

"So you see it *was* my fault. I ought to have told you."

"Well, perhaps if you had, I might have been a trifle more on my guard. I don't know, I'm sure. Yes, I wish you had happened to warn me! But you mustn't reproach yourself, Miss Strange, it wasn't your fault. You didn't know what I was, you couldn't be expected to think of it."

"But I *did* think of it!" Barbara cried remorsefully.

"You did?"

"Yes. I was thinking of it all day. Oh how I *wish* I had done it! But I wasn't sure you would like it—I didn't know. I thought perhaps it might seem"—she faltered—"might seem as if I thought that you—"

"I see!" Reynold answered in his harshest voice. "I needn't have told you just now that I had a devil of a temper!"

Barbara drew herself up against the wall with her head thrown back, and gazed blankly at him.

"Oh, don't be afraid!" he said with a laugh. "I'm not going to *hit* you!"

"Don't talk like that!" she cried. "Oh there's uncle coming!" and turning she fled back to her own room. Harding heard the steps below, and he also went off, not quite so hurriedly, but with long strides, and vanished into the shadows. The innocent cause of this alarm crossed the hall, from the drawing-room to the study, banging the doors after him, and the lamp-light fell on the deserted stairs.

Harding struck a light and flung himself into a chair. Barbara's words and his own mocking laughter seemed still to be in the air about him. The silence and loneliness bewildered him, he could not realise that his chance of speech had escaped him, and that Barbara's entreaty must remain unanswered. Her timid self-reproach had stabbed him to the heart. That the poor little girl should have trembled and been silent, lest he should speak harshly, and then that she should blame herself so bitterly for her cowardice—it was a sudden revelation

to Reynold of the ugliness of those black moods of his. One might have pictured the evil power broken by the shock of this discovery and leaving shame-stricken patience in its place, or, at least, one might have imagined strenuous resolutions for the days to come. But Reynold's very tenderness was mixed with wrath; he cursed the something in himself, yet not himself, which had frightened Barbara, he could not feel that *he* was answerable. That she, of all the world, should judge him so, filled his soul with a burning sense of wrong.

"How *could* you think it?" he pleaded with her in his thoughts, "my dear, how *could* you think it?" And yet he did not blame her. Ah God! what a bitter, miserable wretch he had been his whole life through! Why had no woman ever taught him how to be gentle and good? He blamed neither Barbara nor himself, but a cruel fate.

It was not till late, when he had collected his things, and made all ready for his departure in the morning, that he remembered that he would not see her again, that he absolutely could not so much as speak a word to make amends. He must cross the threshold of the old house as early as he possibly could, his angry pride would not allow him a moment's delay, and what chance was there that she would be up and dressed by then? It was maddening to think of the long slow hours which they would pass under the same roof, each hour gliding away with its many minutes. And in one minute he could say so much, if but one minute were granted him! "But it won't be," he said sullenly, as he lay down till the dawn should come, "it isn't likely." And he ground his teeth together at the remembrance of the many minutes spent in wrangling with Mr. Hayes, while Barbara waited alone.

To be continued.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

ANOTHER important step has been taken in the Egyptian labyrinth, but whether it will lead us out or draw us more inextricably in, is as obscure as everything else in this intractable problem. The publication of the exact nature of the negotiations between England and France happens to have been made at a moment so late in the month that it is impossible for us here to say more than a word or two upon their general bearing and scope. One thing only is clear, and it is that if all goes on smoothly, if the preliminary understanding which has just been explained to the English and French Chambers, is supported by the action of the Conference, and if the Conference agrees as to the financial terms that are to be laid before it, still the real Egyptian liquidation is only adjourned. The question of the ultimate position of England in Egypt is only postponed. The question of the ultimate constitution of government in Egypt remains exactly where it was. The title of England to be where she is will be of a more definite nature (though the Sultan will hardly agree even to that), and it will be stamped with the seal of Europe. But the conflict between the two rival policies of annexation and evacuation, in England itself will be carried on with hardly abated ardour. The measure of our responsibility for the alleviation of the lot of the fellaheen will be open to as much dispute during the next three years as during the last two. There is no reason why annexationists and evacuationists should not continue their controversy on the floor of Parliament and in the country with the same tenacity as before. The projected arrangements constitute an important move, as we have said, but the direction that shall be im-

pressed upon that move will still have to be fought out in public opinion. Each side may find something to satisfy it in the prospect. The partisans of annexation will console themselves with the doctrine of *beati possidentes*. British troops are to remain for what is practically an indefinite time. We are, so it is alleged, to commit ourselves still further in the shape of financial obligations and financial claims. We shall have made ourselves formally, and in return for valuable consideration, responsible for the restoration of such highly elastic matters as "peace and order." Every day that we have remained in Egypt since Tel-el-Kebir has been so much to the good for those who hope that the day will never come that will see us out of Egypt. On the other hand, the Ministerial project makes an important advance for those who look upon protectorates and extensions with invincible dislike. It is a distinct recognition of the status of France in the Egyptian question, and of the impossibility of our settling it off-hand without reference to her. Nobody who reflects on the single consideration, even if there were no other to the same point, that the Suez Canal is in the hands of a company more French than English, will be blind to the fact that, whether we like it or not, it is simply inevitable that France must count for something in the politics of the Nile. The negotiations, both in their nature and in the circumstance that they were begun at all, are an acknowledgment of this, and that is a point gained. Again, the definite declaration of the internationalisation of the Canal, and the neutralisation of Egypt, as established aims and immediate objects of English policy, is a very distinct advance in the right di-

rection. (It may be said that neutralisation cuts two ways, and may bind as well as release us, but this will depend on the terms of the scheme ultimately framed. We may indeed wonder why active steps towards the realisation of these objects were not initiated at the end of 1882, as prudent counsellors urged upon the Government; and the same incomprehensible tardiness which has wasted the last two years may waste the next three. But we may hope that the lesson has not been thrown away. Meanwhile the public mind has been turned in the right direction, and the members of the present Cabinet at least have committed themselves by a fresh and more important declaration in favour of neutralisation and against annexation. On the whole, therefore, the Ministerial projects may be described as leaving the door open. Governments may change, policy may harden, new circumstances may alter the case, and the door may be closed upon us. But the understanding will at least be a strong obstacle in the way of the closing of the door. The project is open to objections from the Tory Imperialist, from the Palmerstonian Whig, and from the Radical, and each finds in it something to dislike. But it may be added that each finds in it something that may be turned in his favour. The future still depends on the chapter of accidents, *plus* the exact amount of wisdom and forethought in the electors of the United Kingdom.

The details of the settlement demand and will receive a very careful scrutiny. The random criticisms upon garbled and imperfect versions of them have been enough to make one sick. Examination of the negotiations will now pass into the region of responsibility. Instead of general denunciations of a multiple control at large, we shall have a careful examination of what it is that the modification of the functions of the *Caisse* really amounts to. And so with the rest of the conditions that will be under consideration during the next three or

four weeks. Whatever be the upshot of debates and votes either on the Seine or the Thames, the Egyptian problem will still be left in a condition of the utmost perplexity. Nor could it possibly be otherwise. They are, and must be, in this condition for a long time to come. It looks for the moment as if the verdict on the present arrangements would be what was said of the peace of Utrecht, that it was a peace which some were ashamed of, and nobody was proud of, but everybody might one day be glad of. The gladness will depend on the hands that hold the British helm for the next three and a half years.

Meanwhile the country at large looks on with considerable composure. Recent elections tend to show that the opinions of the bulk of the voters have undergone no material change in consequence of the Ministerial policy in Egypt. It has certainly raised no enthusiasm, nor is there any possible policy that could. With equal certainty we may say that it has provoked none of those terrific storms of disgust and indignation which have been so freely predicted. The Franchise Bill has made steady though not rapid progress through the Committee, and it emerges from what is usually a trying process not only substantially unchanged but with hardly one of those secondary modifications that are commonly found necessary, either on the merits or for tactical reasons, during that stage of an important measure. An unseasonable attempt to make the Bill the instrument for conferring the Parliamentary franchise upon female householders and lodgers was put aside by a majority of 271 against 135. As the Government in framing the Bill had deliberately decided to exclude provisions with this aim, as no sort of preliminary calculations had been made as to the number of householders and lodgers whom the amendment would add to the registers, as the subject has not in other ways

received the preparation due to it, and has never been fully and seriously propounded to the constituencies, it would have shown something hardly short of levity if they had agreed to have so grave a change imposed upon them by force. Unconsidered taunts have been directed at those who voted against a proposal of which they profess to approve. As if the insincerity of the Cabinet would not have been much more marked in assenting to a measure of enfranchisement which every member of the Cabinet save one is known to regard as inexpedient and mischievous. The only other serious point of debate has turned upon the question of the date at which the new electors should be able to vote. It was proposed not to allow the Bill to come into operation, or in other words to prevent an election taking place under its provisions, until the beginning of 1887. This, it was argued, would give a better chance of adding redistribution to enfranchisement, for then, in case redistribution should miscarry in 1885, the session of 1886 would still have remained at disposal for that purpose. The general feeling of the House of Commons was with the Government when they declared that the prospects of redistribution would be actually better if there were only one session than if there were two, in which to deal with it. And in this way it is now left. A clause has been added to the Bill which declares specifically what would, in fact, have been the operation of the Bill as originally drawn without any such declaration, namely that the new county voters will be able to take part in an election in January, 1886, and not before. Not before, that is to say, unless Parliament should be minded next session to pass an Act like that of fourteen years ago, for so accelerating the various processes of registration as to enable an election to be held on the new register in the November of 1885. To pass this accelerating Bill the assent of the House of Lords will of

course be necessary, and it is not easy to believe that it will be given.

To conclude, as matters now stand, if the Lords pass the Franchise Bill this session, then whatever else they may do, they will be at the mercy of the enlarged constituencies on and after New Year's Day, 1886, with or without redistribution. If they reject the Ministerial scheme of redistribution in 1885, the appeal to the country would then include the new men. It is the foreknowledge of this fate that will pretty certainly embolden the Lords to reject the Franchise Bill next month, or else—what may be the more likely mode of procedure—to thrust into it some provisions as to date, and as to the inclusion of Ireland, which it would be flatly impossible for the House of Commons to accept. Most politicians expect that the next election will be an appeal to the present constituencies, and all politicians believe that we are now entering a season of turmoil and excitement that will not very speedily come to an end.

The time is undoubtedly approaching, though in politics it is always well not to be too sure about the pace of reforms, when the House of Lords itself will be compelled to submit to important changes. That the Lords are themselves conscious of it, was shown in a short debate (June 20) on a proposal to appoint a Select Committee to consider the best means of promoting their own efficiency. Lord Salisbury is as fully alive as Mr. Bright to the desperate difficulties in the way of co-operation between a popular, democratic, and elective chamber, and a chamber that is hereditary, non-representative, always non-popular, and not seldom anti-popular. Mr. Bright looks in the direction of a Constitutional change which should abrogate the legislative veto of the Peers, as the veto of the Crown is now practically abrogated. He suggested at Leeds that when the Lords have twice rejected a Bill that has been twice passed (say, by a certain, decisive, and unmistakable majority), their power of veto

shall be exhausted, and a third acceptance of a measure by the representative House shall render the assent of the hereditary House unnecessary. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, would wish apparently to see the representative element introduced. He agrees that it is a misfortune that they have not persons of a faith different from that of the Church of England and Roman Catholics. "It is," he went on, "a still greater misfortune that we have not representatives of the industry and commerce of this country. There are, no doubt, many subjects with which we cannot deal as thoroughly and efficiently as we could desire, and the presence of such representatives would greatly assist our deliberations. Such men have been raised to peerages from time to time, but they have always been exposed to the difficulty that in the second generation, if they remained in trade, the stability of their position was open to some doubt, and if they left trade, in the next generation they ceased to represent the industry on account of which they were created." The superficial remedy, of course, is resort to life peerages. Lord Salisbury says that he has "always held that the appointment of life peerages, if strictly limited so as to prevent the House from being swamped by the prerogative of Ministers of the day, would increase the facility of the House for performing its business. If the Crown possessed the power of creating any number of life peerages, the independence of this House would pass away; but there is no reason why they should not be limited either to an absolute number or to a number to be created every year, which will effect the same object, and will, I believe, be a very large contribution to the power of this House to discharge its proper duties." It is not likely that when the time comes, change in the character of the Upper House will end here. But it is significant of the strong drift of things that the Conservative leader should openly avow his recognition of the

fact that "our institutions are in the course of a somewhat rapid evolution, that changes are taking place in their substance, their relations, and their essential power; that after a few years have passed very considerable differences will exist in the position and power and character of Parliament in this country." This is undoubtedly true, and what men who love their country and its institutions must pray for is that Lord Salisbury and his order may govern themselves sagaciously and wisely during a transformation as arduous as it is inevitable.

At the very end of last month the metropolis was startled one evening by a recurrence of dynamite outrages. The public, feeling its helplessness in face of these detestable crimes, is beginning to regard them as it regards destructive storms at sea or an earthquake in Essex. No mercy would be shown to the murderous perpetrators if they could be discovered, but, as they are not, the stoicism of Englishmen before dangerous necessity serves them in good stead. Their pre-occupations on the Nile and in Parliament, and the common disgust and weariness in respect of Irish questions, ought not to make people miss the significance of the remarkable events that have been taking place in the north of Ireland. In the winter, when the Nationalists announced meetings at Garrison and elsewhere in the province of Ulster, the Orangemen announced counter-demonstrations on the same day and the same ground, and the Irish Executive acquiesced in the insolent and lawless pretensions of the Orangemen to resist what they absurdly styled an invasion, by prohibiting both meetings. This month, a more courageous line was taken. The Nationalists were protected at Newry in the exercise of their full legal right to hold a meeting. The Orangemen indulged in their usual bluster, and no bluster known to us in history is so odious and so phrenetic. But Lord Spencer

showed that he meant what he said, he sent troops and police, and no mischief happened. This stern and inflexible impartiality in the use of the executive power is one of the most important of the many things that Ireland requires, and the Orangemen have at last had a lesson. Their next step was to try to frighten Lord Spencer from paying a promised visit to Belfast. But Lord Spencer was not to be frightened. He stood to his guns, paid his visit, was cordially and even enthusiastically received, and suffered no ill of any description. Neither of these two incidents is of itself of profound moment, but they are a certain measure of the importance to be attached to the terrific menaces of violence and bloodshed in connection with proposals to extend self-government in Ireland. The sanguinary threats of the Orangemen would prove quite as empty and as impotent if Mr. Parnell were ever to be the Minister of the executive power, as they have done against executive power in the hands of Lord Spencer.

The question of the land has again come up, and a new measure of great importance was submitted to Parliament and the country on the eve of the Whitsuntide recess. The purchase clauses of the Land Act of 1881 have not tempted buyers, while the general effect of the Act has been to make landlords increasingly anxious to turn sellers. Not one tenant out of four hundred has been willing to turn himself into a proprietor on the terms of the Act. The new proposal is two-fold. If a tenant will put down one-fourth of the purchase-money the State will advance the rest at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.: adding a proportion for extinction of the principal, the annual repayment will be at the rate of 4*l.* 10*s.* for every 100*l.* The calculation is that if a tenant can get his land at twenty years' purchase, he will have paid all off at the end of forty years, while the amount of the annual instalment would be rather less than the present amount of his rent.

The other proposal is more remarkable. Where the tenant cannot or will not produce one-quarter, the plan is to advance him the whole of the purchase-money, to be repaid in thirty-three annual instalments of 5*l.* for every 100*l.* That is to say, if the tenant cannot provide any of the money, then he is to repay more rapidly to the tune of 10*s.* a year on the 100*l.* advanced; and he acquires the fee seven years earlier. The difficulty in these cases lies in finding a test of the prudence of the bargain. If the tenant himself advances money, that is a guarantee, but what test is to be found when the person on whom the State depends for repayment gives no such guarantee? The new Bill proposes that the advance shall only be made after the consent of two-thirds of a certain new kind of local Board has been obtained. But this has been made a principal ground of objection by the representatives of the peasant in the House of Commons. The Board is to be composed of two classes, one chosen from the elected Guardians of the district, but the other chosen by the Grand Jury. The Irishmen say that as default in payment of the annual instalments by the purchaser will fall upon the county cess, the landlords and landlordists of the Grand Jury will do their best to scotch the bargain. The same persons contend that twenty years' purchase is too high, that circumstances will constantly be tending, with or without future agitation, to reduce the price as time goes on, and they expect that the tenants, well contented with their present tenure, will be in no hurry to trouble themselves about making any change in it. Probably the last consideration is valid and to the point, and if so the new Bill will not be more operative in facilitating sales than the corresponding clauses in the measures of 1870 and 1881. Some captious critics, while speaking well of the Land Bill of this year, point to it as a proof of the failure of the last Land Act. The answer is a very simple one.

But for the reduction of rents effected by the Act, there would in the first place have been no fair measure of price, and in the second place the landlords would not have been driven to put their land upon the market. The Duke of Argyll has made a strongly-worded attack on the Act from another point of view. But his speech showed a singular blindness to the great fact that lies at the root of the whole body of this legislation. In spite of Devon Commission, Bessborough Commission, and the common knowledge of the world, the Duke of Argyll ignores the cardinal circumstance, that in Ireland it is, and always has been, the tenant who makes the improvements. About 70,000 applications have been considered by the Commissioners. Of these 70,000, in not so many as seventy cases were the estates found to be managed on the English principle of the landlord making the improvements. This in itself is a sufficient reply to the whole mass of criticism based upon the agricultural economy of England and Scotland.

That second Ireland which is on our hands at the Cape, ironically called of Good Hope, is in something worse than its usual desperate confusion. Here, as in Egypt, we are reaping the fruits of the unhappy policy of the late Government, and the unhappy timidity of their successors in failing boldly and courageously to reverse it. The Zulus, under Cetewayo, would have kept the Boers in order. We annexed the Boers, and then to please them we destroyed the Zulu power. To the Boers we have given back self-government, but the Zulu power we have not been able to build up again. Fierce tribal struggles have ensued, and we are involved in them by the fact of our impolitic retention of a reserved territory. The necessity for this as a protection for Natal has never yet been shown. At the moment the Usutus, having defeated Umsibebu with the aid of a body of Boer ad-

venturers, are believed to threaten the Reserve and Natal itself. A South African war would not be a pleasant addition to North African occupation. Yet more unlikely things have happened, than that a failure of judgment in the Colonial Office here might produce not only a native war, but the more formidable crisis of an Africander explosion.

Some attention has naturally been given to the reception of the delegates from the Transvaal at Berlin. President Kruger telegraphed from Amsterdam to inquire whether Prince Bismarck was willing to discuss commercial matters with him and his colleagues with a view to a trading agreement. The reply was encouraging, the Boers made their way to the German capital, were welcomed by the German Emperor (June 8), attended a great State banquet, and Mr. Kruger had a short conversation with Prince Bismarck. The German Society for Promoting Colonisation gave them a lunch, where officers toasted the Transvaal as the stronghold of civilisation in Africa, and the Boers recommended the Germans to come to the Transvaal instead of going to the less hospitable, less interesting, and less developed States of North America. How far the actual business of a commercial treaty advanced, the world does not exactly know, nor is it necessary for the moment that we need greatly care. It is said that the demonstration was nothing worse than another indirect mode of expressing that ill-humour towards England which has been at the bottom of all German criticism of our poor country for some time past. However that may be, the incident is only another proof of the unutterable folly of that policy of precipitate annexation in the Transvaal seven years ago, which alienated the goodwill of a people who would soon have been only too glad to be our friends, and blighted the fruit that would before long have dropped ripe into our lap. The whole episode is a striking illustration of the perversity and the short-

sightedness of the school who are always for hurrying forward towards new responsibilities, instead of waiting for them to overtake us. The interval is under no circumstances likely to be long enough to tax our patience too severely. If the Transvaalers are now our sullen enemies rather than reasonable friends, we have only to thank those who talked about South Africa in 1877 just as they talk of a certain corner of North Africa in 1884.

Decidedly the most interesting foreign event of the month, or for many a month past, has been the great Clerical victory at the elections in Belgium. The elections for the nine provincial councils which took place on the last Sunday in May had prepared men for what happened at the Parliamentary elections on June 10. In Belgium one-half of the Chamber goes to the constituencies every two years, and the result of the present biennial election has been the conversion of what was a Liberal majority of 20 into a Catholic majority of 32, the total number of representatives being 138. We may put the matter more effectively by saying that, out of the 69 vacancies, only two have been filled by Liberals. The principal qualification, some fancy franchises apart, is the payment of something less than thirty-five shillings a year in direct taxes. The result of this limitation is that in Belgium, speaking in round numbers, one man in 50 of the population has a vote, while in Great Britain one man has a vote to each 10 of the population. Whether a less restricted suffrage would prove more advantageous to Clericals or to Liberals is a subject of dispute. Some day experience will show. It is well meanwhile not to exaggerate the precise measure of what has happened. Antwerp, Bruges, Namur, are the strongholds of the Clerical party, and that they should return the Clerical candidates is no more surprising than that the University of Oxford should always

return a Conservative. At Ostend the Liberals, it is true, have lost a seat that has been theirs for half a century, but only by 36 votes in a poll of 1,100. It is at Brussels that the repulse has been most remarkable. Here for many years none but Liberals have had a chance, yet here the Liberals have been beaten by over 1,300 votes, and the whole sixteen seats have fallen to the Clerical list. The party was divided. The Radicals were for universal suffrage, while the Moderates did not choose to go beyond the policy of the six years during which the Liberals have been in office. Still, let us distinguish. The Clerical list was victorious, but it is important to note that it was not purely Clerical. It was a coalition list, and five or more of the names inscribed upon it, and not the least influential, were those of men who have hitherto been counted as Liberals.

The real significance of this last fact bears upon a controversy of our own, of which we shall hear much during the next year or two. We are told by the enemies of voting by list that the system must lead to violent alternations of policy, arising from the complete turn-over of large constituencies. The answer has been that the lists will be so framed as to comprehend as many shades of the party as possible, that the pressure of the Moderate wing will be most sensitively felt and accurately allowed for, and that no chance will be lost of attracting the hesitating margin from the other side. This is exactly what has happened in Brussels to the winners of the day. For them to push the victory too far would be to play the game of their opponents and to provoke a defeat two years hence. The Independents who have turned the scale now in one direction, would turn it then in the other if the majority were to press the policy of reaction as unreasonably as Clerical fanatics desire. The Catholic party has two sections: first, political Catholics, who consider the Church to be the best

safeguard and the most intelligible symbol of Conservative interests; second, the Clericals pure and simple, the Ultramontanes, Vaticanists, and believers in the darkest propositions of the Syllabus. It would be interesting, if there were space, to trace the connection between the present success of the Catholic party in Belgium, and the new currents which gained force on the accession of Leo XIII. to the pontifical seat. It was the policy of Pius IX. that was defeated in the elections of 1878: it is the comparatively prudent and judicious counsels of his successor that have made victory possible in 1884. M. Malou, who has now succeeded M. Frère-Orban as first Minister, belongs to the political Catholics, and it is evident that power will be in the hands of the political and not of the clerical section. We see already that it has been determined not to remove the great stumbling-block of offence by repealing the Education Law, which fanatics usually describe as the *loi de malheur*. Modifications are to be introduced in the administration of it, and no doubt plenty of harm will be done in that way. But nothing will happen that can be made to amount to revolution. It is expected that one of the first acts of the new Government will be the restoration of a Belgian Legation to the Holy See, but Italian Liberals, while admitting that they lose a friend in M. Frère-Orban, and that the Vatican will gain an ally in M. Malou, do not believe that the ally will afford any great help, though he may, in certain circumstances, render some slight service. The party of the Vatican have a better reason for high spirits in a victory of the Conservative and Catholic candidates in the municipal elections in the Eternal City itself (June 8).

It is worth noticing, as we pass, that the Education question is again slowly coming to the front in England as one of the great issues between our own parties as it is in Belgium. Lord Randolph Churchill some time ago

declared himself to be in favour of Free Schools. But while the free school to the Liberal means a school supported by public money and managed by elective public bodies, to Lord Randolph it means a school in which public funds are to be placed at the disposal of private and denominational managers. A statesman who is still for some time longer a more important personage than Lord Randolph, has recently been taking a similar line. Lord Salisbury (June 17) has expressed his opinion that the time is approaching when the compromise of the Education Act of 1870 will cease to work. He complains of the spirit in which the Act is administered; of the compulsory establishment of unnecessary School Boards; of the unexpected costliness, and of the rise of a rate that was to have been threepence to as much as eightpence. But most of all he complains of what he calls the injustice of the double rate. Lord Salisbury expects that it will be a subject of great conflict in the future, though the controversy is, perhaps, now only beginning, whether it is right that those who pay their money towards the promotion of education in supporting voluntary schools, ought in the same district to be charged school rates as well. "Among not only members of the Church of England, but also among Wesleyans and Roman Catholics, the feeling is very strong that that double demand is an injustice, and as time goes on I think that that controversy will increase, that public opinion will mature upon the point, and I do not despair of a solution more favourable to distinctive religious teaching than that which we possess at present." The solution of which Lord Salisbury is thinking is no doubt that people shall be left free to pay their rates for the support of sectarian schools in the hands of private managers, and in time, for simplicity's sake, he will doubtless come to Lord Randolph Churchill's development, that the total cost of these schools, including the portion

now defrayed by the children's fees, shall be borne by the public purse, though controlled by the private members of rival denominations. It is obvious that, as soon as there is a serious attempt to put aside the compromise of 1870, it will be found that there are two who can play at that game. A proposal from a responsible statesman in his place in Parliament to give more public money to denominational schools will instantly be followed by a proposal to withdraw it from them altogether. Lord Salisbury, at any rate, is quite right in dwelling on the place of religious education in European politics.

The French legislature has been busy upon projects that are of less general interest than the struggle in Belgium. The scheme for revision of the powers of the Senate has been reported upon by the Committee, but no further progress has yet been made with it. The question of military service has been discussed in connection with a measure which proposes a universal service for three years, without the exemptions and qualifications that now exist. The Chamber is half averse to the change, without some relieving provisions. The only relief yet suggested has been that every man in the army should be subjected to a competitive examination, and that success here should absolve a man from further service. But this has not been found acceptable. A proposal for exempting seminarists, on the ground that three years of life in a barrack would be nothing less than death to the clergy, was rejected by an enormous majority. The exemption of pupils of the *École Normale* was equally unwelcome. It looks as if, in spite of the reluctance of the Chamber, the Army Bill would go up to the Senate without any infringement of the principle of absolute equality. Divorce, which was legalised in France at the Revolution, was abolished at the Restoration. It is now proposed to replace it. The Chamber, of course, is

favourable to a return to a tradition of liberty which is stoutly resisted by the Church, but the Senate has hesitated before giving way. It has ended by adopting a literal return to the Civil Code as it was before the reaction, with the curious proviso that the two parties whose misconduct has led to the divorce shall not afterwards be capable of legal intermarriage.

The action of France in Morocco has had the effect that might have been expected both in Italy and in Spain. In the latter country the newspapers have worked themselves up into a condition of very calculated indignation. The French Republic is denounced as a weak and dishonoured imitator of the politics of the Empire. Just as the Empire drew the attention of the French people towards military glories in remote regions, to prevent it from fastening on the interior situation of France, the Republic conceived the criminal enterprise of the Krumirs and the expedition to Tonquin, and it now pretends to raise a conflict in Morocco. The full assurances of France that nothing shall be done in Morocco to the prejudice of Spain are made very light of. The proposed compensations in the extension of the Spanish territory at Ceuta and Melilla are denounced as highly dishonourable, and—what is perhaps more to the point—as inadequate. They are described as evidently intended to isolate Spain from England, and the Government is warned not to forget that Spain, despite what has occurred, could more easily work with England or the other signatory Powers to the Madrid Convention of 1880, than make herself the accomplice of France in the ambitious policy pursued with such bad faith in Tonquin, Madagascar, and Tunis.

If this is the feeling at Madrid, the public mind has been hardly less painfully moved at Rome. Signor Mancini towards the middle of the month explained to the Chamber that he had received from the French Ambassador in Rome explicit declarations that

France had no intention of enlarging her colonial empire in the direction of Morocco, her only desire being a rectification of the Algerian frontier. It would be an insult to a noble nation to doubt these reiterated assurances. The Chamber listened with a certain scepticism. Signor Mancini expressed an intention of keeping a watch on events, and of persevering in the active interchange of communications now proceeding with the other Powers interested. He further declared that a change in the political constitution of Morocco would necessitate an increase in Italy of her means of defence, and the imposition of new sacrifices upon the people. The common impression is, however, that notwithstanding the irritation of the newspapers—who after all must write about something—Italy will possess her soul in patience. In truth, she is in no position to do otherwise. Her resentment against France, which is due less to what is now going on in Morocco than to what was done in Tunis, could only be formidable in case of that European conflagration which has so long been threatened, which is so slow in coming, but which perhaps looks nearer now than it has done for a generation. For the moment, the threats even of the most indignant do not go beyond the proposal that the first advance of France in Morocco should be instantly followed by the despatch of the Italian fleet to Tripoli. Meanwhile a French squadron has gone into the waters of Tangiers, where it still lies anchored. The policy imputed to the French agent is that he is stirring up the Shereef of Wazan to make an insurrection against the Sultan of Morocco, and he points to the ships as a guarantee to the Shereef that France will not leave him in the lurch. For the moment, however, the Shereef is suspicious and doubtful, and the rising may, in deference to the play and counterplay of European diplomacy, be indefinitely adjourned.

While these troublesome and ominous events are happening in the

African jurisdiction of the Sultan, a curious little storm has been rumbling over lands which not long ago belonged to him in Europe. After the rising that took place in Servia in the autumn, some of the leaders escaped into Bulgaria, whence, as it is alleged, they have since made sanguinary raids over the border. Servia complained of this and some other small grievances—including the question of a disputed frontier-post—and her agent presented a peremptory Note to the Government at Sofia. Bulgaria denied the allegation, but offered a compromise, which Servia declined. A diplomatic rupture followed, and there was talk of resort to arms. But the two great Powers concerned cannot afford to allow the two little Powers to compete for supremacy in the Peninsula; and by the hands of Prince Bismarck they have thrown a handful of diplomatic dust, in the shape of an Austro-Russian mediation, and, like the angry insects in Virgil, *pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt*.

We in the Old World can never be indifferent to what goes on in the New, and the preparations for the election of a new President in the United States are interesting to us alike from a political and a national point of view. The President of the United States, as everybody knows, is the product of a double election. He is chosen by a select body of electors appointed by the thirty-eight States of the Union. To compose this body each State sends electors equal in number to the senators and representatives together to which the State is entitled in Congress. According to the Constitution these electors choose the President, and he is theoretically their pure and entire creation. But within the last forty years a system has grown up which in effect reduces them to a merely mechanical function. That is the system of the nominating Convention. The nominating Convention of the Republican party has just been held at Chicago, and has fixed upon Mr.

Blaine as the candidate of the party. The Convention is as independent of the Constitution as is the Liberal or Conservative Association of an English borough. It consists of delegates sent by various partisan bodies all over the Union, and these delegates in Convention assembled fix on the candidate of the party, whether Republican or Democrat. When the candidate has been fixed upon, then the voters in their districts vote for electors pledged to support him. So far, therefore, as the Presidential election goes, the system of indirect popular election by two stages has been futile; and the failure is a warning to those political theorists who rely upon artificial tricks of speculative ingenuity to resist the force of the popular will in a democratic system. It is fair, however, to remember Mill's reference to the American Senate, which is chosen not by primary electors but by the legislatures of the respective States. This is a case, he says, where election by two stages answers well in practice, because "the electors are not chosen solely as electors, but have other important functions to discharge which precludes their being selected solely as delegates to give a particular vote."

The Republican platform contains articles of a good deal of interest. Its framers record the favour with which they regard the settlement of national differences by international arbitration; but it will be safe for statesmen to regard this as a platonic declaration rather than as business. The Protectionist case is stated plainly in the compass of three or four sentences. "It is the first duty of a good Government," according to the Republican Committee, "to protect the rights and promote the interests of

its own people. The largest diversity of industry is most productive of general prosperity and of the comfort and independence of the people. We therefore demand that the imposition of duties on foreign imports shall be made, not for revenue only, but that, in raising the requisite revenues for Government, such duties shall be so levied as to afford security to our diversified industries, and protection to the rights and wages of the labourer; to the end that active, intelligent labour, as well as capital, may have its just reward, and the labouring man his full share in the national prosperity. Against the so-called 'economical' system of the Democratic party, which would degrade our labour to a foreign standard, we enter our earnest protest." For instance, the duty on foreign wool is to be readjusted so as to give full protection to sheep-farming. Railway companies are to be prevented by legislative regulations from the extraction of rates and fares that are differential and excessive. A national Bureau of Labour is to be established, and the Eight Hours Law is to be enforced. If in some of the articles, such as that affecting the railways for instance, the programme does not go further than we have gone already, it is not to be denied that as a whole, and in its most important features, the programme is as antipathetic to most sensible Englishmen as a programme could be. Before, however, drawing general inferences from it as to the economic tendencies of popular government, it will be well to wait until the Democratic Convention has been held (July 8), and until we see whether Republicans or Democrats are the winners.

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REDISTRIBUTION IN ENGLAND.

It cannot, we fear, be said that the prospects of obtaining a thorough and therefore final redistribution of seats are altogether favourable just at present. So long as the franchise was conferred in a haphazard, unequal fashion there was no particular reason why the allotment of seats should be other than arbitrary and partial also. But a reformed franchise implies of necessity a corresponding arrangement whereby redistribution will be carried out upon some systematic and, so to speak, scientific principle, so that the vote shall be of approximately equal value. Literal exactness need not be sought for, and could not be obtained without something like a revolution, but only such exactness as shall make it certain that the will of the country is being expressed, and shall purge our representative system of ridiculous and indefensible anomalies. No one can say at present how far public opinion is prepared to go, but that it requires order and principle in place of chaos and privilege is plain enough.

One source of difficulty arises from the multiplicity of views and schemes—proportional representation and the rest—by which the public attention will be bewildered and led astray from the plain highway. Of this a Bill introduced by Sir John Hay and elaborated with infinite trouble, if it serve no other useful purpose (and we do not see how it can), may at least

act as an illustration. Given a “principle” perfectly valueless in itself, and with nothing to correspond to it in the region of facts and sense, let that principle be applied with unshrinking logic to every case alike, and we have a display of revolutionary energy that goes far to prove that there is no such Radical in the world as your Tory under the dominance of a besetting idea. The Franchise Bill rests upon—and owes its popularity to the fact of its recognising—the likeness between town and country householders, whereupon our “principle” of redistribution shall be that a human being living in the midst of 10,000 of his fellow creatures must be regarded as a different kind of person from another human being who lives in the midst of less than that number. Whence it follows that our whole representative system must be revolutionised in order to give effect to this sublime conception, so that hardly a single constituency would recognise its own identity. The authors of the scheme have been accused of that species of political crime known as gerry-mandering; to our mind there is an artlessness about the whole that seems to argue the lesser though still serious crime of incapacity to see a joke.

Detailed criticism would be absurd, but a few flowers may be culled for the instruction of our readers. Every little town, just perhaps as it is

beginning to feel its political feet and is hoping to exercise its proper influence in its own locality, is caught up and transported miles away to some (generally) larger constituency, in whose bosom it will remain dead for ever. Thus Beverley, which might be inconvenient to the landed lords of the East Riding, is absorbed in Hull; Leicester takes charge of Loughborough (with no increase of seats); and Bishop Auckland will no longer vex the equanimity of the county Conservatism by being transferred to Darlington, where it can do no harm. No attempt is made to avoid dissimilar treatment of similar places; thus if there be two towns upon earth that might fairly claim to be treated alike it would be Oxford and Cambridge: yet the latter remains a distinct borough, while the former is united with a group of petty villages to which Woodstock gives its name, and with Banbury at the extreme verge of the county. Indeed "grouping" is carried to an extent which may perhaps open the eyes of the public to its inherent badness. Thus, to take one out of many instances, as though it were not enough to join the 7 borough towns of Dorsetshire, in order to extinguish the last spark of life in the county, an eighth is added. The unhappy member for these 8 towns would resemble nothing so much as a man with that number of wives, with this added, that the desertion of one faithless spouse might bring about the divorce, sorely against their will, of the remaining seven faithful ones. Odd names are routed out of obscurity and formed into component parts of boroughs; thus the temptation to speak of an opponent as the honourable member for Byshottles or Hucknall Torkard would probably prove too strong a temptation for the youthful wits of the House at a time when the supply of humour is wofully below the demand. Time-honoured localities are not only deprived of their excessive representation, but ruthlessly reduced below

the average: thus Buckinghamshire (shades of departed Tories!) loses 5 members out of 8, whereas Bethnal Green—let us hope to the surprise of its own inherent modesty—finds itself endowed with 2. Ireland of course is plundered because it is poor. But enough of this trifling. The publication of such schemes does at least justify more serious attempts at informing the public mind upon a subject of such great and—soon to be—pressing importance.

Apart from the difficulties arising from the selfishness of threatened interests, and the jealousies and fears of party spirit, quickened as that must be to its utmost energy by measures involving a shifting of political power, there are two reasons for the existing hesitation and embarrassment which appeal to honourable motives, and are felt by prudent and just men. There is, first, the desire to avoid making or even suggesting extensive alterations in the old historic and constitutional arrangements; and there is, secondly, the wish to deal with existing interests upon some reasonable principle (instead of some arbitrarily drawn line of numbers), which shall, if possible, conciliate their opposition, or, at any rate, enable the people to disregard it. Now the object of this paper is to show that there is a perfectly feasible plan—and, as the author believes, one plan only—by which these apparently conflicting objects can be obtained; that is to say by which reasonable electoral equality upon some simple, self-working principle can be secured without undue disturbance of ancient landmarks or existing interests. And as results are everything, and mere principles of very little importance, he ventures to invite attention to the following details, bespeaking a favourable hearing by the assurance; first, that as in the Franchise Bill no existing voter is disfranchised, so no existing constituency would be by this plan destroyed; secondly, that at most 49 members for second seats in over-

represented boroughs, and 37 members (nearly all for second seats also) in over-represented counties would find themselves thrown upon the political world. In exchange for this the representation would be fixed upon a simple and natural system, which might be further modified hereafter in the direction of greater equality, should public opinion think it worth while.

The key to the solution of the problem is to be found in the fact that the present county constituencies in England (to which we intend in this paper to confine ourselves) would require, according to population when under household suffrage, a little over 60 representatives to equalise them with the existing boroughs, places, that is, where household suffrage already exists; and next, that there are, as a matter of fact, rather more than 60 small boroughs, so far identified with county interests, that we might not improperly call them by the name of county boroughs. If then we regard them as belonging to the counties, and enlarge them so that they shall take a fair share of the population, the main difficulty disappears. From this starting point we gain then this simple and obvious formula of redistribution, which will, we firmly believe, appeal forcibly to the average political mind.

(1.) Provide for the counties by forming them into as many divisions as there are at present members, *plus* the small or county boroughs; the area of each small borough to be extended so as to form a new division to which it would give its name; the other divisions to be grouped round the most important places; each to return one member.

(2.) Provide for the large towns by taking the second seats from small boroughs now returning two members.

It is, the reader will observe, assumed in the above that the future county constituencies will return only one member apiece, and will therefore be much smaller than the present meaningless and unmanageable divi-

sions which have neither the prestige of antiquity nor the advantage of convenience to recommend them. This, however, is not at all an essential part of the proposed plan, but is most earnestly pressed upon the public attention upon its own intrinsic merits. There is unfortunately no time now to discuss the question, but we appeal confidently to the common sense of the reader to decide whether enormous districts of agricultural voters are desirable from any point of view. The writer has some ground for believing that Conservatives and Liberals would agree as to this—the one from the desire of preserving local influence, the other because there would be an advance towards equal districts. The kind of division proposed would resemble county boroughs of the type of Aylesbury, East Retford, Much Wenlock, New Shoreham, Cricklade, together with Morpeth and many other small towns that are centres of larger districts. However, we must now go on to show with what ease the plan would work out its own details, and how nearly it would approach to a reasonable equality, which again could be still more nearly attained by the adjustment of boundaries between boroughs and divisions, *e.g.* by making parliamentary and municipal limits identical.

We propose in this paper to deal with the representation of England alone, but it will be necessary to say a preliminary word or two upon the number of seats to be assigned to it in comparison with the sister kingdoms. And here, as throughout, we take for granted that redistribution will be settled upon the basis of population alone, simply because we are sure that in the long run no other plan will commend itself to the common sense of the people by whom the matter will be decided. By voting is meant a contribution of will power to decide upon public affairs, and a man's will is not to be measured by his property; indeed, for political purposes, every man's property is the same,

inasmuch as every man has an equal stake in the country, namely his all, be it little or great. And of the two, it may be added, poverty has a greater interest in the State than possessions, inasmuch as the consequences of bad government, say of protection or aggressive wars, fall with tenfold more severity upon the poor than upon the rich; to the one it means loss of superfluities; to the other of the necessities of life. In short, to make poverty an excuse for depriving communities of the voting power which population would give them would be to affront the democratic instinct in its most sensitive part.

England has at present 463 members, and by rights of population ought to have 464. Now, we venture to say, that if the question were put to 100 plain men, the opinion of 90 would be to leave the present representation unaltered. There would be no desire to press extreme rights as against the weaker kingdoms, but neither would there be any willingness to surrender what we have: to call upon the smaller English towns and counties to give up members for the benefit, not of London and Lancashire, but of Dublin and Galway, would seem to the average political mind quite preposterous. We assume then that the English representation will remain at its present number, leaving the remaining seats to be settled between Scotland, Ireland, and Wales according to population.

Of the 463 English seats 5 belong to the Universities, and as our object is to avoid, when possible, all controverted points, we do not propose to deal with these further than by hazarding a passing suggestion that a compromise, whereby Oxford and Cambridge retained each one member, and other universities were joined with London, might not be unacceptable. We have then 458 seats for a population of 24,613,926, giving a quota of 53·7 thousands for each seat. It will not do, however, to fix the quota too

absolutely, partly because a margin must be left for growth or decrease, partly because some allowance must be made in cases where the population only just falls short of the required number. Hereafter then by the word quota will be meant a population of 50,000, ranging upwards to 55,000.

The quota being settled, three all-important questions are presented, which, however, upon the simple principles we have adopted, answer themselves.

First. Where shall the line be drawn below which boroughs with two seats shall surrender one?—Answer. Wherever the population falls short of one complete quota, *i.e.* where it is under 50,000. Of these there are 49.

Second. Where shall the line be drawn above which boroughs shall have a claim to further representation?—Answer. Wherever they have one or more full quotas above their present number of seats, *e.g.*, where there is a population of over 150,000 and two seats. Of these there are 16 towns, with about 73 complete unrepresented quotas, that is, requiring 24 more seats than the 49 at our disposal. Not a very serious deficiency!

Third. Where shall the line be drawn below which small rural towns shall be treated as county boroughs, and enlarged out of the county population?—Answer. The counties require more than 60 seats to bring them upon terms of approximate equality with the boroughs, and there are just 61 boroughs with a population under 15,000 available for the purpose.

We are now in a position to arrange the constituencies in groups by a kind of self-acting process. We begin with the boroughs, and beg the reader to observe how fairly and equally, and with what little disturbance, the plan works out. If we are to retain boroughs at all—and no responsible politician wishes to destroy them—how could we obtain better results?

SCHEDULE A.

Thirty boroughs each returning one member with a population of less than 2 quotas, *i.e.*, under 100,000. These remain unaltered.

Name.	Population.	Name.	Population.
Ashton	43,450	Huddersfield	87,157
Birkenhead	84,006	Kidderminster	25,633
Burnley	63,638	Middlesbrough	72,145
Bury	50,178	Monmouth	46,033
Chatham	46,788	Morpeth	33,459
Cheltenham	46,842	Rochdale	68,866
Christchurch	28,535	South Shields	56,875
Darlington	33,428	Staleybridge	39,671
Dewsbury	69,566	Stockton	55,460
Gateshead	65,803	Tynemouth	44,118
Gravesend	31,283	Wakefield	30,854
Great Grimsby	45,351	Walsall	59,402
Dudley	87,527	Warrington	45,253
Hartlepool	46,990	Whitehaven	19,295
Hythe	28,239	Windsor	19,082

SCHEDULE B.

Nineteen boroughs each returning two members with a population of less than 3 quotas, *i.e.* less than 150,000. These remain unaltered.

Name.	Population.	Name.	Population.
Blackburn	100,620	Northampton	57,544
Bath	53,785	Norwich	87,842
Bolton	105,965	Plymouth	76,080
Brighton	128,440	Portsmouth	127,989
Derby	77,636	Preston	93,720
Devonport	63,980	Southampton	60,051
East Retford	50,054	Sunderland	124,841
Halifax	73,630	Stockport	59,553
Ipswich	50,546	York	60,343
Leicester	122,376		

There are two or three cases in the above schedules, Huddersfield being the worst, where certain towns suffer in comparison with others from the fact of their falling but little short of another quota. But it is probable that rectification of boundaries would go far to reduce these anomalies, and anyhow they must be regarded as the price which the boroughs pay for the privilege of escaping electoral districts. Nor is there any doubt but that it will be paid on the whole cheerfully.

SCHEDULE C.

Forty-nine boroughs each returning two members with a population under one complete quota, *i.e.* less than 50,000. These surrender one member,

Name.	Population.	Name.	Population.
Aylesbury	28,907	Penrhyn	18,072
Bedford	19,533	Peterborough	22,394
Barnstaple	12,493	Pontefract	15,332
Berwick	13,998	Rochester	21,807
Boston	18,873	Salsbury	15,680
Bury St. Edmund's	16,111	Sandwich	15,655
Canterbury	21,704	Shrewsbury	26,478
Colchester	28,374	Stafford	18,904
Durham	15,372	Tamworth	14,101
Grantham	17,345	Taunton	16,614
Hereford	19,821	Tiverton	10,462
King's Lynn	18,454	Truro	10,619
Maldstone	29,647	Warwick	11,800
Newcastle-under-Lyme	17,493	Much Wenlock	20,092
Newark	14,018	Weymouth	13,715
		Winchester	17,780

Cambridge	40,878	Lincoln	37,313
Carlisle	35,884	Macclesfield	37,620
Chester	40,972	New Shoreham	42,550
Coventry	46,563	Oxford	40,837
Cricklade *	51,951	Reading	42,054
Dover	30,270	Scarborough	30,504
Exeter	47,154	Stroud	40,587
Gloucester	36,521	Wigan	48,194
Hastings	47,738	Worcester	40,354

* This borough has been included because it is in point of fact a county borough already, and the county representation is excessive.

It will be observed that we have divided this schedule into two parts, drawing a line between populations under and over 30,000. Concerning the boroughs in the first list, together with places like Macclesfield and Cricklade, probably no doubt would be felt; if there is to be redistribution at all it must affect them. There need be no abatement in their political life, nor any sensible loss; while, on the other hand, the reduction might lead to much improvement in political feeling. Some of them would still remain small boroughs even though additions were made to their area; but it is more than probable that public opinion would not grudge these modified survivals of the past, in the case say of Warwick and Tiverton.

But as to the second list, it is pretty certain that the great battle of redistribution will sooner or later be fought out here, and it is impossible to conjecture which way it will go for the present. Upon the principle of representation according to population there is no reason why they should be spared, and in some cases there are good reasons why they should not. On the other hand, there would be considerable plausibility in

the cry that to take members from say Chester, Coventry, Reading, and Wigan, in order to swell the representation of Liverpool, Birmingham, London, and Manchester respectively, is going far beyond the requirements of the case. Should this view prevail, the large towns would have to be content with so many less members. It is one of the advantages of our plan that it can be worked with more or less strictness according to the demands of public opinion.

SCHEDULE D.

Sixteen towns returning an aggregate of 55 members, among which 49 seats are distributed.

We must first explain upon what principle this schedule has been arranged. We are in the position of liquidators of an estate with a debt of 73 and assets of 49, and all that that can be done is to offer some composition which shall satisfy the persons concerned and appear reasonable to the public. This is very easily done. If we add one member to those places where there is one, and only one, complete quota requiring representation (in the solitary case of Newcastle the area of the borough ought to be somewhat enlarged to make this up); and if we offer to double the present representation of the remaining large towns, we shall use up 45 out of our 49 seats. The remaining 4 might well be employed to correct the worst inequalities elsewhere, *e.g.* at places like Leicester and Huddersfield, which fall but little short of another complete quota. But it is enough for present purposes to point out that Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, and (of course) London would still be in a somewhat worse position than their neighbours in this schedule, and therefore have a claim for an extra seat each. So arranged the schedule will, we think, present a very satisfactory appearance.

Name.	Population.	Seats.
Wednesbury	124,437	2
Bradford	180,459	3
Hull	162,194	3
Newcastle	145,359	3
Nottingham	186,575*	3
Oldham	152,513	3
Stoke	152,394	3
Salford	176,235	3
Wolverhampton	164,832	3
Bristol	206,874	4
Sheffield	284,508	5
Leeds	309,119	5
Birmingham	400,774	6
Manchester	393,585	6
Liverpool	552,508	7
London †	3,454,625	45
TOTAL... ..		104

* The municipal population.
† Present members, 22.

It does not fall within our scope to discuss the serious question as to whether and how far these large constituencies are to be divided; indeed, in the writer's opinion, when once the number of seats is settled, this becomes mainly a matter for the constituency itself to decide upon. But the following suggestions present themselves as obvious.

Some boroughs, *e.g.* Stoke, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, might elect to be divided into the separate towns of which they are composed. Towns returning more than three members might prefer to be divided into two separate constituencies instead of losing their unity, character, and influence by being cut up into wards. But even this would be preferred to any form of proportional representation—if, that is, the people are to have their own way.

In the case of London, strong reasons might be adduced for forming new constituencies out of the large old parishes where some trace of municipal life still lingers; thus the borough of Marylebone might be split up into the three parishes (each with a member) which compose it, *i.e.* St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, and Paddington. But this lies beyond our immediate subject.

SCHEDULE F.

Four new boroughs in place of the seats now disfranchised.

Burton-on-Trent..	39,288	Rotherham	34,782
Croydon	78,953	St. Helen's	57,403

These places are chosen because they are the largest municipal boroughs without direct representation, and because they belong to populous and under-represented localities. Other large places, such as West Ham or the West Riding and Lancashire towns, will, with the surrounding districts, virtually have their own representation as divisions of counties. Our plan thus enables us to gratify the natural desire of every important locality to have its member to itself. Thus Great Yarmouth would once more appear as a division of Norfolk.

This completes the proposed borough representation, which will comprise 225 seats out of 458, and somewhat less than half the population. We turn now to the counties.

SCHEDULE G.

Sixty-one boroughs with populations under 15,000, to be enlarged so as to form divisions of counties.

Borough.	Popu- lation.	Borough.	Popu- lation.
Abingdon.....	6,630	Andover	5,870
Wallingford.....	8,194	Lymington	5,468
Buckingham.....	6,859	Newport	9,144
Gt. Marlow.....	6,778	Petersfield	6,546
Wycombe.....	13,154	Lichfield	8,349
Bodmin.....	6,866	Eye	6,293
Helston	7,935	Guildford.....	11,593
Lanuceston.....	5,675	Chichester	9,669
Liskeard	5,591	Lewes	11,199
St. Ives.....	8,809	Horsham	9,552
Cockermouth.....	7,188	Midhurst	7,221
Tavistock.....	6,879	Rye	8,403
Bridport	6,795	Kendal	13,696
Dorchester	7,567	Evesham	5,112
Poole	12,310	Bewdley	8,678
Shaftesbury.....	8,479	Droitwich.....	9,858
Wareham.....	6,360	Calne	5,244
Maldon	7,145	Chippenham	6,776
Harwich	7,842	Devizes	6,645
Huntingdon.....	6,416	Malmesbury.....	6,881
Leominster.....	6,044	Marlborough	5,180
Hertford	8,718	Westbury.....	6,014
Clltheroe.....	14,472	Wilton	8,802
Cirencester.....	8,431	Malton	8,754
Tewkesbury	5,100	Northallerton	5,445
Stamford	8,993	Richmond	5,542
Banbury	12,072	Thirsk	6,312
Woodstock.....	7,033	Whitby	14,621
Bridgnorth.....	7,212	Knarebro'	5,000
Ludlow	6,664	Ripon	7,890
Frome	9,377		

It is not, we think, possible to imagine any more tolerant or equitable treatment of these small boroughs than that they should become the political centres or capitals of their own

districts, that is to say, of the surrounding places which are already united with them by trade, and to a certain extent by municipal organisation. The only other method of dealing with them is by "grouping," which we do not hesitate to stigmatise as a lazy and feeble device that can only recommend itself to an unintelligent and unsympathetic condition of the public mind. To begin with, it is an entire innovation upon constitutional practice in England, and we should imagine in the world itself. It is true that a system of grouping has been adopted in Wales and Scotland (where it is by no means liked) in order to meet special circumstances which it is the very purpose of the Reform Bill to remove. It was not unreasonable to join together small unrepresented towns in order that they might have the advantage of the wider suffrage established in boroughs, but this is a totally different thing from joining together boroughs already existing, with a history of their own, with members and candidates now before them, jealous and ignorant of each other, and with absolutely nothing in common. We say boldly that there is not one borough out of the 61—no, nor 61 intelligent electors in any one of them—that would not prefer enlargement to grouping. Tell, for instance, an elector of Richmond or Northallerton that his borough was to be the centre of a large district more or less closely represented by the ancient Richmondsire and Allertonshire, and he would prepare to submit to the inevitable, retaining the present party organisation and (probably) candidate. Tell him, on the contrary, that the two towns were to be united (along with two or three others twenty or thirty miles away), leaving the unfortunate little villages between them to be the *disjecta membra* of what would be an amorphous, boneless, spiritless, utterly unmanageable constituency called the North Riding, and he would have a good excuse, and his representatives a

still better one, for resisting reform to the last extremity. We are convinced that the alternative of grouping or enlargement has only to be plainly set before the people, and their common sense will return a decisive verdict.

We have then to add these 61 seats to the 172 already comprised in "divisions" in order to complete the county representation. The principle upon which seats will have to be transferred from over-represented to under-represented counties is exactly the same as we have described in boroughs. It is to take from the former as many seats as will leave them with not less than one member for every quota, and to distribute the seats so gained fairly among the latter. The effect of this will be that no county will be reduced so as to fall below the average of representation, which would afford ground for complaint and resistance. Thus, to take an example at one end of the scale, Dorsetshire (exclusive of Weymouth which remains a borough) has a population of 177,313, 5 county or enlarged boroughs, and 3 county seats. Out of its 8 seats it would therefore stand to lose 4, but as this would compel (as also in Wilts) the destruction of one borough, it is possible that a more merciful treatment might be accorded to it. This, however, with Wilts is an extreme case. At the other end of the scale is Lancashire with a population of 1,485,684, and 9 county seats (Clitheroe being included) requiring therefore something like three times its present representation. The exact number of seats that would be transferred under this arrangement would be 37 from 17 counties to 13.

The total effect of this and the preceding alterations will be found clearly expressed in the following table to which we invite critical attention. It shows what would be the number of borough and county seats in each county together with the proportion of seats to representation, and thus affords a convenient method of ascertaining at a glance the local

results of redistribution, and the measure of equality to which we have attained. Note that in calculating populations we have had to make allowance for the over-lapping into two counties of large populations in the boroughs of Dudley, Stockton, and Bristol. Tamworth is taken with Warwickshire. The populations of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent are, of course, extra-metropolitan.

County.	Population.	Borough seats.	County seats.	Ratio (in thousands), one seat for
Rutland	21,434	0	1	21
Hunts	59,491	0	2	30
Westmoreland ...	64,191	0	2	32
Wilts	258,965	2	5	87
Beds	149,473	1	3	87
Dorset	191,028	1	4	38
Northampton ..	272,555	3	4	39
Hereford	121,062	1	2	40
Cumberland	250,647	2	4	41
Cornwall	330,686	2	6	41
Salop	248,014	2	4	41
Lincoln	469,919	4	7	43
Devon	608,595	7	7	43
Northumberland ..	434,086	6	4	43
Notts	391,815	6	3	43
Somerset	430,978	3	7	43
Berkshire	218,363	2	3	44
North Riding ...	395,200	4	5	44
Bucks	176,323	1	3	44
Suffolk	356,893	3	5	45
Oxford	179,559	1	3	45
Cambridge	185,594	1	3	46
Hants	593,470	6	7	46
Worcester	421,558	3	6	47
Gloucester	610,564	7	6	47
Cheshire	644,037	6	7	49
Sussex	490,505	4	6	49
Norfolk	444,749	3	6	49
Staffordshire.....	929,738	12	7	49
Herts	203,069	0	4	50
Derby	461,914	2	7	51
East Riding	315,460	3	3	52
Kent	787,846	8	7	52
Warwick	737,339	9	5	53
Monmouth	211,267	1	3	53
Leicester	321,258	2	4	53
Essex	576,434	1	9	57
Durham	878,056	8	7	58
West Riding	2,175,314	20	15	62
Surrey	693,530	1	10	63
Middlesex	394,089	0	6	65
Lancashire	3,454,441	32	21	65
London	3,454,625	45	0	76

There are, as we have said, 225 borough and 233 county seats as arranged in this table, and a question of vital interest arises as to the proportion which these bear to their respective populations. Owing to the merging of small boroughs in the counties, to

the creation of new boroughs, and to the extension of the boundaries in some cases, the question is a little difficult to answer. But we make no doubt but that the ratio of seats to population would be in the boroughs 1 to about 50,000, and in the counties 1 to about 56,000; thus leaving the margin we require to allow for the further extension of area in boroughs, and especially for the gradual tendency of population to the towns. The most rigid system of electoral districts could hardly yield a better result.

One or two results of the method of redistribution we are advocating may be briefly noticed. The proportion of electoral power to population decreases by infinitesimal gradations from the smaller and weaker constituencies to the larger who are well able to assert themselves, and whose influence upon the country at large is far beyond their voting power. Thus Liverpool and Birmingham may without paradox be said to return ten times the number of their own members to the Conservative and Liberal ranks respectively. Again, the same kind of constituencies receive the same kind of treatment, a point of much importance, because communities are quick to discern and keen to resent any inequality between themselves and places of the same size, interests, and occupations. Again, no constituency, at present over-represented, is reduced below the average of electoral power, and can find in consequence no reasonable pretext for committing itself to blind resistance; while on the other hand, the severance between constituencies and their sitting members or actual candidates will be comparatively small. Once more, no less than 36 counties will still remain above the average, leaving the deficiency to fall upon the last six. And in these the deficiency may be estimated roughly at about 37 seats, that is to say,

the number of unrepresented quotas amounts to 37, whereof the metropolis claims 19, Lancashire 9, the West Riding 5, Surrey 2, Middlesex and Durham 1 each. A remarkable result when we consider what is the state of things at present.

As in mechanics, so in politics—especially when dealing with easily aroused susceptibilities such as belong to the ancient privileges of boroughs, and the selfish interests of the present representatives—the problem is how to obtain the maximum of effect with the minimum of force or disturbance. Applied to the foregoing scheme the words maximum of effect may be taken literally; for it is doubtful whether a single other seat could be transferred without inflicting appreciable injury upon some weak constituency by reducing its representation below the average of 53·7. But it may turn out that public opinion will be content with less than the maximum, in which case results that do not appear startling even at their worst could be easily modified. But there is a real danger in the temptation to purchase present ease at the cost of future agitation, and the best and most Conservative plan would be to do the thing thoroughly and systematically at once; indeed until it is done it is a serious question whether Conservatism as a party would ever have a real or lasting chance. For it is as clear as anything well can be that the democratic instinct will press towards at least as much equality as can be gained without destroying the old historical constituencies, and without inflicting absolute injustice upon the weaker among them. We venture to claim for this scheme of redistribution that it fulfils these essential conditions, and thus solves the problem of reform with which the nation is setting itself to deal.

F.

RECENT FICTION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

As far as quantity of volumes goes, the production of novels in England at the present moment seems to be in no way inferior to that of any former period. The Saturday papers still find the "novels of the week" more than they can cope with; the supply of gaily-covered volumes on Messrs. Mudie's counter is as large as ever. And yet this English novel-writing of the present day, for all its apparent abundance and prosperity, has a hollowness, an emptiness about it of which we are all conscious. There is no novelist of the first rank left among us, no one who in range of power, in breadth, and prodigality of execution, equals the great writers of the past, no one who is devoting the treasures of an exceptional mental experience or an exceptional knowledge of human life to the service of this particular form of literary art. The whole great province of imagination which the novel represents is for the moment without a ruler, or rather the enchanted region itself seems to be almost closed to the ken of those outside it. It is as though the thorn-hedge of fairy tale had grown up around it, shrouding from us the sleeping forms of fancy or of passion within, while outside the traces are thick and pitiful of those who have tried to enter and have not been able. And we of the country round are waiting for the touch, and the venture of genius, to re-animate a torpid world, and bring before us princesses as bewitching, and heroes as ardent, and figures of grief or gaiety as memorable as those of yore.

But still, it may be answered, if the kings of novel writing have departed from us, if its secrets as a great imaginative art seem to be escaping

the command of those who apply themselves to it to-day, if *Romola* and *Dinah Morris*, and *Esmond*, and *Jane Eyre* and *Anne Elliot*, are ghosts of a past far off from us, rather than comrades and leaders in the dream world of the present, a great deal of pleasant and profitable energy is still spent upon novel writing, and in a time of transition it is wiser to be looking towards the future than to spend our sympathies upon regret and retrospect. Fiction in England at the present moment is under the intermittent but still clearly distinguishable influence of causes which have long ago transformed it on the Continent. Thanks to the great career of *Balzac*, aided by a number of converging agencies, the French have now fully possessed themselves of those realistic and "scientific" methods which are only just beginning to affect the English novelist. Our novel-tradition, from *Waverley* to *John Inglesant*, has been, in spite of apparent variations here and there, essentially romantic and idealist. All our novelists, more or less, have cut their material according to romantic patterns; there has been plenty of observation, but observation subordinated to feeling, to the pursuit of beauty, above all to vigorous laws of selection. Of close photography from life, undertaken and defended on the principle that successful imitation is all that a writer should be asked for, we have had little or nothing. And the determination to handle any subject whatever, so long as the treatment is skilful and the subject one of human interest, which has shown itself tentatively here and there in English fiction during the last few years, has been overborne by the equally strong determination, on the

part of the British public, to maintain that exclusion of certain themes from the field of fiction, which is the chief note of difference between ourselves and the French. But still there are disintegrating influences abroad. Our abler novelists at any rate read the work of their French brethren, and are influenced by the temper of it, just as, in a far more conspicuous degree, English art is affected by the temper of French art. The French are well ahead, both in literature and in painting, in a line of thought and work towards which the great scientific current of the century seems to be irresistibly sweeping us all. "Put away from you," they cry to us, "this *parti pris* which leads you to make your novels the expression of a certain limited number of threadbare ideas, and to give to your characters and their stories an artificial roundness and wholeness unknown to life itself. Give up the absurd attempt to construct pictures of life under the hampering condition of excluding some of the most powerful of the motives which affect life. Describe what you see and know. It is not your business to make it beautiful, nor to go crusading in the service of virtue as against vice. Leave idealism to the poet; the novel of the present day is a document of human history; it should be as faithful and as full as possible. And as to its influence upon morals, you are no more concerned with it than you are with the influence of human life, as modern civilisation has developed it, upon the morals of the individual. Simply, it is not your affair. If human life contained more beauty than ugliness, and were unmistakably shaped to ideal ends, your sense of beauty and your idealism would be in their right place; but as it is, ugliness is the rule, and beauty the exception, nor can any plain man perceive the evidence for your idealist and optimistic conceptions of things. Your careful canons of selection are an impertinence to the humanity you profess to draw. Show her to us as she is; satisfy the need of knowledge

which is the dominant need of our time, and leave all other considerations to take care of themselves!"

Now against advice of this kind there is an amount of resistance in the English mind which will probably long be sufficient to preserve a wide chasm of difference between French and English schools of novel-writing. But still there are many things that fight for the French view. It is felt to be in harmony with the dominant stream of things at the present moment. The qualities which are uppermost in the modern European consciousness are qualities of scientific perception, of analysis, of devotion to fact wherever fact may lead, which are all of them strongly represented in the latest school of French fiction. So that the English novelist feels the times to be against him. His own romantic tradition, the English and Teutonic stuff in him, as it were, draws him in one direction: what we may almost call the European tradition, and all those positive, analytic, Latin elements in modern civilisation, which are so powerful, appeal to him from another. And in the absence of any English writer of commanding genius able to combine the two orders of expression into a new and living whole, and impose it upon the common tradition of letters by sheer force of presentment, the English school wavers and loses itself, tries first one road and then another, and makes very little real way in any.

It is the same with technique. Nothing can exceed the contempt of the successful French novelist for the slovenly ways of his English brethren, for the conventionality of their plots, the commonness of the motives employed by them, the narrowness of their range of characters, the carelessness of their literary method. To the critical Frenchman almost all English novels are afflicted with incurable amateurishness. He will tell you that he himself writes a novel a year; that every scene in it is studied beforehand; that he invents nothing but his frame-

work and connections, and that every scene, dialogue, or character is laboriously drawn or worked up from the life with the same orderly regularity as any other professional man is bound to give to his business. "As for you," he winds up sarcastically, "you are still in the days of 'inspiration.' I take care to accumulate, as my novelist's stock-in-trade, a store of notes and records of scenes and characters, taken day by day from the life. When I am planning a novel, my material, or the most important part of it, is there before me. The intrigue which is to bind the story together matters very little compared to the pictures of life that it contains. These pictures I already have. To accumulate them is my *métier*, and I have no more excuse for neglecting my daily task than a lawyer or a doctor, or a bureaucrat. My business when it comes to the formation of a novel is to choose, combine, and develop, from what I already possess; to find a general situation or a striking incident which will give unity to a certain mass of material, and then to set myself to the artist's labour of expression, which, supposing I have the novelist's qualities to begin with, is nothing but a matter of training and patience. But you are still accustomed to regard the operation of novel writing as a kind of magical process, an affair of incantations. You are still of Balzac's opinion—strange that the founder of naturalism should have held it!—"The artist is the humble instrument of a despotic will: he does but obey a master. He works under the dominion of certain circumstances whose combination is a mystery. He does not belong to himself; he is the plaything of a capricious force!" and so forth. Balzac's career was itself the most emphatic contradiction of this absurd theory, and the novel will never take the place with you which it is rapidly taking with us until you have learnt to throw your romantic tradition to the winds, and to recognise the novelist as a mere handicraftsman in

words, free to copy anything in human life that he has talent enough to copy, and bound to orderliness and method like any other labourer in the world's service."

Well, there is no denying that the impeachment is in many respects a lamentably true one. There are too few signs of systematic and orderly work in the production even of the best of our living novelists. Almost everywhere we see the same lack of what one may call professional training, the same readiness to believe that anybody can write a novel, the same impatience of the training and labour by which alone in writers who have only talent, and not the last incommunicable gift, mediocre and fugitive work rises into excellence.

However, with the truth of these charges themselves we are not just at present concerned. What is important to notice is that they are often made, and that they have some effect upon English fiction. Every here and there one sees attempts made to meet the demand which our younger writers especially feel to be rising among us. One such attempt was that curious, ugly, unsuccessful novel published last year under the name of *My Trivial Life and Misfortune*, in which the author endeavoured to photograph a section of human experience without any regard to the conventional lines of the English novel, and failed, not because she had tried to draw from life, but because her observation had been narrowed to one side only, and that the repulsive side, of the fragment of human nature she had undertaken to describe. Then, again, we have had Mr. Mallock's and Mr. Harding's and Mr. George Moore's experiments in the direction of habituating the English public to subjects which by common consent have been for a long time past excluded from English fiction—experiments the result of which holds out no hope to any future followers of Ernest Feydeau among us. And generally, there are many signs in the

novels of the last few years, especially the novels of the younger men, of greater care for realistic presentation and distinction of treatment. But still it is all as yet more or less groping in the dark, and no new departure of any importance can be expected till we have got hold of a writer strong enough to absorb and transform the different influences of the time instead of drifting at their mercy. And such a writer is not as yet in view.

One other current of influence upon the English novel of the present day remains to be noted. It is that of two or three American writers, writers so admirable and in their own line so successful that they deserve to be reckoned apart, to count as a distinct mode or school in the great field of modern artistic effort. Mr. James and Mr. Howells are largely read in England, and work so excellent as theirs cannot be as widely diffused as it is without influencing both English writers and English readers. It has trained English readers to take pleasure in more delicate and minute modes of presentation, in finer and soberer shades of thought, than the average English novelist knows how to reach. Mr. Howells speaks, indeed, to reluctant ears when he tells us that the time for the novel of incident has gone by, and that the novel of character is all that remains to us. There is a romantic strain in the English character which will not let us believe it, and with every novel he writes Mr. Howells himself is travelling further from the standpoint of his first story, *Their Wedding Journey*, and resigning himself more and more to the natural empire of incident over the sympathy of mankind. Mr. James's work is more distinguished than that of Mr. Howells. The writer demands more from himself; he has a high literary ideal before him; his memory is amply furnished with the best that has been done in his art; and he has de Stendhal's passion for piquancy and the avoidance of everything commonplace or *connu*. Writing of such fine quality,

enshrining so much true observation as that of Mr. James's, cannot but influence the world in which it is produced. Delicacy, reserve, artistic conscientiousness—all these things it ought to, and will, strengthen among us. But whether it will radically affect the character of English imagination is another thing. After all, imagination, and imagination of a stormy and expansive kind, ranging over a wide field, and recoiling from no height of passion and no depth of pathos, has been the characteristic of the English mind from the beginning. The nation that spoke through Chaucer in its youth and produced Shakespeare and the Elizabethans in its early maturity, and which, after the division of the eighteenth century, broke with Richardson and Sir Walter Scott into a fresh world of pathos and adventure, is scarcely likely to subdue itself to the exclusions and restrictions and reserves in which the American school finds its strength. Mr. Howells may tell us, if he will, that the novel of incident is dead. We may see a great deal of force in his plea for the novel of character. He may deaden within us for a time by the spell of his pleasant and reserved work, the natural human desire for the absorbing interest of a passionate story. We may learn a great deal from the way in which he observes, from the pleasure he is able to extract for himself and his readers from all the lighter and daintier aspects of life. But at bottom most of us who read him are pining for other Brontës, as ready as the old to explore the furthest limits of sentiment, and the strangest recesses of passion, or for a modern Walter Scott, trained by contact with the scientific spirit, stripped of certain *longueurs*, and freed from a thousand absurdities, but as inventive, as glowing, as captivating as the vanished master. And with these desires hot within us, sometimes we grow a little impatient of this dainty American work. "Break down your self-raised barriers," we are inclined to say. "Be a little less afraid

of failure and of extravagance. Stir, impress us, carry us away. So much depends upon you. Be a little violent and take us by force: otherwise all your charm, all your distinction, all your exquisite workmanship, will have but small effect upon the future of the English novel. For realism in one form or another is the *zeitgeist* which will master us all, and realism means the great and the passionate things of life as well as the interesting and the piquant things. It means movement, it means excitement, it means feeling strained and stimulated by contact with life taken broadly and deeply. The movement and the excitement are wholesome, are worth an artist's achieving. But, whether or no, the modern world is bent upon them, and if the English novel writers of the present cannot found an English realism of a wider, profounder, fierier kind than any we have yet seen, English fiction must in time fall a prey to the power and the genius now being spent upon the French novel, and instead of producing a school of our own which might balance and check it, we shall, sooner or later, fall a victim to the French school with all its qualities and all its defects."

For in these cosmopolitan days, when thought travels easily from country to country, we cannot count upon defending ourselves against so powerful an influence as French realism unless we in our turn have something vigorous and fresh, something instinct with English personality to oppose to it. Before we sketch our own idea of what this new *genre* might be, let us turn for a moment to the French school, and try and put together a few of those reflections on its position and tendencies which will naturally occur to any thoughtful English reader. The reflections by the nature of things must not be very long nor gathered over too large a field. Two or three novels of the present year will be enough for us. In looking for them, we must take

vogue and popularity into account. For, with certain reservations, it is popularity which determines the future. M. Octave Feuillet is to our mind a far more interesting novelist than M. Daudet, but M. Feuillet circulates by hundreds where M. Daudet gathers in his thousands. Therefore the young men as they grow up will write rather like M. Daudet than like M. Feuillet or M. Theuriet, or any other old-fashioned supporter of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In one instance, however, we claim to be allowed an exception, a caprice, if you will. M. Zola's popularity may be a fact of enormous significance, as he and his admirers say, or it may be, as the present writer is inclined to believe, a popularity which does not matter to literature, which is founded upon considerations alien to literature, and will die out without any distinctive influence upon the future. At any rate, since in novels, if nowhere else, one may please oneself a little, and since in our opinion no considerations can be urged sufficiently strong to force the most conscientious critic through the *corvée* of reading him, we will leave M. Zola alone. In M. Georges Ohnet, who at present, to judge by the number of his books, is the most popular author in France, in M. Daudet and M. Cherbuliez we shall find enough and more than enough to set us thinking over the present and speculating over the future. M. Ohnet is by far the younger writer of the three—at any rate in point of literary success. He made his first impression two or three years ago by *Serge Panine*, a very striking sketch of French commercial life, in which the figure of an elderly Frenchwoman, possessed of a masculine aptitude for affairs, and bent upon defending the business she has built up against the fraudulent intrigues of an aristocratic son-in-law, is drawn with very great force and skill. The book was a little dry and brusque; it wanted charm and flow, but there was a power in it which promised much. The story of

the *Maître de Forges*, M. Ohnet's second success, has been dramatised both in France and England, and is well known. It is stronger, however, as a play than as a novel, and, after these two books and a third, *La Comtesse Sarah*, M. Ohnet's place as a novelist was still doubtful. He has now produced a fourth, *Lise Fleuron*, of which 40,000 copies were sold within the first week, so that it is clear he possesses at least the secret of mastering the public. Nor can it be said, as we allowed ourselves to suggest in the case of M. Zola, that it is a popularity which does not matter to the literary critic. M. Ohnet, whatever may be our objections to him, is still read for reasons which have to do with literature—for the sake of his interest, his story, his bright and lively style. We can scarcely avoid regarding his popularity as significant, and his book as typical of the governing tendencies of French imagination.

Lise Fleuron is the story of a young and pretty Parisian actress whose beauty, talent, and goodness make her at once the idol of the Théâtre Moderne and its frequenters, and the object of the fiercest hatred on the part of the rival actress of the company, Clémence Villa. Upon this hatred the story turns. When Lise Fleuron emerges from the Conservatoire and is engaged by Rombauid, the director of the Théâtre Moderne, Clémence is the star of Rombauid's troupe; but a few trials are enough to show that Lise has genius and cultivation beside which Clémence Villa's half-trained talent is insignificant. Clémence, therefore, is deposed from her place of honour, and hates Lise accordingly, with all the force of a corrupt and venomous nature. And presently another grievance is provided her. One of the *habitués* of the theatre is a certain Jean de Brives, a gentleman by birth, who, to free himself from the poverty which stints his desires, has taken to gambling of a fairly honest sort as a profession. When the story opens he has been for

some time gambling on the Bourse with the money raised by speculations of a less venturesome kind. He has been taken up by Selim Nuño, a great Portuguese banker and financier, and in his train has been induced little by little to stake all he possesses upon the fortunes of a certain mine, which plays an important part in the story. For some time he frequents the *coulisses* of the Théâtre Moderne, with no result, except that Clémence, whom he detests, falls capriciously in love with him. But no sooner does Lise appear than he loses his heart, or what serves him for it, to her. She, on her side, falls in love for no reason apparently than that Jean is a *beau garçon* with curly blonde hair and blue eyes, and Clémence, divining the situation, vows the destruction of them both. She intrigues with Nuño, whose mistress she has been; Jean is led adroitly to his destruction; the mine shares go down with a run, and he sees himself threatened with the loss of all he possesses, and a return to that poverty he has made so many discreditable efforts to escape.

Meanwhile, his love affair with Lise has reached its climax. Marriage between them would have been easy, and desirable, one would think, to a man in Jean's position. But of marriage there is not a question on either side. The girl who is represented to us as a model of innocence and virtue deceives her blind mother by a direct falsehood, and spends three weeks with Jean in a little house he has hired for the occasion, while her mother believes her to be visiting an aunt. Presently the crash comes. The Benagoa shares run down; and Jean, in mortal despair, refuses to be comforted by Lise, who remembers with terror an old declaration of his, that sooner than submit to complete loss of fortune he would shoot himself. What is to be done? The only help lies in Nuño, Jean's largest creditor; and Lise flies to Clémence, who has all along pretended friendship for her, to implore her to use her influence

with Nuño for the salvation of Jean. Clémence sees that her hour has come, and pours out a flood of triumphant hatred upon the head of the astonished and shrinking Lise. Nerved to fresh efforts by love and indignation, Lise penetrates to the office of Nuño himself, and throws herself on his compassion. Nuño is an old libertine, who has once or twice made advances to Lise which have been instantly repulsed. Clémence, therefore, takes advantage of the situation to write to Jean, informing him that Lise had only waited for his misfortunes to transfer her affections to Nuño, and that if he wants a proof of the relations between the two he will find them supping together at such and such a restaurant. Jean has all along hated and detested Clémence; he knows her to have been guilty, first of all, of an anonymous newspaper attack upon Lise's good name, and, secondly, to have attempted her rival's mutilation and disfigurement. But five lines from the woman he is convinced is worthless are enough to poison all his affection for the girl who has sacrificed everything for him and proved her devotion to him in a hundred ways. He meets Clémence, rushes off in fury to the restaurant mentioned, and finds Lise and Nuño together, she, of course, being occupied in a final attempt to rescue her lover.

In the scene of incredible violence which follows, Jean heaps insults and menaces upon Lise. She fails altogether to move or convince him, and Clémence leads him off in triumph, leaving Lise heart-broken. The account of her wanderings through the cold and rainy streets, of the stupor of grief and misery from which she only wakes to remember Jean's threat of suicide, and to assure herself, through a common friend, of his safety, her return home with the hand of death upon her, her illness, and her last hours, are told with a force, a pathos, a simplicity which raise the concluding chapters of the book on to quite another level, and almost make us forget

the odious, improbable story which has led to them.

Although we have put M. Zola's novels out of court, there is one book of his which, in the attempt to criticise *Lise Fleuron*, may be quoted with advantage. In that curious, ill-conditioned series of essays which he published three years ago, under the title of *Les Romanciers naturalistes*, M. Zola gave us in the guise of criticism on his brother novelists remarks of considerable interest as to the theory of novel-writing. To him the ideal procedure is the procedure of M. Daudet. M. Daudet, he says, has before him a quantity of notes from which *Le Nabab* is to be drawn. The notes are mere reports of scenes and conversations, or analyses of characters from life, jotted down without plan or connection. "Imagination must take them in hand, but imagination of a special kind, a humble and docile faculty, well content to take the second place. Her business is to find a story to bind together the different episodes, and this story must be of the simplest and most ordinary kind, so that it shall not burden the book, and shall leave the writer room for the large pictures which he wishes to paint. For these pictures are the only things that matter. Everything else is accessory; they are the principal thing. What, after all, does the plot matter? What is important is to have room to unfold with all their necessary developments the scenes the writer has already by him—a *déjeuner* in the Place Vendôme, the Salon, the fêtes held at the chateau of St. Romans, the death and funeral of the Duc de Mora," and so on.

What, after all, does the plot matter? In these few words we have the secret of the whole decay and deterioration which seems to be overtaking one French novelist after another. M. Daudet, for instance, in *Petit Chose* and *Jack* and *Froment Jeune*, began with a belief in a powerful story, in a commanding character, which might hold the sympathy of the reader from

first to last. His power of mere description was kept well in hand; the *mise en scène* and the flow of minor incident were not allowed to interfere with the dramatic force, the living interest of the principal subject. But by the time he came to write *Numa Roumestan* and *Le Nabab*, M. Zola's theory had triumphed in him, and the result is that *Numa Roumestan* is a novel in which every character except the odious Numa himself is stricken with a fatal weakness and woodenness, in which the author's old power of pathos completely deserted him, while as a poor compensation for the lack of everything that makes a story live in the memory, M. Daudet offered us such descriptions as that marvellous one of the buffet at the ministerial *fête*, where once can almost hear the gurgling of the champagne and the clatter of the plates.

As to the latest point which M. Daudet's art has reached we shall have more to say. Meanwhile, it is instructive to notice how M. Ohnet has followed precisely the same track, and is now foundering on the same rocks. What remains in the memory from *Serge Panine* is the imposing figure of the mother and the great scene at the end in which she finally wins the battle with her son-in-law. It is the same with *Le Maître de Forges*; what it depended upon was the story—the interest of the relation between the husband and wife. But the realistic theory has now fairly triumphed over M. Ohnet just as it has triumphed over M. Daudet. The plot of *Lise Fleuron* is worthless—that is to say, the action of the principal characters is improbable and inconsistent, and the author has spent so little sympathetic and anxious thought upon the construction of his *dramatis personæ*, that when he comes to the point where he wishes to rouse his reader's feelings for them, he is not able to do so. His attention has been concentrated upon his "scenes" of dramatic and Parisian life—scenes in which, although he is as yet some distance from the hideousness of M. Daudet

and M. Zola, he has yet made life sufficiently ugly to satisfy the realist instinct in him. And meanwhile, he loses his hold upon the intimities of character. Lise was meant to be a woman of exceptional sweetness and purity, qualities of which the strongest illustration was to be her relation to her mother. She is, on the contrary, a girl without any moral fibre whatever, who, with a light heart, and her mother's name on her lips, allows herself to take the fatal step which would have broken the mother's heart had she known it, whose daily life is a tissue of falsehood, and who scarcely appears to have been troubled from beginning to end with any womanly instinct of regret and repentance. Lise therefore is a failure. M. Ohnet has not succeeded in doing what he intended to do, and the more he devotes himself to the "scenes" of which M. Zola speaks, the more he persuades himself that the plot does not matter, the less capable he will be of drawing anything in human nature except those ugly and commonplace sides of it which are uppermost in city life. Jean again! Jean is not intended to be a hero. But M. Ohnet certainly intended to give him some force as a lover. Can anything however be more improbable, more inconsistent with the lines of character laid down, than the device by which M. Ohnet brings about the overthrow of Jean's confidence in Lise? The incident of Clémence's letter is so *voulu*, so clumsy, that Jean becomes after it a mere bundle of speeches to us, he ceases to have any unity or life-likeness whatever. These, however, are the penalties which a writer pays when he places the secondary and minor considerations of his art before those which are its life and essence. "*Ces histoires de cœur*," to quote a French critic, "*où il n'y a plus de cœur, font une impression étrange et pénible.*"

But this deadening of the artist's consciousness to those great truths of feeling which should be the soul of his art is only part of the Nemesis which

seems to be overtaking the French school of fiction. M. Daudet's hideous *Sapho* is an illustration of the further depths to which a writer may descend when he has ceased to allow his imagination that ennobling idealising influence upon his work which of right belongs to it. Not only does he lose command over the healthier and finer elements of life, so that when he attempts to handle them he disfigures them; but the hideous, or vulgar, or vicious elements, those which will work up into scenes capable of communicating a *frisson* of one kind or another to the dullest natures, acquire an increasing empire over him, spoil his taste, and in the end obscure from him the only thing for which he professes to care—truth. In *Numa Roumestan* we had an instance of the failing power over the finer motives of life, which is one mark of the most recent French realism. In *Sapho* we see M. Daudet completely delivered up to one of the most revolting subjects upon which pen was ever employed, and so hemmed in by it that in this world which, with all its evil, is yet thickly strewn with images and suggestions of good, he sees nothing but the one loathsome string of incidents, the one hideous vein of character. The sense of disgust, of painful struggle against a vile and hateful influence with which any reader, not himself corrupt, will lay down *Sapho*—is this, can this be the end to which one of the most beautiful of human arts is ultimately to lead us? If so, we may well despair of the future. For in many of us those needs which are fed by poetry, and art, and religion, will depend more and more for their satisfaction, as the direct influence of religion declines, upon poetry and the different arts of representation. And if those ideal aims, of which religion was once the accepted interpreter, are to be gradually excluded from the whole field of art, if the gaze of mankind is to be slowly and inevitably withdrawn from all that once cheered and stirred the

soul, from all that for generations has breathed a meaning into existence, and hope into the race, in order to fix itself exclusively upon the harder and viler facts by which we are surrounded—what can we say of the artists who have brought the change about, but that they have betrayed their trust, that they have made the burden weighing on man heavier, and the prospect before his eyes darker than before! The mission of art since the beginning of things has been to heal, to inspire, to charm, to bring the lower realities of the world into contact with the higher, to interfuse personality with fact, and spirit with matter. So understood, at any rate, art has been a means of happiness. It is clearly a paradox to maintain that such art as that of *Sapho*, or *L'Assommoir*, or *Madame Bovary*, or *Fanny*, can ever be a means of happiness to any human being. Therefore, if the realists of the French school carry the position, if they impose their view on the art of the future, one of the few means of happiness at the disposal of humanity will have dropped out of its grasp and ken, leaving it the poorer and the meaner for the loss.

But will they succeed? There lies the interest of the present state of French fiction. One may perhaps feel some confidence that the question will ultimately find a negative answer, for society has strong instincts of self-defence, which are pretty certain to be raised as soon as things which are vitally necessary to it are really in danger. But the influence of the present school may last long and produce deep effects, unless it is met by some strong counter influence which the secrets of personality may have in store for us at any moment. M. Daudet's career just now is one of particular importance. For of him, still less than of M. Ohnet, can it be said that his popularity does not matter to literature. He has obtained it by a supreme literary gift, and the world of readers upon which literature depends hav-

ing once given him a welcome, will be slow to lose him from sight. But M. Daudet cannot produce another book like *Sapho* with impunity; if he does he will drop, as M. Zola has dropped, into another circle of readers altogether, and in the opinion of that public whose approval has up till now at any rate shaped the history of literature, he will be of less and less account in the progress of modern art.

We have dealt in generalities so far, for to give any detailed account of *Sapho*, such as might be read without offence by an English public, is impossible. Its subject is the *liaison* of a young man with a woman of the worst character, much older than himself, and to judge from M. Daudet's superscription, "To be read by my sons when they are twenty," the writer wishes to excuse his book by the pretext that it is a moral exercise, intended to warn off those who may read it from the deadly neighbourhood of vice. The book needs any excuse that may be made for it, and this may serve as well as any other, though to take it seriously is a matter of some difficulty. How often have M. Daudet and his colleagues insisted upon the folly of the old school which would *faire de la morale* whatever happened! They too, however, have their own methods of playing the moralist. Sermon for sermon, we prefer the old type with all our hearts. There is a book which will rise to the memory of almost any one who has the courage to read *Sapho* in whole or in part. The subject which M. Daudet has chosen recalls at every step the subject of *Manon Lescaut*. Manon Lescaut, too, was corrupt and fickle and venal, and the follies of the poor Chevalier des Grieux were described with a truth which took the gloss off vice and made us realise not so much its viciousness as its unprofitableness and barrenness. But still in the story, as in the world of which it represented a section, there was food for something else than disgust;

there was the generous, headlong, ill-requited passion of the chevalier for his mistress—passion which persistence and self-forgetfulness purify as time goes on; and there are those last immortal pages when Manon, having gone through the long expiation of suffering which was her due from destiny, dies so pitifully, so gently, so incomparably! The world will never be too moral for *Manon Lescaut*, but if it has any sense of what it stands to lose or gain in literature, before many years are over it will have swept *Sapho*, and a hundred others like it, into the oblivion they deserve.

La Ferme du Choquard, by M. Victor Cherbuliez, is the elaborate work of one who, though strongly influenced by the "naturalists," as they prefer to call themselves, has still always occupied a position distinct from them. M. Cherbuliez has the Genevese leaven in him, and as M. Zola reminds us, with a world of contempt in the intimation, he is "one of the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*." More than that, he is an Academician, so that there are many good reasons besides those of natural temperament which separate him from a circle of writers who eye the Academy from a distance with a mixture of scorn and desire. But it cannot be said that, different as it is, M. Cherbuliez's work throws a more hopeful light on the future than that of M. Daudet. It is more reticent, far less ugly, outwardly, than M. Daudet's later work, but not much more attractive fundamentally and in spirit. There is a dryness about it, a lack of tenderness, of real passion, a brutality too, at times, which prevent him from taking any hold upon one's sympathy. In *La Ferme du Chouquard*, the figure of Aleth Guépie, a sort of rural Becky Sharp, is drawn with skill and care; nor is the story open to the reproach which Sainte-Beuve brought against *Madame Bovary*—" *Le bien en est trop absent—pas un personnage ne le représente.*" The characters of Robert, the

devoted and deceived husband, and of the old mother-in-law, Madame Paluel, are intended to win our liking, and upon the plain, sweet-tempered Mariette, who sees the false Aleth preferred to her, and yet obtains her heart's desire in the end, it is plain that M. Cherbuliez meant to bestow as much charm as his pen is capable of giving. But it leaves us cold. Evil and good alike, it is all studied from the outside; there is no inner unity, no flow, no living enthralling force of imagination. To an English reader especially the figure of Aleth will recall the brilliant, moving world of *Vanity Fair*, and enable him to measure the distance between such a natural gift as Thackeray's and the carefully-trained ability of M. Cherbuliez.

Still, *La Ferme du Choquard* may not be in any sense a great novel, *Sapho* may be a book which its author would have done well never to have written, and *Lise Fleuron* may be a rather poor specimen of the work of the "moderates" in naturalism, but yet there is no denying that when we come to compare these three books, unattractive as they are, with the year's product of novels in England, we shall see a relative force in them quite sufficient to explain the power of the French novel at the present moment, and the weakness of the English. There have been several very pleasant and clever stories published this season. If we put our whole production for the year beside that of the French, there can be little doubt to which side the balance of intellectual force inclines. And the race is to the strong in this world; that form of literature into which a generation throws most energy, most vital power, is and must be the dominant form. Our English novelists of the present will not in the long run succeed in holding their own against "naturalism" unless they learn to put more of themselves into what

they write, unless they penetrate more deeply into experience, and spend more labour and pains on methods of representation. Fiction in these days of large publics and widening education, deserves to become the *métier* of the most competent, and to attract to it those who are most ambitious to move their generation. It is in vain we say to ourselves that it is an exhausted art, and that the ablest representatives of it declare that there is nothing for it but to invent a series of ingenious limitations which may once more win it respect from those at least who can appreciate a dainty and reserved literary method. We are confining it to the study when we ought to be carrying it into the highways. The influence of the French novel at the present moment is a proof of what the novel can do when it has a sufficient force of intellectual energy behind it, and when it throws itself frankly and fearlessly upon life. To many of us this influence, in the shape which it has taken of late years, is a cause for alarm; we see in it a menace to the sense of beauty, to the power of conscience, and to all the sweeter and finer elements of imagination. The English race, with its story-telling gift, its rich romantic tradition, its strong exuberant temperament, ought to be able to produce an art of fiction equal in diffusiveness and tenacity of life to that of the French. We have done such great things in the past that it is hard indeed to believe our day is over. It is pleasanter to press along the barren road which is just now our portion, in the belief and hope that before long some turn, as yet unforeseen, may bring into view figures as impressive, as life-like, and as rich in the promise of immortality, as those we parted with when George Eliot and Thackeray and Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë died.

A SCENE FROM FLORIDA LIFE.

"If you want to see a kind of church service you arn't accustomed to in England, be guided by me."

"Willingly," I said in reply to my friend. "You know a traveller is always on the look out for strange things."

"Then take the fifth turning on the left—no, the right—out of Bay Street, and a quarter mile or so down—five blocks, I think it is—you will see a big church-house. That's the nigger place of worship I should recommend to you."

The scene of this conversation was Jacksonville, Florida; time, January 4th, namely, the first Sunday in the new year. My friend was an old southerner, who had clashed and rubbed with coloured people all his life, so much so indeed that he could with difficulty be made to see that there is much in a black person, and his or her conduct in daily life, which deserves particular observation or notice. He was not a lover of coloured persons, and, if you could listen to him, would give you fifty reasons why neither he nor any other white man, tolerably civilised, should bear them the least affection. But it will be enough if I say that he was a convert to the opinion expressed by a certain bold writer—an American—in a small book which had no very wide circulation, that the devil is black, and that therefore the nigger race is a direct offspring from the devil.

"It's their 'good intention day,' with jumpings and screamings to follow," he said, with a laugh. "Go and hear them by all means, sir, and tell us if ever you saw such a pack of lunatics before. I'm an old man, and therefore under no obligation to choose soft words when I want to say out a hard fact."

And go I did. It was a cold day

even by the English standard of wintry weather, and therefore, in Florida, a day scarcely to be tolerated. There had been a frost in the night, and the sun that morning was uncommonly late in sending his warm beams through the white mist which lay over the river, and intruded itself over so much of the city as was built alongside and on the same level nearly as the river. The grand forest-trees—live oaks—which lined the chief streets on our way to the church, seemed unconscious of the cold: their leaves were none the less green for it, nor had more than the usual daily quantity of them fallen amid the sand of the roadways, and on the uneven, temper-trying wooden planks which form the Jacksonville side walks, or pavements. But the orange-trees, the bananas, and such other vegetation as existed so far north, rather on sufferance than by nature, showed how cruelly they felt the cold. Rich red oranges lay by dozens in the sand, covered, some of them, like innocent wood-babes, by the curled and tortured leaves which had yielded to the weather after them. Beautiful to look at, whether on the trees, with their setting of emerald green round about them, or even on the ground, these oranges were verily "dead sea apples" to the ignorant. Touch them not, for there is nothing so abhorrent to the tongue and palate, nothing so diabolically bitter, as a Florida sour orange. And all these in the roadway are sour, the fruit of trees planted for the beautification, not the satisfaction, of the city. But, sour or sweet, all the orange-trees in Jacksonville bore the cold but poorly. As for the bananas, their majestic plumes were shivered and shattered as by lightning. No

peacock after a drenching shower could look more forlornly draggled. And a castor-oil plant, which hitherto had stood in a corner well protected from cold winds, strong, and promising full doses sooner or later, was in as bad a plight as the bananas; the frost had, as it were, come down straight upon its head, and bereft it of all future hope. Cold for the oranges and bananas, and cold also for the coloured people, who, many of them, knew such terrors as ice and snow only by repute—as most of us know ghosts and goblins. Florida weather, that is, blue skies, warm sun, and balmy breezes, is a matter of course to them. A thermometer at 30° is therefore something to talk about indeed, and shiver over, though it must be confessed that there is no special demand for thermometers in Jacksonville, and that coloured people go by their feelings rather than the mercury.

The little black boy who came under my bedroom window soon after sunrise crying the daily paper (for Jacksonville has a daily paper, and one that may serve as a model for all American editors), with his really melodious intonation, "all about the murder that was yesterday," made a click with his tongue after the announcement. The noise was strange to me, and going to my window I saw that he was blowing into his hands like any London arab or Paris *gamin*, and dancing in the sand.

The Frenchman who brought us milk daily—he was from Picardy, and kept his French manners and accent as carefully as he could, for though he had a great idea of Jacksonville as a place where a man with a few cows might make a living and something to spare, he had no opinion of the manners of the people around him; and no wonder, for he lived in the coloured quarter of the city, poor man—even he came in with a cry about the cold, a flush on his thin cheeks, and a quaint bit of a narrative about the charm of milking cows with cold fingers.

As for our coloured help—I cannot conscientiously call her a maidservant: she was the laziest, fattest, most whimsical, and most voracious coloured lady of her class in Jacksonville, and called her mistress "mamma"—she was in a fever from the time she had discovered a thin coating of ice, like a layer of talc, all over one of her buckets. One would have supposed that she had never before in her lifetime seen anything to surprise her. Her excitement was such that she had to be told to hold her tongue, for she was getting too aromatic and noisy for the house, which was small. But still, talk or not, she retained her wonder, until, having in her ignorance put the bucket outside in a secure place where the noonday sun had full play on it, she later in the day found her curiosity completely gone, and then for several hours was speechless with new wonder.

It was cold even for the man who went daily up and down the city roads with a cart inscribed "Ice," doing as a rule a good business. And cold indeed was the reception the poor fellow must have met with at most doors.

These indications of the state of the weather on this 4th of January in Jacksonville may be taken as explanatory of the fact that there was a stove in the centre of the church we were visiting, and that this stove was alight. The church was nothing to praise, architecturally. It was of wood throughout, white as snow (thanks to whitewash) externally, brown with varnish inside, of the simplest design conceivable, it would seem, and approached from a thoroughfare ankle-deep in white sand, by five or six wooden steps. But it was very warm in comparison with the north wind outside, and when I entered it, very full of coloured people, old and young alike, though children seemed to predominate. In fact a children's service was then going on, though near its ending.

I was soon seated in a side pew,

with a bright-faced little coloured girl of nine or ten for my neighbour. The child was careful to point out, in her own book, at what part of the service we then were, and, for my guidance (no doubt supposing I was as ignorant as I was tall) continued to follow the questions and answers in print, with her small black finger, for the service was partly catechetical.

Though, as I have said, very free from decoration, the church had one bit of colour about it which attracted the eyes. This was a small stained window in the east of the building, high up, seemingly put there to throw light upon a table which was exalted by a double dais almost to a level with it. By this table, which was not an altar, either significantly or in its usage, were two chairs, one of which was occupied. The occupant was an old coloured man, in the garb of a clergyman, save that he kept a vividly red woollen comforter round his throat. The glass of the window by his side was blue, and the old man's hair was white, so that he helped largely to form an oddly-appurtenanced tri-coloured picture.

The service was being conducted by another clergyman many years the old man's junior. He stood at the base of the double dais which led up to the table, with a pulpit and reading-desk half-way, and spoke in a loud, clear voice, cleverly inflected on occasion. Two or three still younger men, evidently lay-helpers, moved about behind and by the side of the instructing clergyman, doing nothing, it would seem, beyond showing their smiling contented faces to the congregation. True, the clergyman himself never spoke but a smile went with his words : sometimes it was more than a smile, so that his words came like the beginning of a good satisfying guffaw ; but his assistants seemed determined to outdo him in the one feature of his ministry which might be presumed to be also a feature of theirs. He smiled and asked questions ; they smiled in silence.

The clock struck eleven as he put his question for the last time. He had continued his discursion to the very second, and at the first stroke every little boy and girl seemed to rise and make as much noise as possible while moving for the door. For the next few minutes there was much bustle in the body of the church. First of all, there was an unmannerly rush on the part of certain well grown young men and women (all black, of course) to the seats round the stove vacated by the children, and a great deal of expostulation from others who were too late for the much-coveted seats. Then the elders who had sat through the children's service began to move about, pull their dresses and headgear straight (if they were women) and choose other seats nearer the dais. Moreover, a bell was set tinkling faintly somewhere in the roof, and this seemed to draw other members of the congregation into the church—such old and middle-aged people as were not accustomed to be present at the children's time. And, lastly, a table was pulled through a door, and set in the place where the clergyman had stood during the catechising. The table was under the charge of the smiling lay-helpers, who seemed to get an incredible amount of amusement from whatever office they were engaged in. Having succeeded in fixing the table satisfactorily, they all disappeared through the door again, reappearing, however, in half a minute with jugs of water, and plates of bread from which the crust had been cut off. Smiling merrily, and showing their white teeth to each other at every movement, they deposited the bread and water on the table, and laughed themselves once more out of sight.

In the meantime the two clergymen had been joined by a third gentleman—a white man, in a heavy all-enveloping Inverness cloak. He was old, clearly feeble, and appeared to be melancholy—nor do I think he was of the ministry, seeing that he kept to the lower dais, and took no part in

the service, although, thanks to his cloak, which he did not remove, we could not see whether or no he wore clerical clothes. As a spectator of the ensuing scene he rarely showed much emotion, beyond shaking his head in a mildly reflective manner. He sat "all in a heap," with his large eyes brooding over the congregation—a sufficiently striking contrast with the merry officiating clergyman, whose mouth and eyes and round plump face made up a personification of laughter.

The bell tinkled for about a quarter of an hour, and then stopped. By this time there must have been present between three and four hundred coloured men and women, many of the latter very bright with shawls and bonnets of the most gaudy hues. There was incessant chattering while the bell was ringing, but when it ceased, they too were silent. Then our merry clergyman descended the steps, and, standing by the table with the bread and water upon it, began to say a few "serious words." He called them serious, but no one would have supposed them to be so, to look at him, or to look at the faces of his hearers. Yet serious in their import they were, undoubtedly.

It was the old lesson and story which clergymen have to teach and tell while they have breath for speech—the old lesson, new dressed. The first Sunday in the new year! He told them that they were, one and all, at a crisis in their lives; they might have been, as he hoped they had been, good men and women in the past; but now they were facing the future, they were beginning a new year. How could they best start afresh? he asked them. How? Why, by clearing all the naughty weeds out of the garden of their souls, to be sure; and the way to do that was by prayer and asking forgiveness of friends and neighbours for the injuries they had done them last year. Some might say they had done no wrong to nobody. But they made a mistake if

they said that—for they *must* do wrong, whether they mean it or not. It's human nature to do it, and they can't help themselves. This, then, was what they were met for this first Sunday in the new year. There was bread and there was water by his side—a good quantity of both—and he hoped they would all be so hungry and thirsty for the forgiveness of each other that they would use them both up very soon; for if they didn't he should have to finish them, and it was too cold to drink much cold water, in his opinion.

This, and much more to the same effect, was said by the clergyman, in a clear, loud voice. Though expressed with such apparent levity, his discourse was well suited for his hearers, who were evidently under no restraint of decorum. A few groans, a few sighs, and very many mutterings, showed how well they were able to discern the importance of the matter so badly illustrated by his facetiousness of manner.

After the discourse there was a reading from the Bible. As it happened, the word "fire" occurred in the chapter being read. Having passed the verse where it was mentioned, the clergyman suddenly paused, and, smiling effusively, said that, talking of "fire," he would thank the ladies and gentlemen by the stove to see that *that* fire was kept up; he couldn't read and tend fires as well, else he would come right down himself to put a log or two in. This said, he resumed the reading, to the vigorous accompaniment of fire-poking, and the banging about of big logs in search of little ones.

When the reading was over the "bread-and-water forgiveness festival" began. The smiling lay helpers stood up, and then, approaching the table, each in his turn took a plate of broken bread and waited for directions. They were dispersed among the congregation, one by one—in this phase of the festival distributing pieces of bread to those only who applied for

it. And the applicants were few, though whether restrained by a sense of their general conduct during the past year, or by their modesty, there was nothing to show. Such as took the bread put it in their mouths quickly, and looked about them afterwards with something of effrontery on their faces.

But a hymn being given out, and the singing started with all the courage and discord imaginable, there was an instantaneous change in the behaviour of most members of the congregation. The clergyman kept his position by the table, with the bulk of the bread and water before him; but with the beginning of the singing there was a general moving from seats towards the table, and a universal application for some of the bread. The distributor was besieged by a couple of hundred men and women, so that he had to call upon the lay helpers to assist him.

Having obtained a share of bread, this was, as far as I could judge by observation, the subsequent behaviour of men and women alike: the bread was placed firmly in the palm of the left hand, and the man or woman set about seeking the particular acquaintances whose forgiveness for the past had to be sought. When such an acquaintance was found—and every one seemed to be on forgiving terms with every one else—the fingers of the right hand were used to pinch a morsel of the bread from the main piece, which morsel was offered affectionately to the injured acquaintance. The gift was then reciprocated, and hand-shaking between the disengaged right hands served to clinch and end the ceremony. Then the acquaintances parted in search of unsatisfied claimants on their attention.

It was an odd spectacle—merely as a spectacle: the shuffling throng of coloured men and women moving up and down the aisles, each individual with the left arm bent at nearly the same angle, the old coloured parson looking on blandly from his high seat

by the blue window, the old gentleman in the Inverness cloak acting the part of disinterested spectator, the energetic lay helpers running about with the plates of bread, which had to be recruited again and again, and the vigorous singing, which encouraged while at the same time it stirred the forgiving and forgiven.

The hymn was speedily sung to its ending, and then but one verse was repeated again and again:—

“While Heaven’s in my view,
My journey I’ll pursue:
I never will turn back,
While Heaven’s in my view.”

Among the crowd we could not help noticing a certain elderly coloured woman, of great bodily bulk, and with a face such that even her best friends could not believe her aught but fearfully ugly. Moreover she wore spectacles. This woman set an example of activity which had its effect on other, younger women. One would have supposed that she was criminal towards all the world by the rapidity and constancy with which she put pellet after pellet in the hands of her neighbours, swallowing as fast as she could what she received in requital. Yet a second look at her was enough to make one wonder how she could get the chance of being or having either friend or foe. Her terrible old head was incessantly on the wag, for she never made an exchange but she accompanied it with all the expression she could get her countenance to show on emergency. Nor did she spare her lungs. She sang and swallowed simultaneously, it would seem. In no long time she had sung her face into a profuse sweat; and ere she sat down she must have consumed an entire luncheon’s worth of the bread of forgiveness.

There was a girl near me—she may have been eighteen or nineteen—who took no active part in the festival. She was not a pure negro, but what is locally called a yellow girl, and, like many yellow girls, she was very pretty. She sat still when the others

went for a supply of bread, yet did not refuse such pinches or pellets as were offered her, though of course she could not make the conventional return. At length a girl about her own age, though black as a gall-berry, came to the pew, evidently with the intention of exchanging forgiveness with her. She had the pinch ready to offer, when she discerned that the other had none.

"Aint you got no bread?" asked the suppliant, greedily.

A shake of the head said "No."

"Oh!" said the other, and with that she stored her "pinch" and went away, not without throwing a look of dreadful severity (for all her forgiving disposition) upon the poor yellow girl who had so nearly let her in for a bad speculation.

Not until the supply of bread ceased did the perambulatory part of the forgiveness festival come to an end. But when the lay-helpers sat down many of those in the aisles did the same, and gradually the crowd thinned, until at length the lingerers made something very like a rush to their seats, and all was quiet comparatively—comparatively and apparently, that is. And I say apparently, because a glance at some of the faces round about told me that it was a most deceptive calm. There might be a general silence for a certain interval of time, yet there could be no doubt of the riot that was taking place within individuals. They twitched, and shivered, and mopped their faces, and some seemed on the eve of a convulsion.

Only one face could we see with no disturbing marks of care or apprehension upon it. And this was the clergyman's face, as he stood before us, and smiled as a preliminary to a few more words. This time he spoke only to encourage others to speak. He would be glad to hear what those of them who had made good resolves for the new year, and meant to keep them ("for it wasn't no use not keeping them, none at all"), felt prompted to say. It would be an encouragement

for the weaker ones. For his part, he should like them all—every one, without exception—to say how they felt for the future, that is, towards the future as alongside and by comparison with the past; but then there was that Time (said with an entire laugh from ear to ear)—that old thief who we all had a bad word for—time wouldn't allow of so much speaking. Therefore, he hoped the ladies and gentlemen would speak up so as to be heard, and, still more important, would not be very violent, nor very long, over what they felt inspired to say.

As a matter of fact, many of them had worked themselves up to a pitch: they were rocking to and fro in their seats, moaning, and uttering semi-articulate interjections of distress, with their eyes staring fiercely in the direction of the clergyman, as though they could not postpone the delivery of their own repentant sentiments much longer. It was already twelve o'clock, and there may have been three score men and women evidently pining to make public confession. The clergyman sat down, with a smile of bland expectancy upon his face, then quickly rose to his feet, and, with a wave of the hand towards a tall, lean, coloured gentleman who had stood up and coughed as preliminary to his speech, suspended progress for a moment.

"Just one word before we begin. I've spoke to the little children about that there stove in the middle already; they seemed to take to the thing, because it was warm like, but, the dear little sillies, they didn't no-how seem to remember as it wouldn't keep eternally warm unless it was fed with sticks. And I've spoke once to them young ladies and gentlemen as took their places after the bell—can't see the faces of the ladies, but judge them to be young by the looks of their backs. But, bless me!" (rubbing his hands briskly together) "I dunno at all whether they does their duty—that is, the young men,

because I wouldn't at all imply as it's the place for tender young women to be stooping and hurting of their complexion by the glow of the flames ; for I'm mighty cold, and I guess it's the condition of all these other ladies and gentlemen up here in this part. Do then, you young men, be good fellows, and remember the stove as well as your past sins for forgiveness. There, I wouldn't have spoke if I hadn't believed it 'ud do good !”

The young men upon this were so noisy that for half a minute or more we lost every word that came forth from the tall gentleman, who a second time stood as a cynosure for some five hundred eyes. Poor man ! how racked he was by nervousness ! So that, it is very probable, he said nothing he beforehand intended to say, and what he did say was what he had no intention of saying. Yet he served his purpose, we doubt not, of stimulating others. And he was brief, for, having more than twice said with much fervour, and assisted by the flourish of a long lean arm, that he did hope all his brothers and sisters present would do what they could to help him to be a good man during 1884, and he would help them as helped him, that he would, he ended abruptly, and sat down, applauded by the smiles and noddings of the clergyman—

Quickly to be followed by two other gentlemen, who rose simultaneously, and began to speak with one accord, though on different lines. But this was against all order ; and so, after a short spell of vocal anarchy, one of the two was ruled by the clergyman to sit down, and wait his turn. Which he did, quivering with reluctance and silent protestation.

As for the other gentleman, he seemed all at once to change his deportment. He stretched himself—speaking the while about his backslidings and omissions of the past year—let his hands meander through what hair was upon his head, and then made confusion by pushing past his neighbours out into the aisle, and

deliberately strutting towards the dais, now with his hands thrust jauntily into his trouser pockets. Facing the congregation, and with his back to the clergyman—who regarded him as so much additional incitement to smiles—he shouted so that his voice echoed :

“I've been a servant of the devil, I have. I don't care what it is, but whatever he's told me to do all last year, I've done it. I aint made no bones about it. I aint sent him away for a time, and thought as to whether I ought or oughtn't to do what he wanted, but” (and he bawled it forth horribly) “I've done it, I've done it, and cheated the Lord Jesus ! Oh ! my friends, my brothers and sisters, all of you as have bowels of compassion for a poor erring man, just you pray for me, and see if I don't have something nice to say to you all this time next year.”

Then he hung his head, and slunk back to his seat ; but long before he reached it the other man was upon his legs, and excitedly saying that he felt “so happy,” because he had done his duty in 1883.

“My friends, I aint a-going to boast of myself. No, I aint got no intention of doing that, but let me tell you as haven't been what you ought, that there aint no pleasure on this 'ere old earth to equal being it. I've been tried in the fires of temptation—right down singed in 'em, but, oh, Jesus be praised ! I'm safe and sound through 'em all—safe and sound through 'em all !”

He was going on in repetition, when a woman cried out from a pew in the middle of the church—

“Pray for me, brothers and sisters, for I'm a miserable, miserable woman !”

“And so am I !” came shrilly from another feminine voice. But the owner of this voice proceeded to say, with the greatest agitation, that she had “hopes” in the future. “I'm going to be good, I am. I'm going to be washed whiter than snow, and all

my sins is to be put quite out of sight. Oh, glory!"

"Sing! sing!" from another woman, who stood up on the seat, and threw her arms about wildly.

The example of these women was readily contagious, so that in a few moments voices were heard from all parts of the church, and in as many different tones as voices. Some of the speakers had nothing to say beyond a fervid ejaculation or two. They screamed and sat down. But others of them had a long confession and exhortation to be disburthened of; and there was promise of a rare scene and riot of conflicting energies, unless some one interposed.

Again, therefore, the clergyman smiled in mediation, beseeching the ladies to speak only "one at a time," and for the present to be satisfied with hearing Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, good man, would seem to have made himself conspicuous under a misapprehension.

"My name is Smith," he said, "and I've been nineteen years in the church."

And then he sat down with a face as radiant with self-content as if he truly had had nothing whatever in his past life to be sorry for—as if the name of Smith were a charm against all evil.

A fanatic succeeded Mr. Smith. One jump carried him on to the seat, and a second brought him upon the rest used for books. Here he cleverly kept his balance, with the poisoning help of his arms, while he roared forth his words. He was young and sallow, with a shadow under his eyes that seemed to confirm his belief in a measure.

"I'm about to die (yell, yell). I aint lived many years in this vale of tears, and yet, brothers and sisters, I'm soon going to leave it. I knows it (yell); nobody can't make me believe as it aint so. Oh, I'm going to die—I'm going to die. But some of you may be going first, hurrah! and what I wants you to do, dear brothers and sisters—for I loves you all—is for

them as dies first to take my best love to Jesus! Hurrah! hurrah!"

And then, with his hands folded over his head as though he were going to dive, he made one jump to the floor. His words, whether for the truth in them, or their suggestiveness, had a great effect among the women, especially the younger ones. Several of the latter rose to their feet, crying and screaming—

"Sweet Jesu!"

"Oh, I wants to die—I wants to die quick, before I'm all blotted black with sin!"

"Jesus, I'm coming—I'm tired of this old wicked world!"

They shouted these words over and over again. One woman—she was almost a girl—cried herself into what might have been a fit. But, if a fit, it was of a kind well known to the other women, her neighbours, for two of these stood up by her side, and taking, each of them, an arm of her, they guided or supported her through all her contortions, with faces showing amusement rather than concern. Even when she wrenched herself away from them, and threw herself backwards, so that her head and the upper part of her body hung over into the next pew, they were not in the least alarmed. They pulled her back, and tightened their hold, while a third lady tried to put order into the dress and hair of the girl—and not one of the three was so absorbed by her task that she would devote her eyes and ears to it exclusively. Indeed, when the girl so far recovered as to be able to show her excitement and enthusiasm in a more rational way, and thereupon violently seized hold of one of her late helpers, crying, "Jump! jump!" and, jumping herself, tried to make the other jump with her, the helper even allowed herself to be lifted a few inches from the floor, without taking her eyes from the man who was at that time addressing the congregation.

This man had evidently been very ill during the past year. He looked

ill, and strained his voice dreadfully so that he might be heard.

"No, brothers and sisters, I didn't think I should be met for to see you this 'ere new year. I didn't suppose as I should have lasted all this time. But it is so. The King of Glory aint seen proper to send a chariot for this chile. He's going to give me a new chance, dear friends—so pray for me, and I'll pray for you, dear sisters and all."

The next speaker, after the usual lamentation over the past, made his vows for the future, ending in a tremendous voice: "When the world's all rolling in fire and brimstone, I mean to be one in the chariot, *I* do."

But my curiosity was vastly excited when I saw the old coloured lady, already noticed for her apparent greed of forgiveness, with much bustling, rise, and spin round and round six or seven times. She was boiling over with desire for speech. But even when she had ceased rotating, and had secured the undivided attention of every one who was not too deeply concerned with self, she could not speak to please herself. First she spoke too low—then, after a cough, she found that she was discordantly loud. Happily, another cough seemed to enable her to get the pitch which suited her best. I was successful only sometimes in hearing her actual words, but it was not very difficult to understand the drift of them by her gestures and head-action.

"I've been a drefful bad woman, brothers and sisters . . . a shocking 'un. There aint many complaints as I aint had—I mean them diseases as come from the father of lies, that drefful old devil. But I mean to be all changed in this happy new year as is now a-coming. It's a time to turn over a new leaf—I've done it every year—and pray for me, brothers and sisters, that I may, this happy new year, turn over the best new leaf as ever I turned. . . . Oh, be joyful! Glory to the Highest, sisters; glory,

brothers! . . . I'm saved, saved from my many sins. Oh, glory! I don't care a cent for the devil—not a cent for him, now!"

Round and round she spun again, and finally subsided on to her seat, having made what, in schoolboy terms, we might call "a marvellously good cheese." Her exertions had been so great that for a quarter of an hour afterwards she never ceased mopping her uncomely old countenance, spectacles and all.

Then a yellow girl, shapely and well-dressed, with tears coursing down her cheeks, cried out and besought that she too might be prayed for. This said, she moved rapidly from her seat, and walked towards the clergyman, with a strange set look in her eyes. The worthy man encountered her gaze with his old smile, though it froze somewhat when the girl stopped and continued staring at him—face to his face, with only a few inches between them—in the presence of the whole congregation. "Well!" he said, "what's the matter with you?" and by now his smile had lost all its cordiality; the spirit of it had, as it were, departed.

The question aroused the girl from her trance. Shaking her head from side to side madly, and stamping with her feet, she cried—

"Brothers and sisters, pity me. Oh, how I hate's myself! I don't know why such a young girl as me was sent into this 'ere earth, 'cept to be made miserable, which don't seem as if it ought to be. I'm all bad, every part of me, and the devil, he's got a finger in everything I do. Yet I hates him, friends, as much as I hates myself. I hate him more than I can say—I'd like to tear his nasty black eyes out of his lying head, that I would! Nor I don't think it a wrong passion to go into! But, dear brothers and sisters, I don't know what to do to be made happy—I don't know what to do. Oh, pray for me, dear brothers and all, oh, pray for me!"

And, sobbing aloud, with her hands

to her face, the poor girl retraced her steps, and sat down.

Other men and women, of no particular interest, followed, most of them using phrases which, when heard a dozen times already, might justly be denominated conventional. Some of them with a little more discrimination, though no more conscience, had apparently been smitten with the references to "the chariot of heaven," "the silver trumpet," &c., made by previous speakers; and they skilfully worked these allusions into the more commonplace words of the multitude. It became tedious, once the sincerity of the service was put in doubt, and I was preparing to leave when the noise of feet thumping the ground made me look in the direction of the sound.

A man, his face shining with ardour, had his arms well round a young woman, whose mouth was stupidly open, as if she had lost her senses (probably it was so); and the pair of them were bouncing up and down like automata. At first they merely danced in this monotonous way—but when he began to cry out she was not backward in doing the same.

"Oh, for a heavenly home!" cried the man, making the best of his voice.

"Oh, for a heavenly home!" echoed the woman.

Nor, when the man in a moment of peculiar energy, jumped his partner so high that she hit a lamp that was suspended overhead, did she show any discontent. On the contrary, indeed; her cries became louder than his, and they continued their motion.

They were a queer sight, as it seemed to us. But there must have been something more in the exercise than was apparent to our eyes. For in no long time the one jumping couple had drawn several other young men and women after them; and the rising and falling of heads, with the beat of feet in different parts of the church, together with the repeated spasmodic cries of "Glory!" "Oh, Jesus!" "I'm happy, happy, happy!" showed that

the whim, or whatever it was, had got a firm footing in the affections of the people.

The clergyman did not like the jumping. He waved his hand deprecatingly, he stopped smiling, and tried to appeal to something like reason. But he might have known that by that time reason had gone elsewhere. In spite of all he could do and say, the jumping fit kept a hold of his congregation. New couples uprose every minute, and the cries and noise increased momentarily. Even the old white-haired clergyman roused himself, and, standing with his outline against the blue window, looked below in a mild sort of astonishment. It seemed that there was nothing to do but let the frenzy die out when it pleased.

And so for ten minutes by the clock in the west of the church, uproar reigned in the building. Then, almost as quickly as it had arisen, the noise lessened, as couple after couple sank heavily upon their seats, exhausted, with beads of sweat over their faces as thick as autumn dew on a leaf at daybreak. But before the last of them had jumped himself tired our clergyman had interposed, and, smiling as persistently as ever, had said that he guessed there wouldn't be time for any more to speak. It was near half-past one, and he had been in the church since ten—he was cold, and wanted his dinner. Therefore, with a short prayer as a blessing on the good resolutions which had been made in so encouraging a profusion, he would end the service, wishing them all the happiness that was good for them during the year.

After the prayer the congregation began to troop out, ourself in their midst. There was a certain amount of chatter left in them, but nervous lips, restless eyes, and unsteadiness of tread indicated the chief sufferers from over-excitement during this forgiveness festival and good-resolution service.

“TWELFTH NIGHT” AT THE LYCEUM.

I.

TOWARDS the close of 1601, or perhaps a little earlier, a new play named *Twelfth Night Or what you will*, was announced on the placards of the Blackfriars Theatre. It was by the most popular playwright of the time, and was doubtless looked forward to with interest by the playgoing world. Eccentric titles were the order of the day, and this one promised an airy comedy, after the fashion of a fantasy by the same author, which had perhaps preceded it in the spring of the year—*As You Like It*, to wit. For the first performance the prices were no doubt doubled, and 10*l.* or 12*l.* may have come into the treasury. It was probably repeated some few times, but it clearly created no great sensation. No contemporary author alludes to it with praise or blame, and it does not even seem to have been pirated. It leaves only one small trace on the records of the time, due to its having been selected (partly, perhaps, on account of its scenic simplicity) for performance in the Middle Temple Hall, on February 2nd, 1602. Manningham, the young Templar whose diary gives us this information, does not seem to have heard of it before, and treats it as the merest triviality. It probably served its author's purpose, in affording a relief from the heavier tragic, historic, and melodramatic matters which formed the staple theatrical fare of the day. Having run its little course, it was relegated to the ordinary repertory of the theatre, to be revived as occasion demanded; and, so far as the public was concerned, it passed out of sight, out of mind.

After a lapse of nearly three centuries the same play is produced at the

leading theatre of London. It is a subject of eager speculation in all classes of society for weeks beforehand. Its first night is chronicled by a hundred pens as minutely, and in some cases as heroically, as a national victory. Telegraphic accounts of the great event fly to all ends of the earth. For at least a year to come the production will be a standing topic of conversation at the æsthetic teas of two nations. The manager has probably spent on it as much as would have built and fitted Burbage's Globe and Blackfriars, and Alleyn's Fortune to boot; he will probably reap from it as much as Shakespeare earned in his whole career, enough to buy New Place and a coat-of-arms, and found a family three times over.

It is the fashion to speculate on Shakespeare's astonishment could he see the luxury and completeness of illusion with which his plays are now put on the stage. I sometimes wonder whether he would not be even more surprised at the bare fact of his plays holding the stage at all.

Let us examine Shakespeare's own definition of the function of the drama—"to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." A definition this which every one accepts without demur. But it is one thing to accept a maxim, and another thing to act and think up to it. We do not in our drama show the age and body of the time his form and pressure, any more than we turn the left cheek to him who smites us on the right. And did Shakespeare himself obey his own precept any better than we? Assuredly not. He imaged the mere externals of Elizabethan life, because the limited historic sense of his time cared no-

thing for painstaking reconstructions of the manners of distant ages and nations; but he had no eye for the social, political, or religious tendencies of his day; America scarcely existed for him, the Reformation was not, no one had less foreboding than he of the coming baptism in blood of our infant democracy. What he did was to show the age and body of *all* time his form and pressure; in other words, to see and interpret the spirit of man, unconditioned by time and space, as the great art of the Italian Renaissance had seen and interpreted his body. This he did through the medium of fables gathered from many sources—classical and national history, northern legend and southern romance. On the graver subjects he lavished his genius as a dramatist and his metaphysical clairvoyance; the lighter themes he treated as a humorist and master of lyric fantasy. Apart from anachronistic allusions, no single play of his is one whit more relevant to the material interests of the Elizabethan age than it is to the problems of to-day. He was not even a practically influential satirist, as Ben Jonson aspired to be. A tendency-play—and no serious play which answers to Hamlet's ideal can quite escape an infusion of tendency—is scarcely to be found in his theatre. If such a play exists, it is *Coriolanus*, in which one seems unwillingly to trace a personal sympathy with violent aristocratic reaction.

The English drama has never really succeeded in showing the age and body of the time his form and pressure. That is the formula of realism, not to say naturalism. We may have done better, but that particular thing we have never done. In modern France, Germany, and Scandinavia, it has been, and is being, done; it has been done to a certain extent in English fiction; but in the drama, no. We have had to content ourselves with mere social satire of varying merit, from Congreve and Sheridan to Robertson and Byron. We oscillate between farce and melodrama; probably we shall never have

a great realistic drama. There seems to be something in the national character that forbids it.

Since the theatre, then, is to be a mere place of pastime, we have but to examine what sort of pastime is on the whole most entertaining and least objectionable. And here Shakespearean comedy, illustrated with all the artistic perfection attainable, certainly takes a high rank.

Our Asmodeus-Shakespeare would, on reflection, cease to wonder at finding the passing fantasy of 1601 re-generated and glorified in 1884. He would see in it an æsthetic plaything as good as any other and better than most—a thing of mere beauty, and therefore a joy for ever. Utility passes away, but beauty remains. Just because Shakespeare did not show the age and body of his time its form and pressure, his plays, in so far as they have the perennial gift of pure beauty, are acceptable to a generation which does not care, or dare, to see its own form and pressure on the stage. A realistic drama will never become classical in the sense of being equally relevant, or irrelevant, to all ages. Hamlet, as we know, acted up to his own ideal, and gave "The Murder of Gonzago" a distinct tendency; for which reason, no doubt, it failed to hold the stage, and has not been since revived at the Danish court. But Hamlet's creator was unconcerned as to whether or no the time was out of joint, or at least did not feel himself born to set it right. Therefore it is that his fantastic plays have a right to the first place on a stage which holds itself aloof from the serious problems of life, and is, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out, in its essence fantastic.

II.

Beauty and humour, then, are the two imperishable elements for which we have to look in estimating the claim of a Shakespearean comedy to hold the stage. In both qualities *Twelfth Night* ranks high, if not

highest, among its fellows. It has practically only one competitor, *As You Like It*, in which I, for my part, find the beauty fresher, robuster, less evanescent on the stage, and the humour at once less obsolete and more intimately blended with the beauty; but this is a mere individual impression, a question of "as you like it," and nothing more. Two other fantastic comedies, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, are put out of court by the inherent impossibility of adequate stage presentation. *A Winter's Tale*, whose fourth act is beyond question the most exquisite of all, is marred by the repulsiveness, or at any rate the total unbeautifulness, of some of its opening passages. The grouping together of these five plays may be thought arbitrary, since in the first two the supernatural plays no open part as it does in the other three. But this objection is grounded on the letter, not on the spirit. Who shall lay down the boundary between the land of faery and the land of fantasy? It is merely the line on one side of which the spirits are visible, while on the other they play their pranks unseen. Puck is as active in Illyria as in Attica, though we see him only in his works; Ariel is as much at home in Ardennes as in the Enchanted Island. Who does not feel that the air of our *Twelfth Night* Illyria is full of influences quite absent from the atmosphere of *Much Ado* or of *The Merchant of Venice*? This distinction cannot be too strongly insisted on, for it involves the question of what critical standard we are to apply. Our moral judgments are as inapplicable to *Twelfth Night* as to an Arabian Night; *Much Ado*, on the other hand, should stand the ethical test as well as *Middlemarch*—if it does not, so much the worse.

The elements of beauty and of humour are kept very much apart in *Twelfth Night*. It contains two actions in one frame—a romantic intrigue borrowed from Italy, and a pair of practical jokes, or "good practices,"

as Mr. Manningham hath it, invented by Shakespeare. These two actions can be said really to touch at only one point, and then, as it were, unwillingly; for it is where Viola's blade crosses Sir Andrew's. It shows how potent is the name of Shakespeare to conjure up a mist before the eyes of criticism, when we find rationalistic German critics like Bulthaupt—critics whom the orthodox Shakespearologists regard as mere pagans—dwelling upon the admirable unity of *Twelfth Night* as a reason why it, more than any of its fellows, should hold the German stage. The prosaic analysis of Benedix contains a great deal more truth. The play has just as much unity as two spheres in contact.

The history of the romantic intrigue is curious, and affords one example of Charles Kingsley's somewhat rash generalisation as to Shakespeare's "truly divine instinct for finding honey where others found poison." The sister disguised in male attire and mistaken for her twin-brother appears in Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, but it is in Bandello that the tale first takes the shape we know. Here we have the sister acting as page to the man she loves, and sent by him on embassies of love to an obdurate fair one, who becomes enamoured of the ambassador, and ultimately falls by mistake into the arms of a twin-brother of the supposed page. Bandello's tale is rambling and very licentious, burdened with heavy fathers, confidants, and the other stock figures of the Italian bourgeois life it depicts, the separation of the brother and sister being supposed to take place at the sack of Rome. Belleforest simply translates and condenses Bandello; and to Belleforest Barnaby Rich seems to have gone for his tale of *Apolonius and Silla*, included in *Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession*, published in 1581. That Shakespeare borrowed mainly from Rich cannot be doubted. He may possibly have known Bandello's tale, and all or any of the three Italian comedies (two called

Gl'Inganni and the third *Gl'Ingannati*) founded upon it. Hunter makes out a tolerable case in favour of his having known *Gl'Ingannati*, the strongest point in it being the probability that the title of *Twelfth Night* was suggested to him by an allusion in the preface to "la Notte di Beffan." But he took little from any one but Rich. It was Rich who changed the characters of the tale from Italian bourgeois into romantic dukes and dames; it was Rich who placed the scene by the sea and introduced a shipwreck, though not as the means of the separation between Silla and Silvio. Strangely enough Rich had greatly improved upon Bandello's tale, introducing a novel comic motive towards the close, and bringing about the revelation of his heroine's sex better than any of his predecessors. This modification, however, involved two scenes of such immodesty as Beaumont and Fletcher would have revelled in. Not so Shakespeare, who rejected them even at the sacrifice of a certain amount of constructive finish. The change is due to a refined sense of tone and keeping which he did not always evince so clearly. He felt that the love which breathes through the play must be "high-fantastical," and that its grosser phenomena must for the nonce be ignored. In a fairy tale everything must be sensuous, nothing sensual; and *Twelfth Night* is a fairy tale.

This well understood, all the crudities and absurdities of the romance become so many inseparable characteristics of the form. The exact likeness between Viola and Sebastian, extending even to the fashion and colour of their clothes; Olivia's sudden love for Viola; the complaisant philosophy with which Sebastian consents to marry a woman he has never seen before; the Duke's barbarous whim of sacrificing "the lamb that he doth love, to spite a raven's heart within a dove;" the failure of Viola and Sebastian instantly to recognise one another—all these details are bad drama

but good fairy tale. And how fresh and exquisite, how gracious and stately, are the figures which move through these fantastic mazes! Viola is a shade more ethereal and fragile than Rosalind; to take an illustration suggested by their two names, she is as a violet to a moss-rose. "Ganymede" would probably have done more credit to his "swashing, martial outside" in the duel with Sir Andrew than did the shrinkingly sensitive "Cesario." For the rest they are equally modest, yet equally frank, equally self-reliant, yet equally womanly. Olivia is a model of the gracious chatelaine, even while she is a victim to the mischievous love-philtres of the unseen Puck of the play. Lamb's remark on the tone in which she should "trifle a leisure sentence or two" with the Clown, instead of "setting her wits at him" to "vie conceits with him in downright emulation," is not the least happy in the happiest of his criticisms. What a princely carriage has the languid egoist Orsino, in whose mouth the poet has placed some of his loveliest snatches of verbal melody! What a fine fresh buoyancy of youth do we find in Sebastian! How pleasant is the bluff tenderness of the old seaman Antonio! The play begins with a symphony, and ends with a song, and should, on the stage, be steeped in music. It is a fugue of graceful fantasies.

So much for the fairy tale: now for the farce. Its construction is entirely Shakespeare's, and affords a good specimen of his manner. Given the pompously fatuous character of Malvolio, the "practise" put upon him is a very simple invention. Much more ingenuity is shown in the second practical joke of the duel, with its recoil upon the head of its perpetrator through the intervention of Sebastian. All these scenes—the scene of the letter, of the cross-garters, of the duel and its consequences—are theatrically effective by reason of their skilful dialogue, which a little judicious pruning renders fairly comprehensible

to modern ears. On the other hand there are many passages which can at no time have been reasonably good dialogue—such as the first meeting between Maria and Sir Andrew, and several of the scenes in which the Clown is concerned. Such inane word-strainings may have been true to nature, since the professional fools of the day, bound to be funny at all hazards, must often have resorted to them; but they are none the less puerile, and should drop away on the modern stage to the great advantage of all concerned. Feste is, on the whole, one of the shallowest of Shakespeare's jesters. When he says of himself that he is not Olivia's fool, but her corrupter of words, there is more than a spice of truth in the remark. Compared with Touchstone, he sinks into absolute insignificance. The parts can scarcely have been written for the same actor; Touchstone was probably designed for a comedian of authoritative genius, Feste for a mere singing clown.

As to the other characters in this portion of the play, only one of them, Malvolio, presents any difficulties. Of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, it is an old remark, but none the less a true one, that the former is a vulgarised Falstaff, the latter a caricatured Slender. It is to be noted that in the chronological sequence *Twelfth Night* follows almost immediately the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Shakespeare doubtless found the popularity of these types unexhausted, and, moreover, he had probably the actors of Sir John and Slender ready to hand. He accordingly deprived the knight of his consummate intellectual supremacy of scoundrelism, giving him a somewhat weaker head for liquor, and a somewhat stronger heart for fighting; he added to Slender a dash of Ben Jonson's Master Stephen; and he placed the two figures in his fairy Illyria as he had formerly placed Bottom, Snout, and Starveling in his fairy Attica. Knight's explanation of the presence of these English roys-

ters in Illyria, by supposing Olivia's mother to have been an Englishwoman, sister to Sir Toby, is one of the most amusing *naïvetés* in the apologetics of Shakespearology.

And lastly, of Malvolio. I confess that he has always been to me one of the most puzzling of Shakespeare's creations. The theory, so popular with German, and with some English, commentators, which makes of him a satirical type of the Puritan as Shakespeare conceived him, will not hold ground for a moment. It is founded on one or two detached speeches wrested from their context. Maria says of him that "he is sometimes a kind of a Puritan," only to say in the next breath that "the devil a Puritan" is he; and when Sir Andrew expresses a desire to beat him, Sir Toby derisively asks, "What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?" Is it likely that Shakespeare was himself guilty of the stupidity which even Sir Toby ridicules in his gull? Yet Kreyssig, as a rule one of the most common-sense commentators, does not hesitate to speak as if the poet, in this character, took revenge for the Puritan attacks upon his craft, as Molière, in *Tartuffe*, lashed his enemies the bigots. If this was Shakespeare's intention, he must have been a blundering satirist, for there is nothing of the typical Puritan in Malvolio. He carries out his lady's orders in remonstrating with her kinsman for making her house a noisy tavern, and by so doing he draws down upon himself the vengeance of the leagued spirits of misrule. If it be Puritanism to do his duty as a man of sense and a faithful steward in attempting to put a stop to drunken ribaldry, then the poet seems rather to eulogise than to satirise Puritanism. On the other hand, his misfortunes, so far as he is himself responsible for them, spring from defects by no means characteristically Puritan. Spiritual pride is the besetting sin of the "unco' guid"; it is physical vanity which leads Malvolio so readily to swallow

his tormentors' bait. A scorn, real or affected, for the things of this life is the mark of the Puritan; Malvolio, however little taste he may have for the gross "cakes and ale" of the boon companions, has not the slightest desire to conceal his worldliness beneath a mask of other-worldliness. But such argument is futile. No one who reads the play without a preconceived theory can find in Malvolio the smallest trace of the zealot. All that can by any stretch of language be called Puritanism in his conduct redounds entirely to his honour.

To me it seems that Shakespeare, in drawing him, had not so clear an idea as usual of the precise phase of character he wished to represent. He was more concerned to obtain comic effects than to create a consistent, closely-observed type. We do not know Malvolio as we know Polonius, Jacques, Mercutio, Dogberry. This may be a mere personal impression, but I seem to trace in the commentators something of the uncertainty which has always troubled me with reference to his character. The very fact that he has been so grievously misinterpreted proves that there is a certain vagueness in his characterisation. Lamb has drawn with his usual delicacy of insight the externals, so to speak, of the part, has left directions for all coming generations of actors (happy whoso can follow them!); but his hints as to how the best comic value is to be extracted from the stage-personage throw little light upon the inward structure, the psychological basis, of the character. If I may hazard a theory, I should say that he is not a Puritan but a Philistine. The radical defect of his nature is a lack of that sense of humour which is the safety-valve of all our little insanities, preventing even the most expansive egoism from altogether over-inflating us. He takes himself and the world too seriously. He has no intuition for the incongruous and grotesque, to put the drag upon his egoistic fantasy, "sick of self-love." His face, not

only smileless itself but contemptuous of mirth in others, has acted as a damper upon the humour of the sprightly Maria and the jovial Sir Toby; he has taken a set pleasure in putting the poor Clown out of countenance by receiving his quips with a stolid gravity. Hence the rancour of the humorists against a fundamentally antagonistic nature; hence, perhaps, their whim of making him crown his absurdities by wearing a forced smile, a grimace more incongruous with his pompous personality than even cross-garters or yellow stockings. He is a being, in short, to whom the world, with all its shows and forms, is intensely real and profoundly respectable. He has no sense of its littleness, its evanescence, without which he can have no true sense of its greatness and its mystery. In common life this absorption in the shows of things manifests itself in a deficient feeling for proportion and contrast. He has no sense of humour—that is the head and front of his offending.

That his punishment, strictly considered, is excessive to the point of barbarity, cannot, I think, be doubted; but the air of the fairy tale interpenetrates the farce, and we do not demand a strict apportionment of justice either poetical or practical. It is certain that no sense of painful injustice has generally been found to interfere with the pleasure to be derived from the play, which has, until of late years, been popular on the English stage, while German critics agree in regarding it as the comedy which, on the whole, retains most vitality for modern audiences.¹ Nor can we doubt that its attractiveness on the stage has hitherto been due to the farce rather than to the fairy tale, whose iridescent beauties are apt to be lost in the harsh light

¹ In the season of 1878-79 it was played in Germany twenty-four times, and by nine different companies; in the season 1879-80, forty-five times by eighteen companies; in 1881, twenty-seven times by twelve companies; and in 1882, twenty-four times by ten companies.

of the theatre. Whether he clearly defined his character or not, Shakespeare evidently succeeded in making of Malvolio an effective comic figure.

III.

How, then, is *Twelfth Night* treated at the Lyceum? Is the fairy tale brought into prominence, or the farce? or do they receive equal justice? It may be said at once that the fairy tale comes off the better of the two, but that even it meets with somewhat inadequate treatment.

Not, certainly, as regards externals. Mr. Irving and his scenic artists seem to have recognised, consciously or instinctively, that they had to deal with a Kingdom of Kennaquhere, unrecorded in history, undiscoverable in geography, which must, before all else, be sumptuous and summery. The action moves through no less than thirteen scenes, seven of which take up, if not the full stage, at least a considerable part of its depth. In a popular German arrangement of the play two "sets" are made to suffice; but this is a false and inartistic economy. It is useless to talk of overburdening the action with decoration. This criticism might apply to *Romeo and Juliet*, but in *Twelfth Night* there is practically no action to be overburdened. The richer and more varied the background, the fuller is the sensuous satisfaction we receive from the whole. The Lyceum Illyria is a land where ornate Renaissance palaces with their cool balconies and colonnades and their mazy arabesque traceries, look forth among groves of palms, and plantains, and orange-trees, and cedars, over halcyon seas dotted with bird-like feluccas and high-prowed fishing-boats. There is even in some scenes, such as that in Orsino's palace, an apparently intentional effort to indicate a semi-magic light, neither that of common day nor of any visible lamp, torch, or candle, but a suffused rich radiance contrasting exquisitely with the blue moonlight in the background.

The light and colour of the play is thus successfully presented, but one all-important element is lacking from its atmosphere—the music which should permeate it—

"Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Irving's arrangement, otherwise unobjectionable, removes Shakespeare's opening scene from its initial position. The first line of the play, as it stands in the text, strikes the key-note of all that is to follow:—

"If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it."

Mr. Irving and his musical director do not take this hint. They not only eliminate the Clown's two songs—lyrics so exquisite that one feels the criticism impertinent which proves one and probably both of them to be popular songs merely quoted by Shakespeare—but they stint us of the bursts of instrumental melody which might, and should, greet us at every turn.

Four characters move through the simple figure of the fairy tale—Viola and Orsino, Olivia and Sebastian. About Miss Ellen Terry's Viola there is certainly a peculiar charm. It is not the Viola either of tradition or of imagination; it lacks warmth and colour and soft youthfulness. As we first see her standing on the seawashed rocks in the lurid sunset, her stately figure might be that of an abandoned Ariadne or an expectant Calypso; no one would ever suspect her to represent Viola. But when she assumes the white silk and gold-embroidered tunic with the white mantle draped negligently over her arm, we feel that we are in the presence of an individual creation, if not of the very Viola our fancy painted. This is a Viola not "painted" at all, but delicately carved in alabaster. It seems as though Patience had come down from her monument, and, still smiling at grief with distant wistful

eyes, mingled for a season in the motley doings of men. Shakespeare's Viola has certainly a greater store of healthy animal spirits than this delicate, sylph-like creature; but she cannot have a lighter, airier grace, or, on occasion, a more refined and yet incisive humour. It seemed to me that Miss Terry's worst mannerisms, her love of studied attitude, and her sing-song ill-emphasised delivery of verse, had almost disappeared. It will one day be recognised, I think, that her Viola is a vast improvement on her Beatrice, and in fact the best of her Shakespearean parts. Mr. Terriss, unfortunately, is a most inadequate Orsino. The dreamy egoist, wrapped up in his fantastic passion, and luxuriating in the languor of its "aromatic pain," is quite beyond the conception, or at least beyond the powers of execution, of this fatally beautiful actor. His sins are mainly of omission—lack of largeness of manner and music of utterance—but at one point he is positively and painfully wrong, namely, in the bantering tone he assumes on the revelation of Viola's sex. The Olivia, Miss Rose Leclercq, lacks, if not distinction, at least nobility of manner, and is conventional though not unpleasing. Mr. F. Terry, who plays Sebastian, resembles his sister sufficiently to make the comedy of errors not incredible, and that is as much as can be expected. His acting is manly and pleasant enough.

More music, and more aptly chosen, as well as a more musical more melancholy Orsino—these are the elements required to make the presentation of the fairy tale well-nigh ideal. As it is, the Viola makes it very charming. Let us now turn to the farce.

It would have been little less than miraculous had the characters of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew appealed very forcibly to the audience. One cannot but remember how, on the first night of *Much Ado*, Dogberry and Verges, characters much easier to play and of humours much less obsolete, were voted bores and hindrances to the

action. Here, indeed, there is no particular action to obstruct, the two knights being themselves leading figures in one of the two intrigues; but it would have demanded the rarest combination of comic force and finesse to make them fully credible and comprehensible to a modern audience. Now it so happens that in casting these parts Mr. Irving has made a grave mistake, and spoiled the little chance they had of acquiring new vitality for a new and sophisticated generation. Sir Toby is played by Mr. David Fisher, an admirable comedian who, twenty years ago, might have made much of the character. As it is, he quite lacks the breadth and robustness of manner which are the first essentials for a part of the sort. Sir Toby is a large-limbed, large-bellied, large-voiced toper, certainly not past the fifth of the seven ages. To give him the least touch of senility is to strike at the foundation of the character, which surely consists of irrepressible, overmastering animal spirits. There is an indecision in Mr. Fisher's manner, a lack of robustness and rotundity absolutely fatal to its effect. Mr. Wyatt as Sir Andrew is hopelessly out of his element, so hopelessly that criticism knows not where to begin or end, and can only assert broadly that he does not come within a hundred miles of the character. It would be unjust to lay the ineffectiveness of the Clown entirely at Mr. Calhaem's door, but his forced and mechanical fooling, without a trace of spontaneous fantasy, certainly did not succeed in bringing poor Feste home to the humorous sympathies of the audience. Miss Louisa Payne was a tolerable Maria, but even had she possessed much greater natural gifts for the part, she alone could not have infused the proper spirit into the scenes of the carouse and the conspiracy. Thus those passages whose mere remembrance was like an electric shock of merriment to the mind of Charles Lamb, as he thought of Dodd and

Suett and the elder Palmer, now pass before our weary eyes like the melancholy ghosts of what once was comedy.

But what of Malvolio? Did not Mr. Irving redeem these scenes from barrenness? He did in a measure, for the opening scenes of his performance were admirable; but at the close there came a sudden declension which had well-nigh wrecked the fortunes of the revival.

In the scene of his first appearance Mr. Irving's manner had much of that "Spanish loftiness" which so delighted Lamb in Bensley's conception of the part. He was the self-sufficient, sternly-formal, Jack-in-office to the life. The rebuke to the revellers, again, was an excellent specimen of his artistic method, for not only was his playing good, but its effect was heightened by a marvellously spectral night-dress and a scenic arrangement which threw into relief the grim grotesqueness of his appearance. His soliloquy before finding the letter was addressed too much to the audience, and throughout this scene his face showed one of the defects of its qualities in the shape of an inability to assume a sufficiently stolid and immovable self-consequence. When an absence of humorous expression is required to give a speech its full comic effect, Mr. Irving's restless eyebrows and obliquely twinkling eyes do him a disservice. In all his comic creations a semi-sardonic archness is the prevailing expression of his face, and when this breaks through the Castilian gravity of Malvolio, as he not seldom allows it to do, the effect is peculiarly inappropriate. Whatever may have been Shakespeare's precise intention, he certainly did not mean Malvolio to be arch. When he appears before Olivia, however, in his cross-gartered yellow stockings, the comedy lies in an assumption of the very archness which is not in his nature, and here Mr. Irving's expression is appropriate enough. From this point forward he is throughout in

error. The scene of the dark room and the concluding scene are no doubt peculiarly difficult, but to treat them in a tone of serious tragedy is to introduce a discord so crying that it jarred even on the not very fastidiously critical ear of the Lyceum audience. There is a buoyancy of self-esteem about Malvolio which would necessarily prevent his collapsing into such a nerveless state of prostrate dejection as that in which Mr. Irving exhibits him, stretched on the straw of a dungeon worthy of *Fidelio*.¹ The play should, after all, be treated as a comedy; if Mr. Irving could not hit the true comedy tone in these scenes he had better have erred on the side of farce than on that of melodrama. The short scene of his appearance before the Duke and Olivia in the last act was a mere repetition of his Shylock; he went off like the baffled villain of melodrama, not the befooled fantast of comedy. The mistake was all the more surprising in that it was un-intelligent.

There can be no doubt that the straw which clung to Mr. Irving's dress from the mad-house scene was the last straw which broke the patience of a certain section of the first-night audience, already tried by the grave inadequacies of the comic portions of the play. The groans which interrupted his speech fell like thunder from a clear sky, and naturally bewildered him not a little. To complain so loudly of one or two mistakes of detail certainly showed an unphilosophic irritation, perhaps due to the baking July atmosphere. I, for one, should regret it less if I could trace in it the beginnings of a serious reaction against the exclusive cultivation of what Mr. Irving frankly calls "the ancient drama" at the Lyceum.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

¹ I speak of the first performance. Mr. Irving, I understand, has since modified this passage for the better.

CARLYLE AND NEUBERG.

IN all that I have read of Thomas Carlyle, nothing has impressed me as more interesting and illustrative of his character than the incidents and fragmentary conversations which have become known to me through his connection with Joseph Neuberger. When in 1867 Neuberger died, Carlyle intended to write a short memoir of him; but at that time of his own great sorrow he so shrank from setting about the work, that at last he said, "We will let him be." The admiration and reverence on the one side, and the respect and affection on the other, have, however, been told in a very interesting article which has recently appeared in *Unsere Zeit*, from the pen of Dr. Althaus. My own acquaintance with Mr. Neuberger and those who were nearest to him began at about the same time as his personal acquaintance with Carlyle; and if what I am about to write should have any worth, it will be from this fact, and the readiness with which my friend, Neuberger's sister, has placed in my hands such materials as would serve my purpose.

Neuberger was born in Würzburg in 1806, and having entered the office of a mercantile firm in Hamburg, proved by his ability, industry, and trustworthiness, of so much value to his employers that he was afterwards placed in a position of much responsibility at Nottingham, and eventually taken into partnership. Notwithstanding his efficiency as a man of business, he found time for the cultivation of his natural taste and gift for literature, and was active in public matters, especially in everything that was likely to be of benefit to the working-classes. For some years he was President of the People's College, and of the Literary Department of the Mechanics' Institution. Sometimes

he would himself give lectures; but his desire, in catering for the people, was to secure the services of the best lecturers from near and far. Consequently he took advantage of Emerson's visit to England in 1847, and received him in his own house as a guest. There, from the signs, both in conversation and in various engravings, of exceeding admiration for Carlyle (Neuberger had himself given a lecture on Carlyle, and had gone to London expressly to hear the lectures on "Hero-Worship"), Emerson expressed to Neuberger's sister his surprise that the acquaintance was confined to writings. She replied, "I do believe my brother would give his little finger to know Carlyle." Emerson said, "I shall not leave England without bringing the two together." Accordingly, in the spring of the next year (1848), the meeting was brought about. The result may be told in Mrs. Carlyle's words:—

"July 22nd.

"Come and see us whenever you are in London. We both *took to you* from the first evening. For me, I have a natural or an acquired affinity to the sorrowful. That a man have a great and an enduring sorrow is enough always to make me his friend—provided that he do not weakly suffer it to master him and spill his life. Indeed it is only the sorrowing that I can understand and sympathise with. The people who 'are at ease in Zion' surpass my comprehension, and I fly from them as much as the forms of society will allow."

The great sorrow here referred to was the death of Neuberger's wife, after a very happy but short married life of six years. This event had, too, the effect of raising the question whether he should not give up business, and

devote himself wholly to literature, which was much more after his heart. His habits were simple, and he had so far prospered in the world as to have enough for all his wants.

Two extracts from Neuberg's letters to his sister belong to this period:—

“LONDON, 14th March, 1849.

“On Monday I spent a very pleasant evening at Carlyle's. His wife was out, and I had him all to myself. We made tea together, and he told me many things that I desired to know. He was in a very good humour, and is the tenderest of mankind when one can look somewhat into the depths of his nature.”

“STRAND, 14th May, 1849.

“I dined at Wilkinson's. Afterwards I went to Chelsea. The doctor and a German lady were there. After a little while the master put on his coat with the velvet collar, and we went off together. He walks rather like a Catholic priest, his long, thin body somewhat shambling. He was in a serious and tender mood, and spoke earnestly and finely the whole way. At Lord Ashburton's we had a very friendly reception. My lord and lady were in the drawing-room, which is the richest room I have seen anywhere—Würzburg and Munich royal palaces not excepted. Later, other gentlemen came; among them the Russian ambassador. Carlyle's unrestrained conversation with these people is very amusing. The general tone of the company was cultivated and simple. Not once did I hear the words ‘my lord,’ or ‘my lady.’ At half-past eleven we left, and I accompanied C. a part of the way home.”

In the course of the year 1849 Mrs. Carlyle paid a visit to the Neubergs at Nottingham; and during this visit Neuberg told her that what he would really like best would be to give his services to her husband as a literary helper. Carlyle gladly accepted the proposal but at the same time wished

to make Neuberg feel free to withdraw from it if further consideration should alter his mind.

“CHELSEA, 10th November, 1849.

“DEAR SIR,—Jane tells me you at one time thought of offering yourself to me as ‘volunteer secretary,’ by way of having a generous employment in this world! How that may have been I know not; but if you really have leisure and heart for a little of that kind of work, then sure enough I at present stand much in need of such a service as that were on your part: a mass of embroiled papers written last year, and tied up in batches, which have been repeatedly on the edge of the *fire*, which I think is their ultimate just destination, but to which I grudge to commit them indiscriminately just yet, till a better search have been made whether there be not some fractions of *incombustible* perhaps in the melancholy imbroglio. The help of one like you might really be valuable in this small case. For there needs not only a copyist, able and willing to decipher my blottings, and reduce them to clear legibility, but there needs also a man of decisive judgment and insight, who could completely appreciate what he read, know in some measure what might be worth something, and what was clearly worth nothing, reduce the confused matter to heads, and thus help essentially to disentangle the living part of these papers from the dead. Copyists I have had of the required kind, and could perhaps again get (though not without some trouble), but a copying *editor*, of that sort, I should in vain apply for by aid of money and the labour market. In the meanwhile, to do the service myself, I find, on repeated attempts, is difficult on many accounts, and, I suppose, will prove impossible, with the *fire* so near at hand. That is the real state of the matter; to which, if what my wife reports was serious and not (as is more likely) jest, and if you have done with your Nottingham affairs, and are really *free* to volunteer for what you

like, I thought I might as well call your attention in passing.

"After all, I fear it is but one other cowardly instinctive artifice on my part to *shirk* the real difficulty; for the truth is, I have got something to write again, in these times, an *unwritten* insupportable something, towards which the papers were an attempt evidently futile as such; and I suppose there will be no way of determining what to write and what to keep silent, or how at all to proceed in the matter except—except alas! getting into that dreadful paroxysm of clairvoyance which is usual to me in writing books, but which I shudder to contemplate as inevitable again! So that on the whole it is perhaps really no vital matter whether you say no to all this, or even say nothing; but let it all evaporate as a cloud, into the vague blue, and matters take their course as if it had not been. You will forgive me, at any rate."

Neuberg was soon installed in his office; for, two days later, Carlyle writes, "Thanks for your kind readiness to help. We shall be at home to-morrow evening, and hope to see you then." This was the 12th of November, and before the year was out Neuberg gave to his sister the following peep into the home life at Chelsea.

"CHURCH ROW, HAMPSTEAD,
"December 4th, 1849.

"Madam C. thanks you for your offer of a cat. She is, however, already supplied, and has a cat and a dog, and master is very kind to them. I myself saw him feed the cat; and when the dog arrived, which was sent from Manchester by railway, and mistress was a little excited at the arrival, he was first silent, and then burst out into loud laughter, 'Well, that is the remarkablest little beast I ever saw!' Then thought mistress, 'We are all right now!' The whole story of the dog episode, beginning, middle, and end, and all connected with it and not connected with it—you can fancy how

telling it was as narrated by her, and how much time was taken up in bringing out all the points. We are great friends, however, the dog, mistress and I, and master too.

"Yesterday was the latter's birthday (fifty-four years, God bless the mark), and I dined with them (half a leg of mutton, cut in two so as to roast twice, a ground rice pudding, sherry and port after dinner). But before dinner I went to town with Mrs. C., to buy the dog a collar, and for master a shield for a new cap, which she had made for him, and a card-case. The last we put into the envelope of a letter which he had received earlier in the day; and at seven o'clock the maid was to knock at the front door, and bring in the letter as if the postman had delivered it. 'Another letter from Espinane?' I had one from him this morning; and this is his handwriting. What in the world is there in it? H'm, a card-case! That's good, however—just the thing I wanted. Mine does not fit my new cards, which they always change in size. Quite providential! Ha, ha, ha! Just the thing I wanted. But how in the world did little Espinane get to know that I wanted a card-case?' 'Tis your birthday, too,' said the mistress. 'Ah, how did he get to know that?' He lay on the sofa while all this took place. After a pause he got up, drew a pocket-comb from his pocket, and smoothed his wife's hair with it. 'Ah, I know now it is your doing; you told Espinane to send it.' 'I declare upon my honour I did no such thing.' 'It is your doing, however.' 'I assure you I never wrote a word to Espinane about it,' &c. There have you particulars to your heart's content. In his MSS., which I have to put in order, there are, on nearly every page, marginal notes which have nothing to do with the text, and in which he seems to be talking with himself by the way. Here are some of them:

"'Alas, no use continuing in this manner.'

“ ‘O Himmel, du, hu, hu, hu.’

“ ‘2nd Jan. 1849. To-day is the second of the year. Already the year contains but 364 days; how are days wasted!’

“ ‘3rd Jan. Alas, alas, a day to be wasted again; are all days to be wasted then? Good Heavens!’

“ ‘Ach Gott! this is mere rubbish.’ ‘No getting the steam up.’ ‘Enough of that; ach,’ etc., etc., etc.

“ ‘At one time, when he was writing of a clergyman, he scribbled at the side: ‘Rev. Cambric Muslin,’ ‘Seraphic Loose-locks,’ ‘Smart Fellow of College,’ ‘Macassar Oil,’ etc.’”

The next two letters go into deeper matters.

“ ‘HAMPSTEAD, 12th Jan. 1850.

“ ‘The greater part of yesterday I spent at the library of the British Museum—a magnificent institution, where one finds all books in large rooms, and is waited on by a dozen librarians, and where daily from five to six hundred readers, male and female, are assembled. As the rooms are commodious and warm, and as admission is by introduction without charge, this library is a convenient resort for the scholar and author..... There is too much talking around me for me to collect my thoughts; I will therefore conclude my letter with some of Carlyle’s sayings. Speaking of the Bible, he said, ‘It is a wonderful book, that. Some years ago I read the four Gospels through, and I wept a great deal over it. It is full of sincerities and everlasting truths. I did not find Christ that pound of fresh-butter character, which people have made of Him. On the contrary, He is a man with a great deal of anger in Him; but the anger all on the right side. He always has a sharp word to return to the Pharisees. When one who has kept the ten commandments asks Him whether that is not enough, He tells him no—“leave all thy riches and follow after me.” He goes to the Temple, and becomes indignant at the buyers and sellers there, and upsets their stalls

with a kick of His foot, and takes a scourge and drives the money-dealers out of the holy place! I thought if anybody in our days should go into our Court of Chancery and do the like there, people would give him a different character from that of a pound of fresh-butter! And He was full of pity too. He wept over the holy city: “Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.” “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children.” Ah, it is a great business. And it is curious too how the Almighty has permitted it to develop itself in the way it has. Those times, too, were very much like our own; and there is no telling what may be preparing for us in these present centuries.’ When C. and I met Rogers, they talked together about Macaulay’s *History of England*, and Rogers said he (C.) must set Macaulay right. He replied ‘What is the use of speaking about that scandalous period at all? It is no history that was transacting then. It had better be forgotten very quickly. If your ancestors were hung, what business have you to talk about ropes?’

“ [Sunday.] The letter still lies on my table; so I may add a few words. Yesterday evening I spent very pleasantly at Carlyle’s. Master, Mrs. and the doctor were there; no one else. A part of the evening I was with the two brothers in the garden, smoking, they pipes, I a delicate (*weibliche*) cigarette, as Mrs. said ‘I am sure he can’t smoke a pipe.’ At tea madam narrated a strange history, and Andrew (Dr. C.) asked where she got hold of it. ‘Oh,’ mumbled Carlyle, ‘surely she has been at her book. She keeps a book with all sorts of distracted things in it, to which she goes now and then for spiritual food.’ Speaking of the indifference of the people of our times towards high-minded men, he said,

'If Jesus Christ were to come to-day,—people would not even crucify Him; they would ask Him to dinner, and hear what He had to say, and make fun of it!' Speaking of the moneyed people, 'Hans Sachs, your Nuremberg shoe-maker, sitting with his long white beard under his apple-tree, was an infinitely nobler figure than any of the millionaires of our day. People say to me, 'It is very easy for you not to care for money—you have no children to provide for;' and I always think of Luther, poor fellow. He had some £24 a year, and his friends advised him to seek a larger income on account of his children, but he said, "I see no duty to leave my children money; the grace of God is better than money." I hope these faithful reports will assist in modifying reproaches for my protracted continuance here.'

"HAMPSTEAD, Feb. 5th, 1850.

"Yesterday was a very fine spring-like day, and Carlyle came out to me here, and smoked the whole afternoon in my room. Puff! puff! such clouds! and between them he poured out lamentations over the wretchedness of human life: 'There is a desire in the heart of man which nothing in this life can satisfy. I want everything, and it is best, perhaps, that I should have nothing. If you give me the whole solar system, then I would say, there is the star Sirius, I want that too. Indeed, a man can do very well without happiness. When I go to bed of a night, it matters not whether I have been happy or not during the day; it matters only whether I have done some useful thing. The unhappiness of a man lies around him as so much work to do—so many devils to be subdued, and order and beauty to be created out of it. If a man tells me he is happy, I am inclined to say to him, "You scoundrel, do you think you were created for nothing but to loll on sofas, and to enjoy yourself in the midst of such a sad reality as this world is?" I believe the existence of the gods themselves is a grand infinite

sadness,' and so on. Puff! puff! I accompanied him home in the evening, and proposed to him to go to Germany with me. He seemed not at all disinclined, and who knows whether you will not have to cook mutton-chops for him?"

Here is another letter, which, though slight, may be added.

"HAMPSTEAD, 14th March, 1850.

"I often walk seven or eight miles in the afternoon by the fields into town. On one of these occasions, a short time ago, Mrs. Carlyle wanted to go with me to the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park. But she got tired before we had reached our destination, as on that morning when we did not get to Haddon Hall before breakfast. [This was when Mrs. C. was staying with the Neuberger at Nottingham in 1849, and they went together for a few days to the Peacock Inn, Rowsley.] On Sunday the master visited me again, and smoked and drank three glasses of Stein wine. I accompanied him back through the fields, which pleased him very much and made him quite cheerful. 'Who knows for how many ages these paths have been trodden? The marks of numberless generations are upon them; far back to the beginning of time, to the beginning of England.'

In the spring of 1850 Neuberger and his sister went to reside at Bonn on the Rhine. They remained there for between two and three years, during which time he attended lectures at the University, read at the University Library, enjoyed the society of Arndt, Dahlmann, and other distinguished professors, and contributed articles to some English periodicals. This change of abode might seem like a breaking-off of his connection with Carlyle; but it was not really so. An active correspondence was kept up; Neuberger translated *Past and Present*, and *Hero Worship*, into German; and in regard to books, and in some other respects, his abode in Germany enabled him to be of more service to Carlyle in regard

to *Frederick the Great* than he could have been had he remained in England. The following letters will show what Carlyle thought of some of the things that were going on in England:—

CARLYLE TO NEUBERG.

“CHELSEA, 24th Dec., 1850.

“... On the whole you seem to have found in Bonn all that you could reasonably expect; and if you decided to continue there, whatsoever is wanting might gradually be added as well as in another place: some course of employment for your spiritual *shoping capital*, which, wherever you go, will be a restless necessity for you. A man, in all countries, has ‘to wait at the pool’; to look out assiduously for opportunities and capabilities; snatching them up as they arise, and diligently paving for himself a way through the abyss of them. For it is an ever-fluctuating, madly-boiling abyss, except so far as we can control it and subdue it, to one and all of us. Your perfect knowledge of England and things English seems to offer you some specific possibilities of function among Germans at present. I doubt not you will keep awake, and do good work yet, while days are granted you.

“Old Arndt, in your picture, looks charming—an excellent piece of Old-German stuff. I am delighted to hear of his vigorous delving and hoeing, but wish withal he would write us another book; some autobiographic or other selection of his experiences in this world—such as it besseems a *πολύμηγης* and *πολύταλας*, a ‘many-counselled,’ and a ‘much-enduring’ man to give in his old age!

“... I went into Wales in the end of last July, thence into Scotland, and so, after some uncomfortable roving, back to my own shop here. I was, and still am, though to a less degree, in altogether frightful health; incapable of going farther in my angry dialogue with the world till I have gathered myself [together] a little again. The world, with its papal aggressions, crystal palaces, and such like, is, and remains, a great ass—enchanted ass,

for there is always a *man* imprisoned there withal, poor devil! We like your letters very well in the *Leader*. My wife sends many regards.”

CARLYLE TO NEUBERG.

“CHELSEA, 16th Jan., 1851.

“... I myself am utterly silent—idle would be as good an epithet; for, indeed, I am still low in point of health, not joyful over the aspect of outward things, and destitute of force (at present) to cut my way towards any sure object among them. A lonely, dangerous, and not very pleasant ‘way’! One has even to sit still, in such circumstances, and try if one can gather a little strength again for a new plunge through those trackless regions, the like of which have seldom been travelled by an honest citizen, I think! The aspect of this social chaos (which invades one’s hearth and very heart) reaching down, as in avalanches, towards the belly of the abyss, amid the cheers of all creatures for their ‘crystal palace’ and ‘progress of the species,’ is very far from cheering to a thoughtful man! But one must be patient too.”

CARLYLE TO NEUBERG.

“CHELSEA, 25th July, 1851.

“Your letter came two days ago; a very interesting document, opening pleasant glimpses of your late ways and of the world you have been living in. If all men would handle the pen with such definiteness, grace, and dexterity, Rowland Hill would be a greater benefactor than he has yet proved! Your view of Berlin city and neighbourhood is such as to make one rather thankful *not* to be there in this hot weather; though there is an iron energy in it too; and I have long perceived the *Drill-Serjeant* to have been much more effectually busy there than elsewhere, the good fruits of which will not fail to appear by and by... Herr Tauchnitz, a huge eupeptic man, in showy apparel, with the cross of the Legion of Honour or dishonour at his button-hole, called here some months ago, and made an honest bargain with me about the

French Revolution; five-and-twenty pounds down on the nail, which sum, as he bragged of giving Thackeray £100, &c., &c., seemed to me abundantly exiguous (especially as the day was wet, and I was sicklier than usual); so that I fear the Grand Cross, who affects to have a soul above ducats, may have left me rather in ill-humour. I have sometimes regretted that I did not rather recommend to him the volume of *Latter-Day Pamphlets*; however, there is now no help, and we will wish him speed with what he has. Our summer has been in the highest degree noisy and inane: probably the *idlest* summer Britain has had for half a century past. The 'glass palace,' in which I once was and no more, surpassed in beauty of effect and arrangement all the edifices I had ever seen or read of, except in the *Arabian Tales*; but there, unfortunately, the merits of the business *ended*. 'The best got-up piece of nonsense I ever in my life saw'—that was articulately my private note on the matter; which is now inarticulately or otherwise becoming a very general public note, for there has been no trade or business all summer, especially none here, and the shopkeeper world, driven almost to despair by total want of custom, is getting abundantly sulky. To look once at this glass palace was (if you forgot all else) perceptibly pleasant; but to have gone to study, to think or to learn anything in it, would almost have driven a serious man mad. Who can bear to look on *chaos*, however gilded the specimens shown? Very empty persons only! 'Improvement in manufactures?' I have often said the grandest specific bit of improvements ever made in manufactures was effected, not in a big glass soap bubble, presided over by Prince Albert and the general assembly of prurient windbags out of all countries, but under the torn hat, once, of a Lancashire pedlar selling washballs and cheap razors through the hill country—pedlar and barber who chanced to have a head that he could employ in *thinking* under said hat! But, on the whole, I have studied

to keep very quiet; have shrunk into the remotest corner, and hung up what screams I had against the tumult of dust till it *laid* itself again, and became mud and zero, as infallibly it will, all the faster for being well let alone!

"This *Life of Sterling*, of which you hear, is a very slight book, but it has quietly and piously occupied me, and was a thing I had to do: a light portrait, the truest I could easily sketch, of an unimportant but very beautiful, pathetic and rather significant, human life in our century; I found it a new kind of task; and the blockhead part of the world may both read it and forget it with more ease than most of my books . . .

"I feel much better than I did last year at this time, biography being a much gentler business than the latter-day one."

CARLYLE TO NEUBERG.

"CHELSEA, 1st March, 1852.

" . . . Well, we have got into spring again, with its crowded streets, parliamentary babble, changes of ministry, and changes of weather—not of a very *summer* character as yet, either of these! All men *laugh* hitherto at the new ministry, with Disraeli for chancellor, king of the money-bags; but to me it gives no laughter, only gloomy thoughts (when I attend to it at all), as a Belshazzar handwriting on the wall! When once the stump orator is actually sovereign of England, there will be strange sights here as elsewhere! But we cannot help it; and must not too much mind it. I think sometimes of running over to some nice island in the Baltic (say Tycho Brahe's, with excursions to Silesia, to Berlin), and leaving this foul puddle to settle itself here a little! But this is a dead secret, say nothing of it!"

We now come to the visit to Germany in 1852. The tour commenced near the end of August, and occupied about six weeks. From Edinburgh *via* Rotterdam, Carlyle hastened

to Bonn, where his friends, Mr. and Miss N., had prepared for him their best chamber in the Coblenzer Strasse, and done all they could for his comfort. On seeing a German bed for the first time, he said, "Do the Germans mean one to *sit* in one's bed?" The house was a quiet one; but there had been on the premises a recent establishment of fowls, and in the morning he complained that the cocks had kept him awake. By his desire his quarters were changed to a small room farthest away from the cocks; and he requested also to be provided with a large tub plentifully supplied with water. In the middle of the next night a splashing of water was heard, and at the same time there was a strong smell of tobacco smoke. Still little or no sleep was to be had. So, accompanied by Neuberg, he took refuge in the village of Honnef, which was then a remarkably quiet place. There, however, the church bells were as disturbing as the cocks had been; and, returning to Bonn, he said to Miss N., in a tone of comical despair, "Will you take me up again?" And when, on the following morning, he was asked whether he had slept better, he told the old story of the man who tried the experiment of keeping his horse on less and less food, till one morning he found the poor animal dead.

The travellers, Carlyle and Neuberg, proceeded by the Rhine to Frankfort. The Rhine pleased Carlyle much during the whole journey. Ems was visited on the route, where Neuberg writes: "Pleasant rambles among the hills, reminding me of England, him of Scotland, gave rise to interesting conversations. The cure-world at the gaming tables and dancing-rooms came off badly. When the band was playing waltzes on Sunday, C. said, 'I wish they would play the Hundredth Psalm in honour of the Lord's Day!' An old lady who careered about in a sprightly manner he nicknamed 'the everlasting' (*Die Zeitlose*). We had seen many crocuses in the fields." (The crocus is called *Zeitlose* by the

Germans because it blooms in the autumn as well as in the spring.) "In Frankfort we met the Duke of Weimar's private secretary, who had come on purpose to receive Carlyle there. We visited Goethe's house. Carlyle took off his hat as he stood before it, and said '*Salve*.'" The writer of the letter ends with an injunction to his sister to take care of her health, not neglecting the application of cold water. "Carlyle says there is a certain morality in it."

NEUBERG TO HIS SISTER.

"WEIMAR, 20th Sept. 1852.

"We left Homburg on Friday, stayed a few hours in Marburg—an old dead town which Carlyle much liked—and we reached Cassel at night, where it went badly with us; watchmen with horns and pipes, town clock, rattle of cartwheels during the night, forming, as C. said, 'the most remarkable madness in our travels.' The landlord begged us to stay over the Sunday and see the artificial waterworks play at Wilhelmshöhe; Carlyle answered, 'I would not stay even to see Hassenpflug¹ hung, which would be a much grander sight.' Next day we stopped at Eisenach and went up the Wartburg. It was touching to see Carlyle's reverence (*pietät*) for all the relics of Luther, in whose room he said, 'There is no more sacred spot in the whole earth for me to stand upon than this.' He reverently laid his hand on everything that had come from Luther, and kissed his table. . . . C. had promised his mother to trace out all footsteps of Luther, and sat up late last night to send a full account to her at Scotsbrig. We stayed the night at the quiet little town of Gotha, where we were quartered in a fine large saloon in which Napoleon slept after the battle of Leipzig. 'A capital cup of tea,' and a good night's rest. On Sunday we went to Erfurt, where we looked up Luther's cell and his old monastery, and returned the same night. To-day

¹ Who had the reputation of being a political intriguer.

we have devoted to wandering amidst the treasures of this place. Carlyle meets with great attention from all. As a rule the interior of Goethe's house is not shown to the public; but the proprietor wrote here two years ago that should Carlyle come everything was to be shown to him. Goethe's study and bed-room, with the bed on which he died, and the common wooden table which he walked round and round while dictating, are touching memorials. The rooms are small and low and without carpets. There he spent most of his days. It is evident that he lived, not in Weimar, but in his own world. His works of art and collections are in another part of the house, to which he went only when friends visited him. Equally touching are Schiller's working room, and the bedstead on which he found his last rest. Carlyle could not conceive how any one could die in a bed without curtains. 'It must be horrible,' he thought.¹ Then they drove us to the Belvedere, a very fine park. We dined with Hofrath Marshall; Schöll (editor of Goethe's Letters to Frau von Stein, and something more about Goethe) and others were there. Afterwards we drove to Tiefurt, another castle and park with all sorts of relics of Goethe. To-morrow we are to visit the Bibliothek and the royal vault (where Goethe and Schiller lie), and then we proceed to Dresden. Weimar is a dead town with ducal palaces and grounds. It belongs to the past, and only by a resurrection can it be brought back to life.

"21st. This morning came a courier from the Grand Duchess from the Belvedere Castle with an invitation to dine there at 3 o'clock (I probably in the character of Sancho Panza, or 'awful example'); so we must postpone

¹ There were no curtains to the bed on which he himself breathed his last; but, though in most respects he was fully alive to improved sanitary notions, he clung for a long time to the superstition that a four-poster with the curtains drawn was the only proper bed for a man to sleep in and die in.

our departure till to-morrow morning. I inclose you a rose leaf picked in the grave-yard where Goethe and Schiller rest. The most impressive part of my visit to the vault was the recollection of my being in this place twenty years ago with Marian [afterwards his wife]. To me it was an affecting moment; here now I stood between these coffins with her and Carlyle... How pleased she would have been to hear of these doings, of ducal company, of Goethe and Schiller reminiscences, of Carlyle's presence! And all has on this account a higher value to me. By degrees one learns that remembrance is a holier and richer possession than flattering hope. And now to court."

A letter from Dresden, dated September 25th, mentions grandees who were present at the dinner-party. "The Grand Duchess is a fine and stately old lady, and is known as an excellent woman; but we noticed that, though she was full of politeness and attention, she never smiled. Carlyle said, 'Poor soul, the heart is frozen out of her.' In driving back he laughed a great deal at the thought of having been at the Grand Duke's in a wideawake (a *Heckerhut*). He had no other hat with him. This afternoon we go to the Saxon Switzerland; to-morrow to Lobositz, a battlefield of Frederick. From there we must make our way through the Silesian hills to Zittau; and then by train *viâ* Frankfort on the Oder to Berlin."

NEUBERG TO HIS SISTER.

"BRITISH HOTEL, BERLIN,

"October 5th, 1852.

"As Carlyle will not remain longer here than I stay with him, I could not resist prolonging my visit for a few days, *i.e.* till the end of this week. We then travel together as far as Cologne. In the last few days, since it has been known that he is here, we have been invited to a great many dinner-parties, &c., whereby I have become acquainted with all sorts of local authorities. Everywhere, for

earnestness and power, Carlyle forms a striking contrast to most of the people whom we meet. He remarked, 'We lead a pretty fast life here.' We are just come back from a dinner-party, consisting of Herr von Olvers (the Director of the Museum), Privy-Councillor Wiese (of the Clerical Department), Privy-Councillor Abeken (of the Foreign Ministry), the painter Magnus, and our old friend Cornelius. Carlyle made all kinds of side-thrusts at the painters, with their pictures of Christ and their Madonnas; and Cornelius several times called him 'a godless man.' Nevertheless the two have learnt to appreciate one another."

CARLYLE TO NEUBERG.

"THE GRANGE, *October 21st, 1852.*

"We have agreeable enough people; notabilities of a friendly nature, Thackeray among them; also —, a strange exotic phenomenon, whom a certain lady defined as dreadfully incapable of silence or rest, 'whirling about as if his pockets were full of hot cinders.' The truth is, he is all in a flurry with the amazing novelty of the thing; but he will certainly recover himself by the end of a little time, being a man of good logical sense.

"All the world here is really in great excitement with a rumour which has just got out, that Lord Derby means to grant Convocation its desire, and actually let it sit for the arranging of matters connected with the Church. This is a far more stirring outlook than the assembling of a mere commonplace Parliament. All men of judgment regard it as the first stroke of the axe — first stroke of ten thousand axes, crowbars, and disruptive implements, upon our poor old rotten fabric of a Church. . . .

"I look back on our journey as a strange dream, which nevertheless was a fact. When I contemplate your unwearied *patience*, helpfulness, adroitness, and friendly imperturbability, I declare I am lost in reflection and

emotions, *remorse* by no means wanting among them!

"P.S. — Jane sends her kind regards to Miss Neuberg and you; and in the former quarter I beg also for continued forgiveness and remembrances. Honnef, Rolandseck, and the two cocks — ah me!"

NEUBERG TO HIS SISTER.

"STRAND, *27th December, 1852.*

"Yesterday, Sunday afternoon, Chapman and I took a walk through the parks and Kensington Gardens; it was a very fine sunny day. On the Serpentine, where this time twelve years ago we watched the skaters, the sunlight was playing, and children were sailing their boats. Everywhere holiday people are abroad; the omnibuses full of family parties, father, mother, nurse, and rosy-cheeked little ones. There is a greater amount of prosperity visible in England at present than I have ever before noticed. The number of turkeys, oyster-barrels, fish-baskets, and game displayed in the shop-windows is almost incredible. Yesterday evening Carlyle said, 'English people at Christmas eat themselves as full as they can hold from a feeling of religious duty, and lay it all to Christ.' I was there at tea; the maid was out holidaying; so we made the toast at the parlour fire, and I helped Mrs. C. to carry the tea-things up and down stairs. Quite Arcadian! C. made me a present of the new edition (fourth) of *Hero Worship*. He said that nothing astonished him so much as that the people continued to buy his books. It was as marvellous as the feeding of Elisha by the ravens. I left at half-past ten, and they both escorted me the greater part of the way."

The foregoing letter was written during a visit to England. At this time Neuberg's plans for the future were not settled, and Carlyle offered friendly suggestions and advice concerning them.

CARLYLE TO NEUBERG.

“CHELSEA, *May 31st*, 1853.

“I am strongly inclined to be of opinion that you should not quite neglect to look about you over those estates offered for sale, and see whether you could not tolerably fit yourself with a pleasant rural habitation, where you might learn to farm a little, and trim up once more a house for yourself on the face of this ‘all-nourishing earth.’ Depend upon it, as matters go, that is a considerable point for a man; to be anchored even by the possession of a house, a library, a dairy, garden, and good conveniences for *living* whatever life one may have—this is greatly preferable to no anchorage at all. As to England, you could still visit England *ad libitum* after a little while, and if you have quite done with trade (as I suppose to be certain), there really is very little in England that cannot be overtaken by visits. I have serious thoughts myself, many a time, of fairly lifting anchor out of this empty noise, and steering towards some discoverable habitation that were at least silent, and furnished with *not* dirty air to breathe. Age is, and should be, earnest, sad even, though not ignobly but nobly sad; and the empty, grinning apery of commonplace creatures and their loud inanities ought to be more and more shut out from us as the Eternities draw nigh. You, in your own thoughts, may find occupation for yourself wherever you are; and whether the world takes any notice of it or takes no notice, is really not the question with a man. . . . I hear in some vague way — is gaining large vogue for some Swedish ‘muscular’ or other half-distracted form of ‘medicine’ he has taken in hand. Nature has an immense pantry, and is very bountiful to human beings?”

“CHELSEA, *28th July*, 1853.

“... I am very sorry to hear of all those physical afflictions which have defaced the beauty of the German summer for you; I can well under-

stand, too, by experience of my own, what a sad reflection it is that takes possession of a human soul in those circumstances. ‘Alas! I am over the crown of the hill, then; and only deeper and deeper descent is now possible for me: and this is all that life would yield, the very measurable *this!*’ Nevertheless, we must not be discouraged: the descent, too, has its beauties, pious and solemn, if less noisy and flaring than the uphill journey was; and a man *is* under the great blue heaven in all stages, till he die, and after too. Courage, courage!—As to those complicated ailments, ‘action of the heart,’ &c., I confess my own theory for the present is, they are perhaps nothing, one and all of them, but *deranged liver*—a most protean, but also a very curable and assuageable ailment; and I hope confidently the Kissingen waters will bring you very speedy relief. Another great and necessary recipe in advancing years is, to lay oneself up for *rest* whenever rest is useful, to secure a good ‘dry dock,’ a permanent place of residence namely, which brings with it the total cessation of a huge crowd of *little* annoyances, and clears the air very much by altogether *laying* one kind of dust.”

In 1853 Neuberg and his sister returned to England, she, to enter upon her short married life, he to spare neither time nor strength, for the rest of his days, in his work of “voluntary secretary” to Carlyle; getting French and German books that were wanted in connection with *Frederick*, deciphering, transcribing, “redacting,” “excerpting,” arranging, and spending days and weeks at the British Museum and the State Paper Office. To Dr. Althaus Carlyle spoke in the strongest terms of Neuberg’s marvellous endurance in plodding through a chaos of wretched details for any material of worth there might be, and in his persistent labours in that musty room at the State Paper Office, a few hours in which never failed to

give Carlyle himself an intolerable headache.

CARLYLE TO NEUBERG.

“ADDISCOMBE FARM, CROYDON,
Sept. 5th, 1853.

“I ought to tell you what has become of your faithful steed and me. I rode about in the environs of London twice or thrice with the nimble little animal, greatly to my pleasure and advantage for a day or two; then, on Thursday last, things being all brought to bear, I trotted out hither in the breezy twilight (Mrs. C. coming by rail), and have been here ever since, in the most complete retirement, generally in a state of solitude, to which only La Trappe, if even that, could offer any parallel. For my wife, having initiated the *ménage* here, went away again; only returns once in the few days to keep the *commissariat* department straight, and prefers for her own behoof the resources of Chelsea; so that I have free scope for *silence* as ever man had; and literally converse with nobody except the little horse, and my own thoughts if I have any, and my own sensations which I am sure to have. The lanes and old country roads, old as Hengest many of them, are very pretty, the heaths still green as an emerald; a country of corn and grass and wood,—Croydon was once a place for charcoal, ‘the colliers of Croydon,’ a phrase in old books, and venerable stumps of oaks are still frequent, and in general there is still a profusion of wood. Being quite *new*, both to country and to riding, I enjoy the panorama not a little; and will continue my riding for a while longer, if I do not hear the horse is wanted. Poor little quadruped, he carries me beautifully (the farmer very good to him here in return); he trots along when the ways are sandy; walks and paces where the small pebbles abound, and joyfully canters when we get upon the sward of heaths with the wind in our faces. An excellent, sagacious, useful little creature; willing to contribute all he can (even as his owner is) to

getting forward with that dreadful enterprise of *Frederick the Great*; if by any means, taking it in front, or in flank, or in rear, we could contrive to do some good upon it! I keep the thing in abeyance altogether just now; which may be considered a taking it in flank or in rear, if not an abandoning of it altogether; which I am still sometimes tempted to resolve upon. In all my days I have been in no such sordid whirlpool of dancing *sand*, where I had no business to be: on the whole, there is but one question, how to get out again?

“All my leisure time, when not walking or riding, is taken up with Voltaire, of whose works there is an excellent edition here, far the best I have ever seen (Renouard’s in above 60 volumes, Paris, 1819, and possessing a most copious *Index*); I have read mostly in *Voltaire* both here and in Suffolk since you saw me last: pleasant, most clear, ingenious, and by no means unvarnished reading, a man and a world of men which excite to endless reflections, mostly of a rather sad nature. ‘*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race!*’”

A few years after Neuberg’s return from Germany he determined to establish a home of his own, and accordingly had a house built at Hampstead, in which his widowed sister and her children might live with him.

The following letters and extracts express Carlyle’s views on various subjects, or are interesting from references to his own habits and life:—

“CHELSEA, 18th April, 1852.

“... We have M. Thiers here, and quantities of talking and galloping people; of whom, however, I get less and less good as I grow older; Heaven knows it never at the youngest was very much! Thiers, in particular, is a noticeable subject—*bon garçon*, truly, with the light eupeptic practical Gascon spirit very strong in him, has a most musical, plaintively-singing, and yet essentially gay and jaunty *treble* voice; talks unweariedly, and in a very neat

and clear and carelessly frank and ingenious way, with the same; close-cropped, bullet head, of fair weight, almost quite white; laughing little hazel eyes, jolly hooked nose and most definite mouth; short, short (five feet three or two, at most), swells slightly in the middle—soft, *sausage-like* on the whole—and ends neatly in fat little feet and hands. Such is Thiers to the outward eye and ear; a man, for the rest, worth listening to, a little—a little, and not much; for after all, his notions of everything are hopelessly commonplace, his talent a *beaver* one, out and out; of things higher (and this is even a saving clause for the man and his history) he has never had a tone of intimation. Nothing of the hypocrite in poor Thiers; a cheerful, healthy, human parliamentary beaver, *bon garçon*, to this day.”

6th July, 1852.

“... It is astonishing what one may learn from consorting with authentic, well-instructed persons, whatever subject they may be handling—a pity indeed that all other kinds of persons could not be quite extinguished from the writing guild, where their presence is as that of vile hemlocks in a garden-bed, and no better, as numerous as it fatally is in these times.”

“28th April, 1854.

“...On Sunday when staying at Addiscombe, we made a pilgrimage to the ‘Crystal Palace,’ a wonderful place, with ‘regardless of expense’ and some very little *more*, written conspicuously on every feature of it; announcing in fact that the age of miracles is not past; that here is a new age of miracles, though alas, only a cockney one, regardless of expense! However, there will be really many good copies of remarkable objects; classical and other excellent sculptures, —whole acres of Egyptian nightmares are already in order—not to speak of Florentine carvings, tombs of knights templars, &c., &c.; in short, on some private day (such as there

are to be) I shall wish to go back, and examine several things. That is the way to manage with museums; walk direct to some object specifically pre-appointed, shutting your eyes to all the rest; otherwise ‘the rest,’ if you have any sense and seriousness of mind, will tend continually to drive you mad. As we experienced in the *Kunst-kammer*, of famous memory, that day—which is in fact but the acme of museums; or chaotic omnium-gatherums offered to a human soul really seeking *nourishment* for itself. The country all round Sydenham is getting torn up into bandbox architecture; and indeed everywhere the bricklayer is thrice busy (Croydon itself, I think, will be a bit of London before long); as if all the vulturous creatures in creation had said to each other, ‘Come let us fly to the biggest dead-house that ever was; over in London yonder there is offal without end!’...I suppose this may come to *good* too, in some remote way, in some infinitesimally small degree.”

“8th Oct., 1854.

“... This world gets very *autumnal* to one, at our time of life; but Autumn too has its advantages; its satisfactions; and there is the everlasting azure over one, with the stars and the eternities, at all seasons. In a little while we shall begin to look for you back; to ask when you are about returning.

“Here there has been nothing of moment since you went; equinoctial winds, with once or twice a stormy deluge of rain, but the weather in general bright, of agreeable coolness, and to me perceptibly wholesomer than it was. Cholera, after killing about 10,000 of our 2,000,000, seems to be almost gone from this big Babel—it has been in all quarters of the Island; and I sometimes privately wonder how the editors can keep maintaining with such composure that it depends all on *air*; in my native village, one of the clearest spots under the sun, it has killed nine persons out

of 1,000, which is about twice the proportion of its virulum in London; we read also that it is doing its business in Skye, where surely there is no want of 'drainage,' whatever else may be defective!"

CARLYLE TO AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

"CHELSEA, 14th May.

"I wish success to your enterprise on the copyright question. In the interest of human justice and of common logic, if in no other, it seems to me desirable. Whether real literature can ever be supported by copyright; and whether imaginary literature deserves support or the reverse, I leave as questions, and shall not ask whether we agree upon them or not. But to forbid the writer of a book, what is ardently conceded (secured by treadmills, gibbets, judges, fiscals, tipstuffs, and an elaborate apparatus) to the maker of a besom, the liberty of fairly asking the world what it means to do with him, the liberty of selling his manufactures unplundered in the public market at what he can get, appears to me one of the most unadulterated solecisms now current, and incapable of being supported by any argument which is not, on the face of it, lamentable to behold.

"Among the sons of Adam, protected in their rights of property, there is no one who has, or can have such a right of property in any object as the writer or even the scribbler of a book has, in said book. Writing and scribbling that book, belongs to him, as nothing else does. Belongs as the universe does to the Maker, not as field A or field B does to Jack or Tom, who did not *make* or call into existence said fields at all, but have merely obtained possession of them (very temporary possession) by the consent of neighbours for the time being. Being an enemy to solecisms, it would be a slight comfort to me to see that solecism, which is a conspicuous one, choked; that, for one.

"Mr. ——'s similitude of the big 'flower-garden' from which the author

makes a bouquet, big 'store of bricks,' from which the author builds a house, halts fatally in one leg (if not in both); and indeed collapses altogether if examined. The fatal halt is this, no author *takes away* the least 'flower' or fraction of a 'brick' by making his bouquet (well or ill) from Mr. ——'s flower-garden, or his house from Mr. ——'s brick-store; supposing him to have added nothing whatever, is there not precisely the same stock left, for others to do better with, as before he appeared there? Precisely the same, by hypothesis (his work being zero) no change whatever, not a daisy shifted from its place, not the chip of a slate more or less. So that, as I said, the boundless flower-garden, boundless brick-store is not a similitude that represents the object; but halts fatally in one leg of it, and in fact falls flat, requesting to be carried out on any shutter or wheelbarrow there may be. By the way, as to the other leg of the similitude, I should like to ask Mr. —— where he supposes those flowers, bricks, &c., all come from; and whether it has not fallen within his experience as an extensive publisher to see such a thing as a 'brick' that was *not* there before? Phenomena of that kind, it is said, become rarer and rarer; if they altogether *cease*, then it is merely in the interest of human fair play, and to get sophisms of a conspicuously untenable character and similitudes that fall flat well wheeled out of the ring, that I argue on this matter.

"Sir, it is a serious enough matter, this of literature, of printed thought, or even printed talk. Literature, and what is to become of it, and of the world that lives amidst it, and sees its interest, high and low getting more and more entirely embarked upon it, and literature becoming Church and Parliament, and Government and Opera house, all united, is one of the gravest, both to America and Europe, rather too grave. But till these collapsed similitudes, &c., are well wheeled out, there is no discussing of it gravely."

"THE GILLS, ANNAN, N.B.,
13th August, 1856.

"...I took my wife across the Firth, to a very pleasant place among pleasant cousins; and on the morrow after that, struck southwards (ninety miles or so) to this stillest of all nooks, on the shore of the Solway, within ten miles of my birthplace, where arrangements had been made for me, much to my mind. Here with trifling interruptions I have been ever since; diligently bathing when the full sea served, diligently riding, walking, every twilight and morning—silent nearly as a stone, and altogether more solitary than I could be anywhere else, even in La Trappe itself. The mistress of the house is a kind sister of mine, memorable to me for her practical goodness from of old; her daughters wait loyally, and with every kind of skill, upon the veteran uncle, as does the master, their father (a most quiet loyal Scotch farmer); and everybody knows that first duty of leaving me *well alone*. So that, on the whole, I was never better lodged, or done for; and seem to myself in these two weeks to be making singular improvements in respect of health and strength. I do not want for innumerable reflections: generally of a rather sombre nature, in a place so much resembling *Hades* to me; but these are not useless to a man—by no means, even if they were avoidable. I know from my boyhood all the mountains, &c., fifty miles round, and have liberty to converse with these; the human species not having any right to trouble me with its foolish speech, except a pious good morrow if by rare accident we meet on the lonely smooth roads. I have ten miles of excellent sea-sand to gallop upon (no company but a few sea-mews consulting remotely about their commissariat affairs); my horse is excellent, and reminds me, by its temper and some of its ways, of the worthy quadruped I had last autumn. I have brought some papers with me: and occasionally try to do a bit of work, getting Frederick's 'Introduction'

worked through the shoreless lake of *Reichshistorie*, not with much effect hitherto."

"HUMBIE FARM, ABERDOUR, FIFE,
"21st July, 1859.

"...We got up hither without accident though with plenty of bother, pre-arrangement, also *post ditto*; but we have been doing rather well here, since these multifarious operations were well over. We have fine wholesome clean quarters—very rustic, simple but honest, and in all essentials complete; with horse-keep, and human accommodation (of milk and meal, with shops, too, accessible) very much to my mind. The dame rides on an ass—an importation that from native Dumfriesshire; I bathe, walk, loiter in woods; ride, too, with my horse in a flourishing state, horse astonished beyond measure at the new phenomena of nature here, the sea-waves, the precipitous, stony paths, the *cows*, almost most of all. It is one of the finest *scenes* I ever saw in the world; woody, airy hills (mostly made of *trap* rock) and very well cultivated; ours, a farm house mounted on a knoll of its own, and looking free over the Forth and its islands (*Inch-Colm* has a monastery on it), and its steamers and ships, special and miscellaneous, with Edinburgh ten miles off on the other side, and mountains and green pleasant countries lying more directly across (for illustrious Edinburgh is somewhat to leftward); 'like a scene in a theatre,' varying in aspect from hour to hour; truly I question if the Bay of Naples itself is prettier on a fine day. The Forth in fact is a 'Frith'; or Norway *Fiord*, only in a fruitfuller country, with gentlemen's parks in it and the like. I try to be perfectly solitary; and am so for the most part, silence being much better than any speech there is chance of. But the ground itself is eloquent to me, with memories of forty years back and more; I find old friendly faces still extant, too, though in small number...

"Of the so-called French Emperor,

&c., I have been taking the minimum of note. Among human mountebankerries of a sanguine and atrocious nature I have seen none more disgusting, none surer of a bad end, if I have any weather-wisdom!"

"RIPPLE COURT, RINGWOULD, DOVER.

"August 23, 1866.

"Your letter of this morning is one of the pleasantest I have had for a long time: I am very glad to know you at hand again, for I have not so much as known your address all this while, —and this is itself a pleasure which I had even from the outside of your letter. But *inside*, all is weird, graphic, sunny, &c.; except your own horrible state of health, which I trust is mending, nothing can be welcomer than the picture you yield. That Germany is to stand on her feet henceforth, and not be dismembered on the highway; but face all manner of Napoleons and hungry, sponging dogs, with clear steel in her hand, and an honest purpose in her heart — this seems to me the best news we or Europe have heard for the last forty years or more. May the Heavens prosper it! Many thanks also for Bismarck's photograph: he has a royal enough physiognomy, and I more and more believe him to be a highly considerable man; perhaps the nearest approach to a Cromwell that is well possible in these poor times."

In 1863 Carlyle speaks of "everybody as falling away," during the last portion of his work, and his "own poor strength as on the edge of doing the like," and consequently of his need of a "shove from one who had never yet wearied of helping him." "Plenty of excerpting now and coming! If you will stand true (as I know you will), to the end of vol. vi. I promise you immunity for the rest of my life." Neuberg had never any other thought than that of "standing true"; and on May 9th, 1864, Carlyle says, "I am packing up my *tools* (a thing I never *tried* before), and find it to be like a *Frederick campaign* in a sort."

In 1865, the last volumes of Frederick were published, and in one of the volumes is written: "To Joseph Neuberg, Esq., my faithful attendant and helper in this book. T. Carlyle, Chelsea, 15 Feb. 1865." Not only was Neuberg a most assiduous helper in this last great work; but he also undertook to translate it into German. He only lived long enough, however, to translate the first four volumes and part of the fifth. The rest of the fifth volume and the sixth were translated by his friend, Dr. Althaus.

A minor incident of 1865 was Carlyle's anxiety that Neuberg should accept as a gift his "little horse Noggs." Noggs was a present from the Dowager Lady Ashburton; but his master had now no longer any use for him; and to get rid of him, in a satisfactory way, would be a deliverance. His selling capabilities are described as reduced in the extreme; and yet the real worth of the horse was in no respect diminished. "He is one of the healthiest of horses, with a joyful and friendly temper (only too friendly if you give him beans and ride with a loose rein); perfectly sure-footed; (though he is blemished in both knees — got it by catching his foot in a long curb-rein which I remissly had hanging over little finger, when he made a little stumble over some trifling thing, and intended to recover himself); finally, 'a good little 'oss,' as Sylvester ('the groom') always emphatically defines him. His riding you have seen; I believe he will go in harness too. Sylvester found him unused to it (apparently), but willing. In short, don't say 'no' unless he is absolutely of no use to you. For I perceive I shall have to give him away to somebody, and you are the first I apply to, —you who deserve far other 'gifts' from me (had I got them or did you need them), beyond any other person."

The task I set before myself is now drawing to a close. I recollect how much I was struck by the more genial and happy tone of Carlyle's address to the students of Edinburgh in 1866.

The mellowing influences of the autumn of old age seemed to pervade it. But even then the heaviest blow of all was about to fall. Of the event which suddenly left him desolate for the rest of his days, nothing need be said here. The winter after his great loss was spent at Mentone for the sake of his health. One dreary day in the fall of that year, Neuberg was on his way to Chelsea, but there was so thick a fog that he could not see to drive and had to turn back. The fog continued throughout the day. On his reaching Chelsea next day, he found Carlyle gone. The two friends never met again.

CARLYLE'S LAST LETTER TO NEUBERG.

"MENTONE (ALPES MARITIMES),
"10th February, 1867.

"DEAR NEUBERG,—Several times I have heard of you from James Aitken and others, not always the best of news; and if I have not written, it is not for want of kindly thought and remembrance, but because of my own sombre mood, fitter for silence than for speech with any of the living. I grieved to hear that you had been suffering, in those dark storms of your English winter,—though still standing obstinately to your work, and now a little improved again since the boisterous thaws have come. Perhaps your *work* is a benefit to you withal, but I cannot help wishing you had done with it; anything connected with that book is more or less gloomy and miserable to me; the one recompense and consolation seems to be that one does get done with it for all time and all eternity! Ah me, ah me! In another winter, too, you might escape hither; and fairly have a quasi-summer instead; which to you might be especially beneficial, as perhaps it is now in some less degree to myself. It is certain I had no belief in such a winter climate as this has proved to be; and for bright sun, and beauty of earth and sea and sky, we may challenge the whole world! I never saw such a February, even in my dreams;

nor with eye and sense such weather, in any month of the year: this is something always, though it is by no means all! For sublimity, the picturesque, &c., &c., I care less than most of my neighbours profess to do; indeed, except as *secondaries*, may say I care nothing; nevertheless, it is a fact, I seldom yet rush out on a morning after bathing without some sentiment of wonder and almost pleasure over those wild stony peaks (which girdle us all in from the north, and kindly press us upon the sea and the sunshine); they are wildest mountain architecture, towering up, jagged, sharp and bare, steeper than church spires (sometimes with a little *castle* perched atop, strangely near to you, though six miles off by measurement);—they sit there grim and cruel, like so many haggard old witches of Endor holding conclave,—stone-naked to the waist, but after that furnished with the beautifullest green ample *petticoats* (all of terraced olive-woods and orange and lemon-woods); the strangest thing I ever looked at in the 'scenery' kind. I wander much by the wild rocky paths in the entirely silent olive-woods: entirely solitary till the sun sink, and the poor peasant people (most of them old women) with their asses and packages shrink home, bidding me as they pass '*Bon soir, Monsieur,*' which is nearly all the French—the *old* part of them—have."

On Carlyle's return in the spring of 1867, he heard that Neuberg had been seriously ill; but, as the latest reports were favourable, and he was supposed to be in a fair way of recovery, there seemed to be no reason why the tired traveller should not rest a few days before going to see him. A relapse, however, took place, and was speedily fatal. I remember Carlyle at the funeral—how deeply he seemed to feel his loss. He afterwards wrote to N.'s sister: "If the bust give you any satisfaction, surely I shall think it all my days well worth while." (He had himself sent to have the cast

taken after Neuberg's death.) "No kinder friend had I in this world; no man of any day, I believe, had so faithful, loyal, and willing a helper, as he generously was to me for the last twenty or more years. To look for his like again would be very vain indeed, were I even at the beginning of my course, instead of at the end. A man of fine faculty too—decidedly the most intelligent, swift, and skilful, at that kind of work, whom I have ever seen or known of. The memory of him will remain dear and noble to me. The sudden stroke that has cut away such a friend, in these my otherwise desolate days, may well be sad and heavy to me. But if so to me, what then is it to you and your dear little ones? Alas! on this head I must say nothing. I will bid you be of courage, of *pious courage*; and in all things try to do as he would have ordered and wished, which I believe will daily be your best consolation in this sore trial."

After this time there lay on Carlyle's writing-table a pipe. He never smoked it, but liked to have it there. If it were removed he restored it to its place; and sometimes he was seen to lay his hand upon it, and take it up in a caressing way. This pipe had been made under the directions of Neuberg, and was intended for use at Mentone. It was jointed that it might be conveniently carried in the pocket, and smoked short or long. The fog which prevented the leave-taking on the day before the start for Mentone, prevented also the delivery of the pipe. When, however, Carlyle heard the particulars of it, his eyes filled with tears, and he requested that it might still be given to him.

To Neuberg's sister and her two children, Carlyle remained a warm and sympathising friend. She had always remarked his courteous manner, especially to ladies; but now, to her and her children, there was also a marked tenderness in it. His advice to her son was, "Stick to mathematics;"

and hearing later with evident pleasure of his being engaged to be married, he said, "Ay, ay, so the time goes; well, well, I hope he will be happy, and get on as well with his law-work as he did at Rugby and at College."

The last time he actually visited Hampstead, though on several other occasions he attempted to do so and turned back, was in June 1878, when Mrs. F. had been suffering from a fever caught in Naples. On hearing that she was still too weak to leave her room, he said, "By all means I will go to her if she will see me," and quickly ascending the staircase, he took both her hands, and spoke to her so affectionately and encouragingly, that, though at first she was overcome by the meeting, she soon felt his visit to be a real comfort as well as a gratification.

Such then is the story of Carlyle's connection with Joseph Neuberg, so far as I have the means of telling it. N. held most of what passed between him and his friend as too sacred to be talked much about. When on one occasion the hope was expressed that he did not fail to take notes of conversations, &c., he replied with emotion, putting his hand on his breast, "They are here." On another occasion, when it was suggested that he would be able to write an interesting life of Carlyle, his reply was, "One must have something of Carlyle in oneself in order to write his life."

In a little memorandum-book now in possession of Neuberg's niece, there are these words in Carlyle's handwriting: "A pocket-book (came long ago from Goethe and Weimar) has some *old* account notes of hers; done at Craigenputtock possibly enough. *O tempus edax*; O thou all destroyer! (Yesterday I attended Neuberg's funeral, 27th March, 1867: Erskine's sisters are both dead.) Pocket of this has some memoranda of mine. I shall probably enough not see it again.—T. C. (28th March) *tristis, fessus, solitarius*.—Oh, my loved one, where? where?—"

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

“Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!”

CHAPTER XI.

NO LETTER.

THE Mitchelhurst postman, coming up to the place in his daily round, found a young man loitering to and fro within view of the gate. The morning was a pleasant one. The roadside grass was grey with dew, and glistening pearls and diamonds were strung on the threads of gossamer, tangled over bush and blade. The hollies in the hedgerows were brave and bright, and there were many-tinted leaves yet clinging to the bramble-sprays. Sun and wet together had turned the common road to a shining, splendid way, up which the old postman crept, a dull, little, toiling figure, with a bag over his shoulder, and something white in his hand. The young man timed his indolent stroll so that they met each other on the weedy slope, which led to the iron gate, with its solid pillars, and white stone balls. There, with the briefest possible nod by way of salutation, he demanded his letters.

The old fellow knew him as the gentleman who was staying with Mr. Hayes, and touched his cap obsequiously. He had carried his bag for more than thirty years, and remembered old Squire Rothwell, and Mr. John, and he fumbled with the letters in his hand, half expecting a curse at his slowness, and hardly knowing what name he was to look for. The other stood with his head high, showing a sharply-cut profile as he turned a little, looking intently in the direction of the Place. Through the black bars shone a pale bright picture of blue sky, and level turf, and the gnarled and fantastic branches of the sunlit avenue. There were yellow

leaves on the straight roadway, and shadows softly interlaced, and at the end the white, silent house.

The postman finished his investigation, and announced in a hesitating tone, “No, sir, no letter, sir. No letter at all, name of Rothwell.”

The young man turned upon him. “Harding, I said.”

“Yes, sir. No, sir, no letter name of Harding.”

“Are you sure? Give them to me.”

He looked them over. There were letters and papers for Mr. Hayes, one or two for the servants, and one that had come from Devonshire for Barbara. He gave them back with a meditative frown, and turned on his heel without a word. The postman pushed the gate just sufficiently to permit of a crab-like entrance to the grounds, and plodded along the avenue, while the young fellow walked definitely away towards the village.

“The old boy doesn’t write business letters on Sunday, I daresay,” he said to himself. “No, I don’t suppose he would. Well, I shall hear to-morrow. As well to-morrow as to-day, perhaps—better, perhaps. And yet—and yet—Oh God! to get to work! I have banished myself from her presence, I have shut that gate against me—that old fool goes crawling up there with his letters—any one in Mitchelhurst may knock at that door, and I may not! There’s nothing left for me but to do the task she set me, and by Heaven, I will! I shall have the right to speak to her then, at any rate!”

Barbara had intended to see Reynold before he left that morning. She did not know what she wanted to say, she

was uneasy at the thought of the interview, but she could not endure that he should be dismissed from the old house without a parting word. While Harding was moodily doubting whether he had not alienated her for ever, she was wondering what she could say or do to atone for the wrong done to him by her timidity. She did not fully understand the meaning of the wrathful anguish of his last speech, but she knew that she had pained him. She planned a score of dialogues, she wearied herself in vain endeavours to guess what he would say, and then, tired out, she solved the question by sleeping till the sunlight fell upon her face, and the banished man was already beyond the gate.

She knew the truth the moment she awoke. It was only to confirm her certainty that she dressed hurriedly and went out into the passage, to see the door standing wide, and the vacant room. It seemed but yesterday, and yet so long ago, since she made it ready for the coming guest, who had left it in anger. Barbara sighed, and turned away. At the head of the stairs she recalled the slim, dark figure that had stood there so few hours before, fixing his angry eyes upon her, and grasping the balustrade with long fingers as he spoke. The very ticking of the old clock reminded her of their talk together the morning after he came, and seemed to say "gone! gone! gone! gone!" as she went by.

Her uncle came down a few minutes later, greeted her shortly, and glanced at the table. It was laid for two. "I suppose there is nothing to wait for?" he said.

"Nothing," said Barbara, and she rang the bell.

He unfolded a newspaper and spoke from behind it. "You know that young fellow is gone?"

"Yes."

"Time he did go! I wish he had never come? Did you say good-bye to him?"

"No. He went before I was down."

Mr. Hayes uttered a little sound

expressive of satisfaction, and the girl perceived that she had accidentally led him to suppose that she had had no talk with Harding since the quarrel. She did not speak. The maid came into the room with the urn, and Mr. Hayes turned to her. "What man was that I saw in the hall just now?"

"He came for the gentleman's portmanteau, sir. He was to take it to Mrs. Simmonds."

He started, but controlled himself, "Mrs. Simmonds?"

"Yes sir, Mrs. Simmonds at the shop."

Mr. Hayes was silent only till the door was closed behind her. Then, "He has done that to spite me!" he said furiously. "Serves me right for trying to be civil to one of these confounded Rothwells! They have the devil's own temper, every one of them, and if they can do you a bad turn, they will!"

Barbara said nothing, but made tea rather drearily.

"Confound him!" Mr. Hayes began afresh. "Now I suppose the whole place will be cackling about this! He deserves to be kicked out of the parish, and I should like to do it! I wish to heaven, Barbara, you wouldn't pick young men out of the ditches in this fashion! You see what comes of it!"

Barbara, appealed to in this direct and reasonable manner, plucked up her spirit, and replied, rather loftily, that she would certainly remember in future. She further remarked that the fish was getting cold.

Mr. Hayes threw down the paper, and took his place. There was silence for a minute or two, and then he began again.

"There isn't a soul in Mitchelhurst that doesn't know he was staying here. What do you suppose they will say when they find him starting off at a moment's notice, and taking a lodging in the village, not a stone's throw from my gate?"

Barbara privately thought that, as Mr. Harding had betaken himself to the further end of Mitchelhurst, her

uncle's talent for throwing stones must be remarkable. She did not suggest this, however, and when he repeated his question, "What do you suppose they will say?" she only replied that she did not know, she was sure.

"Don't you?" said he, with withering scorn. "Well, I do." It was true enough. He could guess pretty well what the gossips would say, and the sting of it was that their version would not differ very much from the actual fact.

Barbara looked down, and finished her breakfast without a word. She knew that silence was the safest course she could adopt, since it gave him no chance of turning his anger on her, but she also knew that it irritated him dreadfully. That, however, she did not mind. Barbara herself was rather cross that morning. She had meant to be up early, and she had slept later than usual; she was vexed and disappointed, and she had been worried by the jarring tempers of the last two days. She kept her head bent, and her lips closed, while Mr. Hayes drank his second cup of tea with a muttered accompaniment of abuse.

"Look here," he said suddenly, getting up, and going to the fire, "I don't know how long that fellow means to stay in Mitchelhurst, but, till he leaves, you don't go beyond the gate. I don't suppose you would wish to do so"—he paused, but she was apparently absorbed in the consideration of a little ring on her finger—"I should hope you have proper feeling enough not to wish to do so"—this appeal was also received in a strictly neutral manner—"but in any case you have my express command to the contrary."

"Very well," said Barbara, with a little affectation of being rather weary of the whole subject.

"I do not choose that you should be exposed to insult," Mr. Hayes continued.

"Very well," said Barbara again. "I can stay in if you like, though I

don't think Mr. Harding would insult me."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but you are not qualified to judge in this matter. If you had heard Mr. Harding's conversation last night you might not be quite so sure what he would or would not do. It is my duty to protect you from an unpleasant possibility, and you will oblige me by not going beyond—or rather by not going near the gate."

Barbara, tired of saying "Very well," said "All right."

"Wednesday is the night of Pryor's entertainment at the schools. I shall be sorry to disappoint him, but I certainly shall not go unless Mr. Harding has left the place. He has shown such a deplorable want of taste and proper feeling that he would probably take that opportunity of thrusting himself upon us."

Mr. Hayes paused once more, but the girl did not seem inclined either to defend or to denounce their late guest. She changed her position listlessly, and gazed out of the window.

"A gentleman would not, but that proves nothing with regard to Mr. Harding. You are very silent this morning, Barbara."

"I have a headache" she said. "I'm tired," and to her great relief, Mr. Hayes, after walking two or three times up and down the room, went off to his study.

The poor little man was not happy. He sincerely regretted the quarrel of the evening before, which had come upon him, as upon Reynold, unawares. He was accustomed to the society of a few neighbours, who understood him, and said behind his back, "Oh, you must not mind what Hayes says!" or "I met Hayes yesterday—a little bit more cracked than usual!" and took all his sallies good humouredly, with argument, perhaps, or loud-voiced denial at the time, but nothing in the way of consequences. Thunder might roll, but no bolt fell, and the sky was as clear as usual at the next meeting. Mr. Hayes had unconsciously fallen into the habit of talking without any

sense of responsibility. On this occasion a variety of circumstances had combined to irritate him, and his personal dislike of Reynold Harding had given a touch of acrid malice to his attack, but he meant no more than to have the pleasure of contradicting, and, if possible, silencing his companion. The game was played more roughly than usual, but Mr. Hayes never realised that his adversary was angrily in earnest till it was too late. Excitement had mastered him, there was an interchange of speeches, swift and fierce as blows, and then he saw Kate Rothwell's son, standing before him, trembling with fury, and hoarsely declaring that he would leave the house at once. He had only to close his eyes to see him again, the tall young figure leaning forward into the light, with his clenched hands resting on the polished table, amid the disarray of silver and glasses, his dark brows drawn down, and his angry eyes aglow. Conciliation was impossible on either side, though the shock of definite rupture so far sobered them that Harding's departure was deferred to the morning. But, "I will never break bread under *your* roof again!" the young man had said, with a glance round the room, and a curious significance of tone. Then he turned away to encounter Barbara upon the stairs.

To Harding, matters had seemed at their worst during the black hours of silence, and the morning brought something of comfort. If there is but a possibility that work may help us in our troubles, the dullest day is better than the night. But to Mr. Hayes the daylight came drearily, showing the folly of a business which nothing could mend. For more than a quarter of a century he had plumed himself on his gratitude to Kate Rothwell for her kindness to his dead love, and had imagined that he only lacked an opportunity to serve her. And this graceful sentiment, being put to the test, had not prevented him from quarrelling with her son, and turning the young fellow out of doors. Yes, he, Herbert Hayes, had

actually driven Kate's boy from Mitchelhurst Place! and what made it worse, if anything could make it worse, was the revelation of the utter impotence of that cherished gratitude. He regretted what he had done, but he must abide by it. Apologise to Harding?—he would die first! Own to one of the Rothwells that he had been in the wrong?—the mere thought, crossing his mind, as he tied his cravat that morning, very nearly choked him. Never—never! Not if it were Kate herself! But he reddened to the roots of his white hair at the thought of the gossip and laughter which would follow the unseemly squabble.

He would be unfairly judged. He said so over and over again, and in a certain sense it was true, for he had never intended to quarrel with his guest. But he could not prove even the innocence he felt. He remembered two or three bitter fragments of their wrangling which would condemn him if repeated. Yet he knew he had not meant them as his judges would take them. "Well, but," some practical neighbour would say, "if you say such things, what do you expect?" That was just it—he had expected nothing, though nobody would believe it, and all at once this catastrophe had come upon him.

So he went down to breakfast, sincerely troubled and repentant, and consequently in a very unpleasant mood. Repentance seldom makes a man an agreeable companion, and when it seizes the head of the house the subordinate members naturally share his discomfort. The moment he set foot in the breakfast-room he was met by the news of Harding's stay in the village, and his anger blazed up again, though, through it all, he had an uncomfortable consciousness that the young man had a right to stay in Mitchelhurst if he pleased. If he could only have convinced himself that Reynold was utterly in the wrong, he would have forgiven him and been happy. But it is almost impossible to forgive a man who is

somewhat in the wrong, yet less so than oneself.

Harding had been guided by Barbara in his search for a lodging. When they were standing together at the edge of the ditch, she had reminded her uncle that Mrs. Simmonds had let her rooms to a man who came surveying. The fact was so unprecedented that the good woman might be pardoned for imagining herself an authority on what gentlemen liked, and what gentlemen expected, on the strength of that one experience. Harding confirmed her in her innocent belief by agreeing to everything she proposed. Within half an hour of his arrival he was sitting down to what the surveyor always took for breakfast, and the surveyor's favourite dinner was cooking for him as he walked fast and far on the first road that presented itself. He almost reached Littlemere before he turned, and had to scramble over a hedge, to avoid what might have been an awkward meeting with Mr. Masters. The little squire went by unsuspectingly, though Reynold, finding himself face to face with a bull in the meadow, nearly jumped back upon him. Happily however the bull took time to consider, and before he had made up his mind whether he liked his visitor or not, the coast was clear, and the young man sprang down into the road, and set off on his way back to Mitchelhurst, where he arrived just as Mrs. Simmonds was beginning to look out for him. The surveyor had ordered rather an early dinner.

Harding had done his best to check any gossip about his affairs, but his landlady was burning with curiosity. She made a remark about Mr. Hayes as she set the dish on the table, and her lodger replied that it certainly was a queer fancy for a lonely man to live in that great house, and might he trouble Mrs. Simmonds for a fork? She supplied the omission with many apologies, and said that Mr. Hayes was not very popular in the neighbourhood, she believed.

"Isn't he?" said Reynold, slicing

away. "Well, all I can say is that I found him a very hospitable old gentleman. He had never seen me before, and he invited me to stay there for three days. Wouldn't take any denial."

"Well, to be sure, sir, we can but speak as we find," said Mrs. Simmonds, handing the potatoes. "Only, you see, there are some of us who remember the old family—you'll excuse me, sir, but it's wonderful how you favour Mr. John—and it's not the same, sir, having a stranger there. It's *not* like old times."

"No," said Reynold with a jarring little laugh. "I should think it was a good deal better. Thank you, Mrs. Simmonds, I have all I want."

And with a nod, which was exactly Mr. John's, he dismissed the old lady.

She was disconcerted; she did not know what to make of this young man with the Rothwell features, who was not gratified by a respectful allusion to the family. "A good deal better!" Well, of course, the Rothwells held themselves very high, and thought other people were just the dirt under their feet. There was no pleasing them with anything you sent in, nothing was good enough, and they expected you to stand curtsying and curtsying for their custom, and to wait for your money till all the profit was gone. Mr. Hayes paid as soon as the bill was sent in, and Miss Strange was a pleasant-spoken young lady. "A good deal better"—well, no doubt it was.

And yet the good woman had not been insincere when she spoke of the old times with a regretful accent in her voice. She remembered John Rothwell's father as a middle-aged gentleman, alert and strong. Those old times were the times when she was a rosy-cheeked girl, whom Simmonds came courting at her father the wheelwright's, and not Simmonds only, for she might have done better if she had chosen. It was in the good old times that they set up their little shop, and that their little girl was born who had been in the churchyard three-and-

twenty years come Christmas. There were no times now like those before Mitchelhurst Place was sold, when she didn't know what rheumatism was, and there were none of your new-fangled Board Schools, to teach children to think little of their elders. It was not to be supposed that Mrs. Simmonds thought that her stiff old joints would become flexible again if the Rothwells came back to the manor-house, but she certainly felt that in their reign the world went its way with fewer obstructions and less weariness, and was more brightly visible without the aid of spectacles. She had an impression, too, that the weather was better.

She straightened herself laboriously after taking the apple-pie from the oven, and was horrified to find the crust a little caught on one side. Having to explain how this had occurred when she carried it in, she had no opportunity of continuing the previous conversation, and the moment dinner was over Reynold was out again. The fact was that Mrs. Simmonds's parlour, which was small and low, and had been carefully shut up for many months, was not very attractive to the young man, who was fresh from the faded stateliness of the old Place. Besides, he was anxious to keep down importunate thoughts by sheer weariness, if in no other way.

He went that afternoon to the Hall, the dreary old farmhouse which Barbara had pointed out as the Rothwells' earlier home, and walked in the sodden pastures where she picked her cowslips in the spring. He looked more kindly at the old house, in spite of the ignoble disorder of its surroundings, but he lingered longest at the gate where she had shown him Mitchelhurst, spread out before him like the Promised Land. He studied it all in the fading light, and then, with a farewell glance at the white far-off front of the Place, he went down into the village, tired enough to drop asleep over the fire after tea.

"To-morrow, the letter," was his last thought as he lay down.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE MORE HOLIDAY.

THE inevitable morning came, but the letter did not.

Harding was first incredulous, then when a light flashed upon him, he was at once amused and indignant.

"So! I kept you waiting till the latest day, and you are returning the compliment. I am given to understand that you can take your time as well as I? That's fair enough, no doubt, only it seems rather a small sort of revenge, and, as things have turned out, it's a nuisance. What is to be done now? Shall I wait another day for my instructions, or shall I go up to town at once? I told him to write here, but, after all, what is there to say, except, 'Be at the office on such a day?' Shall I go, or stay?"

He tossed up, not ill-pleased to decide his uncle's affairs so airily. The coin decreed that he should stay.

"It's just as well," he said to himself. "I don't want to seem impatient if he isn't."

But the additional day of idleness proved very burdensome. He fancied that the Mitchelhurst gossips watched his every movement; he felt himself in a false position; he shut himself up in his little sitting-room and asked for books. Mrs. Simmonds brought him all she had, but she looked upon reading as a penitential occupation for Sundays, and periods of affliction, and the volumes were well suited for the purpose. Harding thrust them aside. The local paper was nearly a week old, but he read every word of it.

"There'll be a new one to-morrow, sir," said his landlady, delighted to see that he enjoyed it so much.

"Thank you, Mrs. Simmonds, but I shall be far enough away by this time to-morrow," the young man replied.

He spent a considerable part of the afternoon lying on the horse-hair couch, and staring at the ceiling. A ceiling is not, as a rule, very interesting to study, and the only thing that

could be said for this one was that it was conveniently near. Reynold could examine every smoke-stain at his ease, and every fly that chanced to stroll across his range of vision. The first he noticed made him think of Barbara and Joppa, but the later comers were simply wearisome. There is a distressing want of individuality about flies. Even when one buzzed about his head, with a fixed determination to wander a while upon his forehead, he had not an idea which fly it was. It seemed to him, as he lay there, with his arm thrown up for a pillow, that flies in general were just one instrument of torture of, say, a billion-fly power. The afternoon sunshine and the smouldering fire had wakened more than he could reckon in the little parlour.

He would not have cared to confess how much he was troubled by his uncle's silence. He had expected to be met rather more than half-way, instead of which it seemed that he was to be taught to know his place. The idea was intolerable, and it haunted him.

When Mrs. Simmonds came in with a tray (the surveyor always took his tea between five and six), she made a remark or two about things in general, which Reynold, turning his lustreless eyes upon her, endeavoured to receive with a decent show of interest. When she brought the tea-pot, she told him that Mr. Hayes had sent to the Rothwell Arms for a carriage early that afternoon. "Indeed!" said Reynold, this time endeavouring to conceal the interest he felt.

"What were they going to do?" he wondered, as he propped his head on his hand and sipped his tea. Was the old man taking Barbara away? What did it mean?

It meant simply that Mr. Hayes had wearied of his self-imposed seclusion, and had announced to his niece that he should drive over to Littlemere and see Masters. He added that he might not return to dinner, and that she was not to wait for him. While Reynold lay on the sofa the carriage

had gone by, with the little man sitting in it, his head rather more bowed than usual, planning how he would explain the quarrel to his friend. "Masters will understand—he knows how the fellow behaved the night before," said Mr. Hayes to himself a score of times. But every time he said it he felt a little less certain that Masters would understand exactly as he wished.

Mrs. Simmonds, returning after a considerable interval, told her lodger that the wind was getting up, and she thought there was going to be a change in the weather. She mostly knew, as she informed him, on account of her rheumatism. Reynold opened the door for her and her tray, and then went to the window.

The moon had risen, the low roofs and gaunt poplars of Mitchelhurst were black in its light, and wild wreaths of cloud were tossed across the sky. It was a sky that seemed to mean something, to have a mood and expression of its own. Reynold watched it for a few minutes, till its vastness made the little box of a room, where even the flies had fallen asleep again, insupportably small. He took his hat and went out.

He did not care which way he went, if only it were not in the direction of the Place. Mr. Hayes, when he charged Barbara not to go near the gate, had a sort of fancy that the young fellow might walk defiantly on the very edge of the forbidden ground, and peer through the bars with a white, spiteful face. The girl acquiesced indifferently. She might not altogether understand Reynold Harding, but she knew most certainly that he would never approach them.

It chanced that evening that he took a narrow lane which led out of the Littlemere road. It proved to be a rugged, but very gradual ascent. Presently it led him through a gate, and, still gently rising, became a mere cart track across open fields, where the wind came in sudden, hurrying gusts over the grey slopes, and brought undefinable suggestions of hopelessness

and solitude. Reaching the highest point the wayfarer passed through another gate, and pursued a level road, bordered by spaces of uninclosed grass, sometimes widening almost to a common, sometimes shrinking to a mere strip between the white way and the low hedgerows. Reynold pushed forward, gazing at the sky. The clouds, torn and driven by the wind, fled wildly overhead, like shattered squadrons, and yet rolled up in new unconquered masses, as if from a gloomy host encamped on the horizon. The moon, slowly climbing the heavens, fought her way as a swimmer fights the waves. Now she would show a pale face through the blanched ripples of a misty sea, then would be overpowered by a black deluge of cloud, which darkened earth and sky, and swept over her sunken and scarcely suspected presence. And then suddenly she would emerge, pearl-white and pure, from the midst of the fierce confusion, rising unopposed over a gulf of shadowy blue. Or yet again she would glance mockingly from behind a rent veil of gossamer at the lonely little traveller who toiled so far below, under the vast arch of the heavens, and who raised his pre-occupied eyes to her, from the world of dream and mystery which he carried with him under the little arch of his skull. To Harding just then that inner world seemed more real, stranger, and less trodden, than did the world without. The billows of cloud, vast and formless and dark, rolling on high, were no more than symbols of the undefined forebodings which gathered blackly in his soul and changed with every thought. The wild and restless melancholy of the evening harmonised so marvellously with his temper, that he could almost have forgotten its outward reality, had it not been for the wind which blew freshly in his face. It did not seem possible that, when hereafter he came back to Mitchelhurst, he could walk this way whenever he pleased.

Yet he noted landmarks now and then. Here was a thin row of firs,

slim and black, then a bare stretch of road where he stepped quickly, his shadow at his side for company, and then a sturdy oak, with all its brown leaves astir in a gust, which whispered hurriedly as he went by. Somewhat further yet the way grew narrow, dipping down into a little hollow, where a runnel of clear water crossed it, glancing over the pebbly earth. There was a plank at one side, and Reynold, stepping on it, smelt the water-mint which clustered at its edge. It seemed, somehow, as if the night, which uttered his desolate thoughts in the wind and the flying clouds, breathed them in that perfume.

Reynold was one of those who take little interest, even as children, in stories of goblins and witches, yet who sympathise with the mood which gave such legends birth, something which in its unshapen darkness and mystery is more impressive than the strangest vision. Why this inexplicable mood, with its world-wide suggestiveness, should have come upon him that evening, transforming the bit of upland country through which he walked to a grey and ghostly region, he could not tell. He tried to reason with his shadowy presentiments. He was going to his work the next day; that very evening he was going back to the little parlour over the shop; Mrs. Simmonds would have his supper ready, old Simmonds would be smoking bad tobacco in the back room; his walk would lead to nothing else. Yet he could not convince himself. He could call up his uncle and Mrs. Simmonds before his eyes, but they were grotesque apparitions in his cloudland. What was it that he was awaiting? Why did he feel as if the crisis of his fate were come, as if it would be upon him before the night were over? "Are we to see it out together?" he said, looking up at the moon.

He hardly knew whether he had uttered the question aloud or not, and he stopped short. There was a pool close by, roughly fenced from the road, and fringed with ragged bushes on the further side. He sat down on

the rail. "To-morrow," he said to himself, "nothing can happen before to-morrow." He took old Mr. Harding's letter from his pocket, and tried to read it in the moonlight, but a sudden gust caught it, and almost tore it out of his hand. He crushed the flapping paper together, put it back, and sat gazing at the black pool at his side, idly wondering whether it were deep enough to drown a man. It looked deep, he thought—as deep as the heavens, and a troubled gleam of moonlight rested on it every now and then. Harding knew well that he should never touch his life, yet he played that night with the fancy that in one of the darkened moments when the moon was hidden, it would not be difficult to drop below that shadowy surface, and effectually end the business, so that when the bright glance rested there again it should read nothing. He fancied the moonbeams travelling swiftly along the road, and not finding him, while he lay hidden under the water, with a clump of osiers bending and quivering above him in the windy night. "Why couldn't I do it?" he asked himself. "Why do I go on to meet my ill-luck? It is coming, I know, to play me some devil's trick—I feel it in the air, just as Mrs. Simmonds feels a change of the weather in her poor bones."

So, idly jesting, he stooped and tossed a pebble into the brimming blackness, and as he did so he pictured to himself the groping hands, and the ugly strangling fight with death which the moon might chance to see, if it tore its veil aside too quickly. And, besides, there was the grim uncertainty of it. *What* was under that dusky surface? "That's as you please to put it, I suppose," said Reynold, getting to his feet. "Eternity, or just a little black mud. And, by Jove, that railing's rather shaky!" He turned his face towards Mitchelhurst, laughing at his own folly. "Well, I'll take to-morrow and its chance of fortune—presentiments and all!"

The wind, which had fought against him as he came, seemed now so impatient to get him safely back to Mrs. Simmonds, that it fairly took him by the shoulders and hurried him along, as if it knew that it was between nine and ten, and that the good lady was addicted to early hours. And perhaps Reynold himself was slightly ashamed of his moonlit vagary, and not altogether unwilling to seek the shelter of that little roof. He ran and walked down the field path, and saw the glimmering lights of the village below, small sparks of friendly welcome in the great night. When, finally, he turned into the Littlemere road, and was somewhat sheltered from the wind, he met a couple of youths, fresh from the "Rothwell Arms," harmonious in their desire to sing together, but not in the result of their efforts. About a hundred yards further he encountered the Mitchelhurst policeman. The road was quite populous and homely.

He had outstripped his forebodings in his hurried race, and the question whether his landlady would think that he was very late for supper was uppermost in his mind. He opened the door, which was never fastened till Simmonds bolted it at night, and drew a breath which gave him a comprehensive idea of the variety of goods they kept in stock. With the chilly sweetness of the night air still upon him, the young man strode into his room, and confronted Barbara Strange, who rose from the sofa to meet him.

All his misgivings overtook him in a moment.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOONSHINE.

"MISS STRANGE!" he exclaimed, amazed.

"Oh!" cried Barbara, "I thought you would *never* come!"

"You wanted me! You have been waiting for me! If I had known——" And while he spoke the strangest thoughts and possibilities shaped

themselves in his brain, and died away again. If her presence called them up it also killed them. He saw that she was frightened. Her lip quivered, and her eyes looked larger and a little vague. She was gazing at him through a bright film of unshed tears.

"If I had known," he repeated confusedly, as he stepped forward. "What is it?"

They had not shaken hands in his first astonishment, and now she still looked up at him, and his hand dropped unheeded.

"I don't know what you will say to me," she began. "I am so very, very sorry—I felt I must come myself and ask you to forgive me."

"I forgive you! Why," said Reynold, his eyes shining, "it is you who should forgive!"

Barbara started, and the hot tears dropped, and slid over her burning blushes. She turned away, but too late to hide them. "What do you mean?" she said. "You don't know. I haven't told you yet. What do you suppose I have come for like this? What do you mean?"

He drew back as if he were stung.

"Well, what is it then?"

She threw two letters on the table.

"Letters? You came with those? Upon my word, Miss Strange, it's very kind——"

He stopped short, looking from the letters to her and back again. Barbara shrank away, drawing herself together, but she resolutely fixed her eyes upon his face.

"Why—why——" stammered Harding, turning as pale as death, and then he dropped into a chair and began to laugh.

The letter that lay nearest to him was directed "R. Harding, Esq." in his own handwriting.

"It is my fault!" cried Barbara. "Tell me what I have done! It is something that matters very much! I knew it—I felt it was, the moment I found them. I came with them directly—I was so afraid you might have gone away. Don't laugh! Oh I know it matters dreadfully!"

Harding had had time to master himself.

"On the contrary," he said, "it doesn't matter at all."

He threw himself back in his chair, tilting it carelessly, and looking at Barbara.

"Doesn't it?" said the girl incredulously. "Doesn't it really?"

"Not a bit; why should it? How did it happen?"

Since everything was lost, he might as well hear her talk.

"It was my fault," Barbara repeated, still doubtfully. "I told you to put them on the hall table—it was the day we had those people to dinner."

Reynold nodded.

"I had my apron on, I was busy. I went out to speak to the gardener, and I thought I would give them to the boy, so I put them in my apron pocket, yours and one of mine, and I never thought of them again."

He had balanced his chair very dexterously, and was still looking at her.

"And they have been in that little apron pocket of yours ever since! Dear me, Miss Strange, I hope yours wasn't an important letter. I'm sorry for your correspondent."

"No, mine didn't matter. Mr. Harding, tell me about yours—tell me the truth! All the time I have been waiting here—and I thought you never *would* come!—I have felt more and more sure that yours *did* matter. I can't tell why, but I am certain. Let me know the worst, please. Tell me what I have done!"

"I don't know why you are so determined that you must have done something dreadful. I assure you I'm not in the habit of writing such terribly important letters as you seem to suppose."

Reynold, as he spoke, had been thinking how strange it was that people should excite themselves about their plans for the future. What child's play and chance it all was! You dreamed, and schemed, and worked it all out, you made allowance for everything except what was really

going to happen, and suddenly it was all over, and there was nothing more to be said or done. Here, for instance, was Mitchelhurst Place blown away like a bubble! Possibly, somewhere, there might be found something in the shape of a house, a certain quantity of stone and timber, set on the face of the earth and called by that name, but had Reynold been opposite the gate at that moment he would have looked at it with indifference. *His* Mitchelhurst Place, the one he had thought about so much, the one he meant to give the best years of his life to win, was, it now appeared, a house of cards. Barbara and he had been mightily interested in setting it up, and really it had been a very lofty and presentable edifice, till Barbara forgot to put a letter in the post, and so it all tumbled down in a minute. It was a pity, certainly.

"Tell me the truth," said the girl's voice again, with its soft accent of entreaty.

"But you won't believe me! I tell you again, Miss Strange, it doesn't matter a bit. And again, if you like! And again!"

She looked fixedly at him, and stretched out her hand towards the letters.

"Very well," she said. "Shall I post these for you as I go back?"

He brought down his tilted chair with sudden emphasis, and sprang up.

"No!"

He had lost all, but at least his pride was safe. His mother and old Mr. Harding need never learn how nearly they had had their way. He knew what deadly offence he had given by the silence which would be taken for a calculated insult, but he would a thousand times rather face their anger than appeal to their pity with a lame story of a letter delayed. Besides, it was too late. Old Harding was a man of his word, the place was filled up, the chance was gone.

"No!" cried Reynold.

"There!" the girl exclaimed. "I knew it! I saw your face when you looked at the letters first—and now

again! You do not choose to tell me what I have done. Very well, why don't you say so at once? You treat me as if I were a baby!"

Her cheeks were flushed, her mouth quivered, she looked childishly ready to cry.

"You do not choose to tell me what I have done." No, why should he? The one thing he saw clearly was that the mischief was irreparable; the less said about it, therefore, the better. There was but one avenue to fortune and love for him, and it was closed before his eyes by this night's revelation. Some men would have set to work at once to make another, but not Reynold Harding. He simply accepted the decree of Fate, and felt that he had half expected it all the time. And after all, what *had* Barbara done? Most likely he would have failed, even if his letter had been duly sent. His ill-luck would have dogged him on his way to wealth. Perhaps it was more merciful, when, with one sharp stroke, it spared him the long struggle. What right had he to find fault with Barbara, the timid messenger of misfortune? Was he to answer her brutally—"You have ruined me!"—and throw the weight of his failure on the little throbbing heart which had never been so burdened before? The very idea was absurd. It was absurd to look back, absurd to murmur; the dream of Mitchelhurst was over and done with, it was not worth a withered leaf. Let it lie where it had fallen.

"Miss Strange," he said, "I assure you you are making too much of this accident. Regrets are wasted on it. Mine was a business letter, it is true, but the chances are that it would have come to nothing. I hesitated a long while before I wrote it, and I am not sure it was not a mistake. Think no more about it."

"Will you write again?" she persisted.

"Oh, we shall see. I'm going up to town to-morrow—I can settle everything then. I don't think there will be any occasion to write."

He realised his utter severance from

all his hopes when he heard himself say that he was going back to town. The girl who stood questioning him had kindled a strange brightness in his life, a light which revealed her own ripe-lipped, radiant face, and then with capricious breath had blown it out again, and left him in darkness and alone. He had lost her, and yet, by a fantastic contradiction, she had never been half so near to him as at that moment. "You are deceiving me!" she said, sorrowfully. "Don't think I don't know it! Oh, if there were anything I could do to make amends!" And in her pain and pity, and her certainty that in some unspoken way she had wronged him more than she could understand, she unconsciously swayed towards Reynold with her eyes and lips uplifted. She wanted to quiet the aching of her regret. She wanted a channel through which her overwrought feelings might pour in atoning self-sacrifice.

He knew that she did not love him, though she herself was ignorant of her own heart, but he also knew that he might have her in his arms if he chose, acquiescent, remorseful, submissive, with her head upon his breast. That one moment was his. Through the fierce throbbing of his pulses he was oddly conscious of all his surroundings—the little room which smelt of paraffin and of unused furniture, the letters lying on the magenta tablecloth, the slippery little horse-hair sofa from which Barbara had risen to meet him; everything was mean, dreary, and hideous. But he had only to make one step across the patchwork rug of red and black, only to ask her to share that hopeless future of his, and he might take her to himself in her pliant grace, and his lips would meet hers!

He was her master, yet he stood still, drawing his breath deeply, and eyeing the party-coloured rug as if it were a yawning gulf between them. He would not cross it, he would say no word of love or of reproach to spoil her after life, but his soul was bitter as gall. At that moment he felt him-

self strong enough to give up everything, but he could not be tender. Was she in later days to remember him vaguely as a poor sullen fellow whose schemes and talk came to nothing, who was too helpless to make his way in the world? Was she, perhaps, to try to do something for him—to recommend him, for instance, to some friend who wanted a tutor for a dull boy? Was she to give him her little dole of pity and friendship? No, by Heaven! he would not have that, when he might have taken herself. Why should he suffer in silence, and not inflict one answering touch of pain, if only that he might feel his power to wound? She was trying him too cruelly with that innocent offer of atonement, which meant so much more than she understood.

Because he would not speak the "Marry me, Barbara!" which was at his very lips, he controlled his voice and asked with an air of polite inquiry, "What is it that you so kindly wish to do for me?"

"What? Oh, I don't know!" she faltered in confusion. "What *can* I do? I don't know. Only if there were anything—if there ever could be——"

He looked at her, gravely at first, then with a smile that deepened slowly. She met his glance with her appealing eyes, but she could not meet his smile. Its derision reached her like a stinging lash, and she shrank away. "I wish I had never come!" she said in a low tone. All her sweet compassionate longing was driven back upon her heart by his mocking smile, and turned to something that choked her. "I wish I hadn't!" she repeated in a stifled voice, and went towards the door, eager to escape.

Reynold perceived that he had succeeded admirably. It seemed unlikely that Barbara would ever come to him again.

A sudden roar of wind in the chimney startled them both, and recalled him to some consciousness of the outer world. He took his hat from the table, and held the door for her to pass.

"Good-bye," she panted, still with her eyes averted.

"I'm coming with you."

"No, you are not!"

"Pardon me, but I think I am."

"No!" Barbara repeated. He smiled, but followed her. She turned on the stairs in angry helplessness and faced him. "But I would rather you didn't!" she exclaimed.

"Did you come alone?"

"Yes, and I can go back alone."

"But Mr. Hayes—what did he say?"

"He is out, he didn't know. Oh!" with a terrified glance, "if he should be back first!"

Harding unlatched the outer door, and she flew out into the rushing wind. He was at her side in a moment. "Take my arm," he said.

"I won't!" cried the girl, angrily. "Why don't you leave me when I ask you?"

"Because you can't go all through Mitchelhurst alone this stormy night—and so late," said Reynold, raising his voice to dominate an especially furious gust.

Barbara caught at Mrs. Simmonds's railings to steady herself. "Thank you!" she shouted, "it's very kind of you to remind me that I ought not to be here at this time of night!" She felt as if her words were torn out of her mouth and whirled away. She ended with something that sounded like a sob, but she herself hardly knew what it was, or what became of it.

"Nonsense!" said Reynold, as if he were hailing her from an almost hopeless distance. "You *must* let me see you safely to the gate." The gust subsided a little. "You must indeed," he added in a more natural tone.

"Will you leave me?" she persisted. "It's all I ask you!"

"Very well," he answered angrily. "But I suppose Mitchelhurst Street is as free to me as to you, and I don't see that you can want more than half of it. Take whichever side you please, and I'll go the other."

"Good-night," she said, ignoring

this declaration. He waited only to ascertain her intention, and then strode across the way to the further path.

They walked through the village in this fashion, two dusky shapes, grotesquely blown and hustled by the strong wind. A capricious blast, catching Barbara's dress, would send her scudding helplessly for a few yards before she could regain her self-control. The tall figure on the other side of the road, clutching at his hat, would quicken his long steps to keep up with her involuntary increase of speed. When she contrived to pull herself up he slackened his pace, timing his movements with shadow-like accuracy and persistence.

The clouds were flying in such quick succession that for some time there was no decided break through which the moon might show her face. The heavens were a vast moving canopy, glimmering with diffused light, that grew to spectral whiteness now and again, when the veil was thin over the hidden orb. Harding blessed the obscurity which might save Miss Strange from the wondering comments of Mitchelhurst. They only met three or four men, fighting their homeward way against the wind, and, country fashion, keeping the centre of the road. One of these caught sight of Reynold, and, staring at him, shouted a jovial "Good-night," to which the young man, glad to monopolise his attention, made a courteous reply, while the slim little figure, on the other side of the way, stole along in the shadow of the houses unobserved. Presently they passed beyond the village street and turned into the road which led up to the Place, where the high banks sheltered them a little, and they did not meet the wind so directly. Barbara kept to the hedgerow on the left, Reynold skirted that on the right, and though the narrower way enforced a rather closer companionship, they walked with an air of indifference as serene as the stormy night permitted.

When they reached the little slope at the gate, Harding halted. Barbara had to cross the road, and while she

did so he stood perfectly still, not attempting to lessen the distance between them by one step. The wild noise of the blast in the tree tops made a kind of rushing accompaniment to the silence. All at once the ragged clouds parted, and the moon sailed suddenly into a blue rift. Everything became coldly and brilliantly distinct, even to the lock of the wrought iron gate, towards which Barbara stretched an ungloved hand. As she touched it she hesitated.

"Mr. Harding," she said.

There was a lull between two gusts, and the fury which had preceded it made it seem like an absolute and charmed tranquillity. Reynold advanced at her summons with a slightly exaggerated obedience. The moon was at his back, and his black shadow seemed to hurry before him, to throw itself at the girl's feet, and then to slip past her through the iron bars, as if it would creep into Mitchelhurst Place, and take possession by stealth.

"Why did you make me angry?" said Barbara in a tremulous voice. "Why did we come through the village in this idiotic way?"

"I was under the impression that you declined my escort," he replied, with conscious meekness.

"You make me behave rudely—why do you? I went to your lodgings to tell you how sorry I was, and to ask your pardon for my carelessness, and it seems as if I went for nothing but to quarrel. Any one would think so. Perhaps you think so?"

"No," said Reynold, smiling, "I don't. And it isn't a very serious quarrel, is it?"

"Don't sneer at me any more, or you will make me hateful!" cried Barbara. "I can't bear it! I will never ask you again if there is anything I can do—never! You needn't have shown me how you despised me: you might have been a little kinder when I went to you like that!"

She swallowed down a sob.

"Really I'm very sorry if anything I said——" he began.

"Oh never mind now what you said or did! I know it, and that's enough. I won't give you another chance, but I won't quarrel. It hurts me, it's horrid, it's worse than Uncle Hayes. Do let us part friends—or—or—something like friends—not in this miserable way!"

"With all my heart."

She took her hand from the gate and turned towards him.

"Say you forgive me then! For everything!"

"Ah! that I can't do," Reynold replied, finding a kind of distorted pleasure in playing with her earnestness. "I'm not sure, yet, that there is anything to forgive."

"Forgive me on the chance!"

"Oh no, I couldn't presume to do that! It would be a chance whether you forgave me afterwards for my impertinence."

A sudden blast nearly sent her tottering into his arms. She recovered herself, looked at him in speechless indignation as if he had ordered it, pushed open the gate, and the black tracery of bars swung back into its place, dividing them.

Reynold stood where she had left him, gazing after her. She went a little way up the drive, and then lingered, half turning as if she thought some one had called. The ground on which she stood was dry and white in the moonshine, and dappled with fantastic, moving shadows. The little old trees fought against the wind, swaying their bare, misshapen arms above her head. The stone balls on either side of the entrance gleamed like skulls in the pale light, guarding the avenue to the sepulchral house, with its glassy rows of windows. For a moment the picture was clear as day, with Barbara standing in the middle of the road; then a great wave of stormy cloud rolled up and overtopped the moon, and in the dusky confusion she vanished.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

It is quite possible that the present month may be the date of a new turning-point in the history of the country, and one of the greatest steps in our political progress. At the present moment it is too early to tell how deep the popular feeling goes, or with what force and volume the tide is setting against the House of Lords. The movement may stop short with a vehement and (as it cannot but be) an effective demand for the Franchise Bill without further parley; or it may pretty rapidly develop into a direct and peremptory attack on the body which stands in the way of the Bill. A month ago, as the phrase of the hour expresses it, there was only one question, there are now two; and there is very little doubt that, among the active and guiding spirits, the old question of reform of the House of Commons is already bound up with the new question of reforming the House of Lords. Mr. Bright, as he said at Leeds, has always refused to call himself a Radical, and he positively disclaims the title and the creed of Democrat. He is one of the most respected and influential men in the country. He has been a Cabinet Minister of the first order of authority. Yet even Mr. Bright now comes forward with such language as this:—

“Shall the House of Lords subject to its will the Ministry which represents the Crown, and the House of Commons which represents the nation; shall the policy of a great and free country be thwarted by men sitting in their hereditary chamber, who are there by no right of votes given them, and through whom the voice of the millions of the United Kingdom is not heard? Their veto is a constant insult to the House of Commons; and if the freedom of our people is not a pretence and a sham, some limit must be placed upon the power which is chiefly manifested in or by its hostility to the true interests of the nation. A Parliament controlled by hereditary Peers is no better—perhaps it is worse—than a Parliament influenced and controlled by a despotic Monarch.”

Posterity will find it hard to believe that this new issue, with all its perils for the existing order of things, should have been heedlessly or deliberately provoked by the action of a party that ought to be Conservative. However far it may eventually go, nobody who is acquainted with what is going on will doubt that the feeling against the hereditary chamber has been suddenly awakened from the slumber of an abstract sentiment into the actuality of a very serious political cry. At whatever point it may end this time, the movement has entered the region of practical politics, and asserted itself with almost startling rapidity as an article in a party programme. The sleeping dog that Conservative prudence ought to have been only too happy to let lie, has been rudely roused, and will not easily retire to its repose again. The vast throng which gathered itself together in Hyde Park on the 21st was one of the most orderly that ever assembled, and it was impossible for differences of political opinion to prevent men of all schools from being proud of such an exhibition of the temper and bearing of these great masses of their countrymen. But the temper of such masses is perfectly capable of being provoked. Prolonged resistance would certainly change their humour. We can conceive nothing more likely to blow the latent spark into a flame than such language as Lord Salisbury is now permitting himself to use. If there is only enough of this, the good humour on which we are all complimenting one another will certainly change into a very bad humour. It will be vain to attempt to dissociate the question of Franchise from the question of the House of Lords. The artifices of party tactics are beyond homely wits. Mr. Cowen says that he asked a group of labourers from Kent, with hop-poles in their hands, what

they had come so far to do. He pointed out to them that the Lords had accepted the principle of the Franchise Bill, and only rejected it on a point of procedure. "One of the men replied, in an expressive vernacular which I cannot well reproduce—'We know nothing, master, about their distribution or their redistribution; but we do know that the House of Commons wants to give us a vote, and the House of Lords won't; and we're here to tell the Lords that we mean to have it.'" Meaning to have it signifies that there will be rough work if they do not have it.

Even if the risk be brought to a pacific end, risk there is. Nobody doubts it; everybody sees it. What are we to think of the unwisdom, the improvidence, the temerity, which, for no end in the least degree proportionate to the danger, has wantonly exposed the peace and order of the time, and precipitated a crisis that even Lord Shaftesbury expects to be more formidable than that of '32? It is, let us suppose for the sake of argument, just within the bounds of what is conceivable that the battle may end in the defeat of the popular party, and that the bulk of the nation may acquiesce in the claim of the non-representative House to decide over the heads of the representative House in what order of procedure the latter shall carry out its own reform. This is conceivable by the speculative mind, we allow; but, to put it at the lowest, the contrary is conceivable also, and more easily conceivable. In truth, the more ground there is for the Conservative apprehension that the times are irresistibly democratic, the greater is the probability that the claim of the hereditary House will be withstood at all cost. There is a good chance, at least, and even a strong probability, that the move of the majority in the House of Lords may bring about a disturbance that shall give a rough shake to the very edifice that furnishes them with a privileged shelter, and to much besides. Talk of the hardihood

of professed innovators: how could they have surpassed such hardihood as this? How could the game of the professed innovators have been more skilfully played for them? This is no exclusive view of the Ministerial party. Conservative Members of Parliament, conspicuous and obscure, are found to make no secret that they regard the action of their chiefs as pure infatuation; and the plain Conservative man in the omnibus grumbles still more emphatically to his companion of the same political colour.

But then the Lords have equal and co-ordinate rights; they are an independent branch of the Legislature; they owe something to their own self-respect and dignity. Be it so. That does not prevent us from applying the touchstone of a wise and large expediency to the manner in which rights are exercised, independence is asserted, and dignity is appealed to. "Show the thing you contend for," said Burke, "to be reason; show it to be common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end; and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please." What can possibly be gained that is comparable in importance to what will probably be lost? The men of both parties who are most remarkable for their solid sense, and most apt to measure action by the tests of utility and policy, are most strenuous in replying to this question, that nothing that can possibly be gained in the direction of conservatism is worth the turmoil, the bitterness, and the positive danger that will mark the coming campaign. The extension of the franchise on the scale of the present Bill is inevitable. Everybody knows that. But what Lord Salisbury professes to fear is, that he will be forced to pass an unsatisfactory measure of redistribution, under penalty of facing an appeal to two million more electors projected within existing boundaries. It may well be questioned whether any measure of redistribution that the present Cabinet is likely to introduce, or the present

House of Commons to pass, could possibly be so mischievous to Conservative interests or the party as the consequences of Lord Salisbury's present tactics. But even if it were otherwise, let us consider the situation. No appeal can be made to the new electors enfranchised by the Bill until January, 1886. Any election held in 1885 will be (unless the Lords choose to agree to a special measure for accelerating the registration) to the constituencies as they now are. What are the chances of an election in 1885? We all know the enormous difficulties of redistribution, and the way in which they may affect the existence of the Government that deals with the question. Whether the Bill transfers fifty, seventy, or one hundred seats, it is certain that the fifty, seventy, or one hundred persons who are so molested will look upon it with no friendly eye, and that many of them will be tempted to join the Opposition in resisting a measure of such inhospitable operation. Proportional representation may lead to a formidable schism in the party, and will in all probability produce a split within the ranks of the Administration itself. Finally, it is all but impossible to imagine a scheme of Irish redistribution that will satisfy the gentlemen from Ireland without creating dissatisfaction among gentlemen in Great Britain. Here was the true field for the operations of an Opposition.

Redistribution, then, was the best ground for delivering battle. Suppose the attack to have been successful. Suppose the Government to have been beaten by some amendment on redistribution in April or May, 1885. We do not say that it would be impossible, but we do say that it would be uncommonly hard, for them to refuse to dissolve and to persist in holding on to power until January, 1886, in order to be able to appeal to constituencies which they themselves avowedly hold to be unsatisfactorily arranged. Not impossible, but uncommonly difficult in practice. Apart from this, there

are all the chances of a hostile vote upon the Ministerial policy in Egypt; or on the possible proposal to renew the Crimes Act in Ireland; or on any other potentiality in the great chapter of political accidents. Every consideration therefore would point to the conclusion that the Conservatives would have been in a better position in respect of either of the two objects of their strategy,—alike to control redistribution in the hands of the present Government, and to oust the Government from power,—if once the Franchise Bill were well out of the way.

Let us push the business a little further. Let us suppose that a dissolution were pressed upon the Government as the result of the present tactics, and that the elections had sent Ministers back with a diminished majority, or even had actually displaced them and installed their opponents in power. What would the new Government do? They would be compelled to bring in a Franchise Bill identical with that which they are now resisting. On no point have they been more eager in their professions than in their recognition of the propriety of extending the political privilege of the householder in the town to the householder in the county. Nothing excites livelier indignation among them than to hint a suspicion that they are averse to the extension of the franchise. One member has even said that to put any such imputation upon the Conservative majority is to be guilty of wilful falsehood. The Tory Government would therefore reproduce the Franchise Bill,—in company, it is true, with redistribution. But are the differences between the two political parties in respect of the principles of redistribution so enormous and so vital, as to be worth the shock of a violent Constitutional struggle such as that which now lies before us? There will be some differences, we know, between a scheme of redistribution framed by Mr. Gladstone and one framed by Lord Salisbury, but the

differences could not possibly be great enough to be worth the risks that are involved in the coming battle. As Mr. Gladstone has brought in what even his opponents allow to be a moderate and conservative Franchise Bill, so he would be driven by the selfsame considerations that made him do this, to bring in a moderate Redistribution Bill. He has already laid down the principles that will guide his Cabinet when they approach this most difficult piece of work. There is to be no purely population scale as the basis of redistribution. The distinction between the borough and the shire is to be maintained. Parliamentary individualities are to be respected; or, in plainer words, where a borough has long had an individual representation, it is not to be roughly extinguished or swamped because it does not come up to the exact level of a nice numerical standard. The great cities, again, are not to absorb precisely the same proportional share of representation as the population dispersed over wide rural districts. These principles are just as "moderate and conservative" as the peers themselves admit the principles of the Franchise Bill to be. It is true that Mr. Gladstone doubts the expediency of taking members away from Ireland, and that he would rather make some small addition to the members of the House than face the risks—to say nothing either of the political inexpediency, or of the breach of the terms of the Act of Union—involved in reducing the Irish representation to a strict proportion to the population of the island. But this point creates considerable difference of opinion even among the Minister's own followers, and it will at last be settled in deference to considerations which cannot but weigh with equal force on any Government of the day, from whichever party it may happen to be taken.

Apart, however, from the value to be attached to the Prime Minister's pledges as to the natural extent of the limits to be imposed on any scheme

of redistribution of which he would be the author, the hard facts of the situation point unmistakably in the same direction. Nobody who knows anything of the composition and temper of the present House of Commons believes for a moment that it would welcome or accept revolutionary disturbances in the present distribution of seats. We have already mentioned the difficulties that lie in the way of all or any redistribution; those difficulties would multiply exactly in proportion as the particular proposals for redistribution went beyond what the circumstances of the case require. It is the actual facts and circumstances of the problem that prescribe the conditions of readjustment. They constitute the necessity of what has to be done. Mr. Gladstone will not be able to go further than that necessity: Lord Salisbury will not be able to stop short of it. Even if the Liberal party in Parliament and in the country had made up its mind to equal electoral districts, it would still be extremely questionable, or less than questionable, whether it would be worth while for Conservatives, from their own point of view, to resist electoral districts at the expense of the political confusion now threatening the country. But electoral districts are not now in question. Nothing immoderate is in question, and therefore the upshot of the answer to the question that we proposed is properly described in the words of Lord Derby (July 8). The Conservative peers have "plunged into a conflict by which they can only lose, for the sake of doing themselves a little later, if they succeed, something very like what they want to hinder us from doing now. I should scarcely have thought it was worth while to provoke what may be a violent collision between this House and the majority of the nation, merely in order that, in making a change which is acknowledged to be inevitable, you should adopt one method and order of procedure rather than another." It would be impossible to state the issue

more plainly, as it will shape itself in the minds of the most reasonable men of all parties.

Persevering attempts have been made to effect a reconciliation between the two views of procedure, but they are, in fact, irreconcilable. "Give us a clause in the Franchise Bill," say the Opposition, "which should prevent it from coming into operation until a measure of redistribution is passed. If you refuse, then we shall be forced to pass any Redistribution Bill that you choose to introduce, under penalty of having an election in 1886 with abnormal constituencies." "We are bound to refuse what you ask," the Government reply, "because if the Franchise Bill is not to come into operation until a Redistribution Bill has passed, then the condition precedent of an extended franchise is such a redistribution as happens to satisfy you, and the new franchise may have to wait an indefinite time for your good will and pleasure about redistribution." These being the two positions, it was clear from the first that one of the two must retreat absolutely. The Commons have resolved in effect to have both parts of the scheme of reform, but the new franchise they will have at any rate,—even, if necessary, for a time without redistribution. The Lords have resolved that until they can have redistribution they will not look at franchise. The Government have tried to meet the difficulty by formulating in a solemn Address of both Houses to the Crown a joint pledge of redistribution. But this would obviously leave the Lords in the position to which they pretend to object, namely, under the necessity of either passing the Ministerial Redistribution Bill, or else facing an election with what they call abnormal constituencies. Nothing can extricate either of the Houses, except the unconditional surrender of one of them. It is not very likely, nor very conformable to the spirit of the Constitution or the times, that in a matter directly affecting its own con-

stitution, the popular and elective branch of the Legislature will give way to the hereditary branch.

As for the narrower pleas, they hardly deserve minute examination. The crisis is evidently one of that kind in which particular contentions are only the veil of deeper issues, the smoke and ashes from underlying fires. It is said, for instance, that the Liberals if they once got the extended franchise, would postpone redistribution indefinitely. What does redistribution mean? Why should they? Speaking generally, as Lord Derby said, it means taking away power from the south and giving it to the industrial communities of the north; in other words, from districts where the Liberals are weak to others where they are strong. Why, then, should they be anxious to put off the process of disfranchising small boroughs in which they have no special interest, and enfranchising large divisions where they would be likely to win?

Next, it is argued that a Franchise Bill without redistribution would leave intolerable anomalies. Calne and Liskeard, said the Duke of Richmond, with only 1763 voters between them, would return as many members as South-West Lancashire, which, on the extended franchise, would have 60,000 voters. But then at the present moment, Calne and Liskeard, with their 1763 electors, return as many members as Lambeth, which has a population of half a million, and an electorate of 50,000. Kinsale, Ennis, and Portarlinton, says the Duke of Richmond, have three members to their 500 electors, and the county of Cork will only have three members to 45,000 electors. It is hard to see why this should be more intolerable for a year or two (supposing that amount of delay to be forced upon us by Parliamentary quarrels over redistribution), than that the 500 electors of the three little Irish boroughs should have, as is now the case, as many representatives and as much Parliamentary power, as

Liverpool with nearly 130 times as many electors. For every anomaly that would be temporarily introduced on the hypothesis of the Opposition, we can produce a worse that has been systematically tolerated for many years. It is plain, moreover, that this temporary aggravation of anomalies would only make speedy redistribution all the more positively unavoidable.

It was contended, again, that a Parliament elected on the new franchise and with the existing constituencies would be a convention and not a Parliament. The Duke of Argyll rightly described this as a monstrous exaggeration, and he boldly faced the possibility of an election being held under the dreaded conditions. What will be the effect, he asked, of giving the franchise to the county householders? It will surely not reinforce the borough but the county constituencies. It is the county constituencies whose claim to more members will be strengthened. But what is the avowed hope and desire of the extreme Liberals? To accumulate members in the great cities. The passing of the Franchise Bill will be the very means of check-mating any such policy, for its effect will be to strengthen the county constituencies, and they will have a right to object to the accumulation of members in the cities and boroughs.

As we have said, however, minute examination of these and the other particular pleas in the controversy, though necessary for the combatants in the field, is only of secondary interest. These pleas are after-thoughts in defence of a foregone conclusion. The ardour of the Opposition for the contemporaneous union of the two branches of reform, and their horror of even a temporary separation of franchise from redistribution, is due to the conviction in the minds of the leaders that a dissolution of Parliament at the present moment would be particularly favourable to their party. To use the language of Lord Salisbury at Sheffield, "deluded hopes, broken

promises, oceans of blood unnecessarily shed, a weakened *prestige* of power abroad, a distracted empire, a discontented Ireland—all these will be brought up against the Ministers, and an account will be demanded of them." This is the calculation that lies at the back of the urgency of dealing with franchise and redistribution at the same time. A similar calculation is imputed by the enemies of Parliamentary reform to its friends. "The professed belief in the inalienable rights of the unenfranchised is utter hypocrisy," says Lord Salisbury, "and the whole thing is a mere party manœuvre from beginning to end." We all know well enough how much, in even the greatest questions, calculations of this sort must and do invariably enter under every system of party government. Even where the deeper issues are most serious, statesmen never forget that it is the business of Tories to dish Whigs and of the Whigs to put a spoke into the wheel of the Tories. There is abundant difference of opinion in both camps as to the probable results of a dissolution. Some Liberals are of opinion that no moment could be more expedient for an appeal to the constituencies than the present, and that however their party is going to fare at the next general election, it will fare better now when the resentment against the Lords is fresh. Many Conservatives, for exactly the same reason, believe that it would be most disastrous to them in the boroughs, if not in all the northern counties also, to go to the country on a question of Lords against Commons.

On the Constitutional issue of the propriety of dissolving Parliament because Lords and Commons do not agree, Mr. Gladstone's answer is very definite. The claim of the Lords, he says (July 10), for what they call an appeal to the people, has never heretofore been dreamed of or thought of in this country. "Undoubtedly, when the House of Commons has been under suspicion of being not in harmony with

the country, the Crown, at the instance of the Executive Government, has been entitled to make the appeal, but the demand on the part of the House of Lords is an absolute innovation." The Prime Minister is one of the first authorities in the country as to what has been Constitutional practice and tradition, and we may take it that his allegation under this head is conformable to fact. But the reasons that he gives are not wholly satisfactory, and may be thought to be somewhat too wide. Most people will think it wiser to content themselves with the ground taken in an earlier passage of the same speech. "You may speak of right," he said, "as competence, and I say in that sense the House of Lords has a perfect competence to reject every Bill just as the House of Commons has a perfect right to refuse to vote a sixpence for the public service—exactly the same right and the same competence. But when you consider 'right' in its other sense—that is to say, as the rule of wisdom and of moral fitness, then it implies that the abstract right or competence is to be used with judgment, with discretion, and with moderation, and that right, even in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, or any other assembly, is subject to a great deal of discussion, and the unwise use of extreme rights, be it by whom it may, is a mode by which questions are raised that had sometimes better be left alone."

These grave domestic perturbations have effectually thrown Egypt into the background, and the subject which a month ago occupied the minds of politicians to the exclusion of every other has almost disappeared from view. Those who regard the complications on the Nile as constituting no more than a small affair after all, will think that this sudden change reduces the Egyptian question nearer to its proper dimensions. Yet many things are more unlikely than that, before the autumn is over, we may have twenty thousand British troops in

Egypt, and nobody will say that this is a small affair. It is not merely the possibility of an invasion by the forces of the Mahdi that constitutes a new difficulty. On the whole the chances seem to be that he will keep his distance. But the recent events in the Soudan have, as Sir Evelyn Baring admits in his last published despatch, "imported the element of religious fanaticism into the settlement of Egyptian questions to a greater extent than might otherwise have been the case." At the same time there has been a recrudescence of those international jealousies and petty intrigues which have at all times been rife in Egypt; this recrudescence is admittedly due to "the political position occupied by the British Government in Egypt." The natural remedy for the mischief would be the suppression of the cause, by putting an end to our position there. But the collapse of the Conference undoubtedly makes this less easy. At the present time it is not quite accurate to describe the Conference as having proved abortive, but it seems pretty certain that before these pages are in the reader's hands, the collapse will have been publicly notified. The bondholders have proved themselves stronger than either the French or the British Government expected. The pivot on which the English proposals turned was the reduction of the interest on the debt. Our Government contend that the bankrupt cannot continue to pay the composition stipulated and at the same time provide the means required for keeping the concern going. The French financiers insist that on certain preliminary conditions the Egyptian revenue is perfectly adequate to the payment of the expenses of carrying on the administration and the full interest on the debt as well. These preliminary conditions imply, among other things, the loan of eight millions to Egypt by England, and the reduction of the interest on the Canal shares held by this country. It is difficult to imagine that any English

statesman would venture to propose any such plan to Parliament, or any plan indeed which should not cut down the interest on the bonds. That we are to run all manner of risks, the least of them being financial, in order that the coupons may be paid, while the bondholders are to run no risks and make no sacrifices, is a solution that might well be found intolerable.

The practical effect of thus yielding to the views of foreign bondholders will be to baulk the views of foreign statesmen. For it is certain that the provisional agreement with France, and the financial proposals made at the Conference, were the outcome of a desire on the part of the English Government to lead the way to that evacuation of Egypt which France at any rate is supposed to have so much at heart. The failure of the Conference may be a triumph for the bondholder abroad, but it will also be a triumph, only momentary we may hope, for the annexationist at home. Hence those are not wrong who point out, in mockery of the English Ministers, how everybody, from Arabi down to M. de Blignières, whose desire it was to oust us from Egypt, does something which makes the ousting more and more remote. The next move will be awaited with some curiosity. Is England to withdraw all financial proposals and leave Tewfik to make a bargain for himself? Or is she to remain, screwing out of the fellahen more than they can pay, and starving the administration of that justice which we all profess to be so anxious about, in order that the coupon may be paid? The first of these two courses may be difficult, but who will say that the second is less so?

Fresh troubles have arisen between France and China. A French column on its way to occupy Lang-Son was attacked by a Chinese force, 10,000 strong; the fight lasted two days, and was attended by a small French loss. The French Government profess

to be in possession of documents that prove the complicity of the Chinese Cabinet in the attack, and they demand an indemnity to the tune of ten millions sterling. The play of parties and of policy at Peking is wrapped in obscurity, and this grave infraction of the newly signed treaty of Tientsin may have been an accident. But reparation will in any case have to be made, and if the Chinese will not or cannot pay the money, they will lose a slice of territory at Hanoi, Canton, or somewhere else. The French will seize it under the name of a material guarantee for their indemnity, and there are not many instances in history of a material guarantee of that sort ever being restored. For the moment M. Ferry professes to hope that the difficulty will be settled without delay; but the French squadron will remain off Foochow until the ten millions have been paid up. A more pressing, if a more momentary, source of anxiety both to France and to Europe has been the appearance of cholera at Toulon and Marseilles. Both in France and in Italy there have been some childish signs of panic. The divergence of opinion between ourselves and most continental authorities on the efficacy of quarantine may lead to considerable difficulties both in Egypt and elsewhere, and will neither lighten the work of the Foreign Office nor increase the popularity of our name in Europe.

In spite of the protest of the Bishop of Angers that the descent of a pestilence on the land is no moment for putting a slight on religion, the Chamber has by an enormous majority carried the proposal to dispense with public prayer in connection with its proceedings. At the same time the Government have carried their project of a limited revision of the Constitution through both Chambers, and the 557 Deputies will meet the 300 Senators in a joint congress for that purpose.

In Belgium the elections to the Senate have shown, as we supposed,

that the reaction indicated by the previous elections to the Chamber was not nearly of so violent a character as it suited the extreme wing of the clerical and reactionary party to represent. At Brussels, where the Liberal defeat in June was most remarkable and most disastrous, the Liberals have now carried the whole eight senatorial seats. The Catholics and Independents together now make up a senatorial majority of fifteen, and in a body which only consists of sixty-nine members in all, a majority of fifteen is adequate and sufficient. But a Clerical and an Independent are not the same thing, and if the reactionary spirit be pushed far, the majority will fall to pieces.

The choice of the Democratic candidate for the American presidency has fallen, as was expected, upon Governor Cleveland, a man of worth and respectability, but not supposed to possess powers of any extraordinary mark. The programme is too indefinite to be very interesting, and any one may see, even more plainly than is usual in such documents, that it has been drawn up exclusively with the object of rallying the greatest possible number of voters, leaving the widest possible elasticity of interpretation. The Democratic leaders pronounce for tariff reform, but give very chilly encouragement to ardent partisans of free trade. Some of the items are not without bearing on the great speculative problems of the future of democracy. "While we favour all legislation," say the authors of the programme, "which will tend to the equitable distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly, and to the strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses, we hold that the welfare of society depends upon a scrupulous regard for the rights of property as defined by law." But this does not prevent the proposal, "that all unearned lands, heretofore improvidently granted to

railroad corporations by the action of the Republican party, should be restored to the public domain; and that no more grants of land should be made to corporations, to be allowed to fall into the ownership of alien absentees." It can hardly be doubtful that when the time comes, the alien absentee—in other words, the British capitalist who has bought tracts of land in the United States on speculation—will pretty certainly go to the wall, with much less tenderness in the matter of compensation than at present is a mark of political sentiment in England. Chinese immigration, again, is to be prohibited; against the Mongolian "our gates must be closed." It is curious, too, to contrast the European swagger of acquisition by armed conquest, with the complacency with which the authors of the programme recall the acquisition of Louisiana, Florida, California, and of the adjacent Mexican territory, "by purchase alone." These good bargains made by the Democrats are contrasted with the purchase of Alaska, the sole fruit of a Republican Administration of nearly a quarter of a century. It is refreshing to hear the language of business and common sense applied to territorial extension, instead of the high-flown and hypocritical terms in which such strokes are conventionally described in this country. On the other hand, the Democrats describe the Republican party as an organisation for enriching those who control its machinery. They denounce the frauds and jobbery which have been brought to light in every department of the Government. They talk about the lavish use of money contributed by unscrupulous contractors and shameless jobbers, who in 1880 bargained for unlawful profits or high office. The precise charges may or may not be true, but it is impossible to imagine such charges ever being invented by any English party against any other.

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THE NORTHUMBRIAN BORDER.¹

I MUST own to a desire for a fuller recognition of the fact that English history is at the bottom a provincial history. This truth is chiefly left to be exhibited by novelists and poets. The historian and the archæologist investigate with care the separate origins of the early kingdoms, the steps by which they came under the overlordship of the West Saxon kings, and their incorporation into a consolidated kingdom under the Norman successors of the West Saxon line. But at this point they generally cease their inquiries. The history of the central kingdom, the progress of the central administration, becomes so important and so full of interest that it absorbs all else. It is true that curious customs are noted by the archæologist, and that particular institutions force themselves into notice. But the vigorous undercurrent of a strong provincial life in different parts of England is seldom seriously considered by historians. Yet the moment that English life is approached from the imaginative side, it is this strong provincial life that attracts attention. Our great novels are not English but provincial. Our best known types of character are developed within distant areas, and owe their expressiveness to local circumstances. Squire Western, Job Barton, Mrs. Poyser, Andrew Fairservice, Tennyson's Northern

Farmer, all live amid definite surroundings, and all are racy of the soil which bore them. I am sure that no better service can be rendered by an archæological society to historical study than an attempt to bring the characteristic features of different parts of England into due prominence. Archæology has done much for history in the past. It has oftentimes gathered evidence when written records are silent. It has pieced together fragments of the life of days of old when the human voice was still inaudible. It has settled disputed points by appeals to the eye on which there could be no doubt. In archæology, as in all other sciences, there are those who say that almost all has been done that can be done. The records of stones have been ransacked, explored, classified, and interpreted. Even if this were so, which is scarcely the case, there remain innumerable traces of the past, still unrecognised and unsuspected. Local character, habits, institutions, modes of thought and observation, are all the result of a long process, differing in different parts of England. They are only to be seen and understood by a sympathetic searcher and observer who looks upon each part of England in the light of its past, who sees that past, not only in ancient buildings, here and there, but on the whole face of the land, and in the hearts and lives of its inhabitants. I admit that this is no easy task. I

¹ An address delivered to the Archæological Institute at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

admit that the results of such inquiry must at first be very hypothetical, and its conclusions tentative. But I think that the inquiry is well worth pursuing; and it must be pursued speedily, if at all.

Of this provincial history, no part of England possesses clearer traces than does Northumberland. It has always held the same position in English history from its very beginning. It has always been a Borderland. It is true that the Border has varied in extent; but whether it were great or small Northumberland has always been within it, and has generally formed its chiefest part. But we are met at the outset of our inquiry by the question, How came there to be a Borderland at all? The answer to this question brings into prominence a part of English history which it is too much the fashion to neglect. The northern Borderland was the creation of the Romans, who mapped it out with accuracy and defined its limits. If I were asked, What permanent results are left of the Roman occupation of Britain? I should answer that they marked out the territory between the Solway and the Clyde on the west, and the Tyne and the Forth on the east, to be a land of contention and debate, and that it remained upon the character that they impressed upon it down to the middle of last century.

If we were so careful of our early history as are some folk, we would erect upon the wilds of Redeswire a statue of C. Julius Agricola as the founder of our Border State, the originator of the elaborate constitution contained in the *Leges Marchiarum*, and other such like documents. It was Agricola who consolidated the Roman province in Britain, and first faced the difficulties of determining its limits. We know how in his first campaign he conquered the Ordovices and reduced the Isle of Mona. In his second campaign he brought into subjection the tribes of the western coast between the Dee and the Solway. He was careful to make

good every step of his way, and keep open his communications. The trees fell before the axe of the legionary, and a rude but sufficient road was opened. Every night the Roman camp was occupied in some secure position, every day chronicled a steady advance of the invader. Permanent forts were raised in advantageous spots, and Agricola united to the fire of a general the sagacity of an explorer. From the Solway his forts most probably ran along the Eden and the Irthing to the Tyne. He found a narrow neck of land which he could occupy with ease, and by holding it secure his retreat. Then in his third campaign he advanced against "new peoples," tribes who as yet had not felt the arms of Rome. He penetrated, it would seem, to the Tay, and then again paused to secure the territory which he had acquired. Again he occupied a narrow neck of land between the Clyde and the Forth. This was occupied by forts "so that the foe," says Tacitus, "were driven almost into another island." I need not follow Agricola's course of conquest to the Grampian hills, nor his voyage of circumnavigation, nor his projected reduction of Ireland. Agricola's career came to an end, and with it came to an end any plan for extending Rome's sway over the whole of the British Isles. The only question which was considered by his successors was the boundary of the Roman Province. Should they take the northern or the southern line of forts by which Agricola had secured his conquests for the time? Rome's statesmanship and Rome's generalship never again contemplated the execution of Agricola's design of a complete conquest. For a time opinions wavered which boundary to choose. At length the line of forts along the Tyne and the Irthing was selected to mark the region south of which the "peace of Rome" was to be carefully maintained. The mighty rampart, which Dr. Bruce has taught us to call the wall of Hadrian, was erected as a majestic

symbol of the permanence of Roman sway, as a dividing line between civilisation and barbarism. But this was done without prejudice to the future extension of the Roman occupation to Agricola's farther line of forts. The Roman province was to stretch in full security as far as the Tyne and the Solway. Rome's influence was to be felt as far as the Clyde and the Forth. Two great Roman roads, each with several branches, passed northwards through the wall. Watling Street, with its supporting stations of *Habitancum* and *Bremenium*, traversed this county. The whole of Northumberland and the Scottish Lowlands are covered with traces of Roman and British camps, which tell clearly enough the tale of Border warfare in the earliest days of our history. They tell of a long period of constant struggle, of troops advancing and retreating, of a territory held with difficulty, of perpetual alternations of fortune. In the days of the Roman occupation the Border wears its distinctive features. Its future history is a changing repetition of the same details.

But though we may generally gather that this was the history of the Roman Border many puzzling questions remain. Why did the Romans fix their boundary where they did? The military reason of obtaining a narrow tract of land to fortify was no doubt a strong one. But the Romans were a practical people and wished to make their province of Britain a profitable possession. It may be that the valley of the Tyne was the most northern point where they saw a prospect of making agriculture immediately remunerative. By the Tyne valley they established their boundary, and only kept such a hold of the country to the north as might help to secure the Tyne valley from invasion. It proved to be a difficult and in the end an impossible task. The sturdy tribes of the north learned to value at its true worth the intolerable boon of Roman civilisation,

the colonist, the tribute and the tithe corn. In their moorland forts they resisted to the utmost. Constant warfare increased their discipline and power of combination. The growing wealth of the province offered a richer prize to their rapacity. Ever watchful for an opportunity they broke through the line of the wall and swept like a storm-cloud over the southern fields. Much, very much, has been done in explaining the Roman Wall as illustrative of the life of the Romans. Something remains to be done in studying it as illustrating those whom it was built to repel. I could conceive it possible that an archæologist who was skilled in military science, and had the power of reproducing in his mind the local features of a bygone time—that one so gifted might make a military survey of the country round the Wall which would be full of suggestiveness for a picture of British life. I must own that the Wall is to me more interesting for the impression which it gives of the power of the Britons than of the mightiness of Rome. We know Rome's greatness from many other memorials. We know the bravery of the Britons only by the reluctant testimony of their enemies.

As we muse upon the ruins of *Borcovicus* another question arises before us. How came it that the men who so stubbornly resisted the massive legionaries of Rome, who marched against them in their thousands, gave way before the onslaughts of the Angles who came in small bands in their boats? It would seem that the need of resistance to Rome had called into being a premature organisation, a reckless patriotism, which produced a rapid reaction and degeneracy. The very greatness of Rome's power warned the Britons of their danger. Its advance was steady and threatened to spread northwards over the land. The Angles who settled along the east coast and passed up the river valleys did not awaken the same dread, or call out the same feeling of

national danger. But the insidious progress of the colonist was more deadly than the warlike advance of the invader. Little by little the Britons were thrust into the hill country of the west. The line of the coast and the river valleys were gradually occupied by the clearings of the Angles. The land was still a Border land, but the line of the Border no longer ran from north to south, but from east to west. When Ida, whom the fearful Britons called the Flamebearer, combined into a kingdom the scattered settlements of a common folk, it was in the Roman Border land that those settlements began. They reached from the Tweed valley northwards and southwards, till Ida occupied the rock of Bamborough as a central point, and then extended his domain to the Tees.

The question of the Border between Briton and Angle, between east and west, was long contended and with varying results. The Britons on their part again united into the kingdom of Strathclyde, north of which was the Scottish kingdom of Dalriada. I will not impose upon your time and patience by tracing the variations of this western boundary. It will be enough to recall a few points of interest in the struggle. In 603 the combined army of Britons and Scots advanced to attack Æthelfrith's Northumbrian kingdom. They entered the vale of the Liddell, whence one pass leads into the valley of the Teviot and the Tweed, while another leads into the North Tyne. Here at a spot which Bede calls Døgsastan, a name still preserved in Dawstaneburn and Dawstanerig, was fought a battle which determined for many years the security of the Northumbrian Border. "From that time," says Bede, triumphantly, "no Scot king dared to come into Britain to war with the English to this day." The Angles recognised on this spot the weakness of their boundary, and copied the example of Rome. The remains of a huge earthen rampart, known as the Catrail,

may still be traced along the wild moorland or hard by the spot where Døgsastan had run with blood.

I recall this event because it is a definite mark of an important point in our provincial history. The boundary from east to west led to the severance of Cumbria from Northumbria. The English desired only to secure, not to extend, their dominion westward. They weakened the kingdom of Strathclyde by driving a wedge of settlers into the tableland which lay in its midst. They penetrated along the valley of the Irthing, along the Maiden Way, into the central plain, which gained from them the name of Inglewood; but they left the mountainous district to the Britons.

I need not recall the great days of the Northumbrian kingdom, the heroic times of early Christianity, when the lamp of civilisation burnt brightly in the Columbite monastery of Lindisfarne, and was reflected from the royal house of Bamborough. This period of greatness, though of immense importance to English history, is unfortunately only an episode in the history of this district as a whole. Yet there is no spot in England more fitted to awaken a deep sense of gratitude to the past than is the land which lies rolled beneath the Castle of Bamborough. No works of man have effaced the traces of the past. The rocks remain amid the surging of the waves, as when Cuthbert heard amongst them the wails of men's souls in the eternal conflict between good and evil. The village clusters for protection at the foot of the royal castle, much as it did when it was fired by Penda's host. The sloping uplands are dotted by scattered farms, in which may still be traced the progressive clearings of the English settlers. The ruins of the monastery of Lindisfarne still hide themselves behind a sheltering promontory of rock, that they may escape the eye of the heathen pirate who swept the northern seas. There is no place which tells so clearly the story of the making of England.

I pass by the days of the Northumbrian supremacy, which ended with Egfrith's defeat at Nechtansmere, where the Pictish king avenged the slaughter of Døgsastan. "From this time," says Bede, "the hopes and strength of the kingdom of the English began to ebb." The Northumbrian kingdom still pursued its career of literary and ecclesiastical activity at Jarrow, Wearmouth, and Strevneshalh. It did not pass away till it had produced an historian of its greatness. But its boundaries, north and west, were ill-secured. Its premature progress gave way to social and political disorganisation. The long, black ships of the Danish pirates spread ruin amidst the numerous monastic houses which fringed the eastern coast. The Scots of Dalriada established their supremacy over the Picts, and a strong Scottish power ravaged the district between the Forth and the Tweed. But Scots and English alike soon fell before the arms of the Danes who came as invaders, and conquered and settled as they would. Churches and monasteries were especially hateful to the heathen Danes. Their buildings were burnt, their treasures were scattered, their libraries were destroyed. The work of Benedict Biscop, of Wilfrid and of Bede, was all undone. The civilisation of Northumbria was well-nigh swept away. Only round the relics of the saintly Cuthbert a little band of trembling monks still held together, and wandered from place to place, kept steadfast by their faith that Cuthbert would not forsake them. It was the West Saxon Ælfred that checked the career of Danish conquest; it was his wisdom that prepared a way whereby the Danes ceased to be formidable, and became a new but not alien element of English life.

The Danish settlement had little effect on the northern part of the Northumbrian kingdom. The Danes chose Deira, not Bernicia; their traces are found in Yorkshire, not in Northumberland. Their incorporation into English civilisation and the limits of

their settlement in Northumbria are alike illustrated by the story of Guthred. To escape a civil war amongst themselves they listened to the counsels of Ælfred, aided by Eadred, the prior of the wandering monks of Lindisfarne. Eadred counselled them to choose as their king Guthred, a young man of the royal blood, who had been sold as a slave to a widow woman at Whittingham. Guthred, grateful for St. Cuthbert's aid, settled his brethren at Cuncachester, now Chester-le-Street, and gave as the patrimony of St. Cuthbert the land between the Tyne and the Tees, with privilege of sanctuary. This was the beginning of another step in our provincial history. It was the origin of what was known till very recent times as The Bishopric. It was the foundation of the authority of the Prince-Bishops of Durham. It marks the cause which severed the county of Durham from the county of Northumberland.

The Danish kingdom in Deira ran its course, and in due time submitted to the lordship of the West Saxon king. In Bernicia, meanwhile, members of the old royal house were allowed to rule over their devastated lands, for which they paid tribute to their Danish lords. When the Danes made submission to Eadward the Elder the men of Bernicia submitted likewise. But the men of the north were unruly subjects and were hard to reduce into harmony with the men of the south. Edmund and Eadred both strove to make a peaceful settlement of their northern frontier. Edmund gave Cumberland to Malcolm, King of Scots, on condition that he should be his "fellow-worker by land and sea." He wished to show that there need be no collision of interest between England and Scotland. It was a question for decision on grounds of expediency how order could best be kept in the doubtful portions of Northumbria and Strathclyde. Edmund handed over this responsibility, as far as Cumberland was concerned, to the

Scottish king, and the plan succeeded. In later days William Rufus reclaimed the district south of the Solway, and so fixed the definite boundary of the English kingdom on the western side. Eadred had still to face the difficulty of dealing with Northumbrian independence, which had degenerated into anarchy and disorder. The last king was driven out, and an earl was set to rule in his stead; but so strong was local feeling that the earl was chosen from the old house of the lords of Bamborough. Eadred's successor, Edgar, ventured a step farther, and divided this great earldom into two. Moreover he followed Edmund's example of friendly dealings with the Scottish king. The land north of the Tweed was of little value to the English. Lothian was ceded to the Scottish king, most probably by Edgar, though it was afterwards recovered, but finally ceded in 1016.

The hopes of Edgar that Northumberland would settle into peace and order were destroyed by the renewed invasion of the Northmen. Again all was in confusion. Again the terrified monks bore off St. Cuthbert's body that they might save it from sacrilege. Their wanderings were miraculously stayed, so goes the legend, upon a hill-top amid the waving woods that clad a bold promontory round which flowed the waters of the Wear. This hill-top of Dunholm was chosen as the site on which rose the mighty minster that holds St. Cuthbert's shrine. The saint left the bleaker regions further north which he had loved so well. The outward signs of devotion for his memory were not to gather round the scenes of his labours. The chief centre of ecclesiastical civilisation was henceforth fixed far away from Bamborough, on a spot which had no associations of the old days of Northumbria's greatness. This northern district was abandoned by its patron saint, as though a destined theatre for acts of lawlessness and deeds of blood.

The lawlessness and barbarism of

Northumberland in these days we know from the history of its earls. Uhtred, who sprang from the old line of the lords of Bamborough, covenanted, as a condition of his marriage with a citizen's daughter, to espouse the blood-feud of his father-in-law and slay for him his enemy. Though the marriage was broken off and the covenant was unfulfilled, the enemy who had been threatened bided his time, and slew Uhtred in the presence of King Cnut. The feud was carried on by Uhtred's son, who slew his father's slayer, and was himself pursued in turn. The two foes grew weary of their lives, spent in perpetual dread; they were reconciled, and undertook together a pilgrimage to Rome. But the sea was tempestuous, and they shrank before the voyage. They agreed to dispense with the solemn religious vow and to return home in peace. But on the way home the old savage passion for revenge revived, and one slew his unsuspecting fellow as they rode together through the forest of Risewood. We see the growth of the wild spirit which supplied the material for the Border feuds of later days.

Still, lawless as Northumberland might be, it could not forget the days of its former greatness. Though it could no longer hope for supremacy, it struggled at least for independence. Its resistance to the family of Godwine, its rejection of Tostig for its earl, caused dissension within the house which seemed to hold England's future in its hands. The refusal of Northumberland to help King Harold was one great cause, we cannot say how great, of the victory of the Norman William by the "hoar apple tree" on the hill of Senlac. Perhaps the Northumbrians hoped under William's rule to establish their independence. But William was not the man to allow the formation of a middle kingdom. He soon learned the lawlessness of the Northumbrian temper. His first earl, though of English blood, was attacked at Newburn, and the church in which he sought shelter was burned to the

ground. His second earl was driven away by a revolt. His third earl, a Norman, was massacred in Durham with all his men. William saw the gathering danger threatened by this northern love for independence. His answer to the northern revolt was swift and decided. He let men feel his starkness by his remorseless harrying of the north. The lands between the Humber and the Tees, and then the lands of the Bishopric, were reduced to a waste. The population fell by the sword or died of hunger. Northumberland was left powerless for any further revolt of a serious kind. The southern portion of the old kingdom, Deira, lost all outward sign of its former position. Its old independence needed no further recognition, and no earl was appointed for South Northumberland. Hence the old name was transferred entirely to the northern part, which being a Border land against the Scots still needed some responsible governor. That northern part, which is far north of the Humber, alone retained the name which can recall the memories of the greatness of the Northumbrian kingdom.

But though the independence of the north had been thoroughly broken by systematic devastation, still William paid some heed to its local feeling by giving it an earl sprung from the old Northumbrian line. Though he did so, he regarded Earl Waltheof with a jealous eye, and demanded from him a loyalty which he did not find in his Norman barons. Slight cause for suspicion brought upon Waltheof condign punishment, and William knew no mercy for the last English earl, whose tomb at Crowland men visited as of a martyr and a saint. William then conferred the earldom of Northumberland on the Lotharingian, Walcher, Bishop of Durham. Again the lawless spirit of the Northumbrians broke out, and they took prompt revenge on the bishop for a misdeed which he did not punish to their liking. At a moot, held by a little chapel at Gateshead, the men of the Tyne and Rede

gathered in numbers. As the talk went on, a cry was raised, "Short rede, good rede, slay ye the bishop!" and Walcher was slaughtered at the chapel door. Again Northumberland was harried, and Robert, the king's son, on his way from Scotland, laid the foundation of a castle opposite the spot where Bishop Walcher had been slain. Its walls rose as a solid and abiding warning to a turbulent folk. Near it were the remains of a Roman bridge across the Tyne—Pons Ælii, the bridge that the Emperor Ælius Hadrianus had built. Hard by was the little township of Pandon and some remains of a camp, which may have afforded shelter to the monks, and so gained the name of Monkchester. In distinction to the ruins of this old camp, the rising fortress was called the *new castle*. Soon a population gathered round it which extended to Pandon and Monkchester alike, and these old names were absorbed into that of Newcastle.

Nor was the fortress of Newcastle the only sign of the presence of the conquering Normans. The three great baronies of Redesdale, Mitford, and Morpeth, held by the Umfravilles, the Bertrams, and the Merlais, extended in a belt across the district. North of them the Vesci, lords of Alnwick, built their castle on the banks of the Aln, and laid the foundation of the second Northumbrian town. The land was again committed to the care of a Norman earl; but it would seem that the lawlessness of the Northumbrians was contagious. Earl Mowbray plotted against William Rufus, who took the castle of Tynemouth, but was foiled by the strength of the rock of Bamborough, which could not be taken till Mowbray's imprudence made him the victim of a stratagem. After this we hear no more of official earls. Northumberland depended directly on the crown, and went its own way for a short time in peace. But the weakness of Stephen had well nigh allowed Northumberland to go the way of Lothian and become attached as an

appanage to the Scottish crown. David I. had married the daughter of Earl Waltheof, and Stephen recognised this claim to the earldom of Northumberland. If Stephen had had a less statesmanlike successor than Henry II. the English Border might have been fixed along the old frontier of the Roman wall. But Henry II. regarded it as his first duty to undo the mischief of Stephen's reign. He demanded the restoration of the northern counties, and from this time the limits of the English Border were definitely settled. It is true that there was a small piece of land on the Cumbrian Border about the possession of which England and Scotland could not agree, and this Debateable Land was occupied as common pasture by the inhabitants of both countries from sun rising to sun setting, on the understanding that anything left there over night should be fair booty to the finder. On the Northumbrian Border also the fortress of Berwick was an object of contention and often changed hands, till the luckless town of Berwick-upon-Tweed received the doubtful privilege of ranking as a neutral state, and its "liberties" were exposed to the indiscriminate ravages of English and Scots alike. Nor should it be unnoticed that the castle of Roxburgh was generally in the hands of the English king, as a protection of the strip of low-lying land south of the Tweed, where the barrier of the Cheviots merged into the river valley.

I have now traced the historical steps in the formation of the English Border, and the causes which gave the modern county of Northumberland a separate existence and a distinct character. The rest of its history is written on the county itself, and tells its own story in the various interesting remains of antiquity which cover the land. I will briefly draw attention to the chief periods which they mark.

1. From the beginning of the twelfth to the beginning of the fourteenth centuries baronial and

monastic civilisation did much to bring back order and prosperity. The details of the management of a Northumbrian farm have been preserved in the *compotus* of the sheriff of Northumberland who held for six months the lands of the Knights Templars at Temple Thornton, which were seized by Edward II. in 1308. The sheriff's account is compiled with businesslike precision, and enables us to judge with accuracy of Northumbrian farming at the time. They show a system of farming quite as advanced as that which existed at the end of the last century. For instance, among the expenditure is an entry for ointment to protect the heads of the sheep from the fly. The total receipts were 94*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*, the total expenses were 33*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.*, leaving a balance of 60*l.* 12*s.*, a proportionate return for his expenditure which any modern farmer would be glad to obtain.

2. This period of prosperity was already passing away when the sheriff penned his accounts. He had to sell some oats and barley in a hurry, *propter metum Scotorum superveniencium*—through dread of a raid of the Scots. The Scottish war of Edward I. led to the ruin of the English Border. The *nova taxatio* of the goods of the clergy, made in 1318, estimates the ecclesiastical revenues in the Archdeaconry of Northumberland at 28*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for the benefices of Newcastle, Tynemouth, Newburn, Benton, Ovingham, and Woodhorn. Then follows an entry that all the other benefices are *vasta et destructa, et in eisdem nulla bona sunt inventa*—are barren and waste, and no goods are found in them. For the northern part of the county there is an enumeration of the benefices, with the remark that they are *vastata et penitus destructa*—wasted and wholly destroyed. It was this state of things which led to the organisation of border defences. The office of Lord Warden of the Marches, established under Edward I. became a post of serious responsibility. Castles

which had been built to overawe a turbulent population, or to increase the power of their owners against the crown, became necessary means of protection to the country. The land was dotted with peel towers—small square rooms of massive stones, strong enough to give temporary refuge to fugitives till the marauding troop had passed by on its plundering raid. Elsewhere were earthen or wooden huts, which contained nothing that could attract cupidity. An Italian traveller, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, has left a picture of a journey through Northumberland in 1435. The folk had poultry, but neither bread nor wine; white bread was unknown among them. At nightfall all the men retired to a peel tower in the neighbourhood, through fear of the Scots, but left the women behind, saying they would not be harmed. Æneas sat in terror round the watch-fire till sleep overcame him, and he lay down on a couch of straw in one of the huts. His slumbers were disturbed by the cows and goats, who shared the room with the family and nibbled at his bed. At midnight there was an alarm that the Scots were coming, and the women fled to hide themselves. The alarm, however, was groundless, and next day Æneas continued his journey safely. When he reached Newcastle he seemed to himself again to be in a world which he knew. For Northumberland, he says, "was uninhabitable, horrible, uncultivated."

3. The more pacific attitude towards Scotland adopted by Henry VII. brought a little peace; but the battle of Flodden Field and the events that followed led to a determination on the part of Henry VIII. to use Border raids as a means for punishing Scotland, and gradually wearing out its strength. The Lords Wardens are urged on to the work of devastation by the Lords of the King's Council, and send in hideous accounts of their zeal in this barbarous work. Thomas Lord Dacre

writes with pride that the land, which was tilled by 550 ploughs, owing to his praiseworthy activity "lies all waste now, and no corne saune upon none of the said grounds." Again, he tells Wolsey how the lieutenant of the middle marches entered Scotland with 1,000 men and "did very well, brought away 800 nowte, and many horses. My son and brother made at the same time an inroad into the west marches, and got nigh 1,000 nowte. Little left upon the frontiers except old houses, whereof the thak and coverings are taken away so that they cannot be brent." The records of Border warfare throw light upon the cold-blooded and deliberate savagery which characterised the beginning of the sixteenth century. We recognise it clearly enough in other countries: we tend to pass it over leniently at home.

4. Under Elizabeth came peace between England and Scotland, and things grew better on the Borders. Deeds of violence were still common and disputes were rife. But Elizabeth's ministers were anxious that these disputes should be decided by lawful means, and that disorders should be as much as possible repressed. An elaborate system of international relationships was established. Every treaty and agreement about the government of the Borders was hunted up and its provisions were put in force. The wardenship of the English Marches was no longer committed to Percies, Greys, or Dacres, but to new men chosen for official capacity. There was no longer need of Border chiefs to summon their men for a foray and work wild vengeance for wrongs inflicted. Aspiring statesmen like Sir Ralph Sadler and Sir Robert Carey were intrusted with the task of organising a system of defence. Scotland was overawed not so much by armed force as by red-tape. The Scottish Council was employed in answering pleas and counterpleas wherewith the technical ingenuity of the English wardens constantly plied them.

The amount of ink shed over the raid of Reedswire is a forecast of the best traditions of modern diplomacy. Scotland was pestered by official ingenuity into a serious consideration of Border affairs. The English Borders were elaborately organised for defence. The country was mapped out into watches, and the obligation was laid upon the townships to set and keep the watches day and night. When the fray was raised every man was bound to follow under penalty of fine and imprisonment. Castles and peel towers were converted into a system extending across the Border, with signal communication from one to another. A brief quotation from some articles made at Alnwick in 1570 may serve to illustrate the thoroughness of the system: "That every man that hath a castelle or a tower of stone shall, upon every fray raised in the night, give warning to the contrey by fier in the tope of the castelle or tower, in such sorte as he shall be directed from his warninge castelle, upon paine of iijs. iijd."

The system in itself was admirable. Its only defect was that in proportion as it led to momentary success it tended to decay. Sir John Forster writes from Berwick in 1575: "Thanks be to God we have had so longe peace that the inhabitants here fall to tillage of grounde, so that theye have not delight to be in horse and armore as they have when the worlde ys troublesome. And that which theye were wont to bestowe in horse theye nowe bestowe in cattell otherwayes, yet notwithstandinge whensoever the worlde graveth anye thinge troublesome or unquiet theye will bestowe all theye have rather than theye will want horses." It is worth while noticing Sir John Forster's remedy for the carelessness which peace engendered. He advises that "a generall comaundement should come from her majestie to the noble men and gentlemen here to favor their tennants as their auncestors have doon before tyme for defence of the frontiers."

"To favor their tennants as their auncestors have doon before tyme." I believe that in these words we have the key to much of the social history of the English Border. A ramble through Northumberland shows much that tells of the former greatness of feudal lords. There are no corresponding memorials to distinguish the sites of the townships, which once largely consisted of freeholders, who armed themselves and fought for house and home. Northumberland at the present day is regarded as a great feudal county, with feudal antiquities and feudal memories visible at every turn. I believe, on the contrary, that in no part of England did the manorial system sit so lightly, or work such little change. Traces of primitive institutions and primitive tenures are found in abundance whenever we penetrate beneath the surface.

First of all, there is a noticeable feature which especially marks the district comprised within the limits of the old Northumbrian kingdom—the survival to the present day of a very large number of townships, which are still recognised as poor-law parishes, and elect their own waywardens, overseers, and guardians of the poor. Even at the present day there are only thirty ecclesiastical parishes in this county which are conterminous with a single township. The remaining 132 parishes contain among them 513 townships. There are as many as thirty townships contained in a single parish, and the general number is four or five. This can easily be accounted for from the facts of local history; but it shows the need which was felt for the maintenance of small separate districts with some powers of self-government. Again, the ecclesiastical vestries of the ancient parishes of Northumberland consist, almost universally, of a body of four-and-twenty, who are appointed by co-optation. The term "vestry" does not occur in the Church books, which uniformly speak of a "meeting of

the Four-and-twenty." This seems to point to an original delegation of power into the hands of representatives from the different townships comprising the parish.

These townships were village communities holding land in common. I will not attempt to co-ordinate my evidence about them with any general theory of land tenure, but will simply state a few facts relating to them. The township of Embleton lies within the barony granted to John Vesconte by Henry I. A deed, dated 1730, at which time the Earl of Tankerville was lord of the manor, contains the award of arbitrators appointed by the consent of all parties to have the lands of the townships divided. It recites that the Earl of Tankerville and eight others are "severally seized of the farms, cottages, and parts of farms in the township fields." Lord Tankerville of $16\frac{1}{2}$ farms, the others of quantities varying from 3 farms $1\frac{1}{2}$ of a farm to $\frac{1}{4}$ th part of a farm. It then proceeds: "The premises above mentioned lie promiscuous in common fields undivided." The only holder in severalty was the vicar, whose "parcel of ground known as the East Field" affords the only known landmark from which the division can begin. The general result of the arbitrators award is that the vicar receives an average of fifty-six acres for each of his three farms, Lord Tankerville gets an average of sixty-four acres for each of his $16\frac{1}{2}$ farms, and the other holders average seventy-six acres for each of their eight farms. The varying quantity seems to depend on the quality of the land allotted in each case. I will not multiply evidence for this opinion, but will quote a statement made by a man who was in the employment of a solicitor in Morpeth, and who represented a legal memory extending back as far as 1780. He says: "I believe that in former times the word *farm* was used in many parts of this county to express an aliquot part in value of a township, being one of

several portions of land of which a township consisted, each one of such portions having originally been of equal value." He supports this by reference to cases of allotments in which he was himself concerned.

This use of the word *farm* to signify an original unit of land-tenure is peculiar to Northumberland, and probably has led to much interesting evidence being overlooked, as the ancient use of the word for a fixed interest in undivided land is easily confounded with its modern signification of a fixed amount of land. But many traces can still be found by one who searches for them. The records of vestry books show that contributions to parochial purposes were assessed upon each township in proportion to the number of ancient farms which it contained. In many cases this continued long after the division of the lands of the township, and long after the old meaning of the word *farm* had been forgotten. Church rates were paid on farms; so were customary payments to the parish clerk and sexton. At Warkworth the vestry resolved to rebuild the church wall, each farm being responsible for two yards of walling. It is curious to observe how long it was possible for an ancient institution to exist side by side with a new one. In the township of North Seaton the assessment of church rates on farms ceased in 1746, but the assessment of poor rate remained on the ancient basis down to 1831. Still more noticeable is the case of the township of Burradon. I have no record when the enclosure of the greater part of the township took place; but two parcels of land were left uninclosed. One was divided in 1723, the other in 1773. Upon both divisions each freeholder had appointed to him a part of the common in proportion to the number of ancient farms of which his inclosed lands were reputed to have consisted. Even after this final division the old system did not entirely disappear. Up to the year 1827 poor

rates and highway rates were assessed at so much per farm, not so much per pound.

The evidence which I have at present proves the ancient division into farms of forty-eight townships. A calculation of the areas of these farms, after they were divided, shows a great variety. They range from 1,083 acres to fifty. No doubt this can easily be accounted for. In the less fertile parts of the county there were large tracts of waste which ultimately were absorbed by the townships scattered at a considerable distance from one another. But there are eight townships where the average farm is below 100 acres, nine townships where the average is between 100 and 120 acres, and nine where it is between 120 and 150 acres. This great variety renders it difficult to account for the Northumbrian farms by any of the modes of reckoning which have hitherto been proposed as of universal application. The Northumbrian unit seems to point solely to the actual facts of the needs of each township at the time of its original settlement.

The relations of these townships to the feudal lords varied, I believe, as much as did their unit of land tenure, though on this point it would be necessary to search the manor rolls in the case of each one separately. A few facts, however, may be stated on this subject. The manor of Tyne-mouth consists of eleven townships. Three of them are of freehold tenure. The remaining eight were in 1847 held partly in copyhold, partly in freehold. Each copyhold farm made a payment for "boon days," and also paid a corn rent. This rent varied in each township; but payment was in every case made according to the number of ancient reputed farms or parts of a farm of which the land consisted. We have no difficulty here in tracing a case in which the lord's demesne was scattered in eight out of the eleven townships contained in his manor. Three townships belonged

entirely to freeholders, and freeholders were settled in the other townships also.

I pass to another instance, the township of North Middleton. The rolls of the court baron of the barony of Morpeth, which is held by the Earl of Carlisle, show that transfers of land in that township were accomplished by the admission of the new owner on the rolls of the manor. The township of North Middleton consisted in 1759 of fourteen farms, of which ten were held by the Duke of Portland, one by the Earl of Carlisle, and three were divided among six other freeholders. The condition of the township in 1797 is described as follows:—"The cesses and taxes of the township are paid by the occupiers in proportion to the number of farms or parts of farms by them occupied. These farms are not divided or set out, the whole township lying in common and undivided, except that the Duke of Portland has a distinct property in the mill and about ten acres of land adjoining, and that each proprietor has a distinct property in particular houses, cottages, and crofts in the village of North Middleton. The general rule of cultivating and managing the lands within the township has been for the proprietors or their tenants to meet together and determine how much or what particular parts of the land shall be in tillage, how much and what parts in meadow, and how much and what parts in pasture; and they then divide and set out the tillage and meadow lands amongst themselves in proportion to the number of farms or parts of farms which they are respectively entitled to. And the pasture lands are stinted in proportion of twenty stints to each farm."

In this case we have the three-field system, with separate homesteads. The lord has a small share in the common lands, but has no separate demesne. The freeholders have mostly parted with their interests to a wealthy landholder; those who still remain hold small portions varying from seven-

eighths to three-eighths of an original farm.

A third instance shows other results. The township of Newbiggin-by-the-Sea was in a manor which ultimately passed into the hands of the Widdingtons. In 1720 Lord Widdington's lands were forfeited and were sold to a London company, who claimed manorial rights which the freeholders of Newbiggin would not allow. The proceedings of a long Chancery suit, in which the freeholders were left with their privileges unimpaired, show us a community completely self-governed, with no interference from a lord and little from the crown. They had a grant of market and fair, and tolls on ships coming into their little harbour. They paid to the crown a fee-farm rent of 10*l.* 6*s.* In 1730, to which date the freeholders' books have survived, we find the arable land already divided, but the pasture land still in common. The freeholders meet and make bye-laws for the pasturage. They appoint constables, ale-tasters, and bread-weighers. They levy tolls on boats and ships, and receive payments for carts loading sea-weed from the shore, for lobster tanks in the rocks, for stones quarried on the foreshore. The money received from these rents of the rocks is divided among the freeholders in proportion to the ancient freeledges, or farms.

These three instances may serve to show the exceeding variety of social life in Northumberland, and the comparatively slight effects of the imposition of the Norman manorial system upon the ancient townships. No doubt this great variety was due to the exceptional character of the county. The lords were bound to "favour their tenants for the defence of the frontiers." They meddled little with the freeholders of the townships, who formed a stalwart body of soldiers ready to follow the fray.

5. But this same habit of following the fray had its disadvantages. It created a wild and lawless habit of life. Though war ceased between England

and Scotland, feuds and robberies by no means ceased between the borderers on each side. "The number is wonderful," write the English commissioners in 1596, "of horrible murders and maymes, besides insupportable losses by burglaryes and robberies, able to make any Christian eares to tingle and all true English hartes to bleede." They estimate the murders at 1,000 and the thefts to the value of 100,000*l.* in the last nine years. The union of the crowns of England and Scotland under one sovereign swept away all pretence for hostility on the Borders, and left the problem of reducing a lawless people to order. This work was begun by the strong sense and capacity of Lord William Howard of Naworth. It would be an interesting and profitable study to trace exactly the disappearance of savage ways and riotous tempers. The work has, at all events, been done in a thorough and satisfactory manner. In no part of England can there be found a more orderly, peaceable, law-abiding folk than are the Northumbrian peasantry. In no part of England is greater friendliness and hospitality shown to the wayfarer than in the valleys of the Cheviot Hills, which were once the haunts of moss-troopers. I never wander over the lovely moorland, and look upon the smiling, peaceful fields below, without feeling comfort amid the perplexities of the present by the thoughts of the triumph of the past. The frowning castles of the feudal lords now stand embowered in trees, and tell of nothing save acts of friendliness to those who dwell around. The peel towers in their ruins defend the flocks and herds from nothing save the inclemency of the heavens. Goodly farm-houses and substantial cottages for the peasants betoken prosperity and comfort. The sturdy good sense of English heads, the enduring strength of English institutions, have solved a problem in this Border land at least as difficult as those which trouble us in the present and cast a shadow over the future.

WILKES AND LORD SANDWICH: A DIALOGUE.

Lord S. Well met, Jack! Egad, I am right glad to see you.

W. Lord Sandwich, your condescension overwhelms me. 'Tis mighty good of you to recognise me at all; but that you should be glad to see me is indeed astonishing.

Lord S. Why so? What the devil, man! We have no politics here.

W. No, my lord, and no liquor either. Yet I never knew you seek any one's society before—at least of our own sex—except either as a political instrument or a pot-companion.

Lord S. Nay, Jack, there you do me injustice. I was always used to relish your wit, even when there was no burgundy to wash it down with.

W. It may be so; but you seldom tried the experiment of taking it alone.

Lord S. True enough. I don't know that anything is the worse for mixing with good liquor. But wet or dry, you must own that your wit always jumped with mine, and that until it became dangerous to public order, and—ahem! offensive to public morality, I never sought to check it.

W. If public order is to be protected by the official burglary of printing offices and public morality vindicated by the suborned larceny of private papers, then your lordship's exertions in these good causes may be applauded. Otherwise you must forgive my asking—

Lord S. My good friend, I would forgive your asking anything if you would only forgive my not replying to it. But people who ask questions are so plaguy unreasonable on that score.

W. You never gave me an opportunity of properly proving my pertinacity on earth, my lord. If I could

only have got you to the bar of the House of Commons—

Lord S. Ha! still those cursed politics! I am really surprised that you haven't learnt to forget and forgive, as I have.

W. As you have!

Lord S. Yes, as I have; and in a devilish Scriptural way too, let me tell you. Doesn't somebody in the Gospels say that it may be all very well to forgive those who despitefully use us and persecute us, but that 'tis a much harder matter to pardon those whom we ourselves have injured?

W. I do not recall the passage; but my knowledge of holy writ is in nowise comparable to your lordship's, and I already see the application of the text. You certainly provided yourself in my case with ample opportunity for the display of that highest form of Christian charity which you have mentioned. May you be forgiven as you forgive those against whom you have trespassed!

Lord S. Amen, Jack! Amen! Come, I am glad to see you in a more rational and religious frame of mind. There is no reason that I know of why we should not become the best friends possible. Indeed, we never ceased to be so until on my accepting office as Secretary of State I felt compelled to rebuke your political and moral excesses.

W. Political, perhaps: but—moral?

Lord S. Why not! Hadn't I just "entered the ministry," as the godly say? Ha! ha!

W. You certainly had had a call from the only god you recognised.

Lord S. And I should have been a fool not to have shown due zeal in my master's service. You, Jack, happened to be the Satan of my courtly deity, and it became my duty to tread

you under foot. Do you suppose a new-frocked parson would allow his activity to be checked by what I'll be sworn a good many of his cloth are no strangers to—a sneaking kindness for the devil?

W. The comparison is hardly exact. The question is whether even Lucifer himself, if converted to piety, would not have blushed to inflict such injuries upon Belial as I had to suffer from you.

Lord S. Tut, man! Enough of these complaints! Why, what the devil ails you? You were not used to whine in this fashion on earth. And, after all, it was a fair match between us. You played for popularity and I for power, and if we come to reckon up our gains and losses, egad! I think we shall find 'em nearly equal.

W. I knew you were ill at accounts, my lord, and that even the Duke of Bedford himself would not have had the face to recommend you for Chancellor of the Exchequer: but I never imagined you so wretched a calculator as you now declare yourself. What! Our gains and losses nearly equal? Equivalence between the things we severally purchased and the prices we severally paid? What *you* bargained for we all know, as well as how little (in your own estimation) you gave for it: and do you mean to assert that what you call my popularity stood me as cheaply as you bought your power?—that years of exile and persecution were as light a price for me to pay as infamy was for you?

Lord S. If by infamy you mean the outcry of the London rabble, I'll own that 'twas no great matter to have faced that. But you who loved their sweet voices, or made believe to do so, you must have found ample solace for your sufferings in listening to them.

W. The cheers of the most enthusiastic populace would scarce repay a man for what I had to endure from your detestable Government. And was it all cheers, my lord, and no hisses? What of your own brutal

mob of followers in the House of Commons—men who pelted me with votes as senseless as the brickbats of the street and insults fouler than its mud? Was it nothing, pray, to have been a mark for the slanders of every blinded bigot who confused the politician with the man, and of every brazen hypocrite who feigned incapacity to distinguish them? A mark for their slanders, did I say? Ay! and for something more deadly too. A target for the bullet of every swaggering place-hunter who was minded to play bravo to the minister, and every weasel-gutted Scot who might hope to avenge my sneers at his empty belly by putting an ounce of lead into mine? Is it nothing to have fought a battle of that kind for years together? But had not I to fight it? and did I ever flinch from it?

Lord S. No, by G—d, Jack! You were a thoroughbred cock of the game! I never denied that.

W. A handsome tribute, Mr. Secretary, and I thank you for it. You are fortunate in being able to pay such compliments. Facts which stare even you out of countenance must be indisputable indeed.

Lord S. Oh, for that matter, I never bore them any ill-will—out of official hours. But a minister is bound to treat truth like a worthy watering-place acquaintance who is a little wanting in manners. One may recognise her at Bath or Tonbridge, but she must not expect a nod in Whitehall.

W. And no one was more apt than my Lord Sandwich at teaching her to know her place—which was not on the Government benches in either House of Parliament. But that makes your present condescension to her the more gracious. You have admitted my wrongs, and I am obliged to you.

Lord S. Not I! I admitted your hardihood, that was all. As to wrongs—'tis a woman's word, and unfit for a man of sense and spirit to use. If what you say of your lot and mine be true—if your popularity were gotten

at so much dearer a rate than was my power—why, the greater folly yours for sticking to so bad a bargain. If you regretted it, you should have made timely submission to the Government and the House of Commons.

W. I never did regret it: and had I made submission, I should have lost that which supported me under the worst of my persecutions,—the consciousness of suffering in the cause of the English people.

Lord S. The consciousness of suffering! the cause of the English people! Now, upon my faith and conscience—

W. As full of strange oaths as ever, I perceive.

Lord S. I say, upon my honour—

W. Swear by your office, my lord. The altar before the gift that is thereon.

Lord S. By the bones of St. Francis—and you remember, Jack, how Dashwood relished them grilled—I vow I never looked to find, either in one world or the other, a more impudent dog than myself: but you beat me. The devil fly away with me—as the Buckinghamshire bumpkins were always expecting he would—but you beat me by a distance.—You, a sufferer for the English people! You a martyr in the cause of anybody but Jack Wilkes!

W. I am not surprised at your sneer, my lord. In the school in which you and I were trained, neither country nor people counted for much. The only difference between us was that you added to this training the after experience of the oppressor, and I that of the oppressed. It was in resenting my own wrongs that I first learned to sympathise with those of my fellow-countrymen.

Lord S. Hear him! Hear him! Lord, Jack, 'tis as good as a play to listen to you! Pity we cannot run up a hustings here and return you a member for Hades. After all, you might as well have sat for it as for the place you actually represented.

W. Ay, indeed! I might have been returned by a community of shadows

for all the respect that your hacks in the House of Commons thought fit to pay to the electors of Middlesex.

Lord S. What? that old grievance again! I thought the “years of exile” and the compulsory pistol practice were the only wrongs that really rankled in your mind. But it seems we are to have up the expulsion quarrel as well, and to hear how mightily aggrieved you were because the House of Commons had no relish for your company.

W. What right had the House to choose its company? What prerogative of selection among those designated by the free choice of the electors has the Constitution ever conferred upon it?

Lord S. The House adjudged you disqualified to sit, and—

W. Adjudged me disqualified! It is not for the House to adjudge disqualifications for any cause. The law disqualifies and the law alone. I was neither alien nor felon, nor even peer; and as to my moral character I maintain that that rather fitted me if anything to be raised to the Upper House than excluded from the Lower.

Lord S. Oh, as to that, with all my heart! You don't suspect *me* of being strait-laced, I suppose; and I would as lief have had you for a companion at St. Stephens as at Medmenham. But what would you have, man? We wanted to drive a dangerous fellow out of Parliament, and your morals made as good a tin kettle to tie to your tail as another.

W. Not so, my lord; you could hardly have made choice of a worse. It was the sight of men like yourself and Dashwood engaged in the persecution of the companion of your vices which roused the righteous wrath not only of every foe of tyranny but of every hater of hypocrisy. It was to you and your like, Lord Sandwich, that I owed my popularity with the English people.

Lord S. More talk for the pot-wallopers! When did a demagogue ever see or pretend to see anything in

his ragged following but a full-fledged delegation from the people?

W. What is a demagogue, my lord? What is there even in the name that it should be a reproach to own it? Was Mr. Burke a demagogue?

Lord S. He was a dinner-bell. But to what does this stuff tend? Do we not well know, Jack, you as well as I, that the whole battle over your expulsion and incapacitation was, like every other struggle among parties in Parliament, a contest for place, and that if Mr. Burke attacked the disqualifying resolution while young Charles Fox defended it, it was because the first wanted to oust us to make room for his own friends, while the second thought, and proved right in thinking, that he could best edge himself into a place by supporting us.

W. I should not think of questioning your consummate insight into motives of that kind, my lord; but what, pray, have they to do with the question I put to you? Whatever the two sides fought for there must have been a right side and a wrong one. Either ministers and their majority were actually violators of the constitutional privileges of electors, or the minority were mere factious agitators putting forward a pretended grievance to veil their lust of power, and attempting to pass off as the outcry of an indignant people what your lordship once described to your peers as the "feeble echoes of a desponding ambition."

Lord S. Ha! Did I say that? I wonder who I stole it from. It sounds somewhat like a sentence from that sharp-tongued rascal who used to lash his Grace of Grafton at such a rate? What was his name?

W. What, indeed? You never knew it, my lord; your colleagues never knew it. Nobody could ever have doubted that, not even if you had officially asserted it. For no man rotted in a gaol, no man was even crushed with *ex-officio* informations for anything in the famous *Letters*; and that alone proves you ignorant of who

Junius was. For once the malignity of ministers goes bail for their veracity. But the sentence I quoted came never from the pen of Junius. It is thoroughly in your lordship's style. It fell naturally into its place in your argument that it was not the majority of the people of England which was demanding redress of grievances, because only thirteen out of forty counties had, in fact, petitioned for it. Will you argue that question with me now, my lord?

Lord S. What, here?

W. Why not? 'Tis quieter than the House in which it was argued before, and cooler.

Lord S. May be, but there is nobody to vote, and if you imagine me to have ever regarded a parliamentary disputation as of any other value than to provide time for the minister to get his majority down to the House, you must have studied my political character to very little purpose.

W. I never made so innocent a mistake. But I thought it possible that in this blank underworld, where there is neither horseflesh nor womanflesh, nor drink, nor dice-boxes, nor duelling-pistols, your lordship might possibly be glad to take refuge in political discussion.

Lord S. Indeed? and seek to relieve the *ennui* of immortality by what was the most monotonous and interminable of all mortal employments. But go on! There is a kind of pleasure in seeing you play patriot again as in your old brazen days, and with the same old impudent pleas for overruling what, if your friends had only happened to be in office, you would have called "the voice of the people speaking through its only constitutional organ."

W. I need not be at the pains to refute a calumny which I doubt not you would have been equally ready to fling at so high-minded a politician and good a Whig as Mr. Burke.

Lord S. Considering that I have already flung it at him in the course of this colloquy of ours, you have certainly a right to your modest con-

fidence on that point. Every one knows what a good Whig means. It means a man who has "the people" in his fob like his watch, and can tell what their will is at any moment as one tells what is the hour. He is a kind of popular chancellor of his own creation, who keeps the conscience, not of the king, but of all the king's subjects.

W. I am well aware that your lordship's Whiggery was satisfied with keeping the conscience of the Duke of Bedford. No one had a better eye for a sinecure than yourself.

Lord S. 'Tis a good jest, Jack, but not your own: and all are not sinecures that look so. A man's conscience is like his health: the less he has of it, the more carefully his attendants have to consult it. No man is really at ease in that regard, until, like me, he has been given over by the doctors. But there is malice, I know, in your rallying me with the title of Whig.

W. You were surely as good a Whig as George Grenville, my lord, except, perhaps, that he believed in his Whiggery. And, moreover, you never dropped the title.

Lord S. Dropped it? No, egad! There were good reasons for that. Those who nicknamed us "the Bloomsbury gang" could hardly expect us to drop our vizors. But you know I never played the hypocrite with you, or pretended that the names of "Whig" and "Tory" were anything but counters in the game for place and power. To get a majority in the House of Commons, and to keep it, was the beginning and end of my politics: and those who feigned devotion to any other principle, like Rockingham and his canting crew, were, in my reckoning, but place-hunters of another and less reputable kind. Besides, I held them to be unfair players at the game. It was to be played in Parliament, and not among the mob outside.

W. Then the opinion of the people—

Lord S. Oh! "the opinion of the people." 'Twas always a mighty con-

venient fiction for the good Whig, as you call him. It enables him to say that whenever the House of Commons declares against his own political objects—which is another word for his own political interests—it is false to the commission which it has received from the country.

W. Not so. There must have been a clear usurpation of authority on the part of the House before a sound Whig would take upon himself to say anything of the kind—as clear an usurpation as there was in the disqualifying decision pronounced upon myself.

Lord S. Tut! Who is to be the judge on that point but the House itself?

W. What? Define its own authority.

Lord S. Why, who else should, or who else can, in the devil's name?

W. The law and the constitution.

Lord S. Lawyers must declare law, and the lawyers refused to interfere. As to the Constitution, 'tis the mere nick-name of a measuring-wand, which can be as easily lengthened by the minister as it can be shortened by the opposition. If a majority of the House chooses to say that this or that is the law, and if no court will interfere with it, the law it is.

W. In my case, then, my lord, you would have imposed two hundred and odd despots on the country which would not brook a single tyrant.

Lord S. Yes—if a country can be said to tyrannise over itself—I would. Why what, pray, were your two hundred and odd despots but the country itself?

W. They? the nominees of borough-mongers and the lick-spittles of the Court!

Lord S. Oh, your servant, sir! If you are for a reform of Parliament before you will allow its authority you are like to have trouble enough in governing the country, as time goes on—at least so long as there is enough of factious acuteness in the world to discover flaws in our representation.

W. To challenge the constitution of a court is not to question its jurisdiction.

Lord S. 'Tis much the same thing, however, if the prisoner is to be allowed to persevere with his challenge until he has got a tribunal to find in his favour. But that was ever the way of the Whigs. Parliament has always been to them like one of the idols of my namesake islanders—those savages, you remember, to whom Cook made the head of the Admiralty stand sponsor—worshipped to-day and belaboured to-morrow. They banged their wooden deity to their heart's content in 1768-70, and in 1784, when they wanted their god for the damning of young Pitt, they were on their bellies before it to a man, in pretended adoration. Who heard anything against the House of Commons or in favour of "the country" then?

W. I am not concerned to excuse their inconsistencies. I was no more a Whig in the party sense than I was a Wilkite.

Lord S. Good! then give up your case, Jack, and own yourself a seditious rogue. Ha! ha! For there's no way of defending your rioters and yourself from any one who chooses to pronounce the whole pack of you worthy of the cart's tail, except it be the Whig plea. How dared you stir up commotion against the House of Commons, you dog, unless you had Divine authority for saying that the rabble knew the real mind of the electors, and that the House did not? And revelation of that kind has never been granted to anybody but a good Whig.

W. You need not look about, my lord, for the inspiration of that prophecy which the event confirms. The House of 1782 proclaimed the condemnation of the House of 1770. The entry in the records of the later Parliament remain a perpetual witness to the servile violence of the earlier.

Lord S. Psha! 'Tis a witness to nothing but a shifting of the political balance. 'Tis no proof at all that the

wrongs of Alderman Wilkes, and the noisy citizens who mobbed their betters in support of him, gave any concern to the electors of the country either in one year or the other. By 1774 both king and people had grown sick of the quarrel, and were glad of any excuse for ending it.

W. Nay, my lord! Is that any reason why the later House should have gone out of its way to record a censure of its predecessor's action? For such a step as that there could be no other reason than this—that the Parliament which expunged my sentence felt assured that the Parliament which imposed it was no faithful representative of the people.

Lord S. And yet each was alike an assembly packed by boroughmongers! Ha! ha! ha! On my soul, Mr. Wilkes, for a man who was no more a Whig than a Wilkite, you can preach with the one as well as you could shout with the other. How came it about, pray, that so vilely ill-constituted a chamber righted you at last!

W. There are some warnings which even the most corrupt of timeservers dare not disregard. But do not imagine, my lord, that I felt any peculiar gratitude even to the assembly that reinstated me, or that I thought it needed purging any the less for that. A House of Commons which derived its power, in truth instead of only in name, from the people, would never have dared to expel any member not disqualified by law, who was the free choice of a constituency.

Lord S. Be not too sure of that. There is nothing so magical in a popular vote as to make all men wise on whom it is conferred. Do you think by mere multiplication of electors to make the representatives of each constituency more regardful of the right, as you call it, of any other constituency to foist upon them a hateful associate? Do you believe it impossible in a reformed Parliament for another John Wilkes to make his appearance in the House of Commons,

and another excluding resolution to find a place in its journals?

W. I believe that such a scandal—

Lord S. Which, Jack? I mentioned two.

W. 'Tis but a poor wit, my lord, that requires the ill manners of an interruption to give it point. I believe, I say that no such scandal as the vote which expelled me from the House could have been witnessed in a popularly constituted Parliament, and that if it had, it would have been much more speedily and sternly rebuked by the country.

Lord S. Ay truly? Then, egad! I should like to know why. Which of the two scandals think you would be the more unlikely to happen—the election of a Wilkes or his exclusion? Or is it that the country would be so little scandalised at the former event as to be doubly shocked at the latter?

W. Your lordship's raillery is not very difficult to meet; for the question which you have just put in irony may be answered quite seriously in the affirmative. The country would not be—nay, it never has been—scandalised by the entrance of any duly qualified member freely chosen by a constituency into the House of Commons, whatever the defects of his private character. It would justly deem those defects to be no affair of any one so far as politics are concerned, and would be as justly indignant at the hypocritical tyranny of any House of Commons who should insist on wresting them into a pretext for exclusion.

Lord S. A nation of philosophers, hey?

W. I see nothing in such behaviour but the plainest common sense.

Lord S. I have heard some tiresome discourses declare that common sense is the highest philosophy, and I know from my own experience that no man governs himself wholly by its dictates unless he has something of the philosopher about him. What do you suppose will have become of popular prejudice in the days you are looking forward to?

W. Of popular prejudice?

Lord S. Ay! You seem to have imagined to yourself a nation of Camdens, a community of cool-blooded constitutional doctors who will only ask each other what are the candidate's rights as a citizen, and not whether he is a disreputable scoundrel who would only disgrace civil rights by being permitted to enjoy them. Is not that your idea?

W. I confess, my lord, that, wondrously elevated as you seem to think such a standard of political enlightenment, I do not regard it as unattainable. I am indeed of opinion, as you know, that it had actually been attained by many more Englishmen in my own time than the king and his ministers were ever willing to believe. My persuasion is that the majority of the English people were not less earnest, if more self-restrained Wilkites, than the crowds who burnt a jackboot and a petticoat instead of the *North Briton* in '63 and rolled Charles Fox in the mud in '71.

Lord S. Never believe it. Out of every hundred tongues which swelled the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty," and out of every hundred pair of ears—and I'll throw you in the short ones with the long—that listened to it willingly, there were not a dozen wagging in the jaws or sprouting from the skulls of men who cared one straw for Liberty, or one peppercorn for Wilkes. The London mob were in one of their surliest humours, the people of the country were in the grumbles at a score of things. They were sick of the Scots, disgusted with the Princess Dowager, disappointed with the young king. Any stick will do to beat a dog with; you were the stick they caught up. But never suppose for a moment that had times been quiet, and the people contented, they would have troubled themselves about the arrest of a scribbler for seditious writing, or his punishment—

W. On another and a trumped-up charge, when the first was found ineffectual? You think not, my lord!

Be it so. Let us suppose the English people worthy of the men who were ruling them in 1763. Nay, let us suppose, if you please, that but for their own private discontents they would have been equally indifferent to that malignity of persecution which hunted me from my seat in the House of Commons six years afterwards. I did not so read the character of my countrymen even in my own day; but I should despair of human nature itself if I thought that the apathy which you ascribe to them under wrong and oppression, was inveterate and imperturbable. I do not believe, I say, that even fifty years after my arbitrary expulsion from the House of Commons a like outrage upon the rights of constituencies would have been probable. A hundred years afterwards, and especially assuming a reform of the representation, I think it would have been impossible.

Lord S. A "purified" House of Commons would be more ready, you mean, to welcome a dirty associate.

W. No: but less patient of a foulness more repugnant than his—the hypocrisy of those who, as a pretext for excluding him, pretend horror at vices or at opinions which shock them nowhere else but in Parliament. But such a House as I imagine would be not more disgusted at the hypocrisy of the pretext than contemptuous of its irrelevance. They would put it aside as soon as looked at. They would hold that the sole qualification for a member is that, being legally competent to serve in Parliament, a constituency has lawfully chosen him thus to serve, and were he the most odious of human beings, his fellow-members would conquer their qualms, and admit him.

Lord S. Judges, in fact, is what you expect to find in them: full-bottom wigged, ermine-tippetted, owl-visaged judges, by the Lord!

W. Is that character then so unbecoming a "high court"?

Lord S. It would be a devilishly inconvenient one for the purposes of a minister.

W. You reason too exclusively from personal experience, my lord, in assuming that English ministers will always be on the side of injustice. I can imagine circumstances in which a Government would ask nothing better than that the House of Commons should deal with the rights of candidates and constituencies in the strict spirit of the judge?

Lord S. Can you? Then 'tis more than I can. I should have thought they might always ask something better than what they have no chance of obtaining. Why, sure, if the House of Commons should ever become capable of behaving like so many judges, when it came to a question between the 'Ayes' and 'Noes,' there would be an end on't as a House of Commons. Trust me, Jack, I am sorry to see an old crony of mine and a good fellow too at the bottom, the victim of such fantastic imaginings. Rest assured, my friend, that even if another question of Parliamentary incapacity should arise the House will never deal with it in any but the old fashion. Rely upon it that it will not be constitutional lecturing but what you call "prejudice" which will carry the day.

W. Then the country will bring the House to its senses the day following.

Lord S. There will be no more prejudices then, you think, in the country than in the House?

W. Yes, one more perhaps: a prejudice in favour of fair play. That has always been strong among Englishmen, as none should know better, my lord, than you and your accomplices, who covered beneath their wrath. They have ever been true to that cause, save only when they have been led astray by their own ignorance or by the falsehood of others. And those are evil influences which are fast losing their power over men.

Lord S. You believe that?

W. All men believe it but those who have an interest in doubting it. I can understand your lordship's incredulity.

Lord S. Better, I should think, than I can your faith—or could, if I were fool enough to think it sincere. But you are impudence incarnate, Jack, to talk in this fashion to me. An augur who refuses to exchange smiles with his brother must be a shameless dog, indeed; and who could bear to hear one quack doctor bidding another rejoice that colics have disappeared or that bumpkins no longer believe in bread pills? Why, man, if there had been no ignorance among the people, or no appetite for the lies we fed it with, what would have become of you and me?

W. Well, I might perhaps have to learn a new trade; but you, my lord, would have starved. It is the bad minister who makes the demagogue: the falsehoods of authority have to be fought with the half truths of popular leaders; but the day when the people are enlightened enough to see through the arts of the former, the occupation of the latter will be gone. If a violent majority could ever be found to pervert the plain issue of justice in the case of another John Wilkes, a nation, disposed towards a just judgment by that very enlargement of their liberties which would give them new power of enforcing it, would speedily warn their disloyal House of Representatives to undo its work.

Lord S. Wonderful! 'Tis only necessary then to enlarge the powers of a tribunal in order to insure the wisdom and justice of its decrees. On this foot, Jack, your liberties would have been safer before a Turkish Bashaw than in the court of King's Bench.

W. The day will come, nay, by this time, I doubt not, it has come, when, if the House of Commons should again usurp authority to reject the choice of a constituency—which I cannot believe possible—the country would to the first protest of the claimant respond with a voice as sovereign and silencing as one of the old decrees of royalty: "Let right be done!"

Lord S. What? If the fellow were unpopular?

W. Who could have been more unpopular with every saint and sycophant in the kingdom than I? And see how my cause was taken up. But why speak of our own times? The age, my lord, that tolerated you as a minister—

Lord S. Might well have been less liberal I admit. We both of us owed something to its laxity, for if it made me a minister it made you a popular hero. Your mob was no more strait-laced than my majority: and I don't admit that there was any more insincerity in the horror of Parliament at the vices of John Wilkes than there was in the disgust of the populace at—

W. The treachery of Jemmy Twit-cher? Ah! there I differ from you, my lord.

Lord S. Of course you do. But you won't deny that if ministers relied on the servility of Parliament you owed much of your vogue to popular ignorance. And I see not whence you get your belief, that a more enlightened people as you call it would be as free from prejudices of all kinds as those who were too ignorant to have any. I suppose that greater enlightenment means better morals, more religion, if not more loyalty, hey?

W. No doubt.

Lord S. Then how the devil, Jack, can you believe that a moral, religious, and loyal people would imitate their godless and seditious forefathers by running at the tail of another such rogue as you?

W. The more of these virtues they possessed the more deeply they would reverence justice. See here, my lord, I will put a case to you. I will imagine a man who should unite in himself every circumstance of scandal which offended your virtuous ministers and your Parliament in me, and should add yet more offences of his own. He should be accused, as I was, of advocating seditious opinions, and of using language injurious to the

Royal House; but, unlike me, he should have gone the length of recommending republican in place of monarchical government, and should have levelled his insults at Royalty in public speeches to indiscriminate audiences. He should stand charged, like me, with the authorship of writings which outrage public morality; but, unlike me, he should have published, as well as written, them, and they should have differed for the worse from mine, as immoral doctrines differ from licentious jests. And lastly, he should lie, as I lay, under the reproach of impiety; but, unlike me, he should be a deliberate, instead of a careless, blasphemer, and have publicly sought to undermine religious faith, while I only privately ridiculed religious rites.

But if, along with all these titles to popular odium, he should be able to put forward the one claim upon the House of Commons and the country, that he had been freely chosen by a constituency to be its representative in Parliament——

Lord S. Well?

W. I am firmly persuaded that the House would not dare, nor the country bear, his exclusion from his seat.

Lord S. You are? Then I would to Heaven, Jack, that we had something to bet with in this cursed place, for I should like to hold you a heavy wager that, if ever such a case should occur as you have imagined, you would find yourself woefully mistaken.

H. D. T.

EL PLAGIO¹: A MEXICAN STORY.

THE *beau monde* of the city of Mexico was agog for the latest news of the "plagio," and certes it had been cunningly planned and daringly enough executed to make it worth gossiping about. Coming down the steps of the National Theatre after the opera, Carlos Caballero had been seized from amongst his friends, muffled, huddled into a common hackney coach, and galloped off within sight of everybody. Ere friends, police, and soldiers had recovered from their surprise, the coach had vanished.

Despite all public and private detective work, despite large rewards offered by Government and friends, not a trace of Carlos had been found up to the morning of the fourth day, when I looked over the pages of the *Monitor Republicano* before starting down to get my ante-breakfast douche bath at Alberca Panè.

While dressing and riding down to the baths, I kept pondering over the strange event. That a man could be forcibly carried off from among such a crowd, and disappear so completely in a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants seemed almost incredible. Seeing that all the city congregates there, it is not surprising that the Alberca Panè baths, to which I was going, on the outskirts of Mexico, are as thorough a haunt of gossip as the Spa of Bath, or the Pavilion at Brighton used to be. I therefore got off my horse and walked in, with a certainty of gleaning the last novelty. Sure enough each group in the crowd was discussing the all-absorbing topic; but not a ray of new light could any one throw upon it, or its perpetrators.

I sauntered through the pretty rose

gardens and geranium beds, had my douche and chocolate under the eucalyptus trees that overshadowed them, and was just remounting my horse, when a sturdy Indian, covered with dust and sweat, ran up to me, pushed a note into my hands, and started off again in a quick trot for the city, without more than the uncovering of the head, usual among the common peasantry.

Quick as he was, I recognised him as the gardener of an English friend who had taken a country house in San Angel, a pretty little town about ten miles south of the city, which was a favourite summer resort for all who were able to afford two establishments. There he had lived for a couple of months with his wife and children. Many a pleasant breakfast under the veranda, opening on to the garden, we had had together there, and many a jolly romp had that garden seen between little Charley, Ethel, and their uncle Tom, as they had dubbed me. My heart, therefore, stood still when I read in the note:—

"Come at once. Ethel kidnapped last night. Cayetana, the nurse, has not been seen since evening. Bring out a doctor, as Mary is seriously ill.

"SUMMERVILLE."

A line of street cars ran from the corner of the Baths to San Angel, and there was one ready to start as I looked up. So sending my servant back to the house to see the doctor, get my arms and most trusty horse, and then to ride out with another confidential servant as fast as they could after me, I was soon rattling along the track behind a jangling, kicking little pair of Mexican mules, to whose usual pace a dollar in hand to their driver had added a miraculous speed; but fast as they went the distance seemed interminable. To think of that beautiful child, my

¹ The kidnapping. This story has its origin in two cases of kidnapping which took place in the city of Mexico during the years 1872-3, and revolting as parts of it may appear, every fact, every scene, given is authentic.

poor Ethel, in the hands of barbarian Mexican plagiaris was perfectly maddening. My misery was augmented too, when I remembered that it was one of my own servants who, through me, had got my friends this nurse-girl, Cayetana.

Reaching the little station of San Angel, I rushed up the ill-paved main street, and, regardless of watch-dogs and propriety, burst into the house, stumbling in the drawing-room upon poor Summerville, sitting dry-eyed with despair, his head buried in both hands. The boy was with Mrs. Summerville, who, after fits of fearful hysterics, could only be calmed by having the child with her.

The story was soon told. Little there was to tell. At two o'clock the day before, Summerville and his wife had gone to the city, and returned at six to find Ethel and Cayetana missing. Charley remembered seeing them go down towards the end of the garden, soon after his mother and father left, while he stayed with the gardener and watered the plants in the veranda. After about an hour they noticed a strange dog in the garden, chased him down to the end, and through the little door into the street, which, to the gardener's surprise, they found open; and after shutting it again they went back and busied themselves with the flowers. The gardener corroborated Charley's story, and the other servants were, in spite of all cross-questioning, absolutely ignorant of everything. So certain had the parents been of Cayetana's faithfulness, that they did not give the alarm to the police till 9 P.M., when it was too late to communicate with the city. They had sent in the gardener this morning on the opening of the city gates, to warn the police, take a note to the American ministers, and one to me. The only thing that had been learnt by the police this morning, was that Cayetana had been seen at about three o'clock the previous afternoon to get on to the car for Tlalpan, a village where her aunt

lived, some four miles along the edge of the valley beyond San Angel; but no word, no trace of Ethel had been found. Her golden hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes were so striking, that every one, even passing strangers, must take notice of the pretty little five-year old, and I was puzzled to understand how no one had seen her, unless she had been wrapped up in a shawl and carried away. However, Juan, one of the servants I had sent for, was Cayetana's cousin, and through him, having been a consort of robbers, if not a robber himself, in old days, I hoped to unravel the mystery.

While waiting for the horses I made the rounds of the garden, interrogated the servants, saw the chief of police and station-master, and finally persuaded poor Summerville to have some breakfast with me. My coming had brightened him up, as he knew that I was hand in glove with all the revolutionists of the district, and that they had not forgotten certain kindnesses I had been enabled to do them during the troublous time of 1872. So I was trying to persuade him that all would turn out well, that through them I should easily be able to recover Ethel, that there was no fear of their maltreating so young a child, when the welcome clank of horses and armed men in the *patio* signalled Juan's arrival.

I found out from him that an aunt of Cayetana's lived in Tlalpan, and some other relations in an Indian village on the mountain called San Bernabè. So my mind was soon made up. I sent José across the mountains to my old friend Alejandro Gutierrez, whilom an outlawed revolutionist, and now general in the regular army, commanding the mountain range, to tell him what had happened and intreat his help; saying that I myself would go to Tlalpan, and from there either come or send word to San Bernabè, and if the help he sent didn't find word from me there, that they were to come straight on to Tlalpan.

A ten minutes' nibble at a mouthful of corn and barley for the horses, and I pressed Summerville's hand at the door, and was trotting steadily onwards with Juan. Clearing the main streets, arched with trees, catching glimpses through them of handsome houses in fair, broad gardens, we got on to a muddy road lined on each side with tiny Indian houses, each in its patch of land ablaze with roses.

But houses now get fewer and far between. To our left the white domes and spires and roofs of the city glistened ten miles away on the green plain. To our right the mountain range rises, its abruptness heightened by the mighty crater Ajusco, towering close above us, down whose sides we can trace, grey, green, and slaty, a mighty flow of lava, which spreads out before us four miles across a darkly forbidding lake of slag. Beyond it we can see the massive red brick walls of the factory of Tlalpan looming up against the blue lakes of Chelco and Tescoco, fading into the dim distance, their far shores hardly distinguishable from the foot of the great volcanos, whose peaks ten thousand feet above are hid in vast clouds. A plunge and a stagger, and my roan's hoofs rattle on the hard grey lava. What more dreary expanse could be imagined! Nor tree, nor flower, nor grass in those four miles—nor sign of life, save here and there a withered, spindling shrub in throes of wasting life. Great rolls and beds of lava swell and boil, now dull and lacking lustre, now glinting as the glassy slag has been rolled over the once molten beds beneath, but frozen ere it rolled its length from under that long swale. One can trace where the heated masses from below have bubbled up, ripple following ripple in decreasing circles till they have slowly cooled and died. And as I glance up to the crater four thousand feet above, and four miles away, the feeling comes over me—What if another eruption should suddenly burst up, smothering us with cinder-rain, and beating alike horse

and man to the ground with ashes, or hurled heavenward? The *Malpais* (bad land) it is well-named by the Indians. Even my horse seems to catch the infection of its ominous character; as, meeting a poor Indian round a sudden knoll of lava, he pivots around, snorting as if it were the first time he had ever seen a half-clad "Otomite" Indian carrying a bundle of sticks on his back.

Nor did my errand lend a brighten-influence to the dreary scene. If, as I half dared to hope, we found the Plagiarios, how likely, in the sharp fight we were sure to have, that the child might get hurt. Even the thought of the coming scrimmage was not pleasant, and I confess to several times shaking my carbine and pistols loose in their holsters. No trotting through such a country, where every footfall must be studied, every step measured against a stumble on that cruel grey floor. So it was past noon ere we reached Tlalpan.

Our errand there was soon accomplished. We found out at the station—nothing. At Juan's aunt's no one was home; but we wormed out of the neighbours with some difficulty that Cayetana had come to her aunt's the afternoon before, and that both had started hurriedly in the direction of the Cañada, a village on the slope of the mountain, three miles away, from which a trail led right across the range to the valley of the Toluca.

To find Cayetana seemed the most necessary thing. Even if she had not the child with her, she must know something of its whereabouts, or who took it. So to horse and after them, rain-clouds gathering and swirling around the volcano tops, betokening the coming storm.

At the Cañada are no traces. But Juan knows of a hut at the top of the range on the trail, which she must pass, and we push on into and up a gorge that Ajusco might well have rent in the mountain side during one of the labour-throes which brought forth the great lava stream. So high

towered the rocks over us, so narrow was the outlet to the sky, so black and drear were the sides, so dark the trail that wound along the stream—that we might have been entering the portals of Hades. Ere long the gloom intensified, and down came the rain in sheets as if to fill the gorge. Galantly our horses struggled up and onward, now stumbling over a hidden boulder, now sliding and wrenching on some treacherous moss-grown slope of clay. The stream that, as we entered, was a rippling thread, scarce wetting the horses' hoofs, is now a brawling, turbid torrent well above their knees.

Soon, however, the swirl of wind sweeping down the glen shows we are getting upward at last. The cliffs open away on each side. But oh! the trail! the trail! With the increasing gloom it gets worse and worse. The rough stones below are better than the clay soil baked hard by morning's sun, and then glazed with afternoon's rain. A mountain cat, well clawed though he be, could barely crawl up the water-shed. Reached though at last it is, and a little hut, from which comes anything but a reassuring answer to Juan's first request for admittance.

"What do you want? Who is that with you? There is no room. Go to San Bernabè. Well, we have nowhere to put the horses. My daughter is sick. Go to San Bernabè. So, only the Englishman with you?" were the questions and the statements which came from the inside of the shanty.

At last a couple of pine-knot torches were lit inside, sending long narrow rays of light through the ill-made walls, and grumblingly a thick-set, heavy-faced Indian opened the door. Taking my carbine out of the holster, I turned over my horse to Juan, and entered.

The hut was typical. Forty feet by fifteen, built of a light framework of pine-poles lashed and notched together; the ill covered-in roof and sides were made of long shingles split by hand

out of pitch-pine. A flimsy partition running up about seven feet divided it into two rooms, which everybody inhabited indiscriminately, whether the family or the passing stranger. A low bed or bunk in each room, covered with dirty blankets and skins were in full use. From the roof a narrow box swung close to one bed showing that there was a baby in the house, though too covered in wraps to be seen. At the end of the room I had entered stood on a bracket a tawdrily dressed image of the Virgin, with a small saucer of oil and floating wick in front of it, carefully kept lighted by the family night and day. Of the inhabitants little need be said. Three travelling Indios, dressed in cotton shirt and trousers, and barely covered in a *sarape* so scant in its dimensions as to show the bronze legs and arms, lay on the bare earth floor beside their packs. On a few skins in another corner, and equally scantily covered, were huddled three or four children. A couple of mangy, ill-fed, lean puppies whine as they awake to scratch a more than usually irritating flea; and discomfort, misery, and dirt reign supreme, save only the game-cock, tethered by one leg to the wall, who ruffled his feathers and flashed one look from black, bright eye at the intruder, and then with a self-satisfied chuckle composed his head under his wing again. Drip, drip, the water fell from half a dozen leaks in the ill-made roof, begrimed black and brown with pitch-pine smoke. Rattle, skrattle, swash, hurled the rain against the weather sides. But dirt and discomfort within were better than the storm without, so I raked together the embers of a dying open fire to wait till my host and Juan came in from caring for the horses.

It had been agreed by us that Juan should do the talking, and I was amused at the diplomatic way in which he commenced cross-questioning; coolly asking what was the news in the valley of Mexico, and explaining that we had been looking after

some timber on the other side of the range for three weeks, and were just returning to the city; that we had expected to get down as far as Tlalpan, and stop at his aunt's for the night, but the cursed storm was too much for us.

"What was the news?"

"Nothing; only they said there had been a great *plagio* in Mexico, but didn't know his name."

"Can't you give the Patron a bed to-night here?" said Juan.

"No—impossible; the family was all sick."

"Then he must go on to Tlalpan, worse luck, and stop with the Pancha, my aunt. She is sure to be there."

"No—she isn't there."

"Where is she then?"

"I don't know. She was going, they told me yesterday, to San Bernabè."

Juan gave me a meaning look; and then with a oath said—

"Well then, where can we go in Tlalpan? The inn is so dirty that the Patron does not like to go there."

"*Quien sabe?*"

I brought out my flask and gave my host a drink of brandy at this juncture, which loosened his tongue somewhat, and he entered into a long confidential chat with Juan, in slang, of which I understood little, only catching the names from time to time of certain famous mountain robbers, which made me think, as really was the case, that Juan was pumping him as to the whereabouts of men who were likely to be mixed up in the *plagio*.

Our hostess meanwhile had prepared some corn-cakes, which she brought out with a small goat's cheese, black beans, and red pepper sauce, and which I disposed of to the admiration of the Indian host and hostess, who were of the opinion that no foreigner's throat was hardened enough to stand red pepper, and that no foreigner could learn to dip it up from the platter on pieces of corn-cake in the true Mexican fashion.

As we had found out what we

wanted, and felt certain that our host said rightly that Juan's aunt had gone to San Bernabè, and that Cayetana was sure to be with her, I, soon after we had finished supper, told Juan to saddle, and mounting we started off into the stormy night. We held the downward trail for a few minutes, till the gleams of ruddy light from the hut had died into the night, and then, haphazard, Juan struck off into the pines and got on to the path to San Bernabè.

A darker night could not well have been imagined, and how Juan found his way, but for the native instinct of direction that all these ex-robbers possess, I don't know. Poor old Juan! In spite of his ex-proclivities for raiding, he was a good comrade, always willing at a moment's notice to make a journey. Never had I seen in my long experience one trace of temper. He seemed to be of that "Mark Tapley" type of mortals, whose spirits rise in the inverse ratio of the hardness of the work before them. And so, whether he ran into a tree and scrubbed his shin-bone, whether a rain-laden bough carried off his hat and sent a cataract of cold mountain water down his neck; whether his horse stumbled over a moss-grown boulder, or into an old rut and crushed his rider's foot under him, he only vented his feelings in a suppressed laugh, in which I could scarcely refrain from joining.

After about four miles of hard going at a slow dog-trot, the path widened, and the first signs of San Bernabè appeared.

The rain and wind holding up at the same time, we soon found ourselves in a rude roadway ten feet broad, with ditches and banks on either side, topped with immense century plants; and the light ahead betokened some late watcher in the village, when at a cross path the quick tramp of a horse, and the sudden, sharp "*Halto, ah! Quien vive?*" brought a sudden stop and our pistols out in the same moment.

"Mexico!" was my equally sharp answer.

"*Di que rigimento?*"

"*Brigade Gutierrez!*"

"*Avanced, uno solo!*"

It was with no very pleasant feeling that I rode up to the dark horseman ten paces ahead of me. I had been told by Alejandro Gutierrez, always when challenged, to give the counter-sign of his brigade in which I was well known; but hardly expecting to meet them there. It might just as well be one of a band of roving robbers; or, indeed, the *plagiarios* themselves; so covering my man well with my pistol, I forged slowly on.

When our horses' heads almost touched, I said—

"Who are you?"

"Lieutenant Fulano of Gutierrez's brigade."

"Oh! Well, I am Don Tomas of the English company. Where is the general?"

At the same time Juan spurring up, sang out—

"Tis I. Juan Galindo!"

"All right. Pass along."

And two or three more men, hidden at the cross roads, crowded up and gave us the good evening, saying the general himself was expecting me at the judge's house in San Bernabè; and it was not more than five minutes ere I was ushered in by the general's orderly to a large, comfortable room, the sides lined with low divans and chairs, above which, on the white-washed walls, hung a few common coloured prints on sacred subjects. At one end stood a little altar, upon which burnt a lamp, below a handsome statuette of the Virgin and child; while, at the other, discussing a bottle of *Tequila*, sat two men perhaps worth while describing to the reader. The one about sixty, whose height was close upon six feet, had vast breadth of shoulder and size of limb, and peculiarly small hands and feet; the head was large and massive, as the man himself; the closely, cropped black hair, for never a grey one had he, gave

roundness to the head, and made the large aquiline nose all the more prominent. The mouth was large, the lips small and close set; and a kindly black-brown eye twinkled with pleasure as he got up to welcome me. The dress was a pair of heavy black trousers, held up by a crimson waist sash, yellow leather boots, a fine linen shirt with a frill, or so much of it as one could see under the blue and red folds of a handsome Indian *sarape*, which was draped gracefully but carelessly over his shoulders. A strong man, who, though of pure Indian blood himself, had risen by natural worth and integrity to the command of the Indians of the mountain range; one who settled their many disputes with each other and the Government; married them, dealt out an even-handed justice, and who, last but not least, though living quietly in this isolated mountain village, and spending at most one thousand dollars a year, could not probably be bought out for half a million of dollars. A courtly, quiet man of good presence; and of a type which, when it comes more into contact with the outer world, may prove the saviour of the Mexican Republic from the degradation into which Spanish rule has thrown it.

The other, Alejandro Gutierrez, general of the brigade of that ilk, was a far different man. He was of middle height and wiry. From under heavy, overhanging brows gleamed cold, cruel, restless eyes; and a fearful scar running from side to side of the face had so cleft the nose that it had earned for him amongst his friends the sobriquet of "*El Chatto*" (The Pug Nose)—a hard face and a hard man. His earliest trade had been fighting. His present trade was the same—one who in this very mountain range had prolonged war after war, revolution after revolution, when all the rest of his *confrères* had given up;—one day two thousand armed Indios at his back—the next fleeing for his life—alone; but still fighting, pillaging, robbing

his opponents; ten years ago an outlaw, to-day in high favour with the Government, a large landholder, and the commander of the mountain range—a valuable man to be friends with, but seeing that he had been brought up to the trade of blood since the day he could use a knife, the most dangerous man for an enemy one could well imagine. A short black jacket with silver buttons, yellow cord trousers and long riding boots, silver spurred, was his costume, while on the table lay his broad-brimmed sombrero, heavy with gold lace, and near it a cavalry sword and gilt mounted carbine. Few men in the city, Mexican or foreigner, I trow, would have dared so to face the lion in his den; but I had done him a good round turn ten years before, and therefore, with one armed servant, was safer in the mountain than I was in the city itself. The “*Chatto*” never forgot a friend, ’twas said; but it was equally true that he never forgot an enemy.

These two men greeted me then, as I entered; and after the necessary compliments had been passed, not forgetting to ask the judge after his two charming daughters, I turned to Alejandro, and said—

“You got my note, general?”

“Yes.”

“And what do you think?”

“Nothing!”

“Well, but I have traced Cayetana and her aunt here; and don’t you think we had better arrest them?”

“Why?”

“Why, because they are sure to know something about it, even if they didn’t do it themselves.”

“*Quien sabe, amigo?*”

“Why, *carrambe!* They must know something.”

“I am not very certain of that.”

“Well, but won’t you arrest and question them?”

“It’s already done.”

“My God! General, and what did you find out?”

“Nothing.”

And as I looked at him in amaze-

ment, he turned round to his orderly and said—

“Bring in Cayetana and La Viega. Take a drink, *amigo*,” he added.

Just as I was raising the glass to my lips, in came the prisoners—the one of whom, Cayetana, regardless of spilling the *tequila* all over me, flung herself at my feet, and grasping my knees, burst out—

“Sanctissima Virgin! Don Tomas! have mercy. Is La Nina found? I didn’t take her. I swear it before the virgin saints. Tell the general that I didn’t. He will shoot me, I know he will. He said so to-night. Save me!”

As soon as I could steady myself, I told the girl that Ethel was still lost, and that she must tell me all she knew; or else, seeing that she was the last person that had been with the child, she would probably be considered a conniver at a *plagio*, if not a *plagiario*; and the Mexican law being in either case that she would be shot, it was not a very pleasant outlook for her. Again beseeching me to save her from the general, she told me the following story:—She had gone to sleep under a tree in the garden at San Angel. On waking up she didn’t see Ethel, but finding the garden gate open, had rushed out, and noticing a friend coming up from the train, had asked her if she had seen the child. The reply was, “There she is in the train.” The last of three or four mulecars was just starting for Talpan, and Cayetana imagining that she must be in one of these, got into it and started. The child was not in that one; and during the journey the thought struck her that the child was kidnapped, and then that she herself would be connected with the crime, and shot. Every moment of the journey the feeling grew stronger, till upon arriving at Talpan she was too frightened to ask any one; but after hurriedly looking through and around the depot, and not seeing the child, had run up to her aunt’s and told the story. Her aunt agreed that she was

in a dangerous predicament; so to avoid trouble they had started to San Bernabè to hide, and in order to throw the police off the scent had passed up through the Cañada to the hut that Juan and I had been to, and thence had turned back to San Bernabè.

"But," she added, "Don Tomas, I swear to you by the most holy relics, by our Lady the Virgin of Guadalupe, by the saints, that the child ran away, and that I had nothing to do with it. I will go back with you and find her. I—I—"

"Calla," interrupted Gutierrez abruptly, "take her out again and lock her up. I told you so, Don Tomas. It is the same story both she and the old woman told me."

"Well," I said, "do you believe it?"

"I am inclined to."

"Good God! General, what do you advise me to do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" I asked, horrified.

"No," said he, coolly. "Not, at least till we have finished to-night's work. Out of the way all of you," he added, addressing the orderly and my two servants that were standing by the door. "I don't mind telling you, Don Tomas, for I know you are true, that I have notice of the whereabouts of the gang that kidnapped Carlos Caballero. Two of them were in San Angel yesterday, and may have taken the child. I have them surrounded, and we will take them in the early morning,—if," he added, "you are no more afraid of rough riding, and perhaps a little fighting, than you used to be ten years ago."

I laughed as I said I was ready for anything; but did he not think it would be better for me——?

"Better," he interrupted, "to do what Chatto says, my friend. He never has played you false, when he might have done so lots of times. Now let's have a drink, and go in and see *las niñas*."

There was no denying after all that his judgment in such a case must be

better than mine; so after a nip we went into another room.

As my story deals with the *Plagio*, and not with Mexican social life, I shall omit the description of our evening. Suffice it to say the charms of the pair of Indian beauties were so great, whether presiding at the supper-table singing guitar-accompanied songs, or both, that the general and I looked glum when his orderly came in about 3 A.M. to say that the horses were saddled.

But after a stirrup cup and once mounted, the business we were on took possession of both of us, and silently we rode into the night. The half-dozen we left with orders in the village reduced our force to eight men. The orderly, a famous mountain guide, took the lead: then came the general, and I followed, Josè close to my skirts, watching my safety as he always did, and then Juan chatting with the rest of the command.

For two hours we walked and jogged along through the pine forest in perfect silence, only lighting a cigarette now and again for company. The day star had risen, and the first uncertain tinge of dawn waked the eastern sky, when a sudden halt—a low, long whistle from our guide—broke the stillness. An answering whistle, faint in the distance; another bird-like note from the guide, which is also answered; and a man on horseback, covered with a rubber poncho, under which jangles his cavalry sabre and carbine, trots up, and, bareheaded in the cold morning air, gives his report to the general in a low tone.

"*Esta bien*," was his laconic answer. "Go round and tell the captain I am here, and to close in as soon as it gets light. If any one tries to break through, shoot him; and then all make for the Pedegral. You can get down, men, but don't unsaddle or light any more cigarettes."

I knew it was no use asking any more questions; so getting off found a comfortable log and sat down. The eastern light grew and grew till the

three stems round us stood out black and dismal. Now the contour of the hill on which we were—the veritable watershed between the two valleys of Mexico and Toluca—loomed up grey and cold. Then the far-off range rose into sight; wraiths of mist flitted ghost-like through the trees, and we still sat there waiting.

Waiting what? How many of us, and how many of our prey, might be clutching the ground in a death struggle within half an hour!

And now too I could almost discern San Angel. That light must be close to Summerville's. Poor souls! what misery was there! and the thought of their little Ethel in the hands of such ruffians as probably were within half a mile of us made me register an inward vow of "no quarter" this morning, if chance of giving quarter there might be; and I found myself instinctively trying the locks of my carbine and pistols. This did not escape the sharp eye of the general, who whispered, with a chuckle—

"You are not as old in the business, Don Tomas, as we are; but we won't keep you waiting."

Long rays of light start zenithward from the points of the eastern range, tipping the clouds with amber, pink, and crimson. I see westward a green grass glade dotted with clumps of pines and low bushes, rising beyond to a cedar forest, its tree tops buried in waving, heaving mist. I catch a hasty glimpse of a ruddy disk rising in the eastern horizon—of the valley dimpling in shadow at its feet—when crack! goes a far-off rifle shot, echoing around us and dying in the distance; and as we instinctively swing into our saddles, two more shots break upon the morning air. Every one looks to the "Chatto," sitting centaur-like on his bay horse, and snuffing the air. The scent of battle opens his nostrils; the pupils of his eyes dilate, his eyebrows lower and lower, till his face becomes repulsive in its fierceness.

"Sabres! advance!"

We trot through the outlying trees

on to the glade, and had just reached a large clump of pines, when "Halt! here they come," the "Chatto" hissed out. And sure enough there, through the cedars, come some nine or ten men, three of whom were well dressed and mounted; the rest, with nought but a shirt and linen drawers rolled above the knee, making almost as good time as the horsemen. They were only a hundred yards away, and, though 'tis many years ago, I can remember well the hunted look, not only on their faces, but in their every movement—the trail of their guns as they sweep onward brushing the dew, from the cedar boughs. The low, vulpine carriage of their bodies makes them seem more wolf-like than human. They were within fifty yards, when my roan, ears pricked and heart thumping against my leg with excitement, could stand still no longer, and gave a furious plunge.

"Charge!" shouted Alejandro, and on them we swept.

I had no sword, but, pistol in hand, rode down one of the foot men, too surprised to make resistance or dodge me. I pulled the horse up as soon as I could, and swung around to the right, where I could see one of the mounted men flickering in and out of the bushes a hundred yards ahead. The roan wanted no spur. Through bushes too large to leap, and over the low ones, did that broad chest and long quarter shoot. Carbines were crackling, and there were shots and clash of arms, wild cheers and yells behind me; but I had my work to do, and the roan was running him like a greyhound coursing a rabbit—gaining every stride. When we were thirty yards apart, the man pulled up short and tried to face me. I have a faint recollection of his firing his pistol in my face, of seeing his horse rear and recoil before the roan's furious charge—a shock—stumble—and we were galloping on again into the arms of the four or five men of Gutierrez's brigade, making the best of their way on to the field, and whom

my man had doubtless seen and tried to turn back from. I am right amongst them ere I can stop the horse, and we trot back together, the roan fighting and plunging at the bit. It was not the first cavalry charge he had taken part in through that mountain range, and the lust of battle was paramount.

We found the robber's horse struggling up with a broken shoulder-blade, and the man dead—poor wretch!—impaled on his own saddle-bow, the sharp peak of which had pierced him through and through. Half sick, I cantered away to the cedar woods, where the last shots had been heard; and in a little opening under a giant cedar was the general, sword in hand, fiercely interrogating an old Indian hag, who snarled back at him from wolfish jaws. Her scant black hair hung in elf locks round as hideous a face as man ever looked upon. Her *reboso* had been torn off, and there she stood, a blue woollen blanket around her loins, and the shreds of a torn chemise around her waist; bare-armed, bare-breasted, and bare-legged; the blood trickling from new wounds; flaps of withered brown skin, gnarled and hard as the bark of the cedars that surrounded her, hung on her bony limbs; and if any personification of witch or hag existed in the world I saw it before me.

Gutierrez was foaming. "Turn her round," he shouted, and a man jumped down, seized her by the wrist, and turned her side to the general.

"Where is the *plagio*? Where is Caballero? Accursed witch!" raising his sword.

"Kill me, Alejandro, but don't strike me," was the steady answer.

"Tell me! tell me!" he yelled, beside himself with rage.

"*No me peges!*" (Don't strike me!) "But kill me," was again the answer.

The sword flashed, and the flat descended fair and full across her back, bringing forth a yell that sullied the mornin' air with its intensity.

"For your mother's sake, Alejandro!" screamed the writhing

wretch, across whose back a long blue and bloody wale had started; "for the love of God, don't strike me again. He is in the big cedar-tree."

"Good. Now, where is the child you took from San Angel?"

"What child?"

"The English child."

"We didn't take one. I swear to you before the Virgin and the saints," she shrieked, as again the cruel eye lit up, and the sabre swung over his shoulder.

Ere I had time to spur forward the blow fell, and with it the poor wretch, who, in trying to escape it, had cowered, till it struck not her back but the back of her head.

"Tie her up. Secure the prisoners. And now forwards for the tree."

"That old hag," he added, as we rode along, "has been at the bottom of every *plagio* and murder in Mexico for fifty years. She began by murdering her own child, then her husband, next her sweetheart; and though you may think what I did brutal, I knew it was the only way to get the truth out of her. Now we know all. The tree is right through there, and in it we shall find the Señor Caballero, but whether alive or dead *quien sabe?*"

"But the child," I cried, "what of the child?"

"Nothing, as I thought before. Cayetana's story is true so far as I see, and we must look elsewhere. Never mind, Don Tomas, you, or rather," he said with a chuckle, "your old horse, behaved like a true son of the sierra to-day, and I sha'n't forget it."

We are at the tree, a noble cedar of vast girth and height, its topmost branches feathering into the clouds, at whose root on one side is a great pile of moss and sticks. Pulling these back we see a hole into the tree, out of which in a minute or two, with exclamations of horror, two of the men drag a body, the sight of which makes me forgive Alejandro's brutality to the old hag.

Can this be Carlos Caballero, the handsome young dandy of the Paseo—that pale, naked body, bruised and blotched with wounds, arms and legs blue, black and bloody where the cruel raw hide thongs have cut into them? The eyes are bandaged, a gag chokes all utterance, the very ears filled with wax to prevent his hearing. Such was the body we tried to resuscitate by rubbing, warming and clothing, and feeding with small doses of brandy from our flasks. The man was alive, but how little life there was! After working at him for a time, we made a litter, collected the prisoners, set some men to bring the dead, and started down on to the stage road, where fortunately we came across a gentleman in his private carriage going to Mexico, who most gladly gave it up to our poor victim.

And now the excitement of action over, I turned to the general, and asked him peevishly what, in the devil's name, I should do.

"Do?" said he; "go down to San Angel with a couple of my men. Let them scout around there while you get a good sleep. Meanwhile, I will send scouts all round, and especially into the city, where I think the child must be, and I'll meet you in the *café* of the Concordia to-morrow at eleven. I can find her if anybody can."

The advice seemed good, and I turned off at the first trail for San Angel with heavy heart.

How gorgeous the morning was! Last night's rain had cleared the mist from the great volcanoes, whose giant peaks gleamed against the clear blue sky. Tesococo, at their feet, reflected their snow caps, piny sides and the rich shore land along their base in its broad waters, while on this side lay, mapped out, the city glistening under the sunlight amid the green gardens of foliage. There, too, to the right, lay San Angel, bowered in roses. "Would I were there!"

In spite of the long day before, the horses felt they were on their homeward way, and stepped out so bravely

that in three hours I was clattering down the street and into Summerville's house with fearful forebodings of what I should have to tell, when as the first echo of the horse's hoofs rattled in the *patio*, out of the drawing-room ran his wife with Ethel, yes, Ethel, clinging to her skirts. I fairly staggered off my horse, took the child in my arms; and it was not till I had had some breakfast that I allowed Summerville to tell the story.

It seems that the little puss had of her own accord opened the gate; and then thought it would be nice to follow her mother to the city. So slipping into a car unnoticed, she had hidden under a seat until she had almost reached Mexico, when she found herself, most fortunately, by the side of a Mexican lady, who asked her where she was going. The reply was, "Going to her house in Mexico." But the child was so young, and the answers so unsatisfactory, that the lady did not like to leave her by herself, and went with her. The child could not find the house, and evening had come on when they met a Mexican friend, who said she knew the child, and that her parents lived in a town ten miles out of Mexico to the north. So they kept the child over night, and went out in the morning to return her. However, on arriving there no one knew her, so they went back to the city, stopping at the American Minister's (where they should have gone at first), and where she was immediately recognised as Mrs. Summerville's lost child, and sent home, arriving about three hours after I had left on the previous day.

A note from the Chatto relieved Cayetana, and after a scolding she was taken back into service. The three *plagiarists* taken prisoner, and the old woman, were summarily shot next day. Carlos Caballero, after a long illness, recovered, and naught remains now in men's minds but a faint memory of the great *plagio*.

THE DECAY OF GENIUS.

THERE is a general feeling in the world that the present is not an age of genius. Despite the many brilliant discoveries which have been made, despite the enormous pains taken to develop the intellect of the human race, despite the large number of clever and educated men there are, a conviction is abroad that there is a lack of genius. Nor is this merely the discontent often felt with the present, and a longing retrospect to a former age of gold. There seems really to be good evidence that however improved our civilisation may be, however increased the number of men who work in concert for the advancement of knowledge, the individual greatness which marked some previous epochs is no longer to be found.

The more strictly we define genius, the more authorised such an opinion will appear. The proper definition of it was laid down by Kant, who showed that the mere making of great and useful discoveries, such as Newton's, though admirable in many ways, does not constitute genius in the strictest sense. All that Newton or most other scientific pioneers have discovered would have been put together or brought out gradually by a number of lesser minds in process of time. Or if it is denied that they would, it is certain that they reasonably might. On the other hand, there is no probability whatever, nay, it may be regarded as impossible, that what Shakespeare or Goethe did, could ever have been done except by their individual *genius*, or incommensurable natural gifts, working under favourable conditions. Such is genius in the strictest sense, which bestows on the human race gifts to be obtained in no other way, and by methods which can neither be taught nor imitated.

This quality it is which cannot be said to have increased, or to have been developed, in our age. It might have been thought that when education reached the lower classes, when many more men were brought within the light of knowledge, many "mute inglorious Miltons" would have found their voice, and enriched us with their song. It is not so. Neither in eloquence, nor in poetry, nor in painting, nor in the art of leading men in politics, have we found successors to Shakespeare, or Burke, or Joshua Reynolds, or Pitt. The same kind of decadence has been seen in other days. The Athenians never had any dramatic masterpieces after a short period—two generations ending the fifth century B.C. They never produced first-rate eloquence after the fourth century B.C. I need not multiply examples. But I will take even a lower level as regards our own day, and assert, that in our professions we do not find the genius—to speak openly—that our fathers had.

In the Christian pulpit oratory has become curiously poor and scarce. The Irish, that great nation of talkers, cannot claim more than two or three orators in the Church of England, they have none in the Church of Ireland, and apparently none—since the death of Father Tom Burke—in the Roman Catholic Church. The same thing may be said of legal eloquence. Since the death of Chief Justice Whiteside and of Mr. Butt, the bar of Ireland does not boast a single orator in whom the public have yet found genius. In politics, the same thing is true. Nor can we say that in any branch the deficiency of eloquence is made up by deep and original thinking. There is nothing of the kind. So again in the medical profession; while there are certainly many more able and competent prac-

titioners than we have ever possessed, there seem to be no longer the master minds, whose works are still unequalled monuments of acute observation and subtle inference. How completely, for example, does M. Pasteur stand out as a solitary genius in his department! The same may be said of M. Cobet in the field of classical philology. There is no one living who could be compared, either in Germany or in England, to the great scholars of former days, except this Dutchman. We live in the days of a respectable and well-instructed mediocrity. The few men of genius we possess in medicine, in eloquence, forensic and sacred, in scholarship, are old, and belong to the now closing generation. We cannot see that they have successors. Is it possible to assign any natural causes for this, or is genius, even in its wider sense of great and original talent, a heaven-sent gift, a spirit which bloweth where it listeth, which we accept with joy, and regret with sadness, but which we can neither produce nor hinder?

The little we know concerning the production of genius will help us to give some answer to this interesting question.

It is notorious that while ordinary talent is more or less hereditary, that amount of talent which approaches genius, not to say genius itself, is quite sporadic and apparently capricious in its appearance. In other words, even the physical conditions at which we can guess are so complicated and easily disturbed, that we find ordinary parents, who have other ordinary children, producing at a particular moment one child of a totally exceptional quality. There is no ascertainable law among the instances furnished by history. Alexander the Great was an only child, Newton an eldest born, Descartes and Kant sixth and seventh in a large family, and so on. Some are delicate in health, some exceptionally strong, some studious, some at first idle; some have an able father, some an able mother, still oftener both are obscure, and perhaps commonplace,

people. So far then it might be argued that unless we undertake to study the physical conditions of the production of the human race with a minuteness impossible in modern society, the origin of genius is a matter of haphazard. Even if careful observations were possible, we could never reach a law without the help of an experiment, and this is practically impossible. The world has drifted further and further away from the notion of Plato, that the most valuable of all the animals in the world should have the conditions of its production most carefully superintended.

But if we should infer from these facts that genius, because sporadic, is altogether beyond the reach of known natural causes, history affords us strong objections to such a conclusion. Though any ordinary parents seem capable, at an exceptionally favourable moment, of producing a child of genius, there are epochs in the history of nations when this does not occur. Nothing is more remarkable than this symptom in a decaying civilisation—that it loses the power of producing individual genius. It may be objected that I am merely giving divers names to the same thing, and that the decay of a nation means nothing more than the inability to produce individual genius. This is not so. It is notorious, for example, that the Roman Republic grew great and prospered without the help or guidance of any great political or literary genius. But even if the two facts were not distinct, they are distinct expressions of the truth that the production of genius is not haphazard, and that there are historical conditions which perhaps promote it, others which certainly prevent it. The history of Greece after Alexander, the history of the Byzantine Empire, of Egypt in its later days, of China, all afford notable examples of the latter. It is possible therefore to have general conditions when no parents, even the best, produce children of genius. Like some fair river, which, after running a splendid course through rich plains and wooded valleys, ends its course amid dull flats and

muddy slob, so do nations end a splendid record with dull and ignoble epochs of senile impotence, when the course of affairs runs smoother and slower, till it is lost in the great Lethe of the ocean. If it be true then that our own is an age in which genius is not produced, we are in the face of this serious problem; is it only a momentary failure arising from the sporadic nature of the thing, or are we coming to one of those epochs of decadence, of which it is the most hopeless and melancholy symptom?

There are many reasons for rejecting the latter inference. Though deficient in genius, our nation does not show the other symptoms of lethargy and decay which we find in Chinese or Byzantine decadence. There is much intellectual activity of diverse kinds, there is wide commerce, scientific discovery of the joint-stock kind, political interest; social life aims at least at not being dull; the vulgar herd are fully impressed with the idea that the age is an age of universal progress, very unlike, for example, the national despair of public life which is said to possess all Spanish society. On the other hand, the fact that along with these very hopeful signs, there is a marked and curious decay of genius points to the conclusion that there must be some definite cause [of hindrance, and not a mere accidental gap in a sporadic production. If this be indeed the case, it is of the last importance to find them out, and see whether they are of a kind to be obviated if not remedied. This is the practical question which has prompted the writing of an article on so obscure and debatable a subject.

Before proceeding to answer it, it will be necessary to give some additional facts in proof of the decay alleged, and also to analyse more closely what we mean by this decay. Do we mean that the highest quality is no longer really produced, or do we only mean that when produced it is thwarted and dwarfed by the circumstances of the age?

It is a very general belief that real genius cannot be quenched, save by killing the body. According to this theory it must show itself, whether thwarted or fostered, in spite of ignorance or any other obstacle. If this be so, the long ages of national decadence of which we have spoken are merely ages in which no genius whatever originated. Had it done so it would have rescued its age. This opinion seems to have based itself on the many cases of early misdirection which have been overcome by the strong will and determined bent of great and original minds. In many cases the true bent and scope of such minds have not been discovered by their parents, and attempts have been made to urge them into some line of life foreign to their taste. With ordinary people this early taste is but a poor guide, and the directors of youth do well to disregard it. In the case of genius, it is believed that all such misdirection must fail, and that the heavenly spark will not be extinguished by any breath of man. These cases of a successful struggle against obstacles of the gravest nature are accepted as conclusive that genius must force its way into eminence, and that therefore all attempts to protect or foster it are in any case useless, perhaps mischievous. We shall find that this conclusion may be true, and yet not at all in the sense here intended. On the other hand, is there any one that has not known people, who, in spite of the greatest talents, seemed to have failed in life? Is it not a common remark, that had such an one had fair play, he would have made a great writer or speaker, or leader of men? In very prosperous countries, like England, where many paths of life are open and success easy, this social phenomenon is not frequent. But in a struggling or in a diseased society, where the avenues to fame are few and crowded, and beset moreover with artificial obstacles, such cases are not uncommon. Making full allowance for the

partiality of friends, and even for the fact that superficial talents produce more than their due effect in society, I cannot but hold that this is the true estimate of the matter, and that though genius will overcome, and even gain by, a certain kind of obstacles, there are many cases where it has died away into mediocrity under the effects of adverse surroundings.

It is, indeed, quite possible that great public excitement, that days of noble strife and exalted patriotism, may so affect ordinary parents as to enable them to produce extraordinary offspring. Yet it is surely more reasonable to say that in the days of Elizabeth, for example, the circumstances of life, both private and public, were such as to give scope and opportunity to every original mind then produced, than to say that at that moment there came into existence an extraordinary quantity of original minds, who created a splendid epoch. This is most clearly seen in the case of military genius. Had the great Duke of Wellington lived in a generation of peace—say in the days of his son,—he would have lived and died in respectable obscurity. Had the heroes of the Indian Mutiny not found that extraordinary theatre for the display of their valour, they would have passed away without earning their well-deserved fame. Man is, after all, very much the creature of circumstances. Nor will this axiom find itself contradicted if we examine more closely the cases which we have mentioned, and which seem in conflict with it. It is not proven that a certain quantity of opposition, of difficulty, of obstacles overcome, may not be the very condition necessary for the proper development of solid and lasting genius. The analogies of the physical and the moral nature of man are too strong to be here evaded. Thus, too, in art, it is often the conventional shackles—the necessities of rime and metre, the triangle of a gable, the circular top of a barrel—which have led the poet, the sculptor, or the painter,

to strike out the most original and perfect products of their art. Obstacles, if they are extrinsic, and not intrinsic, only help to feed the flame. But it would not be easy to prove that a lazy slothful idle society afforded this kind of stimulating obstacle in the development of genius.

The difficulty of the present day is, however, one of a very different kind. It is the question whether among the adverse conditions, protection and misguided patronage be not the most serious. It is almost a truism in literary history that Court patronage is bad for men of letters, that the pay and encouragement of the State, instead of promoting, hinders literary perfection. The apparent exceptions to this law are explained by the fact that a great outburst of that kind of talent, starting in revolution or opposition, does not die at once when taken under the protection of the Court, but fades out presently, in a generation perhaps, from vigour to grace, from grace to feebleness. Were it not invidious, we could point out, even in our own time, great artists debauched and degraded by Court favour, not to speak of that bureaucratic patronage of art, imported by well-meaning but stupid persons from Germany, which, under the appearance of promoting art from a central source, is likely to strangle all the independent efforts of solitary genius by its protection and guidance, if not by its contempt or neglect. When we consider the earlier and well-recognised cases of Court favour spoiling art, we shall find this to be the main agent—the establishing of a Court style, and Court traditions, which the protected artist could not dare to violate, nay, rather, which he came to regard as of the essence of his art, because it pleased the highest arbiter of taste.¹

¹ It is not easy to obtain perfect agreement on each case, but I will venture to cite one which seems to me instructive. Those who have properly studied the works of the great Racine, cannot but feel that they have before them a dramatic poet of the very highest order,

It seems to me that the most fatal of all influences upon genius—that of superior protection and systematic encouragement in the form of direction—has taken in our own day a new and deceptive form, and is possibly the main cause of the decay in the intellectual greatness of our age. If, as is conceded, Court favour and support has been so deleterious to the art of grown men, what must be the effect of similar patronage beginning with the child, and escorting him under its pernicious care from the cradle up to mature life? And yet this is now the course pursued, not only in the case of special arts, but in the case of every promising intellect of any description. The nations of modern Europe, beginning specially with the English and the Germans, have got a fixed idea or prepossession that (1) by the wide spread of education through all classes, they will not only increase national happiness and lessen national vices, but that they will discover and foster all (2) the hidden genius of individuals, formerly lost for want of opportunity. The former principle—that of national happiness increasing in direct proportion to education—need not here be discussed. What we are concerned with is the second notion; and this, a careful consideration has led many thoughtful minds to regard as a great blunder, a false expectation which will be, nay, which is being, grievously disappointed. Instead of discovering and fostering undeveloped genius, the present methods of rewards and punishments in education are certain to overpraise second-rate faculties, to starve or strangle some first-rate

and one who at another and more favourable epoch would have stood among the first tragic writers of the world. But his greatness is so marred by the conventionalities imposed upon him that he has not laid hold of the world's interest. The man who in reproducing Euripides' masterpiece, the *Hippolytus*, on the French stage (*Phèdre*), felt obliged to provide his hero with a secret passion for some woman, must either have found himself sorely coerced by the fashion of his day, or must have been degraded by it in the most signal manner.

qualities, and to treat others with contempt and neglect. The reason is obvious. Starting with the fundamental mistake that the Government could only foster education by a system of rewards, the system of competitive examinations, which in the old seats of learning were properly used as a test and complement of teaching, was adopted as the one broad principle. Of course such a principle implied comparisons, and no comparisons are possible except in fixed subjects and in a fixed way of knowing these subjects. Moreover, as comparisons in *originality* are impossible, they must be instituted in *learning*. To make the test even fairer, and equalise, as far as possible, the chances of preparation, limits of age are imposed, so that the problem to be solved is not simply to attain a certain pitch of learning, but to attain it, or seem to attain it, before a certain age.

Thus, by the exclusion of every mind which is late in development, which is peculiar in development, which suffers under inadequate bodily support, which has for a time mistaken its true scope, the educational masters of the country have pointed out the only method which leads to material comfort, and to the leisure necessary for high intellectual productions. Many parents are being bribed to adopt it by the base reward of being saved the expense and trouble of educating their children. There are even those who make direct profit out of their children's successes. This principle is more directly recognised in the result fees given to teachers. Thus selfishness and cruelty are often not only condoned, but rewarded. For what is now the apparent duty of the average parent, who does not think these things out for himself, but adopts the directions of the State as his guide? He must set to work as early as possible, and push forward his children with all his might, if perchance they may be prepared to win one of those "under 14" scholarships which are considered almost a provision for

life. If the child shows peculiar aptness for his studies, and learns his lessons quickly, instead of giving him the benefit of it in leisure, new subjects are crowded upon him in the hope of more prizes. He is taught to believe that his paramount duty is to labour for examinations, and his greatest possible success is to appear first in the list. So far is this dreadful system now being driven, that in a handbook on competition published a few years ago for the use of parents, they are warned—without a suspicion of cynicism—to discourage their children in taking any special interest in any pursuit, or in devoting to it such time and attention as may interfere with their training in the subjects for competition, and in the manner required for the examination. This tendency has infected not only public schools, and the public service, but even the old seats of learning and the professions. Teaching in the proper sense—the guidance of a superior mind, leading the young with leisure, and fostering all the independent thinking they may show—has given way to coaching and grinding, which seeks only to prepare for a special test. The Professor who will not lecture in this way, however original and stimulating, will be deserted for the crammer “who passes his men”—the parasite battenng on a diseased system. In recent legislation the yearly income of university professors was fixed at a maximum of 900*l.*, whereas the parasite sometimes makes as many thousands. But while it is idle to blame clever business men for adapting themselves to the wants of their age, it is of deep importance to expose the system which fills our professions with over-examined, over-coached men, who have lost every spark of originality granted them by nature in the long worry and weariness of this so-called education. If it be true that genius can really be stifled, that an original thinker by birth may be reduced to a commonplace inhabitant of the world, no system can be conceived more likely to accomplish this end. He is taken

from the beginning, he is pampered and threatened, coaxed and coerced, into following the particular course laid out for him; he is sent to schools where herds of average boys are taught with him on a fixed system, which he is not allowed to outrun or to evade; he is persuaded that not learning, but learning in a certain way, is the object before him; he is taught living languages, and living sciences, as if they were dead; and so he is led on, from examination to examination, till he comes into life with a great reputation, and no real thinking to sustain it. He has been compelled to forego independent thought, as waste of time, from his early childhood; is he likely now to recover it?

This evil does not pervade England alone; it is rampant also in Germany. A commission of able and experienced physicians, chosen to inquire last year into the schools of Alsace-Lorraine, with a view to reforms as regards overwork and the national decay of eyesight, state in the preamble of their Report that the students of eighteen to twenty now beginning clinical work in the hospitals, after the maximum of general preparation, are decidedly inferior to the far less educated students of twenty years ago. They are becoming as a class dull, shortsighted, wearied creatures, whose natural quickness and power of observation are gone, while they read and remember quantities of books. I need not speak of those more delicately organised natures, who break down under pressure, and whose apparent success is coupled with permanent mental lethargy, if not with physical disease and death.

Here, then, there seems to be an active cause accounting for the decay of genius in our generation, a cause, too, which is increasing in its action, and which will produce more and more mischief till it is removed. If this opinion be correct, it will be proved by the fact that what residue of genius does manifest itself will come from outlying regions, from those who by accident, or by the eccentricity or the

fortune of their parents, have been brought up outside the current of the age.

To suggest remedies for a great social evil is perfectly idle till the mass of public opinion begins to declare against it; and this cannot be expected, till a large number of men professionally employed in education, and of special experience, reiterate their protests publicly. Any one who inquires, by conversation, will find that there is a strong feeling of the kind among real educators. It has not yet taken the form of a systematic crusade. Then it will be time to propose and discuss the reforms which will preserve what there is good in competition while remedying its abuses.

But it is necessary, before concluding, to notice a reply to all this reasoning, which might seem satisfactory to many. Granting, it will be said, that there is really this decay, it is amply compensated by the larger light and better knowledge spread among the masses. The object of any State is not to produce, or try to produce, sporadic and exceptional genius, but to make the great body of citizens wiser and better. Whatever system attains this object must be pursued without any sentimental regrets about the imaginary Shakespeares and Dantes whom we lose. There are also many men of the democratic type, say Americans, or from our great business towns, who will assert that the apparent decay of individual greatness arises from this very higher education of the masses; that among many clever and cultivated men the genius does not stand alone and unapproached, but merely *primus inter pares*. The inferior, they think, have been brought up to a higher standard, the superior have only apparently been depressed. Let us grant the principle that the happiness of the masses increases in proportion to their education, though it is by no means self-evident, and seems to me true only under important limitations. But we cannot here turn aside to discuss so

intricate a question. Let us rather take issue on the facts.

People who think that any training whatever can bring up ordinary minds to the stature of genius, or near it, show little understanding for the facts of history. Does the great number of respectable, cultivated, graceful poets in the present day make up for the absence of a constellation like Shelley, Keats, and Byron? Do we look for one moment to this mass of writers, now brought up by training and culture to a higher level, as an adequate substitute, or do we not rather rely on the one or two "real poets" that survive, as saving our age from the reputation of mediocrity? Is it because there are a number of accomplished senior wranglers, who can solve difficult problems proposed to them, that the splendour of such men as the discoverer of analytic geometry, and of quaternions, is no longer pre-eminent? Do all the well-trained theorists in music eclipse some modern Beethoven? Is the average of painting indeed so high that the Sistine Madonna is only a few degrees above the work of the first rank of modern painters? Is it not rather obvious, and patent even to the vulgarest observer, that no average art, no average knowledge, no average mental power however high, can for a moment compare with, far less eclipse, the flights of those few divine souls, who have not left their age, but even posterity, far beneath them. To say that high training approaches or replaces genius—to say that a large number of lesser thinkers will together make up a result in any way comparable to what it produces, is profoundly and thoroughly false.

It is not certain that all the mathematicians since Newton, put together, would replace his loss to the human race; it is quite certain that all the playwrights of the world since Shakespeare would not replace his loss to the human race. Artistic sense such as his seems to be *sui generis*, and perhaps never produced a second time. These considerations will help us to answer

the remaining point, the assertion that the improvement of the bulk of the human race should be the only care of the legislator, and that if the masses become wiser and happier he need not concern himself with anything else. But the present system of competition by examinations is attempting this at the cost of thwarting and dwarfing all the noblest, the most sensitive, and the most original minds in the society men propose to make wise and happy. Is it indeed worth this expense to bring up the average public, the ordinary stupidity of the day, to a higher and more respectable mediocrity? Is it just that the better minds among us should suffer because they are better, and because they must degrade themselves to the level of successful examinees? Is it indeed impossible to devise such reforms, that while the common mind shall still receive its due, the exceptional shall get bread, and not a stone? If we regard the advancement of the race, is it historical to say that any amount of average minds, however prepared, have done as much as those exceptional spirits who work by a sort of inspiration? If, therefore, we even take the standpoint of the objector, may we not argue that for the advancement of the race in wisdom and knowledge, the very first condition in importance is to foster, or if we cannot foster such a thing safely, to secure liberty and leisurely development for, those who are likely to make large strides in knowledge?

The case is still clearer if we consider the happiness of the majority our main object. For if we throw

aside sordid pleasures, if we discount "the ape and tiger" in man, and consider what most conduces to the happiness of the better and more civilised masses, what source can we find to compare with the artistic masterpieces given to us by those few men whom the world justly regards as its greatest benefactors, as well as its greatest ornaments? What national improvements in education can be pointed out which have given the high pleasure, and produced the real improvement, which are due to Homer and Æschylus, to Dante and Shakespeare, to Mozart and Beethoven, to Rembrandt and Raffaele? And if there is anything really effective in raising human nature, is it not to imbue men with the sense of its dignity—its dignity as shown by the noblest and most perfect specimens?

It will be said that a large system of national education is of all things what helps the ordinary man to appreciate this human excellence, and to take pleasure in noble things. So far then national education is doing a great work, which should be encouraged and developed with all energy, but also with wisdom. For if, in the effort to make as many men as possible appreciative of genius, you destroy the few and delicate plants which were about to bear new fruit of that rare excellence, you may make your age at most cultivated and learned, critical about the excellence of the past—but all true vitality and progress will stop, and this condition will presently lead, it may be to a refined, but not the less to a real, decay.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

A GENEALOGICAL SEARCH.

As a large part of the genealogical world has been occupied during the last six months with Mr. Galton's "Prize Records," it may be of interest (and also be of some use to genealogical inquirers) if I, as one of the successful competitors, give a brief account of the way in which I collected the necessary material, and also of some of the difficulties and successes connected with my search.

To begin, then, at the beginning, last December I saw a letter in the *Times* from Mr. Galton, saying that, in the interests of science, he was wishing to collect records of any family history for four generations, and he offered prizes for those records sent in to him by the following May which should supply him with the most useful information—useful, that is to say, from the point of view of a student of biology and heredity. Being much interested in the subject, and already possessing a few notes of our family history, I decided to make the attempt.

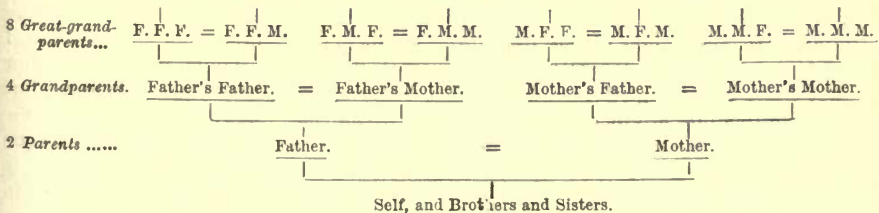
The first step was to procure the outline book,¹ which the competitors were required to fill in, and carefully study the preface with the conditions of the competition. I then began to realise that the undertaking was a more serious one than it at first appeared; for to describe the "character and temperament," the "colour of hair and eyes," and the "favourite pursuits" of all one's great-grandparents

¹ *Record of Family Faculties*. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. (Macmillan and Co.)

is no easy matter! I say advisedly "all the great-grandparents," for one of the first ideas that Mr. Galton's system of pedigree-making suggests, is the fallacy of speaking as if each individual possessed but *one* grandfather, great-grandfather, &c.; and his idea of a family tree is far more liberal and extended than the ordinary one, of which it may be termed the inverted image, since it gets broader and broader the farther back it goes. For, according to his plan, instead of starting from some one notable ancestor picked out of thousands of others²—the old Crusader, perhaps, or Norman baron, to whom so many pedigrees converge, and who is responsible for but an infinitesimal part of the nature of one of his descendants at the present day—at the root of Mr. Galton's tree³ would lie the group consisting of

² Mr. Galton computes that one solitary ancestor living at the time of the Conquest contributes only one part in 16,000,000 to the constitution of a descendant at the present day! (A wholesome antidote to family pride.) This, though, is supposing that there has been no intermarriage of kinsfolk, which, of course, lessens the number of ancestors for their descendants. For instance, when first cousins marry, their children possess only six great-grandparents instead of the full complement of eight—which possibly may partly account for the lack of physical or mental vigour so often seen in such cases.

³ The following is simply the framework on a small scale of a pedigree including all the direct ancestors, instead of the male line only. Of course it should be done on a very large sheet, so as to allow space for notices of the brothers and sisters, and for particulars to be written under each name:—



one's self and brothers and sisters ; the two parents coming in the line above, the *four* grandparents in the one above that, then all the *eight* great-grandparents, and so on ; the number of direct ancestors doubling with every generation back, each one being accompanied by brief notices of his brothers and sisters, with their respective children—a very different idea of a pedigree from the usual one, which, by keeping to the direct male line only, merely skirts the outside of the list of ancestors. This system includes, however, a very wide circle of relations, for on making a calculation, I found that in my case, I should have to give information concerning at least 170 different people, and at first it seemed that it would be almost impossible to find out about them all. However, there came the cheering reflection that one of my brothers had for some years been collecting notes for a family history, and had spent many a holiday in hunting through old registers, and copying inscriptions from tombstones, thus providing me with, at any rate, a framework of names and dates to begin upon. Besides this, it had fortunately been a family habit on my mother's side, for several generations, to keep diaries of daily events, and to store up letters and papers likely to be of interest. So, sending for my brother's pile of note-books, and spreading them out before me, together with the pedigrees of the different branches of the family, I fell to my task, deciding to begin at once with the known relations, leaving the unknown to be dealt with later.

And now as to the actual work of filling in the outline book. First of all came the index, to be filled up simply with the names of the parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents—not quite so straightforward a matter though as one might at first think, for I imagine many people would hesitate if called upon to give the name of their "mother's mother's mother!"

However, with a little inquiry from those most useful of relations, aunts, this was accomplished, and the list stood complete : my father, his parents and grandparents, and the same for my mother, fourteen in all, and each bringing a goodly following of brothers and sisters, in some cases amounting to a dozen or more, whose names must be found out at leisure. Here, then, were the headings of my work before me. For each name a blank page was provided, with a list of questions as to character and temperament, bodily and mental powers, favourite pursuits, and other such inquiries, including the dates of birth, marriage, and death, with a list of the principal illnesses in youth or age. Last, but not least, in order to prevent any flights of imagination, in each case the source of information was required.

I began with the easiest descriptions, that is to say, with those of my own family ; but even this was not so simple as I thought, for to reduce to two or three lines of writing a true and recognisable account of even the most familiar face requires a good deal of thought. Still, it proved feasible in the end ; and, our own circle finished, I passed on to my grandfather—my mother's father. This, too, was quite easy, for his noble memory was fresh in my mind, and still more so in my mother's, and, for the summary of his life, there were the newspaper paragraphs at the time of his death. So there was no difficulty in filling up his page ; nor was there with that of my grandmother, his wife ; for her old age was as a picture before me, and the story of her earlier years my mother could supply. But then came the two other grandparents, my father's father and mother, both of whom died before I was born, and whom even my father never remembered as anything but grey-haired. However, he told me what he could, and once more the aunts were applied to, and were able to give such useful help as to confirm

Mr. Galton's assertion that "the memories of ladies are especially good repositories of facts of family interest."

Now the area of my researches began to widen, for there followed next my father's thirteen brothers and sisters, and my mother's nine—two-and-twenty aunts and uncles to be described! (And here it first occurred to me, that to write down in a book which they might any day ask to see, the "personal appearance" and "character" of living relations was rather a delicate task! so the answers to these two questions were generally left blank until the last.) Once more I appealed to an aunt for help, and while she was visiting at our house, many a morning I secured her to myself, and, armed with note-book and pencil, drew from her the account of her dead brothers and sisters; till, one after another, those of whom hitherto I had known nothing but the bare fact of their names on the pedigree, now began to stand out as real characters, who had once lived and loved, and enjoyed their lives. This I have found all through to be one of the chief interests in making out these personal histories of one's ancestors; names are changed into realities, and one becomes aware of countless links with the past, connecting each life with innumerable others, and helping to solve some of the problems of our complex nature. I found that a sort of pathetic interest even attached itself to the little unknown uncles and aunts who had died in infancy, including two poor little successive "Jeremiahs," who, according to the record, died of "whooping-cough," but whom we children always imagined must have died simply of the name, a family one, which unfortunately has lingered on in all its ugliness through seven generations.

In this way all went smoothly for a few days, till fresh difficulties began to arise; for how about the *great*-aunts and uncles, two dozen or more, with some mention to be made of their husbands and wives? The last of their

generation was dead, and my father and mother could hardly be expected to remember enough about all their uncles and aunts to answer such very personal and particular questions as were asked. I was beginning to find that the undertaking was something like having thrown a stone into still water—the boundary of one circle reached, it was but to find another, wider and less distinct, stretching out beyond! The only hope, then, of getting any account of that past-away generation was to write to their descendants—second and third cousins, some of whom I had never even seen—to explain what I was doing, and ask particulars about their parents or grandparents, as the case might be. Curiously different were the answers! Some wrote willingly, telling me all they could; others sceptically, wondering what good the information could possibly be to me or to anybody else! One or two hesitated, with a vague fear that what they sent might somehow get into print; and one there was, who felt that the loss of a dear mother was too recent, and her memory too sacred, to be thus reduced to statistics, and I could not but honour, while regretting, the feeling.

Again, a distant unknown cousin, the last of his line, who lived in a lonely old Elizabethan house hidden amongst Yorkshire moors, was on the point of being married, and far too busy and excited to answer my questions, so he sent instead a bundle of brown old papers for me to wade through at my leisure, which I at first rejoiced over, but which resulted after all in little more than lists of the births, deaths, and marriages of the five generations who had lived there.

In another attempt I was more fortunate, for on making a pilgrimage to an old house built by my great-great-grandfather, where some of his descendants are still living, my cousins brought out for me two deep and dusty drawers, containing not only old

letters, wills, and transfers of land, but pocket diaries by different members of the family dating back for 150 years. Here was treasure trove! I only wished I could have carried them off bodily to study at my leisure, but they were evidently far too precious to be trusted out of sight; so, after making what notes and extracts I could, back they were carried to the old oak chests and cabinets where for a century and a half some of them had lain. There was a strange interest about these diaries, and as far as they went, they were more help than anything else in giving an insight into the character of those who were dead and gone. They were but simple records of everyday life, and yet unconsciously revealing the nature of the writer, and supplying me with just the knowledge I was searching for. For the country gentleman of 130 years ago who would enter in his diary the exact hour of all his children's birth, the day when his little daughter "sickened for the fever," with an affectionate entry of "poor Dickey's death," must have been a kind-hearted father for those stern disciplinarian days. At the same time, though, he notices and comments on many events, which show that he took an interest in matters public as well as private, and held decided opinions on politics, he must have been somewhat of a susceptible nature too, for on September 14th, 1779, he confides to his diary his wounded feelings, when, after complaining of some grievance to a neighbour, "Sir Charles said it was a *lye*, and used other Blackguard Language!"

From sources such as these, then, after many inquiries and much correspondence, one by one my facts were brought together; though there were many questions that had to remain unanswered, as there was no one living who could reply to them—at least not with certainty, for there were so often cases of divided opinion in such matters as the colour of hair

and eyes that I was astonished at the want of observation of each other's features on the part of members of the same family. One cousin, for instance, had not the vaguest idea as to the colour either of his mother's eyes or hair, though he had lived at home with her until his marriage; and in another case, an uncle was described to me by one niece as having "large brown," and by another as having "small grey" eyes, so that with the past generation I scarcely felt safe in mentioning such details, unless they were confirmed by portraits, which all through were of much service in questions of personal appearance.

At last, then, my work was finished, and it may perhaps be worth while to take a passing glance at the result, as an average specimen of genealogy, from Mr. Galton's point of view, with some of the interesting conclusions that it suggests. Let us imagine, then, that the now completed *Record* is open before us, with its life history of four generations. The first thing we notice is that the nine children may be expected to inherit two very different types of character, as we see that the father and the mother belong the one to a Yorkshire, the other to a Warwickshire family, of traditions so different that we find their respective great-grandfathers fighting on opposite sides at the rising of the Young Pretender. And yet, allowing for this, we cannot help wondering how children of the same parents, brought up in the midst of the same surroundings and influences, should differ so remarkably from one another. The eldest son, tall and distinguished-looking, with his well-cut features, and eyes of true blue, is easily accounted for, for there in the *Record* the description of his mother's father would read off as his own. But the eldest girl, with her round, rosy face, golden hair, and plump figure (totally unlike the next sister, who is pale and thin, with grey eyes and dark hair),

how does she come by her decidedly Scandinavian appearance? Something there must be to account for it, for more than once it has been remarked by strangers, that "surely she must be of Swedish descent." And on looking through the pages of ancestors in the *Record*, we find that four generations back her great-great-grandfather was a veritable Swede—a "Torstensson," married to the descendant of a Huguenot family, who had fled from France to escape some of the later persecutions. "Her great-great-grandfather," did I say? This is falling into the common error of speaking as if each individual possessed but one; to be exact, it was her father's father's mother's father who passed on to her this foreign heritage of face and figure, which still asserts itself, in spite of the counterbalancing influence of the fifteen remaining great-great-grandparents, all of whom, with the exception of his French wife, were ordinary English gentlefolk. But the Huguenot, too, has left her mark upon the family, for many are the Puritan traditions and habits of thought that linger still amongst some of her descendants.

Where, again, could a greater contrast be found than between the second and third sons—the one, with all his mother's imagination and literary tastes, of considerable intellectual power, yet helpless as a child in all practical matters; the other, clever and capable, able to do anything with his hands, whether carpentering, chemistry, or conjuring tricks—whence comes this curious difference? Look through the *Record* and it will be found that the various points in their very opposite characters are strongly marked in more than one of the last generation; though *why* some of these inherited qualities should come out in the one case and different ones in the other, would be hard indeed to say. And so each child in turn might, to a great extent, be thus accounted for; but details of such private histories

cannot interest the general reader, and the above fragmentary sketch is only given as indicating some of the many suggestions and comparisons that arise in connection with Mr. Galton's system of arranging a family record.

Other facts, of more physiological and medical importance are brought out under the headings of "Causes of Death" and "Diseases suffered from." For, in this pedigree before us, there are many curious instances of a tendency to certain illnesses, and liability to death from the same causes, re-appearing from one generation to another. Rheumatism and colds seem to be the bane of one side of the family; while on the other, gout, and a disposition to feverish attacks are the constant trouble. For example, we see the father's father dying from the effects of a severe chill taken while travelling between London and York—while fifty years earlier, his own father had died from the very same cause, a chill taken in the coach drive on the way to York. And stranger still, on the mother's side, the cause of death for three generations from father to son, was once identical! In each case, the ordinary healthy life of a country gentleman was brought to a close by "*senile gangrene*," or mortification setting in after a slight accident to the foot, at the respective ages of ninety-two, eighty-three, and seventy-six.

Endless, in fact, are the subjects for comment and theory in such a record; and if any one has the time and inclination, he could hardly find a more fascinating occupation, than by procuring one of these and filling up at his leisure the *Record of Family Faculties*. But it would have indeed to be "at his leisure," for many would be the researches, and voluminous the correspondence, before the history in all its far-spreading branches could be completed; and one of the side-interests would prove to be the communication with well-nigh forgotten relatives and cousins to the

third and fourth degree, to whom it would be necessary to apply in order to bring to light facts so many and various now lying hidden or unobserved in old diaries, letters, and picture-galleries. But once done, such a work would be of lasting interest and value to each member of the family circle, and to all their descendants, and it is much to be wished that but one person in each generation would take the trouble to collect and write down the facts suitable for such a record. He would find himself well repaid for his labours, for besides the

personal interest which every one must feel in knowing something of his antecedents, he will gradually realise the scientific importance attached to such investigations, and will feel that in more senses than one, "none of us liveth to himself," but that the life and nature we inherit from our ancestors is but our small share of a connected whole, which we pass on in our turn—the better or the worse for our having held it—to those that come after us.

J. E. C.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

“ Que voulez-vous ? Hélas ! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure ! ”

CHAPTER XIV.

REYNOLD'S REGRET.

WITH the passing of that gleam of moonlight it seemed to Reynold Harding that Mitchelhurst Place disappeared finally into the abyss that waits for all created things. Where the house, in its curious ghastly whiteness, had stood a moment earlier, was now nothing but baffling gloom, and the very gate vanished into the shadows, as if there were no need of any substantial barrier between him and the lost vision. The scene had closed with dramatic suddenness, and he felt that the play was played out, but how long he stood staring at the dusky curtain he did not know.

At last he turned, and made his way down the dim road. The bewildering obscurity seemed to press upon his sight, and he quickened his pace to gain the corner where his glance might rest on the scattered lamps of Mitchelhurst Street—little flames shuddering and struggling in the gale. He had gone about half the distance to his lodgings, when he saw two advancing eyes of fire at the end of the street. Nearer and nearer they came, but, owing to the clamour of the wind, the noise of wheels was inaudible till the carriage was close upon him where he paused on the sidewalk. Then for a moment there was a gleam of light upon the road, and in it appeared, as in a kind of magic-lantern picture, a sorry-looking grey horse, travelling reluctantly beyond his stable at the inn, a shabby driver, buttoned closely against the

wind, with his hat pulled low on his brows, a flashing of revolving wheels, and the black silhouette of the Mitchelhurst fly. Harding looked after it till he saw the lamp shine for a moment with sudden brightness as the carriage turned, and then go out. After this fashion was Mr. Hayes, too, lost in the darkness which had swallowed everything else, and Reynold's gaze conveyed a not unkindly farewell.

The night gathered and deepened in the village, and the great starless dome bent its vaulted gloom over the half-dozen lights which glimmered on cottages and cabbage plots. Now and again a dog would bark, or the wind would pass with a wilder wail, and the sign of the *Rothwell Arms* would creak discordantly. The people to whom that little hollow was the world, lay close and safe in their houses, wakened, perhaps, by the gale to hope that no tiles would fall, and no damage be done in the gardens, listening drowsily for a while, and then turning in their beds to sleep again.

It was not till the moon was low in the west that it broke once more through the clouds, and, peering in at a small uncurtained window, revealed the white face of a man who sat by it, with drooping head and listless hands. He was not asleep, but he did not move. With that same glance the moon espied St. Michael in the lancet window, sedulously trampling on his little dragon, while the old clock above his head recorded the passing of the hours with a labour of slow strokes. Those two, and those two only, did the moon see in

all Mitchelhurst, and then vanished again and left them, till the wind went down, and the day came slowly over the grey fields, with a deluge of autumnal rain.

Mrs. Simmonds was sorry to lose her lodger, and sorry that the weather should be so bad, and that he should look so pale. She busied herself about his breakfast, and brought him the local paper with the air of a successful prophet.

"I told you there'd be another to-day, sir," she said as she laid it down, "and here it is!" Reynold briefly acknowledged the attention, but he never touched it. "So set as he was upon that other one!" said Mrs. Simmonds later to her husband.

Simmonds suggested that he might have found something that specially interested him in the other paper, somebody dead and leaving money, may be, or somebody mysteriously disappeared, or something—he looked as if he'd had a shock of some sort. But Mrs. Simmonds was inclined to think that he was most likely upset by the thought of his railway journey. She knew it was all *she* could do to swallow a bit, if she were going anywhere, with all her packing on her mind, and very likely the gentleman was of the same way of feeling. As to a shock, he hadn't got any shock out of the paper, she knew. He might have had some bad news in the letters Miss Strange brought him, for he told her with his own lips that they were very important, and that was why she came with them herself.

"You see, the old gentleman was out," said Mrs. Simmonds, "so I suppose she didn't know what to do."

"I shouldn't think the old gentleman would be best pleased," said Simmonds.

The good woman considered for a moment.

"Well, I sha'n't tell him," she announced finally.

Harding drove to the nearest station in a gig. The rain was not so heavy then, the downpour had become a per-

sistent drizzle. Nevertheless the village looked drenched and dismal enough as he bade it good-bye, and swung round the corner of the churchyard wall, where the yellow weeds stood up in the crevices behind the slant grey veil, and the great black-plumaged yews let fall their heavy tears upon the graves. In another minute a clump of trees hid the square tower and the leaden roof, and Mitchelhurst was left behind. But the young man looked right and left at the wet hedgerows till they reached a spot where a ploughed field rose above the bank on one side, while on the other a deep bramble-grown ditch divided the road from the sodden meadows. He fixed his eyes on that. It was exactly a week that Wednesday since he first met Barbara Strange.

Late that afternoon he walked into a dull room in a dull suburb of London, and a woman who stood in the window, snipping the dead fronds from a homesick-looking fern, turned to meet him. There was no mistaking the relationship. Allowing for the difference of sex and age, they were as like as they could possibly be, except that in every glance and gesture the woman showed a fuller and richer life than did the man. There was something of imperious grace in her movements which made him seem awkward, hesitating, and constrained. She suffered him to touch her cheek with his lips, but showed no inclination to speak first.

"Back again, you see," he said, drawing a chair to the hearth-rug.

"Yes. I should think you must be wet."

"Damp, I suppose."

He glanced round the room. The flock paper, the red curtains, the grimy windows, the smoky fire, had the strange novelty which the most familiar things will sometimes put on. The atmosphere was loaded with acrid fog, and the blackness of the great city. He raised his foot and warmed a muddy boot, while his thoughts

went back to the stateliness and airy purity of the old manor house, where the great logs cracked and glowed upon the hearths.

Mrs. Harding came and rested her elbow on the chimney-piece, looking down at her son.

"I left Mitchelhurst this morning," said he, after a pause.

"Yes? Well, I suppose you had seen enough of it."

"It was time to come home, anyhow," he said.

"You had business in town?"

The tone and words would have served as well for any chance visitor.

"Yes—naturally."

He put the other foot to the fire by way of a change.

"I did not know," said Mrs. Harding. "I have nothing to do with your business. It certainly isn't mine. You are always welcome to be here as much as you please, but of course you will attend to your own affairs."

Reynold made no answer.

"You are your own master," she continued, after a short silence. "I have recognised that for some years. I have not expected you to go my way."

"One must go one's own way, I suppose," said the young man.

"And if I expected you to show some slight consideration for me, in taking the way you have chosen—I was mistaken!"

He stirred the fire, and replaced the poker, but did not look at her or speak.

"You know what I mean?" she demanded.

"Perfectly."

"Reynold, you might have written! Your uncle's offer deserved a word. I do not say you might have accepted it, but you might have refused it courteously. Was that so much to ask? You have insulted him wantonly, and he will never pardon it. After all, he is your father's brother, and an old man. Reynold, you should have written!"

He did not raise his eyes from the burning coals.

"Well," he said, "I did propose to write before I went away."

She winced at the thrust.

"I was wrong!" she owned, with bitter passion in her voice. "It would have been better."

"As things have turned out," said Reynold, "I think it would."

Poor little Barbara! If that angry, dark-eyed woman had known how near the fulfilment of her hopes had been, and lost by how pitiful a chance! But the secret was safe.

Kate Harding drew a long breath.

"Well, I have no more to say about it. Perhaps it is best that we should understand each other. You knew how your silence would wound me; it was deliberate—it was calculated. Well, it *has* wounded me, I don't deny it. But it is all over now, and you will never wound me again. Do what you please, now and always—as you have done."

He signified his attention sullenly, with a slight movement of his head.

"It is all over," she continued. "The situation is filled up, and nothing would ever induce Robert Harding to suffer you to enter his office—not if you offered to sweep it! He will not trouble you any more, and, since the matter is ended, let it never be mentioned between us again."

It was easy to see that she was, as she had said, deeply wounded, and there was a tragical intensity in her speech. Her son made answer with the same mute gesture of assent.

Presently she moved away, and for a few minutes she busied herself about the room. She gathered up the leaves she had cut off, put away two or three things that were lying about, and then came back to him.

"Dinner will be ready at the usual time," she said, in a cold, everyday voice. "And then we can talk—of other things."

"Yes," Reynold answered, with a start, looking up from his reverie.

He had been thinking of the evening before. When he went into the little sitting-room after his walk, and Barbara rose up from the sofa to meet him, he had been startled, she was confused and frightened, and they had forgotten the ordinary greetings. And then they had talked, he had sat looking at her, he had stood up and held himself aloof—*how* had he done it? Well, it had been for Barbara's sake. Afterwards they had gone through Mitchelhurst together. Together? No, absurdly apart, with the breadth of the street between them. And at last they had talked at the gate, and he had vexed her, and she had hurried away without a word of farewell. It seemed to him now that he had never meant that. It was impossible he could have meant it. Why, they had never shaken hands, he had never touched her, and he remembered that she had no glove on, he had seen her hand in the moonlight on the latch of the gate. She had said, "Let us part friends," he had only to consent.

It is well that we cannot recall our moments of temptation. Reynold had been able to pain her then with a jest, he had been strong enough in his bitterness of heart to let her go without a word, but now as he sat staring at the fire, idly clasping his knee, he regretted his strength. If he could have taken Barbara's hand, he would, and the long fingers, loosely knit together, suddenly tightened at the thought. A woman's small hand would not have had much chance of escape from such a clasp as that.

But at that moment his mother aroused him from his musings.

CHAPTER XV.

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

THE first week of December had not gone by, and already the winter had set in. Mr. Pryor, as he walked from the vicarage up the lonely road to Mitchelhurst Place, said to himself that it was a most unpleasant afternoon. Of his own free will he would not have

left his fireside, but Destiny had turned him out, and he went feebly and heavily along the iron road, feeling as if Nature were in a mood of freezing malice and took pleasure in his sufferings. The air was still, yet it came very keenly to his pallid face, his feet were cold, the hand that held his umbrella was remarkably cold, a red-edged manual of prayers and devotional readings, tucked under his left arm, showed a tendency to slip, and altogether Mr. Pryor had a half-numbed sense that it was not fair that any one should want him in such weather.

The sky was grey, a chilly fog narrowed the horizon, and all the hedges and boughs in the little frozen landscape were covered with hoarfrost. It was like a dream of a dead spring. Every little clump of trees was an orchard, white with sterile blossoming, spectral flowers which would vanish as suddenly as they had come. Every sound was deadened, till it was almost startling to come upon a man at work by the wayside, lopping hoary branches from the hedge, and flinging them down, with all their delicate tangle of white sprays, upon the frosted grass. It was a grim task to be the only sign of energy in that ghost-like world; such a task as in an old picture Death himself might have undertaken. Happily, however, for good Mr. Pryor's nerves, it was the face of an ordinary flesh and blood labourer, with the breath steaming from his gaping mouth, that was lifted as he went by.

The vicar crept, shivering, up the avenue to the house, which was more than ever like a great white tomb. He asked the servant who admitted him how Mr. Hayes was that afternoon.

"Much the same, thank you, sir," said the woman, showing him into the yellow drawing-room, and putting a piece of wood on the fire. "I'll tell Miss Strange you are here."

He stood miserably on the rug, looking down into the fender, and squeezing his red-edged book under

his arm, till at the sound of the opening door he turned and saw Barbara. The girl came forward quickly, and touched the fumbling fingers which he held out, as she uttered a word of greeting.

"Mr. Hayes is much the same, they tell me," said the clergyman in a melancholy voice.

"Yes," said Barbara, "I suppose there isn't any difference. But I think anyhow he isn't any worse. Mamma is with him, and he was taking some beef-tea just now"—Mr. Pryor nodded grave approval of the beef-tea—"but he'll be very glad to see you in a few minutes. Won't you sit down?"

He sat down, nursing the book, which had a narrow ribbon hanging out of it.

"I hope Mrs. Strange is pretty well—as well as can be expected?" he said, after a pause. "Not over-fatigued, I trust?"

"Oh, no; I don't think so," the girl replied. "Mamma seems very well."

"Ah, quite so. She bears up, she bears up. Well, that is what we must all try to do—to bear up. It is the only thing."

"Yes," said Barbara. She was not quite sure that she ought to have said that her mother seemed very well. "Of course it is a trying time," she added, by way of softening the possibly indiscreet admission.

"Certainly, certainly—very trying for you both," Mr. Pryor agreed. Yet even to his dull eyes it was apparent that this very trying time had not dimmed the bright face opposite. There was a peculiar radiance and warmth of youth about Barbara that afternoon, a glow of life which forced itself on his perception. She did not smile, she was very quiet, and yet it seemed as if some new delight, some unspoken hope, had awakened within her, quickening and kindling her to the very finger tips. She sat demurely in her low chair, with her face turned towards the window, but there was a

soft flame of colour on her cheek, and a light in her eyes when she lifted her drooping lashes. In that great, cold house, through which the shadow of death was creeping, she was the incarnation of life and promise, a curious contrast to her surroundings. It would hardly have seemed stranger if suddenly, in the desolate world without, one had come on a burning bush of pomegranate flowers among the cold frost-blossoms of the Mitchelhurst hedges.

Mr. Pryor felt something of all this. He did not quite like it. Of course he did not want to see the girl haggard and weary, but he was so chilly, as he sat there by the fireside with his book on his knee, that it seemed to him as if the swift, light pulsations of youth were hardly proper. He would have been more at his ease with Barbara if she had had a slight toothache, or a cold in her head. He felt it his duty to depress her a little, quietly, as she sat there.

"The hour of Death's approach is a very solemn one, even for the bystanders," Mr. Pryor began, after a moment's consideration.

Barbara said, "Yes, it was," with an almost disconcerting readiness.

"Yes, yes, and we should endeavour to profit by it. We should spend it, not only in regrets for those who are about to be taken from us, but in thoughts of the future."

Barbara's red lips parted in another "Yes." The future—she was thinking of it. It was easier to think of it than of the old man who was dying.

"Of the future," Mr. Pryor continued, caressing the smooth leather of his book with his ungloved hand, and softly pulling the pendent ribbon, "of the time when we shall be lying—yes, yes, each one of us—as our friend is now." He glanced up at the ceiling, to indicate that he meant Mr. Hayes, taking his beef-tea in the bedroom on the first floor.

The girl said nothing, but looked meditatively at the folds of her dress, as if she were in church. It would

have been pleasanter if Mr. Pryor had brought a funeral sermon out of his table drawer, and could have gone on without these embarrassing pauses.

"When our hour is at hand," he said at last, "as—as it must be one of these days—how shall we feel then, Miss Strange?"

Barbara didn't know.

"No," said the vicar, "we don't know. But we must think—we must think. Try to picture yourself in your uncle's position—what would your life look to you if you were lying there now?"

She looked up with a sudden startled flash. "I haven't had my life—it would only look like a beginning," she said with a vision as of a rose-garlanded doorway to a vault. "If I were going to die directly I couldn't feel like Uncle Hayes."

The passionate speech awoke the clergyman's instinct of assent. "No, no," he said, "certainly not. Certainly not." At that moment a message came: "Would Mr. Pryor kindly step up stairs?" and he went, not altogether sorry to bring his little discourse to a close.

Barbara, left to herself, sat gazing at the window, till at last the hinted smile, which had troubled her companion, betrayed itself in a tender, changeful curve. "Adrian!" she said softly, under her breath. "Oh, how could I? How could I? Adrian! and I thought you didn't care!"

She was restless with happiness. She sprang up, and walked to and fro, too glad at heart to complain of the walls that held her, and yet feeling that she needed air and freedom for her joy. She leaned against the window, and looked out at the wintry world, murmuring Adrian's name against the chilly pane. There was no voice to give her back her tender speech, yet she hardly missed it. No praise is so sweet to a woman as the reproaches she heaps upon herself for an unjust suspicion of her lover. To defend him to others is a mixture of

joy and pain, but to feel that she has wronged him, and that to trust him is safer than to trust her doubts, is a passionate delight.

This joy had come to Barbara that very morning. She had been sitting in her uncle's room, reading a novel by the fire-side, while the old man slept, as she thought. She softly turned page after page till a feeble voice broke the silence. "Where's your mamma?" said Mr. Hayes.

"Down stairs, writing letters. Do you want her?" And Barbara stood ready to go.

"No, I don't want her. Writing her daily bulletins, eh? Well, well. What's the time? You haven't given me my medicine."

"It's very nearly time," said Barbara, with a glance at the clock. There was a little clinking of bottle and glass, and then she came to the bedside, and stood looking down at the wrinkled, fallen face among the pillows. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Wait a bit, can't you?" said the old man.

She waited, looking aside, yet watching for the slightest movement on his part. Her soft young fingers closed round the half-filled glass, and his dim eyes rested on them. Presently he roused himself with an effort, and the girl put another pillow behind him. He stretched out a trembling, dingy-white hand, carried the glass to his lips a little uncertainly, and emptied it.

She set it down. "Shall I take away that pillow?" she asked.

"No—wait."

Barbara, after a minute, shifted her position, and stood by the carved post at the foot of the bed, while her thoughts went back to her novel. She was not heartless, she was only young. Her uncle had never been very much to her, and she found it as difficult to concentrate her mind on this melancholy business of sickness and dissolution as if it were a sermon. And yet she did sincerely desire to

behave properly, and to feel properly, too, if it could be managed.

The little old man rested a while, sitting up in his bed. He perceived that the girl's thoughts were far away. He could keep her standing there as long as he pleased, a motionless figure against the faded green curtains, but he could not narrow her world to his sick room. Perhaps for that very reason he felt a desire to awaken her from her reverie.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Nineteen."

The answer was given with a lifting of her long lashes. She had not expected any question about herself.

"Nineteen?"

"Yes. At least I shall be nineteen next month."

A month more or less made little difference to Barbara.

"As much as that?" he said.

"Barbara, perhaps I ought to say something before I go."

Her attention was effectually aroused, and her brilliant gaze rested on the dull, waxen mask before her. But after a moment his eyes fell away from hers.

"I thought I did right," he said.

"Yes?" Barbara questioned.

"That young man who came here—what was his name?"

"Mr. Harding."

"No, no, no!" he cried irritably.

"No! What made you think of him? The first one?"

"Mr. Scarlett?"

He nodded.

"But it doesn't matter," he said.

"If you were thinking of the other one it doesn't matter about Scarlett."

"What about him?"

"He wanted to speak to you before he went away, and I told him to wait. Better to wait—you were so young, you know."

"He *did* want to speak to me!" the girl exclaimed under her breath.

"Plenty of time," said Mr. Hayes.

"He's young too. I told him he could come again to Mitchelhurst if he felt the same. I thought it was

best—I thought it was best," he repeated, trying to drown a faint consciousness that to have parted with Barbara would have upset all his arrangements.

"I'm sure you did," she answered soothingly.

"I know your mother would say it was best—wouldn't she? Besides I didn't do any harm, since you were thinking of the other one."

"He was here last," said Barbara.

"So he was," the sick man answered, with a flash of his old briskness. "And girls soon forget."

Barbara said nothing. What was the good of protestations? She would never utter a word against Reynold Harding—never. And what could she say about Adrian Scarlett? She had not owned to herself that she cared for him. If she did—and she was conscious of strong pulsations, which flushed her face, and filled her veins with tingling warmth—the more reason for silence. She laid a hand on the carved foliage of the post, and faced the dim figure propped in the bed. There was something grotesquely feeble about the little man's attitude. His face, discoloured and pale, drooped in the greenish shadow of the hangings, his unshaven chin rested on his breast, his parchment hands lay in a little nerveless heap on the counterpane before him. One would have said that he was set up in sport, as children set up dolls and nine-pins, on purpose to be knocked over.

"Hadn't you better lie down?" said Barbara, after considering him for a while. She wanted to speak tenderly, for the sake of the strange new gladness which was throbbing at her heart; yet the facts of sickness and hopeless decay had never seemed so distasteful. When he assented, she put her arm about him with the utmost care, but she could hardly help shrinking from the clutch of his chilly fingers on her wrist.

"Rothwells are a bad lot," he said, "bad and poor. Scarlett would be a

better match. Some of his people have money."

The habit of deference to her Uncle Hayes prevented her from resenting this speech.

"Never mind about that, please, uncle," she said gently.

"Good family, too," said Mr. Hayes, indistinctly to himself. "I did it for the best, as your mamma would see."

"Never mind about mamma, Uncle Hayes," said the girl again. "I'm sure you had better rest a little."

And when he acquiesced she went back to her novel, which was all about Adrian Scarlett. After all, he had not gone off without a thought of her—he had *not* slighted her. Perhaps she was too young, and at any rate she could not be angry with her uncle since he had told her of Adrian's love. She had a right to think of him as Adrian, surely, if he loved her. So he had been sent away—where? Perhaps he would see somebody else, somebody better and more beautiful, and she would be forgotten. Well!—Barbara's eyes were fixed intently on the page—even if he did forget her, it might break her heart, but she need not be ashamed that she had thought of him, since she held the happy certainty that he had thought of her. Happen what might in his after life, he had loved her once—he had!—he had! And she had feared that he had only laughed at her, she had thought that he might be heartless—Oh how was it possible that she could have been so wickedly unjust! She deserved that he should never come back to her.

It was an incongruous business altogether. It was as if a breath from a burial vault had quickened the faint flame in Barbara's heart to sudden splendour, for if old Hayes had actually been the mummy he very much resembled, he could not have been more remote from any comprehension of the message which he had delivered. His lips had relaxed in utter feebleness, and the secret had escaped. He did not see the look which flashed into the

girl's eyes, and when Mrs. Strange, who might have been more observant, came to take her place by the bedside, Barbara stole softly away, hanging her head in the consciousness of those flushed cheeks, which seemed too like holiday wear for such a melancholy time. Her mother might have been surprised, for she had been a little uneasy, fancying that the girl looked sad. Barbara was but a young thing, and had been left too long shut up with but dismal company.

And, if Mrs. Strange had only known it, the poor little girl had been her own most dismal company. From the time that Reynold Harding went away she had been restless, frightened, and miserable. When the exaltation of that evening had passed, a sudden terror at the thought of her own darling overtook her. She was not only afraid of her uncle's anger, but doubtful whether she had not really committed an unpardonable sin against the social law. When she hurried to Harding with the letters, she had somehow vaguely believed that he would shelter her, that he would stand by her if she were blamed. And when he had played with her, refused to trust her, and vanished into the night with a mocking smile, leaving her utterly alone, she had felt absurdly desolate. At first she had waited, in sickening apprehension, for her uncle to hear of her visit to Mr. Harding. Fate, however, seemed whimsically inclined to protect her. First there was the storm of rain which prevented a meeting with all the gossips of Mitchelhurst at the Penny Reading. Then, a day or two later, came Mr. Hayes' accident—a mere slip on the stairs, it was supposed, till the doctor hinted at something in the nature of a fit. Barbara saw that detection was postponed, but still she felt that the sword hung over her head, and night after night she tossed in an agony of doubt. Had she really done anything very dreadful? She recalled Mr. Harding's ambiguous words and glances—did they mean that he

thought lightly of a girl who would go to him as she had done? Over and over again she asked the useless questions—Did they mean that?—Did they not?—What *did* they mean? And leaving his meaning out of the matter, what would other people say? Suppose she went and told them—ah! but how and what would she tell them? She might say, “I found I hadn’t posted Mr. Harding’s letters, so I took them to him at once: wasn’t that the best thing to do?” How right and reasonable it sounded! But if she said, “I went secretly to a man’s lodgings at night——” at the mere thought a blush passed over her like a scorching wave of fire. What would her mother say?

Even in her misery she was childish enough to wince at the thought of her sisters at home. She had been proud to be mistress of a house while they were still in the school-room, and the idea that she had been wanting in dignity, perhaps even in modesty, and that she might be ostentatiously controlled and watched, by way of punishment, was intolerable to her. To be humiliated before Louisa and Hetty—how could she endure it? They were not ill-natured, but they had a little resented her advancement, and Barbara, as she lay in her great overshadowing bed, could fancy all the outspoken comments and questionings in the roomy attic where the three used to sleep. She did not want to go back to the Devonshire vicarage, and yet Mitchelhurst was fast becoming hateful to her. The pictures on the walls gazed at her with Reynold’s eyes, his presence haunted the house from which he had been banished. What was the wrong that she had done him? She did not know, and the uncertainty seemed to mock her as he had mocked her that night. The poor child said to herself quite seriously that he had taken away all her youth and happiness. She fancied that she felt old and weary as the days went by, fretting her simple heart with unacknowledged fear.

And now suddenly came the message of Adrian’s love, and lifted her above all her dreary little troubles. What did it matter that it was uttered by those dry, bloodless lips, which stumbled over the blissful words? What did anything matter since Adrian cared for her, and life was all to come? Why had she tormented herself about Reynold Harding! *Reynold Harding!* He was utterly insignificant, he was nobody! She could tell Adrian about that expedition of hers, it was so unimportant, so trivial, that he could not be jealous; he could not mind. Adrian’s jealousy! There was something delightful, even in that terrible possibility. But he would not be jealous, everything was warm, and glad, and full of sunshine when Adrian was there.

She resented Mr. Pryor’s professional allusions to the uncertainty of life. There are moments so perfect that they ought not to be degraded by thoughts of disease and death, ought not to be measured or weighed in any way whatever. Barbara felt this, and she thrust aside the clergyman’s lecture as soon as he left the room. Let him talk of such things to Uncle Hayes. As for her, she lingered at the window, thinking of her newly-found happiness, while she gazed at the hoary fields, with their black boundaries of railing or leafless hedge, till a faint pink flush crept over the pale sky, as if it were softly suffused with her overflowing joy. Mitchelhurst Place, of which Harding had dreamed so tenderly a few months earlier, as a home for himself and his love, was to the eager girl at that moment only a charnel house, full of death and clinging memories, from which she panted to escape. It was true that she had first met Adrian Scarlett there, but she had the whole world in which to meet him again. “And he will always know where to find me,” she said to herself with a touch of practical common sense in the midst of her rapture. “He can look out papa’s name in the Clergy List any day.”

CHAPTER XVI.

A PERPLEXING REFLECTION.

THE April sun was shining into two pleasant sitting-rooms, only divided by a partially drawn curtain. Their long windows opened on a wide gravel walk. Beyond this lay a garden, bright with the airy, leafless charm of spring. The grass was grey-green as yet, the borders brown earth, but there were lines and patches of gay spring flowers, and a blithe activity of birds, while the white clouds floated far away in the breezy sky.

Adrian Scarlett, who was a guest in the house, came slowly sauntering along one of the sunshiny paths, between the yellow daffodils, with eyes intent on a handful of printed leaves. Now and again he stopped short, trying a different reading of a line, or twisting his little pointed beard with white fingers, while he questioned some doubtful harmony of syllables. Once he took a pencil from his pocket, and with indignant amusement marked a misprint. After each of these pauses he resumed his dreamy progress, unconscious of any wider horizon than the margin of his page.

Presently his loitering walk brought him to one of the tall, shining windows, and thrusting the little bundle of proofs into his pocket, he unfastened it and stepped in. He found the room untenanted, except by two or three flies, which buzzed in the sunny panes as if summer time had come. A piano stood open, with some music lying on it, and the young man sat down with his back to the curtained opening, began to play, and amused himself for a while in an agreeably discursive fashion. But after a time he felt that he was not alone. The conviction stole upon him gradually, though, as far as he knew, there had been no sound in the further room, and he had previously believed that everybody was out. He glanced over his shoulder more than once, but saw nothing.

"Shall I go and look?" he asked himself. "But it may be somebody I don't know, and don't want to know. Suppose it should be a housemaid come to be hired, and waiting till Mrs. Wilton comes in. What should I say to the housemaid? Or, by the way, the parson said something about Easter offerings yesterday, perhaps this is the clerk or somebody come for them. Perhaps if I go in he'll ask me for an Easter offering. I think I won't risk it. Shall I go into the garden again?"

While he debated the question, he went on playing, feeling that the music justified an apparent unconsciousness of the invisible companionship. The sunshine lighted up the reddish golden tint of his hair and moustache, and the warm flesh colours of his face. Presently his wandering fingers slackened on the keys, and then after a momentary pause of recollection he struck the first notes of a simple air, and played it, with his head thrown back and a smile on his lips.

Near him an old-fashioned mirror hung, a little slanted, on the wall, and as his roving eyes fell on it, a beardless, sharply-cut face appeared in its shadows, motionless and pale, gazing out of the heavy frame with a singular look of eagerness.

Adrian started, but his surprise was so quickly mastered that it was hardly perceptible, and he continued as if nothing had happened, apparently suffering his glances to wander as before, though in reality he watched the dark eyes and sullen brows bent on him from the wall. The face, appearing so picturesquely, interested him, and after a moment the interest deepened. As he had before become gradually conscious of the man's presence, so now did a certainty steal over him that he was somehow familiar with the features in the mirror.

The stranger was evidently standing where he might see and not be seen, and he leant on a high-backed chair so that he was partially hidden.

"Who the deuce is he? and where have I seen him? and what does he want here?" said Scarlett to himself, continuing to play the tune which had evoked the apparition. "He doesn't look as if he went round for Easter offerings. Can't want to tune the piano, or why didn't he begin before I came in? Hope he isn't an escaped lunatic—there's something queer and fixed about his eyes; perhaps I had better soothe him with a softer strain. By Jove! I *have* seen him somewhere, and uncommonly good-looking he is, too! How can I have forgotten him? He isn't the sort of man to forget. He doesn't look quite modern, somehow, with his full, dark hair, and his beardless face; or, rather, I *feel* as if he were not quite modern—but why?"

Adrian glided into the accompaniment to an old song, and sang a quaint verse or two softly to himself. The face in the mirror relaxed a little. After a moment the man straightened himself, drew back, and vanished. Adrian finished his song, and then, in the silence that ensued, a slight movement was audible, enough to warrant his entering the further room, as if he had just suspected the presence of a visitor.

The man of the mirror was sitting in an arm-chair, with a book in his hand. He looked up a little hesitatingly and awkwardly, as if he were doubtful whether to rise or not. Adrian hastened to apologise for his musical performance.

"I had no idea there was any one here," he said. "I hope I didn't disturb you?"

"Not at all," said the stranger, glancing at the book he held, and furtively reversing it. "An enviable talent," he added, with an evident effort.

"For one's self, perhaps," answered Scarlett. "But I'm not sure it is desirable in a next-door neighbour."

He was still trying to identify his companion. The voice, unmusical and almost harsh, did not help him in the least, and, oddly enough, now that

they were actually face to face, he was less absolutely certain that he ought to recognise the man. "It may be only a likeness to somebody I know," he reflected. "But to whom, then? And why does he look at me like that? *He* seems to think he knows *me*!"

"I hope you'll go on if you feel inclined," said the stranger.

Adrian shook his head.

"Thank you, but I think I've made about noise enough for one morning."

He took up the paper and skimmed a column or two. Presently he looked from behind it, and their eyes met.

"I can't help thinking," he said, "that we have met before somewhere, haven't we? I don't know where, but I have an idea that your memory is better than mine."

The other was obviously taken by surprise.

"No," he said, drawing back and frowning. "No—in fact I'm sure we haven't met—at least not to my knowledge. My name is Harding."

Scarlett owned that the name conveyed nothing to his mind, but when in return he mentioned his own, he was certain that he caught a flash of recognition in the other's eyes. "He expected that," he soliloquised, as he picked up his paper again. "Here is a mystery! Deuce take the fellow—why did he stare at me so? He isn't as handsome as I thought he was in the glass—he's ill-tempered and awkward; it isn't a pleasant face, though of course the features are good. He might make a good picture—and, by Jove! that's what he was—a picture! and I didn't know him out of his frame! I wonder whether it's a chance resemblance, or whether——"

"Were you ever at a place called Mitchelhurst?" he asked, abruptly.

The blood mounted to Harding's face.

"Yes," he said.

"Then," said Adrian, "you must surely be some connection of the family at the old Place—the *old*

family at the old Place, I mean. I have made out the likeness that puzzled me. There is a picture there——”

“I am connected with the family,” said Harding, “on my mother’s side. It isn’t much to boast of——”

“If you come to that,” Scarlett answered lightly, “what is? But I’ll confess—I dare say I ought to be ashamed of myself—but I’ll confess that I *do* care about such things. I don’t want to boast, but I would rather my ancestors were gentlemen, than that they were butchers and bakers and—well, the candlestick-makers might be decorative artists in their way, and so a trifle better.”

Harding scowled, but did not speak.

“You don’t agree with me,” Adrian went on, with his pleasant smile. “Well, you can afford to scorn the pride of long descent if you choose. And, mind you, though I prefer the gentleman, I dare say the tradesman might be more valuable to the community at large!”

“I hope so,” said Harding with a sneer. “My grandfather was a pork-butcher.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Adrian, blankly. “You combine both, certainly!” He was decidedly taken aback by the announcement, as the other had intended, but he recovered himself first. It was Harding who looked sullen and ill at ease after the revelation into which he had been betrayed, as if his grandfather had somehow recoiled upon him, and knocked him down.

Young Scarlett felt that he could not get up and go away the moment the pork-butcher was introduced, though he half regretted that he had come from the piano to talk to his sulky descendant. “Well, you get your looks from your ancestors at Mitchelhurst,” he said; “it’s quite wonderful. I studied those portraits a good deal, and there’s one on the right-hand side of the fire-place in the yellow drawing-room, as they call it—do you know the house well?”

“Yes, well enough. Yes, I know Anthony Rothwell’s picture.”

“It might be yours,” said Adrian.

Reynold’s only answer was a doubtful “Hm!”

“A fine old house!” Scarlett remarked, as he rose from his chair. If his companion intended to treat him to such curt, half-hostile speeches, he would leave him alone, and ask Mrs. Wilton, or one of the girls, about him, later. He might satisfy his curiosity so, more pleasantly.

But, “A fine old house!” Harding repeated. “Yes, a fine, dreary, chilly, decaying, melancholy old house.” He leant back in his chair and looked up at Scarlett. “Did you ever see a more hopeless place in all your life?”

“Come! Not so bad as that!”

“Well, it seems to me that there is no hope about it,” Reynold persisted; “no hope at all. A ghastly nightmare of a house. Why doesn’t somebody pull it down?”

“You must have seen it under unfavourable circumstances.”

“Very likely. I was there last October. It might be better in the summer-time.”

“You stayed there?”

“Yes, a few days.”

“Did they tell you I had been?” Scarlett asked impulsively. “Did they speak of me—Mr. Hayes, and—Miss Strange?”

The men looked at each other as the name was spoken, Reynold’s dark gaze crossing the bright grey-blue gleam of Adrian’s glance. “They said something of a Mr. Scarlett who had been there—yes.”

“And they were well, I hope?”

“Well enough—then.”

“Then?” cried Adrian. “Then! Why, what has happened since?”

“Didn’t you know old Hayes was dead?”

The young man drew a long breath. “No, I didn’t!”

“Died just a week before Christmas. The old house is shut up.”

Adrian was silent for a moment.

"Poor old fellow!" he said at last. "I'm very sorry to hear it. And the house shut up—of course Miss Strange would go back to her people in Devonshire." Reynold looked at him silently. "I wonder who will take the old Place!" said Adrian. "If I were rich—" Their glances met once more, and he stopped short, and strolled towards the window.

"A castle in the air," he said, presently. "I don't suppose I shall ever see Mitchelhurst again, since the poor old gentleman is gone. But I shall always remember the place. Not for its beauty, precisely. I know when I went there first I was surprised that he should care to live in a corner of that great white pile. Something rather sepulchral about it. Did you ever notice it by moonlight?"

Reynold Harding said, Yes, he had.

"I recollect an almost startling effect one night," Scarlett continued. "And the avenue too—that queer avenue—gnarled boughs, with thin foliage quivering in the wind, and glimpses of summer sky shining through. I think if I were a painter I would make a picture of those trees."

There *was* a picture of them, stripped of their leaves, and wrestling with an October gale, before the eyes of the man to whom he spoke. "They might be worth painting," he said. "I suppose they weren't worth cutting down. If they had been, I fancy there wouldn't be any avenue left."

"I suppose not. Well, anyhow I'm glad it was spared. There's an individuality about the place—melancholy it may be, perhaps dreary, as you say, but it isn't commonplace, so it misses the worst dreariness of all." He recurred to his first idea. "I wonder who will live there now poor old Hayes is dead."

"Rats," said Reynold. "And perhaps an old man and his wife, to take care of it."

Scarlett stood, with a shadow on his pleasant face. He had meant to

go back to Mitchelhurst quite early in the summer, and he slipped a hand into his pocket, and fingered the little bundle of printed leaves which had played a part in his day-dream. He had counted on a welcome from the white-haired old gentleman, whose whims and oddities he understood and did not dislike, and he had waited contentedly enough till the time should come. In fact, he had found plenty to do that winter, what with Christmas visits and the preparation of his poems for the press. As Adrian looked back, he realised that it had been a very agreeable winter, and that it had slipped away very quickly. The thought of Mitchelhurst had been there through it all, but, to tell the truth, it had not been very prominent. He would have spoken to Barbara in the autumn, if he had been left to himself, yet he had recognised the wisdom of the old man's prohibition, he had enjoyed the pathos of that unspoken farewell, and the sonnet which he touched and retouched with dainty grieving, and he had looked forward, very happily, to the end of his probation. Barbara, who was certainly very young, was growing a little older while he waltzed, and sang, and polished his rhymes, and made new friends wherever he went. Adrian had too much honesty to pretend to himself that he had been broken-hearted in consequence of their separation. He had not even felt uneasy, for, without being boastful, he had been very frankly and simply sure of the end of his love-story. He knew Barbara liked him.

And now it seemed that his testy little white-haired friend had gone out of the great old house into a smaller dwelling-place, and he had been reckoning on a dead man's welcome. A welcome—to what? To the cold clay of Mitchelhurst churchyard? The week before Christmas—Scarlett remembered that he had been very busy the week before Christmas, helping in some theatricals at a country house. He had been called, and called again

at the end of the performance. And just then, at Mitchelhurst, the curtain had fallen for ever on the little part which Mr. Hayes had played, and Barbara had looked on its black mystery.

He bit his lip impatiently. There had been no harm in the theatricals, just the usual joking and intimacy among the actors behind the scenes, and the usual love-making and embraces on the stage. Adrian's conscience was clear enough, and yet the recollection of the girl who played the heroine (painted and powdered a little more than was absolutely necessary, for the mere pleasure of painting and powdering, as is the way with amateurs), came back to him with unpleasant distinctness. He could see her face, close to his own, as he remembered it on the hot little gaslit stage, in their great reconciliation scene, the scene that was always followed by a burst of applause. Everybody had admired his very becoming dress, and Scarlett himself had been rather proud of it. But now in a freak of his vivid imagination, he pictured the masquerading figure that he was, all showy pretence, with a head full of cues and inflated speeches, set down suddenly in the wintry loneliness of Mitchelhurst Place, and passing along the corridors to the threshold of the dead man's room, to see Barbara turn with startled eyes in the midst of the shadows. God! how pitiful and incongruous was that frippery, as he saw it in his fancy, brought thus into the presence of the last reality!

And Barbara, had she wondered at his silence during all these months? Never one word of regret for the old man who had been kind to him! "I wouldn't have had it happen for anything!" he said to himself. "What has she thought of me?"

Harding, with eyelids slightly drooping, was watching him, and Scarlett suddenly became aware of the fact.

"No, I suppose nobody is likely to take the old house," he said hurriedly.

"I used to think it must be dull for Miss Strange, shut up there with nobody but her uncle."

"I should say it was."

"Well, Devonshire's a nice county, not that I know much of it. What part of Devonshire do the Stranges live in—do you know?"

"North Devon," Reynold Harding answered, and then added, half reluctantly, "Sandmoor, near Ilfracombe."

"Ah, it isn't a part I know at all," said Adrian aloud, and to himself he repeated, "Sandmoor, near Ilfracombe."

At that moment the door opened, and one of the daughters of the house came in. "Oh, Mr. Harding!" she exclaimed, advancing, and shaking hands in a quick, careless fashion. "I'm afraid you've been kept waiting a long while."

"It doesn't matter," said Harding, standing very stiffly. "Is Guy ready now, Miss Wilton?"

"Yes, he's waiting in the hall. Bob got him away to the stables, and I didn't know he was there till just now; you know what those boys are when they get together. I thought Guy had *better* wait in the hall, for I'm afraid he's not as clean as he might be."

"It doesn't matter," Harding replied again. "He very seldom is."

"I did try to brush him," said the girl good-humouredly, "but I didn't do much good."

"Wanted something a good deal more thorough, no doubt," Adrian suggested.

"I hope he delivered his message?" Harding inquired. "It is his birthday to-morrow, and his father is going to take him for the day to the seaside. He was to ask if your brother would go with him."

"Oh, Bob will be delighted, I'm sure," said Miss Wilton. "I should think you would enjoy the holiday, Mr. Harding, you must be thankful to get rid of your charge now and then."

Scarlett, sitting on the end of the

sofa, saw Harding's face darken with displeasure. "It makes very little difference, thank you," said the tutor coldly. "I think I'll go and find Guy now." And he bowed himself out of the room in his sullen fashion. The girl looked after him, and then turned to Adrian and laughed.

"Aren't we dignified?" she said. "What did I say to make him so cross? I didn't mean any harm."

"Oh, I don't know—I don't think you said anything very dreadful. Who is Guy?"

"Guy Robinson. His father has no end of money, Jones and Robinson the builders, you know, who are always getting big contracts for things in the newspapers—you see their names for ever. Old Robinson has bought the Priory, so they are neighbours of ours. Guy is twelve or thirteen, the only boy, and they won't send him to school."

"Mr. Harding is his tutor?"

Miss Wilton nodded.

"I shouldn't much fancy him for mine," said Scarlett reflectively. "I'm rather inclined to pity Master Guy."

"You needn't," the girl made answer, glancing shrewdly. "I think Mr. Harding is there under false pretences."

"False pretences?"

"Yes. I believe they think he is stern, and will keep Guy in order, and my private conviction is that he does nothing of the kind. Nobody *could* keep Guy in order without perpetual battles, and Mr. Robinson always ends the battles by dismissing the tutor. I never hear of any battles with Mr. Harding."

"I see. You think he spoils the boy."

"Spoils him? Well, I think that in his supreme contempt for Guy and all the Robinsons, he just takes care that he doesn't drown himself, or blow himself up with gunpowder, or break his neck, and I don't believe he troubles himself any further. I wonder what made the boy want to go to the seaside."

"How far is it?"

"Well, about thirty miles if they go to Salthaven. There's a railway—I should think old Robinson will have a special. Bob will have a great deal too much to eat and drink, and he'll be ill the day after. And if he and Guy can think of any senseless mischief, they are sure to be up to it, and the old man will swagger and pay for the damage. Boys will be boys," said Miss Wilton, with pompous intonation.

Adrian laughed. "Perhaps Mr. Harding will go too."

"Oh no! I know he won't."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Robinson won't take him. My belief is that he's rather afraid of Mr. Harding. Oh! there he goes with Guy, out by the garden way."

Scarlett looked over her shoulder. "What a handsome fellow he is!"

"Handsome?" Miss Wilton turned her head, and looked doubtfully at her companion.

"Yes. Don't you think so?"

"N-no. It never occurred to me. Do you mean it really, or are you laughing?"

"Of course I mean it. Didn't you ever look at him?"

"Why yes, often."

"Well, then?"

"I suppose his features are good, when one comes to think about them," said the girl, with a dubious expression in her eyes. "Yes, I suppose they are."

"I wish mine were anything like as good," said Scarlett, with dispassionate candour.

"You wish yours——" Miss Wilton began, and ended with an amazed and incredulous laugh, which was exceedingly flattering. It was so evidently genuine.

"I don't think you half believe me now," he said. "But I assure you, if you were to ask an artist he would tell you——"

"An artist? Oh, I daresay an artist might say so. But I don't believe a *woman* would say that Mr. Harding was good-looking."

"How if *she* were an artist?"

"Oh, then she wouldn't count."

"But why wouldn't a woman think so?"

She paused to consider. "I don't know," she said, "and yet I do mean it, somehow. He may be handsome, but he doesn't seem like it. I think a woman would want him to seem as well as to be."

"Do you mean that she wouldn't admire him unless he gave himself airs? That's not very complimentary to the woman, you know."

Miss Wilton shook her head. "I don't mean that. He might not think about himself at all—I should like him all the better." She stood for a minute with her eyes raised to Adrian's, yet was plainly looking back at the image of Reynold Harding which she had called up for the purpose of analysis. At last, "He isn't a bit unconscious!" she exclaimed. "He is the *most* self-conscious man I know. I believe he is *always* thinking about himself!"

"If he is," said Scarlett, "as far as I could judge I should say he didn't enjoy it much."

"That's it!" she said. "He doesn't find himself attractive, and so—no more do we. *Isn't* that it?"

He smiled. "There's something in the idea as far as it goes. But it doesn't alter his features, you know."

"Of course not. But we don't look at them."

Adrian stood, pulling his moustache, and still smiling. He was not afraid, yet he found it rather pleasant to be told that this picturesque tutor, who had been shut up in Mitchelhurst Place with Barbara, was not the kind of man to take a woman's fancy. It was pleasant, but of course it did not mean much. Molly Wilton might be perfectly right, and yet it would not mean much. It is easy to lay down general rules about women, and very clever rules they often are. The mistake is in applying these admirable theories to any one particular woman—she is certain to be an exception. Scarlett, while he listened to his com-

panion, did not forget that there are always women enough to supply a formidable minority.

"I say," Miss Wilton exclaimed, with a real kindling of interest in her face, "I'll just go and take off my hat, and then we might try over that duet, you know."

To this he readily assented, but when she left the room he lingered by the window, and presently ejaculated "Poor devil!" It is hardly necessary to say that he was not thinking of Molly Wilton, who assuredly was neither angel nor devil, but a bright, wholesome, rather substantial young woman.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO GLANCES.

AFTER all it was not Molly Wilton who first came into the room where Adrian waited for the duet, but her elder sister, Amy. Each sister had her recognised province, in which she reigned supreme. Amy was the beauty of the family, and had a taste for poetry; Molly was musical and lively. This arrangement worked perfectly, and Molly admired her sister's charms, and her poetical sympathies, without a trace of jealousy, feeling quite sure that justice would be done to her if there were any question of music or repartee.

Adrian was not looking at his proofs when Miss Wilton came in. He was sitting on the sofa, with his legs stretched out before him, gazing into space, and thinking of Sandmoor, near Ilfracombe. It was absolutely necessary that he should put himself into communication with that place, but how was it to be done? Should he write that day, or should he go the next?

"Oh, I have interrupted you!" Miss Wilton ejaculated, and stopped just inside the door.

"Interrupted me! Not a bit of it! I was only——"

"You were thinking of that sonnet—I know you were!"

"No, really," said Adrian, almost wishing he *had* been thinking of that sonnet. "No, I wasn't. In fact I think the sonnet is pretty well finished."

"Is it? You must read it to me, won't you?" and she came forward eagerly, took a chair, and dropped into a graceful attitude of attention. She had a real taste for poetry, and the poet was also to her liking. This was not the first time that she had listened, with shining eyes and quickened breath, and had brought the colour to the young man's cheek by saying with soft earnestness, "I like that—oh, I like that!" Adrian found it very pleasant to read his poems to Miss Wilton.

"If you like," he said. "If you are sure it won't bore you."

"Of course I like," she answered.

"It's the first sonnet of all, you know," he explained, "a sort of dedication. I didn't like the one I had, so I shall make them put this in instead." He pulled his papers out of his pocket, and took a leaf of manuscript from among the printed pages. "You must tell me what you think of it," he said, and cleared his throat.

At that moment Molly opened the door. She saw the state of affairs at a glance, and slipped into her place, as quietly as if she had come into church late, and spied a convenient free seat.

Adrian read—

"Have not all songs been sung, all loves been told?

*What shall I say when nought is left unsaid?
The world is full of memories of the dead,
Echoes, and relics. Here's no virgin gold,
But all assayed, none left for me to mould
Into new coin, and at your feet to shed,
Each piece is mint-marked with some poet's
head,
Tested and rung in tributes manifold.*

*"O for a single word should be mine own—
And not the homage of long-studied art,
Common to all, for you who stand apart!
O weariness of measures tried and known!
Yet in their rhythm, you—if you alone—
Should hear the passionate pulses of my
heart!"*

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As he finished he lifted his eyes and looked at Amy. Where else should a young man look, to emphasise the meaning of his love-poem, except into a woman's sympathising eyes? But the look, mere matter of course as it was, startled and silenced her. "You—if you alone!" The words, spoken with the soft fulness of Adrian's pleasant voice, rang in her ears. A young woman whose attractions were recognised by all the family might very well be pardoned for not at once perceiving that the emphasis was purely artistic.

But the silence which would have been full of meaning for the lover, frightened the poet.

"You don't like it!" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"Oh yes, I do—I like it very much."

"But there is something wrong," Adrian persisted. "I am sure you don't like it."

"Indeed—indeed I do," the girl declared fervently, and Molly chimed in with an enthusiastic—

"Oh, Mr. Scarlett, it's charming!"

"It's very kind of you to say so," he replied, pocketing his sonnet and going towards the piano, still with a slightly troubled expression. "Shall we try that duet now?"

Molly's thoughts were very easily diverted from poetry. She set up the music; but just as she was about to strike the first note, an idea occurred to her, and, spinning half round on the stool—

"Amy," she said, "do you call that Mr. Harding so very good-looking?"

Amy was taken by surprise.

"I? oh no!" she answered.

"There!" Molly exclaimed, looking up at Scarlett.

"Why, what do you mean?" Miss Wilton asked. "Somehow I can't fancy he'll live. Whenever I look at that man's face I think of death."

"What a queer idea!" said the younger sister reflectively. "Well,

he certainly doesn't look strong, and I should think that Robinson boy would be enough to worry anybody into an early grave."

Adrian, standing by the piano, raised his eyes to the old mirror, as if he half expected to see the pale face with its watchful eyes, below the gleaming surface of the glass. But it reflected only a vague confusion of curtain and wall-paper, and the feathery foliage of a palm.

"I say," said Molly, "had you met him before this morning, or did you introduce yourselves?"

"We introduced ourselves. I found he knew a place where I stayed last summer. Don't you remember," he said, looking across at Amy, "the old house I told you about!"

"I remember. Where you wrote that bit, '*Waiting by the Sundial?*'"

Scarlett nodded.

"Yes. Well, I found he knew it well—in fact it turned out that he was a connection——"

"What, of your friends there?"

"No, not of my friends, of the old family who used to have the place."

"Oh, your friends aren't the old family then?" said Molly.

"No, they are not. I ought to say they *were* not—there were only two of them," he added in an explanatory fashion, "old Mr. Hayes, and his niece Miss Strange, and Mr. Harding told me to-day that the old man was dead. I didn't know it."

Molly looked up sympathetically, but, as he did not seem to be overpowered with grief, she went on, after a moment—

"Isn't it funny how, when one has never heard a name, and then one *does* hear it, one is sure to hear it again in three or four different ways directly? Did you ever notice that?"

Mr. Scarlett wasn't sure that he had, but he agreed that it was a very remarkable law.

"Well it always *is* so—you notice," she said. "Now I don't remember that I ever knew of anybody of the

name of Strange in all my life, and now the Ashfords have got a Miss Strange staying with them, and here your friend is a Miss Strange."

His glance quickened a little at this illustration of the rule in question.

"Curious!" he said. "And who is this Miss Strange who is staying with the Ashfords?"

"Oh, she is a clergyman's daughter from Devonshire. She is very pretty. Amy, don't you think that Miss Strange is pretty?"

"Very pretty," said Amy, taking a book from the table.

"Yes, very pretty, for that style," Molly repeated.

"And what is her particular style?" Adrian asked, keeping his eyes, which were growing eager, fixed upon the keyboard.

"Oh, I don't know—she's rather small," said Molly lamely (Barbara was not as tall as Amy Wilton), "and she is dark—too dark, I think." (Amy was decidedly fair.) "She has a quantity of black hair. Do you like black hair?" (Amy's was wound in shining golden coils,) "and rather a colour, and fine eyes. Oh, dear, how *difficult* it is to describe people!"

It might be so, and yet young Scarlett, as he listened, could actually see a pair of soft eyes shining under darkly pencilled brows, a cloud of shadowy hair, and lips of deep carnation. It would rather have seemed that Miss Molly Wilton excelled in the art of description.

"Do you know what her name is?" he asked in an indifferent voice, stooping a little to look at a speck on one of the keys, and touching it with a neat fingernail.

"What, do you think it may be your Miss Strange?"

"It's possible," he said. "Her people were somewhere in that part of the world."

"I did hear her name—no, don't say it! Amy, do you remember Miss Strange's name?"

Amy looked up absently.

"Something old-fashioned—wasn't it Barbara?"

Adrian had lifted his head, and their eyes met. In that moment the girl saw what a glance could mean. It was just a flash of light, and then his ordinary look.

"Yes," he said, "that's the name; it must be the Miss Strange I know."

"Dear me!" said Molly, "I hope I didn't say any harm of her just now! You'd better go and call. You remember the Ashfords; you went with us to a garden party at their place when you were staying here two years ago."

Adrian smiled, and moved towards the window, forgetting his engagement at the piano.

"Oh!" said the disappointed musician, "aren't we to have the duet then?"

"I beg your pardon," he answered,

coming back with bright promptitude, "I'm quite ready."

But Amy, as their voices rose and filled the room, sat gazing at the page which she did not read. She had seen how Adrian Scarlett could look, when he heard the name of Barbara. And she had thought, because he turned towards her when he read a sonnet—she had thought—what? A pink flush dyed her delicate skin. Our pardonable mistakes are precisely what we ourselves can never pardon.

The song being ended young Scarlett made his escape. He was half amused, half indignant.

"Sandmoor near Ilfracombe! Confound the fellow, he knew where she was all the time, and I thought he was rather unwilling to give me her Devonshire address! Sandmoor near Ilfracombe indeed!"

To be continued.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE doings of the Parliamentary session that has closed have already lost whatever interest they may ever have had in face of what is to be done during the recess and after. The battle between the two Houses is now definitely engaged. Lord Salisbury has nailed his colours to the mast for three months at any rate, and is displaying all the energy of a man who is fighting for his life, and who knows it. Mr. Gladstone, about the time these pages are published, will be sounding the trumpet from the famous citadel which he carried by storm in 1880; and, after a short armistice or a few light skirmishes in the early part of September, there will be no pause until the issues are finally decided. It is a year ago this September since many thousands of the miners of Northumberland and Durham met on the great moor at Newcastle, and gave notice to the Government that they were tired of waiting for the long-promised franchise. In October some fifteen hundred representatives of the Ministerial party from all parts of the country met at Leeds to urge the Ministers to bring in a Franchise Bill in 1884, and to follow it by a Redistribution Bill in 1885. The resistance of the Conservative party in the House of Lords was anticipated, was measured, and was discounted. It was taken for granted that the Bill would be sent up a second time. So far all has gone according to the programme. It is not, however, merely the pre-arranged order of events that has unfolded itself. As might have been expected, a new light has been thrown upon tendencies and currents deeper than the mere demand for a particular measure,—tendencies affecting the fundamental character of parties, and

marking a general transformation and advance in the national life.

The party whose function is to resist change proves to have changed the most. A year ago the Conservative organs diligently pooh-poohed the gatherings at Newcastle and Leeds, derided the alleged demand for an extended franchise, and talked about the artificial manœuvre, sometimes of a revolutionary faction, sometimes of a handful of busybodies, sometimes of embarrassed Ministers at their wits' ends for a cry. What was then a mere revolutionary manœuvre is now a great Conservative principle. The desperate cry of an embarrassed Government has now become the heart's desire of a patriotic Opposition. To assert that the Conservative party and their champions, the Conservative peers, are not quite as anxious for the Franchise Bill as the Liberals pretend to be, is shameful, is cowardly, is a malignant falsehood. All this makes one of the most remarkable cases of conversion in political history, and shows that the Conservatives six months ago were, in respect of an extension of the franchise, nothing less than advanced Liberals—though they did not know it themselves, and not a suspicion was entertained of it by other people. So much for the Franchise. But on Redistribution a still more extraordinary advance has been made. When Mr. Gladstone sketched the outlines of the principles on which members would be apportioned in any scheme for which he might be responsible, he distinctly repudiated the plan of allotting seats in proportion to population. The process in his hands will be a rough and approximative one, as indeed it is reasonable to expect that in an old country, with many ancient

landmarks and a strong historic sentiment, such a process if wisely conducted must necessarily be. But Lord Salisbury goes beyond this, and seems to accept a principle which, if it is good for anything at all, must be good for equal electoral districts. As his words at Manchester (August 9) are important, and as diligent attempts are most naturally being made to empty them of their meaning by his mystified followers in the Press, it is well to quote them textually:—

“Lancashire has a special interest in this battle for reform. The present representation of Lancashire is thirty-three members. If Lancashire had the members which, according to a merely arithmetical computation would fall to her share, she would have sixty-three members. Therefore Mr. Chamberlain may be sure that if he goes to London at the head of 100,000 men to prevent a good redistribution scheme passing, Lancashire will be prepared to see that justice is done. . . . Middlesex has even a greater interest than Lancashire in the passing of a fair redistribution scheme. It has now sixteen members. It would have a right, under a strict computation, to fifty-four members. So that I am afraid that if Mr. Chamberlain undertakes this perilous march he will find a considerable force in front of him as well as a considerable force behind him, and I think, before the expedition is done, he will wish that he had confined himself to the safer warfare of his peaceable colleague who only fights by word of mouth.”

It is idle to attempt to explain these words away, nor is there any reason to suppose that the statesman who so deliberately uttered them has any desire to explain them away. To prevent Lancashire from having the sixty-three members to which she is entitled on the basis of numbers, is “to prevent a good redistribution scheme passing,” and to stand in the way of “justice being done.” This, then—the basis of numbers, or at any rate something like it and very near it—is Lord Salisbury’s notion of the condition of a good and just scheme of redistribution. That again, we say, indicates as singular an advance in prospect on the question of redistribution as has already been made on the question of franchise.

If we turn to the rival party, a move of even greater significance makes itself almost universally visible. It is hardly too much to say that not one Liberal gathering out of a hundred is held, at which the feeling for a stringent limitation of the powers of the House of Lords is not so loudly and emphatically expressed as to make the predominant note of the meeting. There is a universal impatience of the obstructive powers now possessed by the hereditary Chamber; and this impatience, let us remark, is none the less firm and resolute for keeping free for the most part of old-fashioned tirades of the blatant sort against “bloated aristocrats.” We are not expressing an opinion, but stating a fact that is perfectly well known to everybody whose business it is to know from day to day what occurs at these meetings, both great and small. Conservatives are as well aware of it as Liberals, and some of them even regard it with complacency in the expectation that the cry against the House of Lords will frighten the moderate Liberals and break up the party. That is the avowed calculation of the more heady and reckless of the Conservatives, as it may, for anything that we know to the contrary, be the calculation of some Radicals who think that their party will never do its work until it has cut adrift the Laodiceans. The more long-headed Conservatives, we know, watch this extraordinary manifestation of deep and unswerving resentment against the legislative principles of a hereditary body with very genuine dismay. They are under no delusion; they are wide awake to the inevitable prospect that as soon as ever projects for dealing with the House of Lords, whether by improving or removing, are once definitely inscribed on the Liberal programme, this grave change in our Constitution will inevitably in the fulness of time follow that decision. Hence the folly in the eyes of cool and prudent Tories of the course to which their

chief has committed them. Will this momentous reform be found definitely placed in the Liberal creed before the next three months are over? Has it already come into the region of practical politics, and even to the forefront of practical politics? If there is any shadow of doubt about it, that doubt arises from the enormous power of Mr. Gladstone. Nobody except Mr. Gladstone could prevent it or keep it back. Whatever might be the first and immediate effect on the unity of the Liberal party, he and he alone, by the authority of his position and the deeper influence of his character, is strong enough to delay the tide, just as nobody but he could have ventured to produce so moderate and conservative a Franchise Bill. A second manifestation by the House of Lords of its resolution to ride roughshod over the judgment of the House of Commons in a matter affecting its procedure in its own reform will make a great difference. Such contumacy may change the Prime Minister's own view of the struggle, and of the expediency of meddling with privileges that have become practically intolerable, as well as theoretically indefensible. Probably it will. If it does not, it will certainly intensify the resentment of his followers to such an extent, that even he will not be able to prevent the reform (in whatever sense) of the House of Lords from being the next great object for which it will be their business to work. Mr. Bright is a sagacious man. Few statesmen have seen so far ahead, have prepared great changes from so considerable a distance, have made so few miscalculations as to the course of events, as he has done during the forty and odd years of his public life. Mr. Bright perceives that change in the House of Lords is already the great object for which it is the business of his party to work. And "what we want," he says (August 4th), speaking for himself and for them and for the country, "is this—is a definite purpose; to remove a permanent obstacle to the national wants and will

represented in the House of Commons." "Without," he went on to say, "having a very strong opinion one way or the other, I am not so bound up to the belief in the necessity of two Houses as I was some time ago. At the same time, I think it must be admitted that the great bulk of the thoughtful people of this country have not only not expressed themselves, but have never shown any disposition to arrive at the point which would induce them to demand only one House and the utter abolition of the other." How all this may go, it will be for the reformed constituencies to decide. It only concerns us here to notice the significance of the fact that this is the question which Liberals find most to say and to write about.

The troublesome questions arising from the occupation of Egypt have passed once more into a new phase. The Conference which met to devise a plan for resolving the financial difficulties, could not agree, and it separated not without a little heat. The provisional understanding between England and France has "totally collapsed." The Egyptian policy of the British Government has, again in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "undergone a dislocation." The bankruptcy that now overhangs the country "affects and colours every Egyptian question. It places us in a new position in the face of Egyptian affairs. It is not one new embarrassment added to old embarrassments; it is the overspreading embarrassment which goes through the whole, and places every Egyptian subject, more or less, in a new position." Before resolving on the course which this new position may demand, the Government have despatched Lord Northbrook on a mission of inquiry and advice. Money, after all, is the great force for pulling people up, and the time is now swiftly approaching when the people of this country will be obliged to measure their Egyptian policy by the sobering standard of cash out of pocket. The French,

unless we are mistaken, paid for their own occupation of Syria, and we may be compelled by circumstances to imitate them in Egypt. The demand for the payment of the four millions of indemnities (half of the amount being notoriously a swindle) is very pressing. When they are paid, another dilemma awaits the British Government. On the 1st of November, the interest on the bonds is due. If the next coupons are not paid, there will be grave diplomatic questions certainly with France and possibly with Germany too. If the coupons are paid, we shall stultify our own contention at the Conference that the reduction of the interest was an indispensable condition of leaving a proper margin for the cost of administration. Lord Northbrook has a reputation of long standing as a man of first-rate capacity for business, and it will need all his capacity to find a way out of this entanglement which will not involve either a new declaration of bankruptcy on the part of Egypt, sanctioned by us at the risk of European trouble, or else the assumption of financial responsibilities by the British taxpayer.

One of the last acts of the session was to procure a vote of credit to the modest tune of 300,000*l.* to be devoted to "preparations and not operations" for the rescue of General Gordon, if the necessity should arise, from the most foolish, random, improvident, and ineffectual mission that was ever imposed or accepted by statesmen in their senses. Parliament and the country were assured in the spring by Lord Hartington that "General Gordon left this country with a most distinct and clear understanding, repeated over and over again by himself, that the mission he was going to undertake he was prepared to undertake with the resources to be found on the spot, and he distinctly understood that it was no part of the policy of the Government to despatch an expedition for the relief of Khartoum or any other garrison." Then, when it became

evident that General Gordon instead of helping us out of a scrape might much more probably need to be helped out of his own scrape, the same Minister extended the definition of the national responsibilities for their envoy:—

"We must satisfy ourselves, as far as it is possible for us to satisfy ourselves, that such an expedition is necessary to secure the safety of General Gordon, and of those for whose safety he has made himself responsible. It is necessary that we should be satisfied that the original plan of evacuation is now impossible of execution. General Gordon will not be called upon by the Government to do anything that may be derogatory to his honour or character. Those who have intrusted themselves to his service, and those who have fought with him, and who have increased the perils in which they stood before by entering his service, no doubt General Gordon is responsible for and cannot desert; but there is no reason to believe that, if escape is possible for him, it is not also possible for those who stand towards him in the relation which I have described."

The money has been asked for and granted, not because an expedition is yet thought necessary, but because it may be thought necessary before the House of Commons reassembles. It is waste of time to try to forecast events in the Soudan. According to the last news, Gordon is alive and well—after all the successive frenzies into which the tribe of philanthropical harum-scarums, the Cromwells from the manufacturing districts, and all the rest of the annexationist band have lashed themselves and vainly striven to lash other people since this most singular adventure was first undertaken. Meanwhile steamers are being hauled over the cataracts of the Nile with considerable effort and difficulty, but it will, we suspect, be a work of still greater effort and difficulty to haul General Gordon back again even when the steamers reach him. One little point that has turned up in the expeditionary process is worth attention. Two regiments (or portions of regiments) have been brought away before their time from Bombay for service in Egypt, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Indian Govern-

ment against their withdrawal. The incident is a trifle, but it illustrates how hard we shall find it to cut a military dash in the Mediterranean, with a military Empire on our hands at the other side of the Isthmus. If we only stay in Egypt long enough, it may yet cost us India before we have done, as some Anglo-Indian statesmen already warn us. The plain and certain truth is that we have not and cannot have armed men enough for new military responsibilities. Therefore, if we persist in projects of annexation, we shall necessarily fall back on Indian troops, and about the mischief and disaster involved in that as a permanent item of national policy, there is no difference of opinion among men fit to judge.

The coolness which is supposed to have arisen between England and Germany is probably not of any real significance, and will soon pass away,—not, however, as we may fervently hope, to be followed by any reactionary warmth in the nature of alliance, understanding, or other entanglement, so much in favour with Mr. Ashmead Bartlett and statesmen of his adventurous stamp. The present incident looks as if it were no more than a passing “breeze.” The version given in the *Times* is believed to be correct. “The question as to whether Angra Pequena was in British territory or formed a part of No Man’s Land was referred first to one authority, then to another; and meanwhile, these delays spread a belief in Germany that we wanted to follow the dog-in-the-manger policy of keeping others out of land which was useless to ourselves. There may have been too much impatience on the German side; there was certainly too much dilatoriness on ours. Lord Kimberley seems to have declared, when Colonial Secretary, that the South-Western Coast of Africa was not claimed by Great Britain, and this expression of opinion ought to have been known and promptly acted upon

by his successor and by the Foreign Office. But Prince Bismarck must be aware by this time that his colonial policy, within the limits which he has himself indicated, will meet with no opposition from this country; and the soreness produced by official mismanagement ought now to be disappearing.” What the *Times* calls official mismanagement—and we have no fault to find with the description—may well be due to the possibility that the work of the Empire is getting too much for the time and the faculties of our statesmen or for any other twelve human creatures, whether Cabinet Ministers or others. Or it may really be due to that other sentiment which the *Times* dismisses as too foolish to be admissible, namely, “a jealousy of any attempts of Germany to open markets for herself or found colonies on the South-West African Coast.” It is hard to say how far the notion that the earth is the Englishman’s and the fulness thereof, may lead the modern patriot.

Colonial questions have solicited our attention at several points during the month, and it is perhaps a fortunate coincidence that so many of them should press upon us at once, for then we see both their diversity and their possible magnitude. An interesting sort of meeting took place, under the presidency of Mr. Forster, of certain prominent men of both parties, with a view to furthering the object of a Greater British Federation; and many eloquent and inspiring sentiments found expression. With the aspirations after a cordial fraternity among all Englishmen, and the closest union and co-operation among them that is compatible with the fullest development of their joint and several interests, every Englishman that we know of is in the most complete and active sympathy. No Englishman that we know of is in the hurry that partisan politicians at home, and foolishly touchy individuals here and there in the colonies, allege, to sever the

imperial bond, cast our kinsmen adrift, and so forth and so forth. But no speaker at the Conference shed one single ray of light that could guide a statesman to what exactly it is that is wanted, what practical ends are to be served by a Grand Pan-Britannic Confederacy, nor how, above all, the said Confederacy is to be constituted. Some of the ablest men, who went to the Conference most excited and most sanguine, came away with the despondent admission that they had not heard one practical word uttered from first to last, except perhaps something about a Committee and a Secretary. When a scheme, however rudimentary, is produced, then it will be time enough to discuss it. High words on neither side can avail to master the tendencies of things or stem the current of circumstance and interest. We are all agreed in desiring to see English ideas of law, freedom, industry, and humanity spread over the surface of the habitable globe. Whether that diffusion will be best effected by the centralisation or decentralisation of the governing machinery, time will show. The present writer believes that centralisation, if it be effectual, would be mischievous for the little time that it could last—producing, in Lamennais' phrase, apoplexy at the centre and paralysis at the extremities—and that it would rapidly break to pieces. But in truth there is no reason to fear that the idle experiment will ever be tried. If we read the signs aright, England will have more serious business to attend to than the construction of Pan-Britannic gimcrackery, and the present desire of the Australian politicians for fusion with one another is in fact a preparation, unconsciously made, for ultimate, and perhaps not very remote, disunion from us. Sentimentalism and even hysterics may have their little innings, but the hard facts are quietly waiting to pull folly up.

At the very end of the session Mr. Gladstone offered to introduce an Enabling Bill to empower the Austra-

lian colonies to form themselves into a confederation. With something approaching to downright levity, he bargained that the measure should be passed practically without discussion. Only on one theory could he take up a position otherwise so incredible; namely, that the doings of the colonists are matter of entire indifference to us, and that nothing in the conditions of the proposed federation could interest or concern the legislature or the Executive Government at home here. That may or may not be a very good theory one of these days, but its time has certainly not come yet. So long as the present relations endure, there must be limitations of the powers and functions of an Australian Union which need to be most carefully deliberated upon. Are the new United States, for instance, to be free to acquire new territory and to annex sub-colonial dependencies? We do not say No; on the contrary, we should be inclined to let the young giants expatriate at will, provided it is at their own proper cost and peril, and with full sense of responsibility. But these are not points to be settled offhand. The Conservative leaders were perfectly justified in refusing to undertake that a Bill of this significance should go through Parliament as a matter of form, like a provisional order for electric lighting. The *Spectator* says that Mr. Gladstone's offer commanded "the enthusiastic assent of the Irish party." This is of the nature of moonshine. One Irish member, who, by the way, is a member no longer, no doubt said he saw no objection to letting the Enabling Bill pass without discussion, but Mr. Parnell was not present, and, in fact, there was hardly any assent, and there was not a trace of enthusiasm. So much for the sake of historic truth. An Australian confederacy, by all means, but as any such confederacy will assuredly leave us with responsibilities, even if it does not augment them, the imperial legislature will be abdicating with a ven-

geance, if it watches a single stage of the transaction with that serene apathy, as of the gods on Olympus, which Mr. Gladstone seemed to count upon as a matter of course.

A further step in the direction of imperial extension has been taken by the appointment of a new High Commissioner as the representative of a British protectorate over the southern coast of New Guinea. The Australian colonies promise fifteen thousand pounds towards the cost of the protectorate for the year. A Deputy Commissioner visited the island last autumn, to the extent of seventy miles of coast. "The white population at present consists of seven individuals. It would be, perhaps, more correct to say that it consists of only three—Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers, two members of the London Missionary Society, and a Mr. Goldie. Mr. Goldie is a speculator in land—that is to say, he claims to have bought 17,000 acres at about one penny per acre. The remaining four white men are engaged in the *bêche-de-mer* fishery, and have no fixed place of abode. With the exception of the small sum of money expended by Mr. Goldie in his so-called land purchases, there is not a sixpence of Queensland or any other capital invested in the country. It is not to be expected that New Guinea will for long remain as free from the visits of disreputable white men as it is at present. The *bêche-de-mer* fishery is probably a rich one, and should that industry increase the country may shortly be infested with the lowest refuse of the white population from Cooktown and other Australian ports. It is a well-known fact that this profession claims the attention of the most disorderly of white men."

The object of the British Government in assenting to the protectorate is ostensibly, we suppose, to keep these immigrant ruffians in order. But the real motive of the colonists, of course, is to prevent possible designs of the French, perhaps not without a hope in some breasts that the kidnapping

of workers for the sugar plantations may come to be practised with success. The question of the transportation of French habitual criminals is still unsolved, and the natural anxiety of the colonists is still alive, though it probably reaches us in exaggerated forms. The Report of the French Senate puts a less alarming colour on former stories of the numbers and quality of the convict settlements. The bulk of the convicts will go to Cayenne, and not more than one-fifth to New Caledonia, amounting to something like 1,000 in the first year, 800 in the second, 600 in the third, and so on, the number diminishing with the gradual eradication of habitual offenders in France. "The convicts," says the Report, "will not, as has been supposed, be the most dangerous malefactors. They will be persons convicted of theft, embezzlement, indecency, habitual mendicancy and vagabondage, and infringement of police supervision. In the agricultural penitentiaries, prior to transportation, the prisoners' aptitudes and chances of reformation will be inquired into, the most promising being sent to New Caledonia as skilled artisans." Facilities are to be offered for marriage and for the transport of families, so as to avoid the horrors that once defiled Botany Bay. All this has a fair enough sound, but we need not be surprised if it does not reconcile the Australian public to their threatened neighbours. Whether English diplomacy will prevail with the French Government to stay this plague, will depend on events of which the scene is far from Australia, and of which the English in Australia are not likely to measure the full import, any more than are many English in England. The colonists who write excited letters to the London newspapers, calling on the Ministers to make the Recidivist Bill a *casus belli* with France, forget that we have already other business with France in Egypt and elsewhere, but especially in Egypt. They, like the domestic Jingo, have still to learn that we are not yet absolute masters in the uni-

verse, to whom no Power dare say nay.

The attempt to reverse the policy of common sense in Bechuanaland appears to have collapsed even more rapidly than was anticipated. As Mr. Gladstone said a great many years ago, in South Africa you lie first on one side and then you turn over on the other, but in no position do you get comfort or peace. One supposed that the policy of 1880 was to have as little as possible to do with South Africa. Yet Ministers have never made up their minds honestly and firmly to stick to their text. Not to speak of the disastrous manner in which the restoration of its independence to the Transvaal was effected, the retention of the Reserve in Zululand leaves us answerable for much confusion, and loaded with what may any day be onerous liabilities in that sanguinary region. After retiring from Basutoland, we are there again. After withdrawing our agent several years ago from Bechuanaland, we make a new arrangement which puts a new agent there. Mr. Mackenzie, who only went out in this capacity the other day, impressed every one who saw him here with his integrity and directness of mind. But he is a missionary, he hates Boers, and he sighs for an Anglo-Indian *régime* in South Africa. What has happened to Mr. Mackenzie, the Colonial Office has not told us; but he appears to have been compelled to resign for reasons of which we shall hear when despatches arrive. Affrays have taken place between the Boers in Stellaland and the natives, and the hundred police who were to have been on the spot by this time were not as yet, according to the last reports, even equipped. In fact, the policy is all at sea. It is not yet decided, said Mr. Ashley, whether Stellaland should remain under the protection of England, or be annexed to the Cape Colony. Two years ago, and even one year ago, the Cape Colony would have nothing to do with Bechuanaland. When we sent Mr. Mackenzie, they at once began to

change their minds, because the active Dutch element is, of course, always averse to British intervention, while even the English element has no mind to see another quarrel afoot with the Transvaal. Whether the Dutch or the English element is destined ultimately to preponderate in South Africa is hidden in the uncertain future. But everything points to the expediency of letting them work out their own issues. It was absurd to invest the Cape Colony with responsible government if we are to be ever ready at hand with imperial intervention, sometimes to coerce natives, sometimes to coerce colonists. Let them work out their own destinies in their own way, free from the capricious, impulsive, ill-informed interventions of Downing Street, the House of Commons, the Missionary Societies, and philanthropic excitable. If the legislature of the Cape Colony wishes to annex Bechuanaland, we shall be kicking against the pricks if we meddle to prevent them. But will they understand that the Imperial Government will not any more play fast and loose, and come back to Bechuanaland, as they have, unwisely enough, gone back to Basutoland? "Ah!" cries Mr. Forster, "but our national duty and honour." As if any fact were better established than that every intervention on our part on behalf of the natives in South Africa had left the last state of these unfortunate clients worse than the first. To say that honour compels us to run our heads against impossible tasks will seem as absurd a generation or two hence as we now think the doctrine of a generation or two back, that honour compels a man to give anybody who has done him a certain wrong a chance to put a bullet or a blade into him in the duello. Great Britain should leave some little for Providence to do even in South Africa.

The latest intelligence from Zululand points unmistakably in the same direction. Sir Bartle Frere picked his quarrel with Cetywayo, and broke

up the Zulu power, in order to please the Boers of the Transvaal, and to reconcile them to annexation. The whirligig of time has brought about a strange result. We are no longer very anxious to please the Boers, yet what is now happening is that the Boers are established in Zululand. A proclamation has been issued at Pretoria announcing the establishment of a Boer Republic in Zululand, and declaring Zululand to be under its protectorate. Such has been the advantage to the unlucky Zulus of the beneficent intervention of 1878-79! It may be said that all would have been different if we had held fast to the Transvaal. We do not now argue whether we could or could not have held fast to it. Our point lies in the fact that we did not, that the Government and Parliament and constituencies changed their minds, that they will be always and incessantly liable to these changes of mind, and that the result of them to the natives is far more deadly than if we left natives, Boers, and British to settle matters for themselves, and among one another.

After many obscure movements, it is now certain that we are to see a war between France and China. What has long seemed inevitable to outside observers, in spite of their hoping against hope, has at length come to pass, and the breach is formal, undisguised, and complete. The French Minister has hauled down his tricolour at Peking, and the Chinese Envoy has got his passports and gone to Berlin. Before the end of the present week we are more likely than not to hear that military operations have actually begun in more than one spot. It is of little use to try to guess what dimensions the struggle may assume. It may produce a formidable drain on France, it may overthrow the French Minister to whom the world was beginning to look as the founder of a stable system of government in France, and it may lead to unpleasant and perilous collisions with the commercial

interests of other European nations, first and foremost with our own. On the other hand, it is possible that things may take another turn, that China may quickly give in, that France may use her success with moderation, and that in any case operations may be strictly localised, so as to give no excuse to us or anybody else for real or feigned alarms. That the French Government at home will do whatever they can to minimise the quarrel in every sense, we may be reasonably certain. But the worst of all these operations at a great distance is that they necessarily confer power on admirals and generals on the spot. As we have good reason to know to our cost, this is a power which under such circumstances is commonly used in an unwise and aggressive spirit. England will watch with lively interest the French imitation of many a similar proceeding of her own. Any interruption of the enormous commercial dealings of Great Britain with China would be very jealously viewed by important bodies here at any time, but most especially at a time like the present, when trade is far too much depressed as it is to bear easily that yet one more market, and that a very good one, should be closed to our products. We can only hope that jealousy of this kind will go hand in hand with much circumspection.

In spite of the exaggerations of the clever droll who amuses himself as the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, and the wholly disproportionate importance assigned by his letters to occasional bits of strong language and excited gesture, the proceedings of the Revision Congress seem to have been conducted with a fair amount both of dignity and of good sense. An assembly of eight hundred men, holding violently opposed opinions, representing the incensed conflicts of three generations, and meeting in a tropical temperature, is no joke. It is not quite certain that if our own Lords and Commons were put into one room, and told to fight out the battle of Parliamentary

Reform, the language would be as decorous as we assume when criticising our neighbours. Even as it is, there have been scenes this month between Mr. Sexton and Colonel King-Harman not any more edifying than the scenes between M. Royer and M. Jolibois or M. Madier de Montjau. Powerful and serious speeches were made from various quarters of the assembly. M. Clémenceau restored an oratorical and political reputation which had been waning, M. Ferry showed both dexterity and strength, and the majority displayed the excellent virtue of standing solid. The last fact is for the moment much more important than any article of the Revision itself. That comes to very little, as M. Ferry intended that it should.

Much more important than the narrow political changes effected by revision is the social change that will in time be brought about by the new system of divorce which has at last, after many chances and changes, become law. The discerning reader of Mill's famous essay on the subjection of women perceived that the removal of political disabilities from women, and the opening of various callings to them from which they had previously been shut out were, in fact, secondary in the philosopher's mind to the greater object of a transformation in the mutual relations of women and husbands. Let us open as many other callings as we please, and by all means; but when that is done, marriage will still remain the principal calling for the vast majority of women. To give a vote for a parliamentary candidate once in four or five years, or to have a chance of practising as a lawyer or a doctor, or of graduating at Oxford or Cambridge, would make very little difference in the lot of the great mass of women compared with such a change in usage and sentiment as would confer upon the married woman equal rights of every kind to those of the man. The only school of genuine moral sentiment, said Mill, is society be-

tween equals. As the world mends, command and obedience will become the exceptional facts in life, and equal association its general rule. Men first exacted from women the morality of submission; next, men advanced to the practice of the morality of chivalry and generosity towards women; now, what modern circumstances demand is the morality of equal justice. Mill readily admitted that "numbers of married people were under the present law (in the higher classes of England probably a great majority) living in the spirit of a just law of equality." What particular changes in the present law he thought necessary, Mill did not specify. One change that he undoubtedly thought urgently necessary has been effected since, and partly in consequence of his essay, by the new law enabling married women to hold their own property. Another most important move has been made by Mr. Bryce's measure of the past session, for giving to mothers equal rights with the fathers in respect of their children. The measure has for the moment been shelved by the stupid indolence of the House of Lords, but the abominable barbarities which the present law sanctions under this head, more especially in Scotland, cannot last much longer, in spite of the House of Lords. Nothing, however, can make any difference in the lot of women comparable with that which would come from a change in the spirit of the institution of marriage—so infinitely the most momentous of all in its bearings on modern life. Mill himself never went fully into detail upon the question of divorce, partly on the ground which he once gave, that we cannot settle that question at all satisfactorily until women themselves have had a chance of saying effectively and with a sense of responsibility what they think and feel about the subject. However that may be, it is certain that the new French law marks a very extraordinary step, whether a wise and judicious one

or not, in the direction of relaxation and emancipation. Misconduct of a certain kind in the man is to be as good a ground for divorce as the same misconduct already is in England when committed by the woman. But sundry sorts of evil behaviour, of which the English law takes no cognisance in this regard, will entitle the other partner to release from the bond. If the husband or wife is a drunkard, he or she may be put away, and the marriage is at an end. Cruelty, in the sense of blows or brutal and systematically unkind treatment, will be a ground, not merely for separation, as it is with us, but for divorce. What is more remarkable is that affronting and deliberately offensive language, even though it is applied not to the party himself or herself, but to his or her relatives, constitutes a valid plea for a dissolution of the marriage. If either party is sentenced to transportation or the galleys, the other may obtain relief by mere proof of the conviction. This, we may note in passing, was the one case in which Comte tolerated divorce, and the explanation of the exception to his rule is that the husband of Madame Clotilde de Vaux was a convict for life. It is not going much too far to say, as has been said, that "the general tendency of the Act is that when husband and wife have got to be intentionally offensive to each other they should be put asunder," and "that French couples will practically be able to get severance whenever any sort of domestic trouble arises between them." How far the courts that administer the Act will assist or impede its operation in this extreme sense, and to what extent men and women will divest themselves of old-fashioned sentiment, and practise the new liberty, remains to be seen. It is at any rate certain that there is little more left for the law to do in turning an indissoluble union into an engagement during pleasure or during good behaviour. All the other indirect influences that bind husbands and wives

together in unhappy union, such as fear of the world's tongue, regard for the interests of the children, and so forth, will remain as strong as they are now. But the French law at least introduces the *régime* of liberty into domestic life, gives a completely new turn to the public and authoritative sentiment about the marriage union, and makes the endurance of a barbarous or degraded consort a piece of voluntary martyrdom, instead of being, as it now is, the inexorable burden of an iron yoke. When the French bring themselves to make a great change of this kind, they make it in a thorough and a logical spirit, and in this they are not perhaps wholly unworthy of admiration.

The struggle in Belgium is very easily intelligible in this country, for the elements of the same dispute exist in a certain degree among ourselves. Suppose that Lord Salisbury and his ecclesiastical friends were to be able to do as they would like, we might expect them to bring in a Bill sufficiently similar to that which the new Clerical Ministry has introduced into the Belgian Chambers. That is to say, they would allow the Board Schools to be the homes of denominational teaching, while giving to not fewer than twenty heads of families who should object to religious teaching the truly invidious right of forcing the rate-payers to provide separate class-rooms and special teachers for their particular children. If the Belgian proposal becomes law, it will have the effect of making many parishes provide two schools where one would suffice for the number of children to be educated, and it will, in the case of the large towns, take the money of all the rate-payers to support a clerical system which many of them view with ardent repugnance. Many practical inconveniences will arise in detail, and it is no wonder, therefore, that even on the merits the new Bill should have roused a very lively opposition. Apart from the merits of the particular proposal,

the Bill serves as a symbol and a flag for the two great parties. The rigorous administration of the Liberal scheme of education roused sharper objection than the scheme itself, and that rigour of administration was due to an intense conviction among the Liberals that in the schools they were fighting the battle of the future of the State and their country. The Clericals have exactly the same sentiment on their side. The contest on these terms may well be severe. Some five hundred members of the Communal Councils met (August 9th) in the great chamber of the famous town-hall at Brussels. A document was read protesting against the new Bill as destructive of the lay character of public instruction and as contrary to religious freedom as guaranteed by the Constitution; declaring that the Bill subsidises the private schools under the Catholic clergy, and imposes a new burden on the communes for the support of the public schools; and, finally, pledging all who sign it to resort to all legal means against the Bill, and to vindicate the rights of the people to public instruction according to an honest reading of the Constitution. After the instrument had been read, the assemblage rose in their places, every man stretched out his right hand, and swore to be faithful to the covenant. A great procession, twenty thousand strong, filed through the streets, calling for the withdrawal of the obnoxious Bill, and for a dissolution of the Chamber. There was a counter procession of Clericals, eight thousand weak, but no collision took place. Tumultuous scenes have taken place before the doors of the Chamber, members have been loudly hooted as they made their way through angry and divided crowds, and many arrests have been made.

At the very same moment, the Catholic party in our own legislature was making a similar protest against the undenominational system in Ireland. Just as the Belgian Clericals point with triumph to the fact that the

pupils in the free voluntary Catholic schools exceed the pupils in the lay or secular schools, in the proportion of three and a half to one, so the Irish Nationalists point to the scanty numbers, the low standards, and the poor achievements of the "godless colleges." In the Royal University, which is in fact only an examining board and not a teaching body, out of five hundred candidates for admission who received prizes or exhibitions, over three hundred, or 62 per cent., came from Catholic schools, which, unlike Trinity College, and unlike the three Queen's Colleges, are without either ancient or national endowments. It is notorious that some of the men who attacked the Government grant during the present month, have no sympathy with the teaching of the priests, and if there were self-government in Ireland, Mr. Parnell would be much more likely to pursue the policy of M. Frère-Orban than of M. Malou. So long, however, as the present system endures in Ireland, it must be a point of honour with the Nationalist leaders not to desert the priests on the question of education. Meanwhile it is enough to note that the educational ideals of the Whig doctrinaires of five and thirty years have broken down in Ireland little less completely than their agrarian and economic ideals. The Queen's College at Belfast is practically a Presbyterian establishment, and the Irish politicians are willing that it should remain so, provided that Galway and Cork are turned into Catholic establishments. Whether we level up or level down, whether we sanction an endowment for Catholic education, or withdraw all grants for education, the present system is condemned. We insist on teaching being religious in England, and we expect Ireland to welcome teaching that is unsectarian and non-religious. The thing is an odious paradox, and cannot endure.

In this and in other matters the time is rapidly approaching when the Irish members will be able to bargain

in the affairs of their country on more equal terms. The power of their vote has been constantly felt, in many more ways than meets the public eye, both on Irish and other affairs during the present Parliament. Nothing can lessen it in the next, whether the franchise be extended or not. The Dublin scandals have shed an extraordinary light upon the character of the men who carry on the English government in Ireland. They show that the Castle deserves some, at any rate, of the infamy with which it has for more than this generation been invested in the eyes of the Irish people, and they show moreover that the great English officers of State in Ireland know very little of the kind of men who are their instruments, whose acts they are officially bound to whitewash in Parliament, and who perform all those nameless unforgotten acts of unkindness and hate and oppression which bring a Government into actual contact with the daily lives of the population, and which enter more deeply into their souls than any of the grievances of general institutions.

The approach of a general election will quicken the attention of Parliament men to the stupidities of Irish misgovernment. The Irish elector in England will have to be dealt with. The aggregate of the Irish-born residents in England and Wales, says one good authority, is equal to one-ninth of the population of Ireland itself, being in 1881 rather more than 550,000. "The Commissioners of the Census remark upon the unequal distribution of the Irish over this country. In the purely agricultural counties their numbers are very small. We must look for them in the manufacturing and mining districts this side of the Tweed. Taking 1,000 of the population as the standard of comparison, it will be found that Lancashire has 61, Cumberland 56, Durham 42, and Cheshire 37; while Northumberland, Monmouthshire, Glamor-

gan, and Middlesex have more than 20 per 1,000 of population. The ratios in certain towns are much higher. Thus Liverpool has 128 of the Irish-born in every 1,000 of residents; Birkenhead 88, St. Helen's 85, Manchester 75, and Salford 74. In the following towns the proportion is over 40 (the names are in order, the highest first):—Middlesbrough, Stockport, Cardiff, Gateshead, Preston, Bolton, Bradford (Yorkshire), Bury, Blackburn, and Oldham."

In Ireland itself there have been some slight signs of renewed schism within the ranks of the Nationalist party. Mr. Davitt and Mr. Biggar have exchanged compliments. But nothing more serious is likely to come of it before the next election. Mr. Parnell's strength undergoes no visible abatement, whatever forces may be working secretly against his supremacy. The election at Waterford this week of a candidate whom the electors did not know, who did not take the trouble either to put out an address or to make a speech, is an evidence of a political dictatorship which has never been approached, and, we may hope, never will be approached, by any English leader. The Irish are in a revolutionary state, and they are right in sticking to their chief. It is a sign of the sagacity of the Irish population that they perceive the necessity for this dictatorship, and are prepared to acquiesce in it, and steadily to persevere in the courses that are necessary to sustain it. Of course, we might be better pleased if Ireland were different, and if it would rally to British Liberals or British Conservatives. But that is a vanished dream. That country is not likely ever again to return to the old state of things. If this be so, it is well for them that they have a Parliamentary leader whom they can trust; and well for us that they have one with whom it is, or may be, possible for us to deal.

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MARK PATTISON.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE appreciation, almost amounting to reverence, with which Pattison was regarded by a small circle of disciples and friends has never perhaps been quite understood by the general public. The extent and quality of his fame during the last ten or fifteen years were indeed very remarkable considering his secluded habits, his reserved manners, and infrequent appearance as an author. It was almost universally felt that the Rector was an uncommon and original man; that he was not a copyist or echo of any individual or coterie, and that when he delivered a judgment no one gained by neglecting to attend to it. But the grounds of this authority and weight have not often been set forth, either before or since his death. Obviously his grave is yet too green for any attempt to exhibit fully the manner of man we have lost, least of all should I be capable of such a task. Though I knew him for nearly thirty years, it was with no intimacy. But I have followed his course with due and reverent attention, and may perhaps make partially visible the rare qualities and wisdom which lie buried in the churchyard at Harrogate.

Pattison's originality consisted in his living and flourishing in England and Oxford in the nineteenth century. A life devoted to learning in a country

given over to practice, and in a university consecrated to cram, was original to the verge of eccentricity. His love of learning must have been robust indeed to withstand the manifold sinister influences to which it was exposed during a half-century's residence in Oriel and Lincoln. "The tyranny of the examination system has destroyed all desire to learn. All the aspirations of a liberal curiosity, all disinterested desire for self-improvement, is crushed before the one sentiment which now animates the honour-student to stand high in the class list."¹ The system had been at least as injurious to the tutors and fellows as to the undergraduates. "The teacher must be master in the faculty. Our weakness of late years has been that we have not felt this; we have known no higher level of knowledge than so much as sufficed for teaching. Hence education among us has sunk into a trade, and, like trading sophists, we have not cared to keep on hand a larger stock than we could dispose of in the season."² This grave charge, conveyed in general terms, was grounded on particular instances only too well known to Pattison. When he wrote it, he could not fail to have in his mind the case of a quite famous

¹ *Academical Organisation*, p. 244.

² *Ibid.*

tutor in his time, who was supposed to have done great things for his college by his lectures on the Ethics. When this learned person, who had been promoted to a headship, died, curiosity was felt as to his library. It was discovered to consist of a few dozen ordinary school-books, which had proved to be an ample stock of literature for his purposes. It was among men of this stamp, to whom he was a wonder and an enigma, that Pattison grew and gratified his thirst for knowledge. It amounted, indeed, to a passion. Bacon himself was not filled with a warmer zeal for the advancement of learning than the Rector of Lincoln. It was the main-spring of his existence and the chief motive of all he wrote. And it was a perfectly disinterested and unselfish zeal. He had no cause to defend, no favourite theory which he wished to establish, which will often make a man toil unceasingly. He had little inventive generalising power, and was rather the enemy than the friend of "systems" and "philosophies" which pretend to completeness and finality—unduly so, perhaps. His one pre-occupation was to obtain an ever fresh current of truth, of vital knowledge, flowing in and vivifying every channel and department of national life. He believed in knowledge as a physician believes in ozone. It was the only real cure, he thought, for our superstitions, party spirit, stupidities, and vices. Hence "the professor of a modern university ought primarily to regard himself as a learner, and a teacher only secondarily."¹ "No teacher who is a teacher only, and not also himself a daily student, who does not speak from the love and faith of a habitual intuition, can be competent to treat any of the higher parts of any moral or speculative science."² "The moment the doctrine has stiffened in the teacher's mind into a dogma, i.e., when it has lost its con-

nection with the facts it represents, it has become unfit for the purposes of teaching."³ This paramount "love and faith" in knowledge dictated and governed all his mental affinities and sympathies. He was a true liberal, because he knew what ruin despotic government could bring upon all independent thought and study. He was no democrat, because he was aware how democracy, in its present stage at least, from no ill will, perhaps, but out of sheer ignorance, is apt to scorn and destroy a science of which it cannot see the use and meaning. Indeed all enemies of learning were his enemies. The disgust with which the modern passion for athletics at Oxford filled him was almost comic. "Can parents and school-masters possibly go on any longer pretending to think that cricket, boating, and athletics, as now conducted, are only recreations? . . . They have ceased to be amusements, they are organised into a system of serious occupation. . . . As soon as the summer sets in the colleges are disorganised—study, even the pretence of it, is at an end. Play is thenceforward the only thought. They are playing all day, or preparing for it, or refreshing themselves after their fatigues. There is a hot breakfast and lounge from nine to ten; this is called training. At twelve the drag which is to carry them out to the cricket-ground begins its rounds, and the work of the day is over."⁴ This *cri du cœur* came from no morose, sedentary student, who could not appreciate the value and pleasure of exercise in a due proportion. The Rector was fond of riding and fishing, and up till last year a player of lawn tennis; but when exercise became a rival to study he had no patience with it.

However, his feelings to all the above enumerated enemies of knowledge, despots, mobs, or cricketers, were

¹ *Academical Organisation*, p. 164.

² *Ibid.*, p. 165.

³ *Oxford Studies*, p. 258.

⁴ *Academical Organisation*, p. 316.

mild and lukewarm compared to those excited in his bosom by the clerical or ecclesiastical enemy. The Rector could not be called an aggressive man in any relation of life. Some might be tempted to regard him as timid; but with reference to ecclesiastical oppression, especially when it was directed to the suppression of knowledge and fettering of thought, he was able only to maintain an outward calmness; within he was filled with a noble rage, "the freeman's indignation at clerical domination" which he recognised in Milton. Nothing irritated him more than the notion that "any system which proposes to provide *à priori* conclusions in any branch of knowledge relating to nature, man, or society," could have any pretensions to deal with the higher education or philosophy. He was in consequence quite free of that spurious liberalism which has nothing but soft and gracious words for the deadly enemies of all liberality and freedom, the high Catholic party, past or present. "Catholic schools there may be; but a Catholic university there cannot be. Catholic education may be excellent in respect of all the accomplishments, and may embrace many important branches of useful knowledge. It cannot really embrace science and philosophy. They appear before the public as teaching science and philosophy; but it is a sham science and a mockery of philosophy. Propositions in science and philosophy may be inculcated in their classes—possibly true propositions. But the learning of true propositions, dogmatically delivered, is not science. Science is the method of scientific investigation, which is one and the same in respect of all phenomena. The Catholic authorities, therefore, demand a separate university, not that they may conduct education in it, but that they may stop education at a certain stage."¹ Again, in his life of Casaubon, speaking of the Jesuits, he says: "Learned

their works are entitled to be called by courtesy, for they have all the attributes of learning but one—one, to want which, leaves all learning but a tinkling cymbal—and that is the love of truth. The Jesuit scholars introduced into philological research the temper of untruthfulness which had been from of old the literary habit of their Church. An interested motive lurks beneath each word; the motive of church patriotism. Jesuit learning is sham learning, got up with great ingenuity in imitation of the genuine in the service of the Church" (p. 521). Similar passages abound in his writings, showing how warm his feeling was on this subject.

It was so warm that one would like to trace its origin, if one could do so without indiscretion or prematurely encroaching on the province of his future biographer.

Pattison, in his early Oxford days, was an adherent of the Tractarian movement, and a disciple of its great leader, J. H. Newman. It was surely wholly to his credit that he could not come within the range of the magic charm and spiritual attraction of the English Bossuet without succumbing to them. The Oxford movement itself, just about the time he went into residence, had acquired such volume and momentum that only those who were well ballasted with dulness and ignorance, found it easy to keep their feet. Pattison's vivid curiosity and openness of mind would especially expose him to the fascination of the incomparable preacher, the scholar, the divine, and the master of every note and harmony in the English language. It is natural to suppose also that the brother of Sister Dora, at twenty-five, was not insensible to the seductions of the spiritual life. In any case, like Chillingworth, Bayle and Gibbon before him, he yielded to the combination of logic and sentiment which makes the strength of Church principles. Every one has heard the story how he was only prevented by an

¹ *Academical Organisation*, p. 301.

accident from following his chief into the Catholic Church. Where is the wonder? Doubtless he had often read and weighed the words of the *Imitation*:—"Quiet that excessive desire for knowledge, because it brings with it much distraction and delusion. There are many things the knowledge of which is of little or no use to the soul, and he is extremely foolish who turns his attention to such things, rather than to those which would be conducive to his salvation." Momentous words, if any such were ever written, which have probably turned away millions from the pursuit of knowledge to the pursuit of holiness. They point the difficulty and sum up the question which sooner or later every healthy and vigorous mind asks itself in one form or another, "What shall I do to be saved? Should heaven be my hope and aim, or such earthly knowledge as may make this world a better and kindlier dwelling-place for me and my fellow creatures?" On that Monday, February 23rd, 1846, when Newman left Oxford "for good," and Pattison with others came to see the last of him, we may suppose these questions pressed with a painful urgency for an answer. He stood at the parting of the ways. The omnibus which neglected to call, the cab hastily summoned which reached the station after the train had gone, the rainy night which followed and induced him to dine in hall and postpone his journey, the unavoidable delays which succeeded may have kept him lingering at the bifurcation just long enough to renew doubts and hesitations which could hardly have been wholly wanting from the first. He was Newman's junior by thirteen years, and at this moment was only thirty-three years old, whereas his leader was forty-six. The intellectual current in Europe and England, outside Oxford, was set in very different directions from that which had prevailed fifteen or twenty years before, when the Tractarians had settled

their first principles of inquiry, if they had not drawn all their conclusions from them. Cardinal Newman, in his *Apologia*, says, referring to the years 1825-26—"A certain disdain for antiquity had been growing on me for several years. It showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* about whom I knew little at the time except what I had learnt as a boy from Joseph Milner. In writing of the Scripture miracles I had read Middleton on the *Miracles of the Early Church*, and had imbibed a portion of his spirit. The truth is I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral; I was drifting in the direction of literalism. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows—illness and bereavement." At that date a deeply religious mind could still hark back with honour into the sanctuary of Faith, especially in England. Twenty years later such a retreat had become vastly more difficult, perhaps not to be executed even by the great Tractarian himself if he had had Pattison's comparative youth.

Looked at from any point of view, it was a narrow escape. It would have been a heavy price to pay for moral excellence to have to swallow the miracles of the early Church without a qualm; and yet this is what Pattison had been very nearly binding himself to do. When the immediate danger was over, and he saw himself still safe in Lincoln, *not* "gone over to Rome," we can imagine he experienced a great revulsion of feelings. Rapidly growing knowledge, acquaintance with the results of German research on this very subject of the early Church, must have opened his eyes with no small amazement to the risks he had run. Coleridge used to speak of his having skirted the "howling deserts of infidelity" with a shudder. To such a mind as Pattison's, the recollection that he had nearly plunged into the howling deserts of superstition, must

have been even more disturbing. The memory of the shock and its occasion was never effaced, and I trace to it that deep and fervent love of knowledge, as the one safeguard against errors and evils equally disastrous to individuals and nations, which never left him but with his last breath.

One would gladly follow the steps by which he passed through this momentous change, and trace the curve which led him half round the circle to a position diametrically opposite to that which he had previously occupied. At present the materials are wanting or inaccessible. The autobiography on which he is known to have been recently engaged, and his letters which still exist may be expected to throw light on this interesting topic. This much is already clear, that when he once began to move away from Church principles he moved rapidly. His evidence before the University Commission showed that he had cast in his lot with "things of the mind." In the next fifteen years his most important, if not his most engrossing work, was his sustained effort to bring about a thorough reform of the higher education in Oxford; or rather to create that education which could not then be said to exist. Besides his evidence before the Commission, his article on "Oxford Studies," in the first number of the *Oxford Essays* (1855), ultimately followed by his masterly work, *Suggestions on Academical Organisation* (1868), are a noble monument of his patient zeal in the cause which he had most at heart. The last-named must, I think, be considered by far his greatest work. Its title is unattractive to the general reader, and its arrangement in many respects faulty. But it is in fact a profound essay on the Philosophy of Education and the advancement of learning. The thoroughness and grasp with which the intellectual side of the problem is discussed are even surpassed in value by the fervent love of all good knowledge which glows like a deep central fire in

the heart of the writer and in his book. Tractates on education have been common enough from the time of Milton downwards; but they have been mostly concerned with the education of the individual, and the perennial bone of contention, whether it is better to teach classics or science. Pattison takes up the question in its loftiest and widest aspect, as one involving national well-being, and even something beyond that, the progress and evolution of the human mind. Unless provision is made for a constant supply of the highest culture, of which the present state of knowledge admits, unless that knowledge in every department is ever being renovated and vivified by new additions won by unfettered inquiry and research in all directions, the national intellect must inevitably droop and wither like an underfed organism deprived of its proper nutriment. He disclaimed all wish for partial reforms of detail; his object was nothing less than "a change in the aims and objects of Oxford." "Let Oxford once more resume its higher functions, let it become the home of science and the representative of the best learning of the time." The degradation of the university to the position of a mere class-school, solely occupied with teaching and testing by examination crammed pupils, lay like a burden on his mind. No one valued good teaching more than he; but he thought it preposterous that vast funds, noble endowments, and princely libraries should have no other object or destination than the driving at high pressure of a number of youths through the "schools," without a thought or an effort devoted to the cultivation and extension of knowledge by mature men. The difficulties in his path were immense. To say nothing of the dead-weight of ignorance and conservatism constitutionally opposed to change, the very idea of what a university should be had faded from the popular mind. As he said, people cannot be expected to appreciate the

value of an institution, an example of which they have never seen. The first thing, therefore, was to create the idea of an efficient university, to show how far we were from possessing one, and how great and wasteful was the loss of the means and resources at our disposal. And the loss was voluntary and self-inflicted. It was "artificial legislation" which crippled Oxford. As a faulty system of taxation and tariffs may ruin a country's natural growth in wealth, so the spontaneous increase of knowledge may be checked by unwise statutes and hampering regulations. Without any statutes at all Oxford would never have come to the pass she had. But that enviable freedom was impossible by reason of the endowments, the distribution of which must necessarily be regulated by fixed law. Any change involved a new distribution of the fund, and that was to let out the waters of strife. If you want good teachers and learned men for professors, Pattison said, you must make learning a profession. The present system of tutor-fellows which makes teaching a mere transition to a college living, to the bar or journalism, is hopeless; able men will not undertake it on such terms. The sordid creatures actually expect to be modestly paid for the hardest of all work, the pursuit of science. Here was an opportunity for obstruction. The British Philistine can endure a great deal, but the endowment of research, the paying of a number of comfortable gentlemen to sit and read, perhaps dose over their books, appears to him at once comic and immoral; he really cannot away with it. However, Pattison never lost heart, never ceased holding up his ideal of what a university should be, viz., a metropolis of learning in which would be collected and grouped into their various faculties the best scholars and *savants* the country could produce, all working with generous emulation to increase the merit and renown of their chairs, lecturing to crowds of bright-eyed youths fired with

an unselfish love of knowledge, not like our poor slaves at the "schools," fearful to look at any subject of real interest to them, lest they should damage their chances of "a first," but eager for culture for culture's sake, and well aware of its exceeding great reward. If England ever does obtain such a university, it will be in no small measure to Pattison that she will owe it.

As an author Pattison has not made the impression which his great powers and unusual attainments might have been expected to produce. He had, indeed, within him so many impediments to large and successful authorship that the wonder is not that he wrote so little as that he wrote as much as he did. First of all he was a victim of curiosity, of his wide and sleepless interest in all manner of subjects about which he cared and read simply for themselves, without any after thought of working up his reading into a salable literary form. With a tithe of his acquisitions an expert young penman would have produced shelves of smooth readable volumes, and gained a reputation in letters, as reputations now go. He had none of the business author about him, who has one eye for his subject, and the other—the wider open of the two—on the market value of his wares in publishers' offices. He valued knowledge too highly to make a trade of it, even if paid only in fame. In the next place he was fastidious to a fault; his taste was superior to his power of production. He was too severe a critic of his own writings. Then, his scrupulous conscientiousness was extreme, and he never felt sufficiently prepared for a literary work. Nothing could be more deplorable than that he should have allowed himself to be prevented from prosecuting his projected work on Scaliger because Jacob Bernays anticipated him by a small though excellent opuscle. But the truth is, that bold and vigorous as he was in

speculation, he was seriously wanting in nerve and audacity in all practical matters. He could plan and prepare on the largest scale, but setting about the execution of a work was often more than he could face. I remember the strange anxieties which troubled him when he was meditating one of his books, and his difficulty in deciding on the proper style for a narrative. He told me he had come to the conclusion that the clear unfigured style of Thiers was the best model to adopt. At that time he was himself a literary veteran, and one might have supposed long past such doubts and difficulties. This want of self-reliance was more painfully apparent in common action with other men. No one who wished to keep intact his just reverence for the Rector should have consented to sit with him on a committee. He seemed abashed, not only by opposition, but by the bare possibility of it. I have had the honour—I should, perhaps, rather say the misfortune, considering that the result was injurious to my regard for him—to sit with him on various committees, and I never heard him make a suggestion, positive or negative, of the slightest practical value, and others, with larger experience than mine, have told me the same thing. It must be admitted that this was a grave defect. Valuable as his influence was in Oxford and elsewhere, it would have been increased tenfold had he possessed only ordinary determination and resoluteness when in contact with others.

And yet with all these drawbacks he has produced valuable works which the world would be unwise to neglect. This is not an occasion to speak of them in detail. They all bear on the one theme on which his whole heart was set—the praise and commendation of learning. No one need fear that in reading the slightest thing of Pattison's he will waste his time. He never wrote because he had to say something, but always because he had

something to say. It is much to be wished that his numerous anonymous essays scattered through old reviews were collected and published in a uniform edition of his works. The bulk would not be large, some four volumes, say; but the matter would be weighty and worthy of many perusals. *Pondere non numero* is a maxim especially applicable to all he wrote. The masculine style, so full of meaning that few have leisure to notice its Spartan disdain of ornament, one sees would not be eloquent for worlds. But under its reserve and sobriety of diction a force is concealed and effects are produced which the masters of bravura rhetoric may well envy. And the grave irony and chastened humour, never acrid or excessive, but just adding a flavour, the squeeze of lemon at the right moment, which gives that air of distinction and refinement to his writings, will assuredly not be overlooked by connoisseurs. All lovers of literature must wish that his works should be collected and published. One can only regret that he did not do it himself. But one of his weaknesses was a difficulty in believing that the world or anybody could really care for him or his doings. He would pain old and tried friends by expressions of surprise at their attachment. He could not be brought to believe how many loved and regarded him. On one occasion, when I was speaking of the mistakes we are apt to commit in estimating our importance in the world, he answered with his characteristic emphatic "Yes! Take your worst opinion of yourself when you are in most depressed mood. Extract the cube root of that and you will be getting near the common opinion of your merits." In this he was most unjust to himself. No one had a more prompt and generous admiration of what he considered good work: no one to the last was more open to new personal impressions and to recognise promise in youth. He was free of

the grudging spirit, not uncommon in old age, which refuses to believe in the possibility of merit younger than itself. "*C'est un grand signe de médiocrité de louer toujours modérément,*" says Vauvenargues. Pattison did not fall under this blight; it was a pleasure to him to admire, and to admire warmly.

And so the long-expected end has come at last, after a painful and protracted waiting for the final summons. One need not be in a particularly "wan and heartless mood," to fall into a pensive vein of regret over the unequal law which disposes of accumulated wealth and accumulated knowledge. The industrious man who has collected his heap of gold can leave it to whom he will. The scholar cannot bequeath his

store to the most loved disciple. The Rector is dead, and all the garnered store of a lifetime has vanished with him. We are all the poorer by his loss. Many like myself can say, "*Auget maestitiam amici erepti*"—that his mind never seemed more luminous, his memory more prompt, his insight more penetrating, than in these latter days. On the 18th May I saw him for the last time. The massive brow, the eagle eye, the fine but powerful nose, were hardly changed, though he was wasted to a shadow. Above all, that incomparable voice which seemed to reproduce the richer tones of the cello, was still there undecayed. It seemed that with a mind so bright he could not be meant for death. But so it was.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

NOTES IN THE CANTON DE VAUD.

THE system of land transfer in the Canton de Vaud is an example of the successful working of the record of title system. The ownership of every parcel of land and all charges affecting it are matters of public record. The owner's title is not, as in the United Kingdom, doubtfully inferred from a number of deeds, of which the meaning can only be explained by the united labours of counsel and solicitor, but is entered as a fact in the public records of the state, and is always ascertainable without delay and at trifling expense.

Some account of the local divisions of the canton is necessary to the right understanding of the transfer system, which is carried out in local registry offices. The Canton de Vaud contains 1244 square miles, or about 796,000 acres. In population it ranks as the third among the twenty-two republics which compose the Swiss Confederation, Berne and Zurich being the two other cantons which have a greater number of inhabitants. Its population in 1880 was 235,349. The smallest local division, by the aggregation of which all others are formed, is the commune. There are 388 communes, which are collected into nineteen districts. These two divisions are the only ones requiring mention in connection with land transfer.

The existence and independence of the communes are recognised and guaranteed by the constitution of the canton. They are little republics, electing their own municipalities, consisting of a mayor and town council, managing freely their own affairs, subject to certain general laws; possessing all possible liberty of action so long as they do not infringe on the rights of

the canton, or fail in their civil duties. Manhood suffrage prevails in the commune, as well as in the canton. The mayor and town council are chosen by direct election in the smaller communes, and in those exceeding 600 inhabitants by a communal council of from 25 to 100 members. Most communes own large estates, chiefly forests and high pastures. These estates are managed by the mayor and town council, who appoint and pay their officers—secretary, treasurer, bailiff, and wood-rangers.

The communal revenues, derived chiefly from these estates, but in some cases also from loans and taxation, are spent on—

- Education and public worship;
- Maintenance, improvement, and management of the communal estates;
- Roads, bridges, fences and water supply;
- Police and fire prevention;
- Poor relief;
- Management;
- Sundries.

Judging from some of the smaller and poorer communes, whose accounts I was permitted to examine, the management seems not only efficient but marvellously economical. For example, the commune of Ormond Dessus has a communal income of 800*l.* a year; management expenses, comprising the salaries of treasurer, secretary, wood-rangers, and bailiff, postage, honorary payments to the mayor and councillors, amounted in 1883 only to 32*l.* The mayor, town-councillors, and their officers are all landowners, cultivating their own farms, and attending to public business on Sundays and when necessary

at other times. The treasurer's salary is 5*l.*, and the secretary's 4*l.*, a year. The constitution of the canton forbids any alienation of the communal estates, which are declared to be the property of the citizens, and their revenues applicable to local and general charges.

Apart from the communal estates, the soil of the canton is divided into and owned in extremely small parcels. Theoretically, there is no limit to the extent to which division may go; the law provides for the division of houses, both vertically and horizontally by stages, among different owners. This undeniably excessive subdivision is recognised as being sometimes very inconvenient, and where it takes place by operation of the law, upon death of an owner, is often avoided either by sale of the whole property and division of the proceeds among the persons entitled, or by one person buying up the shares of others and so preserving the property undivided. Consolidation by purchase also goes on continually. In examining the registers and plans of the commune of Ormond Dessus, I was shown one recent case where four adjoining properties had been consolidated by purchase into one of forty-five acres. The owner of this, which was high up on the mountain-side, had three other smaller properties in the valley.

Notwithstanding the occasional inconvenience, there seems to be a general feeling among the peasantry in favour of small properties and compulsory division on death. One reason always alleged is, that it gives every man a chance of getting a bit of land, and so becoming independent. This view seems to be taken also by the authorities. In one of the census reports the remark occurs—"On sait combien le morcellement du sol est en connexion avec l'indépendance des citoyens."¹

The minute division of the soil is no obstacle to its easy transfer. The machinery by which the record

¹ *Recensement du bétail*, 1878.

of titles is kept, and transfers made, are the maps for the identification of the different parcels, and their accompanying registers. Each commune has a set of maps, or plans, of all land within its limits. These plans are drawn on different scales from $\frac{1}{2000}$ to $\frac{1}{50000}$, to suit the size of the parcels in different parts of the commune; they show all possible physical features, buildings, fences, rights of way, and the boundaries of each parcel. The plans are bound into one or more volumes as may be convenient. Each house, yard, garden, meadow, vineyard, every division natural or artificial is a separate parcel, having its own distinctive map and communal numbers. The contents of each parcel, the owner's name, its condition, whether wood, vineyard, meadow, or pasture, is written on the plan. A reference table giving these particulars for all parcels is also placed at the side of each sheet of the plans. There are seldom fences between the different properties; boundaries are marked by stones sunk in the ground, and then cut or split on the exact boundary. On the top is placed another stone appearing above ground; in case of doubt the true boundary is discovered by uncovering the split stone. Disputes about boundaries are extremely rare.

The plans are made by qualified surveyors licensed by the Government after examination and trial. The construction and renewal of the plans and their accompanying registers is the subject of a special law; the expense is distributed between the state, the commune, and the proprietors. When completed, verified, and approved of, three copies of the map are made; the original is placed in the cantonal archives; a copy is kept in the office of the director of the *cadastre*; another in the district registry office; and the third by the commune.

The following registers are made in connection with the maps, and are kept for reference in the commune; for the purposes of record and transfer

in the district office ; while copies are also lodged with the director of the *cadastre* at Lausanne :—

1. The *Registre Foncier*, or register of parcels, a book in which a folio is opened for each parcel on the plan, the parcels being numbered continuously throughout each commune. This book gives the owner's name for each parcel, all the particulars from the plan, and has columns giving reference to other registers. For parcels formed by subdivision a supplemental book is opened.

2. The *Registre Cadastral*, or *Cadastre*, or ledger of owners, contains the names of all owners in the commune alphabetically arranged, with a schedule of all parcels of land in the commune belonging to each owner, their description, area, and all other particulars as given in the register of parcels. In addition the value for taxation for each parcel is given. This is the capital, not the annual value ; a difference from the English mode of assessment due to the fact of occupancy by owners being the rule and not tenancy. Values are therefore estimated from sales, and not from lettings.

From inspection of these two registers can be ascertained—(1), the ownership of any parcel ; (2), the amount, description, and value of all the property belonging to any person in the commune.

Transfers of entire properties and parcels are made by substituting the buyer's name for that of the vendor ; or in case of division of a parcel, by opening a new folio for each part and making corresponding corrections on the *cadastre*.

The columns for reference to the registers of charges, loans, &c., show whether the land has been encumbered or otherwise dealt with.

Besides the two registers of ownership there are kept in the district registry office—

1. A register of easements, temporary interests, leases, and miscellaneous charges for each commune.

2. A register of loans on land for each commune.

3. A register of judgments against land for the district.

Inscription in these registers, *i.e.*, "registration," is the legal recognition of ownership. Charges and rights to or over land can only be created, transferred, changed, or extinguished by registration in the district office.

The plans and registers are open for inspection by all who are in any way interested. Certified extracts from the registers can be obtained, for trifling fees, for the accuracy of which the registrar is responsible ; verbal information may be given without responsibility for still smaller fees.

The district registrars are appointed by Government, are obliged to give security for 800*L.*, and are held responsible for errors in extracts, or written declarations. They appoint, subject to confirmation by the Government, their assistants and pay them. They themselves are paid by fees on each transaction. The fees vary according to the number and value of parcels involved, but are trifling in amount. The maximum charge for a declaration of freedom from encumbrances is one franc fifty centimes ; for the registration of a mortgage not exceeding 500 francs the charge is one franc. Extracts from the *cadastre*, and declarations of charges constitute the making of title, and can be obtained without professional assistance. In case of a transfer or registration of a charge, an agreement on paper is prepared by a notary who identifies the parties, and obtains the requisite registration. His charge is five francs per 1000. There are no parchments ; no need of safes for custody of owners' or clients' deeds ; no multiplication of copies, or the innumerable incidental documents that constitute "title" in the United Kingdom. The only expense of any magnitude is the state duty of 3 per cent. As nearly all properties are very small, even this duty makes the total expense on each transaction trifling in

comparison with the expenses of transfer of small plots of land in the United Kingdom.

I have before me an agreement in pursuance of which a property of $1\frac{1}{8}$ acre was sold in the Canton de Vaud for 40*l.* The buyer's expenses including 3 per cent. duty amounted to 30*s.* Making title, which consisted in obtaining an extract from the cadastre, and a written certificate thereon as to the charges upon the land, would not have cost more than 2*s.* In cases of sales for similar amounts in this country, I have known the buyer's expenses to vary from 5*l.* to 20*l.*, while the vendor's expenses would be incalculable. As I write I am shown a bill of costs for 39*l.* 13*s.* for the deeds of a parcel of land in Ireland which cost 420*l.* I do not want however to enter into any comparison between the two systems; the superiority of that by which transfers are quickly and certainly made at fixed charges is incontestable. The law in Vaud has what Bentham says is an essential of all good laws, viz., notoriety. Every one knows how to go about buying, selling, mortgaging, or getting any charge registered, and what the expense will be. This is due not only to the intelligibility of the law and the system of local registration, but to the fact that the head of almost every household is a landowner.

As an illustration of the wide distribution of ownership, the figures for the two adjoining communes of Aigle and Leysin may be given. Leysin, a completely rural and mountain commune, the village being the highest permanently inhabited in the Canton de Vaud, contains 797 inhabitants, of whom over 200 are proprietors owning 3760 parcels. The average size of properties is about three acres.

In Aigle, an adjoining and partly a wine-growing commune with some industrial establishments in the town, there are 4145 inhabitants, of whom 843 are landowners owning 5525 parcels. The average size of properties is about the same as in Leysin.

This includes the properties of those who are owners of houses only in the town and village. These two communes own about 4000 acres of common land, pasture and forest. It is difficult for a person, accustomed to the English system of conveyancing, to believe that land can be bought, sold and transferred absolutely without any difficulty or delay; but whether it be the sale of a few yards of land, or of a right of way or water, or the effecting of a loan, the transaction can be completed certainly, quickly and cheaply, in Vaud. If it were otherwise, small properties could scarcely continue to exist. In this country, heavy as the expenses of transfer are, they are not so calculated to make the existence of small properties impossible and to impede transfers as the uncertainty and the vexatious and incalculable delays that attend the completion of any transfer.

The construction of the plans I have referred to is expensive; though most desirable for facilitating the identification of parcels, transfer by registration can be, and is, carried on without them in some parts of Switzerland. In Valais, very few of the communes have been mapped because of the expense. In some communes of Berne there are no maps; properties are in such cases described by their local names and boundaries, and transfers are only made on the register as in Vaud.

In the communes I have mentioned, and I believe it is the same in others, land is not often offered for sale. Owners are unwilling to part with their properties, and in case of sales to prevent division on death the transaction is frequently a matter of private arrangement.

Borrowing on the security of land is a much more common operation. The facility with which loans can be registered according to their priority, the excellent security afforded by land, the absence of doubts about title, make loans easily obtainable, and invite owners to raise money in this way.

Small sums are in consequence easily obtained as loans upon this security.

A cantonal loan bank, managed partly by directors appointed by the Vaudois government, partly by directors nominated by the shareholders, employing the paid-up capital of the bank and the deposits in the state savings bank, competes with private lenders, and loans are therefore obtained at a low rate of interest. Loans are made by this bank for short or long terms of years, repayment being made in the latter case by a sinking fund varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 per cent. The bank also obtains funds by the issue of 4 per cent. debentures, and at present has about 9000 loans on land amounting to $1\frac{3}{4}$ million pounds outstanding.

When a loan is applied for, the bank can ascertain from the *cadastre* all particulars of the applicant's property, including its estimated capital value. Private inquiries are also made in the neighbourhood both as to the present value of the land and into the character and industry of the applicant.

That land in small parcels should be looked upon as good security for loans by bankers is strong evidence of the excellence of the system of transfer and registration of charges. In England and Ireland the possession of land in small parcels remains notwithstanding recent changes in the law, as Lord Brougham described it, "a luxury which a rich man may indulge in, but a ruinous extravagance in the man of small means." Sir Robert Torrens thus describes the effect of the English system on land considered as a security for a loan:—"The value of land as a basis of credit is seriously depreciated by the curiously factitious, we may say absurd procedure in the case of mortgage; the object being to hypothecate or charge the land with a sum of money as security for a loan. Instead of doing this in a straightforward and direct manner, as is done by a dozen lines in the space of fifteen minutes under registration of title,

the estate of the mortgagor is conveyed to the mortgagee by deed subject to a right of redemption."¹

In the words of the same writer, "The system of conveyancing in this kingdom is, by means of its insecurity, costliness, delays, complexities and cumbrousness, unsuited to the requirements of this commercial age, and does seriously depreciate the natural value of land."

In spite of the undoubted fact that, no matter how ample may be the value of the parcel of land in comparison with the loan, the security of a small plot of land is bad because it is only realisable at very great expense, an urgent demand is made that public money should be largely lent in Ireland on small parcels of land. Little is said, and nothing proposed² in the way of changing the law so as to make the security good by being easily realisable and transferable. This might be done by bringing land on which public money is lent, and at the moment when the title is cleared for that purpose, under a system of registration of title, and by prohibiting for such parcels the creation of entails, trusts, and such estates as would make the title complicated and not transferable at any moment.

Mr. Dix Hutton, who has given much attention to this subject, asks,³ "How can we in reason create small landowners in Ireland as a social experiment, and yet withhold the legal conditions essential for their prosperity, and even their continuance." Apart from the interests of these state-created peasant proprietors, the interest of the public whose money is to be lent, and of the Treasury as its agent, demands that the security shall be made good by being made marketable. If this were done, ordinary bankers' funds might be found available for loans upon land, and the

¹ *Transfer of Land by Registration*, p. 16.

² See "Purchase of Land (Ireland) Bill" of last session.

³ *Registration of Title a Necessity for Peasant Proprietors*.

demand upon the public purse might be lessened.

The following advertisement of an estate of less than five acres for sale will serve as an illustration of the number of parcels which may constitute one owner's property in Vaud, and of the system of identification of the different plots. The first column gives the communal number from the *Registre Foncier*; the second indicates the sheet of the communal map; the third the map number of each parcel; the last column gives the area of the parcels:—

LA VALLÉE. VENTE D'IMMEUBLES.

Le jeudi 24 juillet 1884, dès 8 heures du soir, à la Croix-Fédérale, à l'Orient-de-l'Orbe, le liquidateur de la discussion des biens de défunt Louis Auguste GOLAY, Sur le Crêt, exposera définitivement en vente, ux enchères publiques, les immeubles que la masse possède au territoire du Chenit, savoir:

Art.	Fol.	Nos.	Ares.	Centi-ares.*
1939	53	39.	Les Grands-Prés du Lac, pré	30 06
1940	59	52.	A la Tâche, pré.....	17 82
1941	59	56.	Idem, pré	20 34
1942	61	12.	Sur le Crêt, pré.....	9 45
1943	61	16.	Idem, pré	17 64
1944	61	28.	Idem, pré	13 32
1945	61	29 ¹ .	Idem, place	1 31
1946	61	29 ² .	Idem, couvert de fontaine...	0 10
1947	61	29 ² .	Idem, logement, grange, écurie et four.....	2 06
1948	61	31.	Idem, jardin	1 02
1949	61	32.	Idem, pré	26 01
1950	62	10.	Idem, pré	13 14
1951	62	28.	Idem, pré	16 47
1952	62	29.	Idem, pré	19 26

* 1 are = 4 perches English; 1 centiare = $\frac{1}{100}$ square yard.

In giving this sketch of the transfer system in Vaud I by no means claim that the means there used are the best possible. Once the principle is accepted the carrying it out is a question of book-keeping, and may be done in a variety of ways. In his essay on the "Transfer of Land by Registration" Sir Robert Torrens has described the success of the system in the colonies which have adopted it and has shown that it may be carried on equally well at a central registry, and without such a number of different books as are used in Vaud.

The multiplication of registry offices adds to the expense, and if high salaries were paid to the officials this expense would be insupportable. In Vaud there is a republican simplicity and resultant cheapness about the

machinery which, though admirable in some respects might in others be changed with advantage. In one district town, the centre of fifteen communes, on going to the office of the registrar of loans and charges, which has not yet been amalgamated with that of the *cadastre*, I found the books kept in open shelves in a wooden building consisting of two rooms; a young man in a blouse smoking a cigarette was in charge. He informed me that the only precaution against malicious injury being committed at night was keeping a dog in the building, which was otherwise uninhabited, but he admitted that the books would be better in some fire-proof receptacle.

As an example of the same simplicity of political life and manners, I found the mayor of a populous rural commune, who was also a member of the Cantonal Parliament, and while in office the responsible custodian of the communal maps and registers, cutting his hay at four o'clock in the morning, while his wife and children tossed and spread it; the following Sunday he presided with dignity at the ballot in the national church, on the occasion of a *plébiscite* on some financial measure which required the assent of the majority of voters in the canton. After dinner, where he showed himself a courteous and agreeable companion, he doffed his Sunday and official clothes, and in his blouse—carrying a heavy load of goods on his back, went up to his mountain farm, 4000 feet above his residence, to milk his ten cows and prepare for making cheese the next morning. The "Peasant Parliaments" of the Swiss Republics are largely composed of such men, whose qualifications to be legislators consist, not in rank, wealth, or book-learning, but in their intimate acquaintance with the circumstances and wants of their fellow-citizens, among whom they live as equals. The result, so far as may be judged by the people's contentment with their laws, is satisfactory.

To an Irishman it is a pleasing

experience to find a nation contented with and proud of their land system. The reverse seems to him the natural state of affairs. In Vaud the legal charges in connection with transfers and mortgages are trifling, and I heard no complaints of usurious interest for loans; the marketability of land and the willingness of banks to lend keeps the rate low. One of my informants recently bought two acres for 120%, and borrowed the entire purchase-money from private lenders in two equal sums at $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 per cent.

Land is only to be bought at what seemed to me very high prices. Statements of prices, without an elaborate description of the land bought, do not convey much information; but I may say that I noted cases of sales at from 1000% per acre for good vineyard land in favoured situations, to 10% an acre for mountain pasture at a height of 5000 feet above the sea.

The decentralised system of local government due to the independence of the communes, seems to work well and economically. The fact that every one is aware of what is going on, and that every man has a vote and an interest in the good conduct of public business evidently tends to make jobs unknown, and to economise administration.

I was naturally led to draw some comparisons between the system of local government in Vaud, and the chaos of conflicting, overlapping, and costly authorities in my own country. In Vaud the commune exercises within its limit almost every possible function, and each citizen's vote influences directly the expenditure on education, public worship, roads, bridges, public fences, water supply, sanitation, and poor relief.

In the locality where I reside, as occupier and owner of three acres, I pay rates directly to four different authorities. In the election of two of these I have no voice whatever, and owing to a system of *ex-officio* membership on one board, and the practice of

co-opting members on another, my right of voting gives me but an indirect and infinitesimal influence over the others. Each of these boards has its own staff of collectors, secretaries, clerks, &c., &c. Besides these four taxing authorities, there are six others having jurisdiction within the township for other purposes which might be attended to by the local authority. Altogether there are eight authorities exercising the functions that in Vaud would be fulfilled by the commune alone. The result is that here the average citizen knows nothing, and can hope to know nothing more of local administration except the amount of rate he pays.

As a complainant on different occasions against a public wrong, I found that there was an irreconcilable difference of opinion as to which authority's duty it was to remedy it; in consequence, I cease to complain, and submit, as others do, who have had the same experience.

The expense of management by these numerous authorities is not ascertainable. The accounts of some are subject to a governmental audit, and the proceedings of some to supervision and control by the Local Government Board. This audit and control are, however, much less effectual for economy than is that of the ratepaying citizens in Vaud, or than I fancy would be that of the ratepayers here under an intelligible system and direct election of the administrative authority.

In illustration of these remarks I append the account of one of the many boards by which I am governed, whose one and only duty is that of public lighting, and the summary of the accounts of the Vaudois Commune of Leysin, which fulfils eleven different functions.

It will be seen that in the first case out of a total expenditure of 213*l.*, 89% are spent in management; while in the case of the Vaudois commune the cost of a management much more complicated amounts to less than 40% out of a total expenditure of 496*l.*

I.—ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING 15TH OCTOBER, 1883, OF THE TOWNSHIP
OF ———.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
DR.	£ s. d.	CR.	£ s. d.
To Balance in Treasurer's hands on 15th October, 1882	35 3 3	By Lighting—Gas Consumed by Public Lamps, from March, 1882, to June, 1883 ..	£59 19 6
„ Rates collected and lodged	145 3 7	„ „ Erecting Five New Lamps	26 5 7
„ To Dog Licence Duty	0 10 1	„ „ Extension of Mains Lamplighter's Wages... ..	24 15 0
„ Guarantee Society for the late Town Clerk's defalcation	100 0 0	„ „ Painting and Repairing Lamps and Posts, &c....	4 19 5
		„ „ Carriage of Lanterns to and from Store	0 15 0
			124 6 10
		„ Salaries—Town Clerk	47 19 8
		„ Town Hall Rent (2 years)	24 0 0
		„ Local Government Board for Audit (two years)	8 0 0
		„ Printing, Stationery, Advertising, &c... ..	6 14 0
		„ Sundries, &c.	2 1 8
			213 2 2
		„ Balance in Treasurer's hands	£63 6 3
		„ „ Town Clerk's hands	4 8 6
			67 14 9
	<u>£280 16 11</u>		<u>£280 16 11</u>

II.—SUMMARY OF THE ACCOUNTS OF THE COMMUNE OF LEYSIN.

RECETTES.	Francs.	DÉPENSES.	Francs.
Chapitre I. Intérêt des créances	431-18	Chapitre I. Intérêt de la dette, impositions et assurances	788-23
„ II. Loyer des bâtiments	192-84	„ II. Culte et instruction	2798-04
„ III. Revenus des domaines	5218-35	„ III. Entretien des bâtiments	277-03
„ IV. Revenus des forêts... ..	4435-00	„ IV. Entretien et culture des domaines	1053-26
„ V. Recettes diverses et casuelles	1207-30	„ V. Culture et exploitation des forêts	231-60
„ VI. Impôt communal... ..	—	„ VI. Entretien des routes, chemins, ponts et digues	712-27
Solde redu au Boursier déficit porte pour balance... ..	927-70	„ VII. Entretien des fontaines	24-50
		„ VIII. Police et mesures contre incendies	500-43
		„ IX. Dépenses diverses et casuelles	1773-12
		„ X. Constructions et reconstructions	450-00
		„ XI. Frais d'administration	988-55
		„ XII. Versement dans la caisse des pauvres pour combler le déficit de l'année	2875-44
	<u>Fr. 12,412-47</u>		<u>Fr. 12,412-47</u>

In connection with the latter account the following particulars may be of interest. The capital value of the communal estate is assessed at 178,134 francs, or about 7100*l*. There is also property belonging to the poor assessed at 43,262 francs, or

about 1600*l*. The accounts are well and neatly kept; they contain 309 entries, exclusive of headings and totals; the treasurer's salary is 8*l*.; the secretary's, 10*l*. The salary of the principal schoolmaster is 60*l*.

MURROUGH O'BRIEN.

STEAM, THE TYRANT.

PARADOX gives points to proverbs and pithy saws. Their truth strikes the eye because seen enlarged and brightened against a background of falsehood. Were not the moon's apparent size—about that of a crown held at arm's length—multiplied manyfold by her brightness, she would hardly impress the sight of children or the imagination of poets. So the truth of a characterisation is rendered striking and impressive by the irradiation of paradox; it would be missed if seen but in its true proportion. Allowing for the exaggeration inseparable from emphasis, no single word, I think, so fitly characterises the tendency of the present age as—concentration.

To many, doubtless, the saying seems a hard one. The diffusion of mankind is a more striking, more impressive fact than that concentration of wealth and industry which is so signal a feature of the last century. To insist on the aggregation of population seems a paradox to those who remember how within one long lifetime New Zealand and the more habitable parts of Australia have been peopled; Canada has spread from a narrow strip of seashore and river-side over an area half as large as Europe. The population of the United States, almost confined in 1784 between the Hudson, the Appalachian mountain ranges, and the Atlantic, has overflowed the entire continent; and the Pacific States are already wealthier and scarcely less populous than were a hundred years ago those of the Atlantic seaboard. Yet even in Australia and America aggregation is at least as striking as dispersal. A large proportion of the population of Victoria and New South Wales is massed in two great cities and a dozen rapidly-growing towns.

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St. Louis contains a fifth part of the population of Missouri; a fifth of the people of the Empire State are packed on Manhattan Island; Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, San Francisco, bear witness to the commercial and industrial aggregation which, in the midst of virgin forests and untilled prairies, gather masses of men around a few great centres of manufacture, mining, and trade. Much more than half the population of Great Britain is crowded into cities and towns, a dozen of which surpass in size and wealth all but the largest capitals of other countries. The races that have colonised two quarters of the world have aggregated on small areas at home as many millions as they have sent forth to clear the forest and cultivate the desert.

That the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer is the exact reverse of the truth. The aggregation of vast individual wealth in the midst of general poverty is the characteristic, not indeed of barbarism, for barbarians, chiefs and people, are all alike miserably poor, but of a low or arrested civilization, like that of ancient Egypt and modern India. Enormous palaces and temples, vast public monuments like the Pyramids, attest not less the pressure of wealth than that of poverty. They exist where the resources of the State are great but gathered in few hands, where labour is miserably paid, recklessly and unproductively lavished. When the first English adventurers were dazzled by the splendour of Indian courts, the hoarded gold and jewels of royal treasuries, the vast empire of the Moguls was probably less wealthy than the realm of Elizabeth or the Stuarts. The hand-loom weavers of Yorkshire,

the peasants of Dorsetshire, lived in what would have seemed to the growers of coffee and silk, the weavers of Cashmere shawls and Persian carpets, incredible wealth and luxury. The same rule holds good in the comparison of ages as in that of countries. There are in Europe and America fortunes that our grandfathers would have deemed literally fabulous; ten or a dozen, perhaps, of from ten to twenty millions each. But there are thrice as many millionaires, ten times as many wealthy and incomparably more well provided families. The returns of our own income-tax are conclusive on this point. The total income subject to the tax has multiplied almost threefold in forty years. Without entering into the statistics amassed by calculators like Professor Levi, it is clear that only a few great landowners, chiefly in or near great cities, have doubled or trebled their rental; a few score of hereditary business fortunes of the first order have grown, chiefly by saving, in the same or greater proportion. But these constitute a very small fraction of the trebled income of the upper and middle classes. A much greater part of that increase belongs to families now rich whose fathers and grandfathers were well-to-do or possibly poor; the largest by far to families which, within a couple of generations, have risen from poverty to competence. In a word, the realised wealth of the country is diffused among a greater number of wealthy, a far greater number of well-to-do folk than forty or fifty years ago.

The rich doubtless are growing richer; the fortunate among the poor have grown rich or well-to-do. Are the poor poorer? Assuredly not. Money wages have risen rapidly, and on the whole steadily. The proportion of skilled labourers is constantly increasing and their remuneration rising. In manufactures paid by the piece the payment per pound of yarn, iron or coal, per yard of cloth may not be higher, may in some instances

have fallen, but the weekly earnings of the artisan have certainly increased. The use of machinery has been extended, its efficiency vastly improved, and the advantage has not fallen solely, perhaps not even chiefly to the capitalist. With the same or less labour, in the same or shorter hours, the piece-worker can turn out a much larger total, and the price, if not increased, has never been diminished in anything like the same proportion. Even that which is classed as unskilled labour is on the whole far better paid. In the neighbourhood of London and other large towns, for example, the mere labourer receives 3s. 6d. to 4s. per diem in lieu of 2s. 6d. The peasant gets 10s., 12s., or 15s. instead of 7s. or 10s. And money wages go much further than of old. Nothing except town rent, butcher's meat, and dairy produce has risen in cost. Coarse clothing, bread, sugar, tea, nearly every considerable item of expenditure in families with an income less than 40s. a week, has fallen from twenty to fifty per cent. Even meat may be had at prices quite as much or more within the reach of such families than thirty or forty years back.

Australian mutton, American beef, are literally as good as, if not better than, the home-fed or live-imported butcher's meat which prejudice has raised to such extravagant prices. Many, we may suspect, pay the exorbitant English prices for meat really raised on the ranges of New South Wales or the prairies of Texas. Most home-grown meat is *forced*: is the flesh of young animals stimulated to unnaturally rapid development. The full-grown animals of the States and Colonies, nourished on scantier herbage, have the firmer flesh, the superior flavour so highly prized in Welsh mutton and Highland venison. One article of food alone, fish, is monstrously and unnaturally dear, owing partly no doubt to its exceedingly perishable character, partly to an absurd and unrighteous monopoly, fos-

tered by arrangements which thoughtful and philanthropic men and women have striven in vain to defeat, partly to the prejudice of the poor themselves. A large popular demand might be met at prices marvellously moderate. There can be no reasonable doubt that the labouring poor, as a rule, are far better paid, more cheaply clothed, better and more cheaply fed than their fathers and grandfathers. In every sense but one they are richer. Unhappily, in great cities, and above all in London, they are, if not worse, certainly more expensively lodged. Even here, however, there is much exaggeration. The disappearance of the cellar dwellings of Liverpool and other cities bears significant testimony to the growing wealth of one of the poorer, if not, unhappily, the poorest section of the poor. Paupers are certainly better treated, better cared for, though pauperism is more strictly defined and relief more sternly and wisely regulated than of old. Unfortunately, between the lowest ranks of regular labour and the frontiers of actual pauperism or crime, there lies a large and very miserable class dependent on precarious employment, occasional charity, mendicancy, and chance pilfering—the denizens of our rookeries, the occupants of the casual wards of our workhouses. It would be rash to pronounce that these are either less or more miserable than their fathers.

One undeniable and significant fact proves beyond question that a smaller share of the fruits of productive industry falls to the capitalist. The produce is divided into three shares—the reward of capital, that of skill and enterprise (the remuneration, as French economists say, of the *entrepreneur*), and the wages of labour. The first of these shares has steadily diminished. The reward of the *entrepreneur* has not increased. Interest, the remuneration of capital as such, has been reduced by more than one-fourth in the course of a single generation. Now, as thirty years ago, 5 per cent. is the nominal,

theoretical rate of interest in this country. But whereas thirty years back few capitalists were satisfied therewith, all now are glad to accept much less as the return of capital alone, without personal labour or business risk. The interest of the best securities, that derived from consols or safe mortgages, was $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$; it is now from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$. It was easy to obtain, on security satisfactory to trustees under private settlements, with reasonable freedom of investment, from 5 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 per cent.; it is exceedingly difficult now to obtain more than 4. Moreover, the number of fair securities from which careful and well-informed investors could obtain, with substantial safety, a higher than the market rate, has been constantly and very rapidly reduced. American, foreign and colonial bonds used to pay from 6 to 7; they now pay 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Capital that shares the risks but not the labour or the fluctuations of trade, capital permanently invested in business conducted by others, can hardly obtain 5 or $5\frac{1}{2}$. In thirty years the difference between $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent., more than one-fourth of the capitalist's share, has been transferred either to the labourer or the consumer; in the main probably to the former. The community gains, of course, by obtaining the service of capital, as of all mechanical aids to labour, on lower terms.

But what the consumer or the labourer has gained the capitalist has lost, and the loss falls on a class very ill able to endure it. The reader is apt to identify the interests of capital exclusively with those of wealth. Capital suggests the hoards of the banker, the ships and bales of the merchant-prince, the mills and machinery of the great manufacturer, extensive coal-mines and huge iron-foundries. The truth is that a vast proportion of the realised wealth of the country is the accumulation of personal industry and thrift—the competence, often the very inadequate

maintenance, of widows and orphans. Of 700,000,000*l.* of the National Debt, 120,000,000*l.* of local funds, at least 1000,000,000*l.* invested in railways, banks, shipping, and other great joint-stock adventures, the larger part represents the savings of the trading and professional classes, the provision of their families. It has been hardly earned and more hardly saved, to furnish the retirement of worn-out age, the mainstay of widows and daughters, the education and outfit of the sons. To hundreds of families, and unhappily to the classes against which the stream of economic tendency runs hard and steadily, the reduction of interest is a palpable and a very severe misfortune. The standard of comfort, the income necessary to maintain a family in their own station, to spare them privations which are none the less real because a stoical philosophy may call them social or sentimental, rises instead of falling. The earnings of professional and business men do not rise in anything like the same proportion. The income which men rightfully seek to bequeath to widows and children is not less but greater than twenty years back. The capital necessary to yield a given income is much larger; the earnings from which it must be saved, taking the whole of a working life, are little if any greater. The civil servant is paid at the same rate; the doctor, the solicitor, the man of business, earns perhaps a larger income, but begins to earn later in life. Say that 600*l.* a year is the minimum he can bear to leave to a wife and four daughters; twenty years back this meant 11,000*l.*, it now means 15,000*l.* His father earned 1200*l.* where he earns 1500*l.*, but began to save at thirty-two, while the son can barely make both ends meet before forty. The father had to save 11,000*l.* in twenty-eight years, the son must save 15,000*l.* in twenty. The former might lay by one-fifth of his income and retire at sixty; the latter, worn out at least as soon, must save one-third if he is to secure the same comforts for

his age, the same provision for his family. Not one man in twenty, dependent on the labour of his brain, but feels practically and cruelly the additional difficulty of providing for his own retirement, for the welfare of those dependent upon him, represented by the difference between 5½ and 4 per cent. Very generally he must be content to toil longer, to postpone or forego the hope of retirement; thus again barring the road to those younger competitors for whom he would otherwise have made room.

Industrial concentration, above all, is the rule of the age. Steam has extinguished handicrafts; and as steam power is most economically applied on the largest possible scale, its every development aggravates the general tendency to aggregation, to the concentration of business in larger and larger establishments, the extinction one after another of the smaller. Trade after trade is monopolised, not necessarily, by great capitalists, but by great capitals. In every trade the standard of necessary size, the minimum establishment that can hold its own in competition, is constantly and rapidly raised. The little men are ground out; and the littleness that dooms men to destruction waxes year by year. Of the cotton mills of last century a few here and there are standing, saved by local or other accidents, while their rivals have either grown to gigantic size or fallen into ruin. The survivors, with steam substituted for water power, with machinery twice or thrice renewed, are worked while they pay one-half or one-quarter per cent. on their cost, rather than abandon a property utterly unsaleable. The case of other textile manufactures is the same, or stronger still. Steel and iron are yet more completely the monopoly of gigantic foundries. The chemical trade was for a long time open to men of very moderate means. Recent inventions threaten to turn plant that has cost millions to waste brick and old lead. Already nothing but a trade agreement, temporary in its very na-

ture, has prevented the closure of half the factories of St. Helens and Widnes, the utter ruin of all the smaller owners. Every year the same thing happens in one or another of our minor industries. Retail trade was till lately the resource of men whose character, skill, thrift, and ambition won credit, and enabled them to dispense with large capital. The larger branches of retail trade are already superseded by co-operation, or monopolised more and more generally by vast skilfully organised establishments with which the little capitalist, however diligent, honest, and able, cannot possibly compete. They can sell at little over wholesale prices, while giving their customers all and more than all the conveniences proffered by the ordinary tradesman, except the fatal and costly convenience of long credit.

The economic gain is proportionate to the enormous waste that has till lately been the especial characteristic of retail distribution. But though economic laws are irresistible, though economic gain inevitably determines the course of industry, economy is not the sole interest of society, as wealth is not the one thing worth having. Wealth is valuable only as a means of human happiness; and the economy which contributes a little to the happiness of millions may be dearly purchased by the hardship inflicted upon tens of thousands. The "greatest happiness of the greatest number" may be a sound rule; but the *quantum* of enjoyment or suffering is a factor not less important than its extent. The concentration in which economists rejoice involves a closure of careers, a suppression of individual aspirations in the future, as well as an amount of actual loss if not ruin to numbers in the present generation, that social observers cannot leave out of account. Everywhere the field is closing more and more absolutely against the man who strives to rise, to make brains and character and energy supply the place of inherited wealth. Fifty, or even thirty years

ago, a man of exceptional ability and honesty could, by unsparing thrift, unflinching courage, and industry, hope confidently to rise from the ranks. A well-paid artisan could save enough to start at thirty, alone or with another little capitalist, in a small way of business; and could extend that business rapidly, till in middle life he could afford his children the education denied to himself, and before old age, take his place among the wealthiest and most respected citizens, the hereditary merchant or manufacturing princes of his native or adopted city. There are many such men among us now; will there be many among our children? The demand for business character, ability, and brains may be as great as ever; but the reward, if surer, is smaller, and the chances of rising to independence, competence, wealth, indefinitely fewer. Similarly, telegraphs, railways, and steam-lines, but especially the former, bringing producers and consumers within easy reach and into personal communication, the severer competition and strict economy of modern business, are grinding out the middle men of every class; diminishing their numbers, reducing their profits, curtailing their employment and withdrawing their opportunities. Thirty years ago a young man who had acquired experience, knowledge, and reputation, and perhaps saved a couple of hundreds, in the employment of a considerable mercantile or manufacturing firm, would start on his own account as a broker or other business intermediary; transacting the actual sales and purchases, mastering and conducting the details which his employers could afford to neglect, doing in his department the work of a score or more of different firms, needing little capital but the confidence of his original employers, and those with whom he had been brought into contact in their service. Commerce could afford liberal commissions; shrewdness, foresight, and diligence, secured a minor but valuable share of the

ample profits made in the long round-about passage between the original producer and the ultimate consumer. Now-a-days the steps are much fewer ; one intermediary after another has been suppressed. The manufacturer buys his materials, not perhaps from the actual producer, but from his factor. Orders are sent direct by telegraph, commissions are comparatively few and scanty ; and the brokers who yet remain are compelled to secure business by services which only considerable capital can afford. The business even of large and long-established firms is seriously reduced, the smaller one after another have disappeared or been absorbed ; and the opportunities for new men with no capital but brains and character are yearly more and more closely contracted. The professions are crowded, competition has in many cases reduced their remuneration, generally divided the business among a greater number ; and even where the heads of a profession make as much or more money than ever, the juniors are compelled to wait longer and work harder and later.

Elementary education will in another generation be almost universal ; but the higher education, that which gives a start in life, grows ever costlier. Few self-educated or cheaply educated men can hope to face the examinations which afford the only entrance to careers once open to chance, favour, or birth. To gain admission to a service where he may begin with from one hundred to three hundred a year, and rise to twelve or fifteen hundred, a man must have paid to schoolmasters, tutors and crammers a capital which a generation or two back would have been a provision in case of premature death or disablement, or the foundation of a fair fortune. In one word, the doors that open to other than golden keys are ever fewer, and their locks rustier. "The individual withers, if the world is more and more." As the world consists of individuals, as it is the individual, not the world that feels, enjoys and suffers, the obstructed career, the

diminished opportunities, the disappointed ambition of innumerable individuals are a serious drawback to the economic gain of the community. It would be too much to say that intellect is less appreciated or worse paid than of old. Intellect of a special kind—inventive genius, organising power, the gifts of the engineer, the practical chemist, and the highest class of artist—are not less lucrative. Literature of many, if not the highest, kinds pays as well as or better than ever. But ordinary intellectual labour, mere educated intelligence, is worse paid because more abundant. The social traditions of a time when education was a class monopoly, a test of respectability, still prevail in a generation when education is not yet universal but common. Brain work is not only more interesting, but more fashionable than the highest skilled handicraft ; and now that millions are qualified where thousands, and thousands where hundreds are wanted, the so-called professions are constantly more and more overcrowded ; the price of brainwork falls as that of manual labour rises. Mere intelligence and education, character, and industry, no longer suffice to afford a man without money a reasonable chance of rising high or rising rapidly. The career is no longer open to talent ; penniless friendless ability is thrown further and further behind at the start, more and more heavily weighted in the race. There seems some danger lest wealth and advancement should become, as in feudal France, the hereditary monopoly of a caste ; exposed therefore to the envy and hatred which all caste privilege excites. If mere interest can do less for the stupid, interest, or capital, or high education—advantages confined to the children of well-to-do parents—are more and more indispensable to the able. Men *covet* what they may hope to win ; they *grudge* what they are practically if not legally forbidden to attain. Hopeless intellect, despairing ambition, are dangerous in proportion to

the greatness of the prizes, the insuperability of the obstacles before them. The more heavily the powder is loaded, the more probable and more destructive is its explosion. Aspiring strength and courage never acquiesce in defeat. They will climb the mountain if they can; but if not, they will strive to level it.

Must this continue? How far is the aggregation of population and industry, if not of wealth, the result of permanent economic laws, how far inherent in the special agencies of the present? Organised, collective, co-operative, subdivided labour has certain natural and inalienable advantages; but certain others are equally inseparable from the personal interest, the greater zeal, the closer supervision, the less mechanical working of smaller bodies; the freer, more hopeful, more arduous and devoted industry of individual independent workers. A century ago the competition was not wholly unequal; the balance inclined in favour of aggregation; but aggregation was slow and seemed to be confined within comparatively narrow limits. The departments in which the wealth of joint stock companies more than countervailed the activity and freedom of individual management were very few; those in which independent isolated labour could hold its own against the capitalist employer, numerous and tolerably lucrative. Some forty years since, Macaulay spoke of banking as one of the *few* crafts in which associated capital could compete with individual control. If in the last hundred years the factory has swallowed up in trade after trade the independent handicraftsmen, if in production the great capitalist is crushing out the small, and associate gaining ground on individual capital, if mechanical organisation beats individual skill and genius out of the field, the change is mainly due to steam. Human muscle cannot compete with the artificial motive power denied to the individual artisan; and within wide and constantly increasing limits steam-power works more econo-

mically as the scale is enlarged. It is steam which gives to the great establishment not its sole but its main, its irresistible advantage over the small. This tendency seems inseparable from the character of the one great motive force as yet at human command. Steam can never be applied to domestic or individual use, can never be economically employed in the small workshop. But were steam superseded by a motive power, cheaper in its origin, capable of indefinite conveyance and distribution, the industrial revolution effected by steam might be met in some departments of industry by a counter-revolution restoring some of its natural advantages, some chance in the severe competition of modern life, to individual industry.

Electricity is, or rather promises to supply, such a motive force. It is not so much a power in itself as a vehicle through which the waste forces of nature may be utilised, stored, conveyed to a distance, and almost infinitely subdivided. At present, costly as it is, coal is our cheapest source of power. Observant pessimists warn us that the coal-fields of England, if not of the world, are exhaustible. The annual consumption rises so fast that should the present ratio not merely of increase, but of the increase of that increase continue, not the total but the easily accessible coal of Great Britain will be used up in a century or two, and what remains will become indefinitely dearer. There is probably exaggeration in this view, but there is much truth. From a national and economic standpoint, then, as well as in a social and personal aspect, the possibility of a substitute acquires not merely speculative but practical interest. Experiment has already shown how cheaply and easily water-power, even on the smallest scale, may, through the action of electricity, be applied to light a house and work the domestic machinery of a large establishment. One great inventor whose wealth is the creation of his genius has thus utilised a small stream at some distance from his house. The

saying that "Niagara could supply the whole North American continent with motive and locomotive force," is a familiar, if it seem a somewhat paradoxical illustration of the potential use of electricity. The waste in conversion and conveyance may be great; but what matter, if the force be derived from natural powers at present wasted in their entirety? Water power can be directly applied only on the spot. The cost of steam increases rapidly with the distance from a coal-field. Hence manufactures dependent on the former, saw mills and corn mills, for example, are gathered in villages, in the neighbourhood of water-falls, like St. Paul and Minneapolis on the one cataract of the Mississippi. Factories dependent on steam are concentrated in great cities in the immediate neighbourhood of coal mines. Electricity has already proved capable of conveying the power supplied by Nature to a considerable distance; and few electricians doubt that that distance may be indefinitely and rapidly extended. No other force can be stored. Windmills can work only while the wind blows; when the water-mill is closed the power that turns the wheel runs to waste. Converted to electricity, each turn of the sails or wheel can be made to store a given force in vessels which can be kept for an indefinite time, conveyed to any distance, applied to any purpose. A summer waterfall on the Cumbrian hills might thus be made next winter to drive a tricycle through London streets. The Rotha might be compelled to light Ambleside, to turn a sawmill in Langdale, and its waste force stored to carry the faggots cut on the fells above Windermere to light the fires of Manchester. As yet the boxes of reserved force that take their name from M. Faure are inconveniently large and cumbrous; but no one doubts that means will soon be found to store a far larger force in far smaller bulk. The smoking-room of the Junior Carlton Club was lighted for several nights from stores of this kind packed away beneath the stair-

case. The same force might just as easily have been used to turn lathes or drive a dozen sewing machines in as many different dwellings. But such stores will probably be needed chiefly to repair an accidental failure of supply, or drive independent vehicles to which no continuous supply can be furnished; tricycles, carriages or boats. To stationary and even to locomotive engines, large and small, force can be continuously supplied by wires or cables such as already light a few streets and bridges, and will soon doubtless supply the steady brilliant heatless smokeless light of the little incandescent lamps of Swan and Edison to hundreds of dwellings.

But from a social standpoint the most important characteristic of the new force-supply is its indefinite divisibility. It will presently be possible to furnish it in vast quantities to the great factories now driven by steam. It will be equally easy if not quite equally cheap to divide the same supply among scores of small workshops and hundreds of dwellings; to light lamps, drive lathes, and sewing machines, and store the boxes that may be attached at will to the tradesman's cart, the private carriage, and the tourist's tricycle. How long it may be before these are accomplished facts it would be rash indeed to predict; but even now they are much more than dreams or visions. Every one of them has been accomplished experimentally. All that remains is to perfect methods already in use; to turn to practical account, cheaply and on the great scale, means of gathering, distributing and applying the almost limitless forces of Nature, which have already been devised and tested. Nothing probably can deprive the great establishments of the essential economic advantage they derive from the co-operation, distribution, and organisation of labour. But they may not retain that absolute monopoly of motive power which has crushed out the handicrafts and domestic manufactures of former generations. The seamstress's sewing wheel, the car-

penyer's lathe, will be worked as automatically and certainly, with as little human effort, as the thousand-spindle machine or the steam-hammer. Spinning and weaving will never again become as they were for three thousand years the home employment of women or individual craftsmen. The commoner, coarser, every-day fabrics will certainly continue to be turned out in quantities by the great factories. In these no single and no half dozen looms or mules could possibly compete with those that work by the hundred or thousand. But where skill and taste are paramount considerations, where each piece is to bear its separate pattern, demanding close, constant personal attention and interest, it is at least conceivable that individual independent labour may regain a footing, if it can never monopolise the field. A slender gutta-percha rope unfolding a few wires may supply to the domestic workroom a power cheaper and more convenient than that of steam. Work may be interrupted and resumed at pleasure, no longer dependent on the continuous movement of an engine whose stoppage is too slow and troublesome to occur more than once or twice a day, and furnaces whose daily extinction and relighting is a heavy deduction from the manufacturer's profit. Association will always be the most productive and economical, it need no longer be the only possible form of productive labour.

A new motive power will doubtless stimulate enormously the invention and employment of new machinery both in domestic handicrafts and for domestic service. Hitherto this direction has been almost absolutely barred to invention by the lack of artificial force. While domestic machines must be worked by human labour, their labour-saving value is necessarily so limited that there is little encouragement to devise them. When once the smallest and the largest machines alike can be worked otherwise than by the hands and feet, mechanical service of every

kind will be devolved as far and as fast as possible upon machinery. The treadle, which suits neither female health nor female strength, is the drawback of the sewing machine. Motive power once supplied, all plain sewing will be done by machinery. New machinery, as has ever been the case, will not supersede but find fresh and easier employment for human labour. Other productive work than that of the factory may, we can hope, be opened to men, and above all to women and children. Domestic service, lightened as it will be, will no longer be the only resource of hundreds and thousands of unmarried girls; no longer, let us hope, the lifelong dependence of any save those who adhere to it by preference. How far and how fast the motive force of electricity may be developed, what may be its actual and ultimate influence, what checks and difficulties may delay or limit its indefinite extension, it is impossible to foresee and vain to conjecture. But of its immediate and obvious tendencies two at least are clear and unmistakable. It promises widely, and perhaps rapidly to extend the application of machinery in every department of industrial and especially in domestic life. And its facility of distribution must *cæteris paribus* increase the resources, the possibilities of independent home work. It may exert a double check on the aggregating tendencies of the age. Its conductivity may arrest the unwholesome concentration of manufacturing industry in crowded ever growing cities, rendering the vicinity of the sources of motive power matter of comparative indifference, supplying artificial force as freely to the village as to the town. It will certainly lighten human, and especially feminine, toil; it will give the isolated worker the assistance hitherto confined to aggregated labour, and thus help him to hold or recover his ground, even if with that help his position ultimately prove untenable.

THE CAPITAL OF THE CYCLADES.

Of all the Cyclades none is so bleak and barren as Syra, yet this island possesses an attraction of her own, and a curious history of modern development; future ages will quote this little spot as the brightest specimen of activity produced by the revival of the long dormant spirit of independence in Greece. Athens has been forced into a modern existence by the necessity of having a capital somewhere. Patras has flourished because the site of that capital was foolishly through sentimentality chosen on the eastern coast, whereas the existence of Greece to-day is due to the west, and all her interests lie in the west. But the flourishing commercial centre on the island of Syra is due to the spontaneous outburst of mercantile activity incident on the recovery of freedom. Thus in many ways Hermoupolis on Syra is one of the most interesting towns of the Levant. Whatever was left of vitality in Greece after long years of depression found itself drawn to rocky, ungainly Syra.

It is an easy night from the Piræus to Syra by steamboat, and the effect of the place is curious as you peep out of your porthole on the busy harbour teeming with gay-coloured caiques and steamers from all parts of the world. It is apt to remind the traveller a little of Genoa, only Syra is almost entirely a white town, relieved now and again by a dash of yellow wash. Houses completely cover two hills one above another like the steps of a staircase, and surround the bay in the form of an amphitheatre. One hill is crowned by the mediæval town and its Latin church, the other by the modern Greek town and a Greek church. The background is formed by the rocky, bleak mountains of the

island, so barren and so treeless that one wonders if this can possibly be the spot which Homer describes thus—

“Of soil divine,
A good land, teeming with fertility,
Rich with green pastures, feeding flocks and
kine.
A fair land with streams, a land of corn and
wine.”

Od. xv. Worsley.

Even the butter consumed now-a-days at Syra is brought from Athens. In the town there are no wells; all water is brought in carts from some distance, except what each householder catches in his private tank. Little rain falls here, hence in summer the water-carts are the only means of providing a supply.

It was a brilliant November morning when I reached Syra, and everything was life and bustle around the egg-shaped harbour; all the boats were discharging cargoes just now, having run in with a favourable breeze. One highly-painted green brig with canvas bulwarks was unloading shaddocks from Naxos, and the island sailors with their blue baggy trousers, red fezes, and bare legs looked highly picturesque as they carried baskets of the freight along the plank which united the boat with the quay; another caique was discharging small round cheeses from Crete which were being arranged on long low barrows to be carried to the warehouses; another caique laden with lemons from Andros was awaiting its turn. On every boat a mongrel was barking vigorously, men chattering, and women huddled up in corners looking the picture of misery. It is marvellous to see how wretched these island women are when on the water; though they have known no other mode of progression all their lives they never

get accustomed to the sea. The colouring of Syra harbour is especially pretty. Greek sailors love colour; their boats, their sails, and their dress are gaudy. One day I was sailing from one island to another with a white sail: when we continued our voyage after three days I was surprised to find that we had a bright orange sail. "Where has this new sail come from?" I asked, knowing that they could not have bought it where we were. They laughed, and told me that during our stay they had found some red mud which gave it the desired dye.

The quay too was gay with small hucksters' shops. One man had a pile of *eikons*, or sacred pictures, wherewith to tempt the pious about to start on a voyage, pictures of St. Nicholas being most numerous on his stall, for he is the patron saint of the seafarer; another man had besoms; his neighbour sold Russian tea-bowls and large wooden spoons, whilst a third offered for sale brilliantly coloured handkerchiefs, which though made in Birmingham are particularly eastern in appearance. All amongst these stalls the water-cart was threading its way to supply the huge *amphoræ* which each householder produced as the cart went by with the daily portion. Far along the quay was the fish market with strange sights for unaccustomed eyes. Advent was soon to begin, that is the month's fast before Christmas, so there were any amount of *octopodia* in the market ready to be dried and stewed for this period. Sea urchins too and bright red pinna shells afford a substantial part of a Syriote's meal, and this morning were plentiful, besides red mullet and haddock which looked more tempting. In front of this market the boats of the Psariote and Hydriote fishermen with their wicker instead of canvas bulwarks were lying. These men are the best fishermen in the Archipelago, and if you desire to travel amongst these islands and their treacherous winds, by all means choose one of them.

Syra boasts of one or two hotels, very passable in Greece, where travellers who venture beyond the capital do not expect luxuries. We were glad enough to rest in one after the voyage, and cast about us as to how we should pass our time.

"Syra," wrote Tournefort in 1699, "is [the] most Catholic island of the Archipelago," and singularly enough it is to Roman Catholicism that this spot owes its existence as a commercial centre. No one ever heard of Syra in classical times, except as a refuge for sailors. It was inhabited, it is true, and from time to time produces archæological treasures, but it never had even the name that Andros, Naxos, or Melos had, consequently the first pages of the history of Syra begin in mediæval times when it was chosen as a centre for Roman Catholic missions in the East. Under the Latin rule in the Archipelago, Syra, doubtless owing to its good harbour and central position, recommended itself to the notice of the Capuchins, and on the top of the conical hill, which is still covered by the old town, they built a convent and a church. They were followed by the Jesuits, and from this centre they sent out missions to all the neighbouring islands with such success that under the Turks, who treated the islanders always with consideration, there were in the Cyclades almost as many of the Western as of the Eastern Church. Naxos, Santorin, Tenos, Andros, were almost subservient to the Papal See.

When corsairs and pirates disturbed them, the holy fathers of Syra made bitter complaints to the Roman Catholic powers in the west, and the end of it all was that Louis XIII. of France took Syra under his especial protection. From the convent on the hill the French flag was hung, and by this means the basis for the fortunes of Syra centuries later was laid.

From that time until the present day the Roman Catholic bishops of Syra have been elected by the Church of Rome, and from this rock they have

made a desperate attempt to convert the Eastern world to their way of thinking, but since the war of Independence Roman Catholicism has been unpopular, and will soon disappear.

Our friend Tournefort tells us of the prosperity of Syra even in his time, when only a few families lived in a cluster on the conical hill around the convent. He says he could not rest at night for the noise of the hand mills for corn, or by day for the noise of the wheels used to thread cotton with, but it was refreshing, he adds, to see the French flag flying and to hear in churches, both Greek and Latin, this chant sung, "*Domine salvum fac regem,*" to which they added "*nostrum Ludovicum.*"

This was the state of Syra at the beginning of the war of Independence. According to Pasch van Krienen, who was sent to the islands by the Russians with a view to annexation, the inhabitants numbered only 1000 souls about a century ago. The Turks knew them only by the name of tawshan, or hares, for whenever a Turkish ship appeared in the harbour they would run up the hills, and could nowhere be found. What a contrast is this to the state of Syra to-day, being as it is one of the busiest marts in the Levant!

The freedom of Greece introduced an entirely new era into this island, and the circumstances occurred as follows: The great massacre of Christians in Chios and Psara drove from their homes some of the bravest and most commerce-loving of the Greek-speaking world. No tragedy in history is more thrilling than the story of this massacre; unfortunately it is too near our own times for any of us to know as much about it as we do about the Sicilian Vespers, or the massacre of St. Bartholomew. However, historians of future ages will rank it with these, and it will be one of the deepest blots on the annals of the nineteenth century.

After innumerable adventures by sea and land the refugees from Chios, rich men who had been nursed in the

lap of luxury, found their way on caïques to various parts of Greece proper, where the standard of revolt had been raised, and where for a time they would be safe. Some went to Spetzia and Hydra, others further afield in search of a livelihood; but eventually all these refugees found themselves gathered around a few of the more energetic spirits on the island of Tenos. The inhabitants, whose Roman Catholic, and hence neutral, proclivities were strong, did not receive them with favour; the plague broke out amongst them; commerce could not flourish, for the harbourage was bad in Tenos; so the refugees cast about in their minds for another hospital, and after mature deliberation settled on the island of Keos, the one of the Cyclades nearest to the Saronic gulf, and the one which in all ages had been the commercial centre in the Ægean Sea, classical and mediæval times alike. So to this island a deputa-tion was sent to make an offer for starting their commercial operations here instead of Tenos. But the magnates of Keos, to their own detriment, flatly refused this offer; they feared lest their island should be made a special mark for revenge if the war of Independence went against Greece. So Keos pusillanimously elected to lose its name as the commercial centre of the Ægean Sea.

The arrangements made between the refugees and the inhabitants of Syra will probably never be known. It is more than probable that the leaders of the revolution had something to do in persuading them to choose this place, and thereby to establish themselves on neutral ground under the French flag. All that is certain is, that the refugees left Tenos in a body, and crossing over the narrow strait that divides the two islands, took up their abode on Syra, under the protection of the banner of France.

Before Greece was free, the town of Hermoupolis began to grow on the cliffs of Syra, holding, like Noah's Ark, those that were saved from the cruelty

of the Turks—suffering Greeks from Chios, Psara, Crete, Macedonia, Smyrna, forty thousand in all found here a refuge.

At first the exiles lived in a miserable state, having huts by the shore, where now the busy quay is, in which they stored their merchandise and transacted their business, retiring to the upper town, Ano Syra as it soon was called, by night, to sleep in churches, stables, or wherever they could find a covering for their heads.

Before the arrival of the refugees, in June, 1821, Demetrios Ypselantes, one of the great heroes of the revolt, sent as his agent to the Cyclades one Themeles, to inspire the islands with the spirit which reigned on the mainland; but, with certain brilliant exceptions, such as Psara, Hydra, Spetzia, the islands were weak-minded, for the insular Greeks had for centuries had too quiet a time of it under Turkish rule to wish to endanger themselves in the popular cause, and it is universally admitted that if the Chioties had had any pluck in them they might have avoided the massacre and proclaimed themselves free. Some of the Cyclades at first flatly refused to join. Santorin, Andros, Tenos, urged by the Roman Catholic element in them, preferred to pay double taxes to the Turkish and Greek fleets to declaring themselves on either side; and the inhabitants of Syra, advisedly perhaps, pointed to the French banner and replied that they were neutral.

It is not to be wondered at that the islands were looked upon with suspicion by their fighting comrades; but when we learn that Syra received 40,000 refugees two years later, most of them incapacitated physically from bearing arms, being women, children, halt and maimed, we cannot blame them for inactivity.

So now we find our commercial colony founded and flourishing under the French flag. If there were some hard remarks made about the Syriotes who stayed at home and practised the arts of peace during the great national

struggle, it is at all events clear that the leaders of the revolution understood the position taken up by them; and in fact the neutrality of Syra seems to have been a part of the plan of the provisional administration of the revolution, as many Syriotes afterwards let out. Many of them, though neutral, belonged to the Friendly Society (*ἡ φιλικὴ εἰταιρία*), a secret society which was the backbone of Panhellenism, and to Syra the Generals Miaouli and Mavrocordato sent their valuables for safety during the struggle. By correspondence which has come to light since, it is evident that the refugees in Syra were not at all unmindful of their struggling fellow countrymen, and sent them frequent monetary assistance.

And all this while a town was growing up around the harbour and along the flat space between the harbour and the hill on which the old town was perched. The first two-storied house was built in 1825, and belonged to the first demarch, Petritzi by name, and it was considered a real phenomenon to look upon, for the island towns never indulge in two-storied houses as a rule, having flat roofs and ceilings made of reeds, which they cover with seaweed, and on the top place a certain kind of clay which they trample down and then roll with marble rollers. After a rainfall it is a curious sight to see the inhabitants running about on their roofs to press down the mud, and kicking along with their feet the marble roller. But Syra has long since abandoned this style, and ever since Demarch Petritzi built his two-storied house in 1825, the town has adopted the western style, and for all the world looks like a town of France or Italy.

It was in this year that Luke Ralli and others, foreseeing a future of greatness for the infant city, thought it was time to give her a name, and not allow her, like all the other islands of the Ægean Sea, to have a capital called after and frequently confounded with the island in which it was

situated. So they met together and called her Hermoupolis, the city of Hermes, for was not Hermes the protector of commerce among their ancestors? and did they not owe much to the good ship *Hermes*, which had collected together the earlier nucleus of their trade? Just before this a church had been built near the sea, the church of the Transfiguration, the outer court of which was still used as a hospital for those who were obliged to live in tents; and, situated as it was amongst wretched hovels, it was a perfect beehive, where the inhabitants could swarm and sleep if they wished. In the nave of this church the magnates of the refugees held their first public assemblies, and here it was that Luke Ralli for the first time pronounced the name of the town—Hermoupolis.

But the bulk of the colonists in Syra never intended to stay there if the war terminated favourably for Greek independence; they only intended to make of this barren rock a temporary asylum, as the Athenians had once made at Salamis; so when, in 1829, the kingdom of Greece was established, there were many projects afloat for the re-colonisation of different parts of Hellas. Perhaps if Chios had been free the result would have been different, for the leading part of the refugees were merchants from Chios, and Syra might again have sunk into oblivion; however, as the Turks still held their home, the Chiotés elected to stay in Syra, and recognised Hermoupolis in Syra as the abiding centre of Greek commerce for the future. The position was good, being in the centre of the Ægean Sea, in the highway of traffic to and from the East; the harbour was good, with two islands across its mouth to protect it from the south winds, but the island itself was wretched. No wonder the Chiotés sighed for their lemon and orange groves, the Cretans for their forests and olive gardens; no wonder they were anxious to get away from those brown hill-sides, where nothing save

aromatic herbs would grow, where there was not a tree to shade them or water to drink in summer. It is curious to see the results of reckless cutting down of trees here in Greece. The rains wash away the soil from the mountains and make them barren, and then there is nothing to hold the rain, which rushes off in torrents as soon as it has fallen and thereby creates a drought. But commerce is in no way dependent on land attractions, as Venice and Holland can testify, so the Greek refugees who elected to stay at Syra had no cause to regret their decision.

At first they suffered terribly from pirates in the early days of anarchy after the establishment of the kingdom. Old people in Syra will still relate to you the dread these early colonists had of one Nestor Phatzole of Cephalonia, how he seized their merchant ships, levied black mail, and scoured the Archipelago; but English, French, and Austrian ships year by year lessened the number of these marauders; and year by year, with the commerce of Western Europe passing through their hands, the Syriotes grew in prosperity and their town of Hermoupolis sprang up with the rapidity of the mushroom towns of the western hemisphere.

Knowing the history of Hermoupolis during the last sixty years, I issued forth from my hotel with my interest keenly excited to behold, for here at least all around me was the work of modern Hellas. We hear much of the failure of Greece to carry out the hopes of the revivers of the nationality, but we learn when studying the growth of Syra, that given a fair chance, the Greek of to-day will always come to the front in the mercantile world. The Powers created a kingdom out of a barren unproductive country, sparsely inhabited, and without any of the sinews of wealth; they expected this country to produce at once all the fine qualities for which their ancestors were celebrated, and were naturally disappointed.

We might as well take Cornwall and Devonshire and call it the British Empire, as consider the narrow limits of the present kingdom in any way representative of the Greek world. The most prosperous, the most intellectual of the nationality are scattered over the face of the globe, in all the great commercial centres of the world. Here at Syra we learn what they can do when the chance offers. But what chance did the Greek kingdom ever have? The government naturally fell into the hands of a few uneducated men who were returned as members for semi-barbarous villages. As of old every Greek is a politician, and for want of a clear head to guide them they fell to squabbling amongst themselves, until the Greek kingdom instead of answering the requirements of Panhellenism became a byword and a scorn. Of late years matters have looked up considerably, under the able direction of M. Tricoupis; but a journey through the islands and the outlying parts of even this little kingdom show how rotten the whole concern is. But Syra is quite different; if all the Greeks were like those of Syra there could be no question as to who should rule at Constantinople.

An excellent street, the street of Hermes, branches away from the quay, and leads into a vast square where in the evenings the inhabitants promenade to listen to the band. One side of this square is to be taken up by a large Hotel de Ville, but this edifice progresses only slowly, the town authorities are careful and only do a little now and then to it, when they have a balance in hand. Steep tortuous streets lead up one of the hills which is covered by the new town; everything is white and clean, a great contrast to a town of corresponding size in France or Italy; the drainage is excellent, and not a small affronts the nostrils. There are plenty of churches now, none of any interest, to be sure, except that of the Transfiguration, where the assemblies were held, and where Luke Ralli stood as godfather to

this infant town, now grown to maturity.

Of course Syra is now the central point of insular Greece; here resides the nomarch of the Cyclades, who superintends the course of justice in the eight Eparchies into which the islands are divided, and these eparchs again look after the demarchs or mayors of the various towns and villages. In Hermoupolis is the jail where insular defaulters are confined; the law courts are here; in short, Syra is the modern capital of the Cyclades, whereas in the Middle Ages Naxos was the seat of government and the residence of the duke. All this is due to the refugees and their commerce.

I went to the university, which, after that of Athens has the best reputation in Greece, and there I listened to the various classes, the lessons taking for me a curious and decidedly interesting form. The pedagogues were holding forth on Herodotus, Xenophon, Plutarch, &c., and the task of the scholars seemed to me marvellously simple, namely, to turn the ancient into modern Greek, parse the words, and collect the historical points. I could not help feeling what advantages these youngsters have over us, when a boy often can read and tell the contents of Xenophon with greater ease than an Oxford don.

On a subsequent occasion I paid a visit to the Archbishop of Syra, Methodios by name, a man of great liberal culture and enlightenment, who does all he can to combat the almost heathenish beliefs of the Greek peasantry. He has a large house, and wears a fine enamel, set in diamonds, and was very friendly, telling us as we sipped our coffee, that he had seen our party returning on muleback from an expedition into the island, and added that we had called to his mind Christ's entry into Jerusalem. This is a marked feature in the Greek church; they are what we should call blasphemous.

There is, in spite of the newness of the place, a great reverence for anti-

quity in Syra, and a desire to keep up ancient associations. Some traditions are curious in the Cyclades, and busy populous Syra is not without its own. It is a common belief amongst the peasants that the ghosts of the ancient Greeks come once a year from all parts of Greece to worship at Delos, and as they pass through Syra they are purified by washing; a cliff above Hermoupolis is still called Δῆλι, where the country folks tell you this ablution takes place, and even to-day they will reverently speak of the "god in Delos."

They are vaguely aware too of a game called Δίσκος, and say that their ancestors used two large stone olive presses, which stand as reminiscences of ancient fertility in Syra outside a church, as quoits. How thoroughly Greek this is to believe in the super-human strength of your ancestors; it is the same idea which generated the myths of Hercules extant to-day.

Passing on in our rambles, we came across the theatre of Apollo, than which no better theatre exists in modern Greece. Even Athens cannot boast of such. Curiously enough the piece advertised for that evening was *The Pirates*. I could not help thinking how short a time it was since the pirates had been a subject for more serious thought in Syra.

Beyond the theatre and the church is the west end of Syra, where stately mansions are built on the top of a cliff overlooking the sea. These houses of Hermoupolis, like those of Athens, rejoice in a superabundance of marble. There are very few islands of the Cycladic group which do not produce marble, and at the north end of Syra there is abundance of it. Each balcony is supported by marble lions or griffins, the steps, the facings and window cases of all the houses are of marble. A new road leading along the cliff beyond these houses forms the fashionable, evening promenade for the Syriote ladies.

Though perhaps the rapid increase of Syra is now cooling down, nevertheless it is still growing, and the

small space of waste ground between the old town and the new is rapidly giving way to a mass of houses and factories; for with a central depôt for the Eastern Telegraph and steamers of every company calling here, Syra cannot be expected to stand still. After a stroll through the factories and a visit to the centres of artizan life there was little left to study in Hermoupolis the New, but Syra as an island, as we have seen, had a history long before its days of commerce, so to visit the various points of archæological lore we made several expeditions about the island.

Alone of the Cyclades Syra rejoices in the possession of roads, horses and carriages; not that these roads lead you very far as yet, and only one may be said to have a destination; this leads you to the harbour *delle Grazie*, where in summer time the Syriotes go to take sea-baths, and here are the remains of two ancient cities from which we can argue that the much-criticised Homer was not so far wrong when he tells us that Syra had two cities, "Twain are the cities, and an equal share in all things is to either portioned well."—*Od.* xv.

All around the bay is barren except here and there, like an oasis in the desert, the gardens of rich Syriote merchants relieve the eye. At one of these houses we were entertained hospitably by Mr. Tseylendi, and shown his garden and vineyards. On the way to *delle Grazie* we saw many of these country boxes, especially at Talanta, where money has had a veritable struggle with nature, and been fairly successful.

It is further presumptive evidence of the quondam fertility of Syra that from an inscription we gather that feasts of Dionysos with singing contests were held here, which would never have been the case had Syra produced no more wine than it does now with which to honour the god. In fact the existence of Bacchic revelry here in ancient times proves the existence of a rich vintage.

One afternoon I strolled up the hill to inspect the town of "Upper Syra," as it is now called, where the mediæval Roman Catholic settlement still exists; here everything is old world, and the inhabitants seem utterly unconcerned about the busy life in the lower town. The houses are like steps, one above the other, and the steep narrow streets, foul with refuse and tenanted by pigs, lead up spiral fashion to the convent and church of St. George, which crown the hill. From the terrace in front of the edifice a fine view is obtained over the sea dotted with Cyclades as far as the eye can reach; to the right is a brown stony valley, characteristic of Syra, and on the brow of the opposite hill a newly fledged Greek convent seems as if it looked with contempt on the Roman Catholic town, as much as to say that its reign is over. Between the Eastern and Western Church there is no kindly feeling. On my way down to the lower town I met some girls who had strolled upwards to take the air. They asked me my intention on seeing me enter a Greek church, and on my inquiring if they were Westerns or Orthodox they affirmed so eagerly that they belonged to the latter persuasion that I was constrained to question them further on their knowledge of the relation between the two creeds.

One of them, who said she was a niece of Kanarios, one of the heroes of the war of Independence, regretted loudly that shortly she was to marry a rich Roman Catholic; her principal objection being, from what I could gather, a current belief here that when a Roman Catholic has received the last sacrament and shows symptoms of recovery the priest goes back and strangles him with a rope, for after receiving the viaticum no one is permitted to live. She was a young lady of considerable sentiment, I imagine, for she carried in her hand a pretty flower which grows on the hills under the acanthus bushes, called patience by the Greeks (*ὑπομονή*), "for

when I look at it," she concluded, "I feel strengthened to bear my lot patiently."

By far the most interesting expedition I made into the remote parts of Syra was a weary, long mule ride over the mountains to a spot at the north-west corner, probably the very place where ancient legend said Hercules conquered the north wind. The goal of our ride was a point called Grammata Head, from the fact that it is covered with inscriptions. A wilder bleaker ride I never had, even in the Cyclades. On leaving the town and ascending the hill of Deli we were as much out of the world as if no busy Hermoupolis existed at our feet. There was scarcely a mule track to guide us, and the rocks and stones by the way called for the exercise of all the agility our mules could display. All the way we never tired of admiring the every varying views over island and sea. Though Syra itself might be brown and arid, with occasional streaks of red from the nature of the soil, yet the halo of hazy blue islands around us, the sparkling of the sea, and the clearness of the air dispelled all feelings of gloom, and made us feel that in those days when Syra was "teeming with fertility" it must have been a paradise upon earth. No vegetation did we come across anywhere save aromatic scrub over the hill-side, and the ungainly bulbous squilla marina, a source of considerable traffic in this locality. It was the 1st of December, and the sun was very hot—what must this shadeless place be in the dog-days?

We saw hardly any signs of habitation on our way until we came to a low, whitewashed cottage, where lives, high up on the mountain top, a tottering old man ninety-five years of age. He looks after a small garden, and whenever he wants anything he walks into Hermoupolis to do his shopping. Our muleteer called him out and he came to welcome us; he was full of stories about the wonderful changes

he had seen during his long, eventful life; how he had fought for his country's liberties; how he had assisted in building the first house for the refugees down by the harbour. When we left him I asked our muleteer if people frequently lived to be so old at Syra. "Yes," was the reply, "an old woman died at 130 only a short while ago; in former years people lived so long that the aged had to be thrown down a mountain cliff which is still called Gerousi (γέρον)." This tradition of longevity in Syra is curious, and more especially so in connection with the slaughter of the aged. On the neighbouring island of Keos it is well known that the old and useless members of society were obliged to swallow hemlock when a certain age was reached. The Abbé della Rocca, one of the Roman Catholic brethren in Syra, writing a century ago, tells us of the same tradition existing then about the great age and general healthiness of the Syriotes. Homer gives us the following testimony—

"There in the city, void of pain and fears,
They dwell, and ever as they wax in years
Apollo coming with his silvery bow
Aims with his sister the light-feathered
spears
Against them, and the sweet life fades like
snow."

We rode on for some time after bidding adieu to our old man, and then our muleteers manifested a doubt as to the way. Luckily we came across two herdsmen who volunteered to guide us; they refreshed us with dried figs and water and were a pleasant addition to our party.

All here was stillness and solitude save for the bleating of goats and the tinkling of their bells; goat-bells interest one in Greece, they tend to show how conservative the Greeks are in preserving the customs of antiquity. A goat's bell to-day is exactly the same shape and pattern as those the victims for sacrifice used to wear in ancient days. Turkish goat-bells and Albanian goat-bells are quite different; the Greeks still keep to their

own old style. We passed close to a cave, reminding one of the habitation of a Cyclops, where 2000 sheep and goats are kept at night, which wander over the mountain side by day, and gnaw the aromatic scrub.

The herdsmen were much quainter and more entertaining than our city-born muleteers. They had not deserted the ancient simplicity of accent and phraseology which Syra presumably possessed in common with the other islands of the Ægean before she was converted into a centre of commerce. They were at first hard to understand, and made use of words which are strange to the modern tongue. The frog of a mule's foot, for example, they called the "swallow" (χελιδονα), the word used in ancient times for the hollow of a horse's foot, because it was forked like a swallow's tail. Furthermore, ζεύγη is not the usual word for the yoke of an ox in other parts of modern Greece, and μερούπας for "birds" is excessively curious, a word anciently used to denote being gifted with the power of articulation. It is in pastoral life that words still linger which are forgotten in aught but the pages of Liddell and Scott.

After a ride of four hours we came to our destination, a long strip of marble which runs into the sea like a bird's beak, and shelters a little bay from the fury of the north wind; it is almost at the extreme northern point of the island, and was in ages long gone by a favourite resort of mariners during stormy weather. This tongue of marble is in three places covered with very neatly cut inscriptions placed on flat spaces of marble which slope down to the water's edge. Some of them are very old, but most date from the Roman and Byzantine epochs; for the most part they are prayers for good voyages, and thanksgivings for safety made by those anchoring in this little bay in time of tempest, both for themselves and their friends. These writings on rocks are found in many parts of Greece; on Meso Bounò in Santorin I saw lots of them, and like-

wise I hear they are common on the mainland. These at Syra are interesting from their diversity.

Taking the pagan ones first, we find most of them to be simply names. Mithres of Sardis is the only one which conveyed anything to our minds, for Mithres is a name found on Sardinian coins. Again we have the names of those who used this tongue of land as a point for observation (*Σκοπή τοῦ Ἀθηνοβίου τοῦ ναυκλήρου*), and various others, reminding us of the passage in Lucian which says, "It is necessary first before sailing to go to some point to observe if the wind is favourable." Then again we have epigraphs in memory of friends, perhaps those who had been lost at sea; prayers for good voyages for the writers and their friends; thanks for preservation from shipwreck, principally to Asclepius; for example, "We in the Milesian ship, thank Asclepius;" and lastly, farewells to friends.

Many of these epigraphs refer to a temple of Serapis, which must have stood on this point, though all traces of it have been obliterated. Doubtless here many a hecatomb has been offered to propitiate this god that he might send a favourable wind. Our herdsmen told us that lots of coins were dug up here, and forthwith proceeded to dig. In a few minutes they produced some small defaced copper coins of no value which they gave us. We next turned to consider the Christian writings which are more minute in their information about men and ships, and are written in debased Roman characters, like these in use in the Byzantine school, and such as we see in use on the outside of Byzantine churches. Most of them begin with "Lord, help us! Lord, save us! &c.," and then give the name of the suppliant, his father's name, his country, sometimes that of his ship, and occasionally, though rarely, they mention the month and year. There are about a hundred of these, affording a curious collection of names, occupations and countries; sailors, captains, one novici-

ate, deacons, a soldier, a centarch, Commander Stephen, chiliarch of Asia with his Aurarii, fellow citizens, &c., showing what a popular place of resort once was Grammata Bay, now lost almost to the world, for hardly any one in Syra has heard of it, and if he had heard of it would never think of riding four hours to see such a sight. After a hurried lunch among the epigrams, we started on our weary way back across the mountains, returning, as our herdsmen affirmed, by a somewhat shorter way close to a church called Syringa, where is a fountain of healing water which is bottled and sent abroad. A popular distych of Syra, which our companions sang, tells us that for health all that is required is "some water from Syringa, grapes from Chryse, and a sprig of Basil from Kyparyssa."

Chryse and Talanta certainly seem at present to be the only places on the island where grapes will grow, but with difficulty. Doubtless this distych is not of a very modern date and may refer to the ancient fertility. As for the basil from Kyparyssa, I never saw any; but I frequently have realised how much prized the basil is in Greece for its mystic properties. The herb which they say grew on Christ's grave is almost worshipped in the Eastern Church. On St. Basil's day women take sprigs of this plant to be blessed in church. On returning home they cast a bit on the floor of the house to secure luck for the ensuing year. They eat a bit with their household, and no sickness will attack them for a year. Another bit they put into their cupboard, and their embroideries and silken raiment will be free from the visitation of rats, mice, and moths, for the same period.

Busy, populous Hermoupolis seemed horribly worldly after this wild ride. During my rambles in the Cyclades I visited it many times, and was always glad to get out of it, savouring as it did too much of this busy age.

NEWSPAPERS AND ENGLISH: A DIALOGUE.

Garniston. What, Warnford! corrupting your style by studying a newspaper? Didn't I understand you to say that you were composing a paper to be read this evening before the Eclectic Society?

Warnford. How do you know I am not studying one of my own leaders?

G. How do you know that that is not exactly what I am assuming?

W. Oh! then you believe that a man whose style would not otherwise be vicious, may demoralise it by reading his own writings.

G. Many a man could have no worse model. But you know very well what I mean, Warnford. What you are reading in that newspaper is not your own writing, in the sense of being your own thoughts expressed in your own language. It is the thoughts of your political party expressed in the language of—well, in the language of your guild. I can't describe it otherwise. It is essentially a language of itself: English, of course, or at any rate for the most part, in its vocabulary; English, too, in its accidence and syntax, and differing, therefore, in the first of these two respects from a "patter," and in the second from a *patois*—from the cant or *argot* of a class, on the one hand, and from the dialect of a tribe, on the other. And in both respects—but perhaps I offend you by my freedom.

W. Not at all. I am admiring the accuracy of your philological criticism. The peculiar diction of journalism has never, I think, been better described. I recognise at once the elements both of its weakness and its strength, the sources alike of its power and its limitations. All I fail to perceive is its corrupting influence. If it is neither *argot* nor *patois*, where is the mischief of using it?

G. Where? Why, my dear fellow, in the very fact on which you seem to rely. No one is the worse for possessing a knowledge of slang, or acquiring the mastery of a dialect; for neither pretends to be more than an accretion upon, or a corruption of, the language to which it belongs. It is not the medal or the token that debases a currency, it is the spurious coin—and the more mischievously in proportion to the closeness of the imitation. If the journalistic "lingo" had either a little more of the metal, or a little less of the semblance of genuine English, its enormously wide circulation in these days would no doubt do comparatively little harm.

W. Whereas?

G. Eh? what? Oh, come, Warnford, these dialectical thrustings of a naturally polite man into the corner of incivility are really in bad taste. Well, then, if you will have it—whereas its circulation produces, as it is, an effect which I could not correctly describe without comparing a most excellent man, and my very good friend, to a professional manufacturer of bad half-crowns.

W. Good. And now let me express my extreme surprise, Garniston, that a man of your independent judgment and force of character should have permitted yourself to become the mouthpiece of so false and silly a cry as that which I have now for the first time heard you echo. Have you ever really examined the grounds of the charge which you are making against the newspapers?

G. Well, of course I have not scrutinised it as jealously as though it were a tribute to their merits. You are always demanding some impossibilities of self-mortifying rigour, Warnford.

W. If you have not examined it, let me do so for you.

G. Do; and put the results of your inquiries into a "social" leader, as I understand you and your fellow-craftsmen describe every disquisition you give us on any subject at all broader or of more permanent interest than last night's Parliamentary debate, whether it be an excursion into the Philosophy of the Unconscious, or a thoughtful essay on the true method of disposing of the metropolitan sewage.

W. Well, I conceive that both are subjects with which society is more or less concerned.

G. Undoubtedly—more or less; but so, after all, it is supposed to be with politics. To divide all subjects of human interest into political and social, and to lump together as "social" all that infinite variety of matters which lie outside the range, as I say, of last night's Parliamentary debate, does strike one as a somewhat rough and ready method of classification. But perhaps you do not go so far as to maintain that journalism actually tends to promote philosophic accuracy in the use of language.

W. I don't know what I may find myself contending for when we once get fairly in dispute: it is that, I think, which constitutes one of the most pleasing features of familiar controversy, and—

G. Stop! I beg your pardon! One moment just to take down the phrase you have last let fall. All right, go on!

W. I see what is preparing for me, and I defy you. But to finish what I was saying. I do not propose to maintain, at least for the present, that journalism "tends"—I had better repeat your exact words—"to promote philosophic accuracy in the use of language." When an unfortunate gentleman is brought up on a charge of coining, the first thing for him to do is to rebut the accusation. It will be time enough for him to attempt to

show that he is a public benefactor when he has satisfied his judge that he is not a public malefactor. So here. I shall be quite content, at any rate for the present, with acquitting myself and my fellows of the charge of debasing or defacing the verbal coinage of my country without claiming to have purified or brightened it. Enough if we do not clip or alloy the money of the English tongue; it is too much to expect of us, or for us to claim for ourselves, that the coins come out of our hands with more gold in them to the ounce, and with a sharper and cleaner cut device and legend upon their face. The second position I cannot hope to establish; the first I can and will.

G. "To't" then! as our friend the Danish gravedigger says. "To't."

W. I am quite ready! What is the charge?

G. Eh? the charge? Well, upon my word I thought I had expressed it with great precision.

W. What, by a metaphor! A pretty situation if a man's life is to depend upon his accuser's possessing a just appreciation of analogy and a nice discrimination in the employment of rhetorical figures.

G. 'Ation! 'ation! 'ation! I shall have something to say about that presently.

W. With all my heart; and in the meantime I will meet your accusation in the form it took at the very opening of this colloquy. You made, or you implied, the charge against newspaper writers of corrupting the English prose style. That is a little different, of course, from the charge of debasing the English language, and as, being much the more vague, it is the easier to sustain and the harder to refute, I dare say you will prefer that form of the accusation to the other.

G. I think, if you don't mind, I should like to avail myself of both, though not, of course, at the same time.

W. I am obliged to you for that last

concession at any rate. It is by no means a common form of forbearance, I assure you.

G. Well, then, as to debasing the language—

W. Yes, as to debasing the language. I shall be happy to save you as much trouble as possible in establishing that part of your case. Allow me to read you a list of admissions which I have at various times committed to paper with a view to the discussion of this particular subject. I admit that when events “transpire,” in correct English it does not mean that they happen, and it does mean that having happened they get abroad; whereas by transpiring in newspaper English, they do not get abroad but only happen. I admit that when we call a man “reliable,” we neither strengthen nor adorn the English language, and I may here add that I have tried not to smile when I have heard, as I actually have, a purist object to the word on the ground that as long as “trustworthy” was available to express the idea, “reliable” could not be *indispensable*. In other words I recognise a mysterious guilt in burking the preposition “on” which does not attach to the suppression of the particles “of” and “with.” I admit further that the words—

G. There, that will do, Warnford. You need not give us the whole string of pearls. I know it is a long one. But since you admit the solecisms—

W. Ah! Unfortunate people of Soli! Do you believe they really spoke worse Greek than their neighbours—that they were really sinners against grammar above all men that dwelt in Cilicia? O Soli! O Siloam! It is the way of the world, however. Those unlucky colonists, and we unlucky journalists, are simply the “eighteen upon whom the tower fell.”

G. Oh, nonsense! You are evading the gist of the charge. The accusation against you is not that you use worse English than other people—

W. Members of Parliament, for instance. Why, they owe the only grammar they can boast of to those who have least of it to spare among ourselves. Our most indigent class contrives to give of its superfluity to the destitute senator: and out of the scanty grammatical wardrobe of the reporter is his nakedness clothed. Nay, the figure is not strong enough. The debt of the parliamentary orator to the parliamentary reporter is not for clothing alone but for surgery—for the splints upon the fractures of his sentences, and for the sutures of their gaping wounds.

G. My dear Warnford, you give yourself a vast amount of unnecessary trouble. No one has ventured upon anything so audacious as to compare the grammar of debate, or even of completed legislation, with that of the newspaper.

W. The bar, then? or the pulpit? Even in the ablest of those forensic speeches which decide the issue of a law suit how many nominatives remain “pending!” How often will the changes of heart among a congregation compare either in suddenness or completeness with the changes of construction in their preacher’s sentences!

G. You seem to forget that grammatical errors are somewhat more pardonable in spoken than in written discourse: but I repeat that the charge against you is not that newspapers use worse English—and please to observe that it is you who are now mixing up questions of syntax with those of vocabulary—than other people, but that owing to the enormous audiences whom they address daily they infect the largest of possible number of people with their own habits of inaccuracy.

W. And I have really lived to hear that parrot cry from lips so accustomed to utter sense as yours. What man capable of being so “infected,” as you call it, can have any health in him? Take the score or so of

solecisms—if there be so many—for which the newspapers have obtained currency. By whom pray among their readers are they picked up and made use of? By those who have otherwise any purity of speech to be contaminated? or by those—the uneducated—who learn more genuine words of their mother-tongue from the newspaper than from any other printed matter, and who daily commit ten times as many sins against the language and its grammar than the newspaper is guilty of in a year?

G. The more ignorant the reader, the easier, of course, to corrupt him; but I am far from admitting that newspapers have not taught tricks of incorrect speech to people whom education might otherwise have enabled to avoid them.

W. Then enumerate these tricks, I beg of you, and let us see how many they amount to. Do not trust to your “transpire” and your “reliable,” and the one or two other stale examples of inaccuracies which the journalist was either not the first to commit, or has done more than any one else to expose and ridicule. Let us hear the whole list. I shall be much surprised if the number of such offences which can fairly be brought home to the newspaper-writer are found to exceed a dozen.

G. Be it so, my dear Warnford, be it so. Moreover, the charge of corrupting our vocabulary is not one on which I am personally much disposed to rely. The number of questionable additions which the language has received from the newspapers must necessarily be small: for if we except the lendings of recognised slang, the total number of such additions which have been made from any source during the present age is itself not considerable.

W. Now that last is a proposition which I should have been inclined to dispute. But proceed: I dare say I shall have an opportunity of disputing it later on.

G. I have known you go so far as to create one. I don't know, however, that I had much more to say when you interposed, except this: that the much more plausible charge against you and your fellow-penmen is that of depraving English style. I should like to hear you on that point, I confess.

W. Would you? Then you must give me something to answer. What is to “deprave” a style? What is English style? Nay, what is style itself?

G. Why stop there, my dear fellow? Pray go on. By all means let us thresh the whole matter thoroughly out. What is the origin of language? What are the causal relations and what the order of succession in time between the class-name and the concept? By what process—

W. You are wasting your satire upon me, Garniston. My question was a simple one enough from the experimental side, and not requiring any profound researches into the metaphysics of philology in order to answer it. One need not know the chemistry of either pure or muddy water to be able to say when one has been contaminated by the other. The eye will tell you that the liquid has become turbid. But I think that when you are asserting, not the fact of contamination but the process, you are bound to give some intelligible account of the pure water, and some rational description of the mud.

G. Well, there is no great difficulty in that if you will allow me to confine myself to it. But do you know I have for some unaccountable reason—

W. Some “unaccountable-for” reason you would say, if you were a reliable grammarian.

G. Conceived a strong desire to attempt the task you offer to excuse me from. I should like to define “style” in language.

W. Meaning, I suppose, the correct, the “best style”?

G. Exactly.

W. Then you believe there is only one to which that description applies?

G. You shall see. Style, then, as I should define it, consists in such a choice and collocation of words, combined with such individual structure and collective arrangement of sentences, as may, while giving the clearest, briefest, and most forcible expression to the thought, assist at the same time the most powerfully to maintain in the reader the state of feeling most appropriate to the subject-matter.

W. Allow me, my dear Garniston, to congratulate you.

G. On my definition?

W. On your wind. If I remember rightly you won the mile race in our school athletics; but I had no idea you still kept yourself in such excellent training in middle age.

G. Your ironical compliment, if you only knew it, is genuinely flattering. Length of wind is most valuable to those who have a long distance to travel, and I maintain that my definition is not to be shortened by a single stage. Choice of words and order of words we all admit to be points of first importance to style; nor less so, the arrangement of sentences. Nor will you deny that clearness, brevity, and force in the expression of thought are three qualities of equivalent necessity to whosoever lays claims to the mastery of a good style. The first suffices only for the equipment of a Parliamentary draftsman. Acts of Parliament convey their meaning clearly.

W. Do they?

G. The ideal Act of Parliament does. All legal documents express, or are supposed to express, the meaning embodied in them with clearness, and some few do so with brevity—that is without superabundance of words, but none of them study to do so with force. Of two words equally unambiguous, of two constructions equally apt, of two sentences equally short, the lawyer and the Parliament-

ary draftsman do not of design select that word which is the most telling, that construction or sentence which drives most smartly home the nail of meaning with the hammer of emphasis. And lastly, having neither of them any particular state of *feeling* in their readers—nothing but a purely intellectual condition—to take account of, neither of them are of course in the least degree solicitous about the existence of any corresponding quality in their work. It is only where to clearness, brevity, and force of expression a writer adds that tact and sensibility which keeps the tone of his diction in harmony with the feelings suggested by his thought that he becomes master, in my judgment at least, of the gift of style.

W. You say nothing of simplicity.

G. Why should I? How can the clearest and briefest expression be other than the simplest?

W. Nor of grace.

G. Fulfil the commandment I have given you and grace shall be added unto you. Grace is only symmetry and symmetry only the perfect balance and mutual adaptation of component parts. Let thought but wed itself to expression, as my canon, I believe, unites them, and grace will be born.

W. H'm: the parentage seems a little commonplace, but highly respectable. Much, however, that passes for grace in literature is not, I fear, the offspring of any lawful union whatever. However, I am extremely obliged to you for permitting me to hear your views on the subject. And now shall we resume our discussion?

G. By all means: but I am not without hopes of exhibiting a certain remote connection between what I have been saying and the matter in hand.

W. What! All that highly abstract and to my intelligence, if you will excuse its weakness, that decidedly hazy stuff about adapting the tone of the writer to the feeling of the reader—

stuff which if it had, as of course it has, meaning—

G. Thank you! Your faith is touching.

W. Can only mean that there is no such thing as style in the singular number, but as many different styles as there are differences of subject-matter.

G. And suppose that is what I mean to maintain? What if style should be, in the ultimate analysis, not an objective quality of language but a certain subjective relation between the mode of the writer as affected by his theme and an objective—

W. Exactly! What if it should be?

G. Scoff not, O professional scoffer! Even the words "objective" and "subjective" may conceal a definite meaning. Perhaps I shall put it in words less open to the jests of the irreverent if I say concretely that the writer who possesses style must possess in more or less near approach to perfection the power of fitting all varieties of matter to corresponding varieties of manner, and that the writers, great as many of them, immortal as some of them are, are nothing else—I shrink, in speaking of them, from saying nothing more—so far as regards the vehicle of expression, than magnificent mannerists. What else was Gibbon? What else was Macaulay? What else Carlyle? If fitness is a condition of excellence, what can be less excellent in their ridiculous disparity with their subject-matter than some of Gibbon's stately periods when the historian of the Roman Empire is engaged upon a mean or commonplace portion of his subject. Or what, by the same test, can be less excellent than Macaulay's jerky sentences in a passage of pure narrative; or than Carlyle's violently elliptical manner where he has a "case to state?" Give Gibbon a great event to describe, or even a "solemn creed to sap," and his constant solemnity is well enough. Give Macaulay an interesting individuality—a Tory statesman's for choice—to analyse,

and his crisp antithetic manner is the perfection of style, whatever historic truth may have to say to it, in relation to that particular subject-matter. Give Carlyle a dramatic incident to relate, or a picturesque figure to sketch, and his triumphs in the qualities of vividness and beauty will make us forget everything else in his writings that has ever repelled us, and pronounce him, here at any rate, the greatest stylist that ever lived. But except in those kinds of writing wherein each excels does style exist for any one of the three?

W. Perhaps not. You are victoriously achieving the victory which your definitions have prepared for you. Style, then, is nothing but the natural outcome of a plastic intelligence quickly responsive to every change of mood.

G. Well! Is that so very unworthy an account of it?

W. No, indeed. But I am forced to admit that it is beyond the reach of the humble writer in the newspapers. Circumstances are not so kind as to provide him with many of those changes of mood whereby alone he could test the elasticity and adaptability of his style. He is usually obliged to take the moods the gods provide.

G. Let us go back, then, by all means to a simpler matter. Let us begin with the element of simplicity itself. Will you say that your beloved newspapers—

W. My beloved newspapers!

G. Yes, confectioner, I repeat the word. Your beloved tarts! Come! the earlier nausea of surfeit is not perpetual, and for the materials of his trade the honest man contracts an affection above the vulgarity of relish. Will you say that your newspapers have not done much to destroy, at any rate, the simplicity of English written speech?

W. Will you say that they have?

G. I will: I do. With the proviso, of course, that I do not guarantee

the soundness of every separate count in the indictment. I will take the gravest first. You are accused of neglecting and despising the Saxon element in our language, and of displaying an undue and pedantic preference for Latin forms.

W. What *that* old friend! I know now, Garniston, why you said you would not guarantee the soundness of every separate count in the indictment. It was, indeed, a prudent precaution. I don't expect to find *you* pronouncing an educated approval of that vulgar and ignorant charge.

G. Since when has the advocate been bound to back up his professional with his private opinion? You are called upon to plead, not to cross-examine.

W. I plead, then, to the jurisdiction. I have never yet met a man of those who assume to sit in judgment on newspapers upon that charge, who was philologically qualified for a seat on the bench. I have the gravest doubts whether many of those who pretend to one are able to distinguish between a Saxon and a Latin word.

G. Oh! come, Warnford!

W. I have certainly often heard some of them descanting upon the beauties of "plain Saxon English," in what was evidently a most happy unconsciousness that one of the three words they were using, and that the shortest and simplest, was Latin.

G. Yes; that, no doubt, was unfortunate. But you hardly propose to contend, do you, that none of those who repeat this charge possess any safer test of the distinction between Saxon and Latin than these worthy admirers of plainness were content with?

W. I do not propose to commit myself to any sweeping contentions: but I verily believe that if the number of our censors who go by no other rule than that monosyllables are Saxon and polysyllables Latin or French, could be computed, the result would a little weaken the force of their censures. Did I ever tell you

of an experiment which I once tried upon one of these gentlemen with the view of ascertaining how far his zeal for Saxon English was according to knowledge?

G. No, I think not.

W. Well, it was on this wise. In illustration of the superiority of the Saxon to the Latin element in our language, I quoted to him the following imaginary extract from an essay on the subject, and invited him to note how the very style of the passage confirmed the truth of its contents. "Our English," said the supposed essayist, "shall be plain, clear, pure: we will be brief; we will be simple; we will use no long words. Yet in English of this sort there need be nothing common or vulgar. I have known it to be noble, to be even grand." My friend was delighted with this specimen of homely Saxon, as he called it—so delighted, indeed, that I had not the heart to undeceive him: and in a moment of false humanity, I did him the cruel kindness of allowing him to go away and quote it to more erudite persons as a justification of his preferences in the matter of English. "English," indeed, is one of the few words after his own heart—which it *really* contains. "Words" is another, and "nothing" is another. But you, of course, don't need to be told, that deducting what I may call the mere bolts and rivets of the sentences—the prepositions, pronouns, auxiliaries, &c.,—my piece of homely Saxon does not contain another purely Saxon word. Plain, clear, pure, simple English, as it is, there is not one other word in it which we do not either get straight from the Latin, or jointly derive, Teutonic and Latin together, from one common root.

G. Your trap was cunningly set, I grant; or would you rather I should say it was ingeniously constructed? I concede. Come, Warnford, you must allow, I think, that it is possible to weaken a phrase by translating it

from the Teutonic into the Latin, and that those who have better means of distinguishing between the two than by mere counting of syllables—though, mind, I don't altogether admit that that is so very unsafe a test in the majority of cases—are right as a rule in preferring the former to the latter.

W. They are right of course in preferring it when it is the stronger: and provided also that—

G. But is it not generally the stronger?

W. Wait a moment. And provided also that it satisfies your own condition of superior clearness as well as of superior force. But it is in conciliating these two requirements that the difficulty of choosing between the Teutonic and the Latin is mainly felt. Yet of this difficulty our Saxon-loving friends, who are more often men whose pleasure it is to read rather than men whose business it is to write, are sublimely unconscious. Suppose I allow that the shorter, simpler, homelier words, are usually Teutonic and not Latin, and that these words, by reason, as I believe, of certain associations which for the moment I need not stop to notice, convey the more vivid impression of the act or the thing described—what then? Vividness of presentment to the imagination is not all that language has to provide for, though doubtless it is all that many writers think about; it has to provide for accuracy of presentment to the thought. The instance you just now selected—or rather created—is one upon which no difficulty could arise; for the phrase you prefer has as much the advantage in accuracy as in vigour. None but the penniest of penny-a-liners would hesitate for an instant between “cunningly setting” and “ingeniously adjusting” a trap, not only because the former phrase more impresses the imagination, but because the latter fails even to put the mind in full possession of the thought. The artfulness of a trapper is not fully

expressed by the neutral word *ingenuity*; it is *ingenuity* directed to the capture of his prey; and while the word *ingeniously* contains no suggestion of the sinister *purpose* of his act, so the word *insidious*, had you chosen that, would have contained no adequate suggestion of its technical *quality*. But the word “*cunningly*” imports both. Parenthetically, however, please to remember, in abatement of your pride of Saxonism, that its moral association is not inherited but acquired. The instance you have chosen is, as I have said, an instance in which no difficulty of selection could possibly arise. And so, to do only justice to their dexterity in illustration, are most of the examples cited to prove the superiority of plain Saxon.

G. Is that so?

W. Well, is it not so? What do these gentlemen ever try their Saxon hands upon by way of showing their command of monosyllables, unless it be the description of some daily scene, the account of some most commonplace act, the expression of some most familiar thought of life—scene, act, and thought, for which the simple vocabulary of a child suffices, and which no sensible adult would think of describing in any other than the child's terms. Pass beyond the sphere of mere sensuous impression and of the most elementary processes of thought—enter that of conception, and still more that of ratiocination, and see how far your Saxon will carry you.

G. A very little way, it would indeed seem. Ratiocination is not a pretty word is it? not so neat and compact as one could wish.

W. It is certainly not a word for the waistcoat pocket. As a word four syllables shorter, I should much have preferred “*reasoning*”; but then, I used the longer word to illustrate my own point. Where absolute exactitude is required “*reasoning*” will not supply the place of “*ratiocination*”.

ination." The former is both a process and a product; the latter is a process alone. Depend upon it that most of the men who protest against the use of Greek words, Latin words, and generally of every word over two syllables in places where they contend that shorter synonyms "will do," are in fact ignorant of what will "do," and what will not. They may have some taste in language as a vehicle of sense, impression and association, but they are mostly quite incapable of considering it as an instrument for the precise expression of thought. Long words in great numbers have an ugly and affected look; no man who cares for appearances in writing would string together more of them than he could help. But the high and mighty censor who strides up and down your sentences with a pen in his hand scoring out polysyllables wherever he meets them is as often as not a mere presumptuous—

G. Stop! He won't insist on any monosyllable here, I'll be bound.

W. Then I will end the sentence with *ignoramus*. As a quadrisyllable, and Latin after a fashion, it may annoy him even more than the trilateral Saxon. For no doubt he would regard "ass" as "plain" Saxon, though it isn't.

G. Well, go on. A presumptuous *ignoramus*.

W. Yes; as much so as the man who thinks that if *he* were a parliamentary draftsman or a conveyancer he could get a complex act of Parliament into a score of clauses, and a declaration of trust into as many lines. Our law, fortunately for the public, does not permit him to try his hand at condensation in the former case; in the latter case, fortunately for the lawyers, it does.

G. Your defence of the newspapers, Warnford, appears a curious one. So far as I can see it tends to show, not that they are free from the faults alleged against them, but that those faults are unavoidable. We are to un-

derstand, according to you, it seems, that the newspaper-writer is neither brief nor simple, and having to express such mightily complex ideas, cannot be expected to be either. Is that any reason, however, why his sentences should see-saw for ever, pivoted on an "and" or a "but," across the trunk of a semicolon till monotony itself cries out upon them? Is that any reason why he should never make a direct statement or a direct denial, only "venturing to believe" this, and "permitting himself to doubt" the other? Does it justify his perpetual formalities of "with reference to," "with respect to," "with regard to," "in connection with"—vile phrases, however excusable to men who seldom write "about" a subject, but only "about and about" it? And do the needs of this marvellous logical accuracy which he endeavours to compass warrant him in *always* rejecting the out-door name of a thing for that which seems to smell of the very leather of the library? in *never* preferring that word which still retains the sharpness of its stamp and milling, to the worn counter of language, as smooth, no doubt, and as polished, but as lustreless and edgeless as an old shilling?

W. Bravo, Garniston! You have actually condescended upon particulars at last, have you? The charge, it is true, is getting slightly altered. The coiner, it seems, is guilty of nothing worse than a preference for coins which have seen most service. And as to all your complaints of the monotony, the circumlocution, the "common form" of newspapers, why, faults of that kind seem hardly worth denouncing as deprivations of English style. They are traceable, one and all, to defect in the journalist's material. If the public have a fancy for huge doses of politics daily, whether there is anything fresh to say about them or not, how can those who gratify this fancy avoid these faults? How can he avoid them who

has to repeat what he has said a score of times before? and how dispense with circumlocution who has to eke out even that stale material? As to "common form," pray consider its labour-saving value, and don't forbid its use to men who have to write in a hurry.

G. I really cannot see how all this differs from confession. We both seem to agree that the style of the newspaper-writer is monotonous, cumbersome, conventional, full of unmeaning stock phrases, a foe to brevity and simplicity, unvarying in its preference of the tamer to the more spirited word. We may account for it in different manners, but we agree as to the fact; and how you can dispute, therefore, that a newspaper is one huge repertory of the vices which writers should avoid, and so a widely

circulating medium of literary demoralisation, I fail to see.

W. Suppose I were to convince you that the faults which you complain of in the newspaper are but the symptoms, exaggerated no doubt, but still unmistakable, of one of those changes which languages at certain periods of their history are bound to undergo, would you withdraw your charges then?

G. But do you really contemplate so vast an undertaking?

W. I do.

G. Then, my dear Warnford, I must really wish you good morning. Some other day—some 21st of June for choice—I should be only too delighted; but for the present I must forego the pleasure, and with your leave we will regard the present discussion as a drawn game.

H D. T.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

“Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN NUTFIELD LANE.

WHEN Reynold Harding assured Miss Wilton that it made very little difference to him whether he got rid of his pupil for a day or not, he told a lie. From the moment when he heard of Guy's holiday, he had resolved in his own mind that on that day of freedom, he would see Barbara Strange.

He knew that she was staying with the Ashfords, and he had heard the Robinson girls talking about her one day after luncheon.

“That pretty little Devonshire girl finds it dull, I think,” said Violet.

“Who wouldn't?” her sister exclaimed. “She has had time to hear all old Ashford's stories a dozen times before this, and they are stupid enough the first time. But how do you know she finds it dull?”

“They say she's always running about the fields looking for primroses and cowslips. I saw her when I was out riding this morning, leaning on the gate into Nutfield Lane, with her hands full of them.”

“How very picturesque! Looking into the lane for some more?”

“Or for some one to help her to carry what she'd got. I don't know what I mightn't be driven to myself, if I had to listen to old Ashford's prosing, and then go crawling out for a couple of hours boxed up in Mother Ashford's stuffy old brougham, two or three times a week. And Willy Ashford hardly ever comes, now he's engaged to that girl in Kensington.”

“No,” said Muriel, “and I don't know that he would mend matters much if he did. Well, perhaps some-

body with a taste for cowslips and innocence, will happen to walk along Nutfield Lane next time Miss Strange is looking over the gate. What did you think of doing this afternoon?”

They were standing in the window, and speaking low. But their voices were metallic and penetrating, and the tutor, who was watching Guy's progress through a meal, which had worn out his sisters' patience, heard every word. He had his back to the light, and the boy did not see the black full veins on his forehead.

“But I want some more tart,” said Guy.

The request was granted with careless liberality.

“Is that enough?” Harding asked.

The boy eyed it. He did not think he could possibly manage any more, but he said—

“I don't know,” just as a measure of precaution.

“Well, eat that first,” said the other, and sat, resting his head on his hand.

He knew Nutfield Lane. It was three or four miles from the Priory; Guy and he went that way sometimes. He remembered a gate there, with posts set close to a couple of towering elms, that arched it with their budding boughs, and thrust their roots above the trodden pathway. There was a meadow beyond, the prettiest possible background for a pretty little Devonshire girl with her hands full of cowslips. As to her looking out for any one—he would like to walk straight up to those vulgar, chattering, expensive young women, and knock their heads together. It seemed to Harding that there would be some-

thing very soothing and satisfying about such an expression of his opinion, if only it were possible! But it could not be, and he relinquished the thought with a sigh, as he had relinquished the pursuit of other unattainable joys.

"N—no, I don't want any more," said Guy, regretfully. "Only some more beer."

Harding nodded, with that absent-minded acquiescence which had endeared him to his pupil. Guy was only to him like a buzzing fly, or any other tiresome little presence, to be endured in silence, and as far as possible, ignored. But when that afternoon the boy came to him with the announcement that he should be twelve on Tuesday, and his father was going to take him somewhere for the whole day, Reynold raised his head from the exercise he was correcting, and looked at him fixedly.

"That's all right," he said, after a moment.

In that moment he had made up his mind. He wanted to see Barbara. And then? He did not know what then, but he wanted to see her.

The white spring sunshine lighted the page which Guy had scrawled and blotted, and Reynold sat with the pen between his fingers, dreaming. He would see Barbara, but he would not even attempt to think what he would do or say when they met. He had planned and schemed before, and chance had swept all his schemes away. Now he would leave it all to chance; it was enough for him to think that he would certainly see her again.

He would see her, not standing as he had seen her first, in sad autumnal scenery, not coming towards him in the pale firelit room, not walking beside him to the village, while the wind drove flights of dead leaves across the grey curtain of the sky, not as she faced him, frightened and breathless, in the quivering circle of lamplight on the stairs, not as he remembered her last of all, when she

stood beyond the boundary which he might not cross, and Mitchelhurst Place rose behind her in the light of the moon, white and dead as dry bones. It seemed to him that it must always be autumn at Mitchelhurst, with dim, short days, and gusty nights, and the chilly atmosphere laden with odours of decay. But all this was past and over, and he was going to meet Barbara in the spring. Barbara in April—all happy songs of love, all the young gladness of the year, all tender possibilities were summed up in those three words. He was startled at the sudden eagerness which escaped from his control, and throbbed and bounded within him when he resolved to see her once again. But he did not betray it outwardly, unless, perhaps, by an attempt to write his next correction with a dry pen.

He listened to Guy's excited chatter as the day drew near, and set out with him to carry the invitation to Bob Wilton, in a mood, which, on the surface, was one of apathetic patience. Nothing he could do would hasten the arrival of Tuesday, but nevertheless it was coming. When the two boys went off to the stables together, he waited. He might as well wait in the Wiltons' sunny drawing-room as anywhere else. And when some one entered by the further door and began to play, he listened, not ill pleased. He had no ear for music, but the defect was purely physical, and except for that hindrance he might have loved it. As it was he could not appreciate the meaning of what was played beyond the curtain, nor could he recognise the skill and delicacy with which it was rendered. To him it was only a bright, formless ripple of sound, gliding vaguely by, till suddenly Barbara's tune, rounded and clear and silver sweet, awoke him from his reverie.

For a moment he sat breathless with wonder. Only a dull memory of her music had stayed with him, a kind of tuneless beating of its measure, and the living notes, melodiously

full, pursued that poor ghost through his heart and brain. His pulses throbbled as if the girl herself were close at hand. Then he rose, and softly stepped across the room. Who was it who was playing Barbara's tune? Who but the man who had played it to Barbara?

Considered as a piece of reasoning this was weak. Anybody would have told him the name of the composer, and could have assured him that dozens and scores of men might play the thing. Barbara might have heard it on a barrel organ! But Harding's thoughts went straight to the one man who had left music lying about at Mitchelhurst with his name, "Adrian Scarlett," written on it. Barbara's tune jangled wildly in his ears; she had learnt it from this man, or she had taught it to him.

Thus it happened that Adrian looked up from his playing, and saw the picture in the mirror, the face that followed him with its intent and hostile gaze. And Reynold, standing apart and motionless, watched the musician, and noted his air of careless ease and mastery, the smile which lingered on his lips, and the way in which he threw back his head and let his glances rove, though of course he did not know that all these things were a little accentuated by Adrian's self-consciousness under his scrutiny. He was sure, even before a word had been uttered, that this was the man whose name had haunted him at Mitchelhurst, and who won Mr. Pryor's heart by singing at his penny reading. To Reynold, standing in the shadow, Scarlett was the type of the conquering young hero, swaggering a little in the consciousness of his popularity and his facile triumphs.

To some extent he wronged Adrian, and on one point Adrian wronged him. He believed that Harding had exulted in the idea of putting him on the wrong scent with his "Sandmoor near Ilfracombe." But in point of fact Harding had given the address with real reluctance. He had been asked

where the Stranges lived, and had told the truth. To have supplemented it with information as to Barbara's whereabouts would have been to assume a knowledge of Scarlett's meaning in asking the question, a thing intolerable and impossible. Yet Harding's morbid pride was galled by his unwilling deceit, and he wished that the subject had never been mentioned. He had no doubt that his rival would go to Sandmoor, but he did not exult in the thought of the disappointment that awaited him there.

Still, when Tuesday came it undoubtedly was a satisfaction to feel that the express was carrying Mr. Scarlett further and further from the gate which led into Nutfield Lane. Otherwise the day was of but doubtful promise, its blue blotted with rain-clouds, which Guy Robinson regarded as a personal injury. It brightened, however, after the birthday party had started, and Reynold set out on his rather vague errand, under skies which shone and threatened in the most orthodox April fashion. The heavens might have laid a wager that they would show a dozen different faces in the hour, from watery sadness to glittering joy. It was hardly a day on which Mrs. Ashford would care to creep out in her brougham, but a little Devonshire girl, tired of a dull house, might very well face it with an umbrella and her second best hat.

Harding made sure that she would. If she failed to do so he had no scheme ready. He did not know the Ashfords, and to go up to their house and ask for Miss Strange could lead, at the best, to nothing but a formal interview under the eyes of an old lady who would consider his visit an impertinence. But Barbara would come! It was surely time that his luck should turn. When the hazard of the die has been against us a dozen times we are apt to have an irrational conviction that our chance must come with the next throw, and Harding strolled round the Ashfords' place, questioning only how, and how soon, she would

appear. To see her once—it was so little that he asked!—to see her, and to hold her hand for a moment in his own, and to make her look up at him, straight into his eyes. And if she had the fancy still, as he somehow thought she had, to hear him say that he forgave her, why, he would say it. As if he had ever blamed her for the little forgetfulness which had ended all his hopes of fortune! And yet, if Barbara could have known how near that fortune had been! The old man's health had failed suddenly during the winter, the great inheritance was about to fall in, and Reynold would have been a partner and his own master within a few months from his decision. "Well," he said to himself as he leant on the gate in Nutfield Lane, "and even so, what harm has she done? Was I not going to say No before I saw her? And if she persuaded me to write the Yes which turned to No at the bottom of her apron pocket, am I to complain of her for that?"

He thought that he would ask her for a flower, a leaf, or a budding twig from the hedge, just by way of remembrance. At present he had none, except the unopened letter which she had given back to him in his lodgings at Mitchelhurst.

The day grew fairer as it passed. Though a couple of sparkling showers, which filled the sunlit air with the quick flashing of falling drops, drove him once and again for shelter to a haystack in a neighbouring meadow, the blue field overhead widened little by little, and shone through the tracery of leafless boughs. He felt his spirits rising almost in spite of himself. He came back, after the second shower, by the field path to the lane, and was in the act of getting over the gate when he heard steps coming quickly towards him. Not Barbara's, they were from the opposite direction. He sprang hastily down, and found himself face to face with Mr. Adrian Scarlett, who was humming a tune.

Reynold drew a long breath, and stood as if he were turned to stone.

Adrian was only mortal, he lifted his hat, and smiled his greeting, with a look in his grey-blue eyes which said as plainly as possible, "*Didn't you think I was at Sandmoor?*" and then walked on towards the Ashfords' house, where he had been to the tennis party two years before. He would be very welcome there. And if he should chance to meet Barbara by the way, he knew very well what he was going to say to her. But a moment later he felt a touch of pity for the luckless fellow who had not outwitted him after all. "Poor devil!" he said, as he had said the day before.

The epithet, which, like many another, is flung about inappropriately enough, hit the mark for once. Reynold stood, pale and dumb, choked with bitter hate, but helpless and hopeless enough for pity. He would do no more with hate than he had done with love. He knew it, and presently he turned and walked drearily away. He did not want to see Barbara when she had met Adrian Scarlett. He had meant to see her *first*, to end his unlucky little love-story with a few gentle words, to hold her hand for a moment, and then to step aside and leave her free to go her way. What harm would there have been? But this man, who was to have everything, had balked him even in this. She would not care for his pardon now, and perhaps it would hardly have been worth taking. If one is compelled to own one's forgiveness superfluous it is difficult to keep it sweet.

So he did not see Barbara when, a little later, she came up Nutfield Lane by Scarlett's side. They stopped by the gate, and leant on it. Barbara had no flowers in her hands, but it seemed to her that all the country side was blossoming.

She looked a little older than when Adrian had bidden her his mute farewell at Mitchelhurst. The expression of her face was at once quickened and deepened, her horizon was enlarged, though the gaze which questioned it was as innocent as ever. But her

dark eyes kept a memory of the proud patience with which she had waited through the winter. There had been times when her faith in the *Clergy List* had been shaken, and she had doubted whether Adrian would ever consult its pages, and find out where her father lived. She did not blame him: he was free as air; yet those had been moments of almost unbearable loneliness. She never spoke of him to anybody; to have been joked and pitied by Louisa and Hetty would have been hateful to her. She thought of him continually, and dreamed of him sometimes. But there was only a limited satisfaction in dreaming of Adrian Scarlett; he was apt to be placed in absurdly topsy-turvy circumstances, and to behave unaccountably. Barbara felt, regretfully, that a girl who was parted from such a lover should have dreamed in a loftier manner. She was ashamed of herself, although she knew she could not help it. Now, however, there was no need to trouble herself about dreams or clergy lists; Adrian was leaning on the gate by her side.

"What you must have thought of me!" he was saying. "Never to take the least notice of your uncle's death! I can't think how I missed hearing of it."

"It was in the *Times* and some of the other papers," said Barbara.

The melancholy little announcement had seemed to her a sort of appeal to her absent lover.

"I never saw it. I was—busy just then," he explained with a little hesitation. "I suppose I didn't look at the papers. I have been fancying you at Mitchelhurst all the time, and promising myself that I would go back there, and find you where I found you first."

Barbara did not speak; she leaned back and looked up at him with a smile. Adrian's answering gaze held hers as if it enfolded it.

"I *might* have written," he said, "or inquired—I might have done *something*, at any rate! I can't think

how it was I didn't! But I'd got it into my head that I wanted to get those poems of mine out—wanted to go back to you with my volume in my hand, and show you the dedication. I was waiting for that—I never thought——"

"Yes," said the girl with breathless admiration and approval. "And are they finished now?"

"Confound the poems!" cried Adrian with an amazed, remorseful laugh. A stronger word had been on his lips. "Don't talk of them, Barbara! To think that I neglected you while I was polishing those idiotic rhymes, and that you think it was all right and proper! Oh, my dear, if you tried for a week you couldn't make me feel smaller! If—anything had happened to you, and I had been left with my trumpery verses——"

"You shall not call them that! Don't talk so!"

"Well, suppose you had got tired of waiting, and had come across some better fellow. There was time enough, and it would have served me right."

"I don't know about serving you right, but there wouldn't have been time for me to get tired of waiting," said Barbara, and added more softly, "not if it had been all my life."

"Listen to that!" Adrian answered, leaning backward, with his elbows on the gate. "All her life—for me!"

His quick fancy sketched that life: first the passionate eagerness, throbbing, hoping, trusting, despairing; then submission to the inevitable, the gradual extinction of expectation as time went on; and finally the dimness and placidity of old age, satisfied to worship a pathetic memory. Hardly love, rather love's ghost, that shadowy sentiment, cut off from the strong actual existence of men and women, and thinly nourished on recollections, and fragments of mild verse. Scarlett turned away, as from a book of dried flowers, to Barbara.

"What did you think of me?" he

said, still dwelling on the same thought. "Never one word!"

"Well, I felt as if there were a word—at least, a kind of a word—once," she said. "I went with Louisa to the dentist last February—it was Valentine's Day—she wanted a tooth taken out. There were some books and papers lying about in the waiting-room. One of them was an old Christmas number, with something of yours in it. Do you remember?"

"N—no," said Scarlett doubtfully.

"Oh, don't say it wasn't yours! A little poem—it had your name at the end. There can't be *another*, surely," said Barbara, with a touch of resentment at the idea. "There were two illustrations, but I didn't care much for them: I didn't think they were good enough. I read the poem over and over. I did so hope I should recollect it all; but he was ready for Louisa before I had time to learn it properly, and our name was called. It was a very bad tooth, and Louisa had gas, you know. I was obliged to go. I am so slow at learning by heart. Louisa would have known it all in half the time; but I did wish I could have had just one minute more."

Tell me what it was," Adrian said.

"*My love loves me*," Barbara began in a timid voice.

"Oh—that! Yes, I remember now. The man who edits that magazine is a friend of mine, and he asked me for some little thing for his Christmas number. If I had thought you would have cared I could have sent it to you."

Her eyes shone with grateful happiness.

"But I didn't," said Adrian. "I didn't do anything. Well, go on, Barbara, tell me how much you remembered."

Barbara paused a moment, looking back to the open page on the dentist's green tablecloth. As she spoke she could see poor Louisa, awaiting her summons with a resigned and swollen face, an old gentleman examining a

picture in the *Illustrated London News* through his eyeglass, and a lady apprehensively turning the pages of the dentist's pamphlet, *On Diseases of the Teeth and Gums*. Outside, the rain was streaming down the window panes. Barbara recalled all this with Adrian's verses.

"*My love loves me. Then wherefore care
For rain or shine, for foul or fair?*

My love loves me.

My daylight hours are golden wine,

And all the happy stars are mine,

My love loves me!"

"*Love flies away*," she began more doubtfully, and looked at Adrian, who took it up.

"*Love flies away, and summer mirth
Lies cold and grey upon the earth,*

Love flies away.

The sun has set, no more to rise,

And far, beneath the shrouded skies,

Love flies away."

"Yes!" cried Barbara, "that's it! I had forgotten those last lines—how stupid of me!"

"Not at all," said Adrian. "You remembered all that concerned you, the rest was quite superfluous."

"Oh but how I did try to remember the end!" she continued pensively. "It haunted me. If I had only had a minute more! But all the same I felt as if I had had something of a message from you that day. It was my valentine, wasn't it?"

Scarlett's eyes, with a look half whimsical, half touched with tender melancholy, met hers.

"I *wish* we were worth a little more—my poems and I!" said he. "I wish I were a hero, and had written an epic. Yes, by Jove! an epic in twelve books."

"Oh, not for me!" cried Barbara.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VERSE OF AN OLD SONG.

"ADRIAN!"

The name was uttered with just a hint of hesitating appeal.

"At your service," Scarlett an-

swered promptly. He had a bit of paper before him, and was pencilling an initial letter to be embroidered on Barbara's handkerchiefs.

"Adrian, did you hear that Mr. Harding—you know whom I mean—is ill?"

"Yes, I did hear something about it." He put his head on one side and looked critically at his work. "Is it anything serious?"

"Yes," said Barbara. "I'm afraid it is."

"Poor fellow! I'm very sorry. How the days do shorten, don't they?"

"Yes," said Barbara again. "They spoke as if he were going to—die."

"Really? I'm sorry for that. It is strange," Adrian continued, putting in a stroke very delicately, "but one of the Wilton girls used always to say he looked like it. I think it was Molly."

Barbara sighed but did not speak.

"Let's see," said Adrian, "he left the Robinsons—what happened? Didn't the boy get drowned?"

"No!" scornfully; "he fell into the water, but somebody fished him out."

"Not Harding?"

"No, somebody else. Mr. Harding went in, but he couldn't swim, and he didn't reach Guy. But he got a chill—it seems that was the beginning of it all."

Scarlett leant back in his chair, twirling the pencil between his fingers and looking at Barbara, whose eyes were fixed upon the rug. They were alone in the drawing-room of a house in Kensington. Their wedding was to be in about six weeks' time, and Barbara was staying for a fortnight with an aunt who had undertaken to help her in her shopping—a delightful aunt who paid bills, and who liked a quiet nap in the afternoon. Adrian sometimes went out with them, and always showed great respect for the good lady's slumbers.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "and where is Mr. Harding now?"

"At his mother's. She lives at Westbourne Park."

"Westbourne Park," Scarlett repeated. "By Jove, that's a change from Mitchelhurst! A nice healthy neighbourhood, and convenient for Whiteley's, I suppose; but *what* a change! I say, Barbara, how do you happen to know so much about the Hardings?"

"Adrian!"

And again she seemed to appeal and hesitate in the mere utterance of his name. She crossed the room, and touched his shoulder with her left hand, which had a ring shining on it—a single emerald, a point of lucid colour on her slim finger.

"Adrian, I wanted to ask you, would there be any harm if——"

"No," said Adrian gravely, "no harm at all. Not the slightest. Certainly not."

He took her other hand in his.

She looked doubtfully at him.

"What do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean, Barbara?"

"I wanted to go to the door and ask how he is—that's all. I feel as if I shouldn't like to go away without a word. We didn't part quite good friends, you know. And last year he was making his plans, and now we are making ours, and he— Oh, Adrian, why is life so sad? And yet I never thought I *could* be as happy as I am now."

"It's rather mixed, isn't it?" he said, smiling up at her, and he drew her hand to his lips. Barbara's eyes were full of tears. To hide them, she stooped quickly and touched his hair with a fleeting kiss.

"By all means go and ask after your friend before you leave town," said Adrian. "Let us hope he isn't as bad as they think."

"He is," said the girl.

Long before this she had told Adrian about her night adventure at Mitchelhurst. She had been perfectly frank about it, and yet she sometimes doubted her own confession. It seemed so little when she spoke of it to him, so un-

important, so empty of all meaning. Could it be that, and only that, which had troubled her so strangely? He had smiled as he listened, and had put it aside. "I don't suppose you did very much harm," he said, "but any one with half an eye could see that he wasn't the kind of fellow to take things easily. Poor Barbara!" She stood now with something of the same perplexity on her brow; the thought of Reynold Harding always perplexed her.

There was a brief silence, during which she abandoned her hands to Adrian's clasp, and felt his touch run through her, from sensitive finger tips to her very heart. Then she spoke quickly, yet half unwillingly, "Very well then, I shall go."

"You wish it?" Adrian exclaimed, swift to detect every shade of meaning in her voice. "Because, if not, there is no reason why you should. If you hadn't said just now you wanted to go——"

She drew one hand away and turned a little aside. "I know," she said, "I did say it. Really and truly I don't want to go; it makes me uncomfortable to think about him, but I want to have been."

"Get it over then. Ask, and come away as quickly as you can."

"To-morrow?" said Barbara. "I thought, perhaps, as aunt was not going with us about those photograph frames, that to-morrow might do. I couldn't go with aunt."

"You have thought of everything. Go on."

"You might put me into a cab after we leave the shop," she continued. "I think that would be best. I would go and just inquire, and then come straight on here. I don't want to explain to anybody, and if you say it is all right——"

"Why, it is all right, of course. That's settled then," said Adrian.

The next day was dreary even for late November. Adrian and Barbara passed through the frame-maker's door into an outer gloom, chilly and acrid

with a touch of fog, and variegated with slowly-descending blacks. Everything was dirty and damp. There were gas-lights in the shop windows of a dim tawny yellow.

Scarlett looked right and left at the sodden street and then upward in the direction of the sky. "This isn't very nice," he said; "hadn't we better go straight home?"

"No—please!" Barbara entreated. "We have filled up to-morrow and the next day, and aunt has asked some people to afternoon tea on Saturday."

"All right; it may be better when we get to Westbourne Park. I'll go a bit of the way with you."

He looked for a cab. Barbara waited passively by his side, gazing straight before her. She had never looked prettier than she did at that moment, standing on the muddy step in the midst of the universal dinginess. Excitement had given tension and brilliancy to her face, she was flushed and warm in her wrappings of dark fur, and above the rose-red of her cheeks her eyes were shining like stars. "Here we are!" said Scarlett, as he hailed a loitering hansom.

They drove northward, passing rows of shops, all blurred and glistening in the foggy air, and wide, muddy crossings, where people started back at the driver's hoarse shout. Scarlett, with Barbara's hand in his, watched the long procession of figures on the pavement—dusky figures which looked like marionettes, going mechanically and ceaselessly on their way. To the young man, driving by at his ease, their measured movements had an air of ineffectual toil; they were on the treadmill, they hurried for ever, and were always left behind. Looking at them he thought of the myriads in the rear, stepping onward, stepping continually. If they had really been marionettes! But the droll thing was that each figure had a history; there was a world-picture in every one of those little, jogging heads.

Presently the shops became scarce,

the procession on the pavement grew scattered and thin. They were driving up long, dim streets of stuccoed houses. They passed a square or two where trees, black and bare, rose above shadowy masses of evergreens all pent together within iron railings. One might have fancied that the poor things had strayed into the smoky wilderness, and been impounded in that melancholy place.

"We must be almost there," said Adrian at last, when they had turned into a cross street where the plastered fronts were lower and shabbier. He put the question to the cabman.

"Next turning but one, sir," was the answer.

"Then I'll get out here," said Scarlett.

Barbara murmured a word of farewell, but she felt that it was best. She always thought of Reynold Harding as the unhappiest man she knew, and she could not have driven up to his door to flaunt her great happiness before his eyes. She leant forward quickly, and caught a glimpse of that dear happiness of hers on the side walk, smiling and waving a farewell, the one bright and pleasant thing to look upon in the grey foulness of the afternoon.

A turning—then it was very near indeed! Another dull row of houses, each with its portico and little flight of steps. Here and there was a glimmer of gas-light in the basement windows. Then another corner and they were in the very street, and going more slowly as the driver tried to make out the numbers on the doors. At that moment it suddenly occurred to Miss Strange that her errand was altogether absurd and impossible. She was seized with an overpowering paroxysm of shyness. Her heart stood still, and then began to throb with labouring strokes. Why had she ever come?

Had it depended on herself alone she would certainly have turned round and gone home, but the cab stopped with a jerk opposite one of

the stuccoed houses, and there was an evident expectation that she would get out and knock at the door. What would the cabman think of her if she refused, and what could she say to Adrian after all the fuss she had made? Well, perhaps she could face Adrian, who always understood. But the cabman! She alighted and went miserably up the steps.

A servant answered her knock, and stood waiting. Between the maid and the man Barbara plucked up a desperate courage, and asked if Mrs. Harding was at home. She was.

"How is Mr. Harding to-day?" inquired Barbara, hesitating on the threshold.

"Much as usual, thank you, miss," the girl replied. "Won't you step in?"

She obeyed. After all, as she reflected, she need only stay a few minutes, and to go away with merely the formal inquiry, made and answered at the door, would be unsatisfactory. Mr. Harding might never hear that she had called. She followed the maid into a vacant sitting-room, and gave her a card to take to her mistress. The colour rushed to her very forehead as she opened the case. Her Uncle Hayes had had her cards printed with *Mitchelhurst Place* in the corner, and though, on coming to Kensington, she had drawn her pen through it, and written her aunt's address instead, it was plain enough to see. How would a Rothwell like to read *Mitchelhurst Place* on a stranger's card? She felt that she was a miserable little upstart.

Mrs. Harding did not come immediately, and Barbara as she waited was reminded of the dentist's room at Ilfracombe. "It's just like it," she said to herself, "and I can't have gas, so it's worse, really. And she hasn't got as many books either." This brought back a memory, and her lips and eyes began to smile—

"My love loves me. Then wherefore care
For rain or shine, for foul or fair?
My love loves me."

But the smile was soon followed by a sigh.

The door opened and Mrs. Harding came in. To Barbara, still in her teens, Reynold's mother was necessarily an old woman, but she recognised her beauty almost in spite of herself, and stood amazed. Mrs. Harding wore black, and it was rather shabby black, but she had the air of a great lady, and her visitor, in her presence, was a shy blushing child. She apologised for her delay, and the apology was a condescension.

"You don't know me," said the girl in timid haste, "but I know Mr. Harding a little, and I thought I would call."

"Oh, yes," said Kate, "I know you by name, Miss Strange. My son was indebted to Mr. Hayes for an invitation to Mitchelhurst Place last autumn."

"I'm sure we were very glad," Barbara began, and then stopped confusedly, remembering that they had turned Mr. Reynold Harding out of the house before his visit was over. The situation was embarrassing. "I wish we could have made it pleasanter for him," she said, and blushed more furiously than ever.

"Have made Mitchelhurst pleasanter?" Mrs. Harding repeated. "Thank you, you are very kind. I believe he had a great wish to see the Place."

"It's a fine old house," said Barbara, conversationally. "I have left it now."

"So I supposed. I was sorry to see in the paper that Mr. Hayes was dead. I remember him very well, five-and-twenty or thirty years ago."

"I am going abroad," the girl continued. "I—I don't exactly know how long we shall be away. I am going to be married. But they told me Mr. Harding was ill—I hope it is not serious? I thought, as I was near, that I should like to ask before I went."

Mrs. Harding considered her with suddenly awakened attention. "He is very ill," she said, briefly. "You know what is the matter with him?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"He was not very strong as a boy. At one time he seemed better, but it was only for a time."

"I'm very sorry," said Barbara, standing up. "Please tell him I came to ask how he was before I went."

Mrs. Harding rose too, and looked straight into her visitor's eyes. "Would you like to see him?"

"I don't know," the girl faltered. "I'm not sure he would care to see me. If he would—"

Mrs. Harding interrupted her, "Excuse me a moment," and vanished.

Barbara, left alone, stood confounded. She was taken by surprise, and yet she was conscious that to see Reynold Harding was what she had really been hoping and dreading from the first. Some one moved overhead. Perhaps he would say "No," in that harsh, sudden voice of his. Well, then, she would escape from this house, which was like a prison to her, and go back to Adrian, knowing that she had done all she could. Perhaps he would laugh, and say "Yes."

She listened with strained attention. A chair was moved, a fire was stirred, a door was closed. Then her hostess reappeared. "Will you come this way?" she said.

Barbara obeyed without a word. The matter was taken out of her hands, and nothing but submission was possible. The grey dusk was gathering on the stairs, and through a tall window, rimmed with squares of red and blue, rose a view of roofs and chimneys half drowned in fog. Barbara passed onward and upward, went mutely through a door which was opened for her, and saw Reynold Harding sitting by the fire. He lifted his face and looked at her. In an instant there flashed into her memory a verse of the old song of *Barbara Allen*, sung to her as a child for her name's sake:—

"*Slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when there she came,
'Young man, I think you're dying.'*"

The words, which she had sung to herself many a time, taking pleasure in their grotesque simplicity, presented themselves now with such sudden and ghastly directness, that a cold damp broke out on her forehead. She set her teeth fast, fearing that Barbara's speech would force its way through her lips with an outburst of hysterical laughter. What *could* she say, what could anybody say, but, "Young man, I think you're dying?" The words were clamouring so loudly in her ears that she glanced apprehensively at Mrs. Harding to make sure that they had not been spoken.

Reynold's smile recalled her to herself, and told her that he was reading too much on her startled face. "Won't you sit down?" he said, pointing to a chair. Before she took it she instinctively put out her hand, and greeted him with a murmur of speech. What she said she did not exactly know, but *not* those hideous words, thank God!

Mrs. Harding paused for a moment by the fire, gazing curiously at her son, as if she were studying a problem. Then silently, in obedience to some sign of his, or to some divination of her own, she turned away and left the two together.

Barbara looked over her shoulder at the closing door, and her eyes in travelling back to Harding's face took in the general aspect of the room. It was fairly large and lofty. Folding doors, painted a dull drab, divided it from what she conjectured was the sick man's bedroom. It was dull, it was negative, not particularly shabby, not uncomfortable, not vulgar, but hopelessly dreary and commonplace. There was in it no single touch of beauty or individuality on which the eye could rest. Some years earlier an upholsterer had supplied the ordinary furniture, a paper-hanger had put up an ordinary paper, and, except that time had a little dulled and faded everything, it remained as they had left it. The drab was rather more drab, that was all.

"Well," said Reynold from his

arm-chair, "so you have come to see me."

"I wanted to ask you how you were—I heard you were ill," Barbara explained, and it struck her that she was exactly like a little parrot, saying the same thing over and over again.

"Very kind of you," he replied. "Do you want me to answer?"

"If—if you could say you were getting a little better."

He smiled. "It looks like it, doesn't it?" he said, languidly.

Barbara's eyes met his for a moment, and then she hung her head.

No, it did not look like it. Two candles were burning on the chimney-piece, but the curtains had not been drawn. Between the two dim lights, yellow and grey, he sat, leaning a little sideways, with a face like the face of the dead, except for the great sombre eyes which looked out of it, and the smile which showed a glimpse of his teeth. His hand hung over the arm of his chair, the hot nerveless hand which Barbara had taken in her own a moment before.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I hoped I might have had some better news of you before I went away. Did you know I was going away—going to be married?"

She looked up, putting the question in a timid voice, and he answered "Yes," with a slight movement of his head and eyelids. "I wish you all happiness."

"Thank you," said Barbara gratefully.

"And where are you going?"

"To Paris for a time, and then we shall see. He"—this with a little hesitation—"he is very busy."

"Busy—what, more poems?" said the man who had done with being busy.

"Yes. Did you see his volume?"

Harding shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm a little past Mr. Scarlett's poetry."

"Oh!" said Barbara, "of course one can't read when one is ill. You ought to rest."

"Yes," he assented, "I don't seem able to manage that either, just at

present, but I daresay I shall soon. Meanwhile I sit here and look at the fire."

"Yes," said the girl. "Some people see all sorts of things in the fire."

"So they say," he answered listlessly. "I see it eating its heart out slowly. And so you are going to Paris? That was your dream when you were at Mitchelhurst."

"Yes—you told me to wait, and it would come, and it is coming. Oh, but you had dreams at Mitchelhurst, too, Mr. Harding! I wanted them to come true as well as mine."

"Did you? That was very kind of you. Mitchelhurst was a great place for dreams, wasn't it? But I left mine there. Better there."

"I felt ashamed just now," said Barbara, "when your mother spoke about your staying with us at Mitchelhurst. She doesn't know, then? Oh, Mr. Harding, I hate to think how we treated you in your old home, and I know my poor uncle was sorry too!"

"What for? People who can't agree are better apart, and Mrs. Simmond's lodgings were comfortable enough," said Reynold.

"Oh, but it wasn't right? If you and uncle had only met—"

"Well, if all they tell us is true, I suppose we shall before long. Let's hope we may both be better tempered."

"Don't!" cried Barbara, with a glance at the pale face opposite, and a remembrance of her Uncle Hayes propped up in the great bed at Mitchelhurst. Would those two spectres meet and bow, in some dim underworld of graves and skeletons? She could not picture them glorified in any way, could not fancy them otherwise than as she had known them. "Pray don't," she said again.

"Very well," said Reynold, "but why not? It makes no difference. Still, talk of what you please."

"Does it hurt you to talk?"

"Yes, I believe it does. Everything hurts me, and therefore nothing does. So if you like it any better, it doesn't."

"I won't keep you long," said Barbara. "Perhaps I ought not to have come, but I felt as if I could not leave England without a word. You see, there is no knowing how long I may be away"—

"You were wise," said Reynold. "A pleasant journey to you! But don't come here to look for me when you come back. The fire will be out, and the room will be swept and garnished. This is a very chilly room when it is swept and garnished."

To Barbara it was a dim and suffocating room at that moment. She hardly felt as if it were really she who sat there, face to face with that pale Rothwell shadow, and she put up her hand and loosened the fur at her throat.

"You do not mind my coming now?" she said, ignoring the latter half of his speech. "You remember that evening? You did not make me very welcome then." A tremulous little laugh ended the sentence.

He shifted his position in the big chair with a weary effort, and let his head fall back. "It's different," he said. "Everything is different. I was alive then—five and twenty—and I was afraid you might get yourself into some trouble on my account—you had told me how the Mitchelhurst people gossipped. I understood, but they wouldn't have. Did the old man hear of it?"

"No," said Barbara; "he was ill so soon."

Harding made a slight sign of comprehension. "Well, it wouldn't be my business to say anything now," he went on in his hoarse low voice. "Besides, there is nothing to say. If the Devil had a daughter, she couldn't make any scandal out of an afternoon call in my mother's house. She couldn't suspect you of a flirtation with a death's head. Visiting the sick—it is the very pink of propriety."

Barbara felt herself continually baffled. And yet she could not accept her repulse. There was something she wanted to say to Mr. Harding, or rather, there was a word she wanted

him to say to her. If he would but say it she would go, very gladly, for the walls of the room, the heavy atmosphere, and Reynold's eyes, weighed upon her like a nightmare. He had likened her once in his thoughts to a little brown-plumaged bird, and she felt like a bird that afternoon, a bird which had flown into a gloomy cage, and sat, oppressed and fascinated, with a palpitating heart. It seemed to her that his eyes had been upon her ever since she came in, and she wanted a moment's respite.

It came almost as soon as the thought had crossed her mind. Reynold coughed painfully. She started to her feet, not knowing what she ought to do, but a thin hand, lifted in the air, signed to her to be still. Presently the paroxysm subsided.

"Don't you want anything?" she ventured to ask.

He shook his head. After a moment he opened a little box on the table at his elbow, and took out a lozenge. Barbara dared not speak again. She looked at the dull, smouldering fire. "Young man," she said to herself with great distinctness, "Young man, *I think you're dying.*"

She had the saddest heartache as she thought of it. That for her there should be life, London, Paris, the South—who could tell what far-off cities and shores?—who could tell how many years with Adrian? Who could tell what beauty and sweetness and music, what laughter and tears, what dreams and wonders, what joys and sorrows in days to come? While for him, this man with whom she had built castles in the air at Mitchelhurst, there were only four drab walls, a slowly burning fire, and a square grey picture of roofs and chimneys, dim in the foggy air. That was his share of the wide earth! No ease, no love, no joy, no hope,—the mother-world which was to her so bountifully kind, kept nothing for him but a few dull wintry days. Why must this be? And he was so young! And there was so much life everywhere, the earth was full of it, full to overflowing,

this busy London was a surging, tumultuous sea of life about them, where they sat in that dim hushed room. She raised her head and looked timidly at the figure opposite, pale as a spectre, half lying, half lolling in his leathern chair, while he sucked his lozenge, and gazed before him with downcast eyes. From him, at least, life had ebbed hopelessly.

"Young man, I think you're dying." Oh, it was cruel, cruel! Barbara's thoughts flashed from the sick-room to her own happiness—flashed home. She saw the lawn at Sandmoor, and a certain tennis-player standing in the shade of the big tulip tree, as she had seen him often that summer. He was in his white flannels, he was flushed, smiling, his grey-blue eyes were shining, he swung his racquet in his hand as he talked. He was so handsome and glad and young—ah! but no younger than Reynold Harding! Suppose it had been Adrian, and not Reynold, in the chair yonder, and her happy dreams, instead of being carried forward on the full flood of prosperity, had been left stranded and wrecked, on the low, desolate shore of death. It might have been Adrian passing thus beyond recall, the sun might have been dying out of her heaven, and at the thought she turned away her head, to hide the hot tears which welled into her eyes.

"You are sorry for me," said Reynold.

It was true, though the tears had not been for him. "I'm sorry you are ill," she said. She got up as she spoke, and stood by the fire.

"Very kind, but very useless," he answered with a smile.

"Useless!" cried little Barbara. "I know it is useless! I know I can't do anything! But, Mr. Harding, we were friends once, weren't we?"

He was silent. "I thought we were!" she faltered.

"Friends—yes, if you like. We will say that we were—friends."

"I thought we were," she repeated humbly. "I don't mean to make too much of it, but I thought we were

very good friends, as people say, till that unlucky evening—that evening when you and Uncle Hayes—you were angry with me then!”

“That’s a long while ago.”

“It was my fault,” she continued. “I didn’t mean any harm, but you had a right to be vexed. And afterwards, that other evening when I went to you—I don’t know what harm I did by forgetting your letter—you would not tell me, but I know you were angry. Afterwards, when I thought of it, I could see that you had been keeping it down all the time, you wouldn’t reproach me then and there,” said Barbara, with cheeks of flame, “but I understood when I looked back. It was only natural that you should be angry. It was very good of you not to say more.”

“I think it was,” said Reynold, but so indistinctly that Barbara, though she looked questioningly at him, doubted whether she heard the words.

“It would be only natural if you hated me,” she went on, panting and eager, now that she had once begun to speak. “But you mustn’t, please, I can’t bear it! I have never quarrelled with any one, never in all my life. I don’t like to go away and feel that I am leaving some one behind me with whom I am not friends. So, Mr. Harding, I want you just to say that you don’t hate me.”

“Oh, but you are making too much of all that,” he replied, and then, with an invalid’s abruptness, he asked, “Where’s your talisman?”

She looked down at her watch chain. “I gave it to Mr. Scarlett, he liked it,” she said, with a guilty remembrance of Reynold among the brambles. “But you haven’t answered me, Mr. Harding.”

Her pleading was persistent, like a child’s. She was childishly intent on the very word she wanted. She remembered how her uncle had laughed as she walked home after that first encounter with young Harding. “And you saw him roll into the ditch—Barbara, the poor fellow must hate you

like poison!” No, he must not! It was the *word* she could not bear, it was only the *word* she knew.

“Nonsense!” he said, moving his head uneasily. “Let bygones be bygones. We can’t alter the past. We are going different ways—go yours, and let me go mine in peace.”

It was a harsh answer, but the frown which accompanied it betrayed irresolution as well as anger.

“I can’t go so,” Barbara pleaded, emboldened by this sign of possible yielding. “I never meant to do any harm. Say you are not angry—only one word—and then I’ll go.”

“I know you will.” He laid his lean hands on the arms of his chair, and drew himself up. “Well,” he said, “have it your own way—why not? What is it that I am to say?”

“Say,” she began eagerly, and then checked herself. She would not ask too much. “Say only that you don’t hate me,” she entreated, fixing her eyes intently on his face.

“I love you, Barbara.”

The girl recoiled, scared at the sudden intensity of meaning in his eyes, and in every line of his wasted figure as he leaned towards her. His hoarse whisper sent a shock through the deadened air of the drab room. Those three words had broken through the frozen silence of a life of repression and self-restraint, in them was distilled all the hoarded fierceness of love and revenge. In uttering them Reynold had uttered himself at last.

To Barbara it was as if a flash of fire showed her his passion, such a passion as her gentle soul had never imagined, against the outer darkness of death and his despair. Something choked and frightened her, and seemed to encircle her heart in its coils. It was a revelation which came from within as well as without. She threw out her hands as if he approached her. “*Adrian!*” she cried.

Reynold, leaning feebly on the arms of his chair, laughed.

“Well,” he said, “are you content? I have said it.”

“Oh,” said Barbara, still gazing at

him, "I know now—I understand—you *do* hate me!"

"Love you," he repeated. "I think I loved you from the day I saw you first. I dreamed of you at Mitchelhurst—only of you! Mitchelhurst for you, if you would have it so—but you—*you!*"

"No!" she cried.

"And afterwards you were afraid of me! If it had been any one else! But you shrank from me—you were afraid of me—the only creature in the world I loved! And then that last night when you came to me—how clever of you to discover that I was fighting with something I wanted to keep down! So I was, Barbara!"

He paused, but she only looked helplessly into his eyes.

"You don't know how hard it was," he continued meaningly. "For if I had chosen——"

"No!" she cried again.

"Yes! Do you think I did not know? *Yes!* I might have had your promise then! I might have had——"

He checked himself, but she did attempt a second denial.

"Well, enough of this," said Reynold, after a moment. "It need not trouble you long. Look in the *Times* and you will soon see the end of it. But you can remember, if you like, that one man loved you, at any rate."

"One man does," said Barbara, in a voice which she tried to keep steady.

"Ah, the other fellow. Well, you know about that."

"Yes, I know."

"And you know that in spite of all I *don't* hate you. No, I don't, though I daresay you hate me for what I have said. But I can't help that—you asked for it."

"Yes," said Barbara. "I wish I hadn't."

"Forget it, then," he replied, with a gleam of triumph in his glance.

"You know I can't do that," she said.

She was too young to know how

much may be forgotten with the help of time, and it seemed to her that Reynold's eyes would follow her to her dying day, that wherever there were shadows and silence, she would meet that reproachful, unsatisfied gaze, and hear his voice.

"You are very cruel!" she exclaimed.

"Am I?" he said more gently. "Poor child! I never meant to speak of this. I never could have spoken if you had not come this afternoon. I could not have told it to anybody but you, and you were out of my reach. Why did you come? You were quite safe if you had stayed away. You should have left me to sting myself to death in a ring of fire, as the scorpions do—or don't! What made you come inside the ring? It's narrow enough, God knows—!" he looked round as he spoke. "And you had all the world to choose from. As far as I was concerned you might have been in another planet. I couldn't have reached you. What possessed you to come here, to me? Well, you *did*, and you are stung. Is it my fault?"

"No, mine!" said the girl, passionately. "I never meant to hurt you, and you know I didn't, but it has all gone wrong from first to last. Anyhow, you have revenged yourself now. I wish—I *wish* that you were well, and strong and rich——"

"That you might have the luxury of hating me? No, no, Barbara. I'm dying, and no one in all the world will miss me. I leave my memory to you."

He smiled as he spoke, but his utterance almost failed him, and Barbara's answer was a sob.

"I take it, then," she said in a choked voice. "Perhaps I should have been too happy if I had not known—I might never have thought about other people. But I sha'n't forget."

Then she saw that he had sunk back into his chair, and his face, which had fallen on the dull red leather, was a picture of death. The

marble bust in Mitchelhurst Church did not look more bloodless.

"Oh!" said Barbara, "you are tired!"

"Mortally," he replied, faintly unclosing his lips. "Good-bye."

She paused for an instant, looking at the dropped lids which hid those eyes that she had feared. She could do nothing for him but leave him. "Good-bye," she said, very softly, as if she feared to disturb his rest, and then she went away.

The window on the stairs was a dim gray shape. Barbara groped her way down, and stood hesitating in the passage. It was really only half a minute before the maid came up from the basement with matches to light the gas, but it was like an age of dreary perplexity.

"I've just left Mr. Harding," she said hurriedly to the girl, whose matter-of-fact face was suddenly illuminated by the jet of flame. "I'm afraid he's tired. I think somebody ought to go to him."

"Mind the step, miss," was the reply. "I'll tell missis. I daresay he'll have his cocoa, I think it's past the time."

"Oh, *don't* wait for me!" cried Barbara. "I am all right."

She felt as if Reynold Harding might die by his fireside while she was being ceremoniously shown out. She reached the door first and shut it quickly after her, to cut all attentions short. She had hurried out at the gate, under the foggy outline of a little laburnum, when a shout from the pursuing cabman aroused her to the consciousness that she had started off to walk.

Thus arrested, she got into the hansom, covered with confusion, and not daring to look at the man as she gave her address. He must certainly think that she meant to cheat him, or that she was mad. She shrank back into the seat, feeling sure that he would look through the little hole in the roof, from time to time, to see what his eccentric fare might be doing, and she folded her hands and

sat very still, to impress him with the idea that she had become quite sane and well-behaved. As if it mattered what the cabman thought! And yet she blushed over her blunder while Reynold Harding's "I love you," was still sounding in her ears, and while the hansom rolled southward through the lamplit, glimmering streets, to the tune of *Barbara Allen*.

CHAPTER XX.

JANUARY, 1883.

*"A train of human memories,
Crying: The past must never pass away.*

*"They depart and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts."*

"WHEN we are married," Adrian had said on that blissful day in Nutfield Lane, "before we go abroad, before we go *anywhere*, we will run down to Mitchelhurst for a day, won't we?"

Barbara had agreed to this, as she would have agreed to anything he had suggested, and the plan had been discussed during the summer months, till it seemed to have acquired a kind of separate existence, as if Adrian's light whim had been transformed into Destiny. The bleak little English village stood in the foreground of their radiant honeymoon picture of Paris and the south. The straggling rows of cottages, the cabbage plots, the churchyard where the damp earth, heavy with its burden of death, rose high against the buttressed wall, the blacksmith's forge with its fierce rush of sparks, the *Rothwell Arms* with the sign that swung above the door—were all strangely distinct against a bright confusion of far-off stir and gaiety, white foreign streets, and skies and waters of deepest blue. All their lives, if they pleased, for that world beyond, but the one day, first, for Mitchelhurst.

Thus it happened that the careless fancy of April was fulfilled in January. January is a month which exhibits most English scenery to small advantage; and Mitchelhurst wore its dreariest aspect when a fly from the county town drew up beneath the

swaying sign. The little holiday couple, stepping out of it into the midst of the universal melancholy, looked somewhat out of place. Adrian and Barbara had that radiant consciousness of having done something very remarkable indeed which characterises newly-married pairs. They had the usual conviction that an exceptional perfection in their union made it the very flower of all love in all time. They had plucked this supremely delicate felicity, and here they were, alighting with it from the shabby conveyance, and standing in the prosaic dirt of Mitchelhurst street. The sign gave a long, discordant creak by way of greeting, and they started and looked up.

"It wouldn't be worse for a little grease," the landlord allowed, in a voice which was not much more melodious than the creaking sign.

Scarlett laughed, but he realised the whole scene with an amusement which had a slight flavour of dismay. Was this the place which was to give his honeymoon an added touch of poetry? How poor and ignoble the houses were! How bare and bleak the outlines of the landscape! How low the dull, grey roof of sky! How raw the January wind upon his cheek! There was only a momentary pause. Barbara was looking down the well-known road, the bullet-headed landlord scratched his unshaven chin, and the disconsolate chickens came nearer and nearer, pecking aimlessly among the puddles.

"I suppose you can give us some luncheon?" said the young man, and in the interest of that important question it hardly seemed as if there had been a pause at all.

The landlady arrived in a flurry, asking what they would please to order, and Adrian and she kept up a brisk dialogue for the next five minutes. Finally, it was decided that they should have chops. Perhaps the discussion satisfied some traditional sense of what was the right thing to do on arriving at an inn. There was nothing to have *but* the chops which

Adrian had chosen, and he murmured something of "fixed fate, free-will" under his moustache, as he crossed the road in the direction of the church.

"In an hour," he said. "That will give us time to see the church and the village. Then, after luncheon, we will go to the old Place, and the fly shall call for us there, and take us back the short way. Will that do, Barbara?"

Of course it would do; and when they reached the churchyard she bade him wait a moment and she would get the key. The stony path to Mrs. Spearman's cottage was curiously familiar—the broken palings, the pump, the leafless elder-bush. The only difference was that it was Barbara Scarlett—a different person—who was stepping over the rough pebbles.

She returned to Adrian, who was leaning against the gate-post.

"Mitchelhurst isn't very beautiful," he said, with an air of conviction. "I thought I remembered it, but it has come upon me rather as a shock. Somehow, I fancied—Barbara, is it possible that I have taken all the beauty out of it—that it belongs to *me* now, instead of to Mitchelhurst? Can that be?"

She smiled her answer to the question, and then—

"I think it looks very much as usual," she said, gazing dispassionately round. "Of course, it is prettier in the spring—or in the summer. It was summer when you came, you know."

She had a vague recollection of having pleaded the cause of Mitchelhurst at some other time in the same way, which troubled her a little.

"Yes, I know it was summer," said Adrian. "But still——"

"You mustn't say anything against Mitchelhurst," cried Barbara, swinging her great key. "It isn't beautiful, but I feel as if I belonged to it, somehow. It changed me, I can't tell why or how, but it did. After I had been six months with Uncle Hayes, I went home for a fortnight in the spring, and everything seemed so different. It was all so bright and busy there, everybody talked so fast

about little everyday things, and the rooms were so small and crowded. I suppose it was because I had been living with echoes and old pictures in that great house. Louisa and Hetty were always having little secrets and jokes, there wasn't any harm in them, you know, but I felt as if I could not care about them or laugh at them, and yet some of them had been *my* jokes before I went to Mitchelhurst. And I could not make them understand why I cared about the Rothwells and their pictures, when I had never known any of them."

"Louisa is a very nice girl," said Scarlett; "but if Mitchelhurst is all the difference between you two, I am bound to say that I have a high opinion of the place."

"Well, I don't know any other difference."

"Don't you?" and he smiled as he followed her along the churchyard path. "No other difference? None?" He smiled, and yet he knew that the old house had given a charm to Barbara when he saw her first. She had been like a little damask rose, breathing and glowing against its grim walls. He took the key from her hand, and turned it in the grating lock.

It seemed as if the very air were unchanged within, so heavy and still it was. Barbara went forward, and her little footfalls were hardly audible on the matting. Adrian, with his head high, sniffed in search of a certain remembered perfume, as of milled hymn-books, found it, and was content. It brought back to him, as only an odour could, his first afternoon in the church, when he stood with one of those books in his hand, and watched the Rothwell pew which held Barbara.

Having enjoyed his memory he faced round and inspected St. Michael, who was as new, and neat, and radiant as ever. Adrian speculated how long it would take to make him look a little less of a parvenu. "Would a couple of centuries do him any good, I wonder?" he mused, half-aloud.

"Not much, I fear." The archangel returned his gaze with a permanent serenity which seemed to imply that a century more or less was a matter of indifference to his dragon and him.

Barbara had gone straight to the Rothwell monuments where Scarlett presently joined her. She did not take her eyes from the tombs, but she stole her hand under his arm. "I wish he could have been buried here," she said in a low voice.

Reynold had said that he bequeathed her his memory, but now, in her happiness, it seemed to be receding, fading, melting away. She gazed helplessly in remorseful pain; he was only a chilly phantom; the very fierceness of his passion was but a dying spark of fire. She could recall his words, but they were dull and faint, like echoes nearly spent. She could not recall their meaning—that was gone. The declaration of love which had burst upon her like a great wave, filling her with pity and wonder and fear, had ebbed to some unapproachable distance, leaving her perplexed and half incredulous. Adrian, in flesh and blood, was at her side, and she thrilled and glowed at his touch; but when she thought of Reynold Harding she met only a vague emptiness. He was not with the Rothwells in this quiet corner; he was not where she had left him, lying back in his leathern chair. That room was swept and 'garnished and cold, as he had said. No doubt they had put him in some suburban cemetery, some wilderness of graves which to her was only a name of dreariness. Standing where he had once stood in Mitchelhurst Church, she only felt his absence, and she thought that she could have recalled him better if he had been at rest beneath the dimly-lettered pavement on which her eyes were fixed.

She was wrong. Memories cannot bear the outer air, or be laid away in the cold earth; they can only live when they are hidden in our hearts, and quickened by our pulses. Barbara could not keep the remembrance of

Reynold's love alive, with no love of her own to warm it. But in her ignorance she said, wistfully—

"I wish he could have been buried here!" and then added in a quicker tone, "I suppose you'll say it makes no difference where he lies."

"Indeed I sha'n't," said Adrian. "There may be beauty or ugliness, fitness or unfitness, in one's last home as well as any other. Yes, I wish he were here. But he was an unlucky fellow; it seemed as if he were never to have anything he wanted, didn't it?"

"How do you mean—not anything?"

"Well, I think he would have liked Mitchelhurst Place."

"Yes," said Barbara, "he would, I know."

"And I am sure he would have liked the name of Rothwell. He was ashamed of his father's people. That pork-butcher rankled."

"Oh!" said Barbara, still looking at the tombs, "did you know about that? Did everybody know?" She spoke very softly, as if she thought the dusty Rothwell, peering out of his marble curls, might overhear. "No, I suppose he didn't like him."

"I know he didn't. Well, he hadn't the name he liked: he was saddled with the pork-butcher's name. And then, worst of all, he couldn't have you, Barbara!"

She turned upon him with parted lips and a startled face.

"Well," said Scarlett, "he couldn't, you know."

"Adrian! how did you know he cared for me? He did, but how did you know it? I thought I ought not to tell anybody."

"I saw him once," said Scarlett, "and I found it out. I saw him again—just passed him in the road, and we did not say a word. But I was doubly sure, if that were possible. Poor devil! If he could have had his way we should not have met in the lane that day, Barbara."

"I never dreamed of it," she said. "I thought he hated me."

"If a girl thinks a man hates her," said Adrian, "I suppose the chances are he does one thing or the other."

"I never dreamed of it," she repeated, "never, till he told me at the end. It could not be my fault, could it, as I did not know? But it seemed so cruel—so hard! He had cared for me all the time, he said, and nobody had ever cared for him."

"You mustn't be unhappy about that," said Scarlett, gently.

"But that's just it!" Barbara exclaimed, plaintively. "I ought to be unhappy, and I can't be, Adrian! I've got all the happiness—a whole world full of it—and he had none. I must be a heartless wretch to stand here, and think of him, and be so glad because——"

Because her hand was on Adrian's arm.

"My darling," he said, in a tone half tenderly jesting, half earnest, "you mustn't blame yourself for this. What had you to do with it? Do you think you could have made that poor fellow happy?"

She looked at him perplexed.

"He loved me," she said.

"I know he did. You might have given him a momentary rapture if you had loved him. But make him happy—not you! Not anybody, Barbara! How could you look at his face, and not see that he carried his unhappiness about with him? I verily believe that there was no place on the earth's surface where he could have been at peace. Underneath it—perhaps!"

Barbara sighed, looking down at the stones.

"You people with consciences blame yourselves for things foredoomed," said Scarlett. "Harding's destiny was written before you were born, my dear child. Besides," he added, in a lighter tone, "what would you do with the pair of us?"

"That's true," she said, thoughtfully.

"Take my word for it," he went on, "if you want to do any good you should give happiness to the people who are fit for it. You can brighten

my life—oh, my darling, you don't know how much! But his—never! If you were an artist you might as well spend your best work in painting angels and roses on the walls of the family vault down here as try it."

"Yes," said Barbara. Then, after a pause, she spoke with a kind of sob in her voice, "But if one had thrown in just a flower before the door was shut! I couldn't, you know, I hadn't anything to give him!"

Scarlett, by way of answer, laid his hand on hers. When you come face to face with such an undoubted fact as the attraction a man's lonely suffering has for a woman, argument is useless. It is an ache for which self-devotion is the only relief. He perfectly understood the remorseful working of Barbara's tender heart.

"I couldn't do without you, my dear," he said.

"Oh, Adrian!—no!" she exclaimed. "That day when I said good-bye to him, he fancied I was crying for him once, and even that was for you. I was just thinking, if it had been you sitting there!"

"Foolish child! I'm not to be got rid of so easily."

"Don't talk of it!" said Barbara.

Her hand tightened on his arm, and she looked up at him, with a glance that said plainly that the sun would drop out of her sky if any mischance befell him.

"Well," she said, after a minute, more in her ordinary voice, as if she were dismissing Reynold Harding from the conversation, "I'm glad you know. I wanted you to know, but of course I could not tell you."

"It's wonderful with women," said Adrian, gliding easily into generalities, "the things they *don't* think it necessary to tell us, taking it for granted that we know them, and we *can't* know them and *don't* know them to our dying day—and the things they *do* think it necessary to tell us, with elaborate precautions and explanations—which we knew perfectly well from the first."

"Oh, is that it?" Barbara replied,

smartly. "Then I shall tell you everything, and you can be surprised or not as you please."

"I sha'n't be much surprised," said Adrian, "unless, perhaps, you tell me something when you think you are not telling anything at all."

And with this they went off together to look at the seat in which he sat when Barbara saw him first, and then she stood in her old place in the Rothwells' red-lined pew, and looked across at him, recalling that summer Sunday. It would have been a delightful amusement if the church had been a few degrees warmer, but Barbara could not help shivering a little, and Adrian frankly avowed that he found it impossible to maintain his feelings at the proper pitch.

"I'm blue," he said, "and I'm iced, and I can't be sentimental. And you wore a thin cream-coloured dress that day, which is terrible to think of. Might write something afterwards, perhaps," he continued, musingly. "Not while my feet are like two stones, but I feel as if I might thaw into a sonnet, or something of the kind."

Barbara looked up at him reverentially, and Adrian began to laugh.

"Let's go and eat those chops," he said.

Later, as they walked along the street towards Mitchelhurst Place, Scarlett was silent for a time, glancing right and left at the dull cottages. Here and there one might catch a glimpse of firelight through the panes, but most of them were drearily blank, with grey windows and closed doors. It was too cold for the straw-plaiters to stand on their thresholds and gossip while they worked. There was a foreshadowing of snow in the low-hanging clouds.

"What are you thinking of?" Barbara asked him.

"Don't let us ever come here again!" he answered. "It's all very well for this once; we are young enough, we have our happiness before us. But never again! Suppose we were old and sad when we came back,

or suppose——” He stopped short. “Suppose one came back alone,” should have been the ending of that sentence.

“Very well,” she agreed hastily, as if to thrust aside the unspoken words.

“We say our good-bye to Mitchellhurst to-day, then?” Adrian insisted.

“Yes. There won’t be any temptation to come again, if what they told us is true—will there?”

She referred to a rumour which they had heard at the *Rothwell Arms*, that as Mr. Croft could not find a tenant for the Place he meant to pull it down.

“No,” said Scarlett. “It seems a shame, though,” he added.

Presently they came in sight of the entrance—black bars, and beyond them a stirring of black boughs in the January wind, over the straight, bleak roadway to the house. The young man pushed the gate. “Some one has been here to-day,” he said, noting a curve already traced on the damp earth.

“Some one to take the house, perhaps,” Barbara suggested. “Look, there’s a carriage waiting out to the right of the door. I wish they hadn’t happened to choose this very day. I would rather have had the old Place to ourselves, wouldn’t you?”

“Much,” said Adrian.

These young people were still in that ecstatic mood in which, could they have had the whole planet to themselves, it would never have occurred to them that it was lonely. Their eyes met as they answered, and if at that moment the wind-swept avenue had been transformed into sunlit boughs of blossoming orange, they might not have remarked any accession of warmth and sweetness.

The old woman who was in charge recognised Barbara, and made no difficulty about allowing them to wander through the rooms at their leisure. In fact she was only too glad not to leave her handful of fire on such a chilly errand.

“Is it true,” Mrs. Scarlett asked eagerly, “that Mr. Croft is going to pull the house down?”

“So they tell me, ma’am. There’s to be a sale here, come Midsummer, and after that they say the old Place comes down. There’s nobody to take it now poor Mr. Hayes is gone.”

Adrian’s glance quickened at the mention of a sale, and then he recalled his expressed intention never to come to Mitchellhurst again. “Perhaps he’ll find a tenant before then,” he said. “You’ve got somebody here to-day, haven’t you?”

The woman started in sudden remembrance. “Oh, there’s a lady,” she said, “I ’most forgot her. She said she was one of the old family, and used to live here. My orders are to go round with ’em when they come to look at the house, but the lady didn’t want nobody, she said, she knew her way, and she walked right off. I hope it ain’t nothing wrong, but she’s been gone some time.”

“I should think it was quite right,” said Scarlett. “Come, Barbara.”

They went from room to room. All were silent, empty, and cold, with shutters partly unclosed, letting in slanting gleams of grey light. The painted eyes of the portraits on the wall looked askance at them as they stood gazing about. All the little modern additions which Mr. Hayes had made to the furniture for comfort’s sake had been taken away, and the Rothwells had come into possession of their own again.

Scarlett opened the old piano as he passed. “Do you remember?” he said, glancing brightly, and with a smile curving his red lips, as he began, with one hand, to touch a familiar tune. But Barbara cried “Hush!” and the tinkling, jangling notes died suddenly into the stillness. “Suppose she were to hear!”

“I wonder where she is,” he rejoined, with a glance round. “She must have come to say good-bye to her old home, too.”

There was no sign of her as they crossed the hall (where Barbara’s great clock had long ago run down) and went up the wide, white stairs. But it was curious how they felt her

unseen presence, and how the knowledge that at any moment they might turn a corner and encounter that living woman, made the place more truly haunted than if it had held a legion of ghosts.

"I almost think she must have gone," Barbara whispered, as they came down stairs again.

"No," said Adrian, with an oblique glance which her eyes followed.

Kate Harding was standing by one of the windows in the entrance hall, a stately figure in heavy draperies of black. Hearing the steps of the intruders she turned slightly, and partially confronted them, and the light fell on her face, pale and proud, close-lipped, full of mute and dreary defiance. Only she herself knew the passionate eagerness with which, as a girl, she had renounced her old home—only she knew the strange power with which Mitchelhurst had drawn her back once more. Fate had been too strong for her, and she had returned to her own place, perhaps to the thought of the son who had belonged more to it than to her.

Her eyes, resting indifferently on the girl's face, widened in sudden recognition, and she looked from Barbara to Adrian. Her glance enveloped the young couple in its swift intensity, and then fell coldly to the pavement as she bent her head. Barbara blushed and drooped, Scarlett bowed, as they passed the motionless woman, drawn back a little against the wall, with the faded map of the great Mitchelhurst estate hanging just behind her.

Their fly was waiting at the door, and in less than a minute they were rolling quickly down the avenue. Adrian, stooping to tuck a rug about his wife's feet, only raised himself in time to catch a last glimpse of the white house front, and to cry, "Good-bye, Mitchelhurst!" Barbara echoed his good-bye. Mitchelhurst was only an episode in her life; she cared for the place, yet she was not sorry to

escape from its shadows of loves and hates, too deep and dark for her, and its unconquerable melancholy. She left it, but a touch of its sadness would cling to her in after years, giving her the tenderness which comes from a sense—dim, perhaps, but all pervading—of the underlying suffering of the world. She looked back and saw her happiness, tossed lightly and miraculously from crest to crest of the black waves which might have engulfed it in a moment; and even as she leaned in the warm shelter of Adrian's arm, she was sorry for the lives that were wrecked, and broken, and forgotten.

"Look!" he said, quickly, as the road wound along the hill-side, and a steep bank, crowned with leafless thorns, and brown stunted oaks, rose on the right, "this is where I said good-bye to you, Barbara, and you never knew it!"

"Never!" she cried. "No, I thought you had gone away, and hadn't cared to say good-bye."

"Well, you were kinder to me than you knew. You left me a bunch of red berries lying in the road."

"Ah, but if I had known you were there!"

"Why," said Adrian, "you wouldn't have left me anything at all. You would have died first! You know you would! It was better as it was."

"Perhaps," she allowed.

"Anyhow, it is best as it is," said he conclusively, and to that she agreed; but her smile was followed by a quick little sigh.

"What does that mean?" he demanded, tenderly.

"Nothing," she said, "nothing, really."

It was nothing. Only, absorbed in picturing Adrian's mute farewell, she had passed the place where she first saw Reynold Harding, and had not spared him one thought as she went by. And she was never coming to Mitchelhurst again.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

‘In England,’ said Burke in a passage of wholesome import for politicians and others, “we cannot work so hard as Frenchmen. Frequent relaxation is necessary to us. You are naturally more intense in your application. In your Assembly [1791] you do not allow yourselves a recess even on Sundays. We have two days in the week besides the festivals, and besides five or six months of the summer and autumn. They who always labour can have no true judgment. You never give yourselves time to cool. You can never survey from its proper point of sight the work you have finished, before you decree its final execution. You can never plan the future by the past.” These, he says, after describing the mischiefs that are supposed to be done by this excess of busy pre-occupation, “are among the effects of unremitted labour, when men exhaust their attention, burn out their candles, and are left in the dark.”

Less than ever can the British Parliament be charged with that too effective energy or precipitate fashion of legislation which Burke thought so mischievous. But the five or six months of relaxation which he deemed so salutary are gone as clean as he said that the age of chivalry is gone. The effect of the present political stir will not show itself in a multiplicity of bad laws, or of laws at all; but the stir might not improve the national policy, if it were not for that fine self-protecting quality which has been often noticed in the people of this country, of not being able to be passionately in earnest about more than one thing at once. If the nation were to follow some of its guides—malignants inflamed by party spite, cool hands feigning to be red-hot, excitable on the hunt for

sensations—we should be in a pother truly delirious. We ought to insist on the reduction of the armies of the native states in India. Afghanistan ought to be seized bodily. The navy is a phantom fleet, as sure as Lord Henry Lennox is a substantial reality. Ten thousand men should be sent to South Africa to bring our own colonists to their senses, and to teach the Dutch manners. Ten thousand more should plunge down to the equator to extricate garrisons who have hitherto shown a much more marked partiality for their enemies than for their deliverers. How much longer is the Turk to laugh in his beard about Armenia and Macedonia, to say nothing of the Anglo-Turkish Convention? Are we for ever to persist in the craven pusillanimity which shrinks from boldly taking the Suez Canal, and packing M. de Lesseps and the sixteen thousand other Frenchmen in Egypt, with their actions and their obligations, their coupons and their concessions, their capitulations and their consuls, bag and baggage out of the land?

All this is too intense for our honest public. They do not choose to exhaust their attention, burn out their candles, and leave themselves in the dark. Saint Vitus’s dance is not their type of vigilance and energy in the body politic. They take a more moderate measure of their knowledge and their powers, and they have as a whole a right instinct of the relative proportions of the public affairs that are soliciting their notice and their interest. They will not confuse and bewilder themselves by looking at all their difficulties at once, and shaking them up in a distracting kaleidoscope. “Each generation,” as was said here in our brief survey of the scene at the opening of the year, “has its difficulties, and to each its own troubles

seem more arduous than any that ever were known before. No statesmanship can avert or evade them. They can only be met and settled imperfectly, and our settlements will probably be no more imperfect than in other times."

No observer of sense would deny that we live in curiously anxious times, when an urgent demand may be made on all the resources of national strength. The first condition of strength is self-possession. There is no reason to doubt that this great gift is still ours. They make an inexcusable mistake who look on British phlegm as stolid insensibility, or treat absence of perturbation as want of resolution. Our people are inclined to take one question at a time. That fills their mind; and if circumstances should chance, as they do now, to press more than one question of importance and difficulty at the same moment, then they fix on the matter which they are most competent to grasp, and leave the other in the hands of leaders in whom they have confidence. That is what is happening now. The attention of the *gros public* is fixed on the quarrel between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and the intricacies of the Egyptian question are left pretty much to Ministers. We may think well or ill of this, as we please; but so it is, and all that is going on now shows it.

The stock argument against a single-barrelled Reform Bill is that it might end in a general election being held with such "abnormal, formless, and monstrous constituencies" as would result if the new electors were poured into the old divisions. Yet, one might ask, to whom is the informal extra-parliamentary appeal of the present recess being made, if not to great bodies of men far more "abnormal, formless, and monstrous" than the constituencies that would find themselves in being if a general election were taken with old boundaries and new voters? What we want, says the Prime

Minister with emphatic iteration, is "a national expression of opinion in the constitutional modes familiar to this country upon this great question." "The decision of this question does not rest with us. It rests with the nation. It is the voice of the nation that will prevail. The expression of opinion which we desire and invite ought to be their act, and not ours. We look to you for your support, for the free national expression of opinion and conviction." The leaders of the Opposition accept the Prime Minister's view and follow the same course of action. The operation that we are now witnessing is an immense appeal to unorganised universal suffrage. The great gatherings of men this month and next are invited to decide not merely whether the Franchise Bill shall ultimately become law, but whether the division of the work of reform decided upon by an immense and a sustained majority in the House of Commons shall be forced upon the House of Lords. These meetings, as people say, constitute an informal *plébiscite*. Yet the whole strife, according to the professions of those who have stirred it up, has been produced by the apprehension that under certain contingencies an appeal might possibly be made to constituencies a trifle more—the least trifle in the world more—irregularly and disproportionately represented than they are now. So do men in the angry competition of political party strain at gnats and swallow camels.

There are few special points to remark in the course of the agitation. The reception of the Prime Minister in Scotland has been an imposing triumph for himself personally, and a signal confirmation of his public authority. He was followed by one of the Conservative leaders, whose imperturbable good temper and reasonable level of speech prevent even the bitterest of political opponents from bearing him a spark of ill-will. But the effect of the two scenes was as if an old-fashioned wooden sloop were to

give chase to the most formidable of the ironclads. In England and Wales, there has been no proportion between the numbers of those who have turned out on the two sides. Whether the ratio has been as twenty to one or ten to one, that part of the contest at any rate is settled, and there is no further dispute as to the winner of the game of Demonstration.

The currents within the Liberal party are diverse, though they all bear the particular question now before us strongly in one direction on the tide of one broad and powerful stream. There is a vigorous group who desire to turn the movement into one for the speedy and unconditional abolition of the hereditary chamber. Another and more serious section, living not quite so near to the Extremity of the Left, are for speaking very plainly both to and about the House of Lords; they believe that the question of its continuance is now definitely raised and cannot be much longer postponed; but they see no signs that the answer to be given to the question has been well considered by the public, and prefer to leave the manner of dealing with the House of Lords to the reformed House of Commons, which it is the first and immediate object of their present action to produce. The first group of Radicals are of the purely rationalistic, non-historical, negative, absolute, unconditional, and destructive school,—though we daresay some of them would hardly know themselves under this abstract style of designation. The other group will be described by the philosophic historian as looking at institutions in their relations to the past, to the general circle of contemporary sentiment and prejudice; as utilitarian, as seeking that political action shall not merely be right and conformable to principle, but shall produce right working consequences; as having for its first aim to construct; as not being blind to all the difficulties and intricacies of the great business of government. Besides these two sections to the Left of the Liberal

party, there are the Whigs,—if we may use that convenient name for the whole composite band of Liberals by family tradition, the intellectual *ergoteurs*, the pedants, the born trimmers and waverers, and all other sorts and conditions of Liberals who are specially distinguished by having little vision and no initiative.

More important for the moment than any of these currents is the purpose, whatever it may be, that is entertained by Mr. Gladstone. It is one of the well-known peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone's character that he refuses to make up his mind definitely on the course to be taken until the moment for decisive action has arrived. From the language of the speeches that he has been making during the month, it would seem that he is now in this, his usual position. He appealed in the language of apology to the forbearance of his Scotch friends, while he confessed to them that he was "not at all averse to the intermixture of the hereditary principle in the constitution of the House of Lords. In a mixed society, in a mixed Government, it has many merits as qualifying the action of many other principles which would be more unchecked without it." "I look with reluctance," he said, "to entering upon questions of organic change in the constitution of this country, *unless and until the moment comes when I can no longer deny them.*" He "will not abandon the hope that reason will prevail, until painful demonstration compels him to relinquish it." "It is no desire of mine to carry the public of this country into a discussion of wide constitutional and organic changes if it can be avoided."

But if it cannot be avoided—if the moment comes when he can no longer deny the actual presence of the question of organic change—what then? What will be the course of the Ministry in respect of the Lords in the coming session? Some think that it is in the Prime Minister's mind to obtain from the Queen the power of

creating peers, and to let it be known to the House of Lords that he has this engine in reserve when the Franchise Bill goes up to them in November or December. According to others, this expedient will not be resorted to until the session of 1885, when the Bill is (in case of its rejection or suspension this year) sent up to them a third time. A third possibility is that in case of the Bill receiving a second repulse, in whatever shape, at the hands of the Lords, the Prime Minister may resolve to commit himself and his adherents to a new departure, by the inclusion in the Ministerial programme of a fundamental change in the constitution of the Upper House, and an agitation based on this new policy. Among other objections to this third course is that it would involve an appeal to constituencies which, on the Liberal hypothesis, at any rate, do not represent the full strength of Liberal opinion in the country. A change in the direction of popular government would thus be judged and decided upon under circumstances the least advantageous, and even the least just, to the popular voice. Mr. Gladstone would go into the lists with one arm tied up. Nor is it easy to see why the reasons that might be supposed to explain the Queen's reluctance to create peers—if such reluctance were found to exist—should not be equally operative against the royal approval of a policy of import so much more disturbing.

Where the difficulties ahead are so thickly strewn, the temptations to compromise are enormous. Mr. Gladstone has hitherto been averse to heroic measures, with perhaps the single, though important exception, of the resort to the Royal Warrant in the abolition of purchase in the army. His language about Lord Cowper's proposal has been taken to indicate in a veiled way his possible readiness to accept that solution. "Lord Cowper," said Mr. Gladstone, "has not been able to inform us that the Tories are ready to enter into that

bargain. I don't know whether the Liberals would be ready to enter into it; but, at any rate, you will excuse me for saying that, in the view of most moderate men, it would be at least premature on my part to consider it until I see whether the same large section, at any rate, of the Tory party—a considerable share of the majority which has destroyed our bill in the House of Lords—is ready to accept that method as a sort of satisfaction to its honour." All we can say is that if the honour of the Lords is satisfied by this proposal, it is as odd as the satisfaction of a duellist who should fire an unloaded pistol into the air. The proposal is that after the Franchise Bill has passed the House of Commons and gone up to the Lords, then the Government should lay the Redistribution Bill on the table of the Commons, not to be actively dealt with, but for the interested and curious inspection of the peers. What would Lord Salisbury and his friends gain by that? Not only would they have no security that the Bill laid on the table would be the Bill as finally shaped and passed, but they would have no security beyond that which they have deliberately rejected as inadequate and unsubstantial—namely the pledge of the Ministry—that time and chance would allow the Bill to be passed at all. The very point of the Conservative objection has been that, without doubting the sincerity of the ministerial intention to deal with Redistribution in 1885, nobody could be sure that with the question of renewing the Crimes Act on hand, with foreign difficulties on hand, and all the other possible contents of the great chapter of accidents, the Government would be in a position to carry a measure abounding, as a Redistribution Bill must, with infinite difficulties of detail, each of them offering an opportunity and a temptation for the stoppage of business. In view of these considerations, it is not surprising from the line the Conservative peers have chosen to follow, that Sir

Stafford Northcote in the latest of his speeches (Sept. 18) has practically declined any proposal which involves the passing of the Franchise Bill before the principles of Redistribution have been—not introduced or laid on the table—but “settled.” It may be thought that these words do not preclude the possibility of contenting the Lords by passing a series of resolutions committing the majority in the House of Commons to certain principles of Redistribution. This could be no contentment, for the reason that we have just set forth. No quantity and no quality of resolutions will ensure the passing of a bill in conformity to them, or of any bill at all. If the Tory peers accept a solution of that kind, it will show that their main argument has throughout been entirely hollow and spurious. Rather than this, we suppose, they would manfully withdraw from the struggle, with the acknowledgment that they had been out-argued by the master of the legions.

The objection to the proposed compromise on the part of the Opposition being so obvious, we need not consider how much, on the other hand, it would savour to the Ministerialists of surrender. An arrangement is still hoped for by some, in the shape of an amendment to be introduced by the Lords into the Bill, which should prevent it coming into operation until the Redistribution Bill has been passed. Lord Cairns, in moving his amendment (July 7), was understood to intimate that if the Government were prepared to meet the difficulty by postponing the operation of the Bill so that no election could take place under it until January, 1887, all might be well. The fatal objection to this is that it might be necessary to dissolve Parliament and take an election before 1887, and then we should see the intolerable spectacle of two millions of voters enfranchised by statute, yet prevented from taking part in the election. It would be absurd in itself, and unendurable to them. Mr. Gladstone, moreover, could hardly be a

party to any scheme of this kind, for, according to the doctrine propounded by him when out of power, it would be improper to defer a dissolution beyond the sixth year of the Parliament.

It is difficult, then, to see what opening there is for conciliation, or how surrender is to be avoided on one side or the other. As the original policy of resistance to the Franchise Bill was prompted by the opinion that an immediate dissolution would be favourable to the party to which the Upper House belongs, it may be that subsequent circumstances have changed that opinion, and with it the policy may change. Nobody outside of the circle of those who are beyond conviction, believes that the action of the Peers has done their party any good in the constituencies, though there may be some difference as to the exact amount of harm that it has done. The zeal of the electioneering managers for a dissolution may therefore have cooled. In another quarter, the prospect has changed, and not to the advantage of the Opposition in the constituencies. The curtain has been lifted from Khartoum, so nothing is to be made out of that; and Lord Northbrook has made the first move in a new Egyptian campaign, which will be a long one, a difficult one, and one which the constituencies will not hurry to take out of the hands of the men who hold all the threads.

The arrival of Lord Northbrook in Egypt has been followed by the beginning of a new departure. The first breach has been made in the financial engagements of the Egyptian Government towards its creditors. One of these engagements was the maintenance of a sinking fund in the terms set forth in the instrument known as Law of Liquidation, which is in fact a sort of deed of composition. The Egyptian Government has often been likened to a bankrupt firm, which carries on the business with receivers and under inspection. The composi-

tion can only be paid on condition that the concern is kept going, and it has for at least two years been evident that in order to pay the composition the working of the concern has been dangerously starved. The Minister now informs the official receivers, the Caisse de la Dette Publique, that he would have been obliged to suspend the payment of all official salaries and other current expenses of administration, if he could not immediately put his hand on cash. On the whole, it seemed simplest to him to appropriate the fund that by the terms of the composition deed was to have gone to redemption of debt. Accordingly he has appropriated it, and in so doing has acted on what, if it stood alone, would be universally admitted to be a very harmless and sensible policy. The first step is nothing more heroic than the suspension of the Law of Liquidation nominally for six weeks. Of course no one supposes that the first step will be the last. The movement for the release of the insolvent from obligations which he is unable to meet, if he is at the same time to keep body and soul together, may turn in one of two directions. The present suspension may, as bondholders of a sanguine turn are inclined to hope, be the first advance towards drawing the administration of Egyptian finance more directly and openly under English control. On the other hand, it may be a preliminary to a more general and extensive repudiation by the Egyptian Government, while the British force stands by and contents itself with the exclusion of foreign interference: in other words, Egypt may proclaim her inability any longer to pay the interest, and may leave the creditors to do their worst, while the British man in possession may prevent that worst from being very bad. In either case, just as the voluntary composition of 1876 was set aside by the Law of Liquidation in 1880, so will the Law of Liquidation now have to be set aside by some other arrangement, and the starting-point of the new arrange-

ment will have to be the same as the fundamental proposition laid down by Lord Salisbury in respect of the Commission of Liquidation, namely, that "it should commence its operations by ascertaining and laying down the sum which on a liberal calculation is necessary for efficiently carrying on the government of the country." The serious change since 1880, and it will grow to be more serious still, is the decline in the value of the articles which the insolvent concern turns out. There has been a tremendous fall in prices, and a corresponding decline in the profits. If the decline goes on, perhaps even if prices of sugar, cotton, wheat, and the rest remain as they are, Egypt will carry on her business so unremuneratively that after working expenses are paid, in the shape of sustenance of her population, the creditors will be left in the lurch. That is the radical element in the situation, and that is one among a hundred other good reasons why Great Britain should be slow to take over a failing and decayed business.

Meanwhile, the immediate point of interest is not economic, but political, diplomatic, and international. Fourteen Powers gave their adherence to the Law of Liquidation, and fourteen Powers have a *locus standi* in the tribunals. What will they, or rather what will two of them, France on the one hand and Germany on the other, say to our cutting, or advising Egypt to cut, the financial knot which the international Commission of Liquidation so elaborately tied? Has the British Government sanctioned what has been done, with or without good reasons for believing that France, Germany, and Austria will acquiesce? Or is it prepared to face the matter out, to let the Powers talk as loudly as they please, and to treat remonstrances such as were immediately launched in French and other Continental newspapers as so much *brutum fulmen* and nothing more? In the latter case, which is perhaps more probably the actual one, it is possible that we may be getting

near very deep waters indeed. The Conference, now that it has failed, must be held to have added to the gravity of the move that has been made; for it is one thing to take action without seeking advice or leave, and another thing to take it after leave has been deliberately withheld, and advice has gone the other way. On the other hand, the good faith to Europe which prompted the Conference tends to disarm the suspicion and jealousy which the new departure would have assuredly excited in far louder tones if it had been made by a Ministry of a more doubtful reputation and less clean hands. Well might Mr. Goschen declare that to him it was a matter of satisfaction that the nations of Europe knew they had to deal with a Government whose pledges of disinterestedness they could rely on. "It would be a calamity," he well said, "should it be replaced by another not bound by those pledges. Europe blames Her Majesty's Government for not doing enough, and I say better a thousand times it should be so than that when we are engaged in this fearfully complicated task, three or four European countries should intrigue against us for trying to establish a protectorate over Egypt." These are words well worth weighing, and the nearer we seem to come to a protectorate—as now—the more important they are.

Unpleasant as it is to say it, there is no use in hiding from ourselves that all depends on Prince Bismarck. The saying of Frederick the Great, that Germany and England have no more to do with one another than a dog and a fish, has lost its point. As it is, the dog has the fish under its paw. The ultimate acquisition of Egypt is supposed to be something that will add immensely to our honour and glory, and to our proud pre-eminence in the councils of Europe. Up to the present point, the process has only landed us in a not very exalted or flattering dependence on the policy or caprice of the German Chancellor.

At last news has come from Gordon, and singular news it is. It sheds a curious light on the fury and rancour with which the Government were assailed from the beginning of the session to the end, by Liberals with whom politics are a peculiar form of hysteria, and by Tories with whom politics are a disturbance of the spleen. Those fearful exhortations and sanguinary gushings—how infinitely silly and shameless do we now perceive them to have been, as in fact sensible men knew them to be at the time. How senseless do all those passionate afternoons and violent nights now seem, in view of the fact that General Gordon was perfectly able to hold his own all the time, and might, so far as we can tell, be away by now, along with all those in Khartoum for whom he was, even in the broadest interpretation, responsible. Of the three telegrams that were announced in London on September 17 it is not easy to make clearly head or tail. In some points they recall the telegram of the spring, in which he inquired whether the millionaires of America and England would be likely to produce a couple of hundred thousand pounds, with which sum the Sultan might be induced to lend two or three thousand troops. "With these men," he then went on, "we could not only settle our affairs here, but also do for the Mahdi, in whose collapse the Sultan would be necessarily interested." Ideas of the same kind seem still to be running in General Gordon's head, though it is difficult to understand how the Soudan is to be surrendered to the Sultan, if Zebehr is also to be sent to him with a salary of 8,000*l.* a year. Still more important intelligence arrived a day or two later, to the effect that an army from Kordofan were slaughtered on July 24, and that the siege of Khartoum was raised six days later. It cannot be said that no doubt hangs over the information, yet it is certainly not incredible. Other cipher telegrams are said to have been received from General

Gordon, but they have not yet been given to the public. "It is known, however," says one correspondent, "that General Gordon insists strongly on the necessity of retaining Khartoum, holding it with Indian troops, and establishing a just Government there. He says that all the troubles there arise more from misrule than from fanaticism or any religious movement. He has also evidently returned entirely to his old opinion, rejecting the ostensible object of his mission—namely, the evacuation of the Soudan."

It is not to be supposed that the extraordinary weakness with which the Government allowed themselves to be bullied into sending General Gordon in the first instance, will now lead them for a single moment to accept a reversal of their policy by the agent whom they so unhappily selected. Of course, in criticising what comes from General Gordon, we must make every allowance for his ignorance of the controversies that have raged in the Parliament and the Press at home. He little suspects that every sentence that he dictates is instantly worked up into ammunition for the virulence of faction, and that his reputation and his present position are being made the catspaw of Outs against Ins. There is no reason to attribute to General Gordon the mutinous and defiant temper which the Opposition are counting on to embarrass their rivals in the Government. However that may be, things have not yet come to this with us, that a military officer is to tell his employers what he will do or will not do. Tiresome as they are, Egyptian distractions have not brought us so low as that in the ordering of our government. General Gordon mixes much practical Scotch shrewdness with all his eccentric mental movements, and his advice about a country which he understands so well as the Soudan should have its proper weight in the councils of the responsible Government. But that he, sitting there alone at Khartoum, without a chance of outside counsel, unacquainted

with all the political considerations—Imperial, Parliamentary, financial, and the rest of them—is to decide off-hand on the necessity of retaining Khartoum with Indian troops or otherwise, is not to be thought of, and probably is thought of by no one less than by himself. We shall not believe until we see it that Gordon aspires to play that part of "prancing proconsul," to which people objected in so lively a manner in the case of Lord Lytton and Sir Bartle Frere. As for Gordon's notion, if it be his notion, of retaining Khartoum with Indian troops, that is all mere moonshine. The Indian Government will have something to say to that, and we all know what that something will be. If any policy of this sort is resorted to, we may be sure that it will not be carried out by the Government now in Downing Street. It is impossible that they, at any rate, can be parties to the policy that General Gordon is here supposed to recommend. The present English Ministry are pledged up to the hilt against the retention of the Soudan, in any shape or form, and they are not likely to swallow their policy even for the most commanding personality. On the same occasion when he disclaimed all responsibility for the relief of the garrisons, Lord Hartington said with unusual emphasis of manner, "We have no British interests in the Soudan; there are no European interests in the Soudan, or at least no adequate British or European interests, which would justify the employment of British forces or the expenditure of British resources in an expedition to restore British authority over that part of Africa."

The Khartoum expedition has assumed dimensions that excite the ridicule of some and the amazement of others. Like everything else, done or left undone, even military enterprises are seized upon as pabulum for partisan attack. Lord Wolseley reached Alexandria on the 16th of this month, and of course there has been no time yet

in which to hear whether he has learned anything at Cairo to change the plan that he had resolved upon in Pall Mall. One would like to know what Nubar thinks in his mind of minds of the outlook. According to one correspondent he enunciates the oracular saying, worthy of Delphi itself, that it will be a question either of a few weeks or a few years. If the hostile tribesmen do not disperse at once, there is no reason why they should not collect round the Mahdi's standard and hold together and harass our forces for an indefinite time—until in fact we have accomplished that desperately troublesome task which has always been spoken of with such horror, namely the reconquest of the Soudan. Abd el Kader, who has had military experience in the country, warns us to expect resistance as stubborn as that which our men encountered at El Teb and Tamasi, at three points north of Khartoum, if not more. These predicted battles at Abu Hamed, at Berber, and at Shendy, may not come off; but if they do, will they not be a rather singular comment on the line taken by Ministers throughout the last session? What becomes of the Prime Minister's memorable declaration of May 12:—"We are determined not to place this country in conflict with people struggling for their freedom, and not to draw this country blindfolded into any wild engagement of which it had not had due notice."

It can hardly be that we are going to extricate all the Egyptian garrisons, because the Ministry have more than once repudiated any obligation towards those interesting bands. "I contend," said Lord Hartington (February 19), "that we are not responsible for the rescue or relief of the garrisons either in the Western, or the Southern, or the Eastern Soudan." In the debate of May, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, with forefinger boldly extended across the table, taunted the Government with Gordon's words

about the indelible disgrace of sacrificing the garrisons of Berber, Kassala, Dongola, and Sennaar. Mr. Gladstone in turn, when his time came, extended his forefinger in retaliation, and taunted the Opposition with cowardice or weak power of inference in not carrying this argument honestly through. "Are these," he cried, "the only garrisons in the Soudan? There are six other garrisons in the Soudan, containing, I think, a majority of the whole force in the Soudan. Are these six other garrisons to be sacrificed with safety to our own honour if we go into the country to rescue those four? Upon what principle is the distinction to be drawn between them? There is no principle at all. The only question is this—that whereas some of these garrisons are at a great distance and difficult of access, others are at a greater distance still. But when you have got to these garrisons, why not go forward to the others? What is the answer of the right hon. gentleman? I think he has no answer to give—probably he does not want to give an answer—but I ask him now, is he prepared to say that it is the military duty of England to rescue these garrisons of Kassala, Sennaar, Berber, and Dongola? The right hon. gentleman is dumb." Yet the position which the Prime Minister thus emphatically repudiated, and the leading representative of the Opposition by implication repudiated also, is now spoken of as an accepted object of the expedition.

In truth we are still without definite explanations of the objects of the present employment of British forces and expenditure of British resources. We shall learn in good time. In the past the explanations of the limits of such operations have been definite enough. From first to last it has been a condition of General Gordon's mission that we were not to make military expeditions for the sake of the Egyptian garrisons. "Our policy," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer last February, "will

be to carry out the evacuation of the Soudan by peaceable means." Mr. Gladstone, with copious repetition, on the same occasion assured the House of Commons that General Gordon's plan was "entirely pacific in its basis," that it was a "great pacific scheme," and so forth. In May, he said that Gordon asked to be furnished with the authority of Governor-General in order to carry through "the work of peaceful evacuation." He reproached a Conservative opponent for saying that Gordon received from the British Government power to make peace or war as he pleased. "He received nothing of the kind. His mission was absolutely a pacific one, and it was nothing else as far as we were concerned." Everybody remembers the Prime Minister's comments on the interpretation put by the Opposition on Gordon's hope that in case of failure he should receive "support and consideration." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, according to Mr. Gladstone, had said that "the words 'support and consideration' can mean nothing else than the license to transform a pacific into a warlike mission; and that our having received General Gordon's application for support and consideration binds us to support him by military means in the wide and extensive projects which his speech unfolds." "I must say," Mr. Gladstone proceeded, "that statement is perfectly absurd. To turn the words 'support and consideration' into a license to embark upon war and bloodshed is as great a license of interpretation as I ever heard applied to a public document."

It is not, however, worth while to pile up evidence of this sort. The last authoritative word on the question of General Gordon was spoken in the message which Lord Granville desired Mr. Egerton to try to communicate to Gordon on the 17th of last May:—

"As the original plan for the evacuation of the Soudan has been dropped, and as aggressive operations cannot be undertaken with the countenance of Her Majesty's Government,

General Gordon is enjoined to consider and either to report upon, or, if feasible, to adopt, at the first proper moment, measures for his own removal and for that of the Egyptians at *Khartoum* who have suffered for him or who have served him faithfully, including their wives and children, by whatever route he may consider best, having especial regard to his own safety and that of the other British subjects.

"With regard to the Egyptians above referred to, General Gordon is authorised to make free use of money rewards or promises at his discretion. For example, he is at liberty to assign to Egyptian soldiers at *Khartoum* sums for themselves and for persons brought with them per head, contingent on their safe arrival at *Korosko*, or whatever point he may consider a place of safety; or he may employ and pay the tribes in the neighbourhood to escort them. Her Majesty's Government presume that the Soudanese at *Khartoum* are not in danger."

That is, or was, the character of the Ministerial policy in May. If the objects of the expedition go beyond the limits that are here laid down, the extension will need to be explained and defended.

The Government and the public will have to make up their minds more firmly in one way or another about our action in South, no less than in North, Africa. The telegrams need to be read with caution, but there is no reason to disbelieve the latest explanation of Boer policy being to encourage the formation of petty republics, creating a situation so intolerable to the British Government that they would cease to offer opposition to their absorption by the *Transvaal*. What then? There were three possible policies in *Bechuanaland*. One was to send an armed force of considerable size to operate some eleven hundred miles from the base, at enormous cost, on behalf of one set of natives against another set, backed by Boer marauders, at the risk of rousing the full strength of hostile Dutch sentiment throughout South Africa. A second course was to institute a joint protectorate with the Cape Colony, to send an Imperial Resident, and to support him by a substantial force of police. The third course was to leave the rival tribes and their chiefs and their Boer allies and Boer assailants to

fight it out among themselves. The third course was discarded as brutal and unworthy; the first was rejected as involving trouble out of all proportion to its object; and the second was accepted. Let any candid man who has mastered the facts, now ask himself in what respect the consequences of the third course could have been less advantageous either to the cause of humanity or to the dignity of the flag; than the actual consequences of the course that was followed. We are not carping at the Colonial Office for shrinking from leaving the intestine quarrels of the tribes to work themselves out, still less are we for girding at Mr. Mackenzie for making an experiment in which he had a strong and honest faith. All that we ask is whether, after all—after what is always called the cowardly and mean policy has been rejected—the tribes and the chiefs and the marauders are not going to be left to fight it out among themselves, just as if the cowardly and mean policy had been faced in a manly way, and in a manly way acted upon? The collapse of Mr. Mackenzie's protectorate is perfectly well understood. The Dutch in the Cape Colony sympathise with the objection of their kinsmen in the Transvaal to the presence of the British agent in Bechuanaland. When sentiment is aided by apprehensions of material damage, it becomes invincible. The people in the Cape Colony, the English minority no less than the Dutch majority, awoke to the fact that they would be called upon to pay half the bill for the joint protectorate, without having half the power, or half of any other advantages. An election took place, the Dutch party succeeded, the old ministry was put out, a movement for annexation was at once set afoot, the policy was reversed, and a resolution was passed in favour of "a measure for the annexation to the Cape Colony of the territory on the south-west border of the South African Republic now under the protection of Great Britain."

We have once more found out the

truth of what was said by the Prime Minister eighteen months ago. His words have been quoted here before, but they will bear repetition. The Dutch, as he then told the House of Commons, continue to be the dominant influence through the principal parts of the country, excepting Natal, "and it is essential to a sound policy in South Africa that you should well weigh your relations to these people." "If there is one thing comes out more clearly than another in the history of recent years it is that the Dutch population is, in the main, one in sentiment throughout South Africa, from the Cape to the northern border of the Transvaal; and that in dealing with one portion of it you cannot exclude from view your relations to the whole."

That aggression by the Boers on the frontier will come to pass is as certain as anything can be, because the Boers in want of land will find the same temptation and opportunity as always arises under such circumstances in the intertribal quarrels of the natives. Thus attempts are made to rouse our indignation by telling us that the freebooters have eaten up Montsioa. But let us hear a word on the other side, coming from a missionary source, the very reverse of being unfriendly to Mr. Mackenzie. "Montsioa," says the writer, "knew that the Resident was coming, and had been advised to keep quiet. The so-called burglars of the land of Goshen knew it too, and had practically evacuated their territory. From no other possible motive that one can see, except a desire to exalt his power, Montsioa sends and destroys some houses the Boers had vacated, and the act at once aroused indignation. The result was a re-assembling of the volunteers, and a repetition of oft-told troubles." This should be read as a corrective to the official version appearing in the telegrams of to-day.

Another story from the same source, an English missionary writing from Bechuanaland, is worth reproducing to illustrate how the quarrels arise,

which we are reproached for not putting down:—

“It will be told how the Free State has swallowed up the little Barolong territory of Thabanchu, with its 12,000 people; and perhaps it will be asked, Why did not the Imperial Government step in and hinder such an act? But what are the facts of the case? In 1880 Meroka, chief of the Thabanchu section of the Barolongs, died, leaving two rival claimants to his power—Samuel, his son, and Tshipinare, son of his elder brother. These two submitted their claims to the President of the Free State, who decided in favour of Tshipinare. At once Samuel commenced an agitation among his native sympathisers, which has just resulted in an attack upon the town of Tshipinare and his murder. The Free State Government refused to allow such a state of things in the heart of their territory, and after commanding Samuel to leave the country in vain, the country was proclaimed Free State territory, and Samuel was soon a prisoner in Bloemfontein.

Anybody who knows the rudiments of the history of the advance of English rule in India, or of the advance of the English race in North America, Australia, or anywhere else on the face of the globe, including Ireland, for that matter, will recognise the operation of the same iron law. Yet we may expect to hear poor Samuel and Tshipinare trotted out on the floor of the House of Commons to prove that the sceptre of the Empire burns Mr. Gladstone's fingers, and that Great Britain is becoming too weak for the sphere of her duty.

It is worth while to say a word in the same direction upon the new Convention with the Transvaal. The Volksraad has ratified that instrument, “under acknowledgment of the generosity shown by Her Majesty,” but not without a protest against three of its clauses, including the settlement of the boundary, especially on the western border of the Republic, and the right of veto reserved to the British Crown upon treaties that may be concluded by the Republic with foreign Powers. For our own part, we have never been able to understand what is gained by the teasing reservations that are supposed to stand for Imperial dignity in these dealings with the Transvaal. They are per-

fectly idle. The boundary, for instance, will settle itself in spite of all the parchment in Pretoria and London put together. The right of veto will never be exercised unless the particular treaty is one of an important kind; and if it is important, the Transvaalers and the foreign Power, whoever it may be, will stick to their treaty in spite of the veto, because they will doubt whether we shall back up our veto with an army. Why did the Government not have courage to wash their hands of the Transvaal in the summer of 1880, and why do they insist on leaving a little finger in the trap in every negotiation since? Does any mortal pretend that the policy professed in the elections of 1880 as to the Transvaal would have left the dignity or power or self-confidence of the realm weakened or impaired? No, but much heightened and strengthened.

As we are speaking of colonies, an example of the curious nature of the colonial tie was furnished the other day, which ought not to be passed over. The sugar industry in the West Indies has reached an alarming point of depression. This, it is contended, has been mainly caused by large bounties given in Germany and other beet-producing countries in Europe on the exportation to Great Britain of beet sugar. This has the effect of practically excluding West India sugar from the British markets, because the bounties paid to the foreign producers constituted a protection with which no British West India sugar colony could possibly compete. The colonies will therefore, if nothing can be done, be forced to abandon the production of sugar, and that means for an indefinite time to come nothing less than their absolute ruin. Their representatives laid their views before Lord Derby at the end of last month (August 28). Among other expedients the West Indian colonists would like to obtain the most-favoured-nation treatment from the United States, and asked about the possibility of a reciprocity treaty. The first was dropped for technical reasons. As to the second, Lord

Derby pointed out that in such treaties the two parties bound themselves to give each other special advantages which they had not given to the rest of the world. The question was whether anything like the system of reciprocity could be established between the United States and the West Indies which would not impose disadvantageous differential treatment upon British goods. Lord Derby apprehended that this might be the case, but it would not be very easy. Here we see the possibility of a case in which a colony suffers and is brought near to the brink of ruin by the closeness of the bond with the mother country, which hinders it from making the best bargain for its own interests. What happened? The deputation told the Colonial Secretary that there was and would be a movement in favour of annexation to the United States! May we hope that it will not quite come to that?

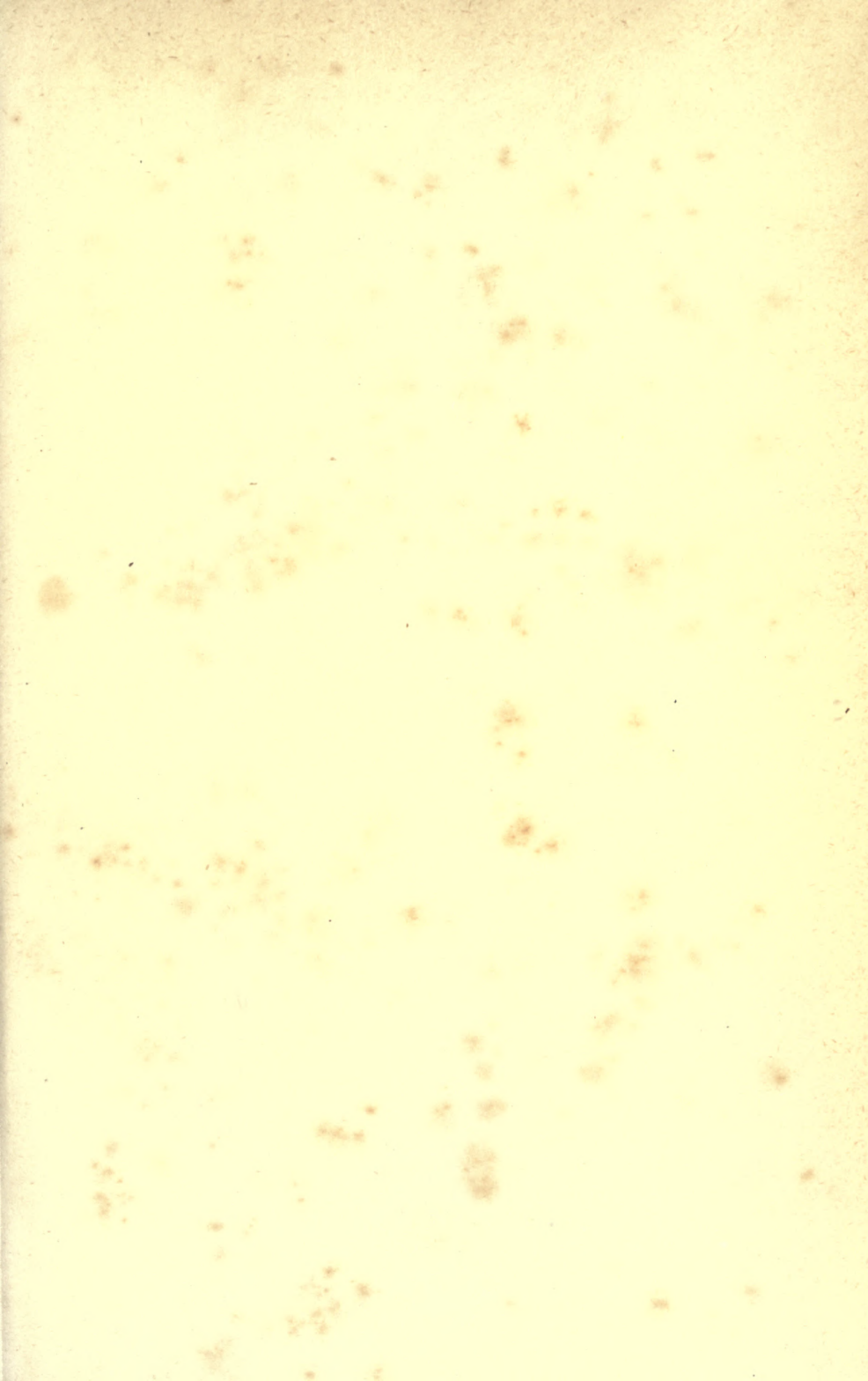
The troubles between France and China are still following their sluggish and obscure, but most perilous course. England has done bad work in China before now, but at least we may claim for ourselves that Lord Elgin's policy bred in the Chinese mind a new faith in diplomacy which has had the solid practical effect of giving us five and twenty years of peace. Apart from the intolerable badness of the French case on its original merits, and apart from the mischief which their doings may yet work on the internal cohesion of Chinese government, not the least of the evil for which they are responsible is the fact of their undoing that work in the Chinese mind which Lord Elgin did.

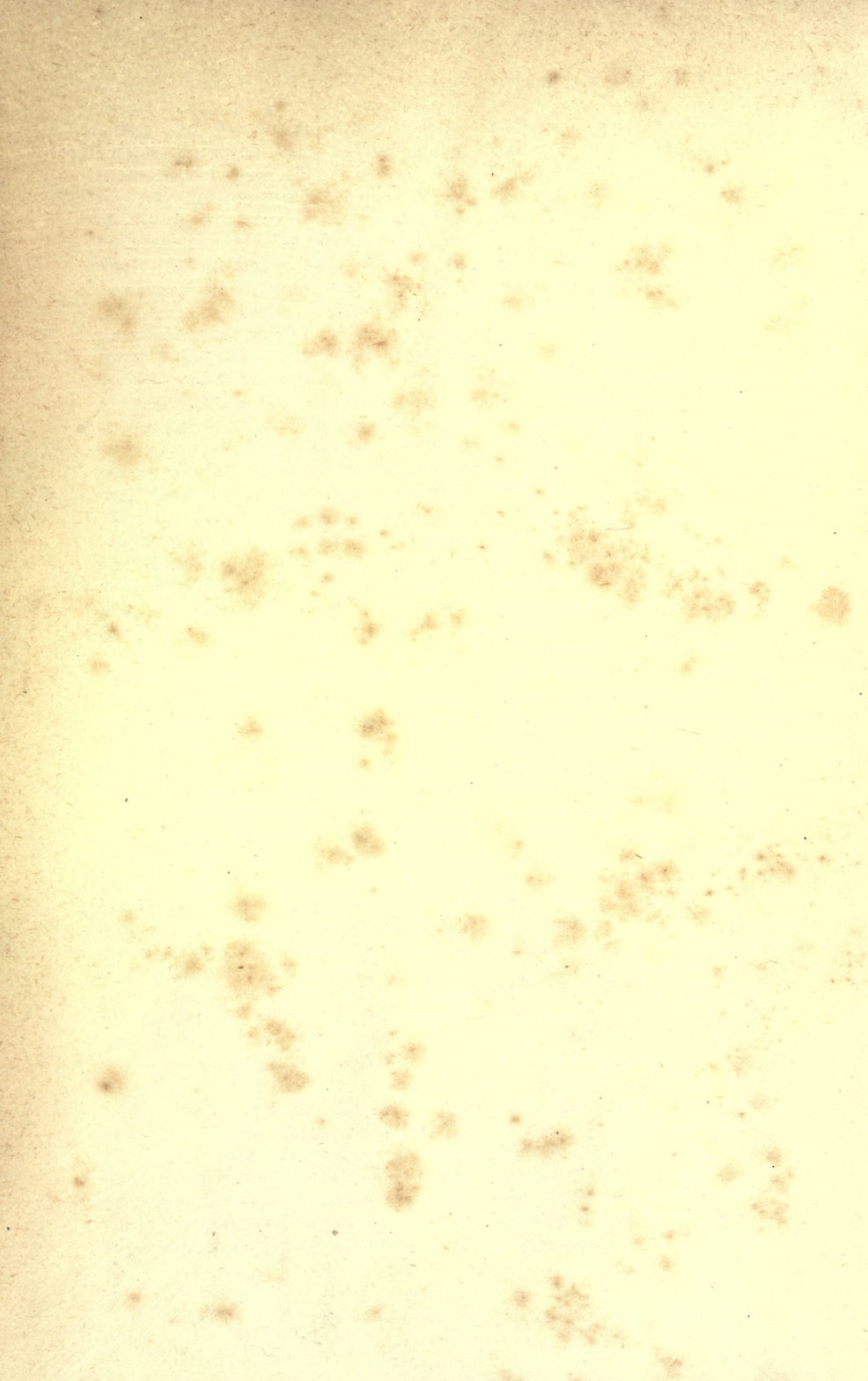
The object and the results of the meeting of the three Emperors at Skirnievice are still unknown. One story is that they talked about disarmament (the least probable); another that they concocted measures against what men, bedulled by despotism, call

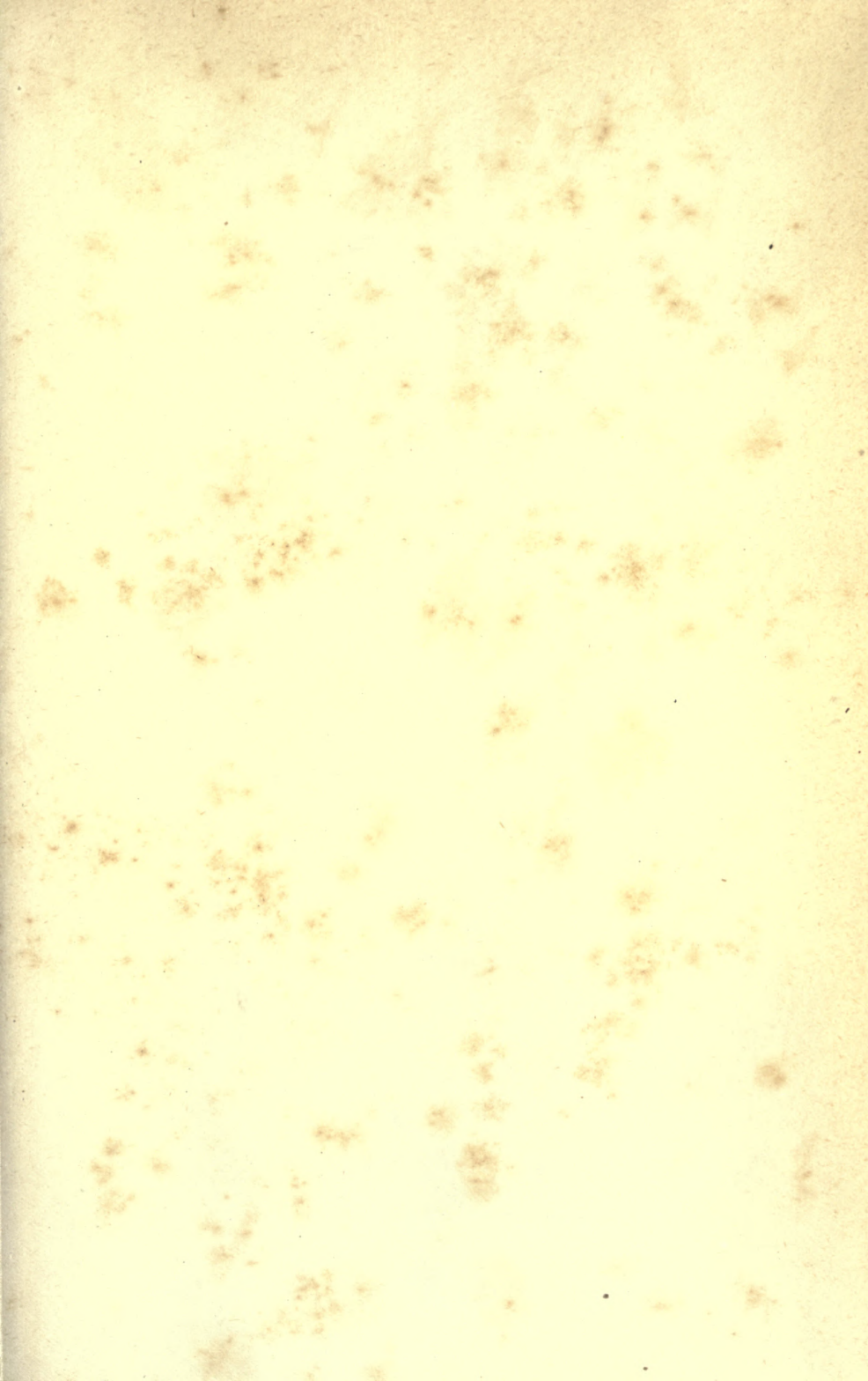
anarchy; a third that they concocted plans for keeping the troublesome little Powers in the Balkan peninsula quiet; a fourth that England is to be pressed about Egypt, while Russia is to tease us in Afghanistan; a fifth that it was a formal exclusion of Italy from the charmed circle of their High Mightinesses. There are other conjectural keys to the secret; but the above are enough from which to choose a guess, until time discloses the true answer. Whatever reference, if any, the Three Emperors may have made to Italy, the King of that country has covered himself with honour, which even clericals cannot find in their hearts to withhold, by his courageous and humane sojourn in the midst of deadly pestilence at Naples, where his presence did much to stay demoralisation among the people, and to infuse discipline and co-operation among physicians, ecclesiastics, and public officers.

The fierce conflict between Liberals and Clericals in Belgium has waxed fiercer during the month. On the 7th a clerical demonstration was assailed by rioters in the streets of Brussels, and at Antwerp and Ghent there were similar displays of strong feeling on a smaller scale. The King was urgently invited to veto the Education Bill; but he replied by stating his intention to "conform to the will of the country as expressed by the majority in the two Chambers." Of course the Bill is only the symbol and the flag of a passionate underlying antagonism, and what Liberals object to is less anything in the letter of the new law, than the spirit in which it will be worked by the rural clergy. There is no sign that the Ministers desire to push their policy to extremes, but the fear of the Liberals, perhaps an exaggerated fear, is that in the country districts the law may be worked by the dominant power without either judgment or mercy.

September 23.







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Macmillan's magazine

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