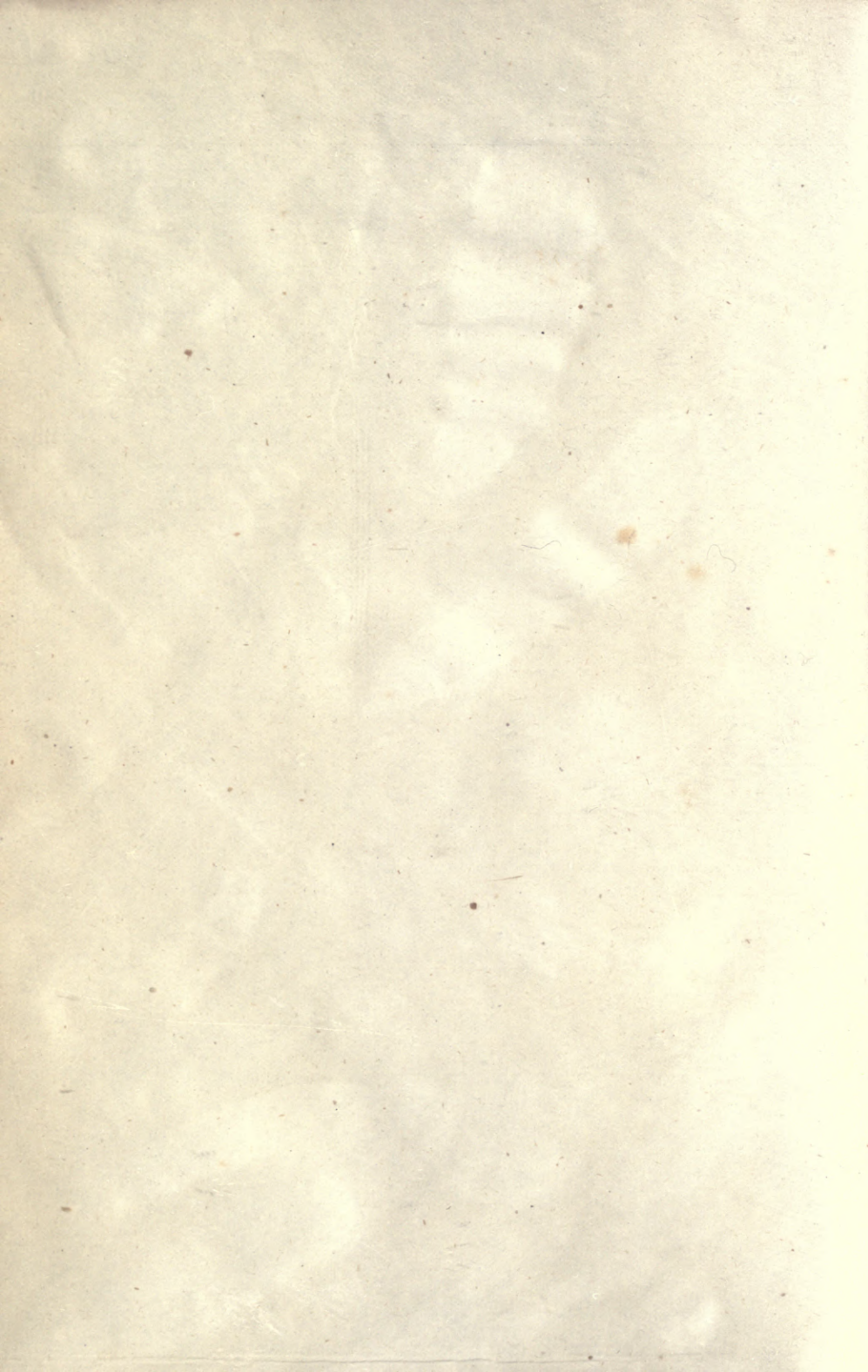






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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXII

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MACMILLAN'S
MAGAZINE

VOL. LXII

MAY, 1890, TO OCTOBER, 1890



London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

New York

1890

W. J. LINTON. S.





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RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1890.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE were no inspectors to look after the workrooms of the dress-makers in these days, but perhaps also, at least with mistresses like Miss Jean, there was little need for them. If the young women in the workroom had sometimes to work for a part of the night it was only what at that time everybody was supposed to do in their own affairs or in their masters', when business was very urgent, or *through* as was said in Scotland. The head of the house sat up too, there were little indulgences accorded, and when the vigil was not too much prolonged, there was a certain excitement about it which was not displeasing to the workwomen in the monotony of their calling. One of these indulgences was that something was now and then read aloud to them as they worked.

Miss Jean herself had ceased to do much in the ordinary conduct of business. She gave her advice (which the workwomen now considered of the old school and wanting in sympathy with advancing taste), and now and then suggested a combination which was approved. But on the whole she took a less and less active share in the work during the morning and evening hours in which she was not wanted in the showroom to receive the ladies who were her patronesses, or whom she

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patronised (according to Kirsteen's new arrangements), with whom the younger partner had no desire to supplant her. And when Miss Jean resigned the needle and even the scissors, and no longer felt it necessary to superintend a fitting-on, or invent a head-dress, she developed another faculty which was of the greatest use especially at moments of great pressure. She read aloud. I will not assert that she had any of the arts of the elocutionist, which were much esteemed in those days; but in a straightforward, plain way, with her Scotch accent, to which of course all the young women were accustomed, her reading was very distinct and satisfactory.

She read in the first instance stories out of *The Ladies' Museum* and kindred works, which were about as absurd as stories could be, but being continued from week to week, kept up a certain interest among the girls to know what happened to Ellen as an example of youthful indiscretion, or Emily as a victim of parental cruelty. What a jump it was when Miss Jean brought in with triumphant delight a book called *Waverley*; or, *'Tis Sixty Years Since*, I can scarcely venture to describe. No doubt the young women accustomed only to Ellen and Emily were a little confused by the new and great magician with whom they were thus suddenly brought face to face; but they were

greatly stirred by the Highland scenes and Fergus MacIvor's castle, and the beautiful Flora, for and against whom they immediately took sides, a certain party hoping against hope that she would finally marry the hero, while the other faction strongly supported the claims of Rose Bradwardine. The humours of the tale scarcely penetrated perhaps those unaccustomed bosoms, and nothing in it was so important to the imagination of the workwomen as this. Miss Jean finished the book one night when all were working very late, the night before a state ball. It was an unusually heavy night because of Lady Chatty, now an acknowledged beauty and leader of fashion, who had invented a new mode a day or two before; that is to say Kirsteen, who was entirely devoted to her beautiful friend, had produced an effect by the looping up of a train or the arrangement of a scarf which had dazzled all beholders, and had become at once the object of a rage of imitation such as sometimes occurs in the not uneventful annals of fashion. So many ladies had argued and implored, adjuring Miss Jean by all her gods, pointing out to her the urgent duty of not leaving a client or countrywoman in the shade; of not crushing the hopes of a young *débutante*, perhaps spoiling a great marriage or bringing about some other catastrophe, that the head of the establishment had been melted, and had indiscreetly consented to execute more orders than it was possible to do. Miss Jean had been very shy of meeting Kirsteen after, and had confessed her indiscretion almost with tears, but her young partner with no further remonstrance than a shake of her head had accepted the responsibility. To do something miraculous is always a pleasure in its way, and Kirsteen laid the circumstances before the young women, and inspired them with her own energy. She herself was up the whole night never flagging, while the others managed it by relays, snatching an hour or two of sleep, and returning to work again. They had a tea-drinking

at midnight, when the fine-flavoured tea which Miss Jean herself affected was served to the workwomen all round with dainty cakes and cates, and, highest solace of all, Miss Jean herself sat up and finished *Waverley*, at the risk of making a few needles rusty by the dropping here and there of furtive tears. The excitement about Flora MacIvor and the gentle Rose, and the keen disappointment of Flora's partisans who had all along hoped against hope that she would relent, kept drowsiness at bay. This was not the chief point of interest in the book perhaps, but these young women regarded it from that point of view.

I tell this chiefly as an illustration of the manner in which Miss Brown and Kirsteen managed their affairs. But as a matter of fact Miss Jean often read aloud when there was no such urgent call for it. She read the newspapers to the girls when there were any news of interest. She had read to them everything about Waterloo, and all the dispatches and the descriptions of the field, and anecdotes about the battle, as they came out bit by bit in the small square newspaper of eight pages, which was all that then represented the mighty *Times*. One of the young women lost a brother in that battle. This made the little community feel that all had something special to do with it, and brought tears into every eye, and justified them in shaking all their heads over the cost of blood by which the great victory had been achieved, even in the midst of their enjoyment of the illuminations and all the stir and quickened life of town at that great moment.

It was long after Waterloo, however, when the incident I am about to record occurred. Years had passed, and the newspapers were no longer so exciting as in those days of the peninsula, when a fight or a victory might be always looked for. War died out from among the items of news, and the long calm, which ended only after the Great Exhibition of 1851, had made, as people thought, an end of all possibility

of fighting, had begun; people had ceased to be afraid of the newspaper, and the tidings it might bring. It is true there was always fighting going on in India more or less, little battles now and then, skirmishes, expeditions of which the world did not know very much, but in which without any demonstration a few brave lives would end from time to time, and hearts break quietly at home, all to the increase and consideration of our great Indian territory, and the greatness of Great Britain in that empire upon which the sun never sets.

Some six years had passed from the time when Kirsteen came friendless to London knowing nobody but Margret's sister. She was now a power in her way, supreme in the house in Chapel Street, Mayfair, feared and courted by many people who had once been sufficiently haughty to Miss Jean. At twenty-six when a young woman has gone through many vicissitudes of actual life, when she has been forced into independence, and stood for herself against the world, she is as mature as if she were twenty years older, though in the still atmosphere of home twenty-six is very often not much more than sixteen. Kirsteen had become in some ways very mature. She had that habit of authority which was so well set forth long ago by the man who described himself as saying to one "Go," and he goeth, and to another "Come," and he cometh." She had but to speak and she was obeyed—partly from love, but partly also from fear; for Kirsteen was not the laird of Drumcarro's daughter for nothing, and she was very prompt in her measures, and quite indisposed to tolerate insubordination. And her young womanhood was so withdrawn from the usual thoughts and projects of her age that Kirsteen had put on something of the dignified manners of a person much older, although her fresh youthful colour, the milk-white brow and throat, the ruddy hair all curly with vigour and life, showed no premature fading, and her person, which was always

beautifully clothed and fitted to perfection, had improved in slenderness and grace. It was not that propositions of a sentimental kind had been wanting. Lord John (but his name always brought a blush of displeasure to Kirsteen's cheek) had done his best to find her at unguarded moments, to beguile her into talk, and to use all the covert arts which were still supposed to be part of the stock-in-trade of a young man of fashion to attain her interest if not her affection. What he intended perhaps the young man did not himself know, perhaps only to attain the triumph of persuading a young woman whom he admired to admire him. But Kirsteen considered that it was through his means alone that the difficulties of her position were really brought home to her, and the difference between a mantua-maker exercising her craft, and a young lady of family at home, made apparent. This was a mistake, for Lord John would have considered himself quite as free to attempt a flirtation with Drumcarro's daughter in Argyllshire as in London, and with as little intention of any serious result, the daughter of a poor laird, however high in descent, being as entirely below the level of the Duke's son as the mantua-maker. But it gave a keen edge to Kirsteen's scorn of him, that she would have believed he was ready to take advantage of her unprotected state.

Also there was Miss Jean's friend the doctor, who would very willingly have made a sensible matrimonial alliance with a young person getting on so very well in the world—while Miss Jean's nephew, he who had already calculated how many years it would take him to reach the elevation of Lord Mayor, worshipped in silence the divinity whom he durst no more approach than he durst propose for one of the princesses, knowing well that Miss Jean would bundle him indignantly out of doors at the merest whisper of such a presumption. But none of these things touched Kirsteen

nor would have done had they been much more attractive. "Will ye wait for me till I come back?" was the whisper which was always in her ears. And since the arrival of Robbie's letter there had come a certain solidity and reality to that visionary bond. A man who was so near on the verge of return that in a year or two, "in two-three years" he might be back, was almost as close as if he were coming to-morrow—for what is next year but a big to-morrow to the faithful soul? The only feeling that ever marred for a moment the anticipation in Kirsteen's mind was a fear that when he came he might be wounded a little by this mantua-making episode. It vexed her to think that this might be the case, and cast an occasional shadow upon her mind from which she was glad to escape as from the sight of a ghost. He might not like it—his mother, who was a proud woman, would not like it. Kirsteen did not if she could help it think of this possibility, yet it crossed her mind from time to time.

And in the meantime in those weary years the fortune that was for little Jeanie, and that which would make Ronald at ease even in his half-pay when he came back, was quietly growing. With such a business, the most fashionable in London, and customers praying almost on their knees to be put on the lists of Misses Brown and Kirsteen how could it do otherwise than grow.

Kirsteen was twenty-six, the season was at its climax, the workroom very *throng* when Miss Jean came in one morning with the newspaper in her hand. Her little air of satisfaction when there were news that would be interesting to read was very well known. Miss Smith touched Miss Robinson with her elbow saying, "Look at 'er," and Miss Robinson communicated to Miss Jones her conviction that there was something stirring in the paper. Miss Jean came in and took her seat at the lower end of the table with her back to the broad uncurtained

window by which all possible light was admitted. She liked to have the light falling well upon her paper. "Now, my dears," she said, "I am going to read something to you—it's very touching, it's an account of a battle."

"I thought all the battles were done," said the forewoman who ventured to speak on such occasions.

"Oh, yes, on the Continent, heaven be praised—but this is in India," said Miss Jean as if nobody could ever expect battles to be over there. Kirsteen was at the other end of the table arranging some of the work. She was working with the rapidity of an inventor, throwing a piece of stuff into wonderful folds and plaitings of which no one could say what the issue was to be. She knew herself what she intended; but even when one knows what one means to do, the hand of genius itself has sometimes a great deal of trouble before the meaning can be carried out. She glanced up for a moment at the name of India, but only for a moment; for indeed there was always fighting in India, yet nothing had happened to any of those she cared for during all these years.

Miss Jean read out the details of the fight in her steady voice. It had been intended for nothing more than a reconnaissance and it turned into a battle which might have very important and momentous results. She read about the swarms of a warlike tribe who had been engaged by the sepoys and a few British troops—and how well all had behaved—and how the enemy had been driven back and completely routed and dispersed and the authority of the Company established over a large region. "Now," said Miss Jean looking up over her spectacles, "this is the interesting bit."

The victory, however, was a costly one—the casualties among the officers were unusually great. Out of nine actually engaged no less than five brave fellows were left on the field dead or seriously wounded. One young officer of the greatest promise who had led his battalion through

a great deal of hot work, and who was down for immediate promotion, is among the number of the former. He was found lying struck through the heart by a native weapon. A curious and affecting incident is recorded of this unfortunate gentleman. After he had received his death stroke he must have found means of extracting a handkerchief from the breast of his uniform, and lay when found holding this to his lips. The handkerchief was extricated from his grasp with some difficulty and was sent home to his mother, who no doubt will cherish it as a most precious relic. It was slightly stained with the brave young fellow's blood.

Miss Jean's voice faltered as she read that the handkerchief had been sent to the young man's mother. "Poor leddy, poor leddy!" she said, "the Lord help her in her trouble." And little exclamations of pity and emotion rose from various voices—but suddenly they were all stilled. No one was aware how the consciousness first arose. By means of a communication swiftly and silently conveyed from one to another, the eyes of all were suddenly turned towards Kirsteen, who, with the light from the large window full upon her, sat surrounded by trails of the beautiful silk which she had been manipulating. She had looked up, her lips had dropped apart, her hands still holding the silk had fallen upon her lap. Her face was without a trace of colour, her bosom still as if she were no longer breathing. She looked like some one suddenly turned into marble, the warm tint of her hair exaggerating, if that were possible, the awful whiteness. They expected her every moment to fall down, like something inanimate in which no life was.

But she did not do this—and nobody dared interfere, partly from fear of this sudden catastrophe whatever it was, partly from fear of her. They all sat not venturing to move, looking at her, ready to spring to her assistance, not daring to take any step. After a moment, she drew a long breath, then with a little start as of awakening raised her hands and looked at them,

all enveloped as they were in the silk. "What—was I—doing?" she said. She moved her hands feebly, twisting the silk round them more and more, then tore it off and flung it from her on the floor. "I can't remember, what I was doing," she said.

"Oh, my dear," cried Miss Jean, coming towards her putting down the paper, "never mind what you were doing—come to your own room."

"Why should I come—to my own room? What's there?" A gleam of consciousness came over her colourless face. "It's not there!—it cannot be there!"

"Oh, my darling," cried Miss Jean, "come away with me—come away, where you can be quiet."

Kirsteen looked up in her face with quick anger and impatient sarcasm. "Why should I be quiet?" she said. "Have I nothing to do that I should be quiet? That's for idle folk. But read on, read on, Miss Jean. It's a bonnie story—and there will be more."

Miss Jean retired again to her seat, and all the workers bent over their work but not a needle moved. Kirsteen picked up the silk again. She tried to restore it to its form, plaiting and twisting with swift impatient movements now this way and now that. All the young women watched her furtively, not losing a movement she made. She twisted the silk about, trying apparently to recover her own intention, pulling it here and there with impatient twitches and murmurs of exasperation. Then she piled it all upon the table in a sort of rage, throwing it out of her hands. "Go on, go on with your paper," she cried to Miss Jean, and took up a half-made dress from the table at which she began to stitch hurriedly, looking up every moment to cry, "Go on, go on. Will ye go on?" At length Miss Jean exceedingly tremulous and miserable began to read again in a broken voice. Kirsteen stitched blindly for half-an-hour, then she rose suddenly and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

KIRSTEEN did not seclude herself for long. While the girls were still whispering to each other, not without some awe, of the sudden shock which she had evidently received, of her deathlike look, her struggle to maintain her composure, her rejection of all inquiries, she had returned among them, had taken up the silk again, and resumed what she was doing. There was scarcely a word said after Kirsteen came back. The young women all bent over their sewing, and their needles flew through their work. The presence among them of this one tragic face, perfectly colourless, self-commanded, silent, wrapped in an abstraction which nobody could penetrate, had the strangest impressive effect upon them. They did not dare to speak even to each other, but signed to each other for things they wanted, and worked like so many machines, fearing even to turn their eyes towards her. Miss Jean, quite unable to control herself after this mysterious blow which she had given without knowing, had retired to the parlour, where she sat alone and cried, she knew not why. Oh, if she had but held her tongue, if she had not been so ready to go and read the news to them! Kirsteen, so busy as she was, might never have seen it, might never have known. Miss Jean read the paragraph over and over again, till she could have repeated it by heart. She found lower down a list of the names of those who had been killed and wounded, but this brought no enlightenment to her, for she did not know Drumcarro, or the names of the neighbours near. She had to lay it away as an insoluble mystery, not able to comprehend how, from so few details as there were and without even hearing any name, Kirsteen should have at once been killed, as it were, by this mysterious blow. How did she know who he was, the poor gentleman who had died with the white handkerchief pressed to his dying lips? It was a

very touching incident, Miss Jean had herself thought. No doubt, she had said to herself, there was a story under it. She had shed a sudden, quickspringing tear over the poor young man on the field of battle, and then, in her desire to communicate the touching tale had hurried to the workroom without further thought—how, she asked herself, could she have known that it would hurt any one? What meaning was there in it that Kirsteen alone could know?

It was late when the workwomen, who lived out of doors, went away. They had gone through a long and tiring day, with no amusement of any sort, or reading or talk to brighten it. But somehow they had not felt it so—they all felt as if they had been acting their parts in a tragedy, as if the poor young officer on the Indian plains had held some relationship to themselves. The silence which nobody enjoined, which nature herself exacted from them, burst into a tumult of low-breathed talk the moment they left the house. They discussed her looks, the awful whiteness of her face, the shock of that sudden, unsoftened communication, without asking, as Miss Jean did, how she could have known. Miss Jean heard their voices, first low and awe-stricken, rising in eagerness and loudness as they got further from the house. But it was not till some time later that Kirsteen came in. She had been at work in a violent, absorbed, passionate way, doing with incredible swiftness and determination everything her hand had found to do. She had an air of great weariness, the exhaustion which means excitement and not repose, when she came in. She threw a glance round the room looking for the paper, which Miss Jean had put carefully out of sight. Kirsteen went to the table and turned over everything that was on it, groping in a sort of blind way.

“You are looking for something, my dear?”

“Yes—where is it?”

“What might ye be looking for?”

said Miss Jean, trembling very much, and with the tears coming to her eyes.

"Where is it?" Kirsteen said. She was perfectly still and quiet, her voice low, her face very white, her eyes cast down. It was evident that she felt no need of explanation, nor power of giving one. There was but one thing for her in the world and that was the paper with the news—which at the first hearing had gone like a stone to the bottom of her heart, like a sword piercing through and through.

Miss Jean had no power to resist or to pretend that she did not understand. She rose, trembling, and unlocked her escritoire and brought the paper out, fumbling in the depths of a pigeon-hole in which she had buried it, that it might never be seen more. She was very tremulous, her face drawn, her eyes full of moisture. "I canna think how you could make anything out of that," she said almost querulously in the excess of her feeling. "There's nothing, nothing in that, to say who it was. No person could divine. It might be somebody you never heard of."

It is possible that after the utter and undoubting convictions of the first moment such a thought might have come to Kirsteen's mind too. She put out her hand for the paper. Miss Jean kept on talking in a fretful tone.

"You've had no tea, not a thing since two o'clock, and now it's eleven at night—you've had no rest—work, work, as if your bread depended on it; and it's no such thing. I suppose you think you're made of something different from the ordinary, no mere flesh and blood."

Kirsteen paid no attention. She did not hear, the words were as a vague accompaniment, like the sound of wheels and faint voices and footsteps out of doors. She opened the paper with steady nervous hands that did not tremble, and read over again every word. Then she turned to the list "Casualties." Casualties! Acci-

dents!—was that a word to use for the list of the dead? When she had read it her hands dropped on her knee with the paper held in them, and from her colourless lips there came a faint sound, inarticulate, hoarse, the knell of hope. There had not been any hope in her heart; but to say that and to know that hope is over, are two things. In the one there was still a possibility—the other was death itself. Oh, the possibility had been very faint, very feeble! She had worked on all day, struggled on to preserve it, not asking for conviction. Sometimes to know the worst is what we desire. Sometimes we would prefer to put it from us, not to make sure, for a little. But there it was; no further doubt, "Captain Drummond;" his name and no other. "Will ye wait till I come back?" He was standing by her, saying it—and lying there—with the handkerchief. It was all past, the whole story, as if it had happened a hundred years ago.

"Miss Kirsteen—most likely you are making yourself miserable about nothing. How can ye tell by a story like that who it is? Oh, my bonny dear, I am asking no questions, but to see you like that just breaks my heart."

Kirsteen smiled in spite of herself at the idea of any heart being broken but her own, of any one being miserable who had not known him, who had never seen him, who did not even know his name. She said nothing for a few moments and then she spoke with a voice quite tuneless and flat, but steady, "Miss Jean—I will have to go for a day or two—to the Highlands."

"Certainly, my dear—whenever ye please," said Miss Jean, though not without a catching of her breath; for who would look after the work, with herself so much out of the use of it, and the season still so *throng*?

"Not to leave you—with so much in hand—why should I?" said Kirsteen. "It's not as if it was for anybody but me. But so soon as can be; just the time to go and to come back."

"Oh, my dear young lady—when-
ever ye please, and for as long as ye
please; but ye will come back?"

Kirsteen smiled again faintly: "Oh,
yes, I will come back—there will be
nothing more, no fighting nor battles
—nothing to stop me—and nobody—
to wait for me"—she added, "as I
would have been content to wait—I
was very content—just to think he
was coming—some time. But that's
over—just an old story. It is time
to shut up the house and go to our
beds."

"Oh, my darlin' bairn! Dinna shut
it all up like that. Tell me about it—or
if you will not tell me, oh, dear Miss
Kirsteen, let the tears flow!"

"My eyes are dry and so is my
throat, Miss Jean, I cannot speak—I
cannot cry—I'm not one for telling—
Good-night—I will just go away to my
bed."

She lighted her candle which threw
a strange new light upon her colour-
less face, and the rings of hair upon
her milk white forehead out of which
nothing could take the colour. Kirs-
teen's face even now had not the
meekness and patience of a saint, but
her hair was like an aureole round her
wan countenance. She was going out
of the room without any more, when
she suddenly bethought herself, and
coming back went up to Miss Jean, and
kissed her—a very unusual ceremony
between these two shy Scotswomen.
The old lady coloured to the edge of
her grey hair with pleasure and sur-
prise, "Oh, Miss Kirsteen," she
said.

"You are very kind—you are just
a mother. You are like my Marg'ret,"
Kirsteen said. That name brought a
rush of tears to her eyes for the first
time. Marg'ret alone in all the
world would know—Marg'ret would
not need to be told. If she could
lay her head on Marg'ret's shoulder,
then her heart might break in
peace. She had to bind it up now
with bands of iron—for there was no-
body in the world save him, and her,
and Marg'ret that knew—

The workroom continued very
throng for ten days or so longer, and
during this time Kirsteen worked like
two women. She had never been
so inventive, so full of new combina-
tions. With her white face, and
without a smile, she stood over Lady
Chatty, that grand lay-figure and ad-
vertising medium for the mantua-maker,
and made her glorious with beautiful
garments—beautiful according to the
fashion of the time and all that Kirs-
teen knew; for no genius (in dress)
can overstep these limits. Lady
Chatty, full of affection and kindness,
soon discovered the something which
was wrong. She put her hands on
either side of Kirsteen's face, and com-
pelled her friend to look at her.
"What ails you, Kirsteen? Oh, what
ails you?" "Nothing," Kirsteen said.
"Oh, don't tell me it is nothing. You
look as if you had died and it was the
ghost of Kirsteen that was here."
Kirsteen smiled upon the beautiful face
looking so anxiously into hers, and
said, "Maybe that is just true," but
would say no more. And the
business in the workroom was done
with a sort of passion by everybody
there. They had heard that as soon
as the press was over Miss Kirsteen
was going away. They did not ex-
change any exhortations, but by one
consent they addressed themselves to
their work with an unspoken thought
that the sooner they were done the
sooner she would be released. It was
partly that the sight of her be-
came intolerable to these emotional
spectators, who had each a private
vision of her own of the tragedy.
Had Kirsteen wept and raved and got
over it, they would have wept with
her and consoled her; but the anguish
which did not weep, which said no-
thing, was more than they could bear.
They were all silent round the long
table, bending over their work, work-
ing as some one of them said, "as if
it were a large mourning order and
all for sum 'un of one's own." And
the season was just at its end—Kirs-
teen held her place till the last great

ball was over, and then she went away.

No difficulty now about paying for the coach or procuring her seat. She was no longer afraid of any danger on the road, or of the world unknown. The whirl of progress through the great country, through the towns and villages, across the long level plains of England, no longer filled her with that vague mystery and extasy of being which belonged to her first journey. The movement it was true gave a certain solace to her pain. The complete silence in which no one could ask her a question, fenced off as that was by the surrounding of incessant sound, the tramp of the horses, the jar of the wheels, the murmurs of the voices, was a relief to her from the daily intercourse of ordinary life. After she got to Glasgow she had to think over her further route. She had no desire to reveal herself, to let any one know she had come. Her mission was almost a secret one; to make it known would have gone against all the sanctities of memory; therefore, Kirsteen would not even give herself the pleasure of seeing Marg'ret, of sending for her at some wayside corner, or in some village as she had once thought of doing. She drove from Glasgow in post-chaises where it was possible, in country gigs or carts where no better could be had, avoiding all the places where she might be recognised. She embarked in a smack upon the Clyde and sat forlorn upon the deck watching the hills and islands drifting by, as if they were part of a much prolonged and almost endless dream. It was July, the brightest month of the year, and the weather was one blaze of brightness as if to mock Kirsteen, whose heart was sick of the sunshine. There was nothing but sunshine everywhere, over the hills, bringing out the glistening of a hundred burns over their slopes, and making the lochs and the great river into shimmering paths of gold. It made her heart sick to see it all so bright, and him lying far

away, with that handkerchief to his lips.

And at last Kirsteen came in the gloaming, at the softened hour, the hour most full of love and longing to his mother's gate.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"KIRSTEEN!"

It was Agnes Drummond who made this astonished outcry coming into the old-fashioned drawing-room, where she had been told there was one who wanted a word with her. "Just say there is one that would fain speak a word," had been Kirsteen's announcement of herself. Agnes was about Kirsteen's age, but she had never left the shelter of her home, nor ever thought for herself or taken any step in life alone—and she was in reality ten years younger than the matured and serious young woman who was her contemporary. She was tall and slim, a willowy girl gliding into the dim room in her deep mourning like a shadow. Kirsteen was also in black, but without any of those insignia of crape which mark the legitimate mourner. She was standing in front of one of the dim windows, deep set in the thick wall, with small panes and heavy woodwork, intercepting as much light as possible. Agnes recognised Kirsteen rather from something characteristic in her figure and movement than by her face.

"It is just me," Kirsteen said, with a quick drawing of her breath.

"Have ye come home?" Then Agnes paused, and with something of the importance of a person to whom a great and mournful distinction has come, added, "Ye know what great trouble we are in?"

"It is for that, that I came here!"

"You are very kind!" said Agnes with some surprise; and then she added, "We knew that—ye were friends!"

"I am not come," said Kirsteen, "to talk—for that I cannot do—I have come to ask you, travelling night and

day—come to ask you—for the handkerchief he had in his hand !”

A sob escaped her as she spoke, but her eyes were dry.

“The handkerchief! Oh, Kirsteen, what are ye asking? Anything else; my mother will not part with it while she lives. There is upon it,” the girl stopped, struggling with her tears, “a stain—of his blood.”

For some minutes there was no sound in the dark room, but of Agnes’s voice weeping, and from Kirsteen now and then a sob which seemed to rend her breast.

“She must give it to me,” said Kirsteen at last, “for it is mine. He took it out for my sake. Oh, a mother’s dear, dear! She has had him all his days, his name and his memory’s hers, and no one can take him from her. But that’s all I have, for my life. And I will have it, for it is mine !”

“Kirsteen, you need not be violent nor speak like that, for how could my mother give it up—the last thing he ever touched, that he put to his lips—like a kiss to us—her and me !”

“No,” said Kirsteen, “for none of you. It was mine, his name is marked in the corner in my coarse red hair that nobody ever thought anything of. He said it was like a thread of gold. He bade me to wait till he came back. Now he’ll never come back—but I’ll wait—till I go to him. Give me my handkerchief with his kiss upon it; there’s nobody has a right to touch it,—for it is mine !”

Agnes in her mild reasoning was no match for this fiery spirit. She could only cry helplessly standing like a ghost among the shadows, but the early moon came in at the window and shone full upon Kirsteen who was neither ghost nor shadow. The aspect of command that was in her daunted the other. “I will go and ask my mother,” she said.

“Tell her,” said Kirsteen, “that I have come straight from London travelling night and day. I have scarce tasted bite nor sup, nor slept in my bed since the news came. I knew it

was him without any name, for I knew that was what he would do. She has many, many a thing to mind her of him, the house he was born in, and his picture and all, and his dear name. And I have nothing but that. And I will have it, for it belongs to me !”

“I will go and ask my mother,” Agnes said.

The moon shone in through the small window, throwing upon Kirsteen’s figure the reflection of the solid wooden framework, so that she looked as if she were in a prison looking out upon the outside world through black iron bars. She stood quite still for some time with her white face turned to it looking through those bars to the light. And she never forgot that moment when she stood gazing up into the white orb in the clear summer sky which had looked down upon him lying silent upon the field. It seemed to Kirsteen in the fever of her weariness and exhaustion that she could see that scene, the awful silence, the other dead lying about in dark muffled heaps, and the moon shining upon the handkerchief in his hands. There were faint sounds in the house of doors opening and shutting, and of voices. A sudden cry—which perhaps was from his mother. It would be natural that his mother should resist, that she should wish to keep it. But Kirsteen felt that nothing could stand against herself and her right.

In a few minutes Agnes came back, still crying. “I am sorry,” she said, “to keep you in this dark room, but I’ve told them to bring the candles !”

“The candles are not needed, there’s nothing needed but one thing.”

“Oh, Kirsteen,” said Agnes, “be content with something less than that! My mother says she cannot—oh, she cannot give that up.”

“Did ye tell her it was mine, and I’ve come to get my own !”

“Oh, Kirsteen! her heart’s broken !”

“And what is mine? She will get away to him. She will go where he is. But I’m young and we are all dour

livers, that will not die—I'll live—maybe a hundred years," cried Kirsteen with a hard sob and a wave of her hand as if in demonstration of the hardness of her fate.

Here a maid entered the room bearing two lighted candles which shone upon a rosy tranquil face, the common unconcerned life coming in upon the exaltation of the other. She closed the other windows one by one as if that had been the only thing to do, but, when she approached that at which Kirsteen stood with the bars of shadow upon her, drew back with a frightened look and went away.

This enforced pause made them both a little calmer. "Ye will stay all night," said Agnes, faltering, "now that you are here. Take off your bonnet, Kirsteen. And ye must take something."

"Do you think," said Kirsteen, "that I have come here to eat or to drink—or to bide?—oh, no, oh, no,—but get me the thing I have come for and let me go."

"How can I get it when my mother will not give it up," said Agnes overcome, falling into the natural refuge of tears.

"Let me see her," said Kirsteen.

"She has seen nobody, not even the minister. She will scarcely look at the light. She cannot cry like me. She's just like stone. He was her only son, and she just moans and says she never believed the Almighty would deal with her so." Agnes, with the impatience of a patient and gentler nature of this intolerable grief, was relieved to be able to make her plaint. But it did not seem unnatural to Kirsteen that the mother should be like stone.

"When she sees me," she said, "perhaps the tears will come."

"Oh, Kirsteen, but I dare not ask her."

"I will not bid you ask her, I will just go ben."

"Oh, Kirsteen!"

She knew the way well, across the outer room, which was not called a hall, to the door on the other side within

which Mrs. Drummond was sitting with her woe. There was nothing but the moonlight in the hall making a broad strip of whiteness as it came in unbroken by the open door. The two black figures passed across it like shadows, the daughter of the house following, the stranger leading. Mrs. Drummond sat by the side of the fire, which was a feeble redness in the grate, unneeded, supposed to add a little cheerfulness, but in its unnatural, untended smouldering making things rather worse than better. Her white widow's cap was the highest light in the room, which with its dark wainscot and faint candles looked like a cave of gloom. The windows were all closed and curtained shutting out the lingering light of day. A large Bible was open on the table, and in Mrs. Drummond's lap lay the knitting with which her fingers were always occupied; but she was neither reading nor working. Her white hair was scarcely distinguishable under the whiteness of her cap; her face rigid with sorrow was grey in comparison. She sat without moving, like marble. Calamity had made her severe and terrible, she who had once been kind. She took no notice at first of the fact that some one had come into the room, believing it to be her gentle Agnes, who was nobody, the helpless hand-maiden of this despair.

Kirsteen went round the table to the other side of the fire and stood before his mother, saying nothing. Mrs. Drummond raised her eyelids and perceived her with a faint cry. "Who is this come to disturb me? I gave no leave to anybody to come. I can see nobody. Kirsteen Douglas, what are ye wanting here?"

Kirsteen put out her hands with a gesture of supplication. "It is mine," she said, "it was for me. It is all I have to keep my heart. You are his mother. And I am nothing to him—but for that—"

"No, you were nothing to him," said the mother looking at her fixedly.

"Except just this," cried Kirsteen roused to the full assertion of her

claim; "that it was me he thought upon—yonder—that he had my handkerchief—and took it from his breast—and put it to his mouth."

"Lassie," said Mrs. Drummond, "how dare ye tell that like an idle tale and put it into common words? It's written there," putting her hand on the Bible, "so that I cannot see the word of God; and it's written here," she added laying it on her breast, "on the bosom that nursed him and the heart that's broken. What are you, a young thing, that will love again and mairry another man, and have bairns at your breast that are not his?" She broke off here, and said again after a moment abruptly, "'He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow'—but the Lord took no notice of him nor of me!"

Kirsteen sank down upon her knees before this tearless mourner. "Will I tell ye what I am?" she said. "I am young and we're a long-lived race—I will maybe live to be a hundred. No bairn will ever be at my breast—no man will ever take my hand. He said to me, 'Will ye wait till I come back?' And I said to him, 'That I will,' and he took the little napkin from the table that had R. D. on it for Robbie (but yet I thought on him all the time) in my red hair. My mother said her colour was best but he said it was like a thread of gold—and he touched my arm and made me look, and he put it to his mouth. And he said, 'Will ye wait?' And here we sit forlorn!" said Kirsteen her voice breaking into a shrill and heart-piercing cry.

There was a long pause. And then the rigid woman in the chair rose up like a marble image, her white cap and pallid countenance awful in the dim room like the face and head coverings of one who had died. She took her keys from a pocket which hung by her side and went across the room to an old-fashioned cabinet, which lent a little glimmer of inlaid mother o' pearl and foreign woods to the dim glimmering wainscot. From this she took a box which she carried back with her to her seat, and unlocking it with a

trembling hand, took from it again a little packet wrapped in a piece of faded silk. She held it for a moment as if she would have opened it, then suddenly thrust it into Kirsteen's hands. "Take it," she said, "and not another word. But if ye're ever unfaithful to him send it back to me—or bury it in my grave if I'm not here."

"In yours or in mine," was all that Kirsteen could say. She put her lips trembling to the hand that had given this treasure; then being hastily dismissed by a gesture of that hand rose from her knees and went away. In a moment more she was outside in the mild delightful summer night, all made up of pleasures which knew no chill, no fading, no sorrow; the young moon softly shining as if for pure joy, the unseen burns softly tinkling, the graceful birch trees waving their feathery branches in the soft air. Such a night! a visionary daylight lingering in the west, against which rose the fantastic majestic outline of the hills—the glen penetrating far into the soft gloom towards the east, caught by a ray of moonlight here and there, the wind upon the face of the wayfarer like a caress—the air all full of love and longing and sweet dreams. Kirsteen passed through it holding her treasure against her breast, a kind of happiness possessing her, her bosom lightened for the moment by reason of the very climax of emotion through which she had passed, the exhaustion of sorrow which at times feels like ease to the worn-out soul. She had a long walk to the village where her post-chaise waited for her. The road came out upon the sides of the loch which shone like a sheet of burnished silver in the moonlight. As she approached the village one or two people met her and turned to look back at the unknown figure which it was evident did not "belong." There was a little commotion in the small village public-house where her carriage was waiting, the horses harnessed and the lamps lighted as she had ordered. A post-chaise with an unknown lady in it was

a strange occurrence in such a place. The people at the little alehouse were very anxious to see her veil lifted, to know if she would have anything. Just outside the village was the road that led to Drumcarro. Kirsteen did not even remark it as she drove past in the soft darkness. There was no room in her mind for any thought but one.

Posting all through the summer night which so soon expanded into a glorious summer morning, revealing her to herself as a veiled and pallid shadow fit rather for the darkness than the light, Kirsteen reached Glasgow in time to take the coach again for London. Then followed two days more of monotonous, continual motion, with villages and fields whirling past in one long continuous line. She arrived the second night dazed with fatigue and exhaustion in the great gleaming city throwing all its lights abroad to the evening sky, which was now her only home. It had been but a temporary dwelling-place before, to be replaced by a true home, perhaps in her own Highlands, perhaps—what did it matter?—in the incomprehensible Indian world, when he came back. Now he would never come back; and Kirsteen recognised that this was her established place, and that her life had taken the form and colour which it must now bear to the end. She had accepted it for his sake that she might be faithful to him, and now it was to be for ever, with no break or change. There had sometimes crossed her mind a dread that he would not like it—that the mantua-maker in Mayfair would wound the pride of all the proud Drummonds if not of himself. Now that fear was buried like the rest. There was no one to object any more than to praise. She was independent of all the world, and bound to that work for ever.

It was not till Kirsteen had reached the house, which she recognised as now her permanent resting-place, that she undid out of its case the precious thing she had gone to seek. She bought a little silver casket, a gem of workman-

ship and grace, though she knew nothing of this but only that it seemed to suit the sacred deposit, and unfolded the little napkin to take from it once, like a sacrament, the touch of his dying lips. There was the mark, with her thread of gold shining undimmed, and there, touching the little letters, the stain—and even the traces of his dead fingers where he had grasped it. She folded it up again in his mother's cover and put with it the little blue Testament with the intertwined initials. The silver casket stood in Kirsteen's room during her whole life within reach of her hand. But I do not think she opened it often. Why should she? She could not see them more clearly than she did with the eyes of her mind had they been in her hands night and day. And she did not profane her sacred things by touch; they were there—that was enough.

And thus life was over for Kirsteen; and life began. No longer a preparatory chapter, a thing to be given up when the happy moment came—but the only life that was to be vouchsafed to her in this earth so full of the happy and of the unhappy. She was to be neither. The worst had happened to her that could happen. No post-scriptal life or new love was possible to her. Her career was determined, with many objects and many affections, but of that first enchantment no more. She took up her work with fresh vigour, and immediately began to make many alterations in the house, and to change the workroom according to her own ideas and to reorganise everything. Miss Jean looked on well pleased. She was the nominal head, but Kirsteen was her head, her strength and soul. She was as well satisfied with all the plannings and alterings as a mother is with things that please and occupy her child. "It takes off her thoughts," Miss Jean said. She herself was a happy woman. She was like the woman in Scripture whose reproach is taken away, and who becomes a joyful mother of children when all hope is over. She had no

need to do anything but to be happy in her child.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOME time after this when everything connected with this incident was over, Kirsteen received one morning a visitor very different from the usual frequenters of the house. The subsequent mails had brought no further details of Ronald's fate, at least to her. His mother had done everything of which a woman's magnanimity was capable in giving her that sacred relic; but to make further communication of the further news that came in fragments from one correspondent and another was not in either of their thoughts. Information was not what these women thought of. They had no habit of learning every detail as we have now. The event came like a bomb-shell upon them, shattering their hearts and hopes—and that was all, they looked for no more. It was accordingly with no expectations of any kind that Kirsteen received the visitor who was Major Gordon, the young Waterloo man whom his mother had brought to honour the little gathering at Miss Jean's house. He had been in India since all the fighting had ceased in Europe, for his living and fortune depended upon active service, and India meant increased pay and increased opportunities under the liberal sway of the Company, without any derogation from the pretensions of the King's officers who thought more of themselves than the leaders of the Company's troops. Major Gordon was a brave officer, and had been in as much fighting as any man of his years could boast. But he was somewhat shy when he called on Kirsteen, and stood with his hat in his hand moving from one foot to another, as if he had not been a perfect master of his drill. He said that his mother had thought he had better call to see Miss Douglas after his return—that he had been so fortunate as to meet Colonel Douglas in India, who was hoping soon to have a furlough home—and that he hoped

he saw Miss Douglas well, and Miss Brown too, who had always been so kind to his mother. Kirsteen in her black gown was a somewhat imposing figure, and the thought that this visitor had come straight from India took the colour, which had begun to come back, from her cheek. A black dress was not then, as in our days, the commonest of feminine garments—and his eyes seemed to take an expression of anxiety as they returned again and again to her, which Kirsteen did not understand. He told her that he had come home with his regiment sooner than he had expected, for that India was now the only place in which a soldier could push his fortune.

"Or lose his life," she said.

"One may lose one's life anywhere—but to vegetate without the means of doing anything, without being able to take a step of any kind—to settle—to marry," said the young soldier with a slight blush and laugh—"to take a place of one's own."

"Oh," said Kirsteen, "to live and do well will be enough to make your mother happy—and others that belong to you—if you think of them that have been left lying on many a field"—

"I acknowledge that," he said—"many and many a better man than I—but to die a soldier's death is always what one looks forward to—better than living an idle life and cumbering the ground."

"You will not do that," said Kirsteen with a smile. She might have been his mother's contemporary instead of his own,—so far remote did she feel from all such agitation as was expressed in the young man's awkwardness and earnestness. It did not occur to Kirsteen as it might have done to an ordinary young woman of her age that these agitations could have any reference to herself. She smiled upon him as over a long blank of years—"you are not one that will ever stay still long enough to cumber the ground."

"Miss Douglas," he said, "I have seen several of your family—I feel a great interest. Will you forgive me

if I take a liberty? You are in mourning?"

The light faded altogether out of Kirsteen's face. She made a little pause for a moment clasping her hands. "Not for any of my family," she said.

He begged her a thousand pardons, brightening up in a moment. She fell back into the pale shadows; he roused up to pleasant brightness of life. These two different moods do not understand each other. They are almost antagonistic without some special bond of sympathy. He went on after a moment.

"I saw much of your family—in Argyllshire—before I went to India. You will perhaps remember that Glendochart invited me for the shooting—which was very kind."

Kirsteen's attention flagged. She assented merely with a bow.

"I have been three years in India," said the young man. "She was nearly seventeen when I saw her last."

"Who was nearly seventeen?"

"Oh, Miss Douglas, forgive me!—your lovely little sister—a flower that seemed born to blush unseen."

The light came back to Kirsteen's face. "Jeanie!" she said with a little flush of pleasure, "is she so bonny? I always thought she would be so—but it's long, long since I have seen her."

"Bonny is not the word," said the young soldier, "though bonny is a very bonny word. She is—she is—I wish," he cried breaking off abruptly with a nervous laugh, "that I could show you her picture—in my heart."

"Is that so?" Kirsteen raised her head and looked at him with a searching glance from head to foot; the young man instinctively squared himself, drawing up his head as under inspection. "Ye are well to look at, Major Gordon—but I cannot see into your heart."

"No," he said, "and how can I tell you what I think of her? It's not her beauty—she's just as sweet as the flowers. I wish I had the tongue of Robbie Burns—or some of those new

poets that would wile a bird from the trees—" and he began to murmur some words that were not so familiar to the ear as they have come to be since then.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend.
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

The major paused a moment, and then he added, with a rising colour, another verse:

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.'"

Kirsteen, though she was in London where everything that is new should be best known, had little acquaintance with the new poets. She had heard part of *The Ancient Mariner*, which was to her like a great piece of music, thrilling her being but imperfectly understood of her intelligence. She had heard much of Byron who was raved of by every apprentice, and whom consequently this high aristocrat, in verse as in all other things, held in a certain scorn. She listened surprised to the lines which Gordon stammered forth somewhat shamefacedly, finding himself embarked in a kind of recitation which he had not intended.

"Who said it?—They are very bonny words. I am much beholden

to him, whoever he is, for such a bonny picture of my little sister—if it is not yourself?”

“I,” cried the major. “Oh, be not profane! It is one Wordsworth that lives on the Borders—but she is like that.”

“I can well believe it,” said Kirsteen. “Nevertheless, if it was Jeanie he was meaning, though it may be all true, it did not need that to make a lady of my sister,” she said with an ineffable visionary pride.

The major did not argue, or make any stand for his part, though he had all the enthusiasm of an early member of the sect. He would have indeed sacrificed Wordsworth and all the poets without a thought at the shrine he was approaching. “That is alas what daunts me,” he said. “How am I a poor man to make your father hear me. He will want, and well I know how justly, what I have not to give.”

“I am no authority as to what my father will do, Major Gordon. You may have heard why I, a Douglas, and not the least proud of the family, am here.”

“But she adores you, Miss Kirsteen!”

“Does she that? My bonny Jeanie! And well I wot she is the dearest thing to me.” Kirsteen paused with a flood of pleasure and anguish inundating her heart. The visions of the past rose up before her. Ah, why had the image of the little sister come so persistently into all her dreams of a future that was never to be? Because, she said to herself putting down that climbing sorrow, it was a life that was never to be—and Jeanie was the consolation that remained.

“Major Gordon,” she said, “if it may so be that Jeanie’s happiness is bound up in yours, all that I can do will be too little. But what is there that I can do? She is in the hands of her parents; and I that have broken my bonds, and am a rebel, have nothing to say.”

“It will not last like that between them and you.”

“It has lasted for six years. My father is a dour man and does not change. If Alexander were to come back, that is the next in the family to my father—”

“He is coming, he is coming—when men in India speak of two or three years they think it is nothing—but it’s an eternity to me.”

“And sometimes it is an eternity,” Kirsteen said solemnly. She asked then suddenly without intending it, if he had ever been at Ahmednugger where the battle was.

“I was in the battle,” he said simply. “I had my orders home, but I was there. It was a kind of chance, no one expected it.”

Major Gordon was much surprised when Miss Douglas, who was so reserved and dignified, caught him by the arm and made him sit down by her side. She was as white as the cambric kerchief on her neck. She said with a little moan, “Oh, not a chance, not a chance, but God’s grace, must think that. And tell me all ye know. Oh, tell me all ye know!” He began to say (with astonishment, and so startled that it was difficult to put his recollections in order) that it had all been caused by a mistake, that no one knew how strong the native powers were, and that on the British side all might have been lost, but Kirsteen stopped him with an imperative movement of her hand. “Begin,” she said, “where it began, and tell me who was there and all. Oh, tell me everything—for I have heard nothing—except that so it was.” Her intent face, her trembling clasped hands, the tragic eagerness with which she set herself down to listen, overwhelmed the young soldier who knew nothing of her connection with that fatal field. With a rapid review and calculation he made out to himself that no Douglas had been there. It was then some one else in whom she was interested. He looked at her again and her black dress, her composed gravity, as of one whose life was set apart, and an indefinable change that he had remarked without comprehending it showed him, as by

a sudden revelation, that whoever it was in whom Kirsteen was interested he was dead. But who was it? And how was he to give her dead hero the place her heart would crave for, if he did not know who that was?

He began however as best he could his story of the fight. As was made very apparent afterwards, Major Gordon had a soldier's skill in the arrangement of his tale. He made the listener see the movements of the troops, the gradually growing alarm, the scouts coming in with news, the officers, anxious and harassed, gathering to their rapid council, the bold advice that was first received with a sort of horror then adopted. "We should all have been cut to pieces but for that—not one would have escaped to tell the tale; but he did not live to get the benefit himself, poor fellow. His name was Drummond, a Peninsula man who had seen a great deal of fighting. He and I were old friends. We had gone through many a hot moment together. His plan was adopted after a great deal of discussion. And by the blessing of God it saved many a man's life—but not his own!"

He gave a start as he looked up at her, for Kirsteen's countenance was transfigured. Her paleness glowed as if with a light behind, though there was not a particle of colour in her face. He had found the way to her heart without knowing, without meaning it, his testimony all the more prized and valuable for that. He went on with details which I cannot repeat, setting all the field before her. And then with his voice trembling he told her the end. How he had seen his friend fall, and then the little story of the handkerchief. "None of us knew what it meant," he said, "for Drummond never was one to talk much of himself, but we were all sure there was some story. He lay there on the field with that white thing on his lips. It was hard—to take it out of his hand."

The major's voice was a little strained. A man cannot cry like a

girl, but he had to stop and swallow something that was in his throat. Then to his great surprise Miss Douglas rose and without a word went out of the room. He asked himself in his astonishment had he been wrong after all? Had he been talking of some one for whom she did not care leaving out the name she wanted to hear? He sat wondering, listening while her steps went up stairs to a room above. Then he heard her coming down again. She came back into the room with a silver box in her hand, and opening it without a word took out something wrapped in a piece of faded silk. The young soldier felt his heart in his throat, an intolerable overwhelming pang of sympathy taking all voice and utterance from him. He knew the little handkerchief which he had taken from Ronald's dead hand. She did not say a word, but looked at him with a faint mournful smile and that transfiguration on her face. Then putting back her treasure locked it away again in its shrine, and gave him her hand.

"Now," she said after some time, speaking with difficulty, "you know, and there will be no need of words between you and me. I will never forget what you have told me. It's been like a bit of God's word, all new. And ye will never doubt that if I can serve ye, it's in my heart to do—whatever a woman can do. Oh," cried Kirsteen, "take the blessing of God from a heartbroken woman and go away, Major Gordon! He was but Captain—never more, and he's lying yonder, and you standing here. Oh, go! and let me see ye no more."

When the rapture of sorrow that was in her had softened again, Kirsteen sent many messages to the young officer by his mother; but she could not endure the sight of him at that time. Everything she could do—with Jeanie or any one—but not to see him, not to see him, he who had come home living and loving and promoted and with everything that had not come to the other. She could not bear that.

(To be continued.)

A MORAL CRUSADER.¹

WE have not yet quite done with slavery, much less have we done with the legacies of slavery. The life of the great anti-slavery leader therefore has still a practical interest. But Garrison's life has an interest apart from the particular movement. The history of moral crusades hardly presents a higher example of brave, singlehearted, unambitious and self-sacrificing devotion to a cause.

About the year 1841, with which the last two volumes open, national morality on the subject of slavery was about at its nadir. This was marked by the apostasy of Webster, the greatest and meanest of Americans, as Garrison bitterly called him, though by nature he was not mean, and fell from grace only when exposed to the fatal temptations of the presidency. Not society only but the churches had succumbed to the monster. Boston, which flatters itself that it is the centre of morality as well as of intelligence, had shared the general lot. If you raised your voice against the "institution" there, you were assaulted and put in danger of your life by a most respectable mob. Slavery had left far behind the period when it was content to exist as tolerated evil, which only begged for a short respite that it might quietly take itself away. By the life of Calhoun it had declared itself a positively beneficial institution, and the best relation that could exist between the white race and the negro. It was not far from declaring itself the best relation that could exist between capital and labour in general. It aspired to indefinite

extension, annexed Texas, and trampled morality under its victorious feet by dragging the country into the Mexican War.

So mephitic was the atmosphere, now and for some time afterwards, that it even quenched the light of great foreign luminaries of philanthropy and liberty when they were let down into it. Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, visited the United States in 1849. He had signed in Ireland, in company with Daniel O'Connell and sixty thousand other Irishmen, an address from the people in Ireland to their countrymen and countrywomen in America declaring that slavery was a sin against God and man, and adjuring the American Irish by all the honour of Ireland and their fealty to freedom to treat the coloured people as their equals and as brethren, to hate slavery and to cleave to Abolition. Naturally the Abolitionists hailed the advent of Father Mathew. Mr. Garrison waited on him with an invitation to participate in that glorious event—the abolition of slavery in British West India. But it soon appeared that the object of the visit was far from agreeable to Father Mathew. He had as much as he could do, he said, to save men from the slavery of intemperance without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of slavery. When reminded of the Irish address, he spoke as if the act had passed from his memory, and when forced to recall it could only say that it subjected him to a good deal of odium. Not a syllable fell from his lips expressive of sympathy with American effort on behalf of the negro or of joy at the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. "It is with great sorrow of heart," says Garrison in giving an

¹ *William Lloyd Garrison: [1805-1879] the Story of his Life told by his Children.* Vols. III. and IV. [1841-1879]. New York. For a notice of the first two volumes see *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1886.

account of the interview, "that I lay these facts before America, Ireland and the world."

Kossuth was another disappointment. From him, the great champion of liberty, the Abolitionists expected thrilling eloquence in favour of the liberation of the slave. But his first words on landing at New York showed that he meant to be neutral or worse. "I take it," he said, "to be the duty of honour and principal not to meddle with any party question of your own domestic affairs. Let others delight in the part of a knight-errant for theories: it is not my case. I am the man of the great principle of the sovereignty of every people to dispose of its own domestic concerns, and I must deny to every foreigner, as to every foreign power, the right to oppose the sovereign faculty." The Emperor of Austria might perhaps have pleaded that he had as much right to the name of "a sovereign faculty," as the slave-owners of the United States. Kossuth did even worse than this. He referred to the pro-slavery invasion and spoliation of Mexico as "The glorious struggle you had not long ago in Mexico in which General Scott drove the President of the Republic from his capital." In short he entirely fell in with the views of the speaker at one of his meetings who said, not in jest, that "Slavery was a part of American liberty with which foreigners had no right to interfere." But the Abolitionists were under a delusion from the beginning in expecting sympathy from Kossuth. He was what they resentfully called him, "a mere Hungarian, nothing more." He was the champion of a dominant race asserting its own independence against the Austrian Empire but seeking to hold the Slavonic population of Hungary in subjection at the same time. Hungarian patriotism altogether was aristocratic and equivocal. The strong part of the Hungarian cause was the protest against Russian intervention, and the moment for pressing this in the United States was not a very happy

one, since it was the morrow of the Mexican War.

Another case of blacksliding was that of the Free Church of Scotland, which after its secession had taken measures for an Œcumenical Council, including a contingent from the slave-owning States. This called down Garrison's anathema in the shape of a vote of thanks, passed on his motion by the Massachusetts' Anti-Slavery Society: "To our untiring coadjutor, Henry C. Wright, for the fidelity with which he has unmasked the vaunted Free Church of Scotland for conniving at the great iniquity of American Slavery by soliciting and receiving its pecuniary assistance and religious co-operation." In response to the resolution the Scotch emancipationists raised a loud cry of "Send the money back." The Free Kirk was ultra-Biblical and probably took a Mosaic view of the destiny of the children of Ham. Stonewall Jackson, who was not less devout in his Calvinistic way than he was brave, is understood to have been impelled by that conviction. "Send us," cries Garrison to his clerical friends, "no more Baptist English delegates or Methodists or Presbyterian or Quaker delegates; they have all played into the hands of slavery against the Abolitionists. From Dr. C. down to the last delegation they have all done evil work and strengthened slavery against us. Like the Priest and the Levite, they have passed us by and gone on the other side. They found the cause of Abolitionism unpopular. The mass of society were pro-slavery, so they went with them and we have gone to the wall."

The American Churches by their conduct during these years brought, we fear, a stain on Christianity. They ought to remember this when they cast a stone at an Established Church. If a Church is under political and social influence, and allows itself to be seduced by it from her allegiance to Gospel morality, it signifies little whether the influence takes the form of a royal supremacy or that of the pressure to

which the conscience of the American Churches succumbed. When the rupture with slavery came, the Protestant Churches generally wheeled over to the anti-slavery side: the Methodist Church especially was zealous in the support of the war. The Anglican Church showed its superior consistency, if not its superior Christianity, by remaining generally Copperhead. It, in fact, became a religious asylum of Copperheads, one of whom is said to have justified his conversion to it by saying that there was no Church that meddled so little with either your politics or your religion. Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, who stood up nobly for the Union and against slavery, formed a contrast to the majority of his brethren. Calhoun could boast that "the Episcopal Church was impenetrable to anti-Slavery." The cause of this was largely social, the Anglican Church having its stronghold among the wealthy and conservative classes. Dr. Channing sorrowfully admitted the pro-slavery character of American religion; and Gerritt Smith, a most excellent man, said: "I do not hesitate to make the remark, though it may seem infidel in the eyes of many, that were all the religions in this land, the good and bad mixed, to be this day blotted out, there would remain as much ground as there now is for the hope of the speedy termination of American slavery." The behaviour of the Churches inevitably led to very strained relations between them and the Garrisonians, and some heavy hitting ensued. At the New England Convention, in May, 1841, Mr. Garrison moved a resolution "that among the responsible classes among the slave-owning States in regard to the existence of slavery, the religious professions, and especially the clergy, stand wickedly pre-eminent and ought to be unsparingly exposed and reprobated before all the people." This did not seem strong enough to Mr. Henry C. Wright, who moved by way of amendment, "that the Church and Clergy of the United States as a whole

constitute a great brotherhood of thieves, inasmuch as they countenance and support the highest kind of theft, that is man-stealing." Mr. Jacob Ferris went even beyond this, by declaring at a meeting, "that the Methodist-Episcopal Church is worse than any brothel in the city of New York." We can scarcely be surprised if on this occasion the Church responded with tumult and rotten eggs.

As a matter of course the Churches charged Garrison with infidelity, and not only with infidelity "but with blasphemous atheism." Some of his associates, undoubtedly, were decided freethinkers. His opinions, as the battle went on, evidently became, to say the least, less orthodox; though he certainly remained a firm believer not only in God but in Christ, as the pattern of character and as having spoken the words of eternal life, whatever he might think about the creeds. He asserted the right of free inquiry, saying with evident justice that the more divine the Bible was the better it would bear examination. To him the slave-law of the Pentateuch must have been a great stumbling-block, and he does not appear to have known how to answer Bishop Hughes, when that prelate proved from the Old Testament that slavery was a divine ordinance, any better than Voltaire knew how to answer the defenders of Genesis who pointed to fossil shells as proofs of the deluge. He probably was little versed in history, certainly in the philosophy of history, and therefore could not see that slavery as a primeval institution might have been consistent with morality in its day, while its revival in a civilised age was a hideous anachronism. Like many other sceptics who try to make up in another way for what they have lost, Garrison was fascinated by spiritualism.

At a meeting at New York there was this lively scene. Mr. Garrison said: "Shall we look to the Episcopal Church for hope? It was the boast of John C. Calhoun, shortly before

his death, that that Church was impregnable to anti-slavery. That vaunt was founded on truth, for the episcopal clergy and laity are buyers and sellers of human flesh. We cannot therefore look to them. Shall we look to the Presbyterian Church? The whole weight of it is on the side of oppression. Ministers and people buy and sell slaves, apparently without any compunctious visitings of conscience. We cannot therefore look to them, nor to the Baptists, nor to the Methodists; for they, too, are against the slave; and all the sects are combined to prevent that jubilee which it is the will of God should come. . . . Be not startled when I say that a belief in Jesus is no evidence of goodness (hisses); no, friends—”

VOICE. “Yes, it is.”

MR. GARRISON. “Our friend says ‘yes’; my position is ‘no’. It is worthless as a test, for the reason I have already assigned in reference to the other tests. His praises are sung in Louisiana, Alabama, and the other Southern States just as well as in Massachusetts.”

CAPTAIN RYNDERS. “Are you aware that the slaves in the South have their prayer-meetings in honour of Christ?”

MR. GARRISON. “Not a slaveholding or a slave-breeding Jesus. (Sensation.) The slaves believe in a Jesus that strikes off chains. In this country Jesus has become obsolete. A profession in Him is no longer a test. Who objects to His course in Judea? The old Pharisees are extinct, and may safely be denounced. Jesus is the most respectable person in the United States. (Great sensation and murmurs of disapprobation.) Jesus sits in the President’s chair in the United States. (A thrill of horror here seemed to run through the assembly.) Zachary Taylor sits there, which is the same thing, for he believes in Jesus. He believes in war, and the Jesus that ‘gave the Mexicans hell.’ (Uproar and confusion.)”

All this time *The Liberator* continued to appear though it barely paid its way,

and Garrison continued to go his missionary rounds. He was travelling with Frederick Douglas (a half-breed, it will be remembered, and a man of education and distinction) in Pennsylvania when Douglas, having humbly taken his seat in the “niggers’s” carriage, was ordered by a white passenger to give up his seat, and having declined to do so unless he were asked in a civil manner was summarily dragged out. Douglas was not allowed to sit down at the eating-table, and for two days was almost without food. So far was the moral poison of slavery from being confined to the South.

Garrison’s biographers say of him, with general justice, that there was nothing Utopian or extravagant in his views of life, that he sympathised with every honest effort for the improvement of mankind, could make allowance for aberration, and while his movement, like other fervid movements, unavoidably drew to itself the insane, the unbalanced, and the blindly enthusiastic, he himself remained calm and steadfast. He happily steered clear of the sinister prophet of Perfectionism, Mr. Noyes, and his religious community. On the other hand, he took up with some movements which to the unenthusiastic might seem doubtful, such as Prohibitionism, which he extended to tobacco, and Woman’s Rights, into which he was drawn after some hesitation, probably by the sympathy which women showed for his own movement. He thought it right, as he said himself, to be anti-devil all round, or as the scoffers said, “a monomaniac on every subject.” The most equivocal association into which he lapsed was Irish repeal. Evidently he had not studied the question, but, following too closely for an apostle the example of the politicians, called himself a Repealer in expectation of attracting the support of the Irish, for which he had some reason to hope after the highly praiseworthy utterances of O’Connell. He was utterly disappointed. O’Connell’s anti-slavery address, with its sixty thousand signatures,

was received by the Irish Press with sneers and denunciations. The Roman Catholic bishop, Hughes, of New York, impugned its genuineness and called upon all naturalised Irishmen to resist and repudiate it as emanating from a foreign source. The naturalised Irishmen responded to the bishop's call with a vengeance. "The instinct of this, the lowest class of the white population of the North," the biographers remark, "taught it that to acknowledge the brotherhood of the negro was to take away the sole social superiority that remained to it," to say nothing of the forfeiture of the political power and plunder which it enjoyed through its alliance with the Democratic Party. The Irish rabble of Philadelphia made their reply by murderous rioting directed in the first instance against a peaceable First of August procession, and ending with the burning of a beneficial hall built for moral purposes by one of the more prosperous of the persecuted race—a foretaste this of the anti-draft riot, which in the third year of the war filled New York with blood and havoc and which the Americans repressed by a short and sharp Coercion Act, shooting down in a few hours a great many more Irish than have suffered under British Coercion Acts for political or agrarian crimes since the Union.

In 1850 a memorable ally appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Stowe brought out in a collected form *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which had previously been published by instalments in the *Washington National Era*. Garrison gave it a rapturous notice in *The Liberator*. It does not seem, however, that the book produced any very strong demonstration against the Fugitive Slave law, which was then the burning issue, or that it materially strengthened the steady work of the Abolitionists. The Fugitive Slave law remained repealed till Secession. Wendell Philips speaks of the effect as a passing spasm. Perhaps there is a moral in this. It may be that we overrate altogether the effect produced by controversial or propagandist novels.

People feel that what they have been reading belongs to the domain of fiction; and when they get into the domain of reality think of it little more. It is certain that in England the book was eagerly read, praised, and perhaps wept over by numbers of people who, when the day of action came, passed to the other side.

The apparent hopelessness of the political outlook, combined, as we may suppose, with the workings of Garrison's own mind, led him to take up what seems a pretty desperate position. He declared for the repeal of the Union. At a meeting in Faneuil Hall he passed a resolution to the effect that the union of liberty and slavery was as impossible as the amalgamation of fire and gunpowder; that the American union was a hollow mockery instead of a glorious reality; and that the time was rapidly approaching when it would be dissolved in form as it was in fact. "No union with slave-owners!" henceforth became his cry. His followers, when they celebrated West Indian Emancipation, bore as the tokens of the new crusade banners inscribed with disunion sentiments. Violently denounced and warming under the denunciations, he proceeded to anathematise the Constitution and to declare it "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell." He derided as sophisms all attempts to show that it did not countenance slavery, because it avoided the name slave, pointing to the facts that it gave the South proportional representation for its slaves, that it legalised the slave trade for twenty years, and that it embraced the Fugitive Slave law. "The framers," he said with considerable truth, "were intent on securing liberty to themselves without being very scrupulous as to the means. They were not actuated by the spirit of universal philanthropy, though in words they recognised the brotherhood of the race but in practice they denied it. They enslaved their fellow-men and sold them like cattle, while they were fighting against the oppression of the

mother country and boasting of the Rights of Man. Why then concede to them virtues which they did not possess?" The idea of amending the Constitution in an anti-slavery sense he relegated to limbo. To tear it up and repeal the Union was henceforth his fixed aim, and he carried most of his followers with him. He disenfranchised himself and refused to vote in elections. His movement was to be purely moral. He at the same time embraced the most extreme doctrine of non-resistance and of opposition to all war. This, no doubt, was a clear moral position, but it assumed either that slavery was, like murder, a crime not to be tolerated for a moment, or that all hopes of gradual and peaceful abolition were gone. Moreover, by cutting the South adrift the negro would have been abandoned to his fate.

To declare war against the Union and against the Constitution was to dash yourself against a sentiment which though not absolutely moral or deserving to be laid in the moral balance against a strictly moral principle, was at all events a good deal more respectable than the sordid servility of Wall Street or the passions of an Irish mob. The feeling of the Americans for the Union was perhaps as high and as worthy of tender treatment as anything connected with self-aggrandisement can be. About the strength of the feeling there can be no doubt. It has had force since the war to reconcile those who fought on opposite sides in that long and desperate struggle and to bring the soldiers of Lee and Meade together as brethren on the field of Gettysburg.

A certain portion of the anti-slavery men refused to follow Garrison's lead and continued as the "Liberty Party" to combine moral with political action. No doubt in their relations with the regular political parties they were awkwardly placed, and the practical result of their movement was small; but it seems to us that there was more reason in their course than

Garrison's biographers are willing to allow. We find it difficult to convince ourselves that in any circumstances a man can be justified in renouncing his character as a citizen and refuse to give his country the benefit of his conscientious vote. When the time came Garrison had to admit that the Republican party, on the whole, had been the anti-slavery party, and even that it had made great sacrifices for that cause. Surely this was a practical reason, not perhaps for identifying himself with the party, but for supporting it against its adversary all along.

The moral movement and the political movement, however, went on in their different planes. The overbearing domination of the slave-owners, and especially the challenge which they were indiscreet enough to fling to the Northern conscience in the Fugitive Slave law, provoked political resistance, which gradually became instinct with the moral sentiment; so that the two forces began to be blended. Garrison found himself receiving orations and placed in the seat of honour, where before he had been mobbed, pelted, and dragged out to be hanged. Meantime the march of events was quickened. Judge Taney, with an abominable frankness, defined slavery in terms which brought its iniquity home to every mind and stabbed the public conscience to the quick. John Brown, with fevered brain, fired what proved to be the first shot of civil war. Then came the election of Lincoln, which the slave-owner with good reason took as a proof that his "peculiar institution" was no longer safe in the Union. Garrison's biographers have honestly recounted the ignominious efforts made by Congress at the last moment to lure the South back into the Union by tendering increased securities for slavery. They and all reasonable Americans must see that the English or any other foreigners could hardly be expected to look behind these acts of Congress and to regulate

their sympathies on the hypothesis that people who declared their willingness to establish slavery immutably and for ever were really in arms for abolition. However, the firing on Fort Sumter ended parley, and there was civil war.

What was Garrison, the repealer of the Union, the anathematiser of the Constitution, the non-resistance man, and preacher against all war, to do in face of war, and of a war professedly undertaken to restore the Union and maintain the Constitution? As might have been expected, his theoretic principles gave way to practical policy. He said that when he had declared the Constitution to be "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he never thought that death and hell would secede from the Constitution. And as to fighting, he said that those who did it were not upon the plane of Jesus, but only upon that of Moses and Gideon, winking hard for the time at the difference between the two dispensations. His practical good sense told him that at any rate it was a battle between a Slave Power and a Free Power in which he ought to be on the side of the Free Power. He cast in his lot, in effect, heartily with the Republican party and with the war. John Bright, a Quaker, opposed in principle to all war, took the same line.

He did not at first give his full confidence to Lincoln, nor was he, or any one but a blind partisan, called upon to do so. Lincoln was a Western politician who had risen by the same arts as the rest of his class, and had been nominated not so much for his merits as because he had the Illinois vote. He turned out infinitely better than those who brought him forward had any right to expect. His character proved admirable, and was most useful in giving tone to the nation during the struggle. But his ability after all was chiefly shown in keeping that touch with popular sentiment, the cultivation of which is the supreme study of the politician. The writers

of these volumes have to admit that his plans for dealing with the slavery question in the Border States by means of indemnities were mistaken and almost fatuous. Nor can it be said that the war was ably administered while the management was in his hands. The great service which Grant rendered was that of taking the war out of the hands of all the civilians and grasping it in his own. Of finance Lincoln was ignorant, and the story was credible which made him, when told that funds ran low, ask whether the printing-machine had given out. How he would have dealt with the most difficult problem of all, that of Reconstruction, nobody knows. Lincoln's martyrdom to the great cause, combined with the pride felt in exalting an American "railsplitter" above all the statesmanship of the Old World, have, we cannot help thinking, led the Americans to raise Lincoln to an unapproachable pinnacle of glory as a statesman on which, when the final judgment of history is pronounced, he will hardly remain. America may perhaps yet produce a greater man. Garrison, however, soon recognised the worth of Lincoln's character and his integrity of purpose through all the clouds thrown over them by the necessities of an equivocal position, perhaps also by the ingrained habits of the politician; and he cordially supported Lincoln's re-election. In this he formed a contrast to Wendell Phillips whose fiery spirit would brook no delay, and whose eloquence was greater than his judgment.

The war began as a constitutional struggle for the restoration of the Union, the moral object of abolishing slavery being thrown into the background or actually abjured. But, as the conflict went on, the progress of opinion, and still more of feeling, conspired with the necessities of war to make it a struggle for emancipation. In the end, Garrison and the moral movement rode in the car of victory into Charlestown. "One of the most impressive scenes," says one who

was there, "I have witnessed with Wm. Lloyd Garrison standing at the grave of John C. Calhoun." The tomb was a great marble slab, with the name of the great statesman of slavery as the sole and sufficient epitaph.

Garrison stands almost alone among agitators in having closed not only his agitation but his public career when the object of his movement was gained, showing decisively thereby that he had been animated not by restless ambition but by devotion to his cause. Wendell Philips insisted on going on, and go on he did from one agitation to another to the end of his passionate and stormy life. Garrison behaved to Philips on the occasion with perfect generosity, nor did Philips fail to respond. "In my experience," he said, "of well nigh thirty years I have never met the anti-slavery man or woman who had struck any effectual blow at the slave system of this country whose action was not born out of the heart and conscience of Wm. Lloyd Garrison." So in spite of the efforts of mischief-makers to stir up rivalry, Paul and Barnabas parted in peace.

At the close of the year 1865, Garrison set with his own hands the final paragraph to the Valedictory in the last number of *The Liberator*, the little group in the printing office standing silently round and witnessing the closing act. A more solemn moment there could hardly be in any life. After this, there came only congratulations and orations, which Garrison accepted with frank delight and without undue elation. He accepted also without any affected reluctance the very moderate provision which public gratitude made for his old age. In an address of thanks for a watch presented to him as a testimonial, he said that if it had been a rotten egg he should have felt more at home in acknowledging it. A man who has been long inured to abuse may really be disconcerted by praise. It may even at first produce an unpleasant sensation as something strange and suspicious.

Garrison lived on to 1879 in quiet retirement, but still taking an interest in public affairs and writing about them in journals. Among other things he vigorously denounced Mr. Blaine, who was bidding for the presidency by advocating the exclusion of the Chinese. We should have liked to hear more, and it is curious that we do not hear more, of his opinions about Reconstruction and of the future of the negro at the South. From one passage we should gather that he recognised the political inferiority of the negroes and had some misgivings, as well he might have, with regard to their capacity for immediate enfranchisement. "When was it ever known," he says in reply to one who had complained of Lincoln's hesitation, "that liberation from bondage was accompanied by a recognition of political equality? Chattels personal may be instantly translated from the auction-block into freemen; but when were they ever taken at the same time to the ballot-box and invested with all political rights and immunities? According to the laws of development and progress it is not practicable." Attention to the laws of development and progress might perhaps have modified his language, even about slavery itself, though it need not have changed his practical course. But no reason is given us for doubting that he heartily accepted the measure when it came. His mind, however, was not that of a statesman, nor had he the ken which pierces futurity. He was simply an organ of public morality and the soul of a revolt against a great domination of wrong.

Out of the grave of slavery has arisen the terrible problem of the races, and a dark cloud hangs over the future of the Southern States. Some may have begun to doubt whether Garrison's original policy of repealing the Union might not after all have been the best for the North. But whatever may be the issue, there need be no misgiving as to the measure of gratitude due to the overthrowers of

slavery. There lies before me a copy of the *City Ordinances of Atlanta*, which fell into the hands of the captors when Sherman's army entered the city. It is a hideous monument of the system and dissipates at once any idea that the institution was educational or could have for its object or effect the gradual elevation of the negro. To keep the negro down; to prevent him from plying even any little industry which might raise his condition and give him a taste of independence; to keep him at a level barely above that of a brute beast, is evidently the object of the legislators. The book is instinct with the spirit of a Reign of Terror which must have been as deadly to the character of the white as to that of the slave himself. And by economical necessity, as well as by temper, slavery was not stationary; it was propagandist and aggressive.

Even the incidents reproduced in this brief notice are enough to show that Garrison was not without his weak points. We can understand that to people of cool temperament and strong political tendencies, even if they were not slave-owners, he may have appeared fanatical. He never takes a historical view of the question, nor does he distinguish between household slavery, which, in the household of a Virginian gentleman such as Washington, was probably not intolerable, and plantation slavery, with its Legrees, which was the real abomination. The particular evil against which he fought was in his

eyes the sum of all evils, and its abolition was to bring new heavens and a new earth. This is only saying that he was a moral crusader. But we repeat that of the moral crusader he is an excellent type. We see no trace in his life of the selfishness of vanity or leadership any more than of selfishness of any other kind. Nor amidst all his hard fighting and his vehemence, which under persecution and calumny was sometimes pardonably excessive, does he seem even to have become embittered. In his *Valedictory* he expresses his pleasure at finding himself no longer in conflict with the mass of his fellow-countrymen, and we have no doubt that he spoke from his heart. As a private citizen he more than fulfilled all righteousness, and his home life seems to have been altogether virtuous, affectionate and sweet.

The scale of the first two volumes, which threatened portentous length, has not been kept up, and four portly volumes comprise the whole. But four portly volumes are at least three volumes and a half too much for a *Life of Garrison* which is to be read and to keep his memory alive. These are the archives of the Anti-Slavery Movement which their custodians have no doubt done right in placing in the muniment room of history. Now let them give the world a short life of the leader of that movement.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

GETTING READY.

A MARCH DAY'S DIARY.

March 17th.—Life in a town is on the whole comfortable, convenient, and warm; but how difficult it is there to get a sight of anything but your street, and a section of a cloudy heaven above it! You must be content to see your sunset caught by a church-steeple; you search in vain for a cross street at the end of which the full blaze in the west can be enjoyed. You would hardly know, but for the weather-cock, what wind is blowing, unless, indeed, it be a grim north-easter; for the breeze that blows steadily in the country loses its way at the street-corner, and comes twisting round in most uncertain trepidation, trying to get quickly out of this unwholesome labyrinth without regard to its proper direction. And you are quite in the dark as to what that wind is doing in the open country. Our street may be sloppy with a plaster of half-melted snow, while a mile out of the town all is fast bound in frost; and a man may con his books or his accounts unconscious of disturbance, while a full gale is roaring on the distant hill-top.

To get out of a town usually needs something of a struggle, but the struggle does not last long. When the noisy chaos of the station has been left behind, we glide out into the fields with just that sensation of calm that I imagine a duck must feel when it slides softly into the water after a period of waddling and quacking. We can sit back and survey such part of the sky as the window of an English railway carriage reveals to us; and almost at once we begin to divine that Nature is getting ready. For here and there, though it is but the middle of March, dark drifting curtains of filmy cloud are driven

slantingly along the horizon by a wind from the south; and these are nothing less than the forerunners of April showers. The grass of the meadows is getting green, and the plough-lands are red or ochreous beyond their wont; and as we pass a certain familiar cutting, I feel sure that the sweet violets are coming into bloom in the short turf above it.

And when the half-hour of travel is over and we mount to the railway-bridge and let our eyes wander in unobstructed freedom round the whole country-side, all these impressions are in an instant verified; Nature is really getting ready for summer, and all things animate and inanimate are at work for her.

A few weeks—nay, a few days ago, as I walked up this same road, everything was still; hardly a human being was to be seen, and the country wore that dull and unvaried look that sunless days in winter always give it. Now there is life and stir all round us. At the inn by the station there is a sale of cattle, and the road is beset with bullocks and pigs, all afflicted with that perverseness which these occasions bring out in them so strikingly, to the detriment of the moral character of their drivers. From the other side of the hedge comes a subdued chorus of bleating, and now I see that three adventurous lambs, who have passed the age of infancy, have forced their way through a gap, and are trying to see something of the world in a busy high road. No shepherd is near, and I take on myself—and a first delicious taste it is of country life—to drive these children back into their nursery, and to fence up the gap with a stray stick or two out of the hedge. Then, as the road

turns sharp and brings me face to face with the village at a half mile's distance, I see black objects crossing the sky in every direction, but moving always either to or from the elms and sycamores that cluster round the church tower. As the leafless trees stand out against the light, every nest is revealed; and I see at once that the same change is going on which we have noticed of late years, that the rooks are gradually leaving the once favourite elm, and that the competition for the favourite sycamore must be a very trying one this year. The tree is not a big one, but there are a score of nests in its highest branches. It is a middle-aged tree, robust and compact, while the elm, as the rooks no doubt can guess from the feel of its swaying in a high wind, is verging towards the evening of its stately, unvexed existence.

A little further up the road, on a warm bank facing the west, I see here and there the golden star of a celandine peeping rather shyly through the grass. Our country is high and rather bleak, and I have known a great part of even April pass without a single celandine meeting my eye. When that does happen, I know that the key-note of spring is struck. I must go some way to find primroses or violets, and so it is that I look out for the celandine with far greater interest than for these. It is like the chiffchaff among birds; neither is very fashionable, but each is very convincing.

Here are the village allotments, in two valuable fields of twenty acres in all. Great is the change since I was last here. Then they were a sodden and untidy prairie of old cabbage-stalks, occasionally varied by the ruins of a scare-crow—some old hat or bonnet perched on the top of a pole, sloping westwards to show the prevalence of east winds of late, or a string bedizened with fragments of colourless cloth and ribbon stretched between two crazy sticks. Now these allotments are full of living creatures, all getting something ready. The human

beings—women, many of them—have already cleared away most of the cabbage-stalks, and now in the sunlight the stretches of freshly-dug earth gleam rich and brown, nay, almost red, where the digging is only just finished. This same earth was in the dead of this damp winter a sodden sticky black crust, beaten hard with rain, and greasy with decaying vegetation; now it is changed and fresh in colour, smell, and touch.

Here too the rooks are very busy; so intent upon their work of clearing off grubs and worms from the newly-turned soil, that they fear neither human beings, with whom at this time of year they seem to feel a fellowship of labour, nor the obsolete scarecrows which they have long treated with contempt. And over the allotments, at a well-maintained height of seventy or eighty feet, the traffic of these black labourers is continuous and worth watching. From their trees they must pass over the allotments, and then over a little valley and stream, to reach a vast extent of plough-land, which in two or three weeks they will be clearing of grubs for their young. At present many are still at work on the nests, and from meadow and plough-land alike, they come home slowly, bearing burdens of all kinds, deposit them in the nests, and after a bit of wholesome quarrelling are off again at a far quicker speed. On a rainy day I have timed them each way, and found the return journey always much the slower of the two; and well it may be, if they will persist in carrying articles three feet long, like yonder bird, whose efforts to convey himself and a long curved stick through a high wind result in a series of tacks and tumbles ludicrous to behold. Why did he seize it at one end, instead of in the middle?

There is one change, however, which has not taken place in the allotments; and as this is the solitary exception where everything is getting ready, it seems to demand a word. The gate by which every one has to enter, a gate on

that account much used and abused, is what we expressively call here so very *shackety*, that I should never suppose it capable of living through another season, if I had not already known it survive so many. It has been so often patched up that one might doubt, as the philosopher did of the sacred ship of Athens, whether it is any longer the same gate it was five years ago. It can be latched with a great effort, and then it hangs tolerably secure; but no sooner is it unlatched than it subsides downwards in a palsied helplessness; its timbers all seem to fall away from each other, and you have to drag it groaning through the mud, before you can open a space sufficient to pass through. Its distemper is chronic, and no one seems to know what doctor to call in, or who is to pay him. Pitying this ancient and decrepit servant of the village, I myself usually jump over the low loose wall by the side of the gate-post; and here it was that one day I nearly put my foot on an open book which was lying on the top, with a couple of stones on the pages to keep them open at one place. I was in a hurry, jumped over it, and was going on; but thinking it an odd circumstance I returned and looked at the book. It was an old Bible, without its cover and not indeed complete; but it was open at the third chapter of Nehemiah, and my eyes fell upon these words: "Moreover the old gate repaired Jehoiada the son of Paseah, and Meshullam the son of Besodeiah; they laid the beams thereof, and set up the doors thereof, and the locks thereof, and the bars thereof." There is much more to the same effect to be found in this chapter; and though no ardent Jehoiada, no thorough-going son of Besodeiah, has since then appeared in our allotments, this inarticulate cry for help has produced at least a little fresh patching. Who it was who thus preferred to let his Bible speak for him, I know not; probably some old fellow, for I doubt whether the rising generation, when once they arrive at the haven of the fourth standard, ever

care to set out on their travels in anything that can be called a book, much less in that one which was the only spiritual guide, the only earthly literature of their fathers for many ages. "What we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one," and our fathers are still living in their descendants in many a remote village.

In the whole of the allotments this poor gate is the only object that is not being touched to-day by some kind of a newness of life, for even the stone wall itself can show a few stray weeds or grasses beginning to shoot out of its chinks. Let us leave it and stroll round the further fields before the sun leaves us; it is quieter there, and we shall hear what birds are singing.

The first song we hear is a chaffinch's, and it is a song about which I have something to say. This bird has indeed for some time been getting its song ready, and now, in all the splendour of spring plumage, is singing it without a mistake all round us; but do not suppose that it has been able to achieve this without hard practice. I have never seen the process described, and even of bird-lovers but few, I fancy, notice it; so it may not be amiss to put it down here. It is usually in the first week of February that I catch the first feeble effort, on some sunny morning in the Broad Walk at Oxford; but if the weather is fine I listen even earlier, and this year I heard the welcome sound on January 31st in the same place. To show how a single warm day will produce the same effect in different places, I may mention that a letter received this morning tells me that it was on the same morning that the chaffinch began to sing at Cheltenham. Mr. E. J. Lowe, writing from Chepstow to *Nature*, a short time ago, stated that his chaffinches never quite dropped their song all this last warm winter; but he has informed me privately that it was imperfect and fragmentary.

Very fragmentary indeed is it when I first hear it at Oxford. Let me explain it by a comparison which may be

startling, but is none the less useful. Some of my younger friends who have learnt a song or two from me, know the chaffinch as "the bowling bird," because the only strain it can sing resembles the normal action of a bowler at cricket. Two slowish steps, three or four quicker ones, and a jerk, made with some effort, describe fairly the bowler's action; two slowish notes, three or four quicker ones, and a jerk or twist of the voice—a quick rise and a fall—also make up the full and normal song of the bird. Now when the first practice is beginning, it is just as if an old bowler who had been laid low, let us say by influenza this sickly season, were to find himself incapable of getting much beyond his first two steps. When he gets into the quicker ones, he comes to grief from weakness, and the ball drops from his hand. So with the bird; it is really more from the tone that I divine he is at work, than any recognition of the old familiar strain. But when I have once made sure, I listen and hear him struggling to get on a bit, rushing valiantly at his quick notes perhaps, and only stopping short at the final jerk. If the next morning be fine, I shall no doubt hear even this last crowning glory of his song feebly hinted at, and then, having got so far, an ardent and assiduous bird, who wishes to be beforehand in his courting, will sit on the same branch for an hour together and "bowl" away in the wildest fashion, wide of the net at each delivery, frequently collapsing entirely in the middle of his action, but ever returning to the charge, determined to hit the wicket before he leaves his perch. I have often been the only audience while this has been going on, and once I remember laughing out loud at the absurdity of the performance. To any one who knows well the full and perfect song, there is nothing more comical in nature; yet the bird is very much in earnest, for much of the coming season's happiness may depend on the results of this persistent practice.

Why the chaffinch should stand alone among birds in the trouble he has with his song, is more than I can explain;

I know at present no other whose song is not almost perfect from the first day of singing. If I am to make a guess, it would be that this bird's song is curiously stereotyped to a particular form, which needs an effort each time it is gone through, and that to get it perfect a fair amount of warmth and bodily vigour are necessary; while others, whose musical range is more elastic, can accommodate their voices to their bodily condition without producing ludicrous results. And I may call the yellow-hammer as a witness to my theory; for he, whose song is also stereotyped in one mould,—that which is familiar to us all as "a little bit of bread and no cheese,"—will rarely bring out his "cheese" in his first spring effort, and is at all times liable to drop it, if he be in a lazy or melancholy mood.

Other birds are singing, thrushes, robins, dunnocks, wrens, greenfinches; but I have said my say about one song, and doubtless quite enough for my readers. Let us notice what else is getting ready, in these fields that slope down to the brook. The starlings seem to be in a state of transition, as becomes them about the equinox; of course they have been getting ready for weeks, but some at least of them stick to their habits of the winter, for there are flights of them hurrying westward to their roosting-place beyond the hills, where the sun will soon be setting. Birds that can still do this have hardly yet begun to nest.

It is really in the grass and the plough-land that I see most change since my last visit. This meadow slopes before me to the west, and the sun, now close on the hill-top, fills all the grass with light, making the old brown tufts stand out distinctly amid the fresh growth of to-day. Those old tufts remind me of snow, and of Keats's hare that "limped trembling through the frozen grass"; these warm, green patches, of the boundless growth of buttercups that is to come, of exhausted cows on a hot June day, of all that wealth of summer rain that

no farmer seems to be able to foretell and anticipate. Thought might wander on at will, but my eye catches a new token of business (in the real sense of that sorrowfully handled word) in the abundant mole-heaps that crowd the slope a little further on.

These indefatigable little animals have been at work since January, when their favourite hunting-grounds suddenly showed an eruption of little brown hillocks; and now you see here and there among these a small stick thrust into the ground, which marks the spot where a trap has been set. Numbers are caught (their death, let me say, is almost instantaneous, for their lives seem to be always hanging by a very slender thread which can be broken by the slightest tap with a stick); but this seems to make little difference, and every morning shows a fresh eruption. Mark Pattison, who was fond of puzzling people, once told me that he had "posed" a distinguished man of science by asking him why the moles in our vast Oxford water-meadows are not each winter destroyed by the floods. Certain it is that in spite of the worst deluges we ever suffer there, the moles are on the spot again as soon as ever the water has cleared away. Ever since then I have kept an eye on the mole-heaps, and in fact have often wandered up and down these valleys, noticing their lie and order in the meadows; and find that these wary creatures do not often trust themselves out of reach of all means of retreat to higher ground. They live for the most part in those pleasant gently sloping fields that lie just above the flat alluvial meadows, and here or in the adjoining hedgerows you find their winter homes—huge mounds with a convenient series of passages, and with a warm nest of cut grass in a large chamber deep down in the centre. Hence they issue forth on hunting expeditions after worms in the water-meadows; for worms and water are their two chief wants. Once or twice I have found their fortresses in what at first looked a perilous spot, in the

flat ground close to a stream; but never in any place constantly liable to flood. And here, where we stand now, looking down on the little green valley with its brook, I can clearly distinguish the parts where the water is apt to lie for a day or two in wet weather, by the entire absence of mole-heaps.

And now the sun is behind the hill, and we will turn homewards by the path that skirts this ploughed field, whose freshly-harrowed surface shows red lights and shadows in the sunset, reminding me of the coat of a little red Devonshire cow. The deeps and hollows in that almost furry coat have a way of treating the sunshine which was a constant pleasure to me when staying at an Exmoor farm-house; and here is the same rough broken surface, changed from brown to various reds by the sunset behind me. Still more magical is the work of the sunset on the blue smoke that is now rising in every direction from the allotments, when the labourers are setting fire to the heaps of weeds they have been collecting. It drifts quietly away with the evening breeze, and spreads over the whole land; and then as the sun sets, a wonderful transformation scene takes place. All outlines lose their clearness; all strong colours become subdued; all objects are seen through a soft veil of pale violet, which clothes the whole country-side in such a tissue of quiet russets and lilacs as I will not attempt to describe. It is this weed-burning which makes the dullest open country so beautiful in sunny evenings of March and September, and always forbids me to shut up my windows until the light has almost vanished, and I can see nothing but a flame breaking out here and there from a heap whose moisture has at last been exhausted in smoke.

The process of getting ready involves the destruction of old things, as well as the appearance of new ones. As with the vegetation of last year, so too with the human population of our village. One or two at least of our oldest plants are sure to

fail and die before each spring comes round. In particular I miss one old acquaintance, a gamekeeper in his younger days, who had a good deal to tell of birds and beasts, and will go down to posterity in Mr. Aplin's work on *The Birds of Oxfordshire*. He was fond, like the inimitable ancient maltster in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, of telling you of his great age, and I once asked him if he remembered anything of the Waterloo times. He looked round at me with the one eye he possessed, and said tentatively:

"'Twas Wellin'ton as won the prize at the battle o' Waterloo, wasn't it, sir?"

I assured him that his memory had not deceived him. "Ay," he went on, "but 'twas old Blucher (he pronounced the 'ch' soft) as done all the vightin'; why Wellin'ton was a-dancin' away at a ball till old Blucher come up!"

Where Mr. Cook got hold of these odds and ends of truth, I have no idea. He is now gathered to his fathers, and has vanished away from us like the smoke.

March 18th.—Another beautiful and sunny morning, though the wind is veering round to the east. A stroll through the fields brings me to a hedge which has lately been lopped; the superfluous branches are lying on the grass in bundles. It is one of our warmest spots, and I am always on

the look-out for birds there. I have just been watching those birds of winter, the fieldfares, gathered in numbers on some trees, and chattering excitedly as if they were about to leave us. Suddenly a little brown thing flits out of one of the bundles of branches, hovers a minute in the air, and returns to shelter. There is not a bird among all our winter residents that would flit into the air like that, nor one that would creep among the twigs exactly as he is creeping now. Out he comes again, plays in the air for a second, and alights on another bundle a few yards further on. I have no longer any doubt, but my glass makes assurance doubly sure; it is the chiffchaff, the first of our summer birds, the first traveller to reach us from Africa and the warm south. He seems to have divined that we have been early in getting ready for him, and has accepted our invitation at an earlier date than I ever remember in these uplands. He has probably come up the valley, following the windings of the stream where he can always find both insects and shelter. At this point he has left it, and is making his way up the hedges till he arrives at his last year's home, where he can await the later arrival of a bride; soon his merry double note will be heard from elm or wood-side, announcing that all is ready for her.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

OUR BOYS IN FLORIDA.

FROM my experience in many countries I am inclined to think that it is well that an emigrant to a new land and entirely new conditions of life should make his acquaintance with them while yet a boy. I believe that trying first one thing and then another in the old country, and ultimately drifting out to our colonies or the United States as a last and unavoidable resource, is not calculated to make the life more palatable or the chances of success more secure. A lad of fifteen or sixteen has yet to form his ideas of actual life and the labour it invariably imposes, and by coming young to the work involved in a colonial life he is all the more likely to fit into the circumstances of his position, and mature his strength and form his ideas in harmony with his surroundings. To be contented is more than half the battle, and unless there is a certain sympathy between one's inner feelings and daily experience, this half of the battle is almost sure to be lost.

So much for going out young to the new life. Now for the two cardinal questions,—where to go, and what to do? The second question can be generally answered in the reply to the first, for in most instances the country, or part of the country, you select to go to determines the sort of work you will have to do. If, for instance, you emigrate to New Mexico or Alberta, it will be for cattle-ranching; if to Ontario or Virginia, it will be for mixed farming; if to Queensland, for sheep-farming; if to Nova Scotia or Maryland, for fruit-growing—more especially apples and pears; and if to Florida, also for fruit-growing, but more especially for oranges and lemons and other semi-tropical fruit. Yet in all these locali-

ties there is work of other kinds for a minority. The carpenter would not find himself out of place in any, the store-keeper is a necessity in all; and the handy all-round man, who can make a pair of trousers, mend a rail-fence, patch a pair of boots, shoe a horse, cook a good dinner, and add spice to its consumption by his own conviviality, is welcome everywhere.

In Florida, then, the work before the young emigrant is, primarily, orange-growing and, secondarily, fruit-growing. I hope to show in the course of this article that this is more pleasant and more suitable for the majority of young fellows who emigrate than the life of the farmer or the cowboy; that a lad can learn all he needs to know without banishing himself from civilization, and that he can earn a living without drudgery, and reap a good profit without sacrificing all other considerations.

In the first place a word or two about Florida may be useful even in these educated days. It is a land of lakes, and yet is practically a vast plain. There is no need for me to go into the geological reasons for this peculiarity; it is sufficient for our day that such is the geographical fact. Again, Florida is pierced by long and navigable rivers, expanding ever and again into lakes and lagoons. And yet once more: Florida is surrounded on three sides by water; on the west by the heated Gulf of Mexico, and on the east by the no less heated waters of the Gulf Stream, which pour into the Atlantic round the southern headlands of Florida and roll over the cooler ocean as a river of warm water. The State of Florida, then, may be said to be absolutely controlled by water. It is a land which is fostered to an exceptional extent by its surroundings, its

smaller lakes forming centres to which settlement gravitates, its larger lakes forming highways of travel and commerce. Its rivers are no less attractive than useful, and preserve numbers of fruit-growers from the rapacity of the railway companies by affording an alternative means of transport. The surrounding waters of the ocean and the gulf provide the peninsula with refreshing and comparatively cool breezes, while they temper the extremes of heat and cold which are common to the majority of the United States. They moderate the climate and all climatic tendencies, and the result is that Florida, though semi-tropical, is essentially temperate.

Thus much about the country whither our boys may go. Now for the question, what can they do there? First and foremost, they can grow oranges. There is no other state on the North American Continent in which they can do this,—save one. This exception is California, only a small portion of which is suitable for oranges. Moreover, California has from three to four thousand miles between it and the great centres of population, the markets for the produce. Florida stands practically alone as the orange-growing state. It has no real rival in America, and it need fear none from the Mediterranean or the Azores, for a good Florida orange yields to none in its delicacy of flavour and luscious consistency. Next to oranges come lemons. The great difficulty hitherto experienced was the immense size to which the lemons grew and which the growers seemed unable to prevent. The wisdom which comes with years, however, has shown them that the lemon may be picked from the tree when it reaches the desired size and then wrapped in tissue paper and packed. In a few days it changes from green to the familiar yellow hue, and is then placed on the market. Lemons pay just as well as oranges, and some people claim that they pay better. These are the two great crops of Florida. They may be grown with success if a man has capital, but without as much

as £1,500 or £2,000 it is absurd to venture on orange-growing as a sole means of subsistence. As an adjunct it is another matter, for if a man has only £100 I would say, buy your own ten-acre patch and plant forty or fifty trees whenever you can afford it. The man who does this is banking his money where it will not be lost, is providing against the possible rainy day, and is most certainly laying the foundations of a snug little business by and by.

Those who lack the necessary capital for orange growing embark on *trucking*, or vegetable-growing, instead. This is simply the market-garden business with a difference. All lesser fruits, and to a certain extent some vegetables, have to be put on the market before the usual season. For example, an enormous number of crates of strawberries are despatched to Philadelphia, New York, St. Louis, Chicago, and numerous other vast centres in February and March. Then, and then only, will they pay the cost of carriage. In April Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, and one or two other States come into competition; by the middle of May the fruit is a drug in the market. It is here that Florida favours the trucker: he can reckon on marketing his strawberries by February and on commanding the prices. In that month strawberries are selling at a dollar a quart in New York, and this, it may easily be imagined, leaves a handsome margin of profit for the producer.

But there is another market for the trucker, one nearer home and less unstable. Florida has some large cities, which year by year are increasing in population. Its winter—some four or five months of beautiful weather—attracts enormous hordes of tourists from the frost-bound north. The hotels of Jacksonville alone register from sixty to eighty thousand visitors in this season. The palatial hotels which are scattered up and down the St. John's river and elsewhere throughout Florida are thronged with guests who have come to spend money and enjoy themselves. Whence can

these get vegetables, salads, fruits for the table, fruits for that everlasting consumption which never ceases during the waking hours of the American who is having "a good time"? The Florida trucker is at hand; he is there to satisfy the ever-growing demand. He settles near some good centre, and there are many; he has some five to forty acres, according to his means, under cultivation; an acre of strawberries here, an acre of cauliflowers there, ten acres of potatoes beyond. He settles near, in order to save carriage and the inevitable injury that transport does his produce; he prospers, because he is in a position to know exactly what is wanted, and what he must supply, and can make contracts with the hotel-proprietors or wholesale market-dealers. There is an ever-increasing number of Englishmen engaged in this work, and I know many men and properties that are realising really handsome returns.

This, then, is the work which English lads go out to learn. They select, according to their command of capital, the lot of the orange-grower or that of the trucker. The majority prefer the life of the former and elect to follow it; but there can be little doubt that the majority should be the other way. The life of the orange-grower is easier, and certainly more remunerative in proportion to the labour involved, but he has put all his eggs into one basket, and the risk is considerably enhanced. It is different with the trucker. If his strawberries fail, his lettuces may redeem the balance; tomatoes and potatoes may be relied upon to make up the loss he might sustain on his cabbages, and so on. The life is less attractive than that of the man who looks from the piazza of his bungalow upon long radiating lines of glorious orange-trees, who sees amid their dark glossy foliage the twinkling globes of their golden harvest, and who mentally reckons up in his mind the formidable total in dollars he expects to net. So far, so good. But he must nevertheless be

anxious, for there are enemies lurking about; various insects who fasten on the trees and hinder their growth while they prevent their production, and there is, once in a long while certainly, but still possibly an annual visitor, a hard frost. The great frost however of 1885—the hardest Florida has known for fifty years—killed comparatively few trees. Such of the crop as was left on the trees was pretty generally destroyed; but frost rarely occurs in December, and by the end of that month the bulk of the crop should be harvested.

The majority of young Englishmen who migrate to Florida do so in the capacity of pupils. They go to some orange or fruit-grower, who boards, lodges, and teaches—in other words, *works* them—for remuneration varying from £50 to £100 a year. I have noted the pupil-system with some care, and I am of opinion that in spite of its defects it justifies its existence. Numbers of young fellows go out to this State who are too young to start on their own account, and in any case too inexperienced to be allowed to do so. In any new country experience is worth money, and this is especially true with regard to Florida. The £50 or £60—and the latter is I consider quite enough to pay, considering one's labour is given where labour commands a high price—which is paid to the orange-grower is a judicious investment. An average lad picks up a lot of useful knowledge in a year, and he at least learns what chiefly to avoid in buying land and rearing crops. If the life and the country do not suit him, he can leave them behind without having spent a penny more than he would have done at home or elsewhere. He has plunged into no business intricacies out of which he can only disentangle himself with loss, and at the end of the year he is free to go elsewhere, or able to start as a fruit-grower himself with every prospect of success.

This first start in business is generally shared by one or more of his fellow-pupils, and the partners live or

batch, as it is called, together in one house, each taking turns to do the cooking. But before this stage is reached I will briefly sketch the main outlines of the previous stage, the era of pupildom, so as to give some idea of the life so many young Englishmen, of ages varying from fifteen to twenty and even more, lead during their first year in Florida.

After a good night's rest,—for even in summer the nights are cool and pleasant—the orange-grower in embryo turns out about five A.M. and, slipping on flannel shirt and trousers and an easy pair of untanned leather boots, proceeds to feed the stock. This includes the horse or horses, the cows (if any stalled), and the poultry. Poultry are thought a good deal of in Florida, and in country districts where beef is tough and not always easy to get it is not surprising that poultry and fish should form the staple of consumption on the dinner-table. Moreover the droppings of poultry are excellent for the orange-trees, and it is no uncommon thing to keep them in the grove in movable pens. These pens are formed of hurdles some ten feet in height and are moved every few days. This, also, the pupil will have to do.

About seven o'clock all this early work will be finished, and breakfast claims attention. I say claims, but the claiming, if not the clamouring, is all on the other side! Young fellows, who in England have only got out of bed at five o'clock in the morning by accident and who have never done two hours work before breakfast, find this stock-feeding a marvellous whet to the appetite. Some take a cup of coffee and a biscuit when they turn out, and it may be as well that they should. In any case I have never known it prejudicial to their performances at the breakfast-table two hours later. Breakfast itself consists of coffee or tea, eggs, some made dish, and stewed fruit. A man who takes pupils keeps a negro cook (male or female), and the food is palatable

enough; but it is very different when the emancipated pupil blossoms out into a grower of oranges and at the same time into a cooker of meals! The result for a long time at any rate, is—but let us draw a veil!

After breakfast and a general talk over the work of the day, all hands turn out on to the grove or the garden. The grove occasionally needs ploughing or harrowing, but the sandy soil is so light that the labour is not to be compared to that of the farmer, or his plough to the instrument in use in Florida. The plough is in fact so light that you can guide it with one hand, and the labour is easily borne by a mere lad. It is not such hard work as running a mowing-machine over an English lawn, but it is warmer. This ploughing and harrowing of the grove is done rather frequently, as the soil is apt to cake, and consequently a re-arrangement of its constituents is required for air and moisture to percolate to the lower stratum. Similarly, in working the garden, the lightness of the soil is all in one's favour. In fact—and this covers every kind of labour in Florida but tree-felling and hummock-clearing, work which should invariably be done by the negro—there is no really hard labour in growing either fruits or vegetables in Florida. In summer, when it is hot, even light work is laborious at noon; but no one in his senses will work in the full heat of the summer sun. Some men do, and I have met men who have done so for two or three seasons without any apparent injury, but this does not alter the case. It is too powerful a test to apply to the constitution of one accustomed by heredity and habit to a northern climate, and in the great majority of cases where it has been applied the result has been bad. For it must always be remembered that the climate of Florida is healthy so long as a man keeps himself in good condition and obeys those natural laws which are imperative in sub-tropical as well as tropical climates. But the moment liberties are taken I guarantee the settler

from a northern land no immunity from ague or malaria. And malaria, although in the great majority of cases but a slight affair, can be very nasty, very malignant, and extremely painful.

Throughout the summer and autumn, then, out-door work is knocked off at ten A.M. and not resumed till about four P.M. or even later. About four hours work a day on a grove will keep it in perfect condition, and there is no need for more. Some will loiter about and spread a job of an hour's work over three or four hours. It is a poor policy. From about ten A.M. till four P.M. there is plenty to do one way or another indoors, and these mid-day hours pass pleasantly and all too quickly under the agreeable shade of the broad verandah. At the same time, there is not the slightest danger in simple exposure to the sun. The mid-day hours of the summer are invariably moderated by a strong, fresh breeze, which arises as punctually as clock-work, and I have ridden many a mile and throughout many a day without suffering the slightest inconvenience or harm. It is only work that is likely to prove hurtful; the accelerated action of the heart, the more or less cramped positions, the labour itself, unusual to so many—all these help to weaken the physical strength if persisted in, day after day, through a five months' summer.

The orange-grower has most of his work in the summer; the trucker has his in the autumn and early months of the winter. This is as it should be, for the cultivation of innumerable small plants is much more fatiguing than the culture of some hundreds or even thousands of orange-trees. The autumn is a period of rest to the orange-grower and of activity to the trucker. In the winter the oranges have to be clipped from the branches, sized, wrapped, packed, and marketed. This done, all work in the grove itself is over for a couple of months. Throughout the winter, however, the trucker is busy at work, planting a rapid succession of crops, and not allow-

ing ten square yards of good land to lie fallow for a day. With the summer his slack time arrives; but if he be near a first-rate market it is only comparatively slack. Although there is a demand all the year round in such districts—and in such districts alone—it is safest to reckon the summer as the season of rest. It will not be found an unpleasant one.

I would here give some figures as to actual outlay and returns, but the fact is that so much depends on various conditions that it is impossible to say to one who has never tried the life, "With such and such a capital, you can make two, three, or four hundred a year." Everything depends on the personal equation—on the grower himself. One man will make a good living by trucking with a capital of £500; another will fail dismally. With £2,000 a practical, keen-sighted young fellow should make a good living out of oranges; but another one would hardly make two ends meet with an outlay, perhaps, of twice that sum! So much depends on the man. I know a young fellow—just twenty—who with an original capital of about £200 is now making a good living by trucking. But the first two years he practically supported himself by working for other people. He had picked up a fair knowledge of carpentry before he left the Sussex parsonage which had been his home, and this has stood him in good stead. He has been hard working and persistent, and so he has turned the corner and is now doing well.

I have referred to making a good living. This is what I mean by it. You live in your own house, for which you pay not a farthing of rent; you have your own property from five to forty or more acres in extent; you keep a light buggy, or buck-board, and a horse or mule; you live admirably on poultry, game, fish, meat, vegetables, fruits, fruit-drinks, &c., &c. The only necessaries you need buy are meat, tea, coffee, sugar, and clothes. Meat may be dispensed with pretty often. Clothes are expensive throughout America, but

in Florida where a flannel shirt and trousers is the ordinary costume throughout the year, this item does not mount up much. Any one going out from England should take all the old clothes he has. They will come in very usefully when and how he least expects. White flannel shirts are the best, but trousers and coats should be made of grey flannel. It is more durable, I think, and certainly a better material for withstanding dust and dirt.

While on the subject of clothes I would urge upon those who are contemplating migration to Florida (unaccompanied by mothers, sisters, or wives) to master the simpler arts of the needle. To sew on a button without working yourself into a state of irritation and heat which threatens to make yourself and life generally unbearable, is an achievement with which I am fain to think most of the young Englishmen who are *batching* in the pine-woods of Florida are not familiar. To make a button-hole which is not a simple slit with a pruning-knife is an accomplishment to be very much desired by many of my countrymen in Florida. Then, again, how easily learnt, and how useful when learnt, are the rudiments of darning! Ye daughters of England who dwell at home in ease, can you not manage for your brothers to do a little better in this respect? Again, there are hundreds of Englishmen, many mere lads, who are combining the arts of housekeeping with those of arboriculture in the pine-woods. The cookery of these same heroes—for it is nothing short of heroism to enter on such a contest with the raw material—could be more easily imagined than described did the average imagination soar. But it does not, and as the cooking baffles description I had better leave it alone.

Yet I cannot do this without one word to those who sent these lads out

to a new life in a strange country. You have doubtless spent hundreds of pounds on giving them what is called, and called with good reason, the education of a gentleman. But why did you not also hire the baker's man for an hour or two once a week and teach your boy to make bread which does not resemble lead? Why did you not call in the carpenter and have your boy taught to make or mend a door, a chair, a box, a gate, or even how to handle a saw, a plane, and a chisel? You have sent him out to do the work of a labourer without even one day's previous experience of such labour. That nurture, which is not controlled by sense, is often more cruel than neglect. There is many a lad struggling on in squalor in the colonies, who if he had but been taught some simple lessons in common things would be living in comfort and wholesomeness. I have seen young fellows arrive in Florida who, for all the previous preparation they have had for the life they were to lead, might have been cast out there to die, so unprepared were they, so unfitted to live wholesomely!

But it must not be supposed that these victims to parental folly eke out a miserable existence from year's end to year's end. No, despite ill-cooked food and enormous waste, despite dilapidated fences and houses which are all shouting for simple carpentry, these scions of a tenacious race manage to extract most of the honey which life in Florida affords. They do not take work too seriously—many, indeed, not seriously enough, especially those who are settled in the so-called colonies—and they seldom fail to make the calm cool evenings, which render the Florida summers so charming, minister to whatever social relaxation the neighbourhood can supply.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.

GEORGE WITHER.

JOHN BRIGHT is reported to have said to a friend, "If you come across a quotation in any speech of mine that you don't recognise, it is probably Wither." It is possible that to some of his friends the name might have been as unfamiliar as the quotations; they may even have taken it as a misprint for Whittier. Yet George Wither was a person of no inconsiderable note in his day, and among the voluminous writings which he has left behind him are several passages of rare grace and beauty. His career as an author commenced in 1613, the year which witnessed the production of the last of Shakespeare's dramatic creations, and it only terminated with his death in 1667, the year following the great fire of London. He may be said to have outlived his own fame. Pope refers to him in *The Dunciad* as "wretched Wither," sleeping "among the dull of ancient days, safe where no critics damn;" but he was in Pope's time only remembered as a renegade cavalier who, like all renegades, was extremely bitter against his old party. Ritson, the crusty collector of old ballads, called him the English Bavius, and the more genial Bishop Percy merely says that "he distinguished himself in youth by some pastoral pieces that were not inelegant." Subsequent critics, however, have adopted a much higher estimate of Wither's poetical work. Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Poets*, and Sir Egerton Brydges in his *Censura Literaria*, both quoted Wither extensively, and spoke enthusiastically of the sweetness and melody of his verse; while Charles Lamb, beyond question the most competent of all judges of our older literature, has devoted to his earlier poems an essay full of fine and felicitous praise.

George Wither was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire. His family was apparently of some position and wealth, for he records how in his youthful days hounds, hawks, and horses were at his command, and intimates that he might have required "without denial,"

The lute, the organ, or deep-sounding vial,

or indeed anything else he had a mind to, to cheer his spirits. In his sixteenth year he was sent up to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for some time he found more delight in "practice at the tennis-ball" than in practice at "old Scotus, Seton, and new Kecker-man." Hardly, however, had he turned over a new leaf, and begun to love a learned college life, when he was removed from Oxford and taken home, much to his disgust, "to hold the plough." Though not altogether congenial to him, a farming life was far from unendurable, but a proposal to apprentice him to "some mechanic trade" was not to be thought of with equanimity, and the youth, then eighteen years of age, hurried off to London. Here he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and was fortunate enough to strike up a close friendship with William Browne, who was then meditating his *Britannia's Pastorals*, the influence of which powerfully affected all the earlier work of his friend. Wither's plans were not very definite, but he had a vague notion that he could push his fortune at court. Naturally therefore he dropped into the laureate vein, and we find him, in company with numerous other bards, bewailing the untimely death of Prince Henry with a sheaf of elegies, and the next year composing *epithalamia* to celebrate the marriage of the Prin-

cess Elizabeth. There was apparently not enough of the sycophant in Wither's composition to ensure him a rapid rise in court favour, and failing to obtain any preferment, he turned satirical and in 1613 produced his *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, the dedication to which says that, having been provided with no work, he has employed his leisure in observing the vices of the times. Warton says the satires are severe but not witty. They certainly contain none of those pungent personalities such as Dryden and Pope loved to make their adversaries' ears tingle with. Hate, envy, revenge, covetousness, vanity and the rest of them, receive some hard knocks, but it is always abstract vice that he scourges, never particular men in whom such vices are presumed to be personified. Perhaps, however, it was more evident at the time than it is now what people in high places the cap fitted. At all events the satires sufficed to obtain for their author a lodging in the Marshalsea prison. Curiously enough, he appears to have thought that as satire got him in, satire might get him out. Accordingly in 1614 he composed another, written with much vigour, and addressed to the King, in which he shows himself altogether unrepentant for his former offence.

Perhaps it was thought wise to muzzle such an outspoken muse, or some other influence may have been at work; at any rate Wither was soon liberated, and moreover presented by the King with a patent for some *Hymns and Songs of the Church* which he proposed to write. But he had chosen the wrong road to fortune. The man who wrote the following lines had evidently mistaken his vocation when he proposed to rise in life by the arts of the courtier, though, as we have seen, he had at least tried his hand at the doleful elegies he now scorns, and apparently to no purpose.

I have no Muses that will serve the turn
At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn
Upon a minute's warning for their hire,
If with old sherry they themselves inspire.

I am not of a temper like to those
That can provide an hour's sad talk in
prose
For any funeral, and then go dine,
And choke my grief with sugar-plums and
wine.

I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph.

I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
Of some old rotten miser with my verse;
Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme
For every lord or ladyship that dies,
And then perplex their heirs to patronise
That muddy poesy.

So he will find out a more excellent way to success. During his imprisonment in the Marshalsea, he had composed *The Shepherd's Hunting*. This is a pastoral poem in five eclogues. In the first eclogue, Willie (William Browne) comes to lament his friend's imprisonment, and finds that he may save his labour, for Philarete (Wither) has discovered that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," and professes to have enjoyed more true bliss and content in the quiet prison than ever he knew in the contentious court. In the second and third eclogue Philarete relates, under the thin disguise of a shepherd's hunting, the whole story of his imprisonment and the cause of it. It is in the fourth eclogue that Wither first uses, and at once with consummate mastery, that seven-syllabled trochaic metre which so delighted Charles Lamb. Philarete advises his friend to produce more pastorals. Willy dejectedly replies that what he has done has not been very well received; that he has been told he is too young, and should "keep his skill in store till he has seen some winters more." Whereupon Philarete declares,

That the sacred Muses can
Make a child in years a man.

And then follows "that rapturous melody of praise and thanksgiving to poetry, which," says Mr. Swinburne, "has made the modest name and gentle genius of Wither immortal in the lov-

ing memory of all who know and cherish that 'best earthly bliss' which filled his prison-house with 'comfort and delight.'" This splendid panegyric, which extends to a hundred and twenty lines, has been more frequently quoted than anything else that Wither wrote, but it is not by any means so generally known that any apology need be offered for transcribing one of its finest passages again. She, he says of his Muse,

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace ;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments,
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring
Or the least bough's rusteling,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

"The praises of poetry," says Charles Lamb, "have been often sung in ancient and in modern times ; strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors ; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged ; but, before Wither, no one ever celebrated its power at home, the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. Fame, and that too after death, was all which hitherto the poets had promised themselves from their art. It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession, as well as a rich reversion ; and that the Muse had promise of both lives, of this and of that which was to come."

Wither's "darling measure," in which the fourth eclogue of *The Shepherd's Hunting*, and the greater part of *The Mistress of Philarete* is written,

has been sometimes spoken of by critics as octosyllabic verse, which plainly it is not. It is the seven-syllabled trochaic couplet, which Shakespeare lightly laughed at as the "butter-woman's rank to market," and which, as used at a later date by Ambrose Philips, roused Henry Carey (he "who lived a life free from reproach, and hanged himself October the 4th, 1743") to parody it and add a new adjective to our English vocabulary in calling it Namby-Pamby. Wither himself seems to anticipate some cavilling at it, for he says :

If the verse here usèd be
Their dislike ; it liketh me.
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' vaines.

Doubtless it is a form of verse that readily runs into doggerel, and the fatal facility of its flow tends to the production of a maximum of jingling sound with a minimum of sense. But in the hands of masters like Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Wither, and Milton it has proved itself an instrument of considerable compass, and they have drawn from it not only strains of "linked sweetness long drawn out," but notes of deeper harmony and power. In a note to the essay already quoted, Lamb cites the following lines from *The Shepherd's Hunting* :

If thy birth doth bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power ;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more,
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last,

and, remarking that "a long line is a line we are long repeating," he asks what Alexandrine could express "labour slowly but strongly surmounting difficulty" as it is done in the second of these lines ? Again, he says, in more sweeping terms, "What metre could go beyond these, from *Philarete* ?"

Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart,
Thoughts too deep to be express'd
And too strong to be suppress'd.

In 1618 appeared *The Motto*, written, he says, by way of recreation after his liberation from the Marshalsea. It is a long poem (some two thousand lines) in the heroic couplet, and is divided into three sections corresponding to the three divisions of the motto, *Nec habeo, Nec curo, Nec careo*. It is in form a continuous self-eulogy, yet, as has been more than once remarked, it is singularly free from any offensive or distasteful egotism. The reason of this is supplied by Wither himself in his preface to *The Motto*. "My intent was," he says, "to draw the true picture of mine own heart; that my friends who knew me outwardly might have some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the form of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their own minds thereunto. But my principal intention was, by recording those thoughts, to confirm mine own resolution; and to prevent such alterations as time and infirmities may work upon me." That is to say, he had no intention of holding up a likeness of himself for all men to admire and imitate, but of painting the picture of a man such as he fain would have himself to be. And, being endowed with a pure and healthy mind, his ideal is a high and noble one. Regarding *The Motto* as a work of art, we may, in spite of an occasional fine passage, adopt his own words. "The language," he says, "is but indifferent: for I affected matter more than words. The method is none at all: for I was loathe to make a business of a recreation."

In 1619 appeared *Fidelia*, an elegiac epistle of forty-four pages from a forsaken fair one to her inconstant lover. The lady, without any feigning, pours out her own love with all the ardour of an Eloisa and something of the plain-spokenness of a Juliet. There are some fine touches in the poem, but, though Wither seems to have been a master in the art of love, we have a shrewd suspicion that there is too strong a tincture of the masculine element in *Fidelia's* philtre.

Fair Virtue, though written some time before, did not see the light until 1622, and even then was published anonymously, because Wither had some, though perfectly groundless, fears that it would damage the credit of more serious work which he then had in hand. It was entitled *Fair Virtue: or, The Mistress of Philarete, written by Himself*; and in a preface the publisher says that he has entreated the author to explain his meaning in certain obscure passages, and to set down to what good purposes the poem would serve. All he could get from him was, however, that the first would take away the employment of his interpreters, and the second would be well enough found out by all such as had honest understandings. The reader is designedly left in doubt whether the poet is merely celebrating the charms of his own mistress, or laying his votive offering at the shrine of Virtue herself. The introductory epistle favours the latter view.

On this glass of thy perfection,
If that any women pry,
Let them thereby take direction
To adorn themselves thereby,
And if aught amiss they view,
Let them dress themselves anew.

This thy picture therefore show I
Naked unto every eye.
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy.
For the more make love to thee
I the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover
That would mew thee in a jail;
But thy beauty I discover
English-like, without a veil.
If thou mayst be won away,
Win and wear thee, he that may.

In another passage, however, he distinctly states that he is painting no imaginary portrait, but that a real love for a real lady is the fount and inspiration of his song.

For if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy maids,
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream and bread and cheese.

It is also probable that he would have remained in the embarrassing condition in which he found himself when, as he confesses, he simultaneously courted Amaryllis, Phyllis, Daphne, and Cloris,

And in love with all together,
 Fear'd the enjoying either,
 'Cause to be of one possest
 Bar'd the hope of all the rest.

But now the face of the whole round world is changed, and he is as constant as the needle to the pole. He proceeds to sing the praises of his mistress in his own rude way, as he modestly says, but really with many a delicate touch of dainty art, as in the following lines :

When her ivory teeth she buries
 'Twixt her two enticing cherries,
 There appear such pleasures hidden
 As might tempt what we're forbidden.
 If you look again, the whites
 She doth part those lips in smiles,
 'Tis as when a flash of light
 Breaks from heaven to glad the night.

Charles Lamb, with unerring taste, has pointed out two passages of *The Mistress of Philarete* as being of pre-eminent merit. They are indeed the fairest flowers in this lover's coronal. The first passage is that wherein he wonders that all men, even her servants, are not pleading love, and then explains, according to love's philosophy, why they are not. It is too long to be transcribed in this place, and the reader must be referred to Lamb's essay, or to a copy of Wither's poems if haply he may find one.

The second passage is that in which he vindicates himself against the common charge of hyperbole by boldly denying the possibility of hyperbole, and justifying his "setting forth her glories by unheard-of allegories." The whole passage is fine, and the following six lines are among the loveliest of their kind in our literature.

Stars indeed fair creatures be ;
 Yet amongst us where is he
 Joys not more the whilst he lies
 Sunning in his mistress' eyes,
 Than in all the glimmering light
 Of a starry winter's night ?

But he is not content only to celebrate his mistress's beauty of hand, and foot, of lip, and eye, and brow ; he must also praise her spiritual perfections, for,

This that I have here exprest
 Is but that which veils the rest.
 An incomparable shrine
 Of a beauty more divine.

And moreover,

These are beauties that shall last
 When the crimson blood shall waste,
 And the shining hair turn grey,
 Or with age be worn away.

It is strange that any man capable of producing poetry of this high order should ever have felt called upon to apologize for it, as Wither did on more than one occasion. In his satire *Of the Passion of Love*, after railing in good set terms at the absurdities commonly perpetrated by people in that undesirable condition, he bethinks himself of his own *Philarete*.

How now ; was't not you (says one) that
 late
 So humbly begg'd a boon at Beauty's gate ?

Yes ; he must admit it was ; and all he can say for himself is that he has had his follies like other men, and doubtless cut quite as absurd a figure as any imaginary lover depicted in the present satire. And again, in a post-script to *The Shepherd's Hunting*, he anticipates a similar objection, though in this case he takes his stand boldly on the feelings natural to ardent youth ; for he says, "Neither am I so cynical but that I think a modest expression of such amorous conceits as suit with reason will yet very well become my years ; in which not to have feeling of the power of love were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an over sottish affection were of extreme folly." This is admirably put, and quite unimpeachable ; but there was not the slightest necessity for him to apologize. Allowing for the change in manners since the seventeenth century, Wither's muse is as modest as Mr. Coventry Patmore's.

Nearly all Wither's best work was produced in the decade 1613 to 1623. Between these two dates were published his *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, *Fidelic*, *The Shepherd's Hunting*, *The Motto*, and *The Mistress of Philarete*. With these we take leave of Wither the poet, and in subsequent publications make acquaintance with Wither the preacher, the prophet, the puritan, and the politician. Wither was no exception to the general rule that those who abandon for public life the studies of poetry and philosophy suffer a steady degeneration, partaking like brooks and rivers, as Landor finely says, "the nature of that vast body whereunto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion." Not that Wither ever became quite the fanatic that he has been represented to have been. Up to the time of the outbreak of the civil war, he was an adherent of the established order both in church and state. His *Hymns and Songs of the Church* were approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he says in his *Furor Poeticus*,

The Royal Power I loyally obey'd
And though it did oppress, was so afraid
Of innovating, that a Reformation
Thereof I wishéd, not an extirpation.

He never became a sectary, but described himself, like Milton, as a member of the Church Universal. One sentence from his *Answer to Some Objections* is worth quoting. "True faith," he says, "cannot be evidenced without good works, which being imperfect in the best of men, we have no such certain mark whereby unfeigned disciples may be known, as by their being loving to each other, and charitably affected towards all men; yea, although they are our personal enemies." His own charitableness was considerably tempered by an ineradicable contentiousness. He lived under eleven different forms of government, and he managed to be more or less at loggerheads with them all.

Wither was in London during the

devastation caused by the plague of 1625. "When hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations" he remained, "to be a Remembrance both to this city and the whole nation." In his *Britain's Remembrancer* he describes his experience in walking the deserted streets. The Royal Change and St. Paul's Cathedral, usually crowded promenades, were avoided as places of certain danger; the Strand was as unfrequented as a country road; the Inns of Court were silent as the grave; smokeless chimneys betokened that numberless houses were uninhabited, and where pleasant women's faces were once to be seen, "the empty casements gapèd wide for air." Two poets, Thomas Lodge and John Fletcher, are said to have perished in this pestilence, but Wither had no belief in contagion, and notwithstanding that he awoke one morning with "round ruddy spots" (the fatal signs) on his breast and shoulders, he came through the danger unscathed.

In 1639 occurred his first experience of soldiering, when he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots. On the outbreak of the war in England, Wither, according to Anthony Wood, sold his estate and raised a troop for the service of the Parliament. In 1643 he was appointed governor of Farnham Castle. He asserted that his superiors neglected to supply him with adequate means of defending the place; his enemies said that he deserted it. Anyhow, as Campbell remarks, the defence of his conduct which he afterwards published seems to have been far more resolute than his defence of the fortress. Wither's own house and farm were among the first to suffer during the war, for, as early as January 1642, we find the House of Commons making an order for the immediate payment to him of £328 6s., by way of compensation for the plunder by the King's cavaliers. But Wither claimed to have lost as much as £2,000, and he obtained an order empowering him to indemnify himself by seizing the goods of those who had plundered him.

Among these was Sir John Denham, and Wither promptly seized upon his neighbour's property. Some time after this, as Aubrey tells the story, Wither was taken prisoner, and in great danger of his life; but Sir John Denham prayed the King not to hang him, for that while George Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Wither's life was accordingly spared. In 1643 we hear of him in poverty and distress, getting pecuniary aid from his generous friend Mr. Westron and from the Earl of Essex. He appears to have been perpetually petitioning Parliament for the redress of his grievances, and getting orders for his relief which were almost invariably of no benefit to him.

The energy which in happier circumstances might have given us permanent additions to our poetical literature, expended itself in cursory comments on current events, futile vaticinations, and profitless controversies. In 1653 his ever-restless mind produced a curious scheme for parliamentary reform. He declared the means of settlement to be an "Everlasting Parliament." Every city, shire, or borough, "on pain of being deeply fined," was to elect a representative annually, and this was to be done in such a manner that a twelfth part of the members retired, and new members took their places every month. The members were to be paid their wages regularly, and the House was to elect a fresh Speaker also every month. Undue influence in elections was to be punished by exile, and bribery in the public offices by death. There was to be a new Parliament House, "with towers adorned and strong walls fenced about," and having gardens and fair walks adjoining thereto. Members were to receive free lodging in twelve mansions to be erected close by the House, there was to be "a constant table of one meal a day" for all and sundry, and many other things arranged,

So as they might,
Pursue the public service with delight.

And "forasmuch as outward habits draw respect unto men's persons," the members were to be all alike attired in a peculiar robe or upper garment, and from each man's neck was to be suspended a golden tablet whereon was enamelled "the British Isles within the ocean placed." This poetico-political pamphlet may be commended to the attention of certain hon. members now at St. Stephen's.

Wither's own circumstances, however, were growing worse and worse. His enemies caused his name to be struck from the Commission of the Peace for Hampshire and from the militia, and he had become so poor that when it was proposed to rate him at two horses for the service of the militia, he pitifully protested that he was hardly able to find so much as the bridles. In August, 1661, his books and papers were seized by authority of a warrant from Secretary Nicholas; he was charged with publishing a seditious libel against members of the House of Commons, and in the course of a few days found himself a prisoner in Newgate. He was kept in confinement until July, 1663, when he was released, on giving to the Lieutenant of the Tower a bond to be of good behaviour. A second time he saw the plague ravage London, and although none of his household succumbed to it, the sickness and subsequent fire played such havoc among his friends that, some being dead, some impoverished, and the remainder scattered, neither he nor they knew where to find each other, and there were few or none to help him in the destitution of his latter days. He died on May 2nd, 1667.

Wither's poetry, at least all that was written between 1613 and 1623, before he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, is characterized by fine feeling, delicate fancy, true pathos, and singularly sweet versification. He is at his best in the seven-syllabled trochaic measure of *Philarete* and *The Shepherd's Hunting*, but many of his lyrics are only below the best, and

have that indescribable charm of the older Elizabethan manner, which he lived long enough to see evaporating into the courtly sprightliness of his later contemporaries. Only one of these keeps its place in the popular anthologies, the "Shall I wasting in despair," to which Mr. Palgrave in his *Golden Treasury* has prefixed the title of "The Manly Heart." But Wither has the true lyrical note, and the music of more than one song of his "beats time to nothing in the brain" of many a student who knows and loves the treasures that lie buried in worm-eaten volumes on the dustiest shelves of our great libraries.

Wither was not included in Chalmers's

collection of the British Poets, neither has any complete edition of his works ever been published. In the early years of this century Sir Egerton Brydges edited a somewhat meagre selection from them, and in 1872 the Spencer Society published three handsome volumes entitled *Juvenilia*, containing nearly all his best work. But these are neither generally known nor easily accessible, and a popular reprint of some half-dozen of Wither's most notable performances would be a boon for which all true lovers of poetry would be deeply grateful.

JOHN FYVIE.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF HAMISH MACGREGOR.

In the spring of 1745 there were constant rumours of Jacobite intrigues against the Hanoverian Government. Secret agents were known to be at work, and it was reported that an attempt was soon to be made against the reigning family. The battle of Fontenoy, followed by the surrender of Ghent and the fall of Ostend, raised the hopes of the Jacobites; and the uneasy feeling which had for some time pervaded official circles was increased in the course of the summer. There were in Scotland many persons against whom reasonable suspicions were entertained, but it was very difficult to obtain evidence against them. It was equally difficult to obtain information regarding the movements of Prince Charles Edward, who was suspected of meditating an invasion, and of his adherents on the continent; and it was not until the end of July, or the beginning of August, that the officials in Scotland were aware that an expedition had actually sailed.

In these days, when a complete system of postal and telegraphic communication carries news all over the country in a few hours, it is almost impossible to realize the difficulties against which Government had to contend at a time when the roads were few and bad, when there were no regular posts, and when the only means of obtaining information was the employment of spies. It was easy to find persons who were ready to act as informers; but the difficulty was to secure the services of men who were in the confidence of the Jacobites. Such an agent, however, presented himself to the officials at Edinburgh in the person of Hamish MacGregor, a son of the well-known Rob Roy. "I'se plainly tell ye, ye are breeding up your family

to gang an ill gate," says Bailie Nicol Jarvie to Rob Roy; and the prediction which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of the Bailie came true. Rob Roy's sons lived a life of thieving, rapine, and violence; and one of them, Robin Oig, was hanged at Edinburgh for the dastardly crime of which an account is given in the introduction to *Rob Roy*.

Hamish, or James, MacGregor seems to have been the ablest of the family. He had inherited much of his father's personal strength and cunning, and was regarded as the head of the family. Instead of following his father's example and taking the name of Campbell, he had assumed that of Drummond, the family name of the Duke of Perth, and was generally known as James Drummond. It appears, from papers preserved in the Public Record Office, that in the spring of 1745 he was in communication with General Guest and the Solicitor-General for Scotland, Mr. Robert Dundas, to whom he represented himself as having a friend from whom he could, if employed by the Government, obtain valuable information regarding the intrigues of the Jacobite party. But these proposals came to nothing.

Early in August, however, he again approached the Government and offered himself as an informer, putting, as will be seen, a high value on his services. And indeed those who were in charge of affairs in Scotland at this time were in much need of assistance, of whatever kind it might be, Prince Charles Edward had reached the Hebrides on July 23rd, and for a fortnight later absolutely nothing definite was known regarding his movements. The Lord Advocate at this time was Mr. Robert Craigie, who, on August 2nd wrote to the Marquis of

Tweeddale, then Secretary of State for Scotland, in the following terms :

This morning James Drummond, eldest son to the late Rob Roy Macgregor, called upon me occasionally, and after some conversation with him, I found he was the person who had been dealing with Mr. Guest and the Solicitor this spring ; and as he thought they did not use him well he gave up all treaty in the manner I formerly mentioned to your Lordship. And upon my assuring him of all suitable encouragement and protection he made the declaration of which I send your Lordship a copy enclosed. As the clan of which he is reckoned the chief is dispersed through the Duke of Perth's estate, and he himself was till Whitsunday last a tenant of my Lord Montrose's in the neighbourhood, it was for that reason that he pretended that it was from a third person that he expected his intelligence in his treaty with Mr. Guest, because he apprehended that a discovery of his being the informer would not only expose his goods, but also his person, to danger. And he insisted with me that I should mention him to nobody here until he was assured of the Government's protection ; and he mentioned his having a commission in the new Highland regiment ; that if he had such a commission he would think himself justified to the world in going all lengths in the service of the Government ; whereas at present he would be looked upon as a spy and informer. You may be sure I would not promise to obtain for him what is not in my power ; but I promised him secrecy in case he was not provided. And I am resolved to give him some money, whether it's allowed me or not ; and I hope your Lordship will forgive me to offer my humble opinion that as I know this man to be a brave sensible fellow, and to be a man of some consequence in the Highlands, and I think one that is disobliged at the Duke of Perth, that it will be for His Majesty's service that he be provided in a lieutenancy or ensigny in the Highland regiment. I believe there is a vacancy, or one may easily be made. At the same time I believe that if he was assured of the thing, he might be of more service without its being known that he is in the service of the Government, than if he were actually in commission, as he is at present not suspected by the Jacobites, and has thereby access to their secrets.

Mr. Craigie then goes on to speak of the intelligence which he had

received from Drummond, and thus concludes his letter : "As I promised absolute secrecy until I could give Mr. Drummond some assurance of encouragement, and as his information contains several things new, I thought it proper to send this by express, that I might receive your directions, and also that I may be at liberty to communicate to Sir John Cope my informer, and that I may obtain from him the proper assistance to Mr. Drummond."

The information laid before Mr. Craigie by Drummond at the interview described in this letter was sent up to London, and is still to be seen among the papers relating to Scotland at the Public Record Office. It contains little or nothing which is not now well known ; but the Ministry were then in complete ignorance of what was going on in the Highlands. The picture which the official correspondence of that busy time reveals is deplorable. Sir John Cope, well-bred and affable, but utterly wanting in energy and resources ; Lord President Forbes, sagacious and zealous, but thwarted at every turn by colleagues who suspected him of undue leniency to the rebels ; Lord Justice Clerk Fletcher jealous of every one, and in particular of the rising young Solicitor-General with whom he was barely on speaking terms ; and Lord Advocate Craigie, writing to inform the Marquis of Tweeddale that he quite agrees with the Marquis that in some matters the Lord President must be kept in the dark,—such was the state of matters among those on whom rested the heavy responsibility of devising means to meet the threatening danger. They were all doubting, wondering, and speculating whether the young Prince had really landed, when, in point of fact, not only had he landed, but he was rapidly securing the adhesion of the disaffected clans. Such a crisis, when the long-expected rising in favour of the Stuarts had actually begun, when no one knew who was loyal and who was disloyal, when the

whole of the officials both in London and Edinburgh were at their wits' end, hardly knowing what to do or what to think, when their councils (for this fact is clearly proved by documents which are still extant) were distracted by mutual jealousy and distrust, was just the crisis at which an active, adroit and unscrupulous Highlander like Hamish MacGregor saw his opportunity for making something out of one side or the other. He probably held the opinion which was entertained by almost all those who kept their heads cool, and, regarding the enterprise on which Prince Charles had embarked as hopeless, resolved in the first instance to serve the established dynasty. After his interview with Mr. Craigie he left Edinburgh for the north, promising to return in about a week.

On the evening of August 8th Sir John Cope, Lord Loudoun, who was Adjutant-General under Cope, the Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor-General were engaged in preparing a despatch to the Marquis of Tweeddale, when James Drummond suddenly entered the room, having returned from his journey to the Highlands. The information which he gave was rather vague. "Upon my return to the country," he said, "I was informed by a man from Moydart that a ship had landed there lately." But he had nothing definite to say, or perhaps did not choose to say anything definite about the movements of Prince Charles. Mr. Murray of Broughton, he had been told, "was laughing heartily at the Ministry not knowing where the young Pretender was, and said that the noise of this ship would put the Government off the scent of their real desigus." This statement suggests the possibility that Mr. James Drummond was himself endeavouring to put the Government off the scent. But, however vague his words might be, he was apparently full of zeal, and to prove it, he offered to return to the Highlands and endeavour to arrest the Jacobite leaders. The

offers which he made were contained in the following document :

Proposall for Sir John Cope and my Lord Advocate. That if you both incline to employ me in this affair, I am willing to go into that country, and to get what further intelligence I can, and notwithstanding that I have good friends and correspondence in that country, provided I go there I would requir to have credentials from you, and nots to those of your friends you correspond with, that I may be suported be them from time to time as my need requirs. And if you'll incline to give me warrands against these gentlemen, I am willing to discover them, and take in hand to apprehend them, and for that purpose I must have very positive orders from Sir John Cope to the governors of Fort William and Fort Augustus to give me for my suport what number of men, and at whatever time, I shall ask them night or day.

It is possible that this proposal may have been made, with genuine Highland cunning, for the purpose of finding out by means of the credentials for which he asked who were the chief correspondents of the Government, and also with the view of weakening the garrisons of Fort Augustus or Fort William by detaching men on the difficult duty of attempting to capture the chiefs. But whether Drummond was acting fairly or treacherously to his friends in Edinburgh, he was fully trusted. "James Drummond," the Lord Advocate, writes to the Secretary of State next morning,

Among other things he mentioned to me last night, said that he could not confide in Major Campbell, Deputy Governor of Fort William, in what he proposed to execute for the service of the Government, in respect of his connections and correspondence with the friends of the Pretender. And he gave the following recent instances :—viz : that on Tuesday, the 30th, and on Wednesday, the 31st of July last, Lochiel dined with the Major at Fort William, and that on the said 31st of July, Macdonald of Keppoch supped with the Major at Fort William. . . . He was bold enough to undertake the seizing of the chiefs in the meantime. This I am not sanguine enough to hope for. But, not to discourage him, we have wrote to the command-

ing officers of Fort Augustus, in the neighbourhood of which he supposes the chiefs may be found, to concur with Mr. Drummond in executing any scheme that to him may appear probable, and consistent with the safety of the troops; and I have sent Mr. Drummond to the Highlands in quest of intelligence and of new adventures.

This was on August 9th, and on the same day a more trustworthy servant of the crown left Edinburgh for the north. This was the Lord President, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who, before starting, wrote to the Marquis of Tweeddale, "I have resolved to make my journey to the north-country earlier than usual this season," but added that he regarded the report that the Prince had landed as highly improbable. While the high-minded Forbes was on his way to serve the Government in the north, the informer made his way to the Highlands, and nothing was heard of him from the 9th of August to the 25th. But during that period the rebellion grew apace. On the 16th the rebels were successful in a skirmish with a body of the King's forces near Spean Bridge. On the 19th the standard of Prince Charles was raised at Glenfinnan. On the 25th the Prince and his followers had advanced to within a few miles of Fort Augustus, eager to meet Sir John Cope who was now marching from the south. James Drummond reached Edinburgh on the evening of the 25th, went to the Lord Advocate, and gave him a great deal of information which was at once transmitted to London. But there is good reason to believe that, during the short stay which he made on this occasion, he employed a Jacobite printer to print, and circulate through the city, several proclamations which had been issued by the Prince. He was not suspected at the time; but if this story is true, he was evidently determined to keep in with both sides. His father had acted a similar part during the rebellion of 1715; for, although he had to a great extent committed himself to the cause of the Stuarts, the clansmen never trusted

him, and, when the decisive moment came at the battle of Sherrifmuir, he refused to charge. "No, no," he said, when urged to strike a blow, "if they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." Moreover, according to Sir Walter Scott, "in the confusion of an undecided field of battle, he enriched his followers by plundering the baggage and the dead on both sides."

Soon after leaving Edinburgh, however, Hamish must have heard an astounding piece of news, which led him to change sides without further delay. Sir John Cope had declined a battle and had moved to Inverness, leaving the way open to Prince Charles who was now in full march towards the Lowlands. James Drummond made his way to the district in which his father had so long set the forces of the law at defiance, that wild region of mountain, wood, and lake which was then known as the MacGregor's country. There, on the western shore of Loch Lomond stood the fort or barracks of Inversnaid, which had been erected for the purpose of overawing the MacGregors. With the assistance of his cousin of Glengyle he collected a small band of about a dozen trusty clansmen, and attacked Inversnaid. They surprised the garrison, took eighty-nine prisoners, and burned the fort. Increasing the number of their followers, they soon joined the main body of the rebel army, and fought at the battle of Prestonpans, where James Drummond was severely wounded. "Stretched on the ground," says Sir Walter Scott, "with his head resting on his hand, he called out loudly to the Highlanders of his country, 'My lads, I am not dead. By God, I shall see, if any of you does not do his duty.'" His wounds were so severe that he was unable to follow the army into England, but with six companies of his clan he took part in the battle of Culloden.

Some years afterwards, when in France, he wrote several letters to the chief of his clan, which will be found printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* for

December, 1817. He mentions, in one of these letters, that in 1747 he had "received a pass from Andrew Fletcher, Lord Justice Clerk then for Scotland," with the express concurrence of the commander of the forces in Scotland. Commenting on these letters Sir Walter Scott in the introduction to *Rob Roy* says, "It appears he had entered into some communication with the Government the circumstance is obscurely stated in one of the letters already quoted, but may perhaps, joined to subsequent incidents, authorize the suspicion that James, like his father, could look at both sides of the cards." The subsequent incidents here alluded to will be narrated presently; but the transactions disclosed in the letters to the Marquis of Tweeddale, now published for the first time, prove clearly that Sir Walter Scott was quite right in suspecting that Hamish had been in communication with the Government and could look at both sides of the cards.

During the prosecutions which followed the rebellion Hamish was attainted for high treason, but escaped unpunished, perhaps in consequence of the services which he had rendered to the Government in the spring and summer of 1745, or because he had again become an informer, and imitated on a small scale the conduct of the arch-traitor Murray of Broughton. At all events he was allowed to come and go in safety, until towards the close of the year 1750 he and his brothers again plunged into crime, and were guilty of the abduction and rape of Jean Key the heiress of Edenbellie. To avoid the consequences of this brutal affair (details of which will be found in MacLaurin's *Criminal Trials* and in the introduction to *Rob Roy*), Hamish, having escaped from Edinburgh castle in which he had been confined, fled to France.

In France he assumed the character of an exile who had been compelled to leave his country in consequence of his devotion to the Stuarts,

and very wisely took care to say nothing about the real reason of his outlawry. In May 1753 he asked the Chevalier de St. George for money, as he was in great poverty. This petition was supported by a letter from Lord Strathallan, stating that "James Drummond, son to the late Rob Roy, was employed in the Prince Regent's affairs by James, Duke of Perth, before His Royal Highness's arrival in Scotland, and afterwards he behaved with great bravery in several battles, in which he received many dangerous wounds." In another letter, which is among the Stuart Papers, Lord Strathallan explains that, though he can vouch for the personal bravery of Drummond, "as to anything else I would be sorry to answer for him, as he has but an indifferent character as to real honesty."

From the Chevalier de St. George Drummond received the sum of three hundred livres; but this did not satisfy him, and he next applied to Prince Charles, who probably took no notice of him. For by this time the daring young soldier of the Forty-Five was now a hopeless drunkard, who beat his mistress when in his cups, was ill-tempered with his few remaining friends, and steadily refused to repay the sums of money which he had borrowed from those who had risked and lost so much for his sake.

Soon after this Drummond was employed in an affair which did little credit to his employers, but was exactly suited for the exercise of his peculiar talents. In 1746 the forfeited estates of Lord Lovat, MacPherson of Cluny, Cameron of Lochiel, Stewart of Ardshiel, and others who had joined the rebels, had been vested in the Crown for the use of his Majesty; and in 1752 an Act of Parliament was passed which devoted the rents to the promotion of the welfare of the Highlands. These estates were under the control of factors, who collected the rents and attended to the interests of the Crown. The duty performed by these factors was dangerous, as they

were of necessity unpopular among the clansmen. The forfeited estate of Stewart of Ardshiel was managed by Colin Campbell of Glenure, who on May 14th, 1752, was shot dead while passing through the wood of Lettermore in Appin on his way to evict a number of tenants. Suspicions were at once aroused that the murder had been committed by a Highlander named Alan Breck Stewart, and that James Stewart, an uncle of Alan Breck, had been accessory to the crime. Against Alan Breck the evidence was strong. He had served in the regular army, but had deserted and joined the rebels after Prestonpans. On the collapse of the rebellion he escaped to France. Returning to this country he seems to have gone to Appin, and moved about among his friends without any concealment. He had frequently been heard, especially when he had been drinking, to abuse all Campbells, and in particular Colin Campbell of Glenure, whom he called the "red fox," whose brush he wished some one would bring to him. Alan Breck was usually clothed in what his neighbours called his French dress, a long blue coat, a red waistcoat, black velvet breeches, and a hat with feathers. Every one who has read Mr. Louis Stevenson's clever story *Kidnapped*, will recollect Alan Breck and his quaint appearance. On the morning of the day on which the factor was murdered Alan Breck left his French dress at James Stewart's house, and put on a short black coat; and the only glimpse which was obtained of the assassin, after the fatal shot struck Campbell down, showed a dim figure clad in a dark coat making off among the rocks and heather. At three o'clock on the following morning he roused the members of Macdonald of Glencoe's household and said he was on his way to Rannoch, and was about to leave the country. He told them of the murder, but left them to form their own opinions as to who had done the deed. Two days after the murder, one John Breck Maccoll, who was afterwards a witness at the trial of

James Stewart, was going through a wild pass among the mountains called Corry na Keigh, when he heard some one whistle to him and found Alan Breck hiding among the rocks. Alan asked him to convey a letter to his kinsman James Stewart. "Alan Breck," said Maccoll in the witness-box, "looked about among the trees and finding a wood-pigeon's quill made a pen of it; and having made ink of some powder he took out of a powder-horn that was in his pocket, he wrote a letter." In answer to this letter James Stewart sent Allan Breck his French dress and five guineas, all the money he could muster, with which he succeeded in escaping from his pursuers and reaching France.

The murder was committed in May 1752, and in the following September James Stewart was put upon his trial, charged with being accessory to the crime. The whole proceedings were scandalously unfair. There was a feud between the Campbells and the Stewarts; and yet the trial took place at Inverary, the headquarters of the Campbells, with the Duke of Argyll presiding on the bench and no less than eleven Campbells on the jury. The result of the evidence (which will be found in vol. xix. of *State Trials*) seems to be that there was a strong case against Alan Breck, but that there was no evidence of James Stewart having done anything worse than assisting his kinsman with money. Nevertheless the jury found James guilty and he was executed, the common opinion in Scotland being that he was unjustly condemned.

Glenure's kinsmen, however, were not yet satisfied. They still thirsted for vengeance; and, convinced that Alan Breck was the murderer, they were resolved to go all lengths in order to bring him to justice. There had been a feud between the MacGregors and the Stewarts of Appin, regarding the ownership of certain lands in the Braes of Balquhidder, and the Campbells hit upon the ingenious idea of employing James Drummond to kidnap Alan

Breck, and bring him away from France. "Captain Duncan Campbell, nephew to Glengyle, and my near relation," we find him writing to his chief, "wrote to me about Alan Breck Stewart, and begged therein, if there was any possibility of getting him delivered in any part of England, that if I could be of any use in this matter, that I might expect my pardon. I returned him answer, after I was in Paris, that I would use my interest to endeavour to bring Stewart the murderer to justice."

As the plot for seizing Alan Breck was being concocted with the connivance of the authorities in England, Drummond saw a chance of making his peace with Government, and asked for a pass which would allow him to visit England in safety. This was granted to him. Money was sent for his use, and a man to help him in the perilous task he had undertaken. He laid his plans, which were doubtless of a thoroughly practical kind, for in a matter of this nature he would not have been his father's son had he been troubled with either fears or scruples. He was apparently living on terms of personal intimacy with his victim, whose social qualities and love of drink may have put him off his guard. But at the last moment, "the very night I intended to have carried him away," Alan Breck got a hint that treachery was meditated, and at once made his escape, taking with him, as the baffled kidnapper complains, "out of my cloak bag," some clothing, some linen, and no less than four snuff-boxes.

Alan Breck was not a man who could be twice deceived and Drummond gave up the attempt to trepan him. But he had secured a pass to England which he resolved to use. He saw Lord Albemarle, the British ambassador at Paris, who complimented him on having so nearly succeeded in securing "the Appin murderer," and said he deserved to be pardoned for anything he might have done in Scotland. Lord Albemarle wrote to Lord Holderness, Secretary of State, in his favour, and

gave him leave to visit London and plead his cause with the Government. What followed is most suspicious. He did not inform his chief, MacGregor Drummond of Bohaldie, of his intention, but went secretly to London. The only account of his proceedings which we have is that given by himself, when his conduct was afterwards called in question by the Jacobites. According to his own story he saw Lord Holderness, who desired him to put his case in writing, and said that he was "to lodge in a messenger's house, where I could be entertained at the King's expense, that lodging there was not meant as any restraint upon me, but for some other reason." It need hardly be observed that this is just the way in which persons who are expected to turn informers are usually treated. A week after he was sent for and questioned by Lord Holderness and the Lord Chancellor, no one else being present. "I was," he says, "like to be put to confusion"; but by keeping his wits about him, and giving evasive answers, he managed to get through the interview. By speaking of the Young Pretender, a phrase which no sound Jacobite was ever heard to use, he thought he made "a great impression upon both the Chancellor and Holderness." Some employment in the service of the Government was offered to him, but this, he declared, he refused on the ground that it was such as no gentleman could accept! Finding that he would not agree to serve the Government, Lord Holderness ordered him out of England.

Such was his own story. But did he refuse the Secretary of State's offer? His conduct in Scotland during the crisis of 1745 makes it doubtful. The Jacobites did not think so. Just about this time Prince Charles paid a visit to his secret friends in London, a fact of which there is now no doubt that both Lord Holderness and Lord Albemarle were aware; and the Government would have paid well for trustworthy information of his movements. The Stuart party believed

that James Drummond, on his return to France, was a paid agent of the British Government. In spite of all the protestations he could make, he was not believed. His position was one of great peril. Alan Breck was vowing vengeance, and declaring openly he would have his life; and Mr. MacDonnell of Glengarry accused him to the French authorities at Dunkirk of being a spy in the pay of England. He fled to Paris; and the last we hear of him is in a letter to his chief, from which it appears that he was in bad health, and in such poverty that he was willing to undertake any work however menial it might be. He concludes by a pathetic entreaty for the loan of a set of Highland bag-pipes. "I would," he says, "put them in order, and play some melancholy tunes." A week later he died, in October 1754.

Thirty-five years after the death of Hamish MacGregor we catch a farewell glimpse of Alan Breck. By that time the forfeited estates had been restored, the Highland dress was allowed by law, the clansmen were fighting for King George as bravely as they had fought for King James, Charles Edward was dead and buried. "About 1789," says the author of *Rob Roy*,

A friend of mine, then residing in Paris, was invited to see some procession which was supposed likely to interest him, from the windows of an apartment occupied by a Scottish Benedictine priest. He found, sitting by the fire, a tall, thin, raw-boned, grim-looking old man, with the *petit croix* of St. Louis. His visage was strongly marked by the irregular projection of the cheek-bones and chin. His eyes were grey. His grizzled hair exhibited marks of having been red, and his complexion was weather-beaten and remarkably freckled. Some civilities in French passed between the old man and my friend, in the course of which they talked of the streets and squares of Paris, till at length the old soldier, for such he seemed, and such he was, said with a sigh, in a sharp Highland accent, "Diel ane o' them a' is worth the Hie Street of Edinburgh." On inquiry this admirer of Auld Reekie, which he was never to see again, proved to be Allan Breck Stewart. He lived decently on his little pension, and had, in no subsequent period of his life, shown anything of the savage mood, in which he is generally believed to have assassinated the enemy and oppressor, as he supposed him, of his family and clan.

But what long and weary hours of exile he must have lived through since that summer evening when he fled from Appin, with the avengers of blood upon his track!

THE CRY OF THE PARENTS.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

In a recent number of *The Parents' Review* (a new publication designed for a "monthly magazine of home-training and culture") is an article called a *New Educational Departure*. All who interest themselves in education deserve the warmest thanks of the community at large; yet it is not perhaps too much to say that the very word *education*, whether seen in a paragraph in a daily paper or as part of the heading of an article in a monthly review, gives to all not immediately concerned in this absorbing topic a sensation akin to a touch on a sore and sensitive spot in the mind. You would rather not read any more arguments on the subject: there seems no end to them; and you hastily turn the page in search of a livelier subject. You feel vaguely that it is in good hands—at any rate, in better hands than yours: you admire their unwearied patience, the judicial impartiality, the conscientious endeavours to perfect every detail; but,—you turn the page. These articles, however, bristling with facts and figures, these severe criticisms of the existing system, these scathing satires on the weak points of the last revised code, only apply to the vast system of National Education. The *New Educational Departure* comes nearer home; this touches us to the quick—this is a departure indeed! In this innocent-looking title the dismayed parent finds he is indeed concerned; it is nothing less than a project to educate himself.

And now, if not too late, it seems only reasonable to ask to be allowed to enter a remonstrance. Why not the Cry of the Parents, as well as the Cry of the Children? Why not, indeed, enter a feeble protest from the poor bread-winner—patronizingly al-

luded to in the preface to this fresh engine of warfare as "the bird who should be ever on his way homewards with a worm in his beak"? But this, however arduous it may seem, "is not," we are told, "the sole duty of human paternity." Would that it were! may the father exclaim, who is but too well acquainted with bills that seem to have but little connection with worms, or whatever may be the established equivalent of the sustenance to be provided by "human paternity." Who that reads of fresh tasks to be imposed, can withhold a generous sigh of sympathy, or even a tear of pity for the jaded parent, already overwhelmed with the cares of providing his sons and daughters with the necessary equipment for the battle of life? Dwell for a moment—he has to dwell for many moments!—on the butcher's and baker's bills, the tailor's and dress-maker's bills, the triennial school bills—but we forbear. If, to all these, is to be added the bill (in time and anxiety) of his own education as a parent, who, we ask, will be found to rashly undertake so arduous a position?

Far be it from us to deny the importance of early training for our children which cannot indeed be over-rated; but we believe that it is not to be attained by the methods that are proposed here and in many other articles lately devoted to the consideration of this subject—methods akin to the probe of the surgeon, necessary in disease but not in health. We believe, we always have believed, that some at any rate of the old-fashioned let-alone system is as healthy and favouring to the development of children as it is to that of plants, given good air and soil to start with. Gardeners have as yet seen no reason to reverse this doctrine,

nor, in the long run, do we believe will parents.

There is far too much talk of education early and late, but especially early—unless by education is meant the “lovely shapes and sounds intelligible, of that eternal language,” as hymned by Coleridge. It is to begin in the cradle, say the latest exponents of training. So it does, in the favourable or unfavourable conditions and surroundings of infant and child life, but not in the premature forcing of every look and gesture as expressing a taste or characteristic. As reasonably would you begin at once to exercise the little dancing limbs in trained gymnastics. Every look, every movement, we are told, is to be trained and made much of, the little brain must be early excited and tested. Bid farewell to the restful time of babyhood, to the happy peaceful hours of brooding mother-love, in whose protecting arms the infant lies, growing accustomed by imperceptible influences to the newness of all things. No, the opening eyes are not, as you idly suppose, “without speculation,” they are looking for the Old Master which should hang on the nursery wall. The soft fingers straying over the mother’s enfolding arm demand a pencil where-with, without delay, the young Raphael of six months old may essay his genius on the aforesaid master-piece.

Has any one who considers parents not yet alive to their responsibilities ever taken into consideration the manifold duties of the father and mother of even the smallest family? The daily anxieties, the incessant worry of thinking and doing, the brain-work necessary to the father for bringing grist to the mill, the busy household and social cares that fall to the share of the mother, often complicated by sickness, suddenly demanding all the available time and power. Yet they are at ease in their belief in a home as happy as they can make it, supplied to the best of their ability with picture-books, lesson-books, playfellows, wholesome food, and strengthening exercise. When

to all this is added an ever-watchful, fostering love, and the providing of every educational advantage within their reach and income, are they to be told that all this is by no means enough for the young person, who must surely be a lineal descendant of the horse-leech’s daughter?

These exponents of a revised code for parents have not been long in effecting their remorseless purpose. A “Parents’ Educational Union is already formed,” and (as if in cruel jest) “formed just before the summer holidays this year” (presumably 1889). “There were only about a dozen present,” we are told, “and of those all were not clear as to what was intended. Had the scheme anything to do with *refuge* work?” One’s heart melts at this terrible suggestion; that the guarded nursery, full of curly heads and rosy faces, can have already come to *this*! “In the course of discussion,” however, “it became clear that the object of the society was the study of the laws of Education, as they bear on the bodily development, the moral training, the intellectual work, and the religious training of the children. The phrase ‘laws of Education’ probably struck some of us as a mere *façon de parler*, but it passed without question.” We think we have heard of the phrase before, and would almost have hazarded the opinion that it (and the laws it refers to) were older than the society. But let us emulate the twelve members in passing it without question, the more gladly that it leaves us the hope that where there is no law there is no sin, and that these otherwise inconceivably blind and misguided parents may escape censure.

Now, having, we hope, sufficiently enlisted the sympathies of our readers with the parents, let us see how the children fare? How stands it with the little ones, least able to defend themselves from the tide of meddling (which by the way, we see is called elsewhere in the same number of the magazine before us, “educating popular opinion”)—the tide of meddling, kindly or otherwise,

which at the present time threatens to lay waste all individuality of thought and action, and to wear us out of all independence of judgment?

The society propose "to hold meetings, say four, during a winter session, with a definite purpose of discussion. If the four parts of education" (physical, mental, moral, and religious, which we here repeat, in case the startled parent has failed to realize them) "can be taken up consecutively, so much the better, the topic of the day to be ventilated by means of an original paper or other reading, to be followed by discussion," which, it is hopefully assumed, will be both lively and profitable.

There is an instructive anecdote which we would recommend to be read at the next meeting of the educational society—a tale of a centipede who, unable to satisfy a thoughtless enquirer which foot he advanced first on preparing to walk, at last gave up all hope of deciding or of moving, and "lay distracted in a ditch."

But now, as we read on, bursts upon us the full enormity of the scheme from the children's point of view. "It would be a hopeful sign" (whether of the common-sense of the nation, or of what other desirable trait, we are not told) "if the parents sent in queries, *signed* or *unsigned*" (the italics are ours) "to the secretary, dealing with practical difficulties as they come up. How would you deal with a greedy or a sullen child? or a child with too active a brain? How would you treat a boy who says 'I sha'n't?'" Here is meddling brought to a pitch indeed. Imagine what a dynamic collection these queries,—with or without signature, but always, one would think, in these days of universal societies and secretaries pretty easily localised,—what a collection, we say, will these queries form in any but a very prudent hand. Give a dog a bad name, &c., is the truest of proverbs when applied to the young. Their little faults and inconsistencies, as much as their parents's faults and inconsistencies, are entitled

to the tender oblivion and privacy of home life, in which (no doubt from not having an educational society to consult) families have planted themselves ever since the earliest one of all. This is to "set a mark" on erring humanity indeed! There are even daring spirits who affirm that the less their children are intimately known of their relations during their transition stages, the better, since judgments hastily formed from an accidental fit of obstinacy, or access of fretfulness, are very apt to crystallize into an unshaken conviction that "John was always pig-headed," or "Mary was never good-humoured," long after John and Mary have become the most reasonable and amiable of beings.

"The joys of Parents are Secret," says Bacon, "and so are their Griefes and Feares: They cannot utter the one; nor they will not utter the other." What then is to be said of this new *Newgate Calendar* of our upper classes, branding and localizing each poor little offender by name and nature? Is it seriously held that outside advice, however good in the abstract, can ever, except by an accidental happy hit, be of practical use in another and unknown household? Who is to know the other side of the question,—the conditions of the home where the boy is always sullen, or the training of the one who says "I sha'n't", a form of speech which is likely to be alarmingly on the increase if foreign influences are to be called in to aid the native authorities?

This is a credulous age with all its learning, only too apt to accept a dictum from a written source however unknown. By all means risk your health, your hair, your complexion, if it so pleases you, by following the recipes to be had for the asking from the bold pioneers in the paths of health and beauty, but do not expose your children to these haphazard methods. They will be quick enough to see if an alien system is being tried upon them instead of mother's tender insight into their little weaknesses, and firm help in their

makings for good. If conduct is three-fourths of life, so is character, and character is not formed by these leading-reins to guard a child from ever giving way to a natural impulse. Character is mainly formed by finding out what is expected of you in this life. Do not away with the hard knocks of experience and failure, and imagine that you can teach a child the workings of a sum by showing him the answer.

But we must get through our extracts. "The Secretary," it is stated, "would pass on beforehand one such query to a capable member, whose answer at the meeting would open the way for general discussion. One or two drawing-room meetings especially for mothers will be arranged for. Here we have a modest programme of work for the winter meetings of the union." We have heard, but of course without crediting, that a certain amount of harmless discussion of one's neighbour's affairs is not considered to interfere with the sacred rites of afternoon tea. But only surely in the Cannibal Islands could such an unnatural feast be spread as is here darkly indicated.

"One or two mothers' cottage meetings also will be arranged for." Mrs. Ewing has a lively tale of a village matron who returned a tract on the subject of the unsteady householder and the rebellious family given her by a well-meaning visitor, with the dignified protest—"My 'usband do not drink, and I have no unrewly children." Let us hope that in some cottages at least this fine spirit of independence may still be found flourishing.

"The question of the inclusion of young unmarried persons has been

tacitly decided in the negative." This is, we think, the highest wisdom, if the existence of the new union is dear to the hearts of the promoters. The young unmarried persons may not, alas! remain young, but they will surely, if made fully aware of their tremendous future, remain unmarried. Prevention is better than cure.

This, says the Parents' Educational Union, "is, roughly speaking, our programme for the first year. We may see our way to more work than we pledge ourselves to. For instance, we may set on foot work under our examination scheme in the case of parents being found willing to undertake a definite course of reading in education and its kindred science with a view to examination. Further delightful visions loom in the distance,—hardly yet within measurable distance." This programme to our alarmed vision has, for its first year, enough and to spare. We will not add to the already sombre forebodings of the poor "human paternity." We will not even remind him of the poor figure he will cut, returning "plucked" from his ordeal of examination at the nearest "local centre" of the new society, by the same train, perhaps, as conveys his own sons rejoicing in their success at a great public school,—a school, moreover, where play is recognised as well as work. No summer cricket, no winter football, will temper the rigour of poor paterfamilias' Continuation School. It seems a base return for that worm in his beak!

These are delightful visions, indeed, but it would not surprise us if "human paternity" does not fret at their being "hardly yet within measurable distance."

RONALD LESTER.

I.

I AM about to write down the story of the woman I loved. She never for a moment loved me. I suppose she might have been a happy woman if she could have done so ; but that I cannot tell. Some natures seem to need sorrow, and to seek it ; and yet these natures are, I think, those that feel it most. It is a common saying that we desire what will make us happy. This I do not believe. We desire that which inherited instinct compels us to desire, that which has tended to procure the survival of the race, and not that which has secured its ease, its joy, its comfort. These things may indeed be part of the conditions which help it to exist ; they are as frequently the conditions which tend to its decay and destruction. It is certain that the conditions even of our own modern society require that there should be a large number of women whose instinct it is to sacrifice themselves, who cannot love the men who offer them a life of pure ease and indulgence ; and Dora Wytnee was one of those women.

I knew her first as a young and brilliant girl, much loved and much admired. She stood on the sunny heights of life, and seemed, as she cast her bright eyes round her, to seek a path in which she could tread firmly and gladly, and to be sure of finding such a path. She did not desire ease, but I thought her destined to joyful work ; she could not live a life of selfishness, but she seemed assured of one full of happy love.

The first thing in which she dissatisfied her friends was her refusal of several suitable offers of marriage ; the second was her engagement to Ronald Lester. He was a quiet and grave young man, and he was poor.

Though perfectly respectable he had no very desirable connections ; he was in a mercantile house, and could look forward to no brilliant prospects either of wealth or position ; he was liked and respected by every one who knew him, but he possessed no qualities which promised distinction in the future. Nevertheless he was one of those men who know how to attach others, especially women, to themselves. His few friends would have done almost anything that he asked them : his one sister, who had died unmarried, had been passionately devoted to him ; and all those with whom he was at all intimate valued his society to a degree that seemed to me extravagant. Though I loved Dora myself, I never wondered that she preferred him. I have myself felt vaguely the charm of his personality. This personality pervaded all he did. His views on every subject were original, the direct result of his own conclusions and no reflection of other men's. Therefore, to a woman weary of the drifting commonplaces of society, his directness and simplicity of thought and speech must have been intensely refreshing. He also put his opinions into practice more than most men do. This in itself must make the life of any woman who lived with him no easy one ; but a brave woman was likely to love him all the better for that. He seldom spoke of himself, but when he did it was without those little disguises which are common in society. He could afford to do without them. He seemed to have no thoughts that were mean or evil. His ideals were high, his impulses generous. And so, with a timidity unlike her frank pleasantness to

others, she encouraged him and sought to know him better; and before she quite knew him, or was sure what she meant herself, she found herself pledged to a passionate devotion which life alone could end, which was, henceforth, all her life to her.

She had meant it to be, in any case, only a part of her life, to help her with other duties and ambitions; but Ronald, when he accepted her love, demanded also the absorption of her thoughts, her desires, her plans, her affections, her convictions, into his own. He gave her in return a passionate tenderness, admiration, and gratitude which were, I suppose, a sufficient reward for anything that she might sacrifice to him.

At any rate she was very happy, happier than I could have made her, though I should have loved her in a different way. But her life henceforth was not one of roses. They were engaged for five years. The first year Ronald spent in England, the next four were passed in Australia, where he accepted an appointment on which he hoped in time to be able to marry. I believe that, if he had followed a mode of life which was personally more distasteful to him, he might have remained in England and married sooner; but Dora was satisfied with all he did. I do not wonder at it, because she saw straight into his heart, which was always open to her, and found there only a passionate love for herself and an intense determination to make no compromise with anything mean or ignoble.

Dora had belonged to an opulent family. She had been educated by a rich and childless uncle; but his death left her penniless and without many friends. Her worldly-minded relatives, had been alienated by her engagement to Ronald Lester—or they found it convenient to say so—and her uncle had left his fortune elsewhere. If she had married according to his wishes he would without doubt have provided for her sufficiently.

As it was, he left her to realise the full consequences of her obstinacy, as he had considered it, and she was glad to accept the situation as governance which some one offered to her after his death. I had a home which she might have shared, and at the time there was a rumour that her engagement had been broken off. I therefore ventured to come forward and speak for myself.

She was angry at first, but when I told her of the rumour she forgave me. She looked at me with her large dark eyes and said softly, "But if it were broken off, I could not marry anybody else. Do you think one could feel—that sort of thing—twice over?"

"Many people do,—most people," I answered her.

"Not I; not after feeling it for *him*. If he were to die now I should feel the same always."

Five years after they were first engaged Dora came out to Australia to marry Ronald. I was myself there at the time. There was quite a little colony of us, for it included Winny Ranger, formerly Winny Brown, Dora Wintree's cousin and school-friend. She was but a foolish little creature, selfish, simple and pretty; very affectionate, however, full of tender impulses and gratitudes, which generally came to nothing except fresh appeals. She always said that she owed everything to Dora, that she would do anything for Dora, and I suppose she meant it. "Such a dear little thing! So full of feeling!"—so her friends used to speak of Winny Brown; and her friends said the same of Winny Ranger, who was now a widow and rather poorly provided for, with one little baby-girl to look after.

Ronald Lester had never cared for his betrothed's cousin. The strong demands which he made on all those with whom he was intimate soon touched bottom in the selfishness of her nature. She could be gushingly affectionate, but not silently self-repressing. Yet he had always shown

her a genial indulgence, and she had fancied herself a favourite with him. He admired her beauty, liked her caressing flattery, and showed her a sort of playful attention in those early days when he avoided Dora. Therefore Winny was astonished when the engagement was first announced. "Why, I thought he admired *me!*" she said. "He positively seemed to hate you. Are you sure there is not a mistake?" She became convinced, in time, that there was no mistake, and her own heart was not touched at all; though she would willingly have married Ronald, out of vain delight that so serious a man should become her captive.

Presently she fell in love, after her own light fashion, with that young scapegrace Fred Ranger. Her own people opposed the match; she had secret meetings, tried to run away with him, and got herself into much trouble and disgrace. Dora helped her out of her difficulties, persuaded her to a more discreet patience, used on her behalf a diplomacy which she never practised for herself; and so arranged everything that the marriage was permitted, a small portion was handed over to Winny, and an appointment was found for Fred, by Ronald's influence, in the same house which employed Ronald himself. Fred Ranger took his young wife out to Australia and died shortly afterwards, leaving her only the small fortune which had been her own marriage portion.

As a widow she was as gay and as affectionate as ever, particularly kind to Ronald "for Dora's sake," and it was to her house that Dora went out to be married. I had tired of England long before, and had, somehow or other, drifted out to the same place. I had spent some time in travel, and had qualified myself for various journeys of exploration by attending some medical lectures and going, so far as I could without taking a degree, into hospital and medical work before I left England. The sort of knowledge

thus obtained I had found useful to me in many ways. When I came across Ronald Lester he invited me to stay with him, and a sort of curiosity that I had about him made me glad to do so. I wondered how, since he cared so much for Dora, he could contrive to live without her; but I soon became convinced that he was quite as much in love with her as ever. He was holding himself in hand with a sort of fiery patience which was strange to me; the thought of her seemed to possess his life, yet he never seemed to have supposed it possible to sacrifice other aims to secure her sooner. When once, however, the marriage was settled and she was coming out to him, his feeling for her seemed to leap out of the strong restraint he had put upon it.

"To think," he said, "that I have lived without her all these years, and known that she was in the same world, not another! If I had thought about it I suppose I could not have done it. Now I can dare to think. In another week she will be here, and then, nothing but death, nothing but death, can part us any more!" He rose, stretched himself with the air of a man breaking loose from a long restraint put upon himself; then he went out to the sunset, behind which, somewhere, she sailed towards him. It was strange to me to hear him speak so unreservedly, and he never did it again; but even then I noticed that he thought of his own loss, and not of what she had felt all these long and lonely years.

II.

If there was in the world any man on whose honour and faithfulness a woman might fully rely, I should have said that man was Ronald Lester. Little as I liked him in some ways, I could have trusted him as completely as—more completely than—myself. His nature seemed less open to indirect temptation; any breach of confidence seemed to be impossible to him.

It remains then a terrible mystery to me that for such a man such a fate should have been held in reserve.

I had read of similar things before. I knew of the man who was so affected by a bullet in his brain that for half the months of his life he was a thief and a liar, the other half a good and honest fellow. I knew of the girl whom an attack of illness reduced to childishness, so that she began to live and learn again, forgetting her past; until a second and crueller attack restored her strangely to her old self, to find that, in the years she had lost, all her life had altered, and her lover had long before married another woman. I knew of these things; but we do not expect such horrors to come into our own lives. Somehow we, and those we love, are (according to our expectations) to be exempt from the more terrible afflictions of our race. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord," we cry, "may these things come!" And suddenly they are with us, and of us, and are ourselves, and we awake to know the whole horror of that which was but a word and a name to us.

I am glad to think that Dora Wyn-tree had one happy evening after she landed in Australia. Ronald met her and took her to her cousin's, and when he came back to me at night he had the air of a man who has been in Paradise. "She is more beautiful than ever," he said to me. "If I had seen her often I could never have waited here."

They were to be married in a few days. If they had been married at once, I suppose, the circumstances that followed must have been different, but how different I cannot say. The morning after Dora's arrival Ronald met with a bad accident. He was thrown from the horse he was riding, his foot was entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged along a rough road for some distance before he could be rescued. He was taken up unconscious and carried to Mrs. Ranger's to be nursed. There was a young surgeon in the place who was called in to

attend him. He pronounced the injury to the head serious, but was very hopeful of recovery, and congratulated us all on the fact that the patient could have the care of his future wife, evidently a born nurse.

I did not myself see Ronald for some days. He was quite unconscious at first and afterwards was kept very quiet. Winny, however, gave good accounts of him. She had begun to sit with him a little in the daytime, while Dora rested, and she thought that he was coming round very nicely. So did the young doctor. I only saw Dora once or twice for a few minutes, and then she seemed to me anxious and tired.

A private engagement of my own called me away for some days, and when I returned—for a brief interval only—I was told that Mr. Lester was recovering rapidly and would soon be quite strong again. I was therefore surprised to get a note from Dora Wyntree asking if I would call and see her soon, as she wished to consult me on a point of importance. I was the only old friend who was near her, she wrote, and my medical knowledge might help her. I went at once to Mrs. Ranger's, and was received by Mrs. Ranger herself.

"Oh, he's doing beautifully," she said to me, "only he's very irritable sometimes. Convalescents are, you know. And somehow Dora does not manage him now; she who was always called such a good nurse. She misunderstands and vexes him. He gets on much better with me. I take things more lightly, you see. And so I am a great deal with him now. The marriage? Oh, we don't speak of that just yet. I will send Dora to you. I think her quite unreasonably anxious. Do tell her to take things easily."

When Dora came I could see that she was not taking things easily, though she took them quietly.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I want you to see him. You have known him a long time. You

will tell me if he seems the same; or if the difference was there—before.”

“What difference?” I asked her.

“I cannot tell you. No one else sees it. They seem even to like him better. But he seems to me different—from what I remember. And—” she said looking earnestly at me, and speaking with some hesitation, “I have found out that he does not like me to be in the room; though he tries to hide it from me. I distress him, though I don’t know why; so I go away now, and leave him a great deal to Winny.”

Her voice trembled as she spoke. I saw that a great fear was in her heart, a fear which she would not utter. She was facing it alone.

“I will see him,” I said to her, “and give you my opinion.”

My interview with Ronald was a strange one. The seriousness of the man seemed gone: he spoke lightly and oddly; but he seemed to be in easy and pleasant spirits, and Winny laughed a good deal at the clever things he said,—and some of them were really very clever. I spoke of Dora. A look of distress, even of perplexity, came over his face; but he struggled with the feeling, whatever it was, that oppressed him. “She worries herself,” he said. “I wish you would tell her to take things easily,—like Winny.”

I had seen enough. I went back to Dora. “I think it would be best for you to go away for a time,” I told her.

“For his sake?”

“For the sake of both of you. His mind will recover its tone most quickly in that way, and without any effort. Effort is bad for him.”

She sat down in a chair and looked at the table-cloth but answered nothing.

“Do not take it too seriously,” I said to her. “We must give him a little time, and it will be all right. This sort of thing is not unusual. He has had a bad accident and has not quite got over it.”

“But the others?”

“The others see nothing; but you were right. I am glad you spoke to me. Now do as I tell you.”

She did not rebel; and I cannot think even now that I made a mistake. She would have gone through worse trials, bitterer humiliations, if she had remained with him. A lady, who was a friend of mine, and who lived at some distance, invited her to go to her for rest and change of air for a short time; and she went.

I did not see the parting. I suppose it was a strange one. On one side a hidden tragedy, on the other a light and casual farewell. And, Winny, as spectator, laughed and was very gay.

It was some weeks afterwards, that I (who was again up country, engaged on my own enterprises) received another summons from Dora. She was still staying with the friend with whom I had placed her.

“It was foolish perhaps to ask you to come,” she said, so soon as I saw her—for there was no one else present at the interview—“but I thought I should like you just to know—you have been a very good friend to me—and I did not feel that I could write it. They are to be married very soon.”

“They? Who?”

“Ronald and Winny.”

“The—scoundrel!”

“Oh, no,” she urged piteously, “not Ronald! He cannot help it. You know that.”

“Then Mrs. Ranger must be mad.”

“No. She does not understand. I do not think she could. She says that he is very fond of her; that he always preferred her—really; but he tried to like me, because I seemed good and could help him in what he wanted to do. But now he knows—this illness and the way she nursed him—and the way I nursed him—have shown him that—the other thing—would have made him very unhappy.”

“And she believes all this?”

“Yes.”

I was silent for a moment. Then I asked, "Has he no conscience left?"

"Oh, yes. But he cannot help it; and I,—I have made it easy to him."

There was the whole situation in a nutshell. He could no longer help it; and so she had made it easy to him.

But I protested against the situation. "This state of things is only temporary," I said, "he will probably, in time, become just what he once was. It is shocking that he should take an irretrievable step now. He could not do it if Mrs. Ranger had been true to you and herself."

"She believes him," said Dora simply, "and I think he is very urgent."

In this case he was, I believe, very urgent. He was not sure of himself, did not understand himself, and could not bear to wait. He wanted to escape at once from his serious past into a light and easy present which suited his altered temperament. Effort and endurance—once his second nature—had now become intolerable to him; and the presence of those who might expect him to be strong and endure, was for the time intolerable too.

He did not like to see me, but I made a point of visiting him once before his marriage, and of urging delay. I did not do it for Dora's sake; she had made me promise that I would not. It was on other grounds that I protested against the marriage; but I only made Lester very angry. He assured me that he was doing the wisest thing, the best for everybody. "I very nearly ruined my own happiness," he said, "and Dora's as well, by mistaking a sort of intellectual sympathy for personal love. She would have been miserable as my wife. She sees that now, and is glad to be free."

Still I urged delay.

"There is every reason against it," he said. "Winnie wants looking after; and when she is my wife she can look after Dora, and be a friend to her. That is what I want. Dora would be very lonely, you know, otherwise."

And so they were married; but the promised friendship was ineffectual. Winnie had plenty to absorb her in other ways, and somehow Ronald's money did not now go so far as before. He was easy and extravagant, as was his wife. He became a brilliant talker, but rather a careless worker. He took everything pleasantly and lightly; he became very popular socially, a charming acquaintance for all, a real friend to none. Yet some people thought him improved, especially Winnie. She said he was *so* clever, everybody told her so; but his temper was odd and capricious; home life did not suit him; it was almost necessary for them to visit a good deal, whether they could afford it or not.

Meanwhile Dora remained as a governess where she had gone as a friend. She had a hard life of it; the lady of the house fell into ill-health, the children were naughty, and there was far too much work thrown upon Dora's hands. She did not wish, however, to return to England. She had gone away to be married, and the thought of such a return was naturally painful to her. So she stayed where she was. I saw her from time to time; but she never asked me news of the Lesters, and I believe that Winnie soon gave up writing to her. Winnie's temper was getting spoilt by contact with a nature she did not understand; she had, besides, her sickly little girl to take up much of her time.

At last this sort of life came to an end. The lady who was Dora's friend and the mother of her pupils died; the children were sent away to school, and Dora determined to go back to England. Perhaps she thought she was old enough not to mind the strange humiliation of her return; perhaps the past seemed now far enough behind her to be faced even in the land of her happiest memories. I had always kept a sort of guardianship over her from a distance. Once more I ventured to ask her to marry me, but she answered: "No, no; I belong to him,—not to Winnie's husband, but the

Ronald that used to be. He never wronged me. I am as much his widow as if he had died then. I shall never change. If this terrible thing had happened to me instead of to him, he would have been faithful to me, whatever I did. I will be true to him." This was indeed the strangest instance of faith in the face of fact that I had ever come across; and yet, I think, she was right. The one most cruelly wronged of all of us was Ronald; but fate, and not she, had wronged him.

III.

If Dora went to England, however, I must go too, and I took passage in the same vessel. She showed as much confidence in my friendship as in Ronald's blameless faithfulness, letting me act as a sort of elderly kinsman to her; but I was really very little older than herself, no older at all than Ronald. He, however, with all his seriousness, had always possessed the enchanting and fervid quality of youth, and this was denied to me; perhaps this was why women trusted, but did not love me.

It was with a great shock of surprise that I discovered, when we were already on board the vessel, that the Lesters were to be our fellow-passengers to England. I had seen little of them for some time, and it appeared that they had come away at the last quite suddenly. Ronald had lost his appointment, so Winny told me, but she did not regret it; he would do so much better in England. I gathered from her also that they had lived beyond their means, and were much in debt; and I discovered afterwards that her own small portion had gone with the rest. She told me that Ronald had been very strange lately, and restless; he wanted to get away to new places. When I saw him he looked to me like a haunted man; his old self had been gradually coming to life and tormenting him. He dared not face the look of it, and was trying to escape from it. He passed over his

difficulties, however, with an air of bravado, very unlike his old character. When he and Dora met face to face for the first time, after those long years, I saw a look of absolute horror in his eyes, as if the past confronted him like a spectre. But she smiled gently, and put out her hand, and he immediately recovered himself. He spoke to her then with an exaggerated air of friendliness and ease, and turned aside to talk to her. She leaned over the bulwarks and looked at the water, and I heard their conversation. I suppose that to strangers there would have been nothing at all distasteful in what he said. Most persons would have pronounced him a clever, but rather egotistic man. To her I know that there were a lightness and unreality in his manner and conversation which pained her inexpressibly. She answered him quietly and composedly, but I know that she was glad when he went away. She remained where she was then, and did not look round; but when I went to her, the hand which she took away from her eyes (as if she had been shading them from the sun) was wet with tears. That was the only time that I ever saw her weep for her trouble; and it was for the change in him, not for the loss to her.

She kept almost entirely in her own cabin after that, pleading sickness. Winny was also very much occupied with her little girl, who was very sick. I saw a good deal of Ronald, and noticed how restless and excited, how impatient and irritable he was. The ship seemed too small for him, its pace too slow. Sometimes he avoided me, sometimes he sought me out half defiantly.

Then we encountered a great storm, from which the ship came out waterlogged, a drifting wreck. After that there were dreadful days of heat and calm; the sea shone and the sun burned, and the heart sickened with hope delayed. The men worked at the pumps, and we all watched for a sail. We were far from land, but we

might keep up for some days yet, the captain said, if we had quiet weather. Meanwhile we slowly drifted, and we hoped that we were drifting landwards.

Winnie's little girl was very ill, and her mother rarely left her. Ronald showed himself always more excited and impatient of inactivity. His wife told me that he hardly slept at all, and begged me to give him a sedative. I did so at last; but the result was unfortunate, for the medicine made him more wakeful still; and the next day, which was one of fiery heat, found him worse than ever. He would not be advised or controlled; he exposed himself with mad imprudence to the whole force of the sun, and by night time he was, not at all to my astonishment, struck down by some strange illness, whether a form of sunstroke or of brain fever I could not tell. He was at first unconscious, then wildly delirious, and knew no one. His wife could not leave her little girl, and I was obliged to have some help. Dora offered hers. He did not recognise her, and in the distracted state of every one on board it would have been difficult to find any one else fit for the work. I think she was glad to have it, and I was glad to give it to her. So we nursed him together, she and I, for more than one day and night; while the ship drifted, drifted, and the captain said we drew nearer land. Ronald talked wildly of the long past, when he was a boy at school; of his mother and his sisters; but of Winnie or of Dora he said not a word.

At last there came a night when he opened his eyes and looked about him observantly. I saw the look and knew that a change had come. This was the old Ronald that we had known. In the mystic land in which he had wandered he had somehow come across the lost tracks and followed them. How could we welcome him back to a world which was no longer the same?

"Dora!" he murmured, "Dora!"

She turned her startled gaze to mine (for she stood beside his bed), and I looked at her imperatively. She understood what I meant to say, and obeyed me.

"Yes," she said, "I am here, Ronald."

"I knew," he murmured, "that you would be here. Through all the evil dreams I knew that you waited for me at the end. Give me your hand."

I had drawn silently nearer to her. Now I whispered, "Do whatever he asks you. He will soon fall asleep, and then you shall go."

She gave him her hand, and he clasped it in both his own. Then his eyes closed, he seemed to be satisfied. But she gazed at me imploringly. "Do not go away," she whispered.

That was indeed a strange night for me and for her; for him it was, I think, a happy one. He spoke now and then; and she answered him in her soft, clear tones, for he would not be satisfied otherwise. "It is beautiful to hear your voice in the darkness," he said; "it comes to me like something I have waited a lifetime for. Speak to me again. Tell me you are here." And she answered him softly but distinctly, "I am here." She kept her head bent; I could not see her face in the dim light; I knew not what great force of self-repression she was using: but her voice was clear enough. And yet how strange it was to hear the things he said to her, and to know the truth! I had no right to hear them; but if I had gone away she would not have stayed. So I had to endure it. I suppose that what she endured was worse. He spoke to her as her lover, to whom she was to be married in a few days; and she knew that he had been for years the husband of another woman.

What he said was I suppose much what every passionate lover says to his mistress, but there was an intensity in his voice which affected even me. I did not wonder that she had given her heart to him in the past. He

seemed at last a little dissatisfied with her gentle reticence, and asked, "Is any one else here?" I answered, "I am here. You have been very ill, and I have been helping to nurse you." "Oh," he murmured, "I have been ill. That accounts for many things. But for that we should have been married already; should we not, Dora? And I have had strange dreams. Now I can sleep quietly, having heard your dear voice in the darkness. Kiss me, darling, and go and rest."

She hesitated for a moment; then she bent over him and touched his lips lightly with hers. But he put out his arms—I could see this, because the cabin was not dark, as he said, only dimly lighted—and strained her to his heart in a long and close embrace. She rose to her feet as he released her, and I saw that a strong shudder went through her whole frame; otherwise she stood quite still and silent. I was afraid that I had demanded too much from her; but I saw that in a moment she had recovered herself, and with a quiet step she left the cabin. She said no word to me.

I waited beside him until he fell asleep, and then I went to seek her, having some vague fear on her behalf. As I did so I passed the cabin where Winny slept with her child. The door was open, and she was talking to it rather fretfully. "Is he better?" she asked as she heard me; and I answered "Yes," which seemed to satisfy her.

When I came to the door of Dora's cabin all seemed dark and silent. Stretching out my hand to knock I found that the latch had been injured in the storm; there was no real fastening, and the door swung open before me. There was a dim light within by which I could see Dora. She lay on the floor on her face with her head on her arms, as still as if she were dead. There was something shocking to me in the abandonment of her attitude, as if at last her grief had beaten her to the earth and she

could no longer hold up against it. But she was very quiet; not a tremor ran through her white fingers, which were clasped beneath her head upon the floor. I closed the door softly and went. No one could help her or comfort her. She must bear and conquer her trouble alone.

Ronald slept so well and so naturally that towards morning I ventured to leave him and to go up on deck. The sea was still. At last, far off, was a glimpse of land.

Presently Dora joined me. She was carefully dressed and quite composed. There was even a smile on her face as she pointed to the distant shore. "After all," she said, "we are going to be saved."

I looked in her eyes as she spoke, and I should have liked to ask her, "Do you want to be saved?" But it would have been cruel to speak so in the face of her courage.

As I stood with her there, still talking of the chance of reaching shore, an unforeseen circumstance happened. Ronald Lester, fully dressed, but walking a little uncertainly, and looking a shadow of his former self, came up on deck and joined us. I had expected to keep him below, and I had intended to inform him, as judiciously as possible, of his present situation before he saw either Winny or Dora. Now I hardly knew what to do. Dora turned a little paler—she had never much colour now, though she kept her beauty wonderfully—and looked down at the water.

"I am better," said Ronald, "so I got up. I wanted to see—Dora." He looked round him with a little bewilderment and a good deal of uneasiness. It struck me that he was relieved when he saw no one else near us.

"I suppose I have been ill for some time," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "for some time."

"And things have probably happened which I do not remember yet?"

"Many things."

He looked very much troubled, but gathered himself together, as it were, and replied: "Ah well, they can wait. I need not understand it all just yet. I am here, and Dora is here,"—his look at her expressed everything it could do as he said this,—“so the rest matters very little. It seems odd that you should have brought me to sea when I was ill. I remember the beginning of an accident. I suppose you thought that change of air——?” He seemed half afraid to proceed further, yet anxious to know more. I did not answer him, and he did not pursue the subject of his accident, but asked, "Have we been shipwrecked?"

"We are quite disabled, and half full of water. We can hardly keep afloat a couple of hours longer. But the boats are being got ready, and we are near enough land to reach it."

"Are there many women and children on board?" His air of curiosity was blended with anxiety. What did he dread to hear? Did his dreams haunt him painfully? "Some women and children," I answered, not daring to speak of Winny and the little girl. Surely he would remember them presently. Dora looked ever at the sea. If he would remember it would save us both much trouble. I cannot say how much time passed while we stood there. For once I felt paralyzed. The situation overpowered me; and Dora expected me to act. A strange lassitude of contentrested upon Ronald. He seemed to have got back, a broken man indeed, but himself as he used to be, into a haven left long ago. The mere fact of Dora's presence was sufficient for him. He preferred, apparently, to ask no more.

Meanwhile the deck had become a busy scene. The boats were being prepared, the passengers were crowding forward, eager to take their places. At last I saw Winny, with an anxious face, and her child,—a heavy weight for her now—in her arms, coming towards us.

"Are you so much better, Ronald?"

she cried. "Oh, I am so glad. But why does nobody tell me what to do? I thought Dora would come, or somebody."

Ronald looked at me oddly.

"Who is the little girl?" he said. "I seem to remember her in my dream. It was not a pleasant dream."

I went to Winny, intending to lead her away. The foolish thought that she had no right there, that she was an intruder, was in my mind. But she would not be so taken possession of by me. "We must go in the first boat," she protested; "but Ronald must go with us. Why does he not come?"

"He is ill," I answered promptly. "Take your child and go forward. I will look after him."

She was reluctant to go, afraid to stay; but she moved away. I ought to have been more sorry for the poor woman than I was.

Dora turned now to Ronald and looked him full in the face. "I think you ought to go and look after her if you are able," she said gently.

"And leave *you*? Why?" but I saw a doubt, a dreadful memory, begin to gather in his eye.

"Because she is your wife. You have been ill and have forgotten."

I saw then that I ought not to have left her to do this cruel thing; but I had been stupefied before. He leaned forward heavily and trembled. "That was the dream," he said; "you do not mean to tell me that it was true. It *cannot* be true. I could not do it."

She did not answer him.

"How long is it,—since?"

"Five years."

"And I have been married to her?"

"More than four."

"And you,—in those five years?"

Her smile was a bitter-sweet one as she answered him, "I have lived; we can none of us do more,—or less."

"It is impossible!" he cried. "She was your friend. If I could do it, she could not."

"She was not to blame. You wished it very much," she answered gently.

"I—wished it?" and he laughed scornfully; and yet I think he began to remember it all,—but as if it had happened to another man.

"No one was to blame," she persisted, with a grave sweetness, which seemed to influence him and to calm him at the same time. "Not you, nor I, nor she. And what you have to bear I have borne for five years. I think we must make the best of it now."

"But you wronged no one," he protested passionately, awaking in a bewildered way to the whole meaning of the situation.

"Nor you," she answered simply. "You never could. It was not in your nature; it is not in your nature now."

He listened to her intently, as if—feeling so utterly astray—he sought guidance in her voice. "You mean that my duty is elsewhere?"

She did not answer, but her silence was expressive.

"And the little girl is her baby, whom I remember."

Nobody spoke. Perhaps his dream spoke for us. It was better so. Words seemed impossible; they meant too much and too little.

"I understand," he said, after a moment's pause, "that they belong to me. I will go and put them in the boat. Then I will come back to you."

He seemed gifted with a new energy, as he turned and walked steadily away. I did not think of going; I, at least, belonged to Dora, and had never forfeited my right to look after her.

But he came back again presently, and waited with us silently. Not one of us seemed in a hurry to go. We were willing to remain for the last boat, as the others were launched and rowed rapidly away over the bright sea. It appeared then that the only passengers left were Ronald, myself and Dora. Dora had been pressed

to go before, but she gave up her place to some one else. In the confusion I think that it was not quite understood that a lady had been left behind for the last boat. Neither Ronald nor I urged her to do anything but what she wished. If she preferred to give the best chance of life to others,—even to men—I thought that she had the right to do it.

And then it was discovered that the boat left for us had been badly injured in the storm, and the accident had been overlooked until now. Already the other boats were far away, and they were, besides, fully laden. Except ourselves, every one had been eager to get away from the doomed ship. Moments were of value, and it would take long to repair the boat efficiently. It was a strange oversight which had made this situation possible.

The captain came to me, his face white with the anguish of remorse. "We will make what haste we can," he said, "but if the ship sinks first, the lady——" he could not go on. "We shall have to swim for it, you know."

"I will do my best for her," I answered; "you and the men do what is possible with the boat." I knew that my help would have been useless there, I should only have got in the way.

Ronald and Dora leant over the side of the vessel together. They understood our position, and did not seem afraid. I lingered near them, remembering my promise to help her. The conversation which I heard, and of which they made no secret, seemed a continuation of something that had been said before. "I wonder what comforted you most in all those years," he was saying to her. "Duty?"

"Duty sometimes means despair," she answered gently. It was strange to me to hear the hard things she said in her soft voice. Indeed I thought that she revenged herself in that last interview somewhat for her long silence. Perhaps she could not

resist the temptation of speaking at last to one who loved and understood her. I had indeed loved and understood her all the time, but that did not appear to count for much. As for him, he seemed now to realise the situation fully. His awakening had been rapid in the sudden crisis thrust upon us.

"I wonder if life or death is before us?" he said. "In another world, at least, you will belong to me."

"Do you want another world?" she answered. "Has not one been enough?"

Hers was a strange creed, first learned, I fancy, from him. But she found in it that which a good woman finds apparently everywhere, a reason to love and to forgive, a lesson of patience and endurance and faithfulness. He had, on the other hand, a strong instinct of rebellion and indignation against that hard hand of fate which he had once declared irresponsible and inevitable.

"I cannot bear it," he said suddenly; and then he added, "You kissed me last night in the cabin. Let me kiss you again now. The ship is going down presently with us both." But she shrank away from him in horrified surprise. "Who will know it or be the worse for it?" he persisted.

"I should know it and be the worse for it," she answered.

"Yet last night——"

"Last night you did not understand."

"And you gave it to me as a sort of tonic, as you would have given me any other medicine that was ordered. You are cruel to me after all. You never loved me as I loved you."

"Oh, hush!" she said, and her voice broke into a sob at last. "After all these years,—when I have hardly borne even to touch any other hand, because yours——" She could not go on further, but he was melted to tenderness and repentance. "Forgive me! forgive me!" I saw him put his hand on hers where it had rested

near him; and she did not move away, but let her fingers clasp his, while a new look of peace and comfort stole into her face. "I wrong you every way. Trust me; love me; I ask no more from you. Only tell me this; have you had any thought that has been a compensation to you for all that I made you endure, that I did not know you were enduring?"

"Yes," she answered; "that you have loved me, and that I need not blame you in anything—in anything. I never have blamed you, and I never will."

"You never shall have need again."

I moved away from them. I could not bear to hear more. Was this a farewell or a reunion? I put the length of the ship between myself and them, forgetting my design of keeping near her. While I was far off the ship gave a great shudder,—and then we all went down together. I was not drowned, having been never a lucky man. I reached shore safely enough; so did the captain and all the men with him; but no one saw Ronald or Dora any more.

I found Winny already on land, very unhappy, and asking what she had better do. There seemed a sort of reason why I should provide for her in the circumstances; she almost expected it, and I have, so far, fulfilled her expectations.

When I look back I cannot say that Dora Wyntree was more unhappy than many women. She had at least her moment of triumph at the end, when her faith in human truth and human tenderness was vindicated. She kept her ideals and her self respect to the last. "Whom the gods love die young." I do not see for myself any prospect of a speedy death. And no woman ever loved me as she loved Ronald. To some the wine of life brings bitterness and anguish and despair; but there are others who never taste it. The cup is served to them empty.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN TRAVANCORE.

EVER so long ago, as the story books say, Rama, prince and hero, exiled from his throne, travelled through the vast forest which then stretched along the east coast of India, whence the demon ruler of Ceylon bore off Sita his ravished wife. The bereaved Rama invoked the aid of the kindly and cunning monkey folk, who recovered Sita unharmed from the demon's clutches. The storied land, where the events of the great Indian epic took place, has now been visited for the second time by a member of the English royal family, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor of Wales has been shooting over the very hills whence the king of the apes leapt over to Ceylon by a single bound—the blue and beautiful hills of Southern Travancore surrounded on south, east and west by the sea that dashes on the rocks of Cape Comorin.

In these days, however, you travel through the great forest by rail regardless of the demon of Ceylon, and you halt at intervals of ten miles or so at towns and villages. Yet are the old conditions by no means forgotten. At Madras the book-stall boy offers me a translation of the *Ramayana* just as in England you would be offered the last new novel. The preface to this work runs: "Natives of India evince a great aversion to poetry. It is hoped this translation will give them a just appreciation of English poetry, whose peculiar melody and comprehensive expression is suited to convey the loftiest and most sublime thought." What follows is, I daresay, no worse than some of our Latin hexameters at school. For example:

The giant King, when woke from his long sleep,
Rushed out, forgetting the by-word "Look ere you leap."

At such a scene the monkeys were with
panic seized,
Each fled for life, for fear it would to
death be squeezed.

Once clear of the large and scattered city of Madras, where the Prince had been staying with Lord Connemara, the little train runs along through fields of rice, past high waving crops of sugar-cane and castor-oil, gilded by the sun or silvered by the moon; past thickets of copper-coloured croton, clumps of large-feathered bamboos and groves of little-feathered tamarinds, gold-dropping laburnums, and forests of cocoanut and palmyra trees. Not seldom you cross the sandy bed of a big river beneath which trickles to the sea a rill of living water, which a few hours of rain will convert into a raging torrent. All along the way you are reminded that, "Here in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm." Often above the trees rise the tall towers of some temple of Siva, or of Vishnu who came down upon earth and was made man in the person of the very hero hymned above. Yet more often in the shady groves are images of demons, horses, elephants, the gods of the untaught poor. Beneath a sacred fig tree, the leaves of which no Hindu wanting fuel would ever burn, lies the image of a cobra. Upon the trunk of a tamarind a streak of red proclaims the presence of some spirit of the place, whose "shadowy answers" are waved to worshippers by the graceful boughs of the tree. Before the shrine of one god are strewn rose leaves, the earth before another is wet with the blood of cocks and goats. Everywhere is the dread goddess of evil in general, and small-pox in particular, feared, prayed to and propitiated. On every side is some tall temple or fantastic fane. The ground whereon you tread is holy,

as you are reminded by the name of every other place you pass. Yet these diverse temples are not all of different creeds, as we should say. The professor of the most degraded superstition, when he goes to the town, worships at the temple of the Brahmans and is welcomed there. He may have only a little light; the more reason for not casting him out. The Brahman Pantheism is sufficiently comprehensive to include them all within its tolerant fold. If the English dominion in India ceased, and the missionaries left with their compatriots, it is not unlikely that the Brahmans would soon adopt the few low caste converts to Christianity. Christ they might represent, like Rama, as an avatar or incarnation of one of the great gods, and some of the Roman Catholic missionaries would probably be canonized for their noble and self-sacrificing lives. It is only to Europeans that this toleration seems strange. In the neighbouring empire of China one and the same man may be a Shintoist and follower of Confucius, will certainly worship his own ancestors, and will very probably be a bit of a Buddhist into the bargain.

A traveller has time to look about him in India. Even from the windows of the train he can see something. It does not hurry. The labourers pause as it passes, and look up to smile and salaam, the station-masters gossip with the more important passengers, and finally the long line of carriages, filled by crowded and profitable natives and a few space-occupying and unproductive Europeans, reaches its destination. As you get further south interminable cotton-fields and tall crops of millet replace the rice, and on your right you see the Western Ghats and the site of a settlement in which, through the fierce summer days a cool and balmy air breathes over woods of ilex, eugenia, and rhododendron, another world than that which here below is winking in the heat of afternoon.

On the evening of the second day

his Royal Highness's special train reaches Tinnevely, and with him come Sir Edward Bradford, Captains Holford, Harvey, and Edwards, and Dr. Jones. On the morning of the third day the party starts for Courtallum, a frontier station between British territory and the beautiful and well-governed state of Travancore. As we drive through the town every verandah window and roof is crowded, and the carriages pass at frequent intervals under arches of plantain leaves and garlands of oleander. The palms and wild tulip trees are girdled with rings of red and white paint in token of welcome, and occasionally we see a pillar of living verdure. This most beautiful of decorations is peculiar, I think, to this part of India. The mortar is sown with seeds, and on the day desired these sprout into seedlings of exquisite new-born greenery, which make the pillar to look like a living column of vegetation.

On the way by the road-side stands the venerable Bishop Caldwell in cap and gown. The Prince halts to speak to him, the school children sing the national anthem, and a dainty little girl, whose brown limbs are swathed in yellow silk, is lifted up to put a garland of roses round his Royal Highness's neck.

Then we drive beyond the town for thirty miles, through a stony and rather barren country, between avenues of wild tulip trees bright with red and yellow flowers, and under bowery banyans, till we reach the British Residency at Courtallum.

At the Residency the Maharajah of Travancore and the Resident, Mr. Hannington, await the Prince's arrival. His Highness, a fair and courteous prince of forty years, was clothed in dark-blue velvet, and wore the light-blue ribbon and star of a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India. He received his royal guest with great cordiality, and proposed his health after that of the Queen at dinner, through part of which he sat, eating and drinking of course none of

the good things provided for his guests. This place is called Kuttalam or Courtallum, which is, being interpreted, the washing away of sin. A sacred river rushes down a sacred hill and falls in foaming cataracts over a black and dripping precipice into a sacred pool beside the temple walls. The contours of the hillside to the right and left were marked out at nightfall by little oil lamps, and the rushing waters took the varying tints of the pyrotechnist, the luxuriant vegetation of the hillside looking weird and unreal in these unaccustomed lights. Around the temple were dense crowds of natives, and bands of dancing girls laden with jewels, and redolent of saffron and jasmine, who wished to march before the Prince. At every turn, by every tree, at every rock, by every name, we are reminded of the sanctity of the place and its effect on the people. What is the evidence on which they rely who say of Hinduism what was said of Paganism when it made its last stand against Christianity, who hold that it has reached

That last drear mood
Of envious sloth and proud decrepitude,
While . . . whining for dead gods that cannot save
The toothless systems shiver to their grave?

Surely of such it may be said that having eyes they see not.

When the Prince returned the Maharajah's call, we saw a very striking oil painting by a Travancore artist, representing a Nair lady of that country clad in white muslin and playing the vina, a kind of compromise between the harp and violin in sound and shape. The Nairs are the land-holders of the western coast, and their ladies, and, indeed, the women of the upper classes in general on that coast, are well-favoured, and often extremely beautiful. They are also very independent, especially in the matter of marriage. Some one offers a cloth; that is the proposal. If she

accepts it, that is the marriage. If she gets tired of her husband she dismisses him and engages another, but she does not keep two at a time. Besides being well-favoured, independent, and perhaps somewhat lazy, the Nair lady is also religious. Any morning you may see her walking around the sacred fig tree outside the temple yard, her hair black and glossy as the raven's wing, her skin a light bamboo colour with a dash of lemon in its tint, her linen ample and spotless yet displaying no little of her shapely limbs. In her ears are solid wheels of gold, and around her neck a massive golden necklace. Over her head she holds an umbrella of palmyra leaf, and while she mutters her prayers a babe perchance sits astride one hip, supported also by a hand.

The Maharajah has made every preparation that kind forethought can devise to obtain for the Prince a week's good shooting in his territories. Our hopes are high, but not even good administration can ensure good shooting. Long ago, in a great Indian zemindary, I went out after a tiger and failed to find him. Next day I told the *dewan*, or minister, by no means meaning to complain; but he called up the local official, and addressing him with the grave and courteous manner and doubtful English of the old school in India, said, "Amildar, Amildar, what administration this? No tiger for gentlemen." This happened far from Tinnevely, but here, too, the people are impressed with the importance attached to sport by Europeans. Nearly a thousand years ago there ruled over this land a race of kings called the Pandians, and a petty landholder held to be of their blood still lives in the district. Bishop Caldwell once asked a hill-man who governed the country now, and he answered, the Pandyan. "But what about the English?" said the Bishop. "Oh, they don't govern; they shoot," said he. It is quite in accordance with the hill-man's idea of the fitness of things that the Queen's grandson

should be a good shot and a keen sportsman. Possibly they may now even give up the Pandyan and adopt the English dominion.

We drove thirty miles to our camp in the forest through the most enchanting scenery. At midday we reached the camp entrenched around by a deep ditch to keep off elephants. Half a dozen little houses, built of bamboo matting, surrounded a central house for the Prince; a dining-room of bamboo was hung around with pictures of sport, and the white ensign and the conch or sacred shell of Travancore were flying from a flagstaff in the centre of the camp.

After breakfast we all started off for a beat. In the dense jungle here this is a very difficult undertaking. The beaters were divided into small parties of ten, more or less, each of which was under the command of a mountaineer, who lives almost among the beasts of the forest and is thoroughly conversant with their ways. Each of these captains of ten carried a bow and a quiver full of arrows. Six small clearings had been made for gun-stations by cutting and removing the perfumed lemon-grass. When the Resident fired off his gun as a signal, demoniac noises disturbed the silent woods, parrakeets fled screeching before voices more hideous than their own, dead leaves fell in torrents rustling and creaking through the trees, and now and again a more concentrated and vigorous symphony of discord raised the hopes of the silent and attentive guns. But not a shot was fired. A wild boar passed within a few yards of me, unseen by all in the long grass, and that was all that came our way. In the fulness of time the beaters came through, and sat down to pick leeches off their legs and thorns from their feet. They had seen the fresh tracks of a tiger inside, and had started several deer and pig, but everything seemed to have gone back. Next we tried another jungle or portion of a jungle, each gun being posted this time on a little

platform in order to see over the long grass. After half an hour's anxious waiting the beat began, and soon there came a shot from the Prince's station next my own, and then a crashing through the long grass of something which, before it reached me and before I could make out what it was, fell heavily in the grass. Then the beaters came through and passed over the place where I supposed the carcase was. They were sent back again to this spot, and soon loud screams of triumph from a hundred throats proclaimed the fact that the Prince had shot a stag—the only blood so far. The sambur runs far bigger than the red deer, and a dozen coolies carried him off to camp staggering under his weight, instead of gralloching him on the spot. A little mouse deer not bigger than a rabbit also came out, but was let off by the guns.

On the way home the Prince shot three couple of snipe in a little swamp by the roadside, so he did most of the shooting that day. The stag was dropped by a well-directed ball in the shoulder, but ran a hundred yards or so before he fell. A third beat produced nothing, so a march of thirty miles, three beats, a deer and a few snipe made up the tale of the first day. In these jungles it is just as possible to shoot an elephant, catch a *mahseer*, and shoot a snipe on the same day, as it is in the Highlands to kill a stag, catch a salmon, and shoot a grouse. But in Travancore it must be a very lucky day, and you must get up early.

On the morning of the second day we rose at five, and dressing presented some unusual features in the shape of leech-stockings and salted garters. Each old *shikari* has his own pet protection. Mr. Hannington recommended an arrangement of ordinary socks which might almost invite a leech inside; but the folds are so fixed that when the intruder enters he is seduced into a *cul-de-sac* (or sock), and cannot satisfy his sanguinary instincts. Large garters, first steeped in salt and

then tied below the knee, find much favour with the party, notwithstanding the surgical savour of the plan. Dressing over, we proceed to march ten miles through jungle more open than that of the previous day. There were the same great trees festooned with profuse and luxuriant creepers, the same wealth of reed, of flower and fern; but here were plots and beds of sensitive plant, open glades, and broken grassy uplands dotted with frequent but not continuous trees. At the tenth mile the party divided, the Prince, Mr. Hannington, and Captain Harvey going after an elephant the mountaineers reported to have been seen, but alas! seen two days ago. He had lost one of his tusks. Another elephant, well known to the hill-men, is blind, and always travels with a wide-awake companion. The engineer in charge of this road met him one day while the seeing partner was absent. The beast stood still, and gazed with sightless eyes on the unarmed road-maker till warned off by his returning companion. An elephant does not take road-makers and road-making on trust. A herd has been observed in these hills, when approaching a newly-made bridge, to send its lightest member over first. Intended for men it often gives way, whereon the elephants express their sense of its inefficiency by destroying it. The hill-men gave us no encouraging reports of elephant or bison, and they know their business. It is wonderful to see them track a wounded bison. They hurry along very quickly, but nothing escapes their eyes. They will hold a brief speechless board of inquiry on a fugitive foam flake, investigate a down-trodden blade of grass, and wax silently eloquent over a single hair.

The second camp was as beautifully arranged as the first. The Prince's two rooms were lined with white calico and matted with fine plaited grasses, and all around the platform on which the cottage stood were planted ferns from the jungle. On the tree in the centre of the square beautiful white or-

chids were growing. Around the camp was a trench nine feet deep and twelve feet broad, a very necessary protection against elephants.

In the morning the Prince and his party were unsuccessful and saw nothing. Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley followed a track from 7 A.M. till 2 P.M. and twice got within fifteen yards of a big tusker without getting a shot at him. They caught glimpses of every part of his huge body except the small space between eye and ear where alone he is vulnerable. So cramped and dense is the jungle, and so considerable in consequence is the chance of being charged if you wound your elephant without disabling him, that no sportsman fires at an elephant at a distance of more than twenty yards, so essential is it to make sure of hitting him in the right place. A friend who once lived with me studied their heads in diagrams before starting in pursuit of them. He had anatomical plans all over his table,—“Let x be the vital spot.” The house was full of canisters and powder flasks, and saucers of mutton fat and beef fat, and other fats that suited particular classes of cartridges. Wads marked with various hieroglyphics littered the tables, and I daresay he dated his cartridges, as other people do their new-laid eggs. He was very particular, but he held straight, worked hard, and made excellent bags.

At luncheon time we were all rather cast down and trying to take an interest in the English papers, when news came in suddenly of two elephants, both tuskers. The party I joined however saw nothing bigger than a black monkey which I would not, and a Malabar squirrel, which I could not, shoot. On the road home we met a millipede, three-quarters of a foot, and a blue worm a foot and a half long. So local is the rainfall here that walking back with the dust on our boots, we came upon the first flood of a roadside torrent running down its hitherto dry bed, skirted it at the full, and passed beyond its source within half a mile. Two hill-men were with us, short, black, and

aboriginal, with their top-knots worn forward like a lady's fringe, Malabar fashion, and not on the top of their shaven heads as other Hindus use. In their villages, if villages they can be called, are always two or three houses in trees, in which they can take refuge from elephants, who often revenge themselves upon their fellow-dwellers in the forests for helping the sportsmen to destroy them. These men know the way about the dense jungles, and their assistance is needed; but an elephant-track is not difficult to follow. The big beast as he moves along engineers a road for his own destruction. By the way we passed one of the wasteful clearings of our beaters. It had yielded the harvest of two or three short years, and now the once luxuriant wood was changed into a dark and sullen pool of still and stagnant water, in which the calcined stems of the burnt trees were mirrored, like blanched phantoms of their former green and smiling selves. It is impossible to view unmoved the destruction of these glorious forests which would be an earthly paradise, if with the vegetation they had not also been endowed with the atmosphere of a forcing-house.

The others had bad luck again. They tracked three elephants for some miles, and, failing to come up with them, the beaters tried to drive them past the Prince. The rain, however, which had not sufficed to damp our clothes, had well nigh washed his Royal Highness and the Resident off their stations on the rocks, and the noise of the falling drops on the broad leaves and dried *débris* of the jungle, had made it impossible for the beaters without risk to their lives to go in and drive the elephants out. The great gouts of thunderous tropical rain strike the broad receptive leaves of the forest reeds and trees with incredible force and noise. Again we were unavoidably disappointed. The gorgeous butterflies that had spread their green, purple, and yellow wings in the sunlight now disappeared, and bounteous nature pro-

vided creatures of another kind. Specimens were brought in of flying lizards possessing elementary wings and long pouch or dewlap. These reptiles can fly a short distance, generally with a downward tendency.

At dinner plans were made for next day's march of twenty miles, and the head servant announced that "the sheep which had gone on as mutton had died in fits." After dinner the conversation turned on snakes, and Mr. Ferguson told us that the natives here speak of an eight-foot, four-foot, or six-foot snake. Naturally this we interpreted to refer to its length, but in fact it relates to the distance a person bitten by the snake so described can walk before he drops down dead. Fortunately few of the snakes are as bad as they are painted. Oddly enough, crossing the square to the sleeping huts, a snake was viewed. Mr. Ferguson took to pieces with his hands a heap of stones into which the reptile was seen to run in the moonlight. I went for a lantern and soon the snake was despatched. While he was measured, and found to be three feet six inches in length, a Sikh orderly brought up another of the same species, killed in the square, measuring five feet six inches, and marked, as the first one was, with poisonous-looking rings.

The first news in the morning, when we rose again at five o'clock, was that another snake had been killed in camp, and a fourth one marked down in Sir Edward Bradford's hut. After a cup of tea the Prince and Captain Holford started with Mr. Hannington for a third camp up in the hills at a height of four thousand feet. The whole party could not go on owing to difficulty of transport and accommodation, so Captain Edwards and I went out to look for the tracks of elephants. We saw marks of their flat round feet on either side of the road at one spot by the river side, but as we were the first out, and as there were no marks on the road itself corresponding with the others, we were bound to conclude the tracks were old, as our black

and bow-and-arrowed guide assured us they were. We had to trust to him, for the only eye-witness was the golden-rayed cotton flower, whose dark brown orbs had been trampled under foot by the huge beast in his passage. The country here was more open. When Captain Holford and Captain Edwards got up to an elephant yesterday they were completely hung up in cereal reed, and had they got a shot and failed to drop the elephant they would have been in great danger. Just as it is almost useless to fire at a greater distance than twenty, so again is it most dangerous to fire at a less distance than eight yards, for the elephant generally falls to the shot and may very well crush his enemy to death in his fall. They are not naturally cruel beasts, but one near our camp sometime back took to killing wayfarers, for the sake, it is supposed, of the loads of coarse sugar which they often carry.

In the afternoon our small party here divided, one section going in search of bison some five miles off, while I lay in wait near a thicket of young reeds off which an elephant was said to make his daily meal. He went elsewhere, however, that day, and though the others came on bison they did not get a shot, but only heard a snort and a stampede through the long grass, and saw their tracks when they got up to the place where they had been. After dinner we had a long talk with two hill-men who sat on the floor and smoked cigars the while, occasionally taking nips of whiskey, beloved of stalkers in every clime.

Kheddah operations are not carried on here as in Mysore and Assam, but any one may dig an elephant-pit, provided he reports a capture immediately it takes place to the Maharajah's authorities, when he has nothing more to say to it after receiving the prescribed reward, which he gets provided only that the animal is uninjured. The pit is so dug that the elephant's forelegs hang down in it, while his forehead is pressed up against its wall before him. Tame elephants are then

brought up, who speak to him and try to make him feel at home in this uncomfortable position, and gradually the pit is filled up till his forelegs are supported and he walks out between his tame companions, who chastise him if he gives trouble. His hind legs are hobbled and to the hobbles are tied ropes, which again are fastened around trees, so at every rush he makes he is pulled up with a painful jerk. Finally he is led off to a strong house built of the teak of his native forest, where he is pelted and punished, till at last he becomes fit for use as a timber carrier, road-maker, and beast of burden, and, if docile and well favoured, he may live to carry a silver howdah and swell the triumphal or religious processions of the Maharajah of Travancore. The mouths of elephant-pits are of course carefully hidden with boughs, earth, and leaves, and they are never placed on a path or track where the huge beast may suspect a trap. Given a tree near a path against which an elephant will probably stop to rub his body, and there, where in the ecstasy of friction he may for a moment be off his guard, yawns before him the destructive pit. It is however young ones only that are generally caught.

On the last day of the second camp, Captain Edwards and I went out after bison, and Captain Harvey after elephant. We got on the track of forest oxen, as the people here call them, and followed it through a dense undergrowth of forest, when only an occasional shaft of sunlight penetrated. We walked upon moss and damp heaps of leaves and mould, trampled upon ferns and caladiums, were hung up in elephant-reed and bamboo, and frequently held by thorns. After a couple of miles of this, we came out into tall two-edged lemon grass, which cuts and rasps the skin of hand and face like knife and file combined. Here we lost the trail, and our tracker who carried the knife went off on a cast and soon came back to say he had heard the bison in the long grass. We followed this time the

bow-and-arrow-armed tracker and finding wet leaves, where a beast had brushed the reeds on the other side of a little jungle stream, we knew we were near, and immediately afterwards had the disappointment to hear a loud snort and a heavy stampede and to know we had lost the bison we had never seen. The grass was over six feet high and we were on them before we knew it. The trackers were not so keen as they might have been and several times lost the trail. The one with the knife would sometimes use his weapon to clear the road, sometimes like a diviner's rod to point out the way, and sometimes strigil-fashion to scrape thick thorns and profuse perspiration from his back.

However it went far to compensate us for our disappointment to see on returning to camp the tusks and feet of an elephant Captain Harvey had shot. He had followed a track for some distance till he heard his elephant pulling down the branches of trees, when he went on alone with his gun-bearer and getting within twenty yards waited the course of events. Soon a black monkey in a neighbouring tree gave the alarm, whereon the elephant moved backwards with his trunk in the air, giving Captain Harvey the opportunity he wanted, and the next moment the big beast was dead. All this is not nearly so simple as it sounds, but a thing that is well done always seems to be easily done. Soon better news still came down from the upper camp, that the Prince had shot a big bull bison. The conversation at dinner naturally took an exclusively sporting turn. I knew that the bone in a tiger's shoulder was a potent charm, and that, unless you mount guard over his carcase, his head will certainly lack whiskers when you have it set up, but I was surprised to learn that a regulation of the Travancore state, now of course obsolete, prescribed that when a tiger was shot his tongue should be taken for destruction to the nearest magistrate,

being too potent a poison to be left at large.

Next day was Sunday, and we started to spend a quiet day at the first of our camps, where the Prince and his companions from the hill top were to join us. They arrived at 2 o'clock, and then we learnt what had happened to them up above. When they first got on their ground prospects looked bad, for a tiger had killed a small cow bison and frightened away the others. On the morning of the second day, however, the Prince, with Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley, found the track of a bison, and after following it for about a mile came on a huge solitary bull. His Royal Highness dropped him, as he had his stag, with a well directed ball in the shoulder, and hit him again with his second barrel as he fell. He never rose again, but to finish him a couple more shots were fired. He proved to be a grand beast, standing nineteen hands from wither to forefoot and possessing horns measuring thirty-five inches.

On Sunday afternoon we went to a temple in the forest, a solitary fane surrounded by an elephant-trench and situated in thick jungle on the banks of a river. The carp near the temple are sacred to the god, and are fed daily with boiled rice by his worshippers. Many thousands congregate in shallow pools alongside the rocky margin of the stream, and fight and struggle when rice is thrown in, leaping on one another's backs and on to the rock in the effort each to get more rice than the other. They are dark green in colour, with a red scale about the eye and wide yawning mouths. I had never seen fish fighting in a dense crowd, and think this even a more remarkable sight than the daily consignment of fish from Canton to Hong Kong, where you see a glittering stream of scaly, squirming fish life issuing from the side of the steamer and falling into water-tanks in boats below. No one molests these fish. It is said that if a man kills

one a tiger kills him, though there is a saving clause to the effect that this doom may be averted by the deposit of a fish of pure gold of equal weight in the temple. Some worshippers there assured me the fishes were the god's children. You cross the river here in a dug-out worked by a paddle like a garden spade, and holding on to a single rattan which goes across the stream and back. The dug-out is very crank, and the stream deep and dangerous. It swayed ominously as we crossed, and two fat and pious Brahmans a few days ago were upset out of it into the pool below the overhanging reeds. The rope of rattan is three hundred feet long, but single strands of six hundred feet are found in the forest. The temple is like others on the Malabar coast, built of wood with high gables and deep eaves and verandahs, suggestive of the abundance everywhere of valuable timber.

On Monday morning we beat three patches of jungle. It was pleasant, before the yells and shrieks of the beaters disturbed the still calm of morning in a tropical forest, to hear the jungle fowl calling, the monkeys booming, and the innumerable twitters and chirps of birds and insects; but we got no shooting, and the Prince, thinking that a bird in the hand was worth much big game that refused to leave the bush, went off to a snipe ground where he had shot before and took me with him. A road, flanked by a bridge on either side, ran between two rice fields, through which beaters walked barefoot up to their ankles in mud and water. As the birds rose they generally flew across the road, and in three quarters of an hour eight couples were put together, six of them falling to the Prince's gun. The birds were hard to hit, dodging in and out of the thick high hedge like woodcock, and sailing down wind with the velocity of a driven grouse and only a fraction of its vulnerable area.

Then we all met again, had breakfast for the last time in the charming

camp, and marched back to Tinnevely, whence we took train to Madras, where the Prince was to spend a few more days with Lord Connemara before leaving for Burmah, great preparations having been made by all to give his Royal Highness a hearty and loyal welcome. On the way, however, a halt was made at Trichinopoly, from the top of the rock fortress and temple of which town a lovely view is obtained of the surrounding country. On both banks of the sacred Cauvery spread, as far as the eye can reach, fields of green rice and groves of palm and plantain trees, while blue hills melt into the horizon on every side. Just below the rock the many towers of Srivangam, a town of temples, rise from the forest of cocoanuts that covers the holy island formed by the confluence of Coleroon and Cauvery. By an odd coincidence Prince Albert Victor visited Trichinopoly on the anniversary of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1875.

It is hardly possible to leave this most interesting and beautiful country, where every prospect pleases, and man too is prosperous and happy, without wondering if it be one of those misgoverned native states of whose parlous condition we have heard and read somewhat in English papers and periodicals of late. Surely Sir Lepel Griffin can hardly have included the land of peace, plenty, and charity in his wholesale condemnation. We will not believe he did, especially as he knew not Travancore. The truth is that perhaps never has prosperity gone hand in hand with conservatism as it has here. The manners, customs, dress, habits, and life of the people are probably much what they were when ships from Tyre and Tarshish called for purple and for peacocks, and gold was exported for the adornment of Solomon's temple. The bulk of the people are the strictest of Hindus; caste lines are rigidly observed and succession runs through females not males; men and women marry without binding themselves by oaths and

penalties not to yield to a desire to part, which is at once anticipated and deprecated by such engagements ; in spite of this the marriage-tie is as well observed as elsewhere, and the fabric of society as well maintained. In the midst of this ancient Hindu world exist large Christian communities, some dating from the days of St. Thomas, some disciples of the Pope of Rome, others of the Patriarchs of Antioch and Babylon, while in the neighbouring and kindred state of Cochin is a colony of white Jews who pretend to have settled there when Titus destroyed their temple. Perfect religious toleration has for ages characterized, and does now characterize the policy of the kings of Travancore and Cochin, themselves in some sense the religious heads of a Hindu theocracy, in every sense the social heads of the most Hindu of Hindu communities.

On this favoured coast the sun ever shines except when rain falls, the rain in its appointed seasons never fails, and the clouds return not after rain. Consequently crops never wither, and naturally the inhabitants are strong and well fed, while the women of the upper classes are surprisingly good looking and in many cases even beautiful.

The government of these two native states is racy of the soil throughout.

In Hyderabad the Mussulman lieutenant of the Great Mogul was converted by ourselves into an hereditary ruler of Hindu subjects, but here we have indigenou houses ruling over people who for ages have been independent and subject to no foreign rule.

In the last fifty years the revenue of Travancore has increased from £380,000 to £775,000, and its expenditure from £425,000 to £700,000, the larger revenue being due not to taxation, but to improved trade and agriculture and prevention of smuggling. In 1886 the Government of Madras congratulated the last Maharajah on the prosperity of the state ; in 1887 the same Government recorded its opinion that the present minister's report generally indicated the wish of the administration to promote the happiness and material welfare of the people. In 1888 Lord Connemara travelled through the country and carefully enquired for himself into its condition, with the result that his government congratulated his Highness the Maharajah and his minister on a prosperous and successful year, and said no fear for the continued prosperity of the state need be entertained so long as its ruler and his minister were, as was shewn by their wise and enlightened administration, heartily anxious for the public weal.

J. D. REES.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1890.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DURING the six years which had passed since she left Drumcarro, Kirsteen had heard but little of the home which she had sacrificed perhaps too passionately, too hastily. Marg'ret's letters indeed were very regular, if few and scanty in detail, but these were conditions natural to the time, and Kirsteen had never expected more. "Your mother is just in her ordinary." This seemed satisfaction enough to a mind unaccustomed to correspondence, brought up in the philosophy of long silences, of little intercourse, of blank years which went over on all sides in an understood routine, and in which the nearest relations when they met each other, remarked upon the external "ageing" of so many additional years with a placid sense that it must be so. Mary also, dutiful to all the necessities of the family, communicated periodically to Kirsteen the course of events in her own particular family, as well as a more or less vague report of the paternal house. She had by this time three little children in whom naturally all her chief interests centred. Old Glendochart had become "papa" to his wife, and was reported as being very hale and hearty for his time of life, and very much taken up with his young family. While "my mother is just in her ordinary," re-

mained the habitual report, differing only from Marg'ret's in the pronoun employed. Now and then indeed Mary would open out into an account of the company that had been at Glendochart for the shooting, and there was one subject on which she was even eloquent, and that was the beauty of Jeanie the younger sister in whom her family pride was gratified, as well as perhaps the only bit of romantic and generous feeling which was in Lady Glendochart's well regulated bosom. "Our Jeanie!" From her babyhood the sisters had all been proud of her. And Mary was pleased with the distinction she herself had over Kirsteen in having a house to which she could invite Jeanie, and where the praises of the young beauty could delight her ears, ever reflecting back again, as she felt, an honour upon herself. There was nobody far and near who had not heard of Drumcarro's lovely daughter. She was the Lily of Loch Fyne. The visitors at the Castle took long rides all about Drumcarro, and the Linn had been elevated into one of the sights of the district, all with a view of procuring a glimpse, if possible, of the beautiful Highland girl. And Lord John, Mary had reported, was particularly civil, and a very great admirer, words which were deeply underlined, and which filled Kirsteen with indignation. To think that after all the rebuffs she had herself given him he

should endeavour to beguile the guileless Jeanie! Kirsteen had at once written a warning letter to Mary, informing her very decisively that Lord John was not a man to be allowed the enjoyment of Jeanie's company. "For he can have no right meaning, and is only a useless idle person," Kirsteen said. This had produced a warm reply from Mary under a frank received from the Duke, by means of the same Lord John.

"You are very ready with your letters, and a heavy postage to pay," Mrs. Campbell wrote, aggrieved, "when you have really no news to give us. And as for the warning about Lord John, I hope me and Glendochart have sense enough to take care of Jeanie; and what can you, a mantua-maker in London, know about a young gentleman of such high family, the best of our name? I would advise you, my dear Kirsteen, not to encourage a spirit of envy. For if you never received such attention yourself it is partly the fault of providence that gave you red hair and no beauty, and partly your own that cast away all the advantages of your family. But you cannot think that me and Glendochart are likely to go to you for counsel upon affairs of which you can have no experience."

This letter did not please Kirsteen, as may well be supposed. We are all made up of great feelings and of petty ones, and are not always at our best. Kirsteen had a heart of the noblest constancy, and held the contents of her little silver casket above all that the world could give. But at more vulgar moments it sometimes gave her a sting to know that, notwithstanding all her passion of love and faithfulness, prosaic Mary, who had never known a throb of profound feeling in her life, would assume airs of superior importance, and pity the sister who had no man, and would be an old maid all her life. A woman may be capable of taking her part in a tragedy such as Kirsteen's, yet resent the comedy, generally more or less contemptuous, that winds itself about an unmarried

woman's life, and more at that period than now. She was very angry at the neglect of her warning, but this was only an incident and soon dropped into oblivion.

One day, however, late in the year in which she had performed her rapid and melancholy journey Kirsteen received, by private hand, and in the shape of a small brown paper parcel concealing a letter in many wrappings, news of a very distressing kind. It was supposed in those days of dear postage to be illegal to send a letter by the private hand, which most simple country people infinitely preferred as at once surer and cheaper than the post. This, as Marg'ret informed her in the hurried scrawl enclosed, was to be taken by a lad from the village who was going straight to London, and had promised to deliver it at once. It was to tell Kirsteen that her mother was very ill, so ill that Marg'ret had given up all hope. "I have never done so before," Marg'ret wrote, "so you may trust me that this is not a fright on my part. And she just yammers for Kirsteen night and day—little, little has she ever said till now—she's full of complaints, poor body, but yet she's more patient than words can say. Ye must just come without a moment's delay; and if he will not let you in, I will let you in, for she shall not be crossed in her last wish by any man, if he was three times her husband—so, my dear bairn, just come and let there be no delay." Kirsteen obeyed this summons, as she was commanded, at once. To go so soon again over the same ground, and undertake once more such a wearisome and protracted journey was very unusual, and was thought something dreadful by all who heard of it. "You will feel as if you were always on the road," Miss Jean said; and she felt an inclination to blame her sister who thought that the pleasure of her dying mistress was worth the great disturbance of Kirsteen's life which must result. "What good will it do her, a dying woman? It will just disturb her when her mind should

be taken up with other things," said Miss Jean.

But it was perhaps natural that Kirsteen should not take it in the same way. She set off that evening, by the night coach, arriving in Glasgow on the morning of the second day. But this time Kirsteen remembered her kindred, and finding with difficulty the new house of Dr. Dewar, now a fine tall "self-contained" house with a main door and a brass plate upon it, suddenly appeared at the breakfast table where Anne and her doctor presided over a party consisting of two tall children of nine and ten, and two more set up in high chairs to reach the board. Anne was so much absorbed in the feeding of those small creatures that she scarcely observed the stranger, whom Dr. Dewar rose with an apology and a little embarrassment to meet, thinking her a patient improperly introduced into the domestic scene. An exclamation, "It's your sister Kirsteen, Anne!" roused the absorbed mother, at that moment holding a spoonful of porridge to the mouth of one of the babies. Anne had developed much since her sister had seen her last. She had become stout, yet not unpleasantly so, but in a manner which suggested the motherly hen whose wings can extend over many chickens. She wore a cap with plaited lace borders tied under her chin, encircling a rosy face which, though still young, was losing its higher aspect a little in the roundness of comfort and ease. Her soul was absorbed in the little ones, and in domestic cares. She thrust the spoon into the baby's mouth before she rose with a wondering cry of "Kirsteen!" And all the children stared, knowing nothing of aunts, except some on the side of the doctor who were not of the same kind as the fashionably dressed London lady in her black fur-trimmed pelisse. Kirsteen was still in something of the solemnity of her first mourning. Her natural colour was subdued, she was slighter than ever she had been, graver, more pale. Her hair once so rebellious was smoothed

away. She looked many years older, and very grave, serious and imposing. The two elder children looked at each other with mingled pride and alarm. This grand lady! The doctor was the only one who fully retained his wits. He put a chair to the table for the new comer. "You will have arrived this morning by the coach? And the first thing wanting will be a good cup of tea!"

"Yes, I will take the tea thankfully, for it is very cold, but what I have come for is Anne. There will be a post-chaise at the door in an hour."

"Are you going to run away with my wife?" said the doctor with a smile.

"A post-chaise!" cried Anne in dismay.

"Anne!—my mother is dying."

"God save us, Kirsteen!"

"I want you to come with me; take your warmest cloak; there will be no change of clothes necessary that I know of, for we will most likely be back to-morrow."

"To go with ye?" faltered Anne—"To—to Drumcarro, Kirsteen?" All the blood forsook her face.

"Where else? My mother is there, and she's dying, and crying for us."

"Oh, I dare not—I dare not! Oh, I cannot go with ye, Kirsteen! You don't know, you've got great courage—but me, I'm just a coward. Oh, I canna go!"

"My mother is dying," said Kirsteen, "and crying for you and me. Can we let her go down to her grave without a word? We've both left her in her life, and maybe we were to blame; but to leave her to die is more than I can do. Anne, you must come."

Anne fell back in her chair, her rosy face the colour of ashes, her plump person limp with terror and dismay. "Oh, I canna go! Oh, I canna leave the bairns! Oh, David!" She turned to him with a gasp, terrified by the blazing of Kirsteen's eyes.

"Well, my dear," said the doctor, "your sister's right and ye ought to go. But when ye get there," he

added, turning to Kirsteen, "have you any surety that they will let you in? To go all that way for nothing would be little good to your mother; and I will not have my wife insulted with a door steekit in her face—even if it is her father's door."

"I have this surety," said Kirsteen, feeling herself to tower over them though she was not very tall, "that I will see my mother, whoever steeks the door in my face, nor think twice if it was the King himself."

"The King's the first gentleman in the country," said the doctor shrugging his shoulders; "but your father?"

"He is just my father, Dr. Dewar, and Anne's father, and we will say no more; the question is my mother that never harmed living creature nor said an unkind word. How can ye stop to consider, Anne? Your mother! The more ye cherish your bairns the more ye should mind upon her."

"I think, my dear," said the doctor, "that it's your duty to go. It might pave the way to a reconciliation," he added, "which would be good for us all and good for the bairns. I think you should go."

"Oh, David!" was all that Anne said.

Kirsteen stood and looked upon them all with a flash of scorn. Was this the effect of marrying and being happy as people say? The little plump mother with her rosy face no longer capable of responding to any call outside of her own little circle of existence, the babies delving with their spoons into the porridge, covering their faces and pinafores, or holding up little gaping mouths to be fed. It had been a delightful picture which she had come in upon before at an earlier stage, when Anne had wept at her mother's name, and cried wistfully for a message from home, and longed to show her children. That had all been sweet—but now it was sweet no longer. The prosaic interior, the bondage of all these little necessities, the loosening of all other bonds of older date or wider reach, was this what happiness meant? Sometimes a

sudden *aperçu* of this kind will flash through the mind of one for whom those ties are forbidden and give a consolation, a compensation, to the fancy. But the thought only passed as swiftly as a breath through the mind of Kirsteen.

However when the post-chaise came to the door, Anne, who had been hurried into her black silk gown and cloak more by pressure of the doctor than by any will of her own, was ready to step into it with her sister. Kirsteen did not quite know how it was done. She would have retired from the conflict and left her sister with the children and their porridge, but Dr. Dewar was of a different mind. He had never given up the hope of having it fully recognised that his wife was one of the old Douglasses; and here there seemed to him an opportunity of bringing about that hope. He half led, half followed her, into her room, having himself summoned one of the maids to look after the children. "Ye must just put the best face upon it, Anne; your sister is right. It would be unnatural, and a thing that would be generally blamed if you did not try to see your mother. And as for your father he won't bite you whatever he does."

"Oh, David! he'll just say things that would make you tremble; he'll take me and put me to the door," said Anne crying with fright and reluctance.

"Nonsense, woman; and if he does you must just put up with it. You have a good home to come back to, and you will be none the worse, and ye'll have done your duty; but he'll maybe be much softened by the circumstances," said the doctor, "and there is no saying what might happen. It would have a very good effect if it were known you had gone to Drumcarro, and think what a fine thing it would be for the bairns. Take your warmest cloak, as your sister said, and my plaid to put over your knees. It will be a very cold journey."

"Oh," cried Anne, "I will just be perished, I know. And very likely

turned to the door in the cold, and never see my mother at all."

"Well, ye must just try," said Dr. Dewar, bringing her out of her room triumphantly and fully equipped. Anne cried for an hour, sobbing by Kirsteen's side over her deserted children and home, and with a certainty that everything would go wrong while she was away. "David will get no right dinners, and the two eldest will be late for the school in the morning, and the little bairns neglected all the day. There's no confidence to be put in servants when the mistress is not there. And most likely I will never get a glimpse of my mother, and my father will put me to the door."

"Oh, Anne, is that all you think of her that never was hard upon any of us—that always was kind—and suffering so long, weary in body and in soul?"

"You need not instruct me about my mother, Kirsteen. I am the eldest, and I am a mother myself, and who should know if I don't?" said Anne roused at last. Kirsteen was glad to accept the position of inferiority thus allotted to her on all sides. She was neither mother nor wife, nor ever would be so. The others took a higher position than hers. She acquiesced without a word, with a faint smile, and was thankful to be allowed to sit silent listening to Anne's querulous murmurs, and still more thankful when in the unusual movement and silence Mrs. Dewar dropped to sleep. The journey was doubly sad to her who had so lately travelled along the same road in the first force of her passionate misery. That seemed to be long, long ago, as if a dull subduing lifetime had passed between. The dreadful thing was to think of the long life to come, which might go on and on for so many years.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"WHAT will ye do now?" said Anne.

Once more Kirsteen had left her

carriage in the village where so short a time before she had paused on a different mission. Every detail of that journey had been brought back to her by this. The six months had softened a little the burning of that first bitter wound. The calm of acknowledged loss had settled down, deep and still upon her life—but all the breathless excitements of the previous quest, when she knew not whether the only satisfaction possible to her now might be given or not, and saw in anticipation the relic that was to make assurance sure and felt in her breast the burning of the murderous steel—all these returned to her soul with double and almost intolerable force, as she retraced the same road. An ailing and feeble mother not seen for years,—who would not hasten to her bedside, weep over her failing days, and grieve—but not with the grief that crushes the heart? That anguish is soft, even after a time sweet. It is the course of nature, as we say. The life from which ours came must fade before ours. The light of day is not obliterated by that natural fading. Kirsteen had set out at an hour's notice, and was prepared to risk any encounter, any hardness or even insult in order to answer her mother's call. She was not reluctant like Anne, nor did she grudge the trouble and pain. But as she returned in thought to her previous lonely flight into these glens the acuter pang swallowed up the lesser. She had not spoken to her sister for a long time. Her recollections grew more and more keen, as in another twilight, yet so different, she again approached the glimmering loch, the dimly visible hills. Anne's unsteady grasp upon her arm brought her to herself.

"What must we do? We must just leave the chaise here, it can go no further. To drive to the door would frighten them all, and perhaps betray us. It is not a very long walk."

"Are ye going to walk? I am not a good walker, Kirsteen. And in the dark by that wild road? I never could get so far—Oh, I'm so used to

town ways now—I couldna take such a long, dreadful walk.”

“Anne!”

“It would be far better to leave me here. You could send for me if I was really wanted. I’m very tired already, and not fit—oh, not fit for more. You’re younger—and ye always was so strong—not like me.”

“Would you like your bairns to leave ye to die alone—for the sake of a two miles walk? Would ye like them to lie down and sleep and rest, and you dying two miles away?”

“Oh, Kirsteen, you are very cruel to me! What can I do for her?” cried Anne. “She will have plenty without me.”

It was no time for controversy, and as Anne trembled so that she could scarcely stand Kirsteen had to consent to take the post-chaise on, as far as was practicable without rousing the household at Drumcarro. For herself the chill of the wintry night, the cold freshness in the air, the wild sweep of sound all round her, in the swelling burn and the rustle of the naked trees and all those inarticulate murmurs of silence which come down from the heights of unseen hills, were salutary and sweet. When they paused at last upon the lonely road and stepped out into the blackness of the night with the lantern that was to guide them on their further way, that descent into the indecipherable dark, with all the roaring of wind and stream about them, had indeed something in it that was appalling. Anne, notable even to complain more, clung to Kirsteen’s arm with a terrified grasp and listened among all the other storms of sound to the rolling of the wheels going back as if her last hope was thus departing from her. She that ought to have been warm and safe at home, putting the children to bed, sitting between the bright fire and the pleasant lamp waiting for David, to think that she should be here in a darkness that might be felt, with the burn on one side rushing like some wild beast in the dark, and the wind lashing the bare branches on the other, and only Kirsteen, a woman like her-

self, to protect her! A weak woman with a strong husband loses all faith in other women. How could Kirsteen protect her? She shivered with cold and terror clinging to her sister’s arm but without any faith in it, and thinking of nothing but her own terrors and discomfort. Kirsteen on her side felt the stimulus of the cold, the tumult of natural sounds, the need of wary walking, and the responsibility of the burden upon her arm as something that subdued and softened the storm of recollections in her heart.

When they came suddenly upon the house of Drumcarro, almost unexpectedly, although the added roar of the linn coming nearer made them aware that the house could not be far off, Anne broke down altogether. The house was faintly lighted, one or two windows up stairs giving out a faint gleam through the darkness in honour of the approaching event. The house-door stood half open, the shutters were not closed in the dining-room. That air of domestic disarray, of the absorption of all thoughts in the tragedy going on up stairs which is habitual to such moments, had stolen into the house. The two wayfarers standing outside, both of them trembling with the strangeness of it, and fear and emotion, could see some one sitting by the fire in the dining room, with a bowed head. They grasped each other’s hands when they saw it was their father. He was sitting by the side of the fire, bending forwards, his profile brought out against the dark mantelpiece by the ruddy glow. Even Kirsteen’s stronger frame trembled a little at sight of him, and Anne, no better than a helpless lay figure, hung upon her sister’s arm without power of movement, stifling by force a terrified cry. It would not have reached him in the tumult of natural noises outside, but she became more frightened and helpless still when this cry had burst from her lips. “Oh! come away, come away, I dare not face him,” she said in Kirsteen’s ear. And Kirsteen too was daunted. She abandoned the intention of entering by the open door, which had been her first

thought, and softly took the path which led to Marg'ret's quarters behind. Drumcarro heard the faint click of the latch as she opened the gate. He rose up and listened while they shrank into the shelter of the bushes. Then he came out of the door, and stood there looking out into the darkness with a faint candle showing his own lowering countenance to the watchers outside, but to him nothing. "I thought it might be the doctor," he said to himself, then went again to his seat by the dull fire. Anne was no more than a bundle upon Kirsteen's arm. She dragged her as softly as might be to the lighted kitchen behind, and looking in at the uncurtained window had the good fortune to catch Marg'ret's eye.

"Ye have brought her with ye," said Marg'ret half reproachfully when Anne had been placed in a chair before the fire.

"She had the same right as I. We have both deserted the old house."

"Oh, my bonny dear, but not the same. Kirsteen, my lamb—ye're all well, all well?"

Marg'ret searched with longing eyes the face that had so long been lost to her. Some things she knew, many she divined. She asked no question but looked and saw, and sighed and shook her head. The face was not the girl's face she knew; but she was not aware that the change in it had come within the last six months, the setting of the mobile lines with a certain fixedness, the mysterious depths that had come into the laughing, flashing, soft, fierce eyes she knew, the eyes that were made of light. Behind the light there was now a deep sea, of which the meanings were hidden and manifold.

"There's no question of me," said Kirsteen, meeting her look steadfastly, "but of my mother—"

"She is just herself," said Marg'ret, "just herself, poor body. The end is coming fast and she has little fear of it. Oh, I think very little fear; but taken up with small things as she always was."

"I will just go up—"

"Will ye go up? The Laird is about the house: and I am feared he will make some stramash when he sees ye. If ye were to wait till he is in bed? She has not said a word about ye all day, but I've seen her as if she was listening. She'll maybe have had some inkling from the Lord that her bairn was coming. She's real peaceable and contented," said Marg'ret, putting her apron to her eyes. "The Almichty is just dealing with her like a petted bairn. She's no feared—her that aye thought the grasshopper a burden—I ken fine that she has been looking for ye the livelang day."

"I will just go up," said Kirsteen again.

"And what am I to do with *her*?"

"Marg'ret, it's Anne."

"I ken weel who it is, Dr. Dewar's wife; you might just have let her bide with her bairns. What am I to do with her? It's no her mother she's thinking o'. The Laird will never thole her in the house. He'll just take her with his foot like a bundle of cla'es, which is what she is, and put her to the door."

"You will take care of her, Marg'ret," said Kirsteen. There was some justice in Marg'ret's description. Anne sat huddled up in a chair by the fire holding out her hands to it now and then, moaning a little. She had asked no question as they came in; perhaps she had heard the reply to Kirsteen's anxious inquiry. She was cold no doubt and miserable, and beyond all afraid. When there was any sound in the house she drew herself together with a shudder. "You will just take care of her, Marg'ret; let her lie down upon your bed, and keep her warm, and when my father has gone to his bed"—

"You will not wait for that yourself?"

Kirsteen's answer was to walk away. She went through the passage with her heart beating, and mounted the dark stair; there were few lights about the house, a solitary miserable candle at the top of the stair waving about in the wind that blew in from

the open door, and another placed on a small table near the head of Mrs. Douglas's bed. The invalid herself was quite in the dark shade with a curtain between her and this light. The whiteness of her worn face on the pillow betrayed where she was, but little more. But by the bedside with the gleam of the candle upon her soft, beautiful hair, and her face, which Kirsteen thought was like the face of an angel, stood Jeanie, Jeanie woman-grown, the beauty that all her sisters had expected her to be, radiant in colour and expression. For the first moment the light that seemed to ray from Jeanie was the only thing that Kirsteen saw. It was what she had expected. It gave her almost a pang of sudden exquisite pleasure by her mother's deathbed.

"Did ye hear somebody, Jeanie, coming up the stair?"

"It will be Merran, mother, with the things for the night."

"It canna be Merran. I know one foot from another though I'm a little dull, just a little dull in my hearing. Look out and see if your sister's come."

"Do you mean, Mary, mother?"

"No, I'm not meaning Mary. She's the one of all my bairns most like me, folk say—the same coloured hair—not like your red heads—and Alexander he was aye a brown-haired laddie. Eh, to think that I will never see one of them again!—and I'm just quite content, not frettin' at all. They'll be taken care of—they'll get wives of their own. When they get wives—or men either—there's but little room for their mother. But I'm not heeding—I'm just not heeding. I'm quite content. Look out, Jeanie, and see if that was your sister at the door."

Jeanie turned to do her mother's bidding and found herself almost face to face with a lady whom she thought at first she had never seen before. She gave a little cry of instinctive alarm.

"Is she there?" said the mother faintly from the bed. "I knew she would be there. Come to the other side, Kirsteen, that I may get the

light upon ye, and see it's you. Ay, it's just you—my bonny woman!—but you've changed, you've changed."

"No, mother—just the same Kirsteen."

"In one way, I dinna doubt ye, my dear; but ye've come through trouble and sorrow. I'm thinking there was something I had to say, but it's clean gone away out of my mind." She had put out her hand to Kirsteen, and was smiling faintly upon her from amidst the pillows. "I knew ye were coming—I just heard the coach rattling all the day."

"But, mother, tell me how you are? That's the most important thing—you're easy, at least in no pain?"

"Oh, I'm just very easy. I'm easy about everything. I'm no tormenting myself any more. I aye told ye I would never live to see my boys come back. Ye would not believe me, but ye see it's true. One thing's just a great blessing—I'll be away myself before the next laddie goes."

"Oh, mother, never mind that; tell me about yourself."

Mrs. Douglas lay silent for a little while, and then she asked in her soft, small voice, no longer querulous, "Kirsteen, have ye got a man?"

"No, mother."

"It's maybe just as well—it's maybe better. You'll give an eye to the rest. Ye were always more like a mother than Mary. Give an eye to them. This pair lassie here; she'll be a wee forlorn when I'm away."

"Oh, mother!" cried Jeanie, with an outburst of vehement tears.

"There's something I wanted to tell ye—but it's gone out of my mind. Eh, when I think how many of ye have lain at my breast, and only the two of ye here; but it's no matter, it's no matter. I've aye been a complaining creature. Fourteen bairns is a heavy handful, and three of them dead. My first little girlie of all I lost, and then one between you and Robbie, and then—all of you weel in health, and like to live, but just thae three. But that's plenty to keep a woman's heart. I have a notion I'll

find them still little things when I win up yonder," said the dying woman, with a flicker of her feeble hand towards the dim roof. A faint, ineffable smile was upon her face. "She was Alison, after my mother," she said.

The two daughters, one on each side of the bed, stood and watched while this little monologue went on, Jeanie shaken now and then by convulsive fits of weeping, Kirsteen too much absorbed in her mother for any other sensation.

"So ye have no man?" said Mrs. Douglas again. "It's maybe just as well; ye will be a stand-by for them all, Kirsteen, my bonny woman. I'm thankful there's one that is not marriest. Ye will just tell them all when they come hame that I knew I would never see them more, but just wore away at the last very easy, very easy and content. I'm waik, but just bye ordinar comfortable, awfu' light like, as if I could just mount up on angels' wings, ye mind, and flee—"

"It's wings like eagles, mother," said Jeanie, anxious for accuracy.

"Well, well, there's little difference. Kirsteen, she's very young, younger than ye were at her age. Ye'll aye give an eye to Jeanie. She may have need of it when her auld mother's away. I've not been much protection, ye'll think, but still it's a loss to a woman bairn. Jeanie's my youngest and Alison my first-born, and yet Jeanie's a woman and Alison a little playing bairn at heaven's gate. Isna that strange?" A little sound of laughter came from the bed. Never was dying so easy, so pleasant and gentle. The sand was ebbing out a grain at a time. Suddenly she roused herself a little, and put out again her hand to Kirsteen. A little change came over her face. "I hear your father's step coming up the stair. But ye'll no forsake me, Kirsteen—ye'll not go away?"

"Never while ye want me, mother."

"It will not be for long," said the dying woman. Her gratitude was disturbed by a little alarm; she grasped Kirsteen with her shadowy hand, and held her fast.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WEEL—how are ye now?" said Drumcarro, coming to his wife's bedside. His shaggy eyebrows were drawn together, so that his eyes gleamed small from among the manifold puckers round them. He was not altogether without feeling. He was sorry now that she was dying. He had never taken much notice of her constant illness before. His voice was still gruff and abrupt, and he had no kind things to say, but in his way he was a little affected by the fact that she was lying, this weak creature to whose presence and complaints he had been accustomed for so many years, on the brink of the grave.

"I'm just very comfortable. Never ye mind me, Neil, my man. Just go to your bed, and if anything should happen Jeanie will give ye a cry. Your father was never a man that could do without his night's rest. And there's no need; I'm just as easy as I can be, and well taken care of." Mrs. Douglas was past the little wiles which women fall into when there is a domestic despot to deal with. She forgot that it was a sin against her husband that Kirsteen should be there. She turned her head from one side to the other with a smile. "Real weel taken care of—between them," she said.

Drumcarro lifted his head and gazed fiercely at the figure on the other side; the folds of his eyelids widened and opened up, a fierce glance of recognition shot out of them. "How dared ye come here?" he said.

"To see my mother," said Kirsteen.

"How dared ye come into my house?"

"I would have gone—to the gates of death when my mother wanted me. Let me be, as long as she wants me, father; she's so quiet and peaceable, ye would not disturb her. Let her be."

He looked at her again, with a threatening look, as if he might have seized her, but made no other movement. "Ye've done less harm than ye meant," he said; "ye've brought

no canailye into my house; ye'll just pass and drop with no importance, and have no mention in the family. Be it so. It's no worth my while to interfere; a lass here or a lass there maitters nothing, so long as there's no canailye brought into my house."

"Neil," said the mother from the bed, "we must just pray the Lord to bless them a' before we pairt. Fourteen of them between you and me—I've just been naming them a' before the Lord. Alison, she was the first; you were terrible disappointed thinking there might maybe be no more." Mrs. Douglas once more laughed feebly at this mistake. "And then there was Alexander, and ye were a proud man. And then Donald and William, and then Anne, my bonnie Anne, my first lass that lived—"

"Hold your peace, woman. Put out that name, damn her! confound her! She's none o' mine."

"And Neil that ye called Nigel, but I like it Neil best," said the low voice rippling on without interruption. "And syne Mary, and syne— But eh, it wearies me to name them a'. Their Maker just knows them a' well, puir things, some in heaven, and some in India—and some—. Just say with me, God bless them a', fourteen bonnie bairns that are men and women now—and some of them with bairns of their ain. To think all these lads and lassies should come from me, always a waik creature—and no a blemish among them all—not a thrawn limb, or a twisted finger, straight and strong and fair to see. Neil, my man, take my hand that's a poor thin thing now, and say God bless them all!"

"What good will that do them? I'm for none of your forms and ceremonies," said Drumcarro, putting his hands deep in his pockets. "Ye had better try and get some sleep."

"I'll get plenty sleep by and by. Kirsteen, I would like to turn upon my side, to see your father's face. Neil, ye've been a good man to me."

He started a little, evidently not expecting this praise.

"On the whole," said the dying

woman. "I was a silly thing when I was young, but the bairns were always a great pleasure. But you're a dour man, Neil—ye canna forgive nor forget. Kirsteen, that ye put your curse upon, she'll be the stand-by for the whole house. Mind you what I say. She'll have no man, and she'll be the stand-by—"

"No man will ever have her, ye mean. She'll just live and die an auld maid," said Drumcarro, with a hoarse laugh.

"She'll be the stand-by," said Mrs. Douglas. "And maybe my poor Anne —" She paid no attention to the interruption he made. "I would not wonder," she said with a faint smile, "if my poor Anne— Eh, I would like to see her little bairns, Kirsteen. Why are they not here?"

"If one of the confounded set comes to my door—"

"Oh, father," cried Kirsteen, "hold your peace, and let her be."

"That minds me," said the dying woman, "give me your hand, Neil—or rather take a hold of mine, for I'm very waik—like the time we were marriet. Ay, that's the way." Though she was so weak her faint fingers closed over the hard hand that unwillingly humoured her whim, and took hers. "Now," she said, "ye know it's the man that's the priest and king in his own house. I'll just say the amen. Neil, God bless them a' every one, and all belonging to them, for Jesus Christ's sake, amen—amen! that's for His Son's sake, ye know, in whom He is ever well pleased. Amen! And many thanks to ye, my man, for doing my last bidding. The Lord bless them a', and all belonging to them, in heaven and in earth, and the far places of the earth, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!"

Drumcarro said no more, his rugged countenance lowered like a thunder cloud, yet there were workings in the muscles of the weather-beaten cheeks and throat half covered with grizzled hair. He drew his hand out of hers, and looked for a moment at the marks of the weak fingers which had so

closed upon it, leaving an impress which died out as he gazed, like the fingers themselves disappearing out of sight.

"Now we'll all go to our beds," said the faint voice cheerfully. "I'm real glad we've just had that moment; for the man's the priest—the man's the priest. I just said, amen—ye all heard me, just amen. Neil, my man, go away to your bed."

He hesitated a moment, then turned away. "Ye can give me a cry if there's any change," he said to Jeanie as he passed; and then they could hear his heavy steps going slowly along the passage, stopping for a moment to blow out the flickering candle, and then the closing of his door.

"I'm going to my bed, too. I'm real happy and easy, and just ready for a sleep. Was it no a grand thing to get your father in such a good key, and hear him bless them all?" said the patient with a little proud flutter of joy, and then her eyes closed like the eyes of a child. Kirsteen sent her younger sister also to bed, and made what arrangements she could for the comfort and quiet of the dying woman. Many of the appliances of nursing did not exist in those days, but affection and good sense are perhaps after all the best appliances.

She sat down by the bedside, with a strange sensation as if she were in a dream. The peacefulness about her was wonderful, so different from anything she had expected. She had feared to find her mother as querulous and wailing as ever, and to have probably a struggle over her bed; possibly to be expelled from the house. Instead of this, all was quiet; everything given over into her hands. She sat going over the wonderful things that had happened since she had left the place, her terror of the step she had felt herself bound to take, her trembling helplessness, the sustenance of her sweet and tender hope. And now that hope was gone for ever, and all dreams, and every inspiring expectation. Her life was blank, though so

full—no hidden heart in it any longer. She would be the stand-by of her family, "That I will!" Kirsteen said to herself; the same words she had said to him when he had whispered, "Will ye wait?" She remembered this too with a forlorn sense of her own life as of a thing apart, which went on shaping itself different from all anticipations. She to be the stand-by of the family who had fled from it so helpless and unfriended! And she to have that dim blank before her, with no light ever to come out of it, whose heart had been fixed so early upon such a hope! Perhaps the second pledge might end too in unfulfilment like the first. At least she would have soothed the conclusion of her mother's fading life.

It was in the middle of the night that Anne was introduced to her mother's bedside. She had fallen asleep in Marg'ret's bed, and had not awakened for hours, sleeping the heavy sleep of fatigue and unaccustomed excessive emotion. To travel in a post-chaise all day, to take a terrible walk in the dark with the light of a lantern, she who was accustomed to Glasgow streets, to lie down to sleep fully dressed on a strange bed, she who was used to retire punctually to rest at ten o'clock, with the baby in its cradle beside her, and her husband to see that all was right! When Anne woke and realised all the horrors of her position, come here to attend a death-bed (of which, as of other painful things, she had a great terror), and with the risk of being seen and seized by her father, perhaps exposed to personal violence, perhaps turned out into the dark night—and everything she was used to out of her reach—her sensations were almost those of despair. If it had not been for the superadded horrors of the dark road, she would have stolen out of the house, and escaped. But she dared not alone face the darkness and solitude, and the raging burn and roaring wind, which were like two wild beasts on either side of the way. She thought of David sleeping quietly at home, and

all the children in their beds, with a wild pang of mingled longing and injury. They could sleep while she was surrounded by these terrors; and David had made her come in spite of herself, in spite of her certainty that it would kill her. She got up in the wildest feverish nervousness and misery, and looked at herself in Marg'ret's little looking-glass—a wild, pale, red-eyed, dishevelled creature, so entirely unlike Mrs. Doctor Dewar. Oh, what should she do? The terrors of the cowardly and ignoble are perhaps more dreadful than anything that can be experienced by minds more highly endowed. No barrier of reason or possibility appeared to Anne to limit the horrors that might happen to her. She might be murdered there, for anything she knew.

And it was with the greatest difficulty that she was got up stairs. She was afraid of everything, afraid of the creak of the stairs, of her father's door lest it should open upon her suddenly, and of her mother's death-bed. Anne was terribly afraid of death—always with a personal terror lest she should see or hear something ghastly and dreadful. "Oh, Kirsteen, it will just kill me," she said. "What will kill ye?" cried Kirsteen in indignation. "It is just a sight for the angels." But Anne was beyond the verge of such consolation. She dropped down a helpless heap of clothes and tears by her mother's bedside, scarcely venturing a glance at the blanched and shrunken white image that lay in her mother's bed. And by this time the dying woman had wandered beyond the consciousness of what was about her. She smiled and opened her eyes for a moment when she was appealed to, but what she said had no connection with the circumstances about her. "Mother, it is Anne—Mother, Anne's here, Anne's come to see ye—Mother, have ye not a word for Anne?" "Anne, is that her name? No, my bonny dear, but Alison after my mother. She's the biggest of the three, and look at her gold hair like Jeanie's." The white face was illu-

minated with the most beautiful smile—the half-opened eyes had a dazzled look of happiness. She opened them faintly with the one recognition that remained in them. "Eh, Kirsteen, but it's bonny, bonny!" "Mother," cried Kirsteen with her arm under the pillow gently moving and changing the position of the sufferer, as she turned from one side to another. "Mother! one word for poor Anne!" Her mother only turned once more those dazzled faint eyes with the last spark of mortal consciousness in them to Kirsteen and smiled. She had gone out into the green pastures and by the quiet waters, and recognised earthly calls no more.

"Oh, Kirsteen, never mind, oh, never mind. Now that I've seen her I'll just creep away."

"Come here," said Kirsteen full of pity, "and ye can give her a kiss before ye go."

Anne dragged herself up, trembling and tottering. She would rather have dared the dark road than touch that white face. But what her sister ordained she had to do. She bent over the bedside with terror to give the required kiss.

Something had roused Drumcarro at that moment from his disturbed slumbers. He had thrown himself on his bed half dressed, being after all human and not without some feeling in respect to the poor companion of so many long years. Perhaps he had heard something of the progress of Anne and her supporters up the stairs. He came out now with a swing of his door, pushing open that of the sick room. The first thing he saw was the distracted face of Anne put forward reluctantly towards her mother, against the dark moreen curtains of the bed. She saw him at the same moment, and with the shriek of a wild creature at the touch of the slayer sank out of sight, prone upon the floor, keeping a despairing hold upon the folds of Kirsteen's dress. Scorn of the coward no doubt was in Drumcarro's mind as well as rage at the intruder. He made a stride across the room, and caught

her by the shoulder forcing her to her feet. The unusual sounds roused the dying mother. She struggled up, looking wildly round, "What was that, what was that? Oh, dinna make a noise, bairns, and anger your father." Then her dim faculties returned to their previous impression. "Neil, Neil—you're the priest—say it once more—the Lord bless them a' and all belonging to them, for Jesus Christ's sake, amen—for ever and ever, amen!"

She put her wasted hands upon her breast and fell back on her pillows. The end had come—and everything had now to give way to the presence of death. Drumcarro thrust his trembling daughter violently from him with a muttered oath, and all except Anne gathered round the bed. The solitary candle flickered with a faint light upon the group, Kirsteen on one side with her arm under the pillow to ease the faint movements of the dying, the father's dark and weatherbeaten countenance lowering over the bed, Marg'ret behind, and Jeanie more like an angel than ever in her white night-dress, startled by the sensation that had gone through the house, appearing in the doorway. A last gleam of light in the mother's fading eyes rested upon this white angelic figure. No doubt the departing soul took it for the guide that was to lead her to the skies.

Mr. Douglas put his hand, not without reverence, over the closing eyes. He took out his watch to note the time. To kiss the dead face, or make any demonstration of love or sorrow would have been impossible, and a contradiction of all his habits and tenets; but the man was subdued, and there was something in this presence which obliterated for the moment all violent impulses. He said aloud but softly, "Twenty minutes past three in the morning," and closing his big watch with a sharp sound which jarred upon the silence, turned away. He even laid his hand almost tenderly for an instant upon the golden head of Jeanie as he passed her, and closed his

own door with little noise. It was his only tribute to the dead, and yet it was a real tribute. No harsh sound nor violence could intrude there. Perhaps he was ashamed to have startled her, and thankful even in his arbitrary soul that she had not known what it was.

Some moments of absolute silence passed during which Anne did not know what to do. She had time to steal away, but was afraid to do so—not sure that her father might not be lurking, lying in wait for her outside of the door. The grip of his fingers on her shoulder seemed still to burn her, and yet she had not received any harm. And this was not all—for awe and superstitious fear and some natural feeling also kept her still. She might see some white image of her mother, more terrible still than the wrath of the other parent, if she ventured out of the shelter of human society even in the death-chamber. Tears were hot behind her eyes, waiting to burst. She did not dare to approach, to look again at the face out of which life had just departed. The only movement of which she was capable was to put forth a hand and grasp Kirsteen's dress, as at last, after that long moment of silence and homage to the departed life, the watchers began to move again.

How soon that has to be! A few inevitable tears, a sense of utter quiet and relief after the struggle, instinctive little cares which Marg'ret could not postpone, to close the eyes, to straighten the dead arms, to smooth the sheets in the decorum of death. Marg'ret's eyes were full of tears, but she knew well all that had to be done. "You must go and lie down, my dear, and leave the rest to me," she whispered. "All's done that you can do." And it was only then that Anne recurred to their minds, an anxiety the more, and that Kirsteen felt as she moved her sister's hold upon her dress.

Four o'clock in the morning, the darkest moment of the winter night!

The little troubled feminine party withdrew to the warm kitchen, the only place in the house where there was warmth and light, to consult what they should do. It had been Kirsteen's intention to leave her father's house at once as she had come, her duty being over. But Jeanie's anxious entreaty bursting forth among the tears in which her simple sorrow found relief, and a sense of the charge she had seemed to take from her mother's hand like some office and trust conferred, changed the mood of Kirsteen. Her father had endured her presence, her young sister needed her; Anne was her chief hindrance in these circumstances. But even for Anne the bitterness of death was past. It was all over, and she had sustained little harm; all that any one could ask of her now was to get away as quietly as possible; the worst was over; Anne was capable of enjoying the cup of tea which Marg'ret made haste to prepare. She even was persuaded to "try an egg" with it, as she had "a journey before her." It is true that for a moment she was thrown into fresh despair by the suggestion that Kirsteen was not to accompany her home.

"Oh, what will I do?" cried Anne. "Walk that awful way in the dark, and take up the chaise at the end, and all alone, with nobody with me? Oh, Kirsteen, if I had known, you would never have got me to leave my family, me that never goes a step without my man!"

"It's a great pity," said Marg'ret, "that you put Mrs. Doctor Dewar to all that trouble, Kirsteen."

"And so it is," said Anne. "I told her so; I said I was not fit for it, to be trailed away to the Highlands at a moment's notice. And my poor mother that was too far gone to mind, or to ask about my family. And what good could I do? But you might as well speak to the rocks as to Kirsteen when she has taken a thing into her head. And now what is to become of me?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE question how to dispose of Anne was finally settled by the evident necessity of sending Duncan, the man from the farm into the town for various necessary things, and to call at the merchant's and other indispensable errands. Marg'ret decided that he should take the cart, and convey Mrs. Doctor Dewar to the place where the post-chaise had been left, an arrangement to which Anne did not object, for Anne was one of the women who have not much confidence in other women, and she was very willing to exchange Kirsteen's protection and care for that of a man, even though he was only Duncan. She made her preparations for departure more cheerfully than could have been supposed, and even set out in the dark with Kirsteen and the lantern to walk a part of the way so that the sound of the cart might not be heard by Drumcarro, with resignation. They were interrupted, however, as they stole out of the house, by a sudden rush upon them of Jeanie who had been sent back to bed, but lying weeping there had heard the little stir of the departure, carefully as they had subdued every sound. Jeanie thought it was Kirsteen who was abandoning her, and rose and rushed to the door still in her night-dress to implore her sister to stay. "Oh! if ye will not stay, take me with you, oh, take me with you, Kirsteen!" she cried, flinging herself upon her sister's shoulder.

"Oh, Jeanie, whisht, whisht! you will make a noise and wake my father. I am not going away."

"Oh, take me with you, Kirsteen!" cried the girl too much excited to understand what was said. "Oh! dinna leave me here." She clung to Kirsteen's arm embracing it in both her own. "You would not leave me if you knew! Oh! you would take me with you if you knew. Kirsteen! Kirsteen!"

It was Anne who interfered with words of wisdom. "Are you out of

your senses, Jeanie?" she said. "Take ye away from your home, and your father's house? Kirsteen may be foolish enough but she is not so mad as that."

"Oh! Kirsteen," continued Jeanie imploring, putting her wet cheek against her sister's, rubbing herself against her like a child, "hear nobody but me! Bide with me, Kirsteen, or take me with you. I will just die—or worse—if I am left here."

It was not until Marg'ret had come alarmed from her kitchen to bid them, "Oh, whisht, bairns, or ye'll waken your father!" that Jeanie could be persuaded to silence, and to believe in her sister's promise to return. The sounds though so subdued still made a whispering through the hall, and an alarming movement that shook the house sounded overhead as if Drum-carro himself had been roused to see what was going on. This precipitated the departure of Anne, who frightened as she was for the dark road and the chill of the morning was still more alarmed at the idea of her father's appearance, and hastened out from the one danger to dare the other, almost with alertness pulling Kirsteen with her, with a clutch of her other arm. Anne's spirit was roused by the episode which had just passed. She was aware that she was not herself strong or able to move about unprotected, or take any separate step on her responsibility, but she had a great confidence in her own judgment respecting others. She almost forgot to think of the terrors of the dark in her desire to make Kirsteen see her duty in respect to Jeanie, and to set everything right. She panted a little as she spoke walking on in the darkness, with the lantern throwing a faint light upon the ground at her feet, but though it affected her breath, it did not affect her certainty of being able to give good advice.

"Kirsteen—ye will be very wrong—if ye yield to that bairn. She is little more—than a bairn. She is maybe nervish with a person dead in the house. You will say it

is weak—but I'm nervish myself. Kirsteen!"—Anne had made a longer pause to take breath,—“ye had ay a great confidence in yourself. But you see you make a mistake whiles. Like bringing me here. David—was just silly as well as you. He thought, if I came, it might mend—matters—and be good for the bairns. But I—was right ye see. When a person's dying—they've no time to think—about other folk."

"All that my mother thought was about other folk—if you call her children other folk."

"Ay, in a kind of a general way. But she never said 'Where's Anne? How many bairns has she—and is the doctor doing well?'—Which is what I would have expected. No that I did—expect it," said Anne panting. "Oh, Kirsteen, we'll be in—the burn—if ye do not take care! She never—asked for me, at all," Mrs. Dewar continued. "I might have been safe—in my bed—at home. A long day in a post-chaise—and now another long day—and I'll get back perished with hunger and cold—and if I havena an illness, as Marg'ret says—and just for nothing," said Anne—"nothing! for all you said—David and you."

Kirsteen said nothing in reply, but instinctively quickened her pace a little. She heard the rumble of the cart in the darkness round a corner which was to deliver her from Anne's wisdom and helplessness, the first of which was worse than the last. And after a while the gleam of another lantern, the horse's hoofs and jog of the cart guided them to the spot where Duncan stood, his ruddy face grave with sympathy. He made a little remark about the wae'ful occasion, and the need of supporting God's will, raising his bonnet reverently; and then Mrs. Dewar was helped into the cart and went rumbling away into the darkness, still relieved for a time by the gleams growing fainter and fainter thrown by Duncan's lantern from side to side.

The wind had fallen and the burn

ran more softly, as Kirsteen walked home. She was very tired, in that state of exaltation which extreme exhaustion and sorrow sometimes bring, as if lifted out of herself altogether into a clear, still atmosphere of utter sadness, yet relief. The active suffering was over, she was incapable of further pain, but unutterably sad and sorrowful, hushed out of all complaining. The darkness enveloped her and soothed her, hiding her from all the world so that she could go on, weeping all to herself with no one to ask why or how.

True loves I may get many ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

These words kept wandering through her mind involuntarily while the tears fell down, and her mouth quivered with something like a smile. The futile contrast now, to her who could have no true love but one, and no second mother! She went on very softly in the dark, as in a dream, feeling in her face the freshness of the mountain air and the turn of the night towards morning—silently weeping as she walked. The greater of her losses was altogether secret, a thing to be known of none. Neither of her sorrows was for the public eye. Her life, which was so far from this and so different, awaited her with labours and cares unknown to this solitude, and she had much to do with which no loss or sorrow could interfere. She was to be the stand-by of the family, she who had fled from it to find a shelter among strangers. She must not even sit down to weep her mother. Only thus could she allow herself the indulgence of tears. The darkness was sweet to her, wrapping her round, keeping all her secrets. The heavens did not open to show her any beatitude; the landscape which she loved was all hidden away as if it did not exist. Nor were there any ecstatic thoughts in her heart of reunion or heavenly rapture. There was a long, long weary road stretching before her, years that seemed endless going on and on, through which she must walk,

weeping only in the dark, smiling and busy through the day. Kirsteen made up her mind to all that was before her in that solitary walk, going towards her desolate home. In a day or two she would have left it, probably for ever, and gone back to a manifold and many-coloured life. The stand-by of the family! She had always intended this, and now there was consecration on her head.

The lights in Drumcarro shone blurred through the dark, a window here and there with rays of reflection round it hanging suspended in the night, no walls visible, a faint illumination for the dead. Duncan's wife had come in to help, and a silent, solemn bustle was going on, sad, yet not without an enjoyment in it. Merran went and came up and down stairs with an occasional sniff and sob, and the importance of a great event was in the hushed house. Save for a birth or a marriage there had never been so much suppressed excitement in Drumcarro—even Margret was swept by it, and moved about, observing many punctilios, with a tremor of emotion which was not altogether painful. She had put the best sheets upon the bed, and covered the looking-glass with white, and put away everything that belonged to the usages of life. Kirsteen paused for a moment to look at the white, serene face upon the pillow, with all the white, cold surroundings of the death-chamber—and then went noiselessly into the room which had been her own, where Jeanie lay fast asleep, exhausted with sorrow and trouble, upon one of the beds. She undressed for the first time since she had left London, and lay down on the other. But she was too tired and overworn to sleep. She lay with wide-open eyes in the dark, thinking over and over all the circumstances through which she found herself again an inmate of her father's house. It seemed an endless time before the first greyness of dawn crept into the room, carrying with it a whole world of the past, beginning, as it seemed to Kirsteen, a new life of which she but dimly realised

the burdens and anxieties. There was her father to think of, how he would receive her now that the protection of her mother's dying presence was withdrawn. Whether he would allow her to stay—and what she could answer to Jeanie's cry of distress, "Oh, take me with you!" Anne was a fool and yet she had spoken wisely. The daughter who had herself escaped from home was the last who could take another away. Perhaps the bonds of nature seemed all the stronger now to Kirsteen because she had herself broken them, because even now she shuddered at the thought of being again bound by them. Even when it is but an interval of a few years which has made the change, a woman who has gone out into the world and encountered life is slow to believe that a girl's troubles can be so heavy as to warrant such a step. They were in her own case she may allow—but how to believe that there is anything in a father's power tragic enough to make life unbearable for another, or how in Jeanie's childlike existence such a necessity should arise, made Kirsteen smile with half shame of herself who had set the example, half amazement at her little sister's exaggerated feelings. It could be nothing surely but fear of her father's jibes and frowns. Neither of these things alarmed Kirsteen now. And who could be harsh to Jeanie—not even her father, though she was but a girl!

While the elder sister thought thus, the younger stirred a little and turned towards her. The daylight was still grey but clear enough to make the sweet little countenance visible. Jeanie's yellow hair was all decently smoothed away under her nightcap according to the decorous fashion of the time. And the little frilled cap surrounding her face made her look something between an infant and a nun, unspeakably childlike, innocent and pure to her sister's admiring eyes. But Jeanie's face grew agitated and unquiet as the faint light stole over it and the moment of waking approached. She put out her hands and seemed to clutch at some-

thing in the air—"I will not go—I will not go—I will go with none but Kirsteen," she cried in her sleep. Then, her voice growing thick and hurried, "No—no—I'll not do it—I'll never go—no, no, no." Jeanie struggled in her dream as if she were being dragged away struggling with something stronger than herself. Suddenly she woke, and sat up in her bed with a dazed look round her, and trouble in every line of her puckered eyelids. "What is it, Jeanie?" She turned round and saw Kirsteen, with a sudden lightening of her countenance, as if the sun had risen: "Oh, Kirsteen, if you're there! nobody will meddle with me if you're there!" "What is it—what is it, Jeanie?" Jeanie looked round again as if still unassured. "I was only dreaming," she said.

And there was little time for further inquiries since Marg'ret just then came into the room. She was very tender to Jeanie but anxious to get her roused and dressed and sent down stairs, "to give the laddies, poor things, their breakfast." Marg'ret had restrained herself with a great effort that neither might be disturbed before the time after such a broken night. She herself had not been in bed at all, and felt it quite natural that it should be so, her fatigue going off with the coming of the morning, and a still excitement filling all her veins. The loss of the mistress was perhaps more to Marg'ret than to any one in the house; but Kirsteen too was more to her than any other. She would have a long time to indulge her grief, but not long to hear the story and enter into all the feelings of her child. She had restrained with what was a true self-sacrifice her eagerness and loving curiosity. When she sat down now by Kirsteen's bedside it was with a sigh of satisfaction and relief. "And now, my own bairn, the pride of my heart!" Marg'ret said.

The conversation lasted a long time. Their letters had been frequent for the habit of the time, once every quarter of a year at the least they had exchanged their good wishes and such

information to each other about the other as could be conveyed by "hand o' write"; but neither of them had any habit of letter-writing, and there was much to be added, to fill in the framework of fact which Kirsteen had communicated from time to time. Everything indeed had to be told from the time of her arrival in London until the present moment. Marg'ret sat crying softly holding her hands, keeping up a low murmur of commentary. "Eh, but I'm glad my sister Jean had it in her power," "Eh, but she's a fortunate woman to have ye!" "Eh, if I had but been there!" she exclaimed at intervals, pride and satisfaction mingled with an envy of her sister which Marg'ret's better feeling could scarcely overcome. "I am just an ill woman, full of envy and all uncharitableness. I would fain, fain have been the one. I would have held ye up in my arms, and let no harm come near ye! I couldna have seen your bonny fingers spoilt with sewing," she cried with outbursts of tears. But when Kirsteen came to the story of the last year, Marg'ret listened upon her knees, her head bent down upon the hands which she held clasped in her own, a few sobs bursting from her breast, her lips pressed in a passion of sympathy which had no words upon Kirsteen's hands. The story was told very briefly in a few words. And then that chapter was closed, and no more was said.

"What is it that ails Jeanie?" asked Kirsteen, after she had come to the end of her tale, and Marg'ret had resumed her seat by the bed. "Tell me what has happened to her; there is something on her mind."

"Hoots," said Marg'ret, drying her eyes, "there is little on it, but what is on most lassies' minds—most likely a braw marriage so far as I can see. There is a gentleman that is up in your lodge on the hill above Glendyer. It's said to be for the fishing—but first it was said to be for the shooting—and my opinion is it's neither for the one nor the other but for our bit bonny Jeanie. It is just what I

always said, even to the Laird himself. She is the bonniest creature in all this country from Clyde to the sea."

"But she would not start in her sleep like that, nor cry and pray to me to take her with me, if that was all. And who is the man?"

"Not like Glendochart, though he's a clever gentleman and a real good man to her that has the wit to guide him. A young lad, long and straight and with a bonny black e'e—and a clever tongue, but leein' for he says very ceevil things to me. He's ceevil to every one about the place, and great friends with the Laird—and I canna tell what ails her at him, if there's anything ails her at him. She was just real pleased to see him till twa three weeks ago; and then she took an ill turn—but wherefore I canna say. Wha can say what whimsies come into a lassie's mind?—and I've been muckle taken up," said Marg'ret. She paused a moment, and if she had been a Roman Catholic would have crossed herself; the impulse was the same, though nothing would have more horrified a Scotch Protestant than to be told so. She paused, and in a low voice said, "Muckle taken up—with her that needs nae mortal's service mair—"

And there was silence between them for a moment, and thought, that travels so fast, stopped remorseful with a sense of compunction, feeling how recent was the event, and how swift was the current of life which had already begun to flow.

"You have not told me who he is?" said Kirsteen presently in a subdued tone.

"Well," said Marg'ret rousing herself with a smile of pride and pleasure, "his is a kind of what they ca' incognity at the lodge; but I'm thinking, though I'm not quite sure, that it's just one of the Duke's sons."

"One of the Duke's sons," cried Kirsteen aghast.

"Well, my bonny dear! And wherefore no? The Douglasses are as good blood as any in Scotland, if it were the Queen herself—"

"Oh, Marg'ret," cried Kirsteen, "my poor little Jeanie! Do ye think she cares for this man?"

"I make nae doubt ye are used to grander persons than that; but it's no just ceevil to call the young lord 'this man.'"

"Ye don't understand.—Oh! ye don't understand," cried Kirsteen, wringing her hands. "The blood of the Douglasses may be a very fine thing, but it will not make her a match for the Duke's son—Marg'ret, you that have so much sense! And what does my father say?"

"I mind the time," said Marg'ret, "when ye wouldna have said I didna understand. Maybe my sister Jean—oh, my bonny dear, forgive me I'm just a jealous fool, and I didna mean it. But there's naething in it that's hard to understand; a bonny lad that's young and ganging his ain gait—and he sees a bonny lass, that is just like a flower, the pride of the place. Is he to wait and reckon, will my father be pleased, and will my leddy mother be pleased? Set them up! Not to be owerproud of a Douglas in their house, and a beauty like Jeanie. The pride used to be on our side once," said Marg'ret, tossing her head, "if a' tales be true."

"It must have been a long time ago," said Kirsteen; "and my father, what does he say?"

"I never saw the Laird so father-like—no since the day when I put your brother Alexander into his arms, that's now the Cornel and a great man among the blacks in India. I mind the gleam in his face when he got his son, and thought upon all the grand things that would come with the lad-bairn. Ye ken yoursel he never heeded a lass he had. But when he sees my lord coming like a little colley doguie after our Jeanie, following her wherever she goes, there's the same look upon his face. I was the first to tell him," said Marg'ret with pride, "that it wasna just a bonny lass that bairn would be, but a beauty to be kent about the world. And now he sees it himsel. What your father

says?—He just says naething for pleasure and pride."

"Oh, Marg'ret—I fear, I fear, that this will be the worst of all."

"And what is there that's ill among ye, that ye speak of the worst of a'. There's Mrs. Doctor Dewar just a very comfortable like person, that's done weel enough for hersel. She's a poor creature with little heart, wrapt up in her common man and her little vulgar bairns. But that is just a' she would have been fit for whether or no. And there's Liddy Glendochart that is a real credit to the family, and has travelled, and can knap English with the best—far better than you. And there's yourself, Kirsteen, that makes all the grand London leddies stand about. And where is the ill among ye, that our bonny little Jeanie should be the worst of a'?"

Marg'ret raised her voice unconsciously as she gave forth this flourish, with her head in the air and all her banners waving. But the sound of her own utterance brought her back with a shock to the reality of things. She gave a low cry. "Eh, to think I should forget myself and brag and boast—with her, just an angel of God lying ben the house."

And once more Marg'ret paid a little, hasty, hot tribute of tears to the presence, now so solemn, but which till now had counted for so little amid the agitations of the family. During those days of mourning at least the mistress could not be altogether forgotten.

Mary and her husband arrived from Glendochart in the afternoon of that day. She was very full of explanations as to how it was impossible to come sooner, and how the illness had gone on so long, she had no belief in its speedy ending. She went up dutifully to the death-chamber, and shed a natural tear or two and came down again with her handkerchief to her eyes. "I thought my mother would have seen us all out. I never mind of her anything but ill," she remarked, her ideas still being Scottish though her voice since her visit to London

had taken on what she considered an English accent. "We had got to think, Glendochart and me, that she would go on as long as any of us. It was a great shock. If I had thought there was danger, I would have been here."

Then there was a little natural family conversation and a few more natural tears. And Kirsteen gave her sister an account of the last hours which she had witnessed, which Mary listened to with due gravity and a little feeling, saying at intervals, "My poor mother!" "She had always a very feeling heart!" "She was always so proud of her family!" as occasion required. "And what did my father say when he saw you, Kirsteen? I did not think you would dare to come, but Glendochart thought ye would dare anything, and it appears he knew better than me."

Kirsteen repressed the spark of resentment which this speech called forth. "My father said little to me. He made no objection, but he was not kind to Anne."

"To Anne!" Mary cried with horror, looking round lest any one should hear.

"I brought her, that she might see her mother before she died. But I am not unwilling to allow," said Kirsteen, "that it was a mistake. My mother took no notice of her, and my father—I did it for the best, but she came against her will—and it was a mistake."

"Little doubt of that," said Mary; "but I'm very glad ye see it, Kirsteen, for it's not often ye'll yield to say ye have made a mistake. And it will be a lesson to you another time."

"Let us hope so," said Kirsteen. "There is one thing I would fain have ye do, and that will save me may be from making another. Mary, our little Jeanie is not happy, I cannot tell why."

"It would be very unnatural if she were happy, when her mother died this morning."

"It is not that. Grief is one thing and trouble is another. She has something on her mind. Will ye take her

back with ye to Glendochart, and take care of her, when I go away?"

"Take her back? And who would be left with my father, to keep him company. And the two callants, that have nobody to look after them?"

"Marg'ret would look after them. And my father wants no company. Jeanie will miss my mother more than any of us."

"You will not miss her," said Mary; "I well believe that. But me that came to see her every six months."

"Still that is different from Jeanie that has been always here. The little thing will be very solitary. There may be people about that are not company for the like of her. I could not take her, it would not be allowed."

"I hope Kirsteen you will put nothing like that into Jeanie's head. You to take her! There are many things ye must have forgotten to propose that."

"I do not propose it. On the contrary I ask you to take her. I am not easy about her. I would not like to have her left here."

"Do you think because you could not put up with your home that nobody can put up with it?" said Mary. "Ye are just far mistaken, Kirsteen. Jeanie is a contented creature, of a quiet mind, and she'll do very well and keep very happy doing her duty to her father. None of us want to be hard upon you, but perhaps if my mother had not had all the charge left upon her, poor body, she might have had a longer and a more peaceful life; when the daughters of the house just take their own way—"

"You did not stay long after me," said Kirsteen, out of patience.

"I was very different," said Mary holding up her head. "I had my duty to my husband to think of; a married woman cannot please herself. You,—it was just your own fancy, but I had to think of Glendochart, for the Scripture says ye are to leave your parents and your father's house."

Kirsteen was silent and said no more.

(To be continued.)

DE QUINCEY.

IN not a few respects the literary lot of Thomas de Quincey, both during his life and after it, has been exceedingly peculiar. In one respect it has been unique. I do not know that any other author of anything like his merit during our time has had a piece of work published for fully twenty years as his, only for it to be excluded as somebody else's at the end of that time. Certainly *The Traditions of the Rabbins* was very De Quinceyish; indeed, it was so De Quinceyish that the discovery, after such a length of time, that it was not De Quincey's at all, but "Salathiel" Croly's, must have given unpleasant qualms to more than one critic accustomed to be positive on internal evidence. But if De Quincey had thus attributed to him work that was not his, he has also had the utmost difficulty in getting attributed to him in any accessible form work that was his own. Three, or nominally four, editions—one in the decade of his death, superintended for the most part by himself; another in 1862, whose blue coat and white labels dwell in the fond memory; and another in 1878 (reprinted in 1880) a little altered and enlarged, with the Rabbins turned out and more soberly clad, but identical in the main—put before the British public for some thirty-five years a certain portion of his strange, long delayed, but voluminous work. This work had occupied him for about the same period, that is to say for the last and shorter half of his extraordinary and yet uneventful life. Now after much praying of readers, and grumbling of critics, we have a fifth and definitive edition from the English critic who has given most attention to De Quincey, Professor Masson.¹ I may say with

hearty acknowledgment of Mr. Masson's services to English literature—acknowledgments which can nowhere be more in place than here—that I do not very much like this last edition. De Quincey, never much favoured by the mechanical producers of books, has had his sizings, as Byron would say, still further stinted in the matter of print, margins, and the like; and what I cannot but regard as a rather unceremonious tampering with his own arrangement has taken place, the new matter being not added in supplementary volumes or in appendices to the reprinted volumes, but thrust into or between the separate essays, sometimes to the destruction of De Quincey's "redaction" altogether, and always to the confusion and dislocation of his arrangement, which has also been neglected in other ways. In former re-issues Messrs. Black, following the usage of all the best publishers, arranged their additions so that the possessors of earlier issues could complete them at will, and, so far as I know, De Quincey's own arrangement was entirely respected, except in the very harmless change of making the fifth volume the first so as to lead off with the *Confessions*. Such a completion is now impossible,² and though this is a small evil in comparison with the slight put on De Quincey's digestion of his own work, it is, I think, an evil. Still the actual generation of readers, when this edition is finished, will undoubtedly have before them a fuller and completer edition of De Quincey than even Americans have

1889-90. The first volume appeared in November last, and the others have followed monthly since.

² Some help has however been given by a subsequent publication of *De Quincey's Uncollected Writings*, by J. Hogg. Two vols.; London, 1890.

¹ De Quincey's Works; edited by David Masson. In fourteen volumes; Edinburgh,

yet had; and they will have it edited by an accomplished scholar who has taken a great deal of pains to acquaint himself thoroughly with the subject.

Will they form a different estimate from that which those of us who have known the older editions for a quarter of a century have formed, and will that estimate, if it is different, be higher or lower? To answer such questions is always difficult; but it is especially difficult here, for a certain reason which I had chiefly in mind when I said just now that De Quincey's literary lot has been very peculiar. I believe that I am not speaking for myself only; I am quite sure that I am speaking my own deliberate opinion when I say that on scarcely any English writer is it so hard to strike a critical balance—to get a clear definite opinion that you can put on the shelf and need merely take down now and then to be dusted and polished up by a fresh reading—as on De Quincey. This is partly due to the fact that his merits are of the class that appeals to, while his faults are of the class that is excused by, the average boy who has some interest in literature. To read the *Essay on Murder*, the *English Mail Coach*, the *Spanish Nun*, the *Cæsars*, and half a score other things at the age of about fifteen or sixteen is, or ought to be, to fall in love with them. And there is nothing more unpleasant for *les âmes bien nées*, as the famous distich has it, than to find fault in after life with that with which you have fallen in love at fifteen or sixteen. Yet most unfortunately, just as De Quincey's merits, or some of them, appeal specially to youth and his defects specially escape the notice of youth, so age with stealing steps especially claws those merits into his clutch and leaves the defects exposed to derision. The most gracious state of authors is that they shall charm at all ages those whom they do charm. There are others—Dante, Cervantes, Goethe are instances—as to whom you may even begin with a little aversion, and go on to love them more

and more. De Quincey, I fear, belongs to a third class, as to whom it is difficult to keep up the first love, or rather whose defects begin before long to urge themselves upon the critical lover (some would say there are no critical lovers, but that I deny) with an even less happy result than is recorded in one of Catullus's finest lines. This kind of discovery

Cogit amare minus, nec bene velle magis.

How, and to what extent this is the case, it must be the business of this paper to attempt to show. But first it is desirable to give as usual a brief sketch of De Quincey's life. It need only be a brief one, for the external events of that life were few and meagre; nor can they be said to be, even after the researches of Mr. Page and Professor Masson, very accurately or exhaustively known. Before those researches "all was mist and myth" about De Quincey. I remember as a boy, a year or two after his death, hearing a piece of scandal about his domestic relations, which seems to have had no foundation whatever, but which pretty evidently was an echo of the "libel" (published in a short-lived newspaper of the kind which after many years has again risen to infest London) whereof he complains with perhaps more acrimony than dignity in a paper for the first time exhumed and reprinted in Professor Masson's edition. Many of the details of the *Confessions* and the *Autobiography* have a singular unbelievableness as one reads them; and though the tendency of recent biographers has been to accept them as on the whole genuine, I own that I am rather sceptical about many of them still. Was the ever famous Malay a real Malay, or a thing of shreds and patches? Did De Quincey actually call upon the awful Dean Cyril Jackson and affably discuss with him the propriety of entering himself at Christchurch? Did he really journey penniless down to Eton on the chance of finding a casual peer of the realm of tender years who would back a bill

for him? These are but a few out of a large number of questions which in idle moods (for the answer to hardly one of them is of the least importance) suggest themselves; and which have been very partially answered hitherto even of late years, though they have been much discussed. The plain and tolerably certain facts which are important in connection with his work may be pretty rapidly summed up.

Thomas de Quincey (or Quincey, for it appears that he invented or revived the *de*) was born in Manchester; but apparently not, as he himself thought, at the country house of Greenhay which his parents afterwards inhabited, on August 15th, 1785. His father was a merchant, well to do but of weak health, who died when Thomas was seven years old. Of his childhood he has left very copious reminiscences, and there is no doubt that reminiscences of childhood do linger long after later memories have disappeared. But to what extent De Quincey gave "cocked hats and canes" to his childish thoughts and to his relations with his brothers and sisters individual judgment must decide. I should say for my part that the extent was considerable. It seems, however, pretty clear that he was as a child very much what he was all his life—emphatically "old-fashioned," retiring without being exactly shy, full of far-brought fancies and yet intensely concentrated upon himself. In 1796 his mother moved to Bath, and Thomas was educated first at the Grammar School there and then at a private school in Wiltshire. It was at Bath, his head-quarters being there, that he met, according to his own account, various persons of distinction—Lord Westport, Lord and Lady Carbery and others, who figure largely in the *Autobiography*, but are never heard of afterwards. It was with Lord Westport, a boy somewhat younger than himself, that he took a trip to Ireland, the only country beyond Great Britain that he visited. In 1800 he

was sent by his guardians to the Manchester Grammar School in order to obtain, by three years' boarding there, one of the Somerset Exhibitions to Brasenose. As a separate income of £150 had been left by De Quincey's father to each of his sons, as this income, or part of it, must have been accumulating, and as the mother was very well off, this roundabout way of securing for him a miserable forty or fifty pounds a year seems strange enough. But it has to be remembered that for all these details we have little security but De Quincey himself—a security which I confess I like not. However, that he did go to Manchester, and did, after rather more than two of his three years' probation, run away is, I suppose, indisputable. His mother was living at Chester, and the calf was not killed for this prodigal son; but he had the liberty given him of wandering about Wales on an allowance of a guinea a week. That there is some mystery, or mystification, about all this is nearly certain. If things really went as he represents them his mother ought to have been ashamed of herself, and his guardians ought to have had, to say the least, an experience of the roughest side of Lord Eldon's tongue. The wanderings in Wales were followed by the famous sojourn in Soho, with its waitings at money-lenders' doors, and its perambulations of Oxford Street. Then, by another sudden revolution, we find De Quincey with two-thirds of his allowance handed over to him and permission to go to Oxford as he wished, but abandoned to his own devices by his mother and his guardians, as surely no mother and no guardians ever abandoned an exceptionally unworldly boy of eighteen before. They seem to have put fifty guineas in his pocket and sent him up to Oxford, without even recommending him a college (they could at least have made sure that he would not have gone to that particular one if they had), and with an income which made it practically certain that he would once more

seek the Jews. When he had spent so much of his fifty guineas that there was not enough left to pay caution money at most colleges, he went to Worcester where it happened to be low. He seems to have stayed there, on and off, for nearly six years. But he took no degree, his eternal caprices making him shun *vivâ voce* (then a much more important part of the examination than it is now) after sending in unusually good written papers. Instead of taking a degree he began to take opium, and to make acquaintance with the "Lakers" in both their haunts of Somerset and Westmoreland. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, he may have eaten some dinners, and somehow or other he "came into his property," though there are dire surmises that it was by the Hebrew door. At any rate in November, 1809, he gave up both Oxford and London, which he had frequented a good deal, chiefly, he says, for the sake of the opera of which he was very fond, and established himself at Grasmere. One of the most singular things about his singular life—an oddity due, no doubt, in part to the fact that he outlived his more literary associates instead of being outlived by them—is that though we hear much from De Quincey of other people we hear extremely little from other people about De Quincey. Indeed what we do so hear dates almost entirely from the last days of his life.

As for the autobiographic details in his *Confessions* and elsewhere, anybody who chooses may put those Sibylline leaves together for himself. It would only appear certain that for ten years he led the life of a recluse student and a hard laudanum-drinker, varied by a little society now and then; that in 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, a dalesman's daughter, of whom we have hardly any personal notices save to the effect that she was very beautiful, and who seems to have been almost the most exemplary of wives to almost the most eccentric of husbands; that for most of the time he

was in more or less ease and affluence (ease and affluence still it would seem of a treacherous Hebraic origin); and that about 1819 he found himself in great pecuniary difficulties. Then at length he turned to literature, started as editor of a little Tory paper at Kendal, went to London, and took rank, never to be cancelled, as a man of letters by the first part of *The Confessions of an Opium Eater*, published in the *London Magazine* for 1821. He began as a magazine-writer and he continued as such till the end of his life; his publications in book-form being, till he was induced to collect his articles, quite insignificant. Between 1821 and 1825 he seems to have been chiefly in London, though sometimes at Grasmere; between 1825 and 1830 chiefly at Grasmere, but much in Edinburgh, where Wilson (whose friendship he had secured, not at Oxford, though they were contemporaries, but at the Lakes) was now residing and where he was introduced to Blackwood. In 1830 he moved his household to the Scotch capital, and lived there, or (after his wife's death in 1837) at Lasswade, or rather Polton, for the rest of his life. His affairs had come to their worst before he lost his wife, and it is now known that for some considerable time he lived, like Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, in the sanctuary of Holyrood. But De Quincey's way of "living" at any place was as mysterious as most of his other ways; and, though he seems to have been very fond of his family and not at all put out by them, it was his constant habit to establish himself in separate lodgings. These he as constantly shifted (sometimes as far as Glasgow) for no intelligible reason that has ever been discovered or surmised, his pecuniary troubles having long ceased. It was in the latest and most permanent of these lodgings, 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, not at Lasswade, that he died on the 8th of December, 1859. He had latterly written mainly, though not solely, for *Tait's Magazine* and *Hogg's Instructor*. But his chief literary

employment for at least seven years before this had been the arrangement of the authorized edition of his works, the last or fourteenth volume of which was in the press at the time of his death.

So meagre are the known facts in a life of seventy-four years, during nearly forty of which De Quincey, though never popular, was still recognised as a great name in English letters, while during the same period he knew, and was known to not a few distinguished men. But little as is recorded of the facts of his life, even less is recorded of his character, and for once it is almost impossible to discover that character from his works. The few persons who met him all agree as to his impenetrability,—an impenetrability not in the least due to posing, but apparently natural and fated. De Quincey was at once egotistic and impersonal, at once delighted to talk and resolutely shunning society. To him, one is tempted to say, reading and writing did come by nature, and nothing else was natural at all. With books he is always at home. A De Quincey in a world where there was neither reading nor writing of books, would certainly either have committed suicide or gone mad. Pope's theory of the master-passion, so often abused, justified itself here.

The quantity of work produced during this singular existence, from the time when De Quincey first began, unusually late, to write for publication, was very large. As collected by the author, it filled fourteen volumes; the collection was subsequently enlarged to sixteen, and though the new edition promises to restrict itself to the older and lesser number, the contents of each volume have been very considerably increased. But this printed and reprinted total, so far as can be judged from De Quincey's own assertions and from the observations of those who were acquainted with him (nobody can be said to have known him) during his later years, must have been but the smaller part

of what he actually wrote. He was always writing, and always leaving deposits of his manuscripts in the various lodgings where it was his habit to bestow himself. The greater part of De Quincey's writing was of a kind almost as easily written by so full a reader and so logical a thinker as an ordinary newspaper-article by an ordinary man; and except when he was sleeping, wandering about, or reading, he was always writing. It is, of course, true, that he spent a great deal of time, especially in his last years of all, in re-writing and re-fashioning previously executed work; and also that illness and opium made considerable inroads on his leisure. But I should imagine that if we had all that he actually wrote during these nearly forty years, forty or sixty printed volumes would more nearly express its amount than fourteen or sixteen.

Still what we have is no mean bulk of work for any man to have accomplished, especially when it is considered how extraordinarily good much of it is. To classify it is not particularly easy; and I doubt, myself, whether any classification is necessary. De Quincey himself tried, and made rather a muddle of it. Professor Masson is trying also, with what success we shall see. But, in truth, except those wonderful purple patches of "numerous" prose, which are stuck all about the work, and perhaps in strictness not excepting them, everything that De Quincey wrote, whether it was dream or reminiscence, literary criticism or historical study, politics or political economy, had one characteristic so strongly impressed on it as to dwarf and obscure the differences of subject. It is not very easy to find a description at once accurate and fair, brief and adequate, of this peculiarity; it is best hinted at in a remark on De Quincey's conversation which I have seen quoted somewhere (whether by Professor Masson or not I hardly know), that it was, with many interesting and delightful qualities, a kind of "rigma-

role." So far as I remember, the remark was not applied in any unfriendly spirit, nor is it adduced here in any such, but both in the printed works, in the remembrances of De Quincey's conversation which have been printed, in his letters which are exactly like his articles, and in those astonishing imaginary conversations attributed to him in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which are said, by good authorities, exactly to represent his way of talk, this quality of rigmarole appears. It is absolutely impossible for the author (to confine ourselves to the printed work only) to keep to his subject, or any subject. It is as impossible for him to pull himself up briefly in any digression from that subject. In his finest passages, as in his most trivial, he is at the mercy of the will-o'-the-wisp of divagation. In his later re-handlings of his work, he did to some extent limit his followings of this will-o'-the-wisp to notes, but by no means always; and both in his later and in his earlier work, as it was written for the first time, he indulged them freely in the text. For pure rigmarole, for stories, as Mr. Chadband has it, "of a cock and of a bull, and of a lady and of a half-crown," few things, even in De Quincey, can exceed, and nothing out of De Quincey can approach, the passages about the woman he met on the "cop" at Chester, and about the Greek letter that he did not send to the Bishop of Bangor, in the preliminary part of the *Confessions*. Rigmarole, however, can be a very agreeable thing in its way, and De Quincey has carried it to a point of perfection never reached by any other rigmaroler. Despite his undoubted possession of a kind of humour, it is a very remarkable thing that he rigmaroles, so far as can be made out by the application of the most sensitive tests, quite seriously, and almost, if not quite, unconsciously. These digressions or deviations are studded with quips and jests, good, bad, and indifferent. But the writer never seems to suspect that his own

general attitude is at least susceptible of being made fun of. It is said, and we can very well believe it, that he was excessively annoyed at Lamb's delightful parody of his *Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected*; and on the whole I should say that no great man of letters in this century, except Balzac and Victor Hugo, was so insensible to the ludicrous aspect of his own performances. This in the author of the *Essay on Murder* may seem surprising, but, in fact, there are few things of which there are so many subdivisions, or in which the subdivisions are marked off from each other by such apparently impermeable lines, as humour. If I may refine a little I should say that there was very frequently, if not generally, a humorous basis for these divagations of De Quincey's; but that he almost invariably lost sight of that basis, and proceeded to reason away quite gravely from it, in what is (not entirely with justice) called the scholastic manner. How much of this was due to the influence of Jean Paul and the other German humorists of the last century, with whom he became acquainted very early, I should not like to say. I confess that my own enjoyment of Richter, which has nevertheless been considerable, has always been lessened by the presence in him, to a still greater degree, of this same habit of quasi-serious divagation. To appreciate the mistake of it, it is only necessary to compare the manner of Swift. The *Tale of a Tub* is in appearance as daringly discursive as anything can be, but the author in the first place never loses his way, and in the second never fails to keep a watchful eye on himself lest he should be getting too serious or too tedious. That is what Richter and De Quincey fail to do.

Yet though these drawbacks are grave, and though they are (to judge from my own experience) felt more seriously at each successive reading, most assuredly no man who loves English literature could spare De

Quincey from it; most assuredly all who love English literature would sooner spare some much more faultless writers. Even that quality of his which has been already noted, his extraordinary attraction for youth, is a singular and priceless one. The Master of the Court of the Gentiles, or the Instructor of the Sons of the Prophets, he might be called in a fantastic nomenclature, which he would have himself appreciated if it had been applied to any one but himself. What he somewhere calls his "extraordinary ignorance of daily life" does not revolt youth. His little pedantries, which to the day of his death were like those of a clever school-boy, appeal directly to it. His best fun is quite intelligible; his worst not wholly uncongenial. His habit (a certain most respected professor in a northern university may recognise the words) of "getting into logical coaches and letting himself be carried on without minding where he is going" is anything but repugnant to brisk minds of seventeen. They are quite able to comprehend the great if mannered beauty of his finest style—the style, to quote his own words once more, as of "an elaborate and pompous sunset." Such a schoolmaster, to bring youths of promise not merely to good literature but to the best, nowhere else exists. But he is much more than a mere schoolmaster, and in order that we may see what he is, it is desirable first of all to despatch two other objections made to him from different quarters, and on different lines of thought. The one objection (I should say that I do not fully espouse either of them) is that he is an untrustworthy critic of books; the other is that he is a very spiteful commentator on men.

This latter charge has found wide acceptance and has been practically corroborated and endorsed by persons so different as Southey and Carlyle. It would not in any case concern us much, for when a man is once dead it matters uncommonly little whether he was personally unamiable or not. But I think that De Quincey has in this re-

spect been hardly treated. He led such a wholly unnatural life, he was at all times and in all places so thoroughly excluded from the natural contact and friction of society that his utterances hardly partake of the ordinary character of men's speech. In the "vacant interlunar caves" where he hid himself, he could hardly feel the restraints that press on those who move within ear-shot and jostle of their fellows on this actual earth. This is not a triumphant defence, no doubt; but I think it is a defence. And further, it has yet to be proved that De Quincey set down anything in malice. He called his literary idol, Wordsworth, "inhumanly arrogant." Does anybody—not being a Wordsworthian and therefore out of reach of reason—doubt that Wordsworth's arrogance was inhuman? He, not unprovoked by scant gratitude on Coleridge's part for very solid services, and by a doubtless sincere but rather unctuous protest of his brother in opium-eating against the *Confessions*, told some home truths against that magnificent genius but most unsatisfactory man. A sort of foolish folk has recently arisen which tells us that because Coleridge wrote the *Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* he was quite entitled to leave his wife and children to be looked after by anybody who chose, to take stipends from casual benefactors, and to scold, by himself or by his next friend Mr. Wordsworth, other benefactors, like Thomas Poole, who were not prepared at a moment's notice to give him a hundred pounds for a trip to the Azores. The rest of us, though we may feel no call to denounce Coleridge for these proceedings, may surely hold that the *Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan* are no defence to the particular charges. I do not see that De Quincey said anything worse of Coleridge than any man who knew the then little but now well-known facts of Coleridge's life was entitled to say if he chose. And so in other cases. That he was what is called a thoughtful person:—that

is to say that he ever said to himself, "Will what I am writing give pain, and ought I to give that pain?" I do not allege. In fact, the very excuse which has been made for him above is inconsistent with it. He always wrote far too much as one in another planet for anything of the kind to occur to him, and he was perhaps for a very similar reason rather too fond of the "personal talk" which Wordsworth wisely disdained. But that he was in any proper sense spiteful, that is to say that he ever wrote either with a deliberate intention to wound or with a deliberate indifference whether he wounded or not, I do not believe.

The other charge, that he was a bad or rather a very untrustworthy critic of books, cannot be met quite so directly. He is indeed responsible for a singularly large number of singularly grave critical blunders—by which I mean of course not critical opinions disagreeing with my own, but critical opinions which the general consent of competent critics on the whole negatives. The minor classical writers are not much read now, but there must be a sufficient jury to whom I can appeal to know what is to be done with a professed critic of style—at least asserting himself to be no mean classical scholar—who declares that "Paganism had no more brilliant master of composition to show than"—Velleius Paterculus! Suppose this to be a mere fling or freak, what is to be thought of a man who evidently sets Cicero, as a writer, if not as a thinker, above Plato? It would be not only possible but easy to follow this up with a long list of critical enormities on De Quincey's part, enormities due not to accidental and casual crotchet or prejudice, as in Hazlitt's case, but apparently to some perverse idiosyncrasy. I doubt very much, though the doubt may seem horribly heretical to some people, whether De Quincey really cared much for poetry as poetry. He liked philosophical poets:—Milton, Wordsworth, Shakespeare (inasmuch as Shakespeare was as he saw the

greatest of philosophical poets), Pope even in a certain way. But read the interesting paper which late in life he devoted to Shelley. He treats Shelley as a man admirably, with freedom alike from the maudlin sentiment of our modern chatters and from Puritanical preciseness. He is not too hard on him in any way, he thinks him a pleasing personality and a thinker distorted but interesting. Of Shelley's strictly poetical quality he says nothing, if he knew or felt anything. In fact, of lyrical poetry generally, that is to say of poetry in its most purely poetical condition, he speaks very little in all his extensive critical dissertations. His want of appreciation of it may be some explanation of his unpardonable treatment of Goethe. That he should have maltreated *Wilhelm Meister* is quite excusable. There are fervent admirers of Goethe at his best who acknowledge most fully the presence in *Wilhelm* of the two worst characteristics of German life and literature, bad taste and tediousness. But it is not excusable that much later, and indeed at the very height of his literary powers and practice, he should have written the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the author of *Faust*, of *Egmont*, and above all of the shorter poems. Here he deliberately assents to the opinion that *Werther* is "superior to everything that came after it, and for mere power Goethe's paramount work," dismisses *Faust* as something that "no two people have ever agreed about," sentences *Egmont* as "violating the historic truth of character," and mentions not a single one of those lyrics, unmatched, or rather only matched by Heine, in the language, by which Goethe first gave German rank with the great poetic tongues. His severity on Swift is connected with his special "will-worship" of ornate style, of which more presently, and in general it may be said that De Quincey's extremely logical disposition of mind was rather a snare to him in his criticism. He was constantly constructing general prin-

ciples and then arguing downwards from them ; in which case woe to any individual fact or person that happened to get in the way. Where Wilson, the "only intimate male friend I have had" (as he somewhere says with a half-pathetic touch of self-illumination more instructive than reams of imaginative autobiography) went wrong from not having enough of general principle, where Hazlitt went wrong from letting prejudices unconnected with the literary side of the matter blind his otherwise piercing literary sight, De Quincey fell through an unswervingness of deduction more French than English. Your ornate writer must be better than your plain one, *ergo*, let us say, Cicero must be better than Swift.

One other curious weakness of his (which has been glanced at already) remains to be noticed. This is the altogether deplorable notion of jocularity which he only too often exhibits. Mr. Masson, trying to propitiate the enemy, admits that "to address the historian Josephus as 'Joe,' through a whole article, and give him a black eye into the bargain, is positively profane." I am not sure as to the profanity, knowing nothing particularly sacred about Josephus. But if Mr. Masson had called it excessively silly, I should have agreed heartily ; and if any one else denounced it as a breach of good literary manners, I do not know that I should protest. The habit is the more curious in that all authorities agree as to the exceptional combination of scholarliness and courtliness which marked De Quincey's colloquial style and expression. Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, says, that he used to address her father's cook "as if she had been a duchess" ; and that the cook, though much flattered, was somewhat aghast at his *punctilio*. That a man of this kind should think it both allowable and funny to talk of Josephus as "Joe," and of Magliabecchi as "Mag," may be only a new example of that odd law of human nature which constantly

prompts people in various relations of life, and not least in literature, to assume most the particular qualities (not always virtues or graces) that they have not. Yet it is fair to remember that Wilson and the *Blackwood* set, together with not a few writers in the *London Magazine*—the two literary coteries, in connection with whom De Quincey started as a writer—had deliberately imported this element of horse-play into literature, that it at least did not seem to interfere with their popularity, and that De Quincey himself, after 1830, lived too much out of touch with actual life to be aware that the style was becoming as unfashionable as it had always, save on very exceptional subjects, been ungraceful. Even on Wilson, who was to the manner born of riotous spirits, it often sits awkwardly ; in De Quincey's case it is, to borrow Sir Walter's admirable simile in another case, like "the forced impudence of a bashful man." Grim humour he can manage admirably, and he also—as in the passage about the fate which waited upon all who possessed anything which might be convenient to Wordsworth, if they died—can manage a certain kind of sly humour not much less admirably. But "Joe" and "Mag," and, to take another example, the stuff about Catalina's "crocodile papa," are neither grim nor sly, they are only puerile. His staunchest defender asks, "why De Quincey should not have the same license as Swift and Thackeray?" The answer is quick and crushing. Swift and Thackeray justify their license by their use of it ; De Quincey does not. After which it is hardly necessary to add, though this is almost final in itself, that neither Swift nor Thackeray interlard perfectly and unaffectedly serious work with mere fooling of the "Joe" and "Mag" kind. Swift did not put *mollis abuti* in the *Four last years of Queen Anne*, nor Thackeray his *Punch* jokes in the death-scene of Colonel Newcome. I can quite conceive De Quincey doing both.

And now I have done enough in the fault-finding way, and nothing shall induce me to say another word of De Quincey in this article save in praise. For praise he himself gives the amplest occasion; he might almost remain unblamed altogether if his praisers had not been frequently unwise, and if his *exemplar* were not specially *vitiis imitabile*. Few English writers have touched so large a number of subjects with such competence both in information and in power of handling. Still fewer have exhibited such remarkable logical faculty. One main reason why one is sometimes tempted to quarrel with him is that his play of fence is so excellent that one longs to cross swords. For this and for other reasons no writer has a more stimulating effect, or is more likely to lead his readers on to explore and to think for themselves. In none is that incurable curiosity, that infinite variety of desire for knowledge and for argument which age cannot quench, more observable. Few if any have the indefinable quality of freshness in so large a measure. You never quite know, though you may have a shrewd suspicion, what De Quincey will say on any subject; his gift of sighting and approaching new facets of it is so immense. Whether he was in truth as accomplished a classical scholar as he claimed to be I do not know; he has left few positive documents to tell us. But I should think that he was, for he has all the characteristics of a scholar of the best and rarest kind—the scholar who is exact as to language without failing to comprehend literature, and competent in literature without being slipshod as to language. He was not exactly as Southey was, “omnilegent;” but in his own departments, and they were numerous, he went further below the surface and connected his readings together better than Southey did. Of the two classes of severer study to which he specially addicted himself, his political economy suffered perhaps a little, acute as his views in it often

are, from the fact that in his time it was practically a new study, and that he had neither sufficient facts nor sufficient literature to go upon. In metaphysics, to which he gave himself up for years and in which he seems really to have known whatever there was to know, I fear that the opium fiend cheated the world of something like masterpieces. Only three men during De Quincey’s lifetime had anything like his powers in this department. Now De Quincey could write English, and Sir William Hamilton either could not or would not. Ferrier could and did write English; but he could not, as De Quincey could, throw upon philosophy the play of literary and miscellaneous illustration which of all the sciences it most requires, and which all its really supreme exponents have been able to give it. Mansel could do both these things; but he was somewhat indolent, and had many avocations. De Quincey could write perfect English, he had every resource of illustration and relief at command, he was in his way as “brazen-bowelled” at work as he was “golden-mouthed” at expression, and he had ample leisure. But the inability to undertake sustained labour, which he himself recognizes as the one unquestionable curse of opium, deprived us of an English philosopher who would have stood as far above Kant in exoteric graces as he would have stood above Bacon in esoteric value. It was not entirely De Quincey’s fault. It seems to be generally recognized now that whatever occasional excesses he may have committed, opium was really required in his case, and gave us what we have as much as it took away what we have not. But if any one chose to write in the antique style a debate between Philosophy, Tar-water and Laudanum, it would be almost enough to put in the mouth of Philosophy, “This gave me Berkeley and that deprived me of De Quincey.”

De Quincey is, however, first of all a writer of ornate English, which for once was never a mere cover to

bare thought. Overpraise and mispraise him as anybody may, he cannot be overpraised for this. Mistake as he chose to do and as others have chosen to do, the relative value of his gift, the absolute value of it is unmistakable. What other Englishman, from Sir Thomas Browne downwards, has written a sentence surpassing in melody that on Our Lady of Sighs: "And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams and with wrecks of forgotten delirium." ? Compare that with the masterpieces of some later practitioners. There are no out-of-the-way words; there is no needless expense of adjectives; the sense is quite adequate to the sound; the sound is only what is required as accompaniment to the sense. And though I do not know that in a single instance of equal length—even in the still more famous, and as a whole justly more famous, *tour de force* on Our Lady of Darkness—De Quincey ever quite equalled the combined simplicity and majesty of this phrase, he has constantly come close to it. The *Suspiria* are full of such passages—there are even some who prefer *Savannah la Mar* to the *Ladies of Sorrow*. Beautiful as it is I do not, because the accursed superfluous adjective appears there. The famous passages of the *Confessions* are in every one's memory; and so I suppose is the *Vision of Sudden Death*. Many passages in *The Cæsars*, though somewhat less florid, are hardly less good; and the close of *Joan of Arc* is as famous as the most ambitious attempts of the *Confessions* and the *Mail Coach*. Moreover in all the sixteen volumes specimens of the same kind may be found here and there, alternating with very different matter; so much so that it has no doubt often occurred to readers that the author's occasional divergence into questionable quips and cranks is a deliberate attempt to set off his rhetoric, as dramatists of the noblest

school have always set off their tragedy, with comedy, if not with farce. That such a principle would imply confusion of the study and the stage is arguable enough, but it does not follow that it was not present. At any rate the contrast, deliberate or not, is very strong indeed in De Quincey—stronger than in any other prose author except his friend, and pupil rather than master, Wilson.

The great advantage that De Quincey has, not only over this friend of his but over all practitioners of the ornate style in this century, lies in his sureness of hand in the first place, and secondly in the comparative frugality of means which perhaps is an inseparable accompaniment of sureness of hand. To mention living persons would be invidious; but Wilson and Landor are within the most scrupulous critic's right of comparison. All three were contemporaries; all three were Oxford men—Landor about ten years senior to the other two—and all three in their different ways set themselves deliberately to reverse the practice of English prose for nearly a century and a half. They did great things, but De Quincey did, I think, the greatest and certainly the most classical in the proper sense, for all Landor's superior air of Hellenism. Voluble as De Quincey often is, he seems always to have felt that when you are in your altitudes it is well not to stay there too long. And his flights, while they are far more uniformly high than Wilson's, which alternately soar and drag, are much more merciful in regard of length than Landor's, as well as for the most part much more closely connected with the sense of his subjects. There is scarcely one of the *Imaginary Conversations* which would not be the better for very considerable thinning, while with the exception perhaps of *The English Mail Coach*, De Quincey's surplusage, obvious enough in many cases, is scarcely ever found in his most elaborate and ornate passages. The total amount of such passages in the *Confessions* is by no

means large, and the more ambitious parts of the *Suspiria* do not much exceed a dozen pages. De Quincey was certainly justified by his own practice in adopting and urging as he did the distinction, due, he says, to Wordsworth, between the common and erroneous idea of style as the *dress* of thought, and the true definition of it as the *incarnation* of thought. The most wizened of coxcombs may spend days and years in dressing up his meagre and ugly carcass; but few are the sons of men who have sufficient thought to provide the soul of any considerable series of avatars. De Quincey had; and therefore, though the manner (with certain exceptions heretofore taken) in him is always worth attention, it never need or should divert attention from the matter. And thus he was not driven to make a little thought do tyrannous duty as lay-figure for an infinite amount of dress, or to hang out frippery on a clothes-line with not so much as a lay-figure inside it. Even when he is most conspicuously "fighting a prize," as he sometimes is, there is always solid stuff in him.

Few indeed are the writers of whom so much can be said, and fewer still the miscellaneous writers, among whom De Quincey must be classed. On almost any subject that interested him—and the number of such subjects was astonishing, curious as are the gaps between the different groups of them—what he has to say is pretty sure, even if it be the wildest paradox in appearance, to be worth attending to. And in regard to most things that he has to say the reader may be pretty sure also that he will not find them better said elsewhere. It has sometimes been complained by students, both of De Quincey the man and of

De Quincey the writer, that there is something not exactly human in him. There is certainly much in him of the demonic, to use a word which was a very good word and really required in the language and which ought not to be exiled because it has been foolishly abused. Sometimes, as has also been complained, the demon is a mere familiar with the trickiness of Puck rather than the lightness of Ariel. But far oftener he is a more potent spirit than any Robin Goodfellow, and as powerful as Ariel and Ariel's master. Trust him wholly you may not; a characteristic often noted in intelligences that are neither exactly human, nor exactly diabolic, nor exactly divine. But he will do great things for you, and a little wit and courage on your part will prevent his doing anything serious against you. To him, with much greater justice than to Hogg, might Wilson have applied the nickname of Brownie, which he was so fond of bestowing upon the author of *Kilmenny*. He will do solid work, conjure up a concert of aerial music, play a shrewd trick now and then, and all this with a curious air of irresponsibility and of remoteness of nature. In ancient days when kings played experiments to ascertain the universal or original language, some monarch might have been tempted to take a very clever child, interest him so far as possible in nothing but books and opium, and see whether he would turn out anything like De Quincey. But it is in the highest degree improbable that he would. Therefore let us rejoice, though according to the precepts of wisdom and not too indiscriminately, in our De Quincey as we once, and probably once for all, received him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE TRADITIONS OF GERMAN COLONIZATION.

THE family virtue of the House of Hohenzollern is the classical *Pietas*. Successive princes have undertaken not only to continue the glories of their ancestors, but to redress their wrongs and to repair their mistakes. The late Emperor William inherited the memories of a father crushed at Jena, of a mother insulted by Napoleon, of a brother who had refused the Imperial Crown of Germany. He lived to avenge his parents at Sedan, and to accept at Versailles the Crown from which his lazy brother had shrunk. His grandson, already master of the first of European land forces, has developed a passion for naval and colonial enterprise. Here, too, whatever the practical objections may be, the young Cæsar takes up the thread of a family tradition. Two centuries ago Frederick William, the Great Elector of Brandenburg and the maker of Prussia, first displayed the Brandenburg flag at sea. It was maintained there, however poorly and even discreditably, for some thirty years, and then disappeared for more than a century. The details of this *fasco* have received fresh interest from the modern attempts to found a Germany beyond sea. The young Emperor has himself spoken of the deep impression made on his mind by certain paintings of the Elector's ships of war, and of his own determination to succeed where his ancestor failed. In this paper I propose to give some account of the Elector's naval and colonial policy which has now furnished a precedent for the master of United Germany.

The Elector's failure was the failure of a strong personal initiative to overcome the tastes and prejudices of a whole people. The truth is that his maritime policy was an exotic. His subjects, who fought so obediently on

land against Poles, Turks, Swedes, and Frenchmen, would not take ship. His small state had hardly any sea-board. A great part of Pomerania was held by Sweden. In the Baltic the Swedish and Danish fleets exercised an inherited supremacy. No ship could pass the Sound without the leave of Denmark. But the Elector made light of all obstacles, natural and political. Educated in Holland, he had studied the methods of a seafaring people, and longed for wealth equal to that which was accumulated by their traders. Elector of Brandenburg at the age of twenty, he found himself in a country both naturally poor and wasted by hostile armies. At the date of the peace of St. Germain, in 1679, his territories had largely grown in extent, but long years of war had brought their inhabitants to the verge of ruin. Both trade and agriculture had practically ceased. Hence the main task of the remaining nine years of the Elector's life was to restore a degree of material prosperity to his subjects. First among his efforts in this direction was a scheme for the creation of a foreign trade by means of a navy and colonial settlements. His chief adviser in all maritime affairs was a Dutch adventurer named Benjamin Raule. A fugitive from his own country in consequence of certain buccaneering excesses, this man entered the Elector's service in 1675, and was at once employed in naval hostilities against Sweden. By immense exertions a fleet of twenty armed vessels was collected and manned with Dutch sailors and Brandenburg soldiers. With this force Raule threatened the Swedish and Pomeranian coasts, but effected little beyond capturing a few merchantmen, and co-operating with the Elector and his Danish allies in a descent on the

Swedish island of Rügen. In subsequent years an annual contract was made between the Elector and Raule, who seems, as the only practical seaman in his master's counsels, to have retained almost entire independence. The usual arrangement was that Raule should furnish the Elector with a certain number of armed ships at a fixed monthly rate of hire: he was to make good all damage by sea, while the Elector undertook to repair all damage received in battle; and he was to provide an auxiliary squadron, partly maintained at his own charges. Under this arrangement, in the year 1678 the Electoral squadron numbered ten, and Raule's auxiliary force sixteen ships. The operations contemplated by the partnership were of a multifarious character. Apart from the more or less regular warfare against Sweden, raids were planned against the commerce of all States at enmity with the Elector. From the ports of Pillau and Königsberg Raule sent cruisers to attack the merchantmen of France, Spain, or Hamburg, in the Baltic, in the North Sea, off the Spanish coast, and even in the West Indies. In the cases of Spain and Hamburg the Elector alleged a peculiar grievance. From each quarter he had been promised subsidies in money towards maintaining the war against France; but he had received little or nothing. The Spanish arrears alone amounted to one million eight hundred thousand dollars. He determined therefore to help himself forcibly to that which he could not obtain by regular means. In the case of Hamburg his policy succeeded, for the Senate of that city, having lost several ships by capture off the mouth of the Elbe, decided to pay their debt. The Elector's successes against Spain were, however, limited to the capture of a single ship, the *Charles II.*, which was taken off Ostende and sent to Pillau. The rich cargo of laces and linen was so largely embezzled by the captors that but little remained for the Electoral coffers. An

act of open piracy such as this, on the part of a State still nominally allied with Spain, infused some vigour even into the decrepit government of Madrid. The treasure-fleets from the Indies received additional protection, and the ships with which the Duke of Parma sailed to his province of the Low Countries secured the convoy of an English Squadron. Hence the Electoral privateers were reduced to the ungrateful task of witnessing the safe passage of one rich prize after another. From European waters they passed, in 1681, to the Gulf of Mexico in search of better fortune, but they captured only two small vessels in four months. On their return home they fell in with a Spanish squadron, which defeated them and drove them into the Portuguese harbour of Lagos. Attacks on French ships, were, as has been said, also within the scheme of the Electoral operations at sea, but they met with no success. The net results of this policy provided the Elector with food for reflection. He was gaining the character of a patron of buccaneers and pirates. The subsidies with which he supported Raule were barely covered by the value of ships captured. Further, it was notorious in Europe that the Brandenburgers had no taste for the sea, and that the Elector's policy was purely personal, and dependent for success on foreigners of doubtful character. The very wildest schemes were confidently submitted to him by one adventurer after another. One spoke of the wealth which might be gained by privateering expeditions against Turkish and Barbary ships. Another begged the protection of the Brandenburg flag for a free-booting squadron to be fitted out against Chinese and Japanese traders. Few sovereigns of a small inland country, exhausted by war and surrounded by active enemies and jealous allies, would have listened to such projects.

But the Elector had two sides to his character. Politicians knew him as the astute of diplomatists, who changed his alliances as readily and as quickly

as his clothes. But projectors and inventors of all kinds found in him a patron for whom nothing was too visionary or chimerical. He is even known to have granted a large sum of money for the construction of a fortified city which was to be the seat of a learned republic, comprising the wisest men of all nations and of all departments of knowledge. Motives of especial strength were therefore required to make him desist from these attacks on European commerce, whence he had hoped to gain both money and increased respect for his flag. Dr. Stuhr, who wrote an account of the Elector's maritime enterprise fifty years ago in the dead period of Prussian naval history, thus sums up the situation :

Several of the European powers were highly incensed by the arbitrary manner in which the Elector sought to take the law into his own hands, and he therefore discontinued these naval enterprises which much resembled acts of piracy. Moreover, whatever good qualities Raule might possess, it is certain that he and his companions were adventurers, who sought to turn the Elector's early acquired enthusiasm for foreign trade to their own advantage. It is equally certain that the Elector would have succeeded better had he been able to stimulate the sluggish minds of his subjects and found support for his own views in their dispositions.

The year 1679, that of the peace of St. Germain, marked an epoch in the maritime affairs of Brandenburg. The Emperor despaired of success in the war against France and Sweden, and the Elector was unable to continue the struggle alone. His almost desperate appeals to the other German princes met with no sympathetic response. Indeed, the growing power and influence of Brandenburg had excited general jealousy. The Elector's great qualities as a general and statesman had been stimulated to the highest point by the war. He had recovered Pomerania from the Swedes, and his subjects, though their homes lay waste, had earned lasting fame in the field. Louis

the Fourteenth, on the eve of dictating a treaty which was one of his greatest triumphs, paid marked respect to the stoutest of his adversaries. He had fought against the Elector, he said, as the ally of Sweden and not as the enemy of Brandenburg.

The treaty itself imposed a bitter sacrifice on the Elector. All his conquests in Pomerania, including the coveted seaports of Stralsund and Stettin, were restored to Sweden. He was again reduced to the second-rate ports of Königsberg and Pillau, both situated inconveniently far to the east. But the Elector's mind was now relieved of the burden of war, and he turned with increased ardour to his maritime projects. He had in former years contemplated the formation of trading settlements in Africa and America, but he was hampered by want of means and the special necessities of the Swedish war. Now, however, being at peace with Sweden and secure of the countenance of Louis, he placed his naval affairs on a more regular footing. He bought some ships of war outright, and thus presented Brandenburg with the nucleus of her first national fleet. Others he hired from Raule on the old system. Raule himself remained free to act as the Elector's admiral and adviser-in-chief, and also to pursue his own private advantage under the Electoral flag. Further, an African Trading Company was instituted at Königsberg, and a Board of Admiralty at Pillau. The Company received a charter whereby the Elector's protection was assured to it for thirty years. The Brandenburg flag, moreover, secured equal rights with the English and Dutch flags in all harbours belonging to the French King, the Pope, the Grand Master of Malta, and the Grand Duke of Florence. And now Raule advanced a definite proposal to establish a Brandenburg colony or settlement on the coast of Guinea. The legitimate trade was monopolized by certain privileged

Dutch companies, but a swarm of smugglers, mostly Dutch, were anxious to obtain the shelter of the Electoral flag, in order to enter into open competition with the monopolists. Two ships, named the *Morian* and the *Arms of Brandenburg* were accordingly despatched to Guinea. Raule and his associates bore the charges, and the Elector allowed the use of his flag. Blonk, the commander, brought his vessel safely to land and signed a treaty with the local chiefs in May, 1681, at a point between Axim and Cape Three Points. The treaty secured for Brandenburg a trade monopoly, the right of erecting a fort, and the acceptance of the Elector's protection by the natives.

In July of the following year, 1682, Blonk returned to the coast of Guinea. He brought with him one of the Elector's chamberlains, Otto Friedrich von der Gröben, in the capacity of envoy plenipotentiary. He was furnished with a richly illuminated letter or charter from the Elector, ratifying the treaty of the previous year, and with a large number of presents for the natives. Landing at Acoda, near Cape Three Points, Von der Gröben found the local chiefs willing to grant a site for the proposed Brandenburg Fort, but before any treaty could be concluded a Dutch merchant arrived post-haste from Elmina and hoisted his national flag. Unable to contest the priority of the Dutch claims Von der Gröben sailed in search of the chiefs who had signed Blonk's treaty, but only to find that they and their tribesmen had been exterminated in a local war, and that the entire district had been ravaged. His force was, however, sufficient to enable him to commence the erection of his fort on a hill named Manpo, or Mampo, three leagues east of the Dutch fort at Axim. At the same time he held a palaver and concluded a treaty with the natives from whom he had learnt the details of the massacre. On January 1st, 1683, the Electoral flag was formally

hoisted on the hill, and saluted with a discharge of cannon from the ships. The hill itself received the name of Gross-Friedrichsburg, because, as Von der Gröben naively remarks in his narrative of these events, "The name of his Electoral Serenity is great throughout the world." On the very next day the Dutch, now thoroughly alarmed, made an abortive attempt to hoist their own flag on the hill. Building operations were commenced forthwith. Natives flocked in to be hired as workmen and to sell provisions. Blonk was appointed governor of the rising fortress, which soon received its first salute from an English ship. Von der Gröben, whose last service was to repel a native attack with a single cannon-ball, now returned home, as his health was failing. The remaining Brandenburg ship engaged in the local slave-trade. The fort when completed received the name of Gross-Friedrichsburg. It was of large extent, contained four batteries, and carried forty-six small cannon. A good harbour lay at the foot of the hill, and the surrounding soil was abundantly fertile. Another fort, named the Dorothea Bastion, after the Elector's second wife, was built at Acoda by agreement with the chiefs of that place, and armed with twelve cannon. Finally, in the year 1684, the relations between the tribes of the Guinea Coast and the Elector were further confirmed. A native envoy visited Berlin for the purpose and was treated with much distinction. All former treaties were ratified, the Elector's African Company secured a trade monopoly, and the Brandenburg protectorate was fully established.

Energetic proceedings such as these did not, as we have seen, pass without protest from the Dutch. The danger indeed was great. Every European smuggler and every discontented native looked for the support of the new comers against the privileged Dutch companies. The Brandenburg settlements became, like the Asylum of Romulus, gathering grounds for fugitive slaves, criminals,

and broken men of all sorts. Thus it came about that both during the Elector's life and after his death the Dutch were incessantly hostile. In the very first year they had captured one of the Elector's ships, the *Arms of Brandenburg*, and only restored it after five years of diplomatic wrangling. To them also the ultimate failure of the whole enterprise was not a little due.

In the year 1684 an accidental circumstance seemed destined to further the Elector's maritime plans to an unlooked for extent. He was hampered, as has been said, by the want of a first-rate harbour, situated well to the west and so free from the vexatious restrictions on navigation in the Sound. Chance now threw the coveted prize into his hands. The Estates of East Friesland had come to an open rupture with their widowed princess, Christina Charlotte, who was acting as regent for her infant son. Fearing the introduction of foreign troops in aid of the princess's cause, they appealed to the Elector for help, and he was not slow to give it. A convention was signed, and Brandenburg garrisons occupied the Castle of Gretsyl and the important sea-port town of Emden. An opportunity more welcome in every respect could hardly have presented itself. Not only did the Elector secure that very maritime base for which he had longed, but he gained a footing in Friesland which he, of all men, was best fitted to improve into absolute possession. His acts were now marked by the same characteristic rapidity. The seat of the African Company was removed from Königsberg to Emden. The East Frieslanders adopted the Brandenburg flag for commercial purposes, and received assurance of the Elector's protection in time of war. Moreover, they agreed to confine their trade in the Baltic to his ports. Large contributions to the funds of the African Company were made by the town of Emden and also by the Elector personally. He had already,

as we have said, acquired some vessels of his own, and now divided them into two squadrons, stationed respectively at Emden and Königsberg. Each of these was further strengthened by an auxiliary force held in readiness by Raule. Every species of activity was now displayed. English trade was invited to Emden, and merchants suffering from the religious persecutions of James the Second were made acquainted with the advantages of settling in the Elector's States. One Von Besser likewise visited England to study our navigation laws and commercial methods. A scheme was broached for extending to English smugglers in the East Indian waters the protection of the Electoral flag. An arrangement was made with Denmark whereby a Brandenburg slave-mart was erected at St. Thomas in the West Indies. Further attempts were made to secure the possession of Tobago, to establish a trade with the Cape Verde district, and to effect a permanent settlement at Arguin near Cape Blanco. At the last mentioned point a fort was actually built in 1687, and armed with thirty cannon. These projects were successively urged on the Elector by Raule, who retained the greatest influence over him to the end of his life. But the East Frieslanders very quickly tired of their new patrons, and the affairs of the African Company, which had looked so fair for a moment, soon entered on a decline which was never arrested. The sanguine Elector himself declared that every new ducat of Guinea gold cost him practically two ducats. Contemporary accounts show that the local management of the African settlements was both incapable and dishonest.

The year 1688 commenced with an explosion of Dutch hostility. An attack was made on the Brandenburg settlements in Guinea by a force commanded by the governor of Elmina. The bastion at Acoda and a few smaller positions were taken, their garrisons captured, and their merchandize de-

stroyed. Gross-Friedrichsburg was blockaded and a ship cut out under its walls. The news excited the most painful interest in the Electoral States, where these distant ventures had always been gloomily regarded. The Elector, stung to the quick, made strong protests at the Hague, but he died in this very year and before it was half over. With him fell the whole colonial edifice which he had so patiently reared. We have not the space to follow in detail the steps whereby the Brandenburg settlements were abandoned under his successors. Frederick the First of Prussia, the first king of his house, made what he could out of his dangerous heritage. But after numerous reconstructions and many overtures to English and Dutch capitalists, the African Company of Emden collapsed. Raule was repeatedly tried on charges of fraud, and died almost beggared in 1707. Frederick William the First was averse to colonial undertakings, and was, moreover, deeply ashamed of the piratical associations which had gathered round his flag. He offered his African settlements both to the English Africa Company and to the Dutch West India Company. The latter finally contracted to buy Gross-Friedrichsburg and Arguin for 6,000 ducats in the year 1717. An old claim to Arguin was at once revived by the French, who expelled the Dutch garrison so soon as it entered. Finally, in the year 1724, Emden itself passed for some years out of the power of Prussia; Frederick William's troops evacuated the town by order of the Emperor, and upon the joint petition of the Prince and estates of East Friesland.

At this point we may cite two authorities on the position, conduct, and prospects of the Brandenburg settlements while they existed. The one is John Barbot, agent-general for the English Royal Company of Africa (*Churchill's Voyages*, vol. v.); and the other William Bosman, chief factor for the Dutch at the Castle of St. George

d'Elmina (*Pinkerton's Voyages*, vol. xvii.). Barbot, writing in 1699, states that the exclusive privileges of the English and Dutch Companies were fearlessly infringed by smugglers of all nations. "Smuggling," he adds, "is capitally punished by law, but so many smugglers are Dutchmen that the penalty is never enforced." Of Gross-Friedrichsburg he writes:

For some time past their [the Brandenburgers'] servants and even their commanders, but not the soldiers, have been for the most part Hollanders, who, like their countrymen have always aimed at an absolute dominion over the blacks, but could never accomplish it. . . . There have been seven Directors successively in about thirteen years (1689-1702) at Great Fredericksburgh, which shows how irregular the Embden Company's affairs have been at the coast ever since.

On April 8th, 1699, Barbot anchored off the place. "The Prussian General," he writes, "received us at his fort very civilly, but told us he had no occasion for any of our goods; the trade being everywhere on the coast at a stand, as well as by reason of the vast number of interlopers and other trading ships as for the wars among the natives." This very governor had just escaped capture at sea by one of these "interlopers," some of which carried as many as thirty-six guns. Bosman confirms Barbot's statement that the only real Brandenburgers in Gross-Friedrichsburg were common soldiers, the rest being Dutch. He adds that "some of the Guinea inhabitants joined the Brandenburgers in expectation of an easier government and looser reins, in which they were not mistaken, as the consequence evinced." The Dutch and English smugglers, according to the same authority, carried on nearly as much trade as the regular Companies of each nationality. In one and the same year the Companies exported 2,700 marks of gold and the smugglers 2,500.

From the year 1717 to the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein troubles, in

1848 and 1849, Prussia had no maritime or colonial policy worth mentioning. Indeed Prussians sojourning in foreign ports were very generally sheltered by the British flag. Prince Bismarck has chronicled this fact with patriotic shame. But the Schleswig-Holstein question brought into prominence the naval impotence of Prussia and the other German States having a sea-board to the north. The preponderance of the Danes, often arrogantly displayed, excited the deepest irritation in Germany. Nor was the feeling unnatural, as the following story will show. A party of German students were on board a ship off the mouth of the Elbe. Some of them were singing Chemnitz's famous song *Schleswig-Holstein Meerumschlungen*, which gave poetical utterance to the German desire for the recovery of the kindred duchies. A Danish gunboat hailed the songsters and ordered them to be silent at once. Upon their refusal a shot was fired across their bows. How painfully must such humiliations have stirred the Prussian people, destined within some twenty years to conquer Denmark, Austria, and France, to absorb Hanover, and to command a sea-board stretching from Memel to Emden. It is certain that from this time the cruises of Prussian men-of-war for purposes of discovery and survey became more frequent. But the year 1870 came and there was still no Prussian fleet to defend the coast against a French naval attack. The French crews were, however, soon recalled to defend their own homes on land, and such efforts as they were actually permitted to make were wasted against slowly-shelving tracts of shore and harbours impregably armed. The successes of 1870-1 aroused in the German abroad a spirit to which the continued acceptance of foreign protection was highly distasteful. In the United States the German had hitherto discarded his nationality more readily than any other foreigner. But it was now noticed that new German commu-

nities, instead of melting into their American surroundings like ice in hot water, remained hard and intact as though the water had sustained a chill. At home Bremen and Hamburg had become Imperial ports, and great improvements were made in the ocean-service of the lines sailing from them, notably in the case of the North German Lloyd. More and more ships of war were laid down, though as yet mainly in foreign yards. A momentary shock was given to the whole of Germany by the disastrous collision of the *Grosse Kurfürst* with the *König Wilhelm* in 1878; but the naval revival went on, undeterred by the evil omen which the very names of the luckless vessels seemed to convey. Several times before his death the old Emperor William engaged in the unwonted task of reviewing ironclads and inspecting dockyards at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen.

The German occupation of Angra Pequeña in 1884 showed Europe that a new competitor had entered the field of colonial rivalry. By his deference to Spain in the subsequent dispute over the ownership of the Caroline Islands Prince Bismarck made it equally clear that he considered no colony worth an international quarrel. German subjects, he declared, legitimately trading or settling abroad would always be protected by the whole might of the Empire. But the Empire itself was not going colony-hunting. German colonies would, like the English, have to trust to individual effort and natural growth, not, like the French, to artificial forcing and state patronage.

Since the accession of the Emperor William the Second in 1888 the German naval and colonial policy has passed into an acute, not to say aggressive, stage. The new sovereign's ambition seems to be to acquire the name of Sailor King, like his ancestor, our William the Fourth. Last year he sailed into the Solent with a German fleet, and accepted our highest naval honour. His ships have joined with ours in a

blockade of the East African coast off Zanzibar. In the Sultanate of Zanzibar itself, which swarms with British-Indian subjects, and where but lately any attempt to rival British influence would have seemed ridiculous, there is now a German influence, masterful, domineering, and using the language of conquest. German commercial interests there, as in other portions of the globe, seem to have become part of an Imperial policy to be furthered not by private merchants but by military bureaucrats. In Germany itself this change of method cannot be said to be generally popular, but it has the support of a blatant party with an energetic press. Prince Bismarck himself has incurred the displeasure of these ultra-patriots. When, both in Samoa and Zanzibar the truculence of German officials and adventurers was followed by native risings and the temporary destruction of all European influence, the Prince did not scruple to speak his mind. But the German bullies armed with whips and revolvers, whom he recognized as largely responsible for the native excesses, were hailed as heroes by the *Kolonialmenschen*. So, again, the Prince declared that the great object of his policy was to maintain a good understanding with England. But the "Colonial" party, as Deputy Bamberger reminded the Reichstag in January, 1889, has consistently reviled England and advocated attacks on English interests. Rising to the occasion their official organ in Africa had declared that "Germany had nothing to learn from England or any other colonizing nation, having a

method of handling social problems peculiar to the German spirit."

Such being Prince Bismarck's views, his dismissal from office was naturally hailed with joy by the *Kolonialmenschen*. Since his fall events in Africa have marched quickly. Only the other day the English world was congratulating itself, and receiving congratulations, on the rescue of the last of Gordon's lieutenants by an Englishman. The German Emperor declared himself honoured by the fact that the returning expedition had struck the coast on German territory. And now,—a wave of the wand, and all is changed! The rescued Emin Pasha has returned inland as a German official under the guidance of Major Wissmann, the leading advocate and exponent of the "forward" policy, who is to Germany much what Serpa Pinto was to Portugal. Among the objects attributed to the new partnership are the annexation of the great lakes, the seizure of the sources of the Nile, the re-occupation of that very equatorial province in which Emin spent his long exile from civilization, the division of Central Africa between Germany and the Congo State. The realization of any one of these plans would cut off the British East Africa Company from the interior and reduce its operations to a strip of the eastern coast. Making every allowance for that journalistic *chauvinisme* which Germany seems to have acquired together with the French *milliards*, one thing is abundantly certain—our general position in Africa is now more seriously challenged than it has been since the fall of Khartoum.

HAROLD A. PERRY.

CAN WOMEN COMBINE?

It is doubtless a wise and beneficent arrangement that the great body of living creatures upon this earth should be devoid of the power of acting in combination. Were mere brute force capable of self-organization and co-operative action man must long since have succumbed to the superior might of some of the so-called lower animals. But this incapacity is not limited to the brute creation. The lowest savages, though they may fight, or hunt, or live in communities, have always a tendency to fly apart, to form new and smaller communities; the tie binding any individual to the corporate body is easily snapped by some bait to personal cupidity, or vanity, or love of ease. It was not to the want of individual skill or valour on the part of his enemies that Cæsar attributed the success of his invasion of Britain, but to their inability to combine against him.

Civilized races have of course always possessed some measure of the power of acting in concert, and among these the most intelligent have undoubtedly been those who possessed this power in the highest degree. It is the same with individuals composing nations. *Esprit de corps* is better understood and has a more binding effect upon the educated and intelligent classes than it has upon the lower orders in a community. When the struggle for existence presses sorely the natural man is apt to snatch what personal advantage comes in his way, without any consideration of the consequences to his fellows. Nor is this to be deplored. Men living in these circumstances cannot possibly judge wisely even for their own class; yet their overwhelming numbers in every civilized community would enable them, if combined, to crush out of existence the

chosen few by whom and for whose sake they are saved from extinction, to utterly destroy the salt of the earth which serves to keep the huge carcase of humanity from putrefaction.

But many of the lowest classes are in these days learning the secret of combined action, or are having it thrust upon them by professional agitators, politicians, and philanthropists; and men who are not intelligent enough to see the ultimate result of their action, have acquired sufficient command over their merely individual propensities to face want and physical misery in obedience to the order of the leaders of an organization. It may be urged that the possession of so much self-control as is required to do this argues that the possessors of it no longer belong to the lowest classes, and are therefore not unfitted to judge of what is best for themselves and their fellows. This might in some measure be admitted, did the tendency to combine grow up naturally. But we know this is not so with our lowest classes. We know that it is only by a judicious mingling of cajolery with menace that a very large portion of the working classes is forced into organized action—a form of cajolery and menace, moreover, not by any means addressed to the higher intelligence or the better feelings of mankind. Almost any human animal can appreciate the personal pleasure of doing a half-day's work for a whole-day's wage, or of living in a house without paying any rent for it. Almost every creature can understand the misery of being waylaid and beaten by half a dozen of one's fellows, as well as of being shunned and tabooed at the public-house and other places of common resort. Yet it is by the admixture of this kind of pleasing

promises with savage threats that most of the combinations formed amongst the working-classes have in these days succeeded.

These are, however, men—all men! Women have hitherto generally stood aloof from combined effort. But now an attempt is being made, as spasmodic attempts have before been made, to organize female labour, female talent, female energy. Like all movements which originate without a body, and are artificial instead of spontaneous, these efforts have in the main failed, and will it may safely be predicted in the immediate future continue to fail. But why, it may be asked, should that which has succeeded where men are concerned fail when applied to women? Before attempting to reply to this question let me ask another. Have the Trades Unions and their outcome the strikes, succeeded—that is to say, have they permanently benefited the men they were intended to benefit? Is the condition of the labouring poor in these countries better, and not worse, since the workers have combined against their employers? It would be idle, perhaps, at the present time to expect any but one answer to this question. The British public has scarcely yet recovered from the fit of feverish enthusiasm (to periodical attacks of which, as we all know, it is subject) into which it was thrown last autumn by the great strike of the dock labourers in London. We took a side in that struggle between Capital and Labour, and our side gained the day, or seemed to do so, and we were well pleased. It would be unpleasant to acknowledge that we had no reason to congratulate ourselves upon that occasion, as we should have to do were we to admit that the combination of workers in general against their employers has not been of any real bene-

fit to our labouring classes. Let us defer answering this question therefore, and continue to congratulate ourselves upon the fine spirit that was shown by many of the labourers, the sympathy and kindly feeling manifested by society at large during the whole period of the strike. In ten or fifteen years we shall be better able to judge of the value of that victory of Labour.

It is hardly likely that our labour-market will be affected to any serious extent by the conclusions of the Berlin Conference. Were it possible to establish any kind of international legislation on the subject of labour there would still remain numberless difficulties arising from the different habits of different nations, the unequal cost of living in various countries, &c. The poor Polish or German Jew counts himself well off on the pittance that would barely keep an Englishman alive. Until our working-classes have learned some of the thrifty and industrious habits of Continental nations they will never be able to compete with them in certain branches of production.

The thrifty Scot and the potato-eating North Irishman have largely benefited by the strikes in the London ship-building trade, and the policy that silenced the sound of the hammer on the Thames has awakened it on the banks of the Clyde and the shores of Belfast Lough. Well—these are our fellow-countrymen—we may be glad for them to reap the benefit. But was this result intended or foreseen by the men who brought it about? It is seldom, too, that a trade forsaking any body of British subjects remains in these countries. Far oftener it is the foreigner who is the only gainer by our internal dissensions. The printers of London are, perhaps, the best organized body of workmen in the kingdom, and no doubt the trade of printer is still a good one even in England. But how many English printers are there in proportion to our population and the amount of printed matter re-

¹ The action of the women in a recent strike in an East-End shirt factory is an interesting example of the peculiar disposition of the sex. The women struck, not on their own behalf, but to help the men who were employed in the factory.

quired by us? In this, as in almost every trade not demanding the actual presence of the worker in this country, the frugal-living, thrifty, industrious German takes a very large slice from the bread that should go to feed our own children. The German printer is found able to compete with the English printer even in the special department of the latter; and, in spite of being handicapped by the cost of transit, succeeds in driving him in many cases from the field. How far foreign competition in the printing trade may extend, it is hard to say. It would, for example, be interesting and instructive to ascertain what proportion of the Christmas and New Year's cards sold during the months of December and January have borne the stamp, *Printed in Germany*; of those that have come under the writer's notice about ninety per cent. were from the Fatherland.

But there is no need, alas! to multiply instances of the decline of our trade. While we were rocking ourselves to sleep in happy security that we were the Heaven-ordained manufacturers and traders of the world, other nations were awake and straining every nerve to teach us under what a delusion we laboured. Their efforts have been crowned with success. Not only has our trade in a great measure been wrested from us, but foreign artizans and labourers of every sort are rapidly pushing their British rivals aside. A few years since France saw the rank and file employed in one of her great public works entirely composed of foreigners—a strange and sorry sight for any country! Some persons who have an intimate acquaintance with the British workman think it not impossible that the experience of our neighbour may be our own before long, and that our next great metropolitan or national piece of work may fall into the hands of French, or German, or Italian workmen. It is well known that a number of Italian workmen were employed in the construction of the new Forth

Bridge. What, one would like to know, was the reason of this?

Still, so far as the men of the working classes, in general, are concerned, foreign competition has its limits. Living in Germany and France is in some respects dearer than in England, though the habits of the people enable them to be comfortable upon what is often wasted by the same class in these countries. The great drain upon the male population by the military system of the Continent also tends to increase the price of men's labour, so that although the population of Germany, especially among the working classes, increases rapidly, the strain of this is not felt by them as it is here. Since three years are taken out of every workman's life by the military authorities, the actual working population is considerably reduced on the Continent; this must affect the cost of production there, and, as a consequence, the extent to which foreign competition is to be dreaded by English workers.

But with regard to both home and foreign competition women are in a much worse position, a position moreover not likely to be favourably affected by any international regulations. Working women, like working men, fall naturally into the two great classes of skilled and unskilled labourers. In the existing condition of the former there is little to cause anxiety, except its numerical weakness. Parents in these countries are unfortunately rather negligent of their duty towards their daughters; few girls are subjected to the discipline, or afforded the training that is in almost every rank given to their brothers. Odd jobs in the lowest classes, and a little amateur sewing and housework in the classes rather higher in the social scale, fill up the years that ought to be employed in giving a girl some kind of practical outfit with which to start in life. Even when taught a trade, such as millinery or dressmaking, the laws which bind the apprentice to her employer are too lax to make it worth

while for the latter to concern herself greatly with the girl's training. Much of her day is passed in going on errands, and, although this may be a healthful arrangement, it scarcely adds to her knowledge or skill. In the work-room, she is often too careless and ignorant to be entrusted with anything but the most elementary part of her trade. Not unfrequently, when her time is served, she knows little more than when she entered upon her apprenticeship. But even this modicum of training is valuable, and the girl who has enjoyed it is in a fairly independent position, provided she remain unmarried, for the rest of her life. Skilled manual labour among women, as among men, is highly prized and well paid for at the present day, as may be seen by the continuous demand for dressmakers and milliners in the advertising columns of the daily papers. And this is so without any organization whatsoever. Competent seamstresses, mantle-cutters, fitters, bodice-hands, bonnet-trimmers, are all able to command a fair price for their labour, and their employers have chiefly to complain that the supply is so limited. Indeed, such is the price demanded at the present time for all this kind of work, that a new branch of feminine industry has been created by it. A school for imparting instruction in the art of clothing the female form divine, with due regard to fashion if not to beauty, has sent its teachers into almost every town of the kingdom, and almost every middle-class family boasts at least one *couturière* amongst its daughters. This is the natural result of the high prices asked by professional dressmakers; for woman, like the ratepayer, is generally poor, and her time is of little monetary value. Nevertheless, were a union of workwomen, who understand their business and can really work, considered desirable, the dressmaking and kindred trades could probably bear it for many years.

There are always numbers of women that have either no necessity, or no

inclination, or no time to make their clothes, and clever workers are pretty sure of having their services well paid by these. The same remark holds good of domestic servants. The really competent cook, or housemaid, or general servant, is in England one of the most independent and best paid of working women. Even the incompetent servant fares comparatively well, and a mistress after taking the trouble of teaching and training a young woman finds herself merely in the position of the tenant who is called on to pay an increased rent for the improvements he himself has made.

And why should this be? Because domestic service is the one employment which is most universally objected to. Perhaps it is not wholly unreasonable that women, who are emotional creatures, should object to making their homes in the houses, and passing their lives in the service of people with whom, however intimately connected, they are expected to have nothing in common. A girl naturally looks for companions, for sympathy, for some "life", while she is young, and the enjoyment of these is seldom compatible with the discharge of her duties as a domestic servant. So long as Englishwomen are ashamed or unable to do the work of their homes themselves—so long must the women who are willing to adopt domestic service as a profession be rewarded and decently treated. No strong combination of female servants could, at the present time, be resisted, though it is pretty certain it would eventually force a new class of workers into this employment, and might finally bring us back to the patriarchal mode of living, in which a very large share of the household labour was not only organized and overlooked, but actually done by the mistress of an establishment. But that time is still a long way off and, as remarked, servants, if combined as a Trades Union, could in these days almost dictate their own terms to their employers. Such a union has, however, scarcely ever been prophesied. It

is not necessary, people say, and fail to perceive that precisely in the proportion in which combination is unnecessary is it likely to be successful.

Who dreams of a Trades Union for daily and resident governesses, for the ladies who advertise, as part of their stock-in-trade, the fact that they are the daughters of a naval officer or the sisters of a clergyman? It is well known that if all the private governesses in the kingdom were to strike work to-morrow, the agitation would scarcely cause a flutter in a single household, and would certainly not improve the condition of the strikers. And why? Because the supply of governesses is far in excess of the demand, and is becoming more and more disproportionate every year; not because these ladies are entirely unfitted for the task of education, but merely because they are numerous. The best trained teachers in general seek places in public and other large schools; but such openings are few in comparison with the numbers desiring them. The ranks of private teachers have long been over-full, yet every year new recruits press in, while every year the great educational mill of the Continent turns out a fresh batch of teachers on our shores. The effect of this plethora of teaching stuff bears hardly upon thousands of honest industrious Englishwomen; yet no one supposes that either a strike or any other result of combination would be of service to them. But why do ladies admit this in the case of governesses and deny it in the case of other work-women?

The truth is, ladies understand the facts of the case in this matter. Benevolent women, whose hearts are deeply touched with pity for the unhappy victims of Capital in another class than their own, are the first to recognise the truth where ladies are concerned. "My dear, half of the girls at the present day are superfluous," is a not uncommon remark; and then, with a little sigh, you are told that governesses in general be-

long, in the opinion of the gentle speaker, to the great, melancholy army whose badge bears the inscription, *Not Wanted*.

"How did you manage to pick up such a charming and accomplished girl as that governess of yours?" an acquaintance of mine asked a friend. "Oh, very easily," was the reply. "I chose her simply because she was willing to come for no salary, and I could have had crowds of others, I believe, on much the same terms." "I am so tired," said a slender, delicate-faced, young creature to me one evening, as I bade her good-night. "I have been scrubbing Mrs. —'s floor," she added, by way of explanation; "the soot came down the chimney and made the room so dirty that Mrs. — could not sleep in it, so I had to clean it, for, of course, we could not ask any of the servants to do such work at this hour." This girl was the daughter of a professional man, and was employed as governess in a house in which I was visiting lately; it was nearly midnight and she had been at work from soon after seven in the morning.

If, then, it be true that, even in the case of persons possessing a moderate degree of skill in their trade or profession, numbers suffice to reduce the workers to a position little better than that of serfdom, how much more likely is this to be so when these are totally unskilled, as is the case of the unhappy women at the East End of London? Yet these are the women whom it is now sought to combine for their own protection in a kind of Trades Union. The intention is no doubt excellent, but the execution is fraught with difficulties, and the result, even if it could be managed, far from likely to benefit the majority of the workers.

Any organization of female labour must inevitably become either a small union of skilled workers, who do not specially require combination in order to get a fair wage, or else sink into a mere Charitable Society. This is true of women's work in a way in which

it is not true of men's. A very large proportion of the most miserable workers in this country are married women or widows. This implies, in the first place, that they probably have not always been entirely dependent upon their own labour for their support ; and, secondly, that they have not pursued any one calling uninterruptedly.

By those who oppose the opening of certain trades and professions to women, it is often said : "The competition of women will inevitably lower the remuneration of the workers all round, and this will bear more hardly on men than on the opposite sex. What will support a woman decently will not support a man, who, in addition to being a more expensive animal, is expected to maintain a wife and a family of children." In the lowest classes this is only partially true ; most of the women belonging to them are expected to do something towards filling the common purse. But a woman who has children and attends to them, who keeps her little home clean, washes for the family, sews and cooks for them, can do little other work. It is true that she is obliged to neglect many of these duties in order to eke out the pittance her husband provides her with ; but some of them she cannot shirk, and these are sufficient to prevent her from pursuing any form of labour systematically, as well as from attempting any kind of higher work. The making of cardboard and match-boxes is one of the worst paid trades in this country ; because it is one that can easily be learned, does not require great cleanliness of person or surroundings, and her children can assist the worker in her labour from an early age. Consequently if we were to organize all the match-box makers of the East End tomorrow, it would avail nothing. A new troop of workers would rapidly spring up to take the place of the old, since the work is simple, and there are always women wanting an employment to save them from the stern discipline of the poor-house. Even should all the poor women of these countries

join this union, the result would only be that the entire trade of match-box making would fall into the hands of foreigners. A part of the trade has already indeed left the country, and it is greatly to be feared that the present agitation will sweep away the remainder. The British match-box maker will receive for her labour a small fraction beyond the remuneration that would suffice to support life in the cheapest towns and villages of the European Continent. If she accept this, she will in all probability be chosen rather than a foreigner to do the work ; but if she refuse it, then there is little doubt that the trade will take flight, and leave the unhappy creatures at present earning some kind of livelihood by it in a still worse plight than they are. Once let it become the settled industry of such a community as is to be found in many a Swedish hamlet or German forest-village, and it is gone from our people for ever. The foreigner, working under healthier conditions, inured to poverty and of thrifty habits, will acquire such dexterity as to leave the London rival far behind, and make it easy for the trader to gain his profit without being held up to execration by the majority of his countrymen.

This holds good too of a higher order of labour. The "finishers" of mantles and jackets form another class of ill-paid workers. But they are working under much the same conditions as the match-box makers. Many of them are only eking out a subsistence and could take no regular daily employment, or they have not been trained to do good work. A woman, when her family becomes too numerous for her husband to support, or the latter falls ill, loses work, or takes to drinking, is forced to make some shift to keep a roof over her head. Machine-work readily suggests itself in such circumstances. The machine is probably bought on the hire-system and a little instruction soon makes the purchaser able to use it. She applies for work and, if she is fortunate enough to receive it, devotes all

the time to it she can spare from attending to her husband and children, cleaning, washing and cooking. But work done under these conditions is not likely to be first-rate work. Few people would care to give good material to a person in this position, with whom it is liable to be crushed, soiled, or otherwise injured in the small and crowded home in which a married woman of the working classes is almost certain to live. Knowing this, the employer is sure to entrust such a person with only the cheapest class of work, and it is, in fact, only such work that is done by these women.¹

And here may be noted one or two points in which woman's work differs from man's, and places her at a disadvantage, when any form of combination is attempted.

The laws of Trades Unions are framed in the interests of the mediocre worker, and the best as well as the worst workman must consequently suffer from them. A really clever and conscientious man is deprived by them of the power of showing his superiority, and of obtaining the reward which is due to his talents and character. The inferior worker, on the other hand, is often a still greater sufferer. He is readily seen to be worth less than his fellows, yet he may not accept the small wage which is the just reward of his inferior labour, and he is therefore driven out of regular employment down into a lower class, where his intrusion helps to make life a little harder for the poor unskilled labourer earning a haphazard livelihood by picking up any chance work that may fall in his way. But the nature of women will never submit to such treatment as this. Women are far too strongly individual to allow themselves to be boiled down in the common female-labour caldron

¹ It is not meant here to assert that only married women, or women with families, or those whose time cannot be wholly given to their work, are employed in poorly paid trades; but that such women, being always glad to take any work requiring no great nicety and that can be done at home, must handicap the others.

to a kind of feminine hodge-podge. The best workwoman is generally she who has few social ties and few pleasures in life. The joys of the public-house, the race-course, and the gambling-table are denied to the decent working girl, and she is forced to find an outlet for her affections in the products of her labour. Her work becomes dear to her, a part of herself, and she could no more bear the thought of having it rated with work which she considers inferior, than a mother could bear to have her children classed with the children of other people whom she despises.

And even if this were not true, women's work is subjected to another disadvantage, which scarcely affects many of the trades engaged in by men. Trades Unions succeed in keeping up the price of labour in certain trades because the workmen as yet are practically limited to persons residing in these countries. Masons, carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, painters, &c., are all obliged to live at least for a time in the country in which they work. Now, these trades are not acquired readily, or without considerable training and experience. But it is only the comparatively well-to-do parents in England who have their sons taught a trade. Consequently, if a strike take place in any of these trades, the employers are in a great measure at the mercy of the employed, for their places cannot readily be filled up. Good artisans, when unable to find employment at home, emigrate or adopt some other calling, so that there is never a large standing army of qualified workmen ready to supply the defection of a large body of actual workers. Hitherto it has been counted unadvisable to import artisans in large numbers from abroad; even if their work were superior, their ignorance of the language and of the peculiarities of the English branch of their trade must lessen the value of their services. The gradual introduction of foreigners would be of no assistance to employers. Being obliged

to reside in this country, the foreigner would soon acquire the ways of his English fellow-workers and would certainly throw in his lot with them in any struggle between Capital and Labour. The German is generally very humble in his demands when he comes as a stranger to this country seeking work; but once he has got a footing, there is no Briton who sets a higher value on his services.

On the other hand, in the worst paid trades in which women are employed their presence in a certain district or country is not essential. This causes foreign competition to bear with peculiar hardness on them. If they work less well than women abroad, or demand a much higher price for their work, it is sure to fall into the hands of foreigners. This is in effect what has happened. The needlewomen at the East End are not highly skilled workers; those at the West End ask too high prices to give the trader enough profit for his risk and labour; and therefore the best part of the trade has left the country.

A lady, looking over the stock in a wholesale mantle warehouse lately, remarked to the young man who was showing the goods to her that they seemed chiefly to be of German manufacture. "Oh, yes," he replied, "we get all our best work from Germany; we could get nothing like this done here." It is not to be supposed that the women of these countries cannot do what their Teutonic sisters can, but that the price asked for good work here is such as practically to put it in the hands of the latter. All this may appear very cruel and unfair in the eyes of many amiable persons, and may lead them to say hard things of traders and employers of labour. But these well-meaning people must bear in mind that even for traders existence is a terrible struggle. The competition amongst the trading classes is rapidly reducing the profit of each individual to the lowest point at which it would be worth while to invest capital. No doubt, there are many traders at the

present time making a large profit out of badly paid labour, but no interference on the part of the public would remedy this condition of things. Were it possible arbitrarily to raise the price of labour and diminish the trader's profit, the result would be far from desirable. The small capitalists and retail dealers would be unable to support themselves on the merely fractional profit that would suffice to keep large traders afloat. The former would inevitably be driven out of the ranks of capitalists and would pass down into a lower social stratum there to swell the numbers of the already too numerous working classes. The larger traders, being able to endure until the pressure of competition should be somewhat slackened, would be the real gainers; eventually they would secure their old profits by a return to high prices, and this would of course react unfavourably upon the labour market, by lessening the demand for the goods furnished by labour. Meantime we should be back to past conditions, to a time when high prices must be paid by the nation at large for articles in the production of which it has probably received but a very small portion of the wages spent. This state of matters would bear with peculiar hardness upon the poor. The work done by the lowest class of workers does not benefit people in comfortable so much as it does those in narrow circumstances. The ulsters and other mantles sewn by the East End women for such meagre remuneration are not worn by women who can afford to pay much for clothes, but by women only a little better off in worldly circumstances than the workers themselves. What, then, would be the condition of the working classes, and the poor generally in this country, if clothing and other necessities of civilized life were expensive, while the demand for their labour was gradually diminishing? A cry for Protection would of course be raised and the protection of manufacturers must be followed by the protection of other

interests, notably those of the farmer and cattle-raiser. But would the country be prepared to return to Protection? And if it were, what would it gain in the long run by it? This is not the place to argue the merits of the case of Free Trade *versus* Protection; the country has decided in favour of the former, and there seems little likelihood of its reversing its judgment.

What then, it may be asked, is to be done? Are we to leave these wretched victims of our modern civilization to be bled at pleasure by their luckier fellows? Are we to suffer people who happen to be born in poverty to be treated as worse than criminals, and driven down to the lowest point at which existence can be maintained? It would require a stout heart indeed in these days, as well as a cold one, to answer such a question in the affirmative. Let us hope this will never be required of us. Something may no doubt be done towards the amelioration of the lot of these poor sisters; but any great or radical change in their condition is scarcely to be expected, so long as women are plentiful and their labour of no great value. That the establishment of Trades Unions among the poorer female workers would fail to accomplish the desired end, nay, that Trades Unionism itself will never succeed among women, it has been the endeavour of this article to show. At the risk of being tedious, however, it may be well to recapitulate the reasons for such statements. Briefly then, Trades Unionism amongst the poorest classes of working women will never succeed, because (1) the trade of most women is only a part of their business, not always the most important part; consequently a class-feeling can scarcely exist as it would in the case of men. (2) Many of these workers are only eking out a living, and the low wage paid for their work does not bear very hardly upon them. (3) Others are only obliged to work at intervals, when some special necessity forces them to

unusual exertion; they may therefore leave the ranks of these workers any day, and are not likely to make sacrifices for a class to which they only occasionally belong. (4) Work done at home may be taken by persons belonging to very different classes in society, and women who are glad to increase their little incomes, even by the addition of a few pence, would scorn the idea of identifying themselves with the great mass of their fellow-workers. (5) In many cases it could never be ascertained at what rate women were paid for their work. (6) If all other difficulties were overcome, and women succeeded in forcing up the price of this kind of work by combination, the higher prices could not long be maintained, for they would only succeed in attracting a larger number of workers into the field, or in driving the work out of the country.

We might as well shut our eyes to the law of gravitation and reckon upon an apple remaining unsupported in the air, provided its doing so would benefit many persons known to us, as deny by word or action that competition must influence the labour-market, and that when women are superabundant their work is necessarily cheap. What may be done towards helping these unfortunate persons we cannot now stop to enquire. The object of the present writer is merely to lift a voice of warning against raising hopes that can never be fulfilled, and forcing organizations into existence calculated to have a most injurious effect, not upon one class alone, but upon the country at large. Let benevolent people remember that Nature is not a philanthropist after the modern idea of philanthropy. The great laws by which the Author of all things has caused our world to be governed have been framed for the welfare of mankind, not for any one order or body; and all attempts to interfere with their really beneficent operation must inevitably end in disaster.

E. P. WYLDE.

THE VALLEY OF THE TEME.

I NEVER walk by the side of the Worcestershire Teme, in that rich country lying between the rugged Malvern Hills,—most ancient of British rocks—and the Severn Valley, without recalling that brilliant summary of the condition of England with which Macaulay commences his History. A belt of uncultivated forest still stretched across the midlands in the sixteenth century; the hart came down to the water-brook, and boars haunted the thickets. Peregrine falcons, buzzards, and kites preyed on the unprotected; the meres and reed-covered marshes were inhabited by the bittern and endless wildfowl, and the more desolate districts were unsafe for solitary travellers by reason of the numerous bands of outlaws.

In two hundred years all the wild tracts have yielded to cultivation. The picture to-day is of a widely different nature. Hop-gardens fringe the Teme-side, and the valleys are simply vast orchards extending for miles through the heart of the western county. If fruit-growers can succeed anywhere they should be prosperous in these parts.

The fitful Teme is, in several respects, a peculiar river. It has carved an erratic course through the ribs of the hills, and the present channel lies deep between the banks of red marl from the Radnor forests, through the borders of Herefordshire and Shropshire, joining the silver Severn a few miles below the "faithful city" of Worcester. It passes through some of the most pleasant sylvan and pastoral scenery of which England can boast, although it is a country not very generally known. In the lower parts the stream is irregular, deep swirling pools alternating with shallow reaches and a gravelly bed, well loved by the spawning salmon. In the drought of 1887 the stream

almost shrank to nothing, and the fish congregated for dear life in the isolated pools. At other times floods accumulate in an incredibly short space of time, and the valley represents a broad watercourse, sometimes the third of a mile wide, with a tearing current which sweeps away cottages, orchards, and hedgerows. On one occasion a pike swam in at an open window on the first floor of a flooded house; trees were standing upside down, and cattle swam to islets for temporary safety. In the general confusion it might well have been as in the classic days,

When fish were in the elm-tops caught,
Where once the stock-dove wont to bide,
And does were floating, all distraught,
Adown the tide.

And then the river once more returns to its usual bed as suddenly as the floods have arisen.

The flat meadows, *Hams*, hames or homes, near the mouth of the Teme help to explain the early Saxon settlements and germs of village life in England. My attention was drawn to the fact that several of these Hams afforded common rights in alternate years; that is, the villagers can graze cattle in one piece or another every year, but not on the same ground for two successive years. Some of the arable lands are also available to the village householders under peculiar strictures and reservations. For example, so long as the corn remains on the ground, the enclosure is private and each one farms his own allotment. If, however, one occupier happens to lead his corn before the rest, private rights immediately lapse for the year, and cattle can be turned in,—corn or no corn. Therefore each one leaves a shock or two until his neighbours

are ready to lead, and by common consent the cattle are afterwards turned into the stubbles until it is necessary to plough and sow again.

In these Hams we have an interesting relic of Saxon life, when the roving inhabitants gradually settled down, cleared the forest glades, fenced certain lands, and cultivated the soil. There was little notion of private property, but all who resided within the industrial area participated in the produce of the soil. They erected dwellings, accumulated cattle, and enjoyed full rights of the chase in the surrounding woodlands. The very foundation of the village society has its origin in these incipient communities, as the Hams and curious local rights clearly show, and as Mr. Green has explained in his attractive style (*History of the British People*, I. i.).

Above Powick Hams the valley rambles. The course of the Teme lies between deep banks, at Knightwick and Clifton the woods literally overhanging the stream, and the winding river is lost in solitude amid the most delightful scenery. The rare birds find a congenial home, and a few indigenous animals still linger in secluded lair; only by wading the stream can their hidden fastnesses be reached amid their perfect surroundings.

Among the river-side birds few possess more marked characters than the amphibious dipper, or water-ouzel. The European representative of the *pitta*, or ant-thrushes, which Mr. Wallace found so abundant in the islands of the Archipelago, it is like no other British bird, and forms an attractive study in every phase of its existence. Equally at home while skimming the surface of the stream in rapid flight or diving below with the greatest facility, the dipper is not web-footed like water-fowl; it dwells in some secluded native haunt, far from the interruptions of mankind who discover solely to destroy. The most favourable opportunity for the close observation of these vivacious birds is in the pleasant solitude of a fishing

ramble, when, undisturbed by conversation or the clumsy movements of kindred bipeds, you can stand in silence beneath some drooping alder to note endless phases in the animate world. The dipper, perhaps, rests for a moment on a fragment of projecting rock before taking alarm at the approach of a stranger. There is time to note the compact shape of the bird, the inverted arch of the back and short rounded tail; the upper parts are dark rusty brown, the breast is satin white, and the belly dull red. The flight is direct and swift, somewhat suggestive of the kingfisher; in some parts, indeed, you cannot persuade the country folk that the sombre bird is not the female of the more brilliant river-species. When startled the water-ouzel dives with consummate facility, but its movements cannot easily be followed beneath the surface. It was once my good fortune to watch a pair cross a mountain burn, literally running at the bottom from one side of the stream to the other. I could see them perfectly and note every action in the clear shallow water. They moved their legs freely, and had both wings spread, beating the water in order to keep the buoyant body down, but really running meanwhile.

The nest of the water-ouzel is perhaps the finest specimen of British bird architecture. It is constructed of green mosses and fragments exactly matching the surrounding herbage, and is therefore easily overlooked. Sometimes the domed structure is of considerable size and woven closely into a texture of great strength. It is placed amid rushes at the roots of some overhanging tree or in a hole in the shelving river-bank; the eggs are white and elongated in shape. A war of extermination has been waged against the water ouzels in some localities through an idea that they are destructive to fisheries from their habit of feeding on ova and young fish. But there is a considerable difference of opinion on this point, and on the whole the balance of evidence

tends to prove that insects and small shell-fish are the main food of the bird, and that small fish (not *ova*) are sometimes eaten, but not in quantities sufficient to injure the angler's sport.

In the middle of summer,—if the weather be in harmony with the reputed season—there are odd times when it is a pleasure to rove at night by the river-side. We hear of the silence of night, but the animal world is not asleep when darkness falls on the land; on the contrary, a grand carnival is then held. There is a forcible contrast between darkness and sound which is more startling than the busy turmoil of the daytime; every movement is intensified, and the distorted shadows assume imaginary shapes. The splash of a salmon disporting in the water breaks the apparent stillness; it might be a walrus to judge by the noise. The hissing cry of a goat-sucker or night-jar reverberates from an adjacent thicket; and occasionally I hear the plaintive piping of the quail in the distance. A few migrant birds annually pass through the country, usually in June; they fly only at night, resting in seclusion during the day to escape the attack of birds of prey ever on the look-out for fresh quarry. An owl flits by noiselessly and suddenly gives forth a terrific screech as if to wake the dead. They search the hedgerows and scour the fields for mice and stray rodents; no other bird is such a satisfactory vermin-killer. Owls should be jealously preserved instead of being wantonly destroyed. Hedgehogs also are most lively in the night-season, scuttling along with unexpected speed after beetles and other esteemed articles of diet. Otters whistle to each other as they hunt in pairs by the river-side, fishing the chosen reaches of the stream with systematic skill. It is notorious that they feed on the flaky morsels of flesh from the shoulders of trout or salmon; yet, I believe, they will take eels from choice. A colony of badgers has existed in these parts from time immemorial; and at night, together with stoats and wea-

sels, they come forth to forage around. And besides the otter, the badger, the night-jar, and the quail I hear many cries and notes which are difficult to identify with their respective owners. Many birds like the reed-warbler and redstart sing far into a summer's night; while the song of the nightingale itself is hard to distinguish from the full melody of thrushes and black-birds commencing a matutinal song long before the earliest sunrise. The heron is roving at night, pursuing its avocation as a consummate poacher. Swifts fly during the darkness and squeaking bats hover in the air; unwieldy cockchafers buzz in your face and countless moths flit to and fro.

In the flat river-side meadows,—which a couple of months later will be gay with the crocus-like autumn *colchicum*—I have watched the moles diligently at work; but it is necessary to stand perfectly still for they hear or feel the lightest footfall. There is a brook just here running into the Teme between banks fully six feet deep under which moles have been proved to burrow. Yet there is no reason for such extraordinary labour, unless it be antipathy to the light of day. In this same part I have the record of several moles swimming the stream. In water you can best observe the little sharp black eyes, usually hidden beneath the soft fur. I should like to show one of these "degenerate animals" to Professor Drummond; immersed in a bucket of water there can be no doubt as to their vision; Cuvier knew they could see well enough, and so did Frank Buckland.

The most remarkable creatures in Teme are the river lamperns, a near relative of the great sea-lamprey, mottled yellow and olive, which also ascends the river in the spawning season. The smaller species is uniform olive-brown in colour with lighter shades underneath. It swarms up the Severn estuary in February by thousands, and visits the sea again in the autumn. Sometimes numbers can be seen collected in pools beneath the

river bank, waiting for freshets in order to resume their march. The migrations are always made at night, and at certain weirs and mills special *potchers*, or eel-traps, are placed for the lampern which is esteemed as a great delicacy. At such seasons I have placed my hand in the water to draw it forth presently with a lampern attached; for the circular mouth adheres to anything solid through a peculiar power of suction. All readers may not be familiar with the structure of these lowly fishes. The body is eel-like in form and has a similar lack of scales. The length averages fourteen inches; there is a continuous dorsal fin, and the fish might readily be mistaken for an eel. The eyes are set far back, and there is one small hole in the top of the head connected with the characteristic breathing apparatus. The round snout is of strong cartilage, while the teeth are soft and a long tongue lies far back in the throat. Seven circular holes are visible on either side of the head, in straight rows like the holes of a flute; and these orifices form the generic distinction. They correspond with inner cells, divided by *septæ* but communicating with each other. By these modified gills the water-circulation is complete, and the cavities create the strange power of suction. If I stop up all the holes the lampern quickly falls back from my hand into the water, being no longer able to adhere by the mouth. There are some points of obscurity in the history of the lamperns. It is of biological value from the fact that it belongs to the only *genus* of British fishes which undergoes a definite metamorphosis. There is a transition from the *elver* stage to that of the fully developed lampern; the shape of the mouth alters, and a second dorsal fin entirely disappears or becomes merged in a single ribbon-shaped fin. After the lamperns have ascended from the sea and duly deposited their *ova* in holes scraped in the muddy bed of the stream, the young fish may be seen in due time on the sides of the weirs and

wriggling among the weeds; but later on they all seem to disappear until the full grown ones migrate once more seawards in the autumn. I have been unable to trace the intermediate stages, unless, indeed, a different-looking fish is really an immature lampern.

In May or June the local fishermen use a bait which is called by them "the Vampern": it resembles a river lampern, but the mouth is triangular, and, although the holes are on each side of the head, there is no power of suction; the total length never exceeds six inches. It is dug up from the sand shoals by the river, and answers to the description of the sand-lamprey or sand-pride mentioned in various works on Natural History. I never feel quite certain that this fish is not the transitional stage of the lampern. In this case it would, I think, be proved that the lampern-fry bury themselves in sand or mud during the transitional period of life, reappearing as full-grown fish in the fall of the year.

The suction-power is of great service to the lampreys in the spawning-season. Two fish will select a suitable spot; then ascending the stream for a yard or two they fasten themselves to a stone, drifting down with the suspended weight to the required place. The stone is dropped, and subsequently worked round and round until a hole is made in the mud sufficiently large to contain the *ova*. It is said lamperns attach themselves to other fishes, eating into the flesh and thus killing their victim; but this is open to some doubt. The nature of their food I do not know, but in captivity a specimen lived for several weeks on nothing beyond the particles contained in the water.

It is only salmon and eel-like fishes that now ascend the Teme from the sea by the Severn estuary; for, owing to some alterations at Tewkesbury weir, the tidal influence is not much felt up to Worcester. Some few years ago shoals of shad annually ascended the Teme as far as the first mill at Powick. Flounders also used to come

up the river, and an isolated colony still exists beneath a certain bridge, apparently cut off from retreat but still existing at the muddy bottom, strange survivals in their novel environments.

The nuthatch is commonly distributed in some parts of the valley. I happen to have a partiality for nuts, and so has this little creeping bird with salmon breast and slate-coloured back. In the latter part of the year my attention was attracted to an oak tree. Firmly wedged between the interstices of the bark at irregular intervals were more than a dozen split and empty hazel-nut shells; they had evidently been so placed to facilitate the breaking of the hard nut and subsequent extraction of the desired kernel. There was one nut absolutely unbroken; I had interrupted the operation. No bird or animal was visible to me, though doubtless I was watched from some safe eminence by eyes a hundred times keener than my own. I was inclined to think a squirrel had been disturbed at his mid-day meal, but at the time nothing could be detected to explain the matter. Another day, returning to the same spot, I saw a nuthatch at work; it was head downwards, busily cracking a nut. The little short fat body with stunted tail is graceful and facile enough on a tree-trunk; on the ground it is an ungainly bird waddling with awkward gait. The whole valley is a favourite locality for bird-study. Siskins arrive in the autumn, butcher-birds in the summer, with scarce warblers and many of our less common visitors. Bramblings come in the winter; three species of woodpeckers find a constant home, and the wryneck regularly puts in an appearance in the spring. The great crested

grebe, with chestnut fringe round the head, has been captured among the water-birds, with Temminck's stint and others. Kingfishers of course abound by the Teme; the young ones may be seen by those who know the favoured haunts, disporting by the water-side. Quite recently I saw the curious giant kingfisher of New South Wales and Victoria—more commonly known as the laughing jackass, in its native bush. It is strange to note the diversity in the habits of the nearly related birds in Europe and in Australia. Our bird feeds on fish and lives by the water; in Australia water-courses are few and intermittent in character; there are long seasons of drought when all moisture vanishes. The *dacelo*, or laughing jackass, has consequently to live according to its surroundings; reptiles and similar food take the place of fish, and the bird can live where no water is. To emphasize this fact I may add that two specimens now living in my possession and thriving well in England, have never tasted water since they arrived six months ago. If water is offered they at once knock the vessel over as if in a violent passion. They eat raw meat, mice, sparrows, or such trifles, and live almost in the open air except in severe weather. The contrast between the two species of kingfisher has a special interest, illustrating forcibly the laws of adaptation of species to changed conditions. One bird seeks water and fishes because both are always available; the Australian relation chooses snakes and dislikes water because rivers and fish are few and far between. The species which cannot conform must surely die in the incessant struggle for existence.

C. PARKINSON.

ON THE CHARACTER OF NERO.

IN the whole history of Rome, whose exordium was two thousand six hundred and forty years ago and whose conclusion seems as far off now as it seemed to the prophetic hopes of Romulus, the period of the twelve Cæsars fascinates with something of a cynical attraction. The delicate, high-minded Virgil had chaunted with zealous faith the Roman Empire; a calm and mighty sway over the nations, correlative to the motion of the stars in heaven and the life of gods. Augustus Cæsar reigns, a present god; himself a man of marble, stately and repellent. Never before had morality so embellished her dominion. Exuberance and bad taste in conduct and in manners were to disappear, as a decent culture led up the Golden Age; moderation, temperance, —all the old classical catchwords were to witch the passionate world, civic and barbarian, eastern and western, into dignity and repose. But Augustus is caught up, the man of the marble mask, to the nectar and the sacred couches; so at least courtly Horace phrases in anticipation the event of his death. And lo! vanish Virgil and the Golden Age of rusticity tempered with light; from cultured idealities we turn to the things which have found their historian in Tacitus.

De Quincey only, and De Quincey hardly, has discovered how in these emperors the immensity, the wildness of the joke that their position was, mastered and dominated their intellects, stimulated their passions with suggestion, and ran riot through their homely conceptions. "Have I played well my part in life's comedy?" said Augustus, as the curtain fell. Yes, and now call on the satyric drama. If it was a comedy to Augustus, the succeeding years were a history of the development of the joke. Caligula

one day burst out laughing. "What amuses you?" said the Consuls. "Why!" replied the Emperor, "I was laughing at the thought that, if I chose, I could behead you both tomorrow." But perhaps the subjects of Nero would have bitterly envied the facility with which Caligula was amused.

Tiberius, though not a wag, appreciated the jest of empire, but in him it aroused a saturnine sneer. Twice he ordered his attendants and made ready his procession for Rome; twice the obedient Fathers mustered to welcome him. He sailed up the Tiber, looked at his capital, and sailed back to solitude and Capri. A funeral was proceeding, and a bystander, addressing the corpse, said, "Tell Augustus that the legacy he bequeathed to the people has not yet been paid!" Tiberius overheard it, sent for the man, paid him his share in full, and then despatched him to take the receipt to Augustus.

But the strain of empire told upon the boyishness of Caligula; and for Tiberius, too, it was a burden as well as a jest. Of his administration Tiberius is reported to have said, "They may hate so long as they approve." "They may hate, so long as they fear," it had become in Caligula's mouth. But Nero, who cared nought for hatred or approval, was the people's darling. Playing his part with a rare appreciation of effect, he works up to the culminating years by degrees and gradual hints. The piece opens with that masterly device, the five Neronian years. He harangues the people in the Campus, with personal panegyrics on the wisdom and sagacity of his eminently foolish predecessor Claudius. From the Campus he goes to the Senate, to assure the Fathers of his respect for the constitution; and when they pour

out their thanks, he deprecates gratitude, "until I deserve it." At home Burrus, an old soldier, with the irreproachable morals of old soldiers, and Seneca, the rich stoic, guide his youthful steps; while his affection for his mother Agrippina is almost childish. Meanwhile the empire is admirably administered, wise provisions made, constitutional law observed. "Ah! that I had not learned to write," is Nero's ingenuous cry, when required to sign death-warrants.

But little by little the dramatic interest develops. Britannicus, his brother by adoption, a boy of fourteen, is in the way; he is poisoned, thanks to Locusta's art, at a dinner given by Nero. Suetonius records the popular belief, that the motive to the crime was no less a professional jealousy of his voice than a politic fear of his ambition. The first dose only made the boy very sick; whereupon Nero sent for Locusta and chastised her with his own hand. She excused herself; a stronger dose would have been a quicker method certainly, but a more public. "As if," replied Nero, "the Julian law had terrors for me," and compelled her there and then to concoct the strongest and most effectual mixture she knew. This was offered to a goat; the goat lived five hours, to their great disappointment. But when a draught was produced by their joint efforts which proved the instant destruction of a pig, then an invitation was sent to Britannicus. He fell dead at the first mouthful. "That epilepsy has carried him off at last," said Nero; and no one contradicted him.

These were strange doings for a model young Emperor; but of course Seneca, the stoic, knew of them; there was no cause for alarm. His young pupil does not poison only; he dances, he sings (and that execrably), he produces elaborate euphuistic verse, he drives chariots. Strange and new as it was, what did it matter to the populace? No more than the murders of Agrippina and Octavia, mother and half-sister, since they coincided with

schemes for remitting the public taxes. There is no sudden frenzy to account for the growth of crime within Nero; all is orderly, progressive, a conscious rake's progress, from the good young Emperor to the crowned victor of Olympia among his *claqueurs*. It may seem strangely perverse that Nero should have been loved, lamented, adored. He killed his mother, he killed men by companies; he even, writes Juvenal, composed an epic poem,—yet he was not loathed, nor an object of repulsion. Great criminals are mainly admired as great, aspiring, possessed. Nero, who was none of these, was not admired but loved. "Even now," says Dion Chrysostom, writing in the time of Trajan, "Even now the people long for him to be alive." And women, who could not have given themselves up to the vulgar brutalities of Tiberius, clung with real love to Nero. Poppæa, whom Josephus calls a devotee, a refined nature, with a delicate inclination towards Jewish piety; Acte, whom some have thought a Christian, Nero's first love, and loving him past death; the two nurses who prepared his body for burial; the unknown hands that for years threw flowers on his tomb; all these loved him with varying but with evident love.

The boyish mischievousness of Nero, which moves among its own horrors uncontaminated, was perhaps the trait of his character which made him more lovable than his serious or stupid predecessors. He toyed with horrors like a child unconscious of its cruelty. He looks long upon the naked body of his murdered mother and remarks, "I never knew she was so beautiful." Dion Cassius tells that he chafed the face of dead Britannicus, discoloured with the poison,—a mere freak, not a forced compliment to the Julian law.

The remark of Tiberius, when one of his condemned wretches committed suicide in gaol, "Carnulius has escaped me," made his friends shudder. But Nero lightly told the sorrowing relatives of Plautus whom he killed,

that it was only on inspecting the corpse that he had discovered that Plautus had so large a nose; had it been pointed out to him before, he would certainly have spared his life. Life with such a nose would have been ample penance for any crime. One of the charges against Thræsea, miserably done to death, was that he had never heard Nero play the cithara. In his youth Nero was attached to his great-aunt, and went to see her when she was ill in bed. She fondly stroked his face, and teased him about the growth of his beard,—“When that wants a barber I shall have lived long enough.” Nero at once turned and had himself shaved; then he gave orders to the physicians that his aunt’s purgative should be somewhat stronger that day. They obeyed him, and his aunt’s omen fulfilled itself. His stepson played at being emperor among his companions. Nero lay in wait for the child and drowned him.

So it is with all the incidents of the Neronian reign. Something grotesque mingles with the abominations. Christian maidens are brought into the staring circus, to be stripped and grouped as Niobes, Dirces, and Danaïdes, in order to gratify the warped æstheticism of the Emperor, whom the combination of courage, chastity, and beauty, put to the respective tests of torture, publicity, and criticism, struck as a felicitous experiment. The burning of Rome, that he might witness in spirit by a sympathetic imagination the burning of Troy, the employment of Christians as garden-torches, alike equally point to the leading idea of Nero. If there were monstrous murders in old times, if rulers of antiquity were experts in debauchery, their record must be outdone now. He outstripped his predecessors in all the stage-tradition which Augustus handed down. We have noticed his treatment of the Christians; we may compare it with the action of Claudius who “expelled from Rome the Jews, led on by the turbulent Christ,” or with Tiberius, whose invention went no

further than a plan of employing Christians in all the deadly climates.

Caligula had said he would make his horse consul; but Nero kept a stable of retired circus horses, which he clothed in the Roman toga and pensioned with actual coin from the public treasury. It was Caligula who moralized after drinking a pearl that one should be either frugal or Cæsar. Nero covered Rome with his golden palace, and said at last he was lodged like a human being.

Caligula approaches the true Neronian spirit when he compels senators in their official garb to run for miles on foot behind his carriage; or dresses them as slaves, and makes them attend his table with their tunics tucked up. But Nero thought a senator’s proper place was in the circus. He gave a gladiatorial fight of senators against knights. One Icarus did his best at that entertainment to fly for Nero’s amusement, but met with no greater success than his prototype; at his first attempt he fell close to Nero’s couch, and bespattered him with his blood. Ordinarily Nero would not speak to senators when he met them in the street; and they could perhaps bear that better than the remark which he dropped casually in Greece to the effect that, when he returned to Rome, he meant to have the whole senate to dinner and let Locusta arrange the bill of fare. When Vindex was rising in Gaul, the Senate anxiously awaited Nero’s commands. For eight days he said nothing whatever; then wrote word that he was hoarse just now, but when he felt better he would come and sing to them again.

He did not treat his officers with greater concern than the Senate. He was present one day at a street-brawl and was greatly amused by it; then by way of taking part in it himself, he took up a large tile, and throwing it at the prætor, broke his head. It was to incidents like these, possibly, that he owed his popularity. His conception of the office and function of a

tribune grew up in the following manner. He was in the habit of going out at night in disguise for marauding and brawling purposes. One evening he attacked a high-born lady, and her husband, Julius Montanus, not knowing that he was then being honoured by a royal visit, met force with force and had the better of the encounter. The next day Nero's face was very much bruised, and he kept within doors for a week or so; but he bore no ill-will to Julius Montanus, until the man was so ill-advised as to present himself with an apology. Nero then dealt with him as his offence demanded; and to guard against such incidents in future, he gave orders that on his midnight expeditions the tribunes should always accompany him at a respectful but reassuring distance.

To the Vestal Virgins,—that we may complete the Neronian theory of the constitution—he offered with delicate attention tickets for the games. His appearance on the public platforms or the ring was in many parts, but always resulted in his winning the prize, even on one occasion when he was overturned in the first lap and unable to finish the race. As a singer he appeared in the following characters: *Edipus blind Hercules mad, Orestes killing his mother, and Canace bringing forth a child.* It was a dangerous thing to leave the theatre when Nero was performing, and the ordinary device of the more impatient among the audience was to feign death, and so go out with funeral pomp on the shoulders of four others anxious for release. He had also some of the weaknesses of the musical profession, if Suetonius is right in attributing the death of Burrus, who sang second in the duets, to a gargle which Nero sent him for his throat.

He was indeed an artist throughout, and an artist to the last. There is an insurrection in Gaul. Nero will go to meet the army, himself unarmed, and will weep before them. Galba is marching upon Italy; Nero convokes

a council. He will make a reconciliation, high festival shall be held, and songs of triumph sung; "Which," said he, "I must go at once and write," that being apparently, the part of the Emperor. He is in the hut of his faithful freedman Phaon; the centurion of cavalry bursts in upon him as the dagger of a slave is through his throat. "Where is your loyalty?" gasps the dying Emperor, himself so notable a paragon of stable and ancestral virtues.

Many of this world's actors become raw and amateurish in their exits. But Nero does not miss his cue. "Here dies an artist," he remarks, with an aptness and a humour that is only too rare on death-beds. He was artist, indeed; but the pity and the grotesqueness lie in the perpetual achievement of the grandiose, the barbaric, the monstrous, when he aimed at merely the beautiful and the colossal. De Quincey, whose account of the Cæsars reads like a second essay upon murder as a fine art—De Quincey rests his hope of an acquittal for Nero upon the essential flagrancy of his times, acting upon a temperament touched with insanity. "So," he writes, "this prince, who has so long and with so little investigation of his case passed for a monster or demoniac counterfeit of man, would at length be brought back within the fold of humanity, as an object rather of pity than of abhorrence; and when thus reconciled to our human charities, would first of all be made intelligible to our understandings." Theophile Gautier apostrophizes: "Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, mighty Imperial Romans! O you whom the world so little comprehends, at whose heels the rabble-rout of rhetoricians is ever barking! I am your fellow-sufferer, and all the pity that is left in me is compassionate towards you!"

It is evident that neither these, nor the other writers who have had their say on Nero, regard him as anything but an extravagance of Nature, requiring special pleading or explanation. There is a book, a romance of psycho-

logy, which suggests on the problem of human nature thoughts half terrible and half welcome. In his *Marble Faun* Hawthorne conceives a human nature so far inhuman as to be essentially innocent; innocent, that is, not by the accidents of purposed ignorance and seclusion, but by virtue of natural affinities with the conscienceless creatures of the pagan woodland; he is Donatello, the Roman Faun of the present century. The most notable feature of the conception is the purity and whole-heartedness of the original nature; but it is at once remarkable that though a charming isolated individual, Donatello is not a satisfactory type. Fiction has not given us the perfect type of man without morals. In Mr. Stevenson's *Mr. Hyde*, and in Hawthorne's *Donatello* there is a lack of intelligence and humanity that are within the reach of bad and good without distinction. They do not live for us as they should; Donatello remains always the *Marble Faun*, though he moves and has his being; *Mr. Hyde* is never more than a chemical result.

But in Nero the conditions are satisfied. He lived out his life of flesh and blood, without the knowledge of good as a possible thing having entered his mind nor troubled his innate conception of pure unconscious evil. He did not say, with the great defiance of Satan, "Evil, be thou my good!" Evil was his nature easily, and without other remorse than physical. Nero, Emperor of Rome, the beast, since M. Renan will have it so, of the Apocalypse, the great master of death and lust, has sustenance and vitality. It

is impossible to light upon anything in the historians who treat of Nero which suggests the working in him of conscience, acceptance of philosophy as a self-justification, moral regret, or moral hesitation. No one can find a plausible place for him in any scheme of salvation. Charles Lamb, in his beautiful childhood, was content to "gaze on the frowning beauty of Nero with wonder;" but if it were our business to measure out the exact degree of horror which his career demands, it would be vain to attempt by any analysis to soften away the picture which we have in the pages of Tacitus, Dion Cassius, and Suetonius. To the mind of Nero's parents, at any rate, these stern veracities were in a way present; to Agrippina, and to the honest Domitius Ahenobarbus, who exultingly replied to his congratulating friends that from such a father and mother nothing could be born but a deadly curse to the State of Rome.

As they forecast it, so those to whom judgment belongs must judge the life of a man whose memory is a loathing to all other sinners, from Jerome to Dean Merivale, because it has no cloak of moral pretence; to whom moral dread was as unknown as physical courage; who had not enough interest in holiness to become its antagonist, but lived with evil in primitive unconsciousness, naked and not ashamed; simply and in a sanctioned phrase, the mystery of ungodliness, but a mystery from which the heart may be plucked with a little fellow-feeling.

JANUS.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

OF A TAX.

THE wisest man, said an old philosopher, is sometimes foolish, and even Sir William Harcourt has his moments of reason. In such a moment he gave utterance to a sentiment on Mr. Goschen's Budget which should endear him to the hearts of all strugglers, old and young. Perhaps he did not intend his words to be taken quite in the sense they wore to at least one reader. Perhaps the day will come again (may the fates long keep it back!) when he will be in a position to forget those words, to ignore them, to stultify them, to perform one of those amazing *quarts de conversion* (as the old strategists had it) which distinguish the philanthropist in office from the philanthropist out of office. "The Opposition had always maintained that one of the first duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer,"—this has indeed a suspicious smack. Is the significance of the qualifying article general or particular? If the former, then is it only in opposition that room can be found for these generous sentiments? Alas for their object, if this be so! But these speculations are ungenerous. The chance comes too seldom, for Sir William of all men to be refused the benefit of the doubt.

"The Opposition,"—so runs *The Times's* report—"The Opposition has always maintained that one of the first duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was to remedy the inequality between the taxation on real and personal property . . . the country had a right to expect that there should be a serious attempt to redress that injustice in our financial system." What any country has at any time a right to expect from any government it is perhaps rash to

decide, but it is certain that a large class in this country would welcome such an attempt as Sir William indicates. I have unfortunately never had either time or occasion to master more than, if truly so much as, the rudiments of the financial alphabet; but the distinction between the two kinds of property recognized by lawyers and Chancellors of the Exchequer is comprehensible to the poorest intelligence, using the epithet in both its senses. The property of the class I refer to is personal in the most literal meaning of the adjective. Of real property few if any of its members can boast even so much as Charles Surface; the bow-pots out of the window they may have, but scarcely the pointers or the ponies. The income of such an one is earned by the sweat of his brow as surely if not as literally as the income of him who tills the field or reaps the harvest. It lives only in and by him, and with him it perishes. Waiving all question of right, it seems at least then not unreasonable to hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer (whoever he may be) in preparing his next budget may take some thought for these men, as well as for the householders, the tea-merchants and silversmiths, that he may see, or at least look for his way to removing, I will not say an injustice or a grievance but, a burden that presses very sorely on a hard-working and mostly inoffensive class of her Majesty's subjects.

I have no wish to declaim. These leaves know nothing of that fierce breath (Casca had used a different epithet) in which the leaves of Hyde Park shiver on the workman's day of rest. But if one considers it a

moment, the inequality—for I will not even use Sir William's sterner phrase—of this part of our financial system must surely strike the least revolutionary and mildest mannered of mortals. There are doubtless some who have not forgotten Matthew Arnold's speech in returning thanks for the toast of Literature at the dinner of the Royal Academy nine years ago. With the playful irony he could use so well, and the secret of which he has not left behind him, he commented on the presence in that brilliant and splendid company of "such an inutility as a poor man of letters." But he consoled himself with the assurance of his hosts' sympathy. They and he, representatives of Art and Literature, were in the same boat. Between them and him there was a tie unknown to their grander guests. "Take one point only," he said. "Our struggle—yours and ours—what do they know of it? What do they know of it, these favourites of fortune, for whom existence, at any rate, has been always secure and easy, and who, so far as the great first needs of our poor mortality are concerned—lodging, food and raiment—never passed an anxious hour; what do they know of the struggle through which even the most gifted and successful artists and authors have often to pass at the outset, and from which many and many a one among us never emerges? What do they know, by the sharp experience of themselves or of those dear to them, of all that tragical history of

The fear that kills,

And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills,
And mighty poets in their misery dead?

They know nothing of it, they can know nothing of it. But so long as Art and Literature exist, so long will the artist and the man of letters have an indestructible bond of sympathy in the common experience of that stern apprenticeship which both must so often traverse." These are the men I speak of; the men who are now

servicing that stern apprenticeship, and of whom many perhaps are destined never to win clear of it. Even when the bitterness of his early years had passed Johnson still called himself an old struggler, and it is for the strugglers, old and young, whatever the field of their struggle, that I would venture to intercede.

Take the case, for instance, of Southey. No man ever lived more plainly or worked harder than Southey; yet he never had a year's income in advance, we are told, till in 1835, when he was sixty-one years old, Sir Robert Peel settled a pension of £300 on him and offered him a baronetcy which he had the good sense to decline. Eight-and-twenty years earlier, in 1807, a pension of £160 a year had been conferred on him through the good offices of his staunch friend Wynn, who had hitherto allowed him a similar sum annually. When he was forty-four the unexpected payment of a bad debt enabled him to buy £300 in the Three-per-cents. "I have £100 already there," he wrote with a mournful touch of irony, "and shall then be worth £12 per annum." Three years later the £100 had grown to £625, the gatherings of half the most studious and blameless life-time of which the annals of our literature hold record. And this man was Poet-Laureate of England (not quite one of her best, perhaps) and had enriched our literature with some of its finest prose. He had a wife and family, and for the greater part of his life he had to provide for them out of his brain the roof that sheltered them, the food they eat and the clothes they wore. Had sickness stopped the daily task, they must have starved or been saved from starving only by charity. Yet were Southey living now, that hard-won income would be taxed in the same proportion as the incomes from which the favourites of fortune secure their easy existence. And there are hundreds, thousands of men now in Southey's position, though without Southey's talents and without very

possibly the assured market for such as they have that he was so fortunate as to find. The field of harvest has doubtless widened since Southey's day, but how immeasurably greater is the number of labourers seeking for employment. The favourite of fortune has his uses also and his responsibilities. I am far from saying that he does not deserve his fortune, far from thinking that the young man who has been born into lands and houses and a million of money is not quite as likely to prove a useful citizen and to do as much good in his generation, as he who throughout his life has been forced to rise up early and take rest late and eat the bread of carefulness. Nor am I thinking of those who, as the phrase goes, make hay while the sun shines and look to others for shelter when the storm comes. I am thinking only of those whose daily bread, and often the daily bread of other mouths than theirs, can be earned only by the daily toil; who, while health and strength is with them can bear their burden manfully and cheerfully enough, uncomplaining if unresting; but who, not careless of the future, heaven knows, but taking thought of it rather by night and day, can yet find no answer, or no answer but one, to the terrible question,— what shall be their fate, and the fate of those dear to them, when hand and brain can work no more? I am thinking, in a word, of those whose lives the Prince of Wales described to the members and guests of the Literary Fund with simple and touching eloquence that none of those whose cause he pleaded need wish or hope to better. The wind, they say, is tempered to the shorn lamb; perhaps, but let the lamb then be shorn according to his fleece. Is it unreasonable to think that no serious loss would happen to the State, and much relief to many of its members, if these poor strugglers were allowed to bear a proportionately lighter burden than those happy souls, whose happiness indeed no honest struggler grudges, but who have earned

it by no more laborious process than being born their fathers' sons?

And this, I say, is no revolutionary thought, but indeed quite otherwise; it is a return to the milder measures of our fathers. The law under which this particular species of personal property is taxed is of comparatively modern date. Sir Robert Peel, the benefactor of Southey and of other deserving strugglers, wrought this evil thing in 1842. Some thirty years before that time an attempt had been made by the commissioners of the income-tax to include in their schedule what may for the sake of distinction be called intellectual property, and the body on which this experiment was made was no other than Sir Walter Scott's. In the year 1813 Scott (not yet Sir Walter) was requested to return an account of the profits of his literary exertions during the last three years. As these, among other less considered trifles, would have included *The Lady of the Lake* and *Rokeby*, they would have materially increased the sum of his tax. But he demurred on the ground that such a claim went beyond the statute, and the Scotch lawyers supported him. The commissioners stood to their guns, and Scott, as was his wont, stood to his. A case was prepared for the consideration of some of the highest authorities at the English Bar, including Sir Samuel Romilly. They were unanimous that the right was with Scott, and eventually after a tedious correspondence the Lords of the Treasury instructed the commissioners to abandon their claim, and decided that for the future the profits arising from literary labour were not to be taxed.

"I have thought it worth while," writes Lockhart, "to preserve some record of this decision, and of the authorities on which it rested, in case such a demand should ever be renewed hereafter." Alas! there was to come

—a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,

when the demand would be renewed

and renewed successfully! I well remember a dear friend of mine, at that time engaged in an animated correspondence with the centurions of the revenue on this very point, pointing out this passage to me in high glee, and starting off with the volume under his arm to convict the Treasury, as he bravely phrased it, out of its own mouth. Some days later I asked him how he had fared. He shook his head, answering much as the English soldier answered the dying Dundee at Killiecrankie, that it had fared ill for him but well for his sovereign. He had read the passage to the commissioner who had listened most courteously and professed himself extremely interested; but what, might he ask, what was the date of that valuable and entertaining work? My friend, with a sinking heart, replied that the date was 1837-9. "Though his name was not Winter," said the poor fellow, ruefully misquoting one of Hook's epigrams, "his actions were summary. He referred me to a confounded thing called Schedule D, under which the present tax was levied, and which had made Romilly's and all the big-wigs's law as dead as Gracchus's." But it is never too late to mend. Let Mr. Goschen, now that he has sweetened our tea and added a new polish to our plate, turn his attention to the poor inutilities, to the patient ranks of strugglers of all arms. Even the greatest statesman may find it not beneath him to have earned the gratitude of Grub Street.

OF HISTORICAL ACCURACY.

It is a dangerous matter for any man who has not been sealed of the tribe to venture an opinion on a point of history,—dangerous especially for one who is, as the Roman citizen described himself, in respect of a fine workman, but, as you would say, a cobbler. But the warfare which is being perpetually waged over what we are pleased to call accuracy turns

really upon two distinct questions, though they are often, perhaps generally, confounded; and on one of these it is within the power of the least even as of the greatest to be certain, while of the other it may with equal truth be said that absolute certainty lies within the power of no man. There are questions of fact and questions of opinion. About the latter I say nothing for the present, but it is surely clear that any man who will be at the pains may satisfy himself on the former. To settle the proper place, the relative value and significance of any particular act, is the work of the trained and practised historian; and his it also is to decide on the most probable of the many possibilities which form indeed, if these skilful conjecturers would but own it, the larger proportion of our knowledge of past times and men. But the hard, bare literal fact, when once it has been placed on record, lies as open to the fool as to the wise man.

Of all historians, perhaps not even excepting Hallam, Mr. Gardiner is the most patient, the most conscientious, the most judicious. So intense is his devotion to the truth, so earnest his desire to do justice to all men, that he will permit no sacrifice to the Graces of Literature. In his austere rejection of the blandishments of those wanton hussies, he resembles rather a monk of the Thebaid than a man of letters of the nineteenth century, a title indeed which he would very possibly resent as an impertinence; and he may be regarded if not as the founder, at least as the capital instance of that school of writers who will not allow literature any part or lot in history, and who can find no deadlier reproach for a historian than to call him (in their sovereign contempt for the niceties of our language) a *stylist*. He would be a brave man indeed who would lightly venture to charge Mr. Gardiner with inaccuracy, and he would be a rash man; for though, as befits an earnest single-minded student, Mr. Gardiner has invariably (as is well known) abstained

from all controversy or criticism, he has attracted to himself a band of devoted adherents who resent all encroachments on their master's domain with singular ferocity. To find this Aristides of history sharing the common frailties of humanity cannot but be consoling to those poor smatterers to whom it is never granted to go right even by accident. And this consolation Mr. Gardiner has afforded in the last example he has given of his historical skill,—in the article he has written on Montrose for the twenty-second volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, which is moreover a signal instance of the unbending austerity of his method. In a work of this class proportion is of course essential, and self-denial must be sternly practised. Nor indeed would it be possible to present a juster view of Montrose's character or a more exact chronicle of the facts of his life within so small a compass. But to write of him, of this brilliant, heroic creature, with the cold precision that one would almost hesitate to apply to a rhomboid, argues a suppression, a stoicism to which fiction only can furnish a parallel. Once (so runs the story) two Englishmen were travelling in Spain. It was long before the steam-engine had been heard in the peninsula, and travelling was even more rugged and uncomfortable than, so some tell you, it is now. Late in the evening our friends, having miscalculated their distance, found themselves obliged to stay for the night at a lonely inn in a neighbourhood that bore a very indifferent repute. It was an ill-looking, ill-smelling place, and the landlord matched it. However, there was no help for it, and after a meagre supper the tired Englishmen were shown into the only spare bedroom in the house. The night passed undisturbed, and as early as might be next morning the travellers were on the road again. They were cool phlegmatic men, typical Englishmen according to the Continental notion of the race. For several miles no word passed between them, till one,

in the same tone and with much the same interest as he might have wished his companion *good morning*, said, as he helped himself to a liberal pinch of snuff, "Did you notice that fellow with his throat cut under your bed last night?" "Yes," answered the other, without looking up from his book. Here the conversation ended. "Montrose, in his scarlet cassock, was hanged in the Grassmarket." In these words, and in these words only, is Mr. Gardiner content to describe one of the most terrible and affecting scenes that even Scottish history can show.

And the curious part of it is that Montrose was not hanged in the Grassmarket. Conceive Mr. Gardiner's indignation, and the fury of those about Mr. Gardiner, on reading in the pages of some wretched *stylist* that Strafford was beheaded at Tyburn or Raleigh on Tower-hill! Yet really this mistake is no whit less excusable. Montrose was hanged at the city cross in the High-street, which then stood about midway between the Tolbooth and the Tron Church. There is no doubt about it. Sir James Balfour has recorded the brutal sentence, which he heard read, in his *Annals of Scotland*; and there are at least three contemporary accounts by eye-witnesses, two of which are printed in Napier's *Memoirs of Montrose*, a biographer to whose patient research Mr. Gardiner pays a well-deserved compliment. One of these was written by the Rev. James Fraser, Chaplain to the Lord Lovat of that day. Another is in a volume of original manuscripts in the British Museum; it bears no signature, but appears to be an enlarged version of an account, signed H.P., printed in the Harleian Miscellany (vi. 234-5, ed. 1808-11) from a thin quarto of eight pages published in London seven days after the execution. Besides these Napier has printed what he not inaptly terms the butcher's bill, the account paid by the City for the erection of the gallows, which was of the extraordinary height of thirty feet, and for other expenses

in the brutal business. In this occurs the following item: "Paid to the workmen for bearing of the deals, puncheons, ladder, galbert, &c., to and from the Cross for the execution aforesaid, £6 13s. 4d. [in Scots money of course]." The cross was known indifferently as the city or market-cross, and sometimes even as the market-place. It was the latter designation that probably led Sir Walter Scott, writing his *Tales of a Grandfather* in a hurry and amid so many and pressing distractions, to confuse it with the Grassmarket, which from a period shortly after Montrose's death down almost to Sir Walter's own day had been the common place of execution. Napier himself in his earlier works made the same mistake. Wishart, or whoever wrote the second part of the memoirs that go under his name, does not specify the spot. But Clarendon does so and rightly, and this it is perhaps that has led Mr. Gardiner wrong. He has but a poor opinion of Clarendon; "his usual habit of blundering," "his well known carelessness about details whenever he has a good story to tell,"—these are some of the phrases he permits himself to use of his great forerunner in the history of our civil war. The mere fact therefore, that Clarendon has hanged Montrose at the cross, would be almost sufficient to make Mr. Gardiner hang him in the Grassmarket.

This is not the only error into which Mr. Gardiner has fallen in his article on Montrose. He writes of "the only son who survived him;" but two at least out of the four sons born to him were alive at the time of his death. The peerages, it is true, allow only two sons to Montrose, the elder of whom died during his father's campaign at Gordon Castle in 1645 when only in his fifteenth year. James, the second son and his father's successor, was taken prisoner by the Covenant when a schoolboy soon after his brother's death and confined for some months in Edinburgh Castle. At the time of his father's execution he was in Flanders,

but how long he had been there is unknown; in December 1648 he was in Scotland, and still in the power of the Covenanters who in that month, as appears by the minutes of the General Assembly, were pleased to interest themselves in his education. As his father was led a captive to Edinburgh, in May 1650, he halted for a day at Kinnaird Castle where he was allowed to see two of his children then in charge of their grandfather Lord Southesk. If James was one of these the other must have been Robert, the third son, born in 1636-7. But as James was certainly in Flanders on the 21st of the month, it is more probable that the two were Robert and David, who was born in 1638. It is known that Robert survived his father, for he is mentioned as being present with his elder brother when the scattered remains of their father were collected after the Restoration and laid with all the solemn splendour of a state funeral in the grave of his grandfather, the Viceroy, in St. Giles's Church. The account of the ceremony was printed in the *Mercurius Caledonius*, a contemporary Scottish newspaper edited by Thomas Saintserf, who had been Montrose's secretary during the latter years of his life, and again in a pamphlet written by the same hand and published in the same year. Both accounts may be read in the appendix to the second volume of Napier's *Memoirs of Montrose*, and in the Harleian Miscellany, viii., 236-51. The names neither of Robert nor David are recorded in any peerage. But in the minutes of the Committee of Estates Robert's name appears more than once during the year 1645 as son "to the late Earl of Montrose," the Marquis (a title which was of course not recognized by Argyll's government) being then under the ban of the Covenant's excommunication and to be mentioned only as James Graham with such savoury additions as its vocabulary might suggest; and David's existence was only discovered some thirty years ago in the baptismal register at Montrose.

These, to be sure, are but "sma' sums, sma' sums," as Baillie Jarvie observed of another matter. What does it avail for our estimate of Montrose's character or of the part he played in affairs to know whether he was hung in one quarter of a certain town or in another, how many sons were born to him and how many of them survived him? It avails not one jot. Mr. Gardiner has not this knowledge, and yet he has drawn Montrose to the life. May not this then suggest to a certain class of historical reviewers that they would do better, instead of so laboriously raking in the by-ways of history to prove their author wrong, to ask themselves what is his general view of men and affairs, whether on the broad essential questions his knowledge is exact and his judgment sound? And for that particular band of Mr. Gardiner's admirers may it not also suggest that, when a writer of his great and unchallenged authority is found going wrong in how small a matter soever, it were well for them in the future to deal more gently with those poor tiros who venture into the historical maze, and not to assume that everybody must inevitably be wrong who differs from Mr. Gardiner?

So much for facts; what follows is matter only of opinion. In his remarks on the social position of the clergy Mr. Gardiner, in a note to the seventh volume of his *History* (p. 304, ed. 1884), condescends to one of those flings at Macaulay without which no history would now be considered complete. "During several generations," Macaulay has written in his famous third chapter, commenting on Elizabeth's injunction that no clergyman should marry a servant-girl without the consent of her master or mistress—"During several generations accordingly the relation between divines and handmaidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find, in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook." "Macaulay exaggerates," says Mr. Gardiner,

and gives Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* as a proof of his exaggeration. Undoubtedly Parson Roger wins a spouse above the rank of a cook when he wins Abigail; but insomuch as Macaulay himself quotes this play as one of the few exceptions to what he justly states to have been the common practice, it is hard to see how he can, in this instance at any rate, be convicted of exaggeration. It is not, I venture to think, Macaulay who has exaggerated but Mr. Gardiner who has misconstrued Macaulay.

But this is not all. Mr. Gardiner is not content to stop here. He goes on to show that Abigail was in fact a lady of equal birth with her mistress, a waiting gentlewoman, one who had taken service, as Buckingham's mother did, on account of her poverty. Buckingham's mother, it may be observed, before her marriage with Sir George Villiers, was received into the family of her kinswoman, Lady Beaumont of Coleorton, and Mr. Gardiner himself shows evidence for disbelieving the story that she ever served in a menial office. Mrs. Younglove (to give Abigail her proper name) was on the contrary, by her own confession, what we now call a lady's maid, and I cannot think that she was, or that Fletcher intended to depict her as, quite so much of a gentlewoman as Mr. Gardiner supposes. However, this must of course be matter of opinion, on which every man who has read the play is entitled to his own. But it is at least clear that Young Loveless, brother to the Lady's suitor, did not think very nobly of her. In the very first scene when the brothers arrive at the Lady's house we get a tolerably clear idea of this gentlewoman. Young Loveless passes a somewhat unsavoury jest upon her morals, and on being asked by his brother how he came to know about her, explains himself after the epigrammatic fashion of the time. "To this day," he goes on, "she loves youth of eighteen. She heard a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she, in kindness, would

needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She loved all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they played murderers. She has nine spur-ryals, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angrily, that the farrier's eldest son (or her mistress's husband's clerk that shall be) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a year. She tells tales of the serving-men—"Enough, I know her," here breaks in the elder brother, and assuredly it is not the fault of Fletcher if we do not know her too before the play is played out.

The truth is that, though Abigail certainly takes rank above a cook, Fletcher's comedy so far from proving Macaulay wrong, proves him right on more sides than one. It is not only the character of the woman whom he

is content to take as wife that marks Parson Roger's position in my Lady's household, but his own confession as well. A domestic chaplain who is sent on menial errands and has his head broken by the butler, can hardly be paraded as a favourable example of the reverence paid to his cloth. "Everything," wrote Buckle, and on this point at least there could be no better authority,—“Everything Mr. Macaulay has said on the contempt into which the clergy fell in the reign of Charles the Second is perfectly accurate; and from evidence which I have collected I know that this very able writer, of whose immense research few people are competent judges, has rather under-stated the case than over-stated it.” Mr. Gardiner will have to call better witnesses than Mrs. Younglove and Sir Roger to prove Macaulay wrong, or be content for once to share the reproach he has cast upon Clarendon.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

"But if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be. I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know God will give us a son—a man-child that shall grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan mosque shall cast his nativity—God send he be born in an auspicious hour!—and then, and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave."

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

"Since the beginning—till this mercy came to me. How could I be sure of thy love when I knew that I had been bought with silver?"

"Nay, that was the dowry. I paid it to thy mother."

"And she has buried it, and sits upon it all day long like a hen. What talk is yours of dower! I was bought as though I had been a Lucknow dancing-girl instead of a child."

"Art thou sorry for the sale?"

"I have sorrowed; but to-day I am glad. Thou wilt never cease to love me now?—answer, my king."

"Never—never. No."

"Not even though the *mem-log*—the white women of thy own blood—love thee? And remember, I have watched them driving in the evening; they are very fair."

"I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred. I have seen the moon, and—then I saw no more fire-balloons."

Ameera clapped her hands and laughed. "Very good talk," she said. Then with an assumption of great stateliness: "It is enough. Thou hast my permission to depart,—if thou wilt."

The man did not move. He was

sitting on a low red-lacquered couch in a room furnished only with a blue and white floor-cloth, some rugs, and a very complete collection of native cushions. At his feet sat a woman of sixteen, and she was all but all the world in his eyes. By every rule and law she should have been otherwise, for he was an Englishman, and she a Mussulman's daughter bought two years before from her mother, who, being left without money, would have sold Ameera shrieking to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient.

It was a contract entered into with a light heart; but even before the girl had reached her bloom she came to fill the greater portion of John Holden's life. For her, and the withered hag her mother, he had taken a little house overlooking the great red-walled city, and found,—when the marigolds had sprung up by the well in the courtyard, and Ameera had established herself according to her own ideas of comfort, and her mother had ceased grumbling at the inadequacy of the cooking-places, the distance from the daily market, and at matters of house-keeping in general,—that the house was to him his home. Any one could enter his bachelor's bungalow by day or night, and the life that he led there was an unlovely one. In the house in the city his feet only could pass beyond the outer courtyard to the women's rooms; and when the big wooden gate was bolted behind him he was king in his own territory, with Ameera for queen. And there was going to be added to this kingdom a third person whose arrival Holden felt inclined to resent. It interfered with his perfect happiness. It disarranged the orderly peace of the house that was his own. But Ameera was wild with delight at the

thought of it, and her mother not less so. The love of a man, and particularly a white man, was at the best an inconstant affair, but it might, both women argued, be held fast by a baby's hands. "And then," Ameera would always say, "then he will never care for the white *mem-log*. I hate them all—I hate them all."

"He will go back to his own people in time," said the mother; "but by the blessing of God that time is yet afar off."

Holden sat silent on the couch thinking of the future, and his thoughts were not pleasant. The drawbacks of a double life are manifold. The Government, with singular care, had ordered him out of the station for a fortnight on special duty in the place of a man who was watching by the bedside of a sick wife. The verbal notification of the transfer had been edged by a cheerful remark that Holden ought to think himself lucky in being a bachelor and a free man. He came to break the news to Ameera.

"It is not good," she said slowly, "but it is not all bad. There is my mother here, and no harm will come to me—unless indeed I die of pure joy. Go thou to thy work and think no troublesome thoughts. When the days are done I believe . . . nay, I am sure. And—and then I shall lay *him* in thy arms, and thou wilt love me for ever. The train goes to-night, at midnight is it not? Go now, and do not let thy heart be heavy by cause of me. But thou wilt not delay in returning? Thou wilt not stay on the road to talk to the bold white *mem-log*. Come back to me swiftly, my life."

As he left the courtyard to reach his horse that was tethered to the gatepost, Holden spoke to the white-haired old watchman who guarded the house, and bade him under certain contingencies despatch the filled-up telegraph-form that Holden gave him. It was all that could be done, and with the sensations of a man who has attended his own funeral Holden went away by the night-mail to his exile. Every

hour of the day he dreaded the arrival of the telegram, and every hour of the night he pictured to himself the death of Ameera. In consequence his work for the State was not of first-rate quality, nor was his temper towards his colleagues of the most amiable. The fortnight ended without a sign from his home, and, torn to pieces by his anxieties, Holden returned to be swallowed up for two precious hours by a dinner at the club, wherein he heard, as a man hears in a swoon, voices telling him how execrably he had performed the other man's duties, and how he had endeared himself to all his associates. Then he fled on horseback through the night with his heart in his mouth. There was no answer at first to his blows on the gate, and he had just wheeled his horse round to kick it in when Pir Khan appeared with a lantern and held his stirrup.

"Has aught occurred?" said Holden.

"The news does not come from my mouth, Protector of the Poor, but—" He held out his shaking hand as befitted the bearer of good news who is entitled to a reward.

Holden hurried through the courtyard. A light burned in the upper room. His horse neighed in the gateway and he heard a shrill little wail that sent all the blood into the apple of his throat. It was a new voice, but it did not prove that Ameera was alive.

"Who is there?" he called up the narrow brick staircase.

There was a cry of delight from Ameera, and then the voice of the mother, tremulous with old age and pride—"We be two women and—the—man—thy—son."

On the threshold of the room Holden stepped on a naked dagger, that was laid there to avert ill-luck, and it broke at the hilt under his impatient heel.

"God is great!" cooed Ameera in the half-light. "Thou hast taken his misfortunes on thy head."

"Ay, but how is it with thee, life of my life? Old woman, how is it with her?"

"She has forgotten her sufferings for joy that the child is born. There is no harm; but speak softly," said the mother.

"It only needed thy presence to make me all well," said Ameera. "My king, thou hast been very long away. What gifts hast thou for me? Ah, ah! It is I that bring gifts this time. Look, my life, look. Was there ever such a babe? Nay, I am too weak even to clear my arm from him."

"Rest then, and do not talk. I am here, *bachari* (little woman)."

"Well said, for there is a bond and a heel-rope (*peecharae*) between us now that nothing can break. Look—canst thou see in this light? He is without spot or blemish. Never was such a man-child. *Ya illah!* he shall be a pundit—no, a trooper of the Queen. And, my life, dost thou love me as well as ever, though I am faint and sick and worn? Answer truly."

"Yea. I love as I have loved, with all my soul. Lie still, pearl, and rest." "Then do not go. Sit by my side here—so. Mother, the lord of this house needs a cushion. Bring it." There was an almost imperceptible movement on the part of the new life that lay in the hollow of Ameera's arm. "Aho!" she said, her voice breaking with love. "The babe is a champion from his birth. He is kicking me in the side with mighty kicks. Was there ever such a babe! And he is ours to us—thine and mine. Put thy hand on his head, but carefully, for he is very young, and men are unskilled in such matters."

Very cautiously Holden touched with the tips of his fingers the downy head.

"He is of the Faith," said Ameera; "for lying here in the night-watches I whispered the call to prayer and the profession of faith into his ears. And it is most marvellous that he was born upon a Friday, as I was born. Be careful of him, my life; but he can almost grip with his hands."

Holden found one helpless little hand that closed feebly on his finger.

And the clutch ran through his limbs till it settled about his heart. Till then his sole thought had been for Ameera. He began to realize that there was some one else in the world, but he could not feel that it was a veritable son with a soul. He sat down to think, and Ameera dozed lightly.

"Get hence, *sahib*," said her mother under her breath. "It is not good that she should find you here on waking. She must be still."

"I go," said Holden submissively. "Here be rupees. See that my *baba* gets fat and finds all that he needs."

The think of the silver roused Ameera. "I am his mother, and no hireling," she said weakly. "Shall I look to him more or less for the sake of money? Mother, give it back. I have born my lord a son."

The deep sleep of weakness came upon her almost before the sentence was completed. Holden went down to the courtyard very softly with his heart at ease. Pir Khan, the old watchman, was chuckling with delight. "This house is now complete," he said, and without further comment thrust into Holden's hands the hilt of a sabre worn many years ago when he, Pir Khan, served the Queen in the police. The bleat of a tethered goat came from the well-kerb.

"There be two," said Pir Khan, "two goats of the best. I bought them, and they cost much money; and since there is no birth-party assembled their flesh will be all mine. Strike craftily, *sahib!* 'Tis an ill-balanced sabre at the best. Wait till they raise their heads from cropping the marigolds."

"And why?" said Holden, bewildered.

"For the birth-sacrifice. What else? Otherwise the child being unguarded from fate may die. The Protector of the Poor knows the fitting words to be said."

Holden had learned them once with little thought that he would ever speak them in earnest. The touch of the cold sabre-hilt in his palm turned suddenly to the clinging grip of the child

up stairs—the child that was his own son—and a dread of loss filled him.

“Strike!” said Pir Khan. “Never life came into the world but life was paid for it. See, the goats have raised their heads. Now! With a drawing cut!”

Hardly knowing what he did Holden cut twice as he muttered the Mohammedan prayer that runs:—
“Almighty! In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair, skin for skin.” The waiting horse snorted and bounded in his pickets at the smell of the raw blood that spirted over Holden’s riding-boots.

“Well smitten!” said Pir Khan wiping the sabre. “A swordsman was lost in thee. Go with a light heart, Heaven-born. I am thy servant, and the servant of thy son. May the Presence live a thousand years and . . . the flesh of the goats is all mine?” Pir Khan drew back richer by a month’s pay. Holden swung himself into the saddle and rode off through the low-hanging wood-smoke of the evening. He was full of riotous exultation, alternating with a vast vague tenderness directed towards no particular object, that made him choke as he bent over the neck of his uneasy horse. “I never felt like this in my life,” he thought. “I’ll go to the club and pull myself together.”

A game of pool was beginning, and the room was full of men. Holden entered, eager to get to the light and the company of his fellows, singing at the top of his voice:

In Baltimore a-walking, a lady I did meet!

“Did you?” said the club-secretary from his corner. “Did she happen to tell you that your boots were wringing wet? Great goodness, man, it’s blood!”

“Bosh!” said Holden, picking his cue from the rack. “May I cut in? It’s dew. I’ve been riding through high crops. My faith! my boots are in a mess though!”

And if it be a girl she shall wear a wedding ring,
And if it be a boy he shall fight for his king,
With his dirk, and his cap, and his little jacket blue,
He shall walk the quarter-deck—”

“Yellow on blue—green next player,” said the marker monotonously.

“*He shall walk the quarter-deck,—* am I green, marker? *He shall walk the quarter-deck,—* eh! that’s a bad shot, —*as his daddy used to do!*”

“I don’t see that you have anything to crow about,” said a zealous junior civilian acidly. “The Government is not exactly pleased with your work when you relieved Sanders.”

“Does that mean a wiggling from head-quarters?” said Holden with an abstracted smile. “I think I can stand it.”

The talk beat up round the ever-fresh subject of each man’s work, and steadied Holden till it was time to go to his dark empty bungalow, where his butler received him as one who knew all his affairs. Holden remained awake for the greater part of the night, and his dreams were pleasant ones.

II.

“How old is he now?”

“*Ya illah!* What a man’s question! He is all but six weeks old; and on this night I go up to the house-top with thee, my life, to count the stars. For that is auspicious. And he was born on a Friday under the sign of the sun, and it has been told to me that he will outlive us both and get wealth. Can we wish for aught better, beloved?”

“There is nothing better. Let us go up to the roof, and thou shalt count the stars—but a few only, for the sky is heavy with cloud.”

“The winter rains are late, and maybe they come out of season. Come, before all the stars are hid. I have put on my richest jewels.”

"Thou hast forgotten the best of all."

"*Ai!* Ours. He comes also. He has never yet seen the skies."

Ameera climbed the narrow staircase that led to the flat roof. The child, placid and unwinking, lay in the hollow of her right arm, gorgeous in silver-fringed muslin with a small skull-cap on his head. Ameera wore all that she valued most. The diamond nose-stud that takes the place of the Western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the centre of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold that was fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, and the chinking curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in jade-green muslin as befitted a daughter of the Faith, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk, frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand, and certain heavy gold bracelets that had no part in her country's ornaments but, since they were Holden's gift and fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.

They sat down by the low white parapet of the roof, overlooking the city and its lights.

"They are happy down there," said Ameera. "But I do not think that they are as happy as we. Nor do I think the white *mem-log* are as happy. And thou?"

"I know they are not."

"How dost thou know?"

"They give their children over to the nurses."

"I have never seen that," said Ameera with a sigh, "nor do I wish to see. *Ahi!*"—she dropped her head on Holden's shoulder,—"I have counted forty stars, and I am tired. Look at the child, love of my life, he is counting too."

The baby was staring with round

eyes at the dark of the heavens. Ameera placed him in Holden's arms, and he lay there without a cry.

"What shall we call him among ourselves?" she said. "Look! Art thou ever tired of looking? He carries thy very eyes. But the mouth—"

"Is thine, most dear. Who should know better than I?"

"'Tis such a feeble mouth. Oh, so small! And yet it holds my heart between its lips. Give him to me now. He has been too long away."

"Nay, let him lie; he has not yet begun to cry."

"When he cries thou wilt give him back—eh! What a man of mankind thou art! If he cried he were only the dearer to me. But, my life, what little name shall we give him?"

The small body lay close to Holden's heart. It was utterly helpless and very soft. He scarcely dared to breathe for fear of crushing it. The caged green parrot that is regarded as a sort of guardian spirit in most native households moved on its perch and fluttered a drowsy wing.

"There is the answer," said Holden. "Mian Mittu has spoken. He shall be the parrot. When he is ready he will talk mightily and run about. Mian Mittu is the parrot in thy—in the Mus-sulman tongue, is it not?"

"Why put me so far off?" said Ameera fretfully. "Let it be like unto some English name—but not wholly. For he is mine."

"Then call him Tota, for that is likest English."

"Ay, Tota, and that is still the parrot. Forgive me, my lord, for a minute ago, but in truth he is too little to wear all the weight of Mian Mittu for name. He shall be Tota—our Tota to us. Hearest thou, oh, small one? Littlest, thou art Tota." She touched the child's cheek, and he waking wailed, and it was necessary to return him to his mother, who soothed him with the wonderful rhyme of *Aré koko, Ja ré koko!* which says:

Oh, crow! Go crow! Baby's sleeping
 sound,
 And the wild plums grow in the jungle,
 only a penny a pound.
 Only a penny a pound, *baba*, only a
 penny a pound.

Reassured many times as to the price of those plums, Tota cuddled himself down to sleep. The two sleek, white well-bullocks in the courtyard were steadily chewing the cud of their evening meal; old Pir Khan squatted at the head of Holden's horse, his police sabre across his knees, pulling drowsily at a big water-pipe that croaked like a bull-frog in a pond. Ameera's mother sat spinning in the lower verandah, and the wooden gate was shut and barred. The music of a marriage procession came to the roof above the gentle hum of the city, and a string of flying-foxes crossed the face of the low moon.

"I have prayed," said Ameera after a long pause, "I have prayed for two things. First, that I may die in thy stead if thy death is demanded, and in the second that I may die in the place of the child. I have prayed to the Prophet and to Beebee Miriam [the Virgin Mary]. Thinkest thou either will hear?"

"From thy lips who would not hear the lightest word?"

"I asked for straight talk, and thou hast given me sweet talk. Will my prayers be heard?"

"How can I say? God is very good."

"Of that I am not sure. Listen now. When I die, or the child dies, what is thy fate? Living, thou wilt return to the bold white *mem-log*, for kind calls to kind."

"Not always."

"With a woman, no; with a man it is otherwise. Thou wilt in this life, later on, go back to thine own folk. That I could almost endure, for I should be dead. But in thy very death thou wilt be taken away to a strange place and a paradise that I do not know."

"Will it be paradise?"

"Surely, for who would harm thee? But we two—I and the child—shall be elsewhere, and we cannot come to thee, nor canst thou come to us. In the old days, before the child was born, I did not think of these things; but now I think of them always. It is very hard talk."

"It will fall as it will fall. Tomorrow we do not know, but to-day and love we know well. Surely we are happy now."

"So happy that it were well to make our happiness assured. And thy Beebee Miriam should listen to me; for she is also a woman. But then she would envy me! It is not seemly for men to worship a woman."

Holden laughed aloud at Ameera's little spasm of jealousy.

"Is it not seemly? Why didst thou not turn me from worship of thee, then?"

"Thou a worshipper! And of me! My king, for all thy sweet words, well I know that I am thy servant and thy slave, and the dust under thy feet. And I would not have it otherwise. See!"

Before Holden could prevent her she stooped forward and touched his feet; recovering herself with a little laugh she hugged Tota closer to her bosom. Then, almost savagely—

"Is it true that the bold white *mem-log* live for three times the length of my life? Is it true that they make their marriages not before they are old women?"

"They marry as do others—when they are women."

"That I know, but they wed when they are twenty-five. Is that true?"

"That is true."

"*Ya illah!* At twenty-five! Who would of his own will take a wife even of eighteen? She is a woman—ageing every hour. Twenty-five! I shall be an old woman at that age, and—Those *mem-log* remain young for ever. How I hate them!"

"What have they to do with us?"

"I cannot tell. I know only that there may now be alive on this earth

a woman ten years older than I who may come to thee and take thy love ten years after I am an old woman, grey headed, and the nurse of Tota's son. That is unjust and evil. They should die too."

"Now, for all thy years thou art a child, and shalt be picked up and carried down the staircase."

"Tota! Have a care for Tota, my lord! Thou at least art as foolish as any babe!" Ameera tucked Tota out of harm's way in the hollow of her neck, and was carried down stairs laughing in Holden's arms, while Tota opened his eyes and smiled after the manner of the lesser angels.

He was a silent infant, and, almost before Holden could realize that he was in the world, developed into a small gold-coloured little god and unquestioned despot of the house overlooking the city. Those were months of absolute happiness to Holden and Ameera—happiness withdrawn from the world, shut in behind the wooden gate that Pir Khan guarded. By day Holden did his work with an immense pity for such as were not so fortunate as himself, and a sympathy for small children that amazed and amused many mothers at the little station-gatherings. At nightfall he returned to Ameera, —Ameera full of the wondrous doings of Tota, how he had been seen to clap his hands together and move his fingers with intention and purpose—which was manifestly a miracle—how later, he had of his own initiative crawled out of his low bedstead on to the floor and swayed on both feet for the space of three breaths.

"And they were long breaths, for my heart stood still with delight," said Ameera.

Then he took the beasts into his councils—the well-bullocks, the little grey squirrels, the mongoose that lived in a hole near the well, and especially Mian Mittu, the parrot, whose tail he grievously pulled, and Mian Mittu screamed till Ameera and Holden arrived.

"Oh, villain! Child of strength!

This to thy brother on the house-top! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! Fie! But I know a charm to make him wise as Suleiman and Aflatoun [Solomon and Plato]. Now look," said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. "See! we count seven. In the name of God!"

She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and rumped, on the top of his cage, and seating herself between the babe and the bird she cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. "This is a true charm, my life, and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half and Tota the other." Mian Mittu with careful beak took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly with wondering eyes. "This I will do each day of seven, and without doubt he who is ours will be a bold speaker and wise. Eh, Tota, what wilt thou be when thou art a man and I am grey-headed?" Tota tucked his fat legs into adorable creases. He could crawl, but he was not going to waste the spring of his youth in idle speech. He wanted Mian Mittu's tail to tweak.

When he was advanced to the dignity of a silver belt—which, with a magic-square engraved on silver and hung round his neck, made up the greater part of his clothing—he staggered on a perilous journey down the garden to Pir Khan and proffered him all his jewels in exchange for one little ride on Holden's horse, having seen his mother's mother chaffering with pedlars in the verandah. Pir Khan wept and set the untried feet on his own grey head in sign of fealty, and brought the bold adventurer to his mother's arms, vowing that Tota would be a leader of men ere his beard was grown.

One hot evening while he sat on the roof between his father and mother watching the never-ending warfare of the kites, that the city boys flew, he demanded a kite of his own with Pir Khan to fly it, because he had a fear of dealing with anything larger than himself, and when Holden called him a

"spark," he rose to his feet and answered slowly in defence of his new-found individuality: "*Hum'park nahin hai. Hom admi hai.* (I am no spark, but a man.)"

The protest made Holden choke and devote himself very seriously to a consideration of Tota's future. He need hardly have taken the trouble. The delight of that life was too perfect to endure. Therefore it was taken away as many things are taken away in India—suddenly and without warning. The little lord of the house, as Pir Khan called him, grew sorrowful and complained of pains who had never known the meaning of pain. Ameera, wild with terror, watched him through the night, and in the dawning of the second day the life was shaken out of him by fever—the seasonal autumn fever. It seemed altogether impossible that he could die, and neither Ameera nor Holden at first believed the evidence of the little body on the bedstead. Then Ameera beat her head against the wall and would have flung herself down the well in the garden had Holden not restrained her by main force.

One mercy only was granted to Holden. He rode to his office in broad daylight and found waiting him an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods.

III.

The first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness, and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it. In the beginning he only felt that there had been a loss, and that Ameera needed comforting, where she sat with her head on her knees shivering as Mian Mittu from the house-top called, *Tota! Tota! Tota!* Later all his world and the daily life of it rose up to hurt him. It was an out-

rage that any one of the children at the band-stand in the evening should be alive and clamorous, when his own child lay dead. It was more than mere pain when one of them touched him, and stories told by over-fond fathers of their children's latest performances cut him to the quick. He could not declare his pain. He had neither help, comfort, nor sympathy; and Ameera at the end of each weary day would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little—just a little more care—it might have been saved.

"Perhaps," Ameera would say, "I did not take sufficient heed. Did I, or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone and I was—*ahi!* braiding my hair—it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun he might have lived. But, oh my life, say that I am guiltless! Thou knowest that I loved him as I love thee. Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die—I shall die!"

"There is no blame,—before God, none. It was written and how could we do aught to save? What has been, has been. Let it go, beloved."

"He was all my heart to me. How can I let the thought go when my arm tells me every night that he is not here? *Ahi! Ahi!* Oh Tota come back to me—come back again, and let us be all together as it was before!"

"Peace, peace! For thine own sake, and for mine also, if thou lovest me—rest."

"By this I know thou dost not care; and how shouldst thou? The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh that I had married a man of mine own people—though he beat me, and had never eaten the bread of an alien!"

"Am I an alien—mother of my son?"

"What else—*sahib?* . . . Oh forgive me—forgive! The death has driven me mad. Thou art the life of my heart, and the light of my eyes, and the breath of my life, and—and I

have put thee from me though it was but for a moment. If thou goest away to whom shall I look for help? Do not be angry. Indeed, it was the pain that spoke and not thy slave."

"I know, I know. We be two who were three. The greater need therefore that we should be one."

They were sitting on the roof as of custom. The night was a warm one in early spring, and sheet-lightning was dancing on the horizon to a broken tune played by far-off thunder. Ameera settled herself in Holden's arms.

"The dry earth is lowing like a cow for the rain, and I—I am afraid. It was not like this when we counted the stars. But thou lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer!"

"I love more because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together, and that thou knowest."

"Yea, I knew," said Ameera in a very small whisper. "But it is good to hear thee say so, my life, who art so strong to help. I will be a child no more, but a woman and an aid to thee. Listen! Give me my *sitar* and I will sing bravely."

She took the light silver-studded *sitar* and began a song of the great hero Rajah Rasalu. The hand failed on the strings, the tune halted, checked, and at a low note turned off to the poor little nursery-rhyme about the wicked crow :

And the wild plums grow in the jungle,
only a penny a pound.

Only a penny a pound, *baba*—only . . .

Then came the tears, and the piteous rebellion against fate till she slept, moaning a little in her sleep, with the right arm thrown clear of the body as though it protected something that was not there. It was after this night that life became a little easier for Holden. The ever-present pain of loss drove him into his work, and the work repaid him by filling up his mind for eight or nine hours a day. Ameera sat alone in the house and brooded, but grew happier when she understood

that Holden was more at ease, according to the custom of women. They touched happiness again, but this time with caution.

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the evil eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent on the word that means "beloved," in proof of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward saying, "It is naught, it is naught;" and hoping that all the Powers heard.

The Powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty wherein men fed well and the crops were certain and the birth-rate rose year by year: the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand to the square mile of the overburdened earth; and the Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long-suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome, and when he paused to admire, with pretty picked words, the blossom of the blood-red *dhak* tree that had flowered untimely for a sign of what was coming, they smiled more than ever.

It was the Deputy Commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen, staying at the club for a day, who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold as he overheard the end.

"He won't bother any one any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove, I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow - passenger in his ship

—dined next him—bowled over by cholera and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The Member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India."

"I'd give a good deal if he were knocked over. It might keep a few vestrymen of his kidney to their own parish. But what's this about cholera? It's full early for anything of that kind," said a warden of an unprofitable salt-lick.

"Don't know," said the Deputy Commissioner reflectively. "We've got locusts with us. There's sporadic cholera all along the north—at least we're calling it sporadic for decency's sake. The spring crops are short in five districts, and nobody seems to know where the rains are. It's nearly March now. I don't want to scare anybody, but it seems to me that Nature's going to audit her accounts with a big red pencil this summer."

"Just when I wanted to take leave, too!" said a voice across the room.

"There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion. I've come in to persuade the Government to put my pet canal on the list of famine relief-works. It's an ill-wind that blows no good. I shall get that canal finished at last."

"Is it the old programme then," said Holden; "famine, fever, and cholera?"

"Oh no. Only local scarcity and an unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness. You'll find it all in the reports if you live till next year. You're a lucky chap. You haven't got a wife to put out of harm's way. The hill-stations ought to be full of women this year."

"I think you're inclined to exaggerate the talk in the *bazars*," said a young civilian in the Secretariat. "Now I have observed——"

"I dare say you have," said the Deputy Commissioner, "but you've a great deal more to observe, my son. In the meantime, I wish to observe to

you——" and he drew him aside to discuss the construction of the canal that was so dear to his heart. Holden went to his bungalow and began to understand that he was not alone in the world, and also that he was afraid for the sake of another,—which is the most soul-satisfying fear known to man.

Two months later, as the Deputy had foretold, Nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil. On the heels of the spring-reapings came a cry for bread, and the Government, which had decreed that no man should die of want, sent wheat. Then came the cholera from all four quarters of the compass. It struck a pilgrim-gathering of half a million at a sacred shrine. Many died at the feet of their god; the others broke and ran over the face of the land carrying the pestilence with them. It smote a walled city and killed two hundred a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the foot-boards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages, and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and the dying. They died by the roadside, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape death by hiding in her. The English sent their wives away to the hills and went about their work, coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting-line. Holden, sick with fear of losing his chiefest treasure on earth, had done his best to persuade Ameera to go away with her mother to the Himalayas.

"Why should I go?" said she one evening on the roof.

"There is sickness, and people are dying, and all the white *mem-log* have gone."

"All of them?"

"All—unless perhaps there remain some old scald-head who vexes her husband's heart by running risk of death."

"Nay; who stays is my sister, and

thou must not abuse her, for I will be a scald-head too. I am glad all the bold *mem-log* are gone."

"Do I speak to a woman or a babe? Go to the hills and I will see to it that thou goest like a queen's daughter. Think, child. In a red-lacquered bullock cart, veiled and curtained, with orass peacocks upon the pole and red cloth hangings. I will send two orderlies for guard and——"

"Peace! Thou art the babe in speaking thus. What use are those toys to me? *He* would have patted the bullocks and played with the housings. For his sake, perhaps,—thou hast made me very English — I might have gone. Now, I will not. Let the *mem-log* run."

"Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

"Very good talk. Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but born thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest fingernail—is that not small?—I should be aware of it though I were in paradise. And here, this summer thou mayst die—*ai, janee*, die! and in dying they might call to tend thee a white woman, and she would rob me in the last of thy love!"

"But love is not born in a moment or on a death-bed!"

"What dost thou know of love, stone-heart? She would take thy thanks at least and, by God and the Prophet and Beebe Miriam the mother of thy Prophet, that I will never endure. My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." She put an arm round his neck and a hand on his mouth.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods. The city below them was locked up in its own torments. Sulphur fires blazed in

the streets; the conches in the Hindu temples screamed and bellowed, for the gods were inattentive in those days. There was a service in the great Mahomedan shrine, and the call to prayer from the minarets was almost unceasing. They heard the wailing in the houses of the dead, and once the shriek of a mother who had lost a child and was calling for its return. In the grey dawn they saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little knot of mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered.

It was a red and heavy audit, for the land was very sick and needed a little breathing-space ere the torrent of cheap life should flood it anew. The children of immature fathers and undeveloped mothers made no resistance. They were cowed and sat still, waiting till the sword should be sheathed in November if it were so willed. There were gaps among the English, but the gaps were filled. The work of superintending famine-relief, cholera-sheds, medicine-distribution, and what little sanitation was possible, went forward because it was so ordered.

Holden had been told to keep himself in readiness to move to replace the next man who should fall. There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera, and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded—so certain that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud, "And?" said he,——

"When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, Heaven-born! It is the black cholera."

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long deferred rains were near and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the courtyard, whimpering, "She is dying. She is nursing her-

self into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, *sahib*?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered because the human soul is a very lonely thing and, when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty borderland where the living may not follow. The black cholera does its work quietly and without explanation. Ameera was being thrust out of life as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was neither afraid nor in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses. There was nothing to be said or done. Holden could only wait and suffer. The first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera. "Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee for ever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words on his ear—"that there is no God but—thee, beloved!"

Then she died. Holden sat still, and all thought was taken from him,—till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain.

"Is she dead, *sahib*?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterwards take an inventory of the furniture in this house. For that will be mine. The *sahib* does not mean to resume it? It is so little, so very little, *sahib*, and I am an old woman. I would like to lie softly."

"For the mercy of God be silent, a

while. Go out and mourn where I cannot hear."

"*Sahib*, she will be buried in four hours."

"I know the custom. I shall go ere she is taken away. That matter is in thy hands. Look to it, that the bed on which—on which she lies—"

"Aha! That beautiful red-lacquered bed. I have long desired——"

"That the bed is left here untouched for my disposal. All else in the house is thine. Hire a cart, take everything, go hence, and before sunrise let there be nothing in this house but that which I have ordered thee to respect."

"I am an old woman. I would stay at least for the days of mourning, and the rains have just broken. Whither shall I go?"

"What is that to me? My order is that there is a going. The house-gear is worth a thousand rupees and my orderly shall bring thee a hundred rupees to-night."

"That is very little. Think of the cart-hire."

"It shall be nothing unless thou goest, and with speed. O woman, get hence and leave me to my dead!"

The mother shuffled down the staircase, and in her anxiety to take stock of the house-fittings forgot to mourn. Holden stayed by Ameera's side and the rain roared on the roof. He could not think connectedly by reason of the noise, though he made many attempts to do so. Then four sheeted ghosts glided dripping into the room and stared at him through their veils. They were the washers of the dead. Holden left the room and went out to his horse. He had come in a dead, stifling calm through ankle-deep dust. He found the court-yard a rain-lashed pond alive with frogs; a torrent of yellow water ran under the gate, and a roaring wind drove the bolts of the rain like buck-shot against the mud walls. Pir Khan was shivering in his little hut by the gate, and the horse was stamping uneasily in the water.

"I have been told the *sahib's* order," said Pir Khan. "It is well. This house is now desolate. I go also, for my

monkey-face would be a reminder of that which has been. Concerning the bed, I will bring that to thy house yonder in the morning; but remember, *sahib*, it will be to thee a knife turned in a green wound. I go upon a pilgrimage, and I will take no money. I have grown fat in the protection of the Presence whose sorrow is my sorrow. For the last time I hold his stirrup."

He touched Holden's foot with both hands and the horse sprang out into the road, where the creaking bamboos were whipping the sky and all the frogs were chuckling. Holden could not see for the rain in his face. He put his hands before his eyes and muttered,

"Oh you brute! You utter brute!"

The news of his trouble was already in his bungalow. He read the knowledge in his butler's eyes when Ahmed Khan brought in food, and for the first and last time in his life laid a hand upon his master's shoulder, saying: "Eat, *sahib*, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. More-over the shadows come and go, *sahib*; the shadows come and go. These be carried eggs."

Holden could neither eat nor sleep. The heavens sent down eight inches of rain in that night and washed the earth clean. The waters tore down walls, broke roads, and scoured open the shallow graves on the Mahomedan burying-ground. All next day it rained, and Holden sat still in his house considering his sorrow. On the morning of the third day he received a telegram which said only: "Rickells, Myndonie. Dying. Holden relieve. Immediate." Then he thought that before he departed he would look at the house wherein he had been master and lord. There was a break in the weather, and the rank earth steamed with vapour.

He found that the rains had torn

down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung lazily from one hinge. There was grass three inches high in the courtyard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty, and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. A gray squirrel was in possession of the verandah, as if the house had been untenanted for thirty years instead of three days. Ameera's mother had removed everything except some mildewed matting. The *tick-tick* of the little scorpions as they hurried across the floor was the only sound in the house. Ameera's room and the other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the roof was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud. Holden saw all these things, and came out again to meet in the road Durga Dass, his landlord,—portly, affable, clothed in white muslin, and driving a C-spring buggy. He was overlooking his property to see how the roofs stood the stress of the first rains.

"I have heard," said he, "you will not take this place any more, *sahib*?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Perhaps I shall let it again."

"Then I will keep it on while I am away."

Durga Dass was silent for some time. "You shall not take it on, *sahib*," he said. "When I was a young man I also—, but to-day I am a member of the Municipality. Ho! Ho! No. When the birds have gone what need to keep the nest? I will have it pulled down—the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the Municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning-*ghaut* to the city wall, so that no man may say where this house stood."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1890.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE funeral, according to the dreary custom of the time, did not take place for nearly a week, and in the meantime there was a great subdued bustle in the house of mourning. It was rather the house of what they all called *mournings*, or *murninse*, in the plural, than of grief. The mistress lay still and white in her coffin, locked up and shut away, more drearily separated from all living thoughts and ways than had she been in the grave; but the black gowns and bonnets that were intended to "show respect" to her were being manufactured everywhere, in almost every room but hers. Miss Macnab was throned in the parlour as at the time when she came to make the ball-dresses, and not less absorbed in the perfection of her art and the fit of every garment, while Kirsteen looked on with something of the suppressed amusement with which a great scholar contemplates the village pedagogue who taught him his first Latin, or an artist the house-painter who first showed him the uses of the brush. How far already had all their thoughts drifted from the dead mother who was the cause of this subdued commotion, and of so much more stir and life than for a long time had been in the house! But yet there were many things that were intimately connected

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with that poor lady. All her little secrets were disclosed. Mary began almost immediately to clear out the drawers and wardrobes in which her mother's old dresses and old stores of every kind had accumulated. She turned out the old pockets, of which Mrs. Douglas had many, some made in silk to wear outside her gown, some of strong linen to wear below, and which were emptied out with all their countless stores, pathetically insignificant, not without many a critical remark. "There was never anybody like my mother for rubbish in her pockets. It's just like a clatter of old iron to hear the keys jingling. And what did she ever do with keys?—with everything in Marg'ret's hand. I cannot tell what to do with these old gowns, unless we give them to the old bodies in the clachan, for they're past fashion and past wearing, and just rubbish like all the rest."

"Could you not let them be? Such as they are, they are part of my mother—at least to me," said Kirsteen.

"Why would I let them be? Just to gather dust and cumber the earth, and fill presses that there may be need of for living folk. I am not a wasteful person, as maybe in London and among all your heaps of claes you may be tempted to be. They are little more than old rags, and what

my mother could mean by keeping them I cannot divine, but still they might be of use to the old bodies in the clachan. Just bring them all down into the parlour in your arms, Merran, and I'll sort them there. And ye can clear out the big hanging-press; it might be wanted for Miss Jeanie, or when I come over myself on a visit, for there's very little room for hanging up a good gown in this house."

Kirsteen left her sister to this congenial occupation, feeling the sight of the old, well-remembered gowns, upon which she had hung in her childhood, a sight too pitiful to be endured. But Mary divided them into bundles, and tied them up in napkins, apportioning to the "poor bodies" about, each her share. "If they will not do for themselves, they'll make frocks out of them for their grandchildren," Mary said. She was very thoughtful and considerate of the poor bodies; and she gave Jeanie many lectures upon her duties, now that she was the only one left at home. "I hope you'll not allow yourself to be led away by anything Kirsteen can say to you. Of course we will be aye glad to see you at Glendochart, but in the meantime your duty is at home. What would my father do without a woman in the house? And what would come of the callants? It may be a little dull for you at first, but you must just never mind that. But don't let yourself be led away by Kirsteen, who is just wilfulness itself," said Mary. Jeanie sat very still, and listened, looking wistfully at her mother's old gowns, but she had nothing to say in reply.

Miss Eelen came over to Drumcarro for the funeral, but not with the intention of following the mournful procession to the grave. This was a thing which was contrary to all Scotch customs—a thing unheard of. The men attired in their "blacks," with deep white "weepers" on their cuffs, and great hatbands with flowing ends of crape, formed a long line marching

two and two, with pauses now and then to change the bearers along the mournful wintry road. The women sat within, keeping together in one room, and firing off little minute guns in the way of mournful remarks as they sat solemnly doing nothing, not even looking out to see the object of this lugubrious ceremony carried away to her last rest. Miss Eelen bore the part of a kind of mistress of the ceremonies on this sad occasion. She sat in her weepers and her crape, which was not new like the others' but kept for such occasions, in the high chair which had been Mrs. Douglas's, with a white handkerchief in her hand, and said at intervals, "Poor Christina—she was a fine creature. Your mother, my dears, was a real, right-thinking woman. She was from the south, and ignorant of some of our ways, but her meaning was always good. She was very fond of her family, poor body. All those laddies—and not one of them to help to lay her head in the grave, except the two little ones, poor things!"

Kirsteen stood leaning against the window watching through the shutters the mournful black line as it moved away, while Jeanie at her feet, holding by her dress, followed vicariously through her sister's eyes the progress of the procession. They heard the tramp, recognisable among the others, of the bearers, as they straightened themselves under their burden, and then the sound of the slow, irregular march. "Can ye see it, Kirsteen? Is it away? Is that it passing? Oh, my mother, my mother!" cried Jeanie. She held fast by Kirsteen's dress, as if there was strength and support in it; and Kirsteen stooped and raised her up when the sound of the measured tramp had died away. "Now," she said, "all is gone—the very last. And the time is come when we must begin our common lives again."

"She was indeed a fine creature," said Miss Eelen with a little flourish of her handkerchief. "I mind when she came first here, a delicate bit

thing, that never looked as if she would live."

"She was always delicate," said Mary taking up the response.

"And to think of all the bairns she had—a fine stirring family."

"Fourteen of us," said Mary.

"Eleven living, and all a credit,—that is to say—but I name no names," said Miss Eelen.

"It is perhaps better not," said Mary.

Kirsteen whispered in her little sister's ear that she could bear this no longer, and taking Jeanie's hand rose to leave the room. She was stopped by Mary's reproving voice—"Where are ye taking Jeanie, Kirsteen? Ye are not going out on the day of my mother's funeral?"

"At least leave the innocent bairn," said Miss Eelen in a voice of solemn command. "A day like this should be like a Lord's day in a house."

"Or worse," Mary added with tremendous seriousness—"for the Sabbath comes once in a week, but your mother's funeral but once in a lifetime."

The words came surging back into Kirsteen's mind again.

True loves I may get many a ne,
But minnie ne'er anither.

Her heart felt as if it must burst, and yet it was something like a laugh that broke from her, as she was thus reproached for levity. "I am not likely to forget that," she said. Jeanie clung to her as she left the others to their anti-phone. The sound of the familiar linn seemed to have come back to dominate all sounds as before, when she stole out at the back of the house, Jeanie always following. It was a grey mild wintry day, a day such as is consolatory to the overwrought spirit. The two sisters seated themselves on the fallen trunk of a tree on the bank near the head of the linn. The softened rush of the water with no storm and but little wind in the air filled the atmosphere with a soothing hush of

sound. Jeanie laid her head upon her sister's knee, hiding her face, and sobbing softly like a child in its mother's lap when the storm of woe is overpast; Kirsteen who had no tears at her command saved those that welled quietly into her eyes from time to time without observation, smoothed tenderly with one hand the girl's soft and beautiful hair.

"Just sob out all your heart," she said, "my little Jeanie—it will do you good."

"Oh, Kirsteen, it is not all for her, but for me too that am so forlorn."

"Jeanie, my dear, it's a hard thing to say, but soon ye will not be so forlorn. We will all go back to our common work, and your heart will maybe not be light again for many a long day; but the sun will begin to shine again."

"Kirsteen," said Jeanie raising her head, "you are my sister next to me, and I am a woman grown. There is not such a long, long way between us; but you speak as if it was a hundred years."

"It is more I think," said Kirsteen; "for you will have all that life can give, and I will have nothing, except maybe you, and being a stand-by for the family, as my mother said."

"Why should you not too have all that life can give?"

Kirsteen smiled and shook her head. "It is too long a story; and I would rather speak about you, Jeanie. Tomorrow I am going away."

Jeanie seized Kirsteen's hands and held them fast. "I will be no trouble," she said, "I will do whatever you please, but take me with you, Kirsteen."

"I cannot, Jeanie. It would be to steal you away; I dare not do it. If I have been right or wrong in what I did for myself I cannot always tell; but for you, I dare not take it upon me. You heard what Anne said—and it was true."

"Kirsteen," said Jeanie raising her face to her sister. "I have more cause than you. Oh, listen to me, Kirsteen; would you like to see

shame at Drumcarro! Would you like to see the name you all think so much of rolled in the dust? Oh, hear what I'm saying, Kirsteen! I have more cause than you."

"Jeanie, my dear! my dear!"

"Kirsteen, there is one that is here, and they all think much of him, and he follows me wherever I go. Kirsteen, are ye listening?" The girl grasped her hands fiercely as if her own had been made of steel. "Kirsteen! It's not to marry me he is seeking me. Do ye hear what I am saying? It is not—for anything that's good."

And Jeanie who had been very pale, hid her face which was blazing with sudden red in Kirsteen's lap, and sobbed as if her heart would burst.

Kirsteen caught her in her arms, held her to her breast, murmured over her every tender word, but profoundly as Jeanie was in earnest, gave no faith to what she said. "What has put that dreadful thought in your mind? Oh, my darling, if there was such a villain in the world it's not here he would dare to come—with everybody round you to defend you—to our father's house."

"Who have I to defend me?" cried Jeanie raising her head. "Jock is away and Jamie is so young; how should he understand? And my father that notices nothing, that thinks it will be a grand marriage and a credit to the family. Even Marg'ret!"—cried the girl with sudden exasperation, "they will none of them understand!"

Kirsteen took her young sister's face between her hands—"An ill man could have no power but what he got from you. Jeanie, Jeanie, has he got your heart?"

"Oh, how can you tell, you that have never been tried?" cried the girl drawing herself out of her sister's hold. Little Jeanie had her experience too. "No, he has not got my heart; but he gives me no rest night nor day, he sends me letters—I might put them in the fire, but there's little to keep you living at Drumcarro—and I read them; I canna help it. And then

he's waiting for me about the door whenever I stir. And his tongue would wile the bird off the tree. And he's not like the rough men you see, young Glenbowie, or the like of that, he's a fine grand gentleman. And oh, Kirsteen, take me with you! take me away! For my father's one that will not understand, and Jamie is but a laddie, and even Marg'ret!—And how am I to fight and stand all alone by myself?"

The girl's eyes were full of tears and her face of trouble. She held fast by Kirsteen's hand as if by an anchor of salvation. "He has not got my heart," she said, "but oh, I canna trust my head. He wiles me away. And there's nobody in the world, nobody else, that is heeding what becomes of me, or where I go, unless it's maybe you, Kirsteen. Oh, take me with you, Kirsteen! for I cannot trust myself and live here."

"Jeanie, Jeanie, ye love this man."

"No," cried the girl, rising to her feet. "No! no! If it was my last word, No! but I'm lone, lone in the house, and nobody to speak a word, and him with his flattering tongue. And oh, Kirsteen, if you will do anything for Jeanie, take her away."

"There is nothing I would not do for Jeanie," said the elder sister, drawing her again to her arms. "My dear, there was one I saw in London before I came away."

"One you saw in London?"

"That had his heart set upon my little sister, one I could serve with my life."

Jeanie's agitated face was again covered with a burning blush. She withdrew herself from Kirsteen's arm. "How can I tell who ye might see in London. It's far, far from here."

"And maybe you never thought upon him, though his heart is set on you."

Jeanie turned from red to pale. She trembled drawing herself from within her sister's arm. "How can I tell who it is," she said with an indignation which made her breathless, "when

you never tell me? And there has never been any person—oh, never any person!" Her eyes were unquiet, seeking Kirsteen's face, then withdrawn hurriedly not to meet her look; her hands were nervously clasping and unclasping in her lap. "Men," she cried, "never care! I've read it in books and I know it's true. They look at you and they speak and speak and follow you about, and then when their time is come they go away, and you hear of them no more."

"Where have you learned all this, my poor little Jeanie," said Kirsteen tenderly, "for ye seem to have knowledge of things that are beyond me?"

"We learn the things that come our way," said the girl. Her lips quivered, she was too much agitated to keep still. "Who would that be that you saw in London?" she asked with a forced, almost mocking smile.

"He has been in India since then, and wherever there was fighting. His name is Major Gordon."

Kirsteen was conscious once more of the grudge in her heart at Gordon's life and promotion, and the title she had given him; but she had no time for thought. For Jeanie rose up from her side in a passion of mingled feeling, anger and indignation and wistfulness and pain.

"How dared he speak?" she cried. "How dared he name my name? Him! that came when I was but a bairn, and then rode away!"

"Jeanie!"

"Oh! I thought you understood," cried Jeanie, in a kind of frenzy. "I thought you would know, but you've aye had peace in your heart though ye think you're so wise. There has nobody ever come and gone and made ye feel ye were a fool and unwomanly, and all that Marg'ret says. You have never known what it was to have your heart burnt like hot irons on it, and to scorn yourself, and feel that ye were the poorest thing on earth! To let a man think that, and then to see him ride away!"

Scorching tears poured from Jeanie's

eyes; tears like a fiery torrent, very different from those which had been wept for her mother. She sat down again on the log but turned her back to Kirsteen, covering her face with her hands. "It is just for that," she said to herself, "just for that that I'm tempted most—just for that!"

"I would have thought," said Kirsteen, with intense and sorrowful indignation to think that where there was life and love there should be this perversity, "I would have thought that a touch of true love in the heart would save ye for ever and ever from all temptations of the kind."

"You would have thought!" cried Jeanie scornful in her passion, turning her soft angelic countenance, in which there were so many things unintelligible to her elder sister, all flushed and wild to Kirsteen. "And me that thought you would understand!" she cried.

There was a pause, and Kirsteen's heart ached with feelings inexpressible. She had never been accused of not understanding before, and it is a reproach which is hard to bear. She sat silent, painfully wondering into what strange places these young feet had wandered where she could not follow. She had expressed the only conviction that was possible to her one-idea'd soul. The touch of true love had been to herself the one and only touch, never to be obliterated by baser contact. She sat gazing wistfully into the dim air perplexed and troubled, her eyes filling with tears, her heart with heaviness. To be tempted was the one thing which in her austere and spotless womanhood, a widowed maiden, Kirsteen could not understand.

Jeanie had been sobbing passionately by her side for a minute or more, when suddenly she turned and flung herself again upon her sister, once more hiding her face in Kirsteen's lap. "Oh!" she cried, "take me with you, Kirsteen! Do you not see now that I cannot be left? You're holy like a saint, but me, I want more, I want

something more. Is it not natural to be happy when you're young—to get what you like, and see what's bonny and bright, and get out into the world? I'm not one that can be patient and bide at home. Oh, Kirsteen! I cannot just sew my seam, and read my book like good girls,—even with my mother here,—and now that she's gone—Kirsteen, Kirsteen! he will wile me away to my shame if you will not save me, you that are the only one.”

She said all this half intelligibly, clasping her arms round her sister, now raising her head with an imploring look, now burying it again on Kirsteen's shoulder or in her lap. Such an impassioned creature was unlike anything that Kirsteen had ever known before. She soothed her with soft words saying, “My dear, my darlin', my bonny Jeanie!” the tears falling from her eyes as she caressed and stilled the excitement of the other. What could she do? How could she take her? How leave her? She who was herself on sufferance, allowed to be here by reason of her mother's death, but bound to go away to-morrow, and with so little likelihood that any one would pay attention to what she said. She dared not steal her little sister away. She dared scarcely plead for her, for more care, for closer guardianship. Alas! was this all that was to come of the post she had undertaken, she who was to be the stand-by of the family, she who from the beginning had thought of Jeanie as the one for whom everything was to be made bright?

CHAPTER XL.

KIRSTEEN, up to this time, had kept as much as possible out of her father's way, and he had taken no notice of her presence in the house. When she came within his range of vision he turned his back upon her but said nothing. It appeared to her now, however, that it was necessary to change her procedure. If she were to

do anything for Jeanie she must take a more decided part. Accordingly, on the evening of her mother's funeral, Kirsteen appeared at the family table among the others. Her father perceived her as he took his place, and gave her a somewhat fixed look from under his eyebrows along with a muttered exclamation; but he said nothing, and suffered her presence without any demonstration of displeasure. The evening was like and yet unlike one of the former ceremonials of the house on the eve of the departure of sons. It was a celebration like that, but the hero of the occasion was not there, and the party at table after a week of composed quiet, subdued voices, and melancholy subjects, showed a certain relief in the fact that all was over and nothing further required to show their respect. The black ribbons in Miss Eelen's cap nodded as she moved her head, and Mary was very careful of the crisp new crape which ornamented her dress, while Mr. Pyper, the minister, would make an occasional remark in conformity with what were supposed to be the feelings of the bereaved family. But these were almost the only signs of mourning. Jeanie, after all the agitation of the morning, presented a changeful aspect, and her eyes were heavy and a little red with tears; and Jamie, the last of the boys, had an open-eyed wistful, almost startled look, feeling very solitary, poor boy, and wishing to be away like the rest. There was no one who had felt the mother's death, or perhaps it would be almost more just to say the presence of death in the house, as this boy, more imaginative than the rest, to whom the week's interval had been a terrible one. He was pale under his freckles, with a dismal look in his wide eyes, the impression of the funeral still too strong upon him for any other feeling. But the others were relieved; it is impossible to use another word.

“The country will be very quiet this year with nobody at the castle,” said Mary in subdued tones.

"It will make little difference to ainy of you," replied Miss Eelen, her black bows nodding in her cap, "for if there had been fifty balls, ye could not in decency have gone to ainy one o' them."

"There are more folk in the country than us," said Mary, with a little sharpness. "But I hear Lady Chatty's far from happy, poor thing. For my part I never had ainy confidence in the man."

"The man was well enough; there's nothing to be said against the man; they're just both spenders, and no siller to spend."

"That is what I am saying," said Mary. "The Duke's daughter, and her beauty, and her fashion, and all that—and at the last to take up with a poor man."

"What do you think, Drumcarro, of this Catholic Emancipation that is making such a noise?" said Glendochart, as the ladies continued to argue over the subject of Lady Chatty.

"I just think that we'll have all the wild Irish and the wild North on our hands before we know where we are—and Jesuits going to and fro over the face of the earth like Sawtan in the Scriptures—if the Government doesn't stand firm."

"I cannot but think, however," said Glendochart, "that there's something to be said on the other side. A large number of our country folk just put out of the question altogether."

"There's nothing to be said on the other side of the question," cried Drumcarro with his fierce look. "Fellow subjects! just thae deevils of Irish and a whean idle Crofters that will neither fish the seas nor delve the land—and a horde of priests at the head of them. Them that think the Pope of Rome should have a hand in governing this country will get little backing from me."

"I allow," said Mr. Pyper, "that it's a difficult question with modern notions of toleration, and all that—but violent evils must have violent remedies—and when ye think, Glendo-

chart, what this country has suffered from Papal rule——"

"I would just have no dealings with the pooers of darkness," said Mr. Douglas, bringing down his hand upon the table with a force which made everything tremble.

"Bless me," cried Miss Eelen, "what's wrong with ye, Drumcarro? Ye'll break all the glasses. Eh, but the pooers o' darkness are no so easy to make or meddle with. The minister will tell ye that they are just in our hearts and at our doors."

"Ye may say that, Miss Eelen," said Mr. Pyper, shaking his head professionally; "but it was in the sphere of politics our friend was meaning. It would be a fine thing if, with all our progress, we were to find ourselves back again in the hands of the Inquisition and yon wild Irishman O'Connell."

"I would learn them a lesson," cried Drumcarro. "There's none o' them to be trusted. I would let them know there would be no trafficking with treason. We've had enough in in Scotland of the thumbscrew and the boot—no but what judeeciously employed," he added a moment after, "with the ignorant, when ye cannot get at them in ainy other way——"

"I hope ye don't advocate torture, Drumcarro; "that would be a curious way of opposing Catholic Emancipation," said Glendochart.

"I'm not saying, sir, that I advocate torture; but I've seen cases—when deevilish obstinacy had to be dealt with," said the old slave-driver, with a gleam of fire from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Well, well," said the minister softly, raising a large hand in deprecation of the argument, "that's perhaps departing from the immediate question. I hear there's like to be trouble in your parish, Glendochart, about the new presentee. The Duke has been maybe a little hasty—an old tutor that had to be provided for."

"If he manages the parish as ill as he managed some of the young lords,"

said Glendochart, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I will not have a word said against the young lords," cried Mary. "They're just very pleasant—and as ceevil young men as ye could meet anywhere—there's Lord John that we know best."

Miss Eelen shook her head till the black bows fluttered as if in a strong wind. "You're all just infatuate about Lord John. I would not trust him, not a step out o' my sight. I have no faith in your Lord Johns. Begging your pardon, Glendochart, they're not a true race and Lord John he is the worst of a'."

"I think you might know better, Aunt Eelen, than to bring up accusations against the head of my husband's name."

"Your husband quotha!" cried Miss Eelen. "It was said of them for hundreds of years before your husband was born or thought of."

The minister again intervened to smooth matters down with instances of the power and value of the race thus called in question. Jeanie was seated at the other end of the table out of reach of the principal personages who kept up the conversation, but she started at the name of Lord John, and her pale face with the faint redness round the eyes, which appealed so powerfully to Kirsteen's sympathies grew suddenly crimson. She cast a terrified look at her sister who sat silently by her, and caught Kirsteen's hand under the table with a clutch as of despair. Lord John! Kirsteen had made no attempt to identify Jeanie's wooer whom the girl held in such strange terror. Her own heart gave a bound of alarm yet disdain. She asked with her eyes, "Is that the man?" and received from Jeanie an answering look of confusion and trouble. There were no words exchanged between them. Kirsteen shook her head with a gesture which to Jeanie's eyes expressed not only disapproval but surprise and scorn, and Jeanie let go her hold of her

sister's hand with an impulse of impatience much like that with which she had cried, "I thought you would understand!" This little conversation by pantomime made the heart of the elder sister ache. "Lord John," she said to herself, "Lord John!" with mingled fear and astonishment. That Jeanie should be in danger from him—that he should dare! that her little sister with that angelic face, who had once been touched as Kirsteen said by true love should feel a temptation in the flattering words of the man from whom she yet desired to escape, conscious that he was not a true man! Kirsteen's experiences had been of a simple kind hitherto. She was acquainted with no such problems. It cost her a painful effort to bring herself even to the threshold of Jeanie's confused mind. She could not comprehend the conflict that was going on there. And yet she could not forsake her little sister even though the circumstances were such as she did not understand.

"Glendochart," said Mary when the ladies had retired to the parlour leaving the gentlemen to consume their toddy, "has had a letter from Major Gordon that we first met in London, Kirsteen. I cannot call to mind where my husband met him, if it was at the Duke's or where. But we had him down for the shooting, and two or three times he just went and came—and admired Jeanie—but that's no wonder for there's nobody but what admires Jeanie. He's wanting to come again if we'll ask him. But I doubt if I'll do it—for Jeanie—where is she? I hope she cannot hear me—is on the way to something far grander or I'm much mistaken—and I'm not one that makes mistakes in that way."

"If ye paid any attention to me," said Miss Eelen, "I would say ye were making the greatest mistake ye ever made in your life."

"That's because it's not one of your Douglas allies—and you're full of auld world freats and proverbs about names, but I would like to hear in our

family who had anything to say against my husband's name."

"If you mean Lord John—do you know he has not a good reputation? Very ill things are said of him."

"In London," said the Lady of Glendochart with a superior smile. "My experience is that there's just nothing but scandal in London. But in his own country he's the Duke's son and one of the first of his name."

"There are some things that one learns in London," said Kirsteen with a little of that quick growing identification of one's self with one's habitation which changes the point of view; "and Mary, if you will let me say it, this is one. The duke's son does not match with a country laird's daughter however bonny she may be, unless he may be one of the romanticks that will make a sacrifice—but Lord John, he is not one."

"I would hope not," cried Mary. "The romanticks you are meaning are just fools and fantastic persons like—" She was about to have said like yourself, but forebore.

"He would need to be fantastic that went to the duke his father, and said I am going to be married to Jeanie Douglas of Drumcarro."

"Ye go a little too far, Kirsteen," said Miss Eelen. "The Douglasses might match with princes so far as blood goes. But I'm not saying (for I know their ways) that there is not reason in it. He will just get up a talk about the lassie and then he will go away."

"Ye are two ravens," said Mary; "he will do nothing of the kind."

"I wish you would take her to Glendochart, Mary. She is not happy. If it is Lord John or something else I cannot tell. She says she would like to come with me—but what would my father say?"

"Say! just what we all would say—that we would not permit it. A mantua-maker's house in London for Jeanie Douglas. Oh, you need not blaze up, Kirsteen; ye have made your bed and ye must lie on it—but Jeanie!"

Kirsteen did not blaze up. Her eyes flashed, her colour rose; but she restrained herself with a great effort—for what would be the use? "The more reason," she said, "that you should step in—you that are no mantua-maker but a lady in your own house. Take Jeanie with you, and keep her safe—and if you will take my advice ask Major Gordon. He is not rich but he has a very good name."

"I mind now," said Mary, "that these Gordons were friends of yours—and you want to keep Jeanie down, just in a mean position when she might take her place among the highest. I would not have thought ye were so little, Kirsteen. But I have nothing of that. I've always been proud of Jeanie and I'm not minding if she's put over my head. I'll bring no man here to distract her mind—and I'll put no spoke in her wheel, my bonny little sister. She shall be the first and grandest of us all, if I can do it. And then her ladyship," cried Mary, "will know who was her best friend."

"Perhaps I think less of ladyships being more used to them," cried Kirsteen irritated beyond her self-control. "If ye bring her to shame instead of grandeur who will she thank then?"

"To shame!" cried Mary. "Let them say that word that dare."

"But I dare! And I know them all, and what they think of him in his own family, and that he's not safe for a girl like Jeanie to know. Aunt Eelen, you know them as well, and you know if what I say is true."

"Young weemen," said Miss Eelen, "if ye think that words of strife are seemly in a house where the mother's buried that day, it's not my opinion. Kirsteen goes too far, though I would not say but there was reason in it," she added after a moment. "Whisht both of you—here is the poor bairn herself."

The next morning Kirsteen, in her despair, took a still bolder step. She went to the door of the room in which Drumcarro was, and knocked for admittance. He stared at her as she

came in with a lowering brow, and *humph!* of ungracious surprise, and stopped in his reading of the paper, but said nothing.

"Father," said Kirsteen, "I am going away to-day."

He gave her another lowering and stormy glance. "It is the best thing you can do," he said. "You were never wanted here."

Kirsteen, wounded, could not refrain from saying, "My mother wanted me," which was met solely by that impatient indifference which we render badly by the word *humph!*

"But I did not come to speak of myself. I know," she said, "father, that you like where you can to add on a little of the old Douglas lands to what you have already."

He gave her a more direct look, astonished, not knowing what she meant; then, "What o' that?" he said.

"No more than this—that money's sometimes wanting, and I thought if the opportunity arose—I have done very well,—I have some siller—at your command."

Drumcarro was very much startled; he dropped the newspaper which he had been holding before him, as an intimation that her visit was an interruption, and turning round stared at her for a moment with genuine surprise. Then he said, "Your mantua-making must have thriven. I would like to know one thing about ye, have you put my name intill your miserable trade?"

"No," she said; "so far as any name is in it, it is Miss Kirsteen."

He gave a sigh of relief. "I'm glad at least that ye have not brought disgrace upon the name of Douglas."

"The name of Douglas will never get disgrace from me," cried Kirsteen proudly, with an answering glance of fire. "There is no one that bears it that has more care of it than me. If you keep it in as great honour at home—"

He laughed grimly. "My lass, you may trust me for that."

"I hope so, father; I hope there will be no speaking got up about the bonniest of us all—the youngest and the sweetest."

His fiery eyes gave forth a gleam of mingled exultation and anger. "I see," he said, "you're jealous, like all your kind. A woman can never stand another being mounted o'er her head. Trust you me, my woman, to take care of Jeanie; it's my place."

"Yes," she said, "it's your place." Then hesitating, Kirsteen continued: "She would have liked—to go to London with me."

"To London with you!"

"It is excusable," said Kirsteen; "it is natural that a young thing should desire to see a little of the world."

Mr. Douglas expressed his feelings in a harsh and angry laugh. "Out of a mantua-maker's windows," he cried; then added with solemnity, "and her mother dead just a week to-day."

"It's not for want of heart," said Kirsteen. She paused again, and then speaking quickly with all the courage she could summon up: "Oh, father, yon Lord John—there's no truth in him; there's no trust to be put in him! She's frightened for him, father."

"Hold your peace!" he cried. "I'll have none of your slandering here."

"Father, mind—you'll have to be both father and mother to Jeanie. If it should come to pass that every old wife in the clachan had a hold of her bonny name!"

Perhaps it was not unnatural that Drumcarro should resent this speech. "If ye will mind your own concerns," he said grimly, "I will take care of mine. The sooner you go your own gait the better; there will be more peace left behind."

"I have delivered my soul," said Kirsteen; "the wyte will be upon your own head if you close your eyes. Farewell, father, if we should never meet again."

She stood for a moment waiting his reply; then made him a curtsy as

she had done when she was a little girl. Something perhaps in this salutation touched Drumcarro. He broke out into a laugh, not so harsh as before. "Fare ye well," he said, "you were always upsetting, and wiser than other folk. But I'll mind what you said about the siller, which was not without reason. And I've little doubt but I'll see ye again. You're too fond o' meddling not to come back now ye've got your hand in."

This was all the leave-taking between father and daughter, but Kirsteen's heart was touched as she went away. It was at once a sign of amity and a permission—a condoning of her past sins, and almost an invitation to return.

CHAPTER XLI.

"THEN you are going, Kirsteen?"

"I must go, Jeanie. There is no place, and no wish for me here."

"And I am to bide—alone. Oh, there are plenty of folk in the house. My father to gloom at me, and Marg'ret to make me scones, and take care that I do not wet my feet—as if that was all the danger in the world!—and Jamie to sit at his books and never say a word. And on the other side—oh, the deevil, just the deevil himself aye whispering in my ear."

"Jeanie, Jeanie! ye must not say such words."

"It's like swearing," said the girl, with a scornful laugh, "but it's true."

"Jeanie," said Kirsteen anxiously, "you will say again that I do not understand. But, my dear, I cannot think but you're terrifying yourself in vain; when true love has once come in, how can the false move ye? It will be no temptation. Oh, no, no! There can be but one; there cannot be two."

"Where is your one?" said Jeanie. "I know nothing about your one." She shook her head with a sudden flush of burning and indignant colour, too painful to be called a blush, as if to shake all recollection away. "I

have none to take my part," she said, "but him that says, 'Come.' And I know that it's the ill way, and not the good, he's leading to. But if you leave me here, and leave me alone, that's the way I'll go."

"Oh, Jeanie, my darling, what can I do? I cannot bide—and I cannot steal you away."

"I will ask no more," said Jeanie. "You will maybe be sorry after—but then it will be too late."

Kirsteen put her arms round her young sister, who turned her shoulder towards her, holding off as far away as was possible, with a reluctance and resistance that were almost sullen. "Jeanie," she said, "if I send you Lewis Gordon instead?"

Jeanie wrenched herself indignantly out of her sister's arms. "I will never speak nor look at ye again! A man that never said a word to me. What would Lewis Gordon do here? The shooting's near over, and the fishing's bad this year. Men that come to the Highlands for sport had better stay at home."

"Jeanie! if he never spoke it was for poverty and not for want of love; and you were so young."

"Oh, yes, I was very young—too young to be shamed and made a fool of by him or any man. And if you send him here, Kirsteen, out of pity to save Jeanie—Oh!" the girl cried dashing her clenched hands in the air, "I will—I will—just go headlong and be lost in the darkness, and never be seen more!"

It was true that Kirsteen did not understand. She could only look wistfully at her little sister, in whose young bosom there were tumults unknown to herself. What could she do but soothe and try to subdue her, endeavouring all the time to represent to herself that it was but the impatience of Jeanie's nature, the hasty temper of a spoilt child, sharpened by offence and misunderstanding of the man whom she really loved? After a time Jeanie yielded to Kirsteen's caresses and consolations with a sudden

recovery of her self-control which was almost more wonderful and alarming than the previous abandon. "It's no matter," she said, and recovered her calm with almost an indignant effort. What did it mean? Both the despair and the recovery were mysteries to the more steadfast spirit which knew no such impulses and was ignorant both of the strength and weakness of a passionate superficial nature eager to live and to enjoy, unable to support the tedium and languor of life.

Kirsteen had little more success with Marg'ret to whom she appealed next. "You will look after my poor little Jeanie. Oh, Marg'ret, don't let her out of your sight, keep her like the apple of your eye."

"And do you think, Kirsteen, you that are full of sense that I could keep any grip of her if I did that? Never let her out of my sight! I canna keep her in my sight for an hour."

"Marg'ret, my heart's just sick with fear and trouble."

"Hoot," said Marg'ret, "there is nae occasion. What should possess the bairn to terrify ye as she seems to do, I canna tell. There's nae reason for it. A man is none the worse that I can see for bein' a young lord—maybe he's none the better; I'm putting forward nae opinion—but to come to Drumcarro with an ill-meaning if he were the greatest of his name—no, no, I'll never believe that."

"It is hard to believe; but it's harder still to think of the Duke's son coming here for his wife."

"If it was a king's son, and the bride was our Jeanie!" Marg'ret cast her head high. "They're no blate that think themselves above the Douglasses, whatever their titles or their honours may be!"

Kirsteen shook her head, but in her heart too that superstition was strong. Insult the Douglasses in their own house! She thought again that perhaps all her sophisticated thoughts might be wrong. In London there was a difference unspeakable between the great Duke and the little

Highland laird whom nobody had ever heard of—but at home Drumcarro was as good blood as the Duke, and of an older race—and to intend insult to the house of as good a gentleman as himself was surely more than the wildest profligate would dare. She tried to persuade herself of this as she made her preparations for going away, which were very small. While she was doing this Jamie, the only boy now left at home, the one of the family who was studious, and for whom not the usual commission but a writership in India had been obtained, came to her shyly; for to him his sister Kirsteen was little more than a name.

"There was a book," he said, and then hung his head unable to get out any more.

"There was a book? Is it something you want, Jamie?"

Jamie explained with many contortions that it was—a book which he wanted much, and which there was no chance of getting nearer than Glasgow, but which Mr. Pyper thought might be found in London if any one would take the trouble. Kirsteen promised eagerly to take that trouble. She laid her hand upon the big boy's shoulder. He was only eighteen, but already much taller than herself, a large loosely made, immature man.

"And will ye do something for me?" she said. Jamie very awkward and shame-faced pledged himself at once—whatever she wanted.

"I want you to take care of Jeanie," said Kirsteen. "Will ye go with her when she takes a walk, and stand by her whatever happens, and not let her out of your sight?"

"Not let her out of my sight!" cried Jamie, astonished as Marg'ret had been. "But she would soon send me out of the way. She would never be bothered with me."

"I meant not long out of your sight, Jamie. Oh! just keep a watch. She will be lonely and want kind company. Ye must keep your eye upon her for kindness, and not let her be alone."

"If you mean I'm to spy upon her,

I couldn't do that, Kirsteen, not for all the books in the world."

"That is not what I mean," Kirsteen cried. "Can you not understand, Jamie? I want you to stand by her, to be with her when you can, not to leave her by herself. She's very lonely—she's—not happy—she's—"

Jamie gave an abashed laugh. "She's sometimes happy enough," he said, then recollected himself and became grave all at once. "I was meaning, before—." Presently he recovered again from this momentary cloud and added, "She's no wanting me; there are other folk she likes better."

"Jamie—it is just the other folk, that frighten me."

Jamie made a great effort to consider the matter with the seriousness which he saw to be expected from him. But the effort was vain. He burst into a great laugh, and with heaving shoulders and a face crimson with the struggle swung himself away.

In the meantime, Mary not without a great deal of satisfaction in the removal of the restraint which Kirsteen's presence enforced was preparing officiously for her sister's journey. The gig which Kirsteen could herself drive, and in which Miss Macnab could be conveyed back to her home, was ordered in time for the further journey to Glasgow which Kirsteen was to make by post-chaise. The ease with which she made these arrangements, her indifference to the cost of her journey, her practical contempt of the difficulties which to the country people, who had to scheme and plan for a long time before they decided upon any extra expense, had a half sinful appearance, and was very trying to Mary's sense of innate superiority. "She does not heed what money she spends. It's come light, gang light," said the lady of Glendochart. "I have heard that was the way with persons in business, but I never thought to see it in a sister of mine. I do not doubt," she added, "that Kirsteen would just order an expensive dinner at an inn if it took her fancy; but I'm saving her the need of that at least, for I'm

putting her a chicken in her basket, and some of Marg'ret's scones and cakes (oat-cakes were meant) to keep her going." "I am sure, mem, you are very considerate," said Miss Macnab, to whom this explanation was given. "But I get very little credit for it from Kirsteen," Mary answered with a sigh.

These preparations to get rid of her, and the disappearance of Jeanie who had shut herself up in her room and would see nobody, had a great effect upon Kirsteen. She had taken up with a heroic sense of having something henceforward to live for, her mother's half charge, half statement, that she would be the stand-by of the family. All brighter hopes being gone, that was enough to keep her heart from sinking, and it was not always she knew that the stand-by of a family received much acknowledgment, thanks or praise. But to find herself forsaken and avoided by her young sister, hurried away by the elder with a scarcely veiled pleasure in her departure, were painful things to meet with in the beginning of that mission. She went out of the house in the weary hours of waiting before the gig was ready, to lighten if possible the aching of her heart by the soothing influence of the fresh air and natural sounds. The linn was making less than its usual tumult in the benumbing of the frost, the wind was hushed in the trees, the clouds hung low and grey with that look of oppressed and lowering heaviness which precedes snow. The house too—the home which now indeed she felt herself to be leaving for ever, seemed bound in bands of frost and silence. The poor mother so complaining in her life-time, so peaceful in her death, who had wanted for so little while she was there, seemed to have left a blank behind her quite out of correspondence with the insignificance of her life. There was no one now to call Kirsteen, to have the right of weakness to her service and succour. With a sharp pang Kirsteen recollected that Jeanie had called and she had refused. What

could she do but refuse? Yet to have done so troubled her beyond anything else that could have happened. It came upon her now with a sense of failure which was very bitter. Not her mother, but her mother's child, the little beautiful sister who from her birth had been Kirsteen's joy,—she had called, and Kirsteen had refused. She went up the hill behind the house and sat down upon a rock, and gazed at the familiar scene. And then this remorse came upon her and seized her. She had failed to Jeanie's call. She had allowed other notions to come in, thoughts of other people, hesitations, pride, reluctance to be thought to interfere. Was she right to have done so? Was she wrong? Should she have yielded to Jeanie's instinct instead of what seemed like duty? It was rare to Kirsteen to be in this dilemma. It added to the pang with which she felt herself entirely deserted, with nobody to regret her or to say a kind word. If misfortune should come to Jeanie, if anything should happen as people say, how deeply, how bitterly would she blame herself who might have helped but refused. And yet again what but this could she do?

The sound of some one coming down the hill, wading among the great bushes of the ling and over the withered bracken, scarcely roused her; for what did it matter to Kirsteen who came that way? She was still sitting on the rock when a man appeared round the turning of the path; she paid no attention to him till he was quite near. Then her heart suddenly leapt up to her throat; she started, rising from her seat. He on his side recognised her too. He stopped with a low whistle of dismay, then took off his Highland bonnet, less with an air of courtesy than with that of not daring to omit the forms of respect.

"So it is you, Miss Kirsteen," he said.

"It is me—at my father's door. It's more wonderful to see that it's you, my Lord John."

"Not so very wonderful either," he

said, "for I may say I am at my father's door too."

"You are on the lands of Drumcarro—the Douglas lands, that never belonged to one of your name."

"You don't expect me to enter into old feuds," he said with a laugh, "would you like to have me seized by your men-at-arms, Miss Kirsteen, and plunged into the dungeon below the castle moat?" He paused and looked down at the grey, penurious house standing bare in the wilds. "Unhappily there is neither moat nor castle," he said, again with a laugh.

"There's more," said Kirsteen proudly, "for there's honour and peace, and he that disturbs either will not pass without his reward. Lord John, I would like to know what you are wanting here?"

"You have always treated me in a very lordly way, Miss Kirsteen," he said. "What if I were to doubt your right to make any such inquiry? I am wanting, as you say, to pay my respects to my kinswoman of Glendochart, and ask for the family, who I hear have been in trouble."

Kirsteen paused with a look at him to which he answered with a smile and bow. What could she say? To let him know that he was a danger to Jeanie was but to stimulate him in his pursuit, and she could not herself believe it even now.

"Lord John," she said, "I met you once upon another hillside; you had done me a great service but you did not know who I was—a gentlewoman as good as yourself. But when I bid you as a gentleman to stand by and let me pass, ye did so. You could not stand against me when I said that. I ask you now again, but I ask more. As ye are a gentleman, Lord John, go away from here."

He shook his head. "The argument served its turn once," he said. "You must not scorn my intellect so much as to try it again."

"Go," she said putting herself in his way. "Those that are dwelling down there are too high for one thing and not high enough for another. Go away,

Lord John, if you're what a gentleman should be. If ye do not, I'll promise you this, that you will repent it all your days."

He stepped past her amid the heather bushes and short brushwood. "Not even an angel with a flaming sword could bar the road," he said waving his hand, "on a hillside like this. Farewell, Miss Kirsteen, I'm going about my own affairs and doing no harm to you."

In a moment he had passed, finding another path for himself among the windings of the heather and bracken. He took off his bonnet again with a mocking salutation as he disappeared down the hill. And Kirsteen felt herself left behind with a sense of mortification and helplessness intolerable to her high and proud spirit. How could she have hoped to stop him? What power had she? But this did not make her feel her failure less. "You will repent it all your days," she called after him raising her voice in the vexation of her soul. He turned and lifted his bonnet again with a mocking salutation. That was all. She might have known, she said to herself with angry tears of humiliation in her eyes.

But when Kirsteen came down the hill there was no trace of Lord John. Mary and Jeanie were in the parlour waiting for her to say good-bye. And there was an air of agitation about her younger sister, which Kirsteen in her troubled mind set down to the visit for which no doubt Jeanie had been called from her room. But nothing was said. They accompanied her to the door where the gig was now stand-with Miss Macnab already mounted into her seat. There was no time or opportunity for further leave-taking; Jeanie gave her cheek to be kissed with averted eyes; and not even with Marg'ret could Kirsteen speak another word in private. In a few minutes more she had turned her back upon Drumcarro; was it for ever? To her wounded and impatient heart, impatient above all of the sense of utter futility and failure, this seemed the thing most probable. Why should she ever come

again, the stand-by of the family? Perhaps if they should want money, and she should have it—but in no other way.

She was roused by the mild voice of the country artist at her elbow. "You will find a great change in everything, Miss Kirsteen, coming back from London?" she said.

Kirsteen did not immediately reply. "I find more change in myself than in anything else," she said at last bringing herself back with difficulty from more urgent thoughts.

"That was partly what I was meaning. Ye'll find a great interest in life in yon muckle London, where there must always be the bonniest new things to see."

"When your heart's away," said Kirsteen yielding in spite of herself to the natural desire of unburdening her mind a little, "it does not matter much what bonny things there may be to see."

"That's true too," said the dress-maker; "but my experience has aye been that where we canna have what we want, and eh, how few of us have that advantage! it's just a great thing to please your e'e, and fill your mind with what e'e can see, and the best ye can see. There's even pleasure in a new fashion-book when ye have little else. And with all the bonny leddies and their court dresses, and just to dress them like a picture."

Kirsteen looked at this humble artist with a sigh. "Perhaps you were not always so resigned," she said.

"I'm not saying that I'm resigned. I would just like to see the queen's court, and the princesses in their plumes and trains, before everything in the world, but it's a comfort," said the mild philosopher, "when ye can make it up to yourself with a bonny person like Miss Jeanie, just to make the line of her gown perfitt, if ainything can ever be called perfitt," she added piously, "in this imperfitt world."

CHAPTER XLII.

THERE came a great sense of desolation and misery into the heart of

Jeanie after she had witnessed, with eyes averted and without a sign of affection, wrapped up in offence and estrangement, the departure of her sister. She was angry with Kirsteen and deeply disappointed, and incapable of comprehending that it must be so, and that she, Jeanie, was to be crossed at last and after all, her plaint disregarded, her prayer refused. It had been her lot hitherto to get all her little requirements in the end, however her mother or Marg'ret might at first stand out. And the boys had been much ruled by Jeanie's will, and had yielded to her as big brothers often fail to do. She had never been crossed, in the end. Opposition had been made to her, difficulties insisted upon, but in the end they had always given way. Only once before had Jeanie come face to face with a disappointment which could not by anything she could do be changed into happiness and content. It was the central incident in her life but it had been up to this moment the exception, the one adverse event she had ever known. And it had been so great, so startling and astonishing, that the girl's pride and all her strength had been roused to conceal and surmount it, so that no one should ever suspect that to her, Jeanie, any slight had ever come. To nobody but to Kirsteen, and to her only when taken utterly by surprise had this secret ever been betrayed. Young Gordon had visited Glendochart from time to time during the last years. He had come in the intervals of his service while Jeanie grew and blossomed into womanhood. While she was still half child, half woman, he had awakened in her heart that first delicious and strange sense of power which is so great a revelation to a girl. His eyes had said a thousand indistinct sweetnesss to her, which his lips had not ventured to confess. He had been reverent of her extreme youth. He had been kept back by his own uncertain prospects, by his want of money and unsettled life, a soldier seeking advancement wherever it was to be found. But none of these hon-

ourable reasons had been taken into account by the girl, who, convinced as she had been of his love, had seen him go away with an amazement and shock of feeling scarcely comprehensible out of the first absolutism and certainty of youth. He had gone away, saying never a word. That he was overwhelmed with agitation and distress when the summons to join his regiment (for which he professed to be looking eagerly) came; that he had spoken of returning, of hopes that were involved in his return, with allusions and suggestions that the poor fellow thought plain enough, had all been invisible to Jeanie, or disdained by her as so many evidences of falsehood. Her little imperious soul had been shaken as by a tempest. She to be forsaken, wooed and abandoned, she before whom every one bowed, the flower of the Highlands, as they called her!

And now Kirsteen had done the same. Once again, till the last moment Jeanie had believed that her sister would yield, and she would have her way. Just as she had expected that word which never came from Lewis Gordon, she had expected from Kirsteen if it were but a word, a whisper of consent at the last. Even while she held her cheek to be kissed, turning away her eyes which were sullen with anger yet expectation, the girl expected that Kirsteen might still whisper—"Come." She had contrived all in her own mind ready for that last moment—Kirsteen would say "Come, I'll wait for you at the clachan"—and all unsuspected, the stranger having visibly departed, Jeanie would steal out, nobody taking any notice, and fly along the road, and spring up light as a feather beside Miss MacNab. What would it matter to her that there was no room? She had planned it all. At the very last, as her mother used to do, as Marg'ret did, compunction at the sight of Jeanie's averted face would seize upon Kirsteen. None of them could bear to see her vexed—and at the last that feeling would be stronger than prudence or any wise

sentiment. Jeanie within herself had been sure of this; but she had been deceived. And after she had watched with incredulous angry eyes full of a mist of bitterness—for tears she would not shed to acknowledge herself defeated—the actual going away without a word of her sister, she had fled to her room and flung herself upon her bed, even now not without an ear intent on any sound that might indicate Kirsteen's return, to say yet the tardy "Come," to her little sister. But the wintry afternoon closed down, the light faded away, and stillness fell upon the house. There was nothing to be heard but the echo of the linn which always mingled with everything, and Merran's heavy footstep and Marg'ret's distant voice in the kitchen. Kirsteen was gone. It was impossible to believe it, but it was true. She was gone like *him*—him for whom she had spoken, who was her friend, for like draws to like, Jeanie cried furiously to herself, in the silence. They had gone away—both of them—the man who loved her, and the sister who was evidently born for no such important end as to save and succour Jeanie—both! They had gone away, and she was left alone—to meet her fate.

Jeanie was not of the simple fibre of her family. Perhaps her condition of spoiled child had done something towards the development of a different character, but that character was there in the first place to be developed. Her impatient determination to have what she wanted, to be happy, to get such amusements, privileges, and advantages as were comprehensible to her, without consideration as to whether they were possible or not, or what the result of her satisfaction would be—was very different both from the steadfastness of Kirsteen, and the calm self-seeking of Mary. Jeanie had a passion in her which would not be gainsaid. She did not understand obstacles except as things to be eluded, pushed aside, thrust out of the way, arbitrarily, imperiously, whether they were just or even necessary or

not. She could not understand that she had been born for anything but to be paramount, to be loved and admired and happy. Her lover and heaven itself had wronged her by holding back that happiness that was her due. And when there seemed a prospect that it was to come back to her, Jeanie's heart rushed at the hope with a fervour which was largely made up of fury and indignation. The thought of a future more brilliant than any she could have had with Gordon filled her with fierce delight, principally from the hope that he would hear of it, perhaps see it and recognise her superior bliss and his loss. This, more than a girl's natural vanity in being followed by one so much above her in rank, and far more than any feeling for Lord John, had made his attentions delightful to her. Jeanie had been taken like her sisters before her to the ball at the castle; but hers were not merely the good looks of Kirsteen or the comeliness of Mary. It had not been possible to keep the little beauty in the background. Even the noble party of visitors and relations who were usually so little interested by the lairds and their belongings were moved by Jeanie. She was introduced among them, danced with, talked to, while the others of her class looked on grim or smiling as their case might be. That Jeanie had been excited and delighted by her triumph it is needless to say; what was much more extraordinary was that her father, though he said nothing, felt for the first time the true sensation of that superiority which he had believed in and asserted all his life. The beauty and brightness which dazzled everybody were but the natural emanation of her blood, to Drumcarro. "Oh, ay, she's of the real auld Douglas kind," he said with proud carelessness when compliments were paid him. That the Douglasses should gain a triumph through a lassie was a thing that he had scarcely been able to bring himself to believe; but when this triumph was accomplished for him, his pride accepted it as a thing to

be looked for. Was not she a Douglas? That explained all.

And when Lord John appeared "incognito" as Marg'ret said in the little shooting-lodge on the hill, both father and daughter had responded after their kind. Drumcarro had felt the suggestion of an alliance with the other noble house which had outstripped his in honours but never to his consciousness excelled or even equalled it in antiquity and nobility, to be a gratifying circumstance and high testimonial to his superiority to everything around, but he had not contemplated it with any surprise. To get a Douglas as his wife was honour enough for any duke's son; but the thought of being so closely allied to the Duke gave him on his side a proud satisfaction. It was a great thing for a daughter to do who was only a daughter, and of no account whatever. Jeanie too felt a subtle elation in her veins, a sense of high promotion but not in so simple a way. When *he* heard of it what would he think? was the burden of her thoughts. He would see that Jeanie Douglas was not one to be deserted, left or taken up again at his pleasure. She pictured to herself meeting him in some vague grandeur of a party in London, and a hundred times in her heart rehearsed the bow she would give him, the sweeping curtesy, the fine progress past him which she would make on her husband's arm. The husband himself had a very secondary place—but that did not occur to Jeanie. He was understood as the occasion of all that grandeur, the sharer of it no doubt; but the exquisite revenge of such an encounter was what in her first vague sense of triumph Jeanie chiefly pictured to herself.

The girl was not, however, herself enlightened by this curious evidence of the state of her mind. She had not begun to think about her thoughts; all was straightforward and simple with her, as with a young savage. On the other side Lord John did not leave her in any doubt as to his feelings. His declaration of love was not delayed by

any scruples—but neither was it followed by any of those practical steps which even in Jeanie's limited experience were usual in the circumstances. It is true that Jeanie herself was coy, and held off from the warm love-making of her suitor, keeping him at arm's length; but no reference to her father, none of the suggestions and arrangements into which happy lovers rush ever came from Lord John's lips. He spoke indeed of the time when they should be always together, but said not a word as to when or how that should be. It was less difficult to Jeanie to keep such a secret than it would have been for most girls. Her mother was ill, her father, as she supposed, utterly indifferent, no sister near to whom her heart could be opened. And to be secret in love was one of the traditions of the time and country. But still after a time she began to feel that there was something, she could not tell what, unexpected, undesirable, in her lover. When he spoke of marriage it was with a scoff and jeer. Even, however, when the moment came in which he told her that marriage in the ordinary way, with all the publicity usually surrounding that event, was impossible to him, Jeanie was not suspicious enough to be defiant. "You'll have to steal out some night, and trust yourself to me and let me carry you away," he said, "that's what we'll have to do. My bonny Jeanie will trust herself to me."

"That is what Anne did," cried Jeanie startled. "My father would not give his consent; and he has never seen her again. We dare not say her name. But maybe," she added after a pause, "it would be different with you."

"I think it would be different with me," he said, with a laugh that somehow offended Jeanie, she could not tell how. But then he began to lavish sweet words and praises upon her, so that the girl's vanity was soothed and her imagination excited. He told her where he would take her—to London, and then abroad, which was a word of no tangible import to her ignorance,

but meant only everything that was brilliant and splendid—and of all the beautiful places she should see, and the beautiful things she should have.

"I suppose," said Jeanie, "we would go to see the king."

"There is no king, in that way," he said, with a laugh.

"But there is a court, for we see it in the paper," said Jeanie. "If it is the prince, it would just be the same."

"We'll not go to the court this time," he said, with another of those laughs which wounded Jeanie, she could not tell how.

"I thought it was the right way," said Jeanie thoughtfully. What she was thinking was, that in that case she would not meet *him*, and that the heart of her triumph would be lost.

"In some cases," he said, still laughing, "but not in ours, my lovely dear. We will never think of the world, we'll think only of love. Whatever's pleasantest my Jeanie shall see, but nothing so bonny as herself."

"There will be many things in London besides the court—there is my sister Kirsteen," said Jeanie, still musing. "Oh, I will be glad to see Kirsteen."

"It's clear I am not enough for my Jeanie, though my Jeanie is enough for me!"

"Oh, it is not that," said Jeanie, vaguely. In her heart, however, there was no doubt a sensation that to dazzle *him* with her grandeur, and to make her sister a spectator of her new and exalted life, were the things to which she looked forward most.

"I'll not promise to take you to Kirsteen, any more than to take you to court," he said. "I'll promise nothing that takes your mind off me. To think of having you all to myself is enough for me. I mean to carry you off to some Italian bower, where there will be nothing to do but love, and love, and——"

"Till you are tired of love, as you call it, and me too," said Jeanie, with a little disdain.

He gave her a curious look, wondering if at last the little simplicity had fathomed what he really meant. But Jeanie's eyes were all untroubled and her brow serene. She was disappointed and dissatisfied with his way; but only because it was not her way and contrary to her expectations, not that she had divined the shame that was in his heart.

But one day a gleam of strange light burst upon the girl. He had been telling her of one of his friends who had gone to those Italian bowers, and of the life he led; the lake, the moonlight, the myrtles and roses in the middle of winter, till Jeanie's eyes grew bright. "We will get him to look for a place for us, on the water's edge," Lord John said. No thought of suspicion, or of finding her lover out, was in Jeanie's mind. She asked, as a girl does, eager to hear of others in the same circumstances as herself, "And is he married, too?"

For the moment she could not comprehend the hurried demonstration, the embarrassment of Lord John among his caresses, the laugh, always so distasteful to her. "They don't think of that out there," he said. "They don't put you in chains out there, they trust everything to love—as my Jeanie is going to do."

What did it mean? She was always shy of these vehement caresses—she freed herself, with a strange chill upon her, and said that she must go. They had been wandering by the side of the linn, under the bare, over-arching trees; and Jeanie would not listen to the explanations which he was anxious to make, and which she understood no more than the offence. She was sure of nothing but that she must get away.

(To be continued.)

LESSING'S *FAUST*.

A GERMAN critic has recently hinted that Goethe's *Faust* may not be Goethe's after all. He owed, it is said, the best part of it to Lessing; it is even suggested that he had no scruples about purloining a manuscript. Now it is unnecessary to add to the reputation of a new Donnelly, or even to mention his name. Let it suffice that it is a German professor who has enunciated this strange theory. There is a saying about a lie that is half a truth, and it will be news to most English readers that Lessing ever troubled himself about *Faust*; even in Germany it is a fact not widely appreciated. How far, then, is there any foundation for this last libel upon Goethe; and if Lessing helped in the development of *Faust*, what is the value of his contribution?

It is sixty years since Carlyle expressed his wonder that Lessing was not better known among Englishmen, and in that period the ignorance or indifference in regard to German literature of which he complained has happily passed away; a result in a great measure due to the efforts Carlyle made to draw attention to the riches of Goethe, Schiller, and Richter. The interest roused by those writers has extended to other representatives of German thought; so that Lessing also has for a long time obtained the affection which Carlyle declared Englishmen would be ready to show him. His reputation is firmly established: it is a recognized part of a liberal education to read his masterpiece on the philosophy of art; and though his dramas cannot claim a place among the great representations of human nature, we all recognize the force and the charm of *Nathan der Weise*, so rich in the widest moral lessons, of the tragic tale of *Emilia Galotti*, and of

the innocent wiles of *Minna von Barnhelm*. And apart from his philosophy and his dramas, Lessing attracts by the distinction of his literary criticism, the reverent freedom of his religious opinions, and the vigour of his singularly clear and unaffected style; with the consequence that in England, so far as reputation goes, he has had his deserts.

But to English readers his position,—and it is one of great importance— in the development of German literature is not, perhaps, a matter of such familiar knowledge. In speaking of Lessing it must always be remembered in what relation he stands to that great outburst of intellectual activity which marked the close of the last century in Germany. It was he who opened the new fields of thought which were made so fertile by those who came after him. What is most remarkable in all his contributions to the literature of his time, whether fable, drama, criticism, or theology, is the independence of his ideas, a quality which distinguishes him clearly from his predecessors and draws a sharp line of cleavage between his work and theirs. It is unquestionably in his being a reformer, in his introducing a new direction into German literature, that Lessing's greatest merit lies. When he began to write, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the influence of a pedantic French drama was paramount. He fought against it and overcame it, not more by the force of his literary theories than by the practical example he gave of them in his plays. He found wrong ideas prevalent on the nature of art, and in combating them he brought some of the true principles to light. In his religious works there breathes the freest spirit of toleration and inquiry,

and in particular a view of Christianity with which much modern criticism is in complete harmony. It may be said that Lessing is great because in the lines he marked out greater men than he were content to follow. He was, in that happy phrase, the *Bahnbrecher*, the pioneer, of the greatest epoch in the literature of his country, and he touched nothing which he did not improve; whether he worked for the establishment of a national drama, or a true theory of art, or a criticism of literature that should be based on the highest models.

In this energy of reform Lessing conceived many more plans than he was able to carry out. With his habit of looking through his papers every year and destroying whatever seemed unworthy of further trouble, many of his projects doubtless disappeared without a trace; and still the posthumous volume of notes and sketches is very large. Among his unfulfilled plans there was one to which for several years he gave a great deal of attention, in the end only to abandon it in despair of his ability to overcome the difficulties of the work. This plan forms one of the most distinctive examples of his desire to get rid of foreign influence and to restore a national drama to Germany. Repelled by the artificial character of the French theatre, he set to work to find the material of such a drama as he wanted to write among the traditions of his own country, and he was led to take up a subject which more perhaps than any other is intimately connected with German sentiment. He found in the legend of Faust a theme which had for two centuries fed the imagination of Germany, and in his endeavour to make a drama out of it he might well have felt that he was dealing with a peculiarly national possession. To turn this national possession to the highest purpose it could serve was the most significant achievement of the epoch which Lessing inaugurated. The traditional story of the magician was to be reconstructed, and if it did not fall

to Lessing to do this himself, it is interesting to find that here as elsewhere he was able to point the way for others to follow. He formed the mould in which the modern conception of the legend was to run, though what he actually wrote is little and unimportant, and completely eclipsed by the work of his successor. But the spirit which guided Lessing was the right one; for it will appear that the thoughts which the legend aroused in him were afterwards to be presented as fundamental ideas in Goethe's masterpiece.

Lessing was the first writer of any importance to perceive that the old notion of Faust, that of a vulgar person who bartered his soul for knowledge and pleasure, and in the end could not rid himself of the Devil, was out of keeping with modern ideas. Before Goethe was ten years old, Lessing had begun to put his thoughts on the subject into dramatic form, and a scene from his projected Faust-drama, published in 1759, opened at once a new view of the man who made a compact with the Evil One. This fragment was all that was given to the world in Lessing's lifetime, but for eight or nine years after its appearance his friends knew that he was working at the project from time to time. Shortly after his death in 1781 two of these friends published accounts of his plan, and one or two notes he had made for the character of Mephistopheles were brought to light. Besides the meagre information which these sources supply, there is nothing but a slight sketch included in his posthumous dramatic works. We are left, then, to gather Lessing's conception of what the modern Faust should be from a few notes and fragments together with casual references in his correspondence. It was indeed reported of him that he had finished two plays on the subject differing in certain important particulars; and for a long time after his death it was commonly believed that all he had written on Faust was lost with a box of his

which went astray on a journey and could never be traced. But the acuteness of later German critics has penetrated into the recesses of the lost box and discovered that, whatever other important papers may have been there, it did not contain a manuscript on Faust. The fate of the ideas which Lessing infused into the old legend is happily not bound up with that of the box, and what is known of his attempted drama remains as a testimony to his insight into the necessities of his time, and as a signal mark of his genius for substituting new thoughts for old.

The value of his contribution to the development of the Faust-legend will hardly be understood unless one or two of the chief features of the legend are borne in mind, as well as its peculiar character as representative of the national genius; for it was mainly because the legend was representative and had a history that Lessing was attracted to it. When the legend took shape in the sixteenth century, its form was determined by the widespread belief in the dominion of Satan in this world, who, as the enemy of the human race and the fount and origin of all misfortunes, played a very important part in all its arrangements. The Devil was looked upon as in some sort the controller of the physical order of things; the earth was the field of his power, and magic, or the black art, only a practical knowledge of natural laws.

If a strong-minded man like Luther was constantly troubled by a firm belief in the personality and malevolence of the Devil, it was not strange that the common people saw his agency at every turn, and looked with awe on the audacious person who made an alliance with him. Thus the mould in which the legend ran was already laid down in the popular imagination. But the prominent place it assumed in the development of literature in Germany came from its close connection with the two great movements which spread through that country in the sixteenth

century, the Revival of Learning and the Reformation. If it had not been stamped with the character of these movements the legend could hardly have had a history at all; and it is valuable just in the degree in which it is the popular reflection of them, the direct issue of the intellectual ferment they represented. The struggle against authority, the delight in a life of the senses, the thirst for knowledge, the investigation of the secrets of nature, the final doom of the free liver and the free thinker,—all that was noticeable in the life and death of Faust, proceeded from one or other of these movements. This is the secret of the legend's power. Faust, as the story goes, had taken the degree of doctor of divinity while still a youth, but fell away from his early creed through presumption and temerity. He came, in fact, to represent, in his own vulgar way, the deliverance from the intellectual bondage of the Middle Age, the revolt against ecclesiastical authority, the deliberate overstepping of the supposed limits set to our knowledge of the earth by the will of God. He exhibits that impulse towards individual achievement which had been fostered by the Renaissance, and that order of individual responsibility was, in part at least, established by the Reformation. Not indeed that the Faust-legend is to be taken as the complete embodiment of the highest thought of the time which produced it, as later on the drama of *Faust* stood forth as the most distinguished expression of the greatest epoch of German literature.

Just as Faust's magical investigations, and the questions he puts to Mephistopheles on the structure of the earth, heaven and hell, presented to the common people a caricature of the efforts made by Copernicus and Paracelsus to lay the foundations of modern science; in the same way he appeared as an extravagant type of the learning of the age in his reputed classical attainments, his summoning up of the shades of old heroes, his marriage with the phantom of Helen of Troy, his

offers to restore the lost comedies of Plautus and Terence, his boast that he knew by heart all the works of Plato and Aristotle. In religious matters he rebelled, like the Reformers. But he emphasized his revolt by going far beyond them; so that an effective contrast has been drawn between him and Luther in a position they occupied in the movement away from Rome,—Luther the believer, Faust the sceptic; Luther battling with the Devil, Faust making an alliance with him; both trained in Catholic theology and breaking away from it to opposite goals.

Faust's deeper intellectual traits, it is commonly said, have made him the interesting personage he is. In his struggles and his despair, his aspirations and his doubts, the conflict he exhibits between good and evil, we see the reflection of our own nature; and this is what attracts us in the picture, and drew Goethe to mould him into the most significant figure in modern literature. This is no doubt all very true; and Faust is one of the many characters in the fiction of the world which portray for us the struggles of humanity. But he is also remarkable in being a personage, like many that moved mankind, half historical and half fanciful, half the product of very definite movements of thought and half the creature of imagination. And in connection with those definite movements of thought in the sixteenth century which stamped their character upon Faust, there is one circumstance to be noted which goes a long way towards explaining the unique position the legend occupies; a circumstance which, in all that has been written on Faust, has hitherto escaped recognition.

It is shortly this; that the legend illustrates in an unparalleled way some of those efforts of the Renaissance against which the Reformation had to contend. For to whatever extent the Renaissance in Germany may have been similar in its sources to the Reformation, as proceeding in either case from a desire to return to original authorities, many of the tendencies of

those two great movements were of a character widely diverse; answering, in fact, to certain almost irreconcilable tendencies in human nature itself. It is because the legend presented the conflict of such opposing forces in humanity that from the time of its appearance it became endowed with an undying interest. And those tendencies in which the Renaissance worked one way and the Reformation the other are, when vulgarised and adapted to popular understanding, just the most distinctive features of the legendary Faust,—his magic and his sensualism.

When Faust devotes his time to magical studies and gives himself up to a life of the senses, he is illustrating in a coarse way certain characteristics of the Renaissance; and when the moral of his story, as told by his first biographer, is to abjure magic and live in righteousness and contentment of mind, he is enforcing some of the lessons which the Reformers set before themselves to teach. In magic there were certain reputed advantages, certain promises held out of a knowledge concealed from the vulgar, which were hopeful enough to induce some of the most prominent supporters of the New Learning, Pico della Mirandola, for instance, in Italy, or Reuchlin in Germany, to number themselves among its adherents. They pursued magic as a means of arriving at the highest knowledge. Faust's attempts, culminating in his alliance with the Devil, were only the popular reflection of a system studied by the foremost men of his time.

The student of magic was an object of the greatest suspicion to the Reformers, just as at a previous period he had been to the Roman Church; with this difference, however, that the Reformers also looked upon the powers claimed by Rome as akin to magical arts; supposed the Pope to be Antichrist, and Roman ecclesiasticism to be tainted by a connection with the Devil. In previous cases of a Satanic compact the Church had professed itself able to rescue the sinner by the force of its

own superiority to the power of evil ; but in the opinion of those who rejected the claims of the Church a deliverance by such means was no longer regarded as possible, and the student of magic was doomed to perdition as one who had disowned the supremacy of God. There was thus in Faust's career a tragic element of inevitable fate, which, among the people, increased the interest in his doings, and gave the clergy of every creed a ready example of fearful peril.

And that Faust delighted in a free life of the senses is another trait in his character which shows him to be a true son of his time. For the Renaissance, as is well known, came to a great degree, and particularly in Italy, in a pagan dress and with pagan habits of thought. It proceeded, as Matthew Arnold says, rather from the senses and the understanding than from the heart and the imagination. This pagan movement was a complete departure from the ideal of medieval Christianity, for on the bare merits it looked askance at asceticism and saw nothing profitable in pain, desiring above all things to get joy and pleasure out of life. A revolution of ideas like this worked in a direction the opposite of asceticism ; it even influenced the Church itself to such an extent that the corruption and depravity of the clergy became the more immediate cause of the Reformation, so that Luther fought as much for purer morals as for a sounder creed. The Reformation opposed itself to any such return to nature as the Renaissance seemed to be effecting, and in the Epicurean life of the legendary Faust, a product of this same pagan movement, saw nothing but what would deserve the direst punishment in the next world.

A legend which touched the spirit of its time at so many points and illustrated so many of its diverse tendencies was hardly a thing to be forgotten. Representing the strife and therefore the error of humanity, it contained elements which made appeal to every order of men true enough

even after two hundred years to be inexhaustible to the greatest intellects. It assumed new forms and developments to suit the varying needs of different periods. In Germany, almost from the time the legend took shape, the hero of the diabolic compact enjoyed a double existence. Marlowe's rendering of the legend was popularized through the efforts of the English players who travelled in Germany at that time, and Faust became the hero of the vulgar stage ; his "damnable life and deserved death" was the stock-piece at the yearly fair. The widespread interest of the story subjected it to many variations ; a prologue and epilogue in hell increased its realistic character ; the Devil took an even more material aspect ; the discussion of high questions began to disappear, and fireworks came in as accessories to the movement of the piece. Running side by side with this vulgar exhibition, Faust served at the same time as an object of much religious warning. Those who were charged with learning and religion pointed to his fate as the certain goal of intellectual audacity or an unbridled life of the senses. He was made the theme of many a discourse on the limits of knowledge and the danger of neglecting them. The original book no longer appeared in a simple and popular form ; the few admonitions at first attached to it expanded until the commentary almost swallowed up the text. In these two forms the legend lived on through the seventeenth and the earlier half of the eighteenth century, the common heritage of the German nation.

In approaching this heritage and endeavouring to render it more useful than it had ever been before Lessing, as has been remarked, was following out his project of making the German stage the home of German national feeling. The seventeenth of his *Letters on Literature* opens with a spirited attack on the French influence then paramount in the person of a well-known professor,—Johann Christoph

Gottsched,—for a long time literary dictator in Leipzig. Lessing proclaimed himself as the Nobody who denied Gottsched's services to the stage in supplanting the older dramatic pieces by his pedantic copies of the French school.

These old dramatic pieces of ours which he banished [writes Lessing] could have taught him that our taste lies more in the direction of the English than of the French school; that we want, in our tragedies, to see and think more than the timorous French tragedy affords scope for; that we are more affected by the grand, the terrible, and the melancholy, than by what is pretty, tender, and sentimental. . . . If he had given our nation translations of the masterpieces of Shakespeare, with one or two discreet alterations, it would have been very much better than making us acquainted with Corneille and Racine. In the first place, the former would have been much more to our taste as a nation than the latter; and secondly, the intelligence which the former would have awakened in us would have been of a different order from what the latter can boast of. . . . With a little trouble I could easily give considerable proof of the fact that our old pieces contain a great deal of what is English. To name only the best known of them, *Dr. Faust* contains a number of scenes which only a Shakespearean genius could have composed. What an affection Germany had, and indeed to some extent still has, for its *Dr. Faust*! One of my friends has preserved an old sketch of this tragedy, and I have an act of it which he has communicated to me, containing a great deal which is very fine. Have you any curiosity to read it? Here it is. What do you say to it? You would like a German piece with nothing but scenes like this? So would I.

The scene which Lessing gives in this letter reappears in the sketch for a drama of *Faust* published in his posthumous works. The prologue opens in an old cathedral, just as the bell is tolling midnight. The devils, sitting invisible on the altars, take counsel together, and Beelzebub receives the reports of his ministers. Faust is mentioned as no easy prey; but one of them undertakes to catch him in four-and-twenty hours. "Just now," says

the devil, "he is sitting by his lamp, plunged in the depths of truth. Too great desire for knowledge is a sin, and from too great an inclination to a single sin all manner of vice can arise." The scene changes to Faust's study, where he is discovered amongst his books. He calls to mind how an old scholar was said to have summoned up the Devil to answer questions on Aristotle's *Entelechy*. Faust has tried to do the like, but hitherto in vain. He makes a last appeal, and a spirit rises from the floor, presenting the confused, half-conscious signs of one who has been long asleep. This spirit, adds Lessing, is the Devil himself, who has taken the form of Aristotle to mislead Faust the more easily. In the following scenes Faust, astonished and delighted at his power, proceeds to conjure up other spirits. In the second act Lessing develops an idea contained in the old marionette-play, and makes Faust review the seven devils of hell to find the fastest for his servant. When each one proclaims himself as the fastest, Faust cries out, "Wonderful, that among seven devils there are only six liars! I must get to know you better." Upon which the first devil replies, "You'll do so some day." "What mean you?" exclaims Faust. "Do the devils also preach repentance?" "Yes, to the impenitent." Faust questions them all as to their degrees of swiftness. The sixth declares he is as swift as the vengeance of the Avenger. "Swift, you say! as His vengeance! Swift, you say! And I live still, I sin still!" "His vengeance," says the devil, "is to let you go on sinning." Then comes the seventh, swift as the transition from good to bad; and Faust, who knows what this transition is, eagerly takes him as his servant.

It appears that the greater part of this sketch was conceived and written before 1759, the year in which the fragment of it was published. Lessing had seen the popular play of *Faust* in Berlin in 1753 or 1754, and as

early as the next year Moses Mendelssohn writes to him to ridicule the idea that he can make anything out of so vulgar a theme. This argues that so early as 1755 Lessing had begun to speak of his plan of writing a Faust-drama. In July, 1758, he mentions to a friend that among many dramatic projects he is so far advanced with his play of *Faust* that he looks forward to its production the following winter. Another friend declares that he had read twelve sheets of the play, and that Lessing intended to make use of a tragedy called *Lucifer*, published by a Silesian Jesuit, one Manz Noel, in 1717. Then the project seems to have dropped for a while. In September, 1767, Lessing wrote to his brother that he was working hard at his drama, and begged him to try and get back the *Clavicula Salomonis*, a magical work which he had asked a friend to sell for him. But the difficulties which he found in the project seem to have grown insuperable by the next year, for in answer to an inquiry as to how he was getting on with a project for which so many people had been waiting, he confesses to a lack of literary enthusiasm, and adds, "To the devil with all that rubbish! (*Zum Henker mit alle dem Bettel!*)"

It is clear, then, that for a period of at least twelve years Lessing was from time to time occupied with the story of Faust, and it is almost certain that he never got beyond a few leading ideas on the subject and the rough sketch of one or two scenes. A letter which passed between two of his friends in 1775 mentions that he attempted two plans, in one of which the Devil was to appear much in the same way as in the old story, while the other was to dispense with the supernatural altogether, and exhibit a scoundrel in human form as the Tempter of Innocence. As direct evidence of this latter plan, there is a remarkable note in Lessing's *Kollecaneen zur Litteratur* (a kind of commonplace-book on subjects that in-

terested him), where he quotes a passage in which Diogenes Laertius relates of a certain cynic, Menedemus, that he clothed himself like a Fury, and went about as a devil fresh from hell, to see what the sinners in the world were doing, and to report his observations to the infernal spirits. In the same note Lessing remarks of Tamerlane that he is said to have excused his cruelties by looking upon himself as a divine agent of God's wrath for the destruction of mankind. "This is an idea," writes Lessing, "which may perhaps serve to render more likely the character of the Tempter in my second *Faust*." Of this second *Faust* there is, however, no further trace; but it is significant that Lessing's conception of a Tempter was worked up into the composition of his *Emilia Galotti*, when the element of evil and destruction appears in the person of Marinelli. This fiend in human shape, "this devil in the form of a friend," as the Prince styles him, is probably the final outcome of Lessing's endeavour to create a tempter *ohne alle Teufelei*, a devil such as the world itself could furnish.

Perhaps of all the evidence for Lessing's conception of a Faust-drama on modern lines, the most valuable is furnished by two letters which appeared about three years after his death. The first, by Hauptmann von Blankenburg, was published in a literary periodical of the time, and speaks as if the lost box contained all that Lessing had ever written on the subject. Blankenburg declared that, so far as he knew, the work was finished; but, as has been seen, Lessing himself spoke of his plan as if it had been carried out and were just ready for production. However, that not an idea of such an important work might be lost, Blankenburg was eager to communicate what he knew of it. His account of the plot is much the same as the sketch included in the posthumous works; but he adds that the conclusion of the whole was to be Faust's salvation, that an angel was to appear and call

to the devils as they were celebrating their work: "Triumph not, ye have not been victorious over humanity and knowledge; God has not given man the noblest of impulses to make him eternally unhappy; what ye saw and think ye now possess was nothing but a phantom."

The other communication was from a Berlin professor, named Engel, to Lessing's brother, in reply to his inquiries about the Faust project, and contains much the same information as that given by Blankenburg, except that the words, *Ye shall not prevail*, are spoken by the angel at the end of the prologue instead of at the end of the piece. Engel explains that Faust was to be thrown into a deep sleep at the beginning of the play, that everything which happened to his phantom-double was to be for him only the vision of a dream, and that, when the devils are beaten back in anger from their prey, Faust was to awake in thankfulness for the warning, a reformed man.

Such, then, are the relics of Lessing's attempt to bring the story of Faust into harmony with modern teaching. The information they give is little, but it is valuable because it shows what his ideas were, on what lines he thought such a reconstruction should proceed. He was led to the subject chiefly by its interest as a piece of thoroughly German tradition, and he abandoned it only because he found that there was more in the tradition than he was able to deal with. When he spoke of the whole matter as rubbish, it was surely only an expression of impatience at not seeing any satisfactory realization of his plan. Goethe, too, stumbled upon difficulties in connection with his Faust which for a long time seemed to him insuperable. But Lessing had studied the legend sufficiently to see that the time had come for a complete modification of it, that in consigning Faust to the Devil the story was immoral and therefore untrue, and that, if it was to be of any further use, it must be relieved

from the ridiculous and degrading associations which obscured its meaning; that, in fact, as Goethe's drama showed half a century later, it was necessary for Faust to be saved, "for God has not given man the noblest of impulses," the desire of knowledge and the love of truth, "to make him eternally unhappy."

In laying stress on Faust's desire for knowledge, Lessing took a view of the legend which was quite in keeping with its original form. The popular development of the story, influenced to a great degree by Marlowe's treatment of the magician, had rather neglected this side of Faust's nature in favour of his sensual and material proclivities. Thus the conception of Faust which Lessing, and after him Goethe, formed was to some extent a restoration of the original character, but the doom which in the religious notions of the sixteenth century awaited the free-thinker was exchanged for a salvation to be worked out by the unalloyed desire for truth. In the words *Ye shall not prevail*, which were to announce the consummation of Lessing's drama, may be heard the note which Goethe struck in his Prologue in Heaven, proclaiming that, however dim his vision of the ideal, the good man never fails to find the way;

Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunklen
Drange
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst ;

—a note taken up again in the Angelic Chorus of the second part of *Faust*, where the unwearied toiler is at last redeemed ;

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
Den können wir erlösen.

This salvation of Faust was not the only respect in which Lessing led the way in the modern treatment of the legend. It was part of his plan, in sketching out possible developments of the drama, to make the character of Mephistopheles very different from that which had hitherto attached to

him. For the unreal diabolical apparatus of the old legend, which had become ridiculous, the evil element in human nature was to be substituted, represented in such a character as might be found in actual life; and the part that such a character was to play was to fit in with an intelligible scheme of the world. The Tempter was, in short, no longer to be looked upon as the opponent of God, but as one of the instruments in the government and education of the human race. The Tempter, as Lessing conceived him, is not indeed drawn with the same clearness as that with which Goethe makes the fiend declare himself part of that power which, though it always wills the bad, is always working the good,

Ein Theil von jener Kraft
Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute
schafft;

but there is a measurable approach to this idea in the notes which Lessing made for the character; and when Faust awakes from his dream, it is with thankfulness for the lessons his vision has taught him. Nor is it perhaps straining interpretation too far to see in the phantom which took the place of the real Faust the body which in the second part of Goethe's drama the devils were so eager to seize, while the heavenly and incorruptible part of Faust was carried away by the angelic band. For in

Lessing's scheme it was the temptation of the phantom-Faust,—the passing appearance of his soul,—which reformed the higher nature of the real Faust; while Goethe makes the soul of Faust develop and finally triumph in overcoming the temptations of its passage through the world. In either case Faust has to fight with evil and overcome it, for in no other way can he attain the happiness he is striving for; and thus in the creation of positive good evil is made a necessary agent and its place in the moral world vindicated.

In their actual dealings with the Faust-legend no comparison is indeed possible between what Lessing attempted and what Goethe accomplished. But to the close of the eighteenth century the legend presented a problem to be solved, and it is instructive to note the similarity in the ideas which Lessing and Goethe brought to its solution. Though Goethe was immeasurably foremost in the extent to which he explained the meaning and value of those ideas, it may yet be fairly claimed for Lessing that he recognized before Goethe the two leading ideas which run through the latter's work, the salvation of Faust and the significance of Mephistopheles; or to put the true interpretation on those words, the reward of effort and the use of evil.

T. BAILEY SAUNDERS.

CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS.

I. MY POET.

My father was a literary man and he lived in good company, so that even as children we must have seen a good many poets and remarkable people, though we were not always conscious of our privileges. Things strike children so oddly, so partially, and for such unexpected reasons. They are so busy in early life with all that is going on on every side, that one person or another person, the visitor in the drawing-room, the tortoise-shell cat on the garden wall, the cook's little boy who has come in to partake of cold pudding, all seem very nearly as important one as the other. Perhaps I should not have been so much impressed by my first conscious sight of a poet, if I had then realized all the notabilities who came to our house from time to time. My special poet was a Frenchman. I first heard his name in London, at a class which I attended in company with a good many other little girls my contemporaries, which class indeed still continues, and succeeding generations receive the decorations, the *présidences* and the *sous présidences*, I fear I personally never attained to.

My poet was a hairdresser by profession and a barber as well. His name was Jasmin (*Jaquon Jansemin* in the *langue d'Oc*). He was born in 1798 at Agen in the south of France, "born," he writes, "of a humpback father and a halting mother in the corner of an old street, in a crowded dwelling, peopled by many rats, on Holy Thursday, at the hour when pancakes are tossed." The humpback father was also a poet in his way, and composed songs for the itinerant players of the neighbourhood. So soon as Jasmin could walk he used to accompany his father to the booths, but what he liked better still was gather-

ing faggots in the little islands of the Garonne. "Bare-headed, bare-footed," he writes, "we rowed across the stream. I was not alone,—there were twenty of us—there were thirty of us. We started at the stroke of the mid-day hour, singing in choir." In the evening the children returned as they had left,—"thirty voices chaunting the same cadence, and thirty faggots dancing on thirty heads." They were so poor that Jaques felt bitterly that his parents could not afford to send him to school. One day he was playing in the market-place when he saw his grandfather carried by to the hospital. It was there the *Jasmins* were in the habit of dying. But a cousin taught him to read; he became apprenticed to a barber and prospered in his vocation; he was able to save his father from the fate of the *Jasmins*. The good hairdresser christened his first poems *Les Papillotes*, in honour of his profession, "which songs," says he, "brought a silver streamlet through my shop," and upon this silver streamlet he floated to some better fortunes than were usual to his family, so that one day in a fit of poetic ardour he broke the terrible arm-chair in which they had all been in the habit of being carried to the hospital. Jasmin after he became celebrated would never abandon his home or his little shop, but from time to time he went for a journey, and would come to Paris, where he was kindly recognized by other authors more fortunate in their worldly circumstances, and he would be made to repeat his own songs by the great ladies who took him up. Chief among them was Lady Elgin, who lived in Paris then, and who was a good friend to all literary aspirants. Longfellow was also among Jasmin's admirers, and has translated some of his works.

All this I have since read in the *Biographie Nationale*. At the class itself we learnt some of his lines by heart. I know I used to break down in utter confusion when my turn came to recite, but at the same time I believe I took in a great deal more than I had any idea of, as I sat there incompetent, wool-gathering, ashamed and enchanted all at once. In that long bare room, only ornamented by a large map and a border of governesses, there came to us many of those impressions which are not dates or facts, and which don't, alas ! count for good marks, but which nevertheless are very useful and agreeable possessions in after days. We used to have delightful French lessons in literature and poetry, and I still remember the dazzling visions of troubadours evoked by our teacher singing amid the golden landscapes of the south of France as described in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*;—the poems themselves as he quoted them almost seemed to have wings and to come flying out of the well-thumbed *Recueil*. We had lessons in morality and in experience as well as in literature. I can still hear M. Roche in his melodious voice quoting "de tout laurier un poison est l'essence," and praising the philosophical aptness of the illustration, which seemed to me so splendid that I was quite overpowered by it as I went home with my governess along South Audley Street. There was another heart-rending poem about an angel standing by a cradle and contemplating its own image in the face of the infant, "reflected as in a stream." The angel finally carries away the poor baby, and the mother kneels weeping by the cradle. It was a sort of Christmas-card of a poem well suited to the sentimental experience of a little girl of twelve or thirteen years old, and I then and there determined that Reboul was my favourite author of all. But there were many others besides Reboul. Poor André Chenier we were all in love with, and Jasmin aforesaid held his own among the worthy recipients of that golden flower of poesy which

played such an important part in our early education, and which was (so we learnt) yearly bestowed by the inhabitants of Toulouse upon the most successful competitors in the art. I used to picture the flower itself as a radiant quivering object covered with delicate, glittering, workmanship. Perhaps nowadays I realize that golden flowers of poesy are also bestowed in the south of England,—in Waterloo Place, or Bedford Street, Covent Garden shall we say?—round golden tokens which are not without their own special graces.

But to return to my memoirs. Our life was divided between London and Paris where our grandparents dwelt, and with whom we spent a part of every year, and all these recent studies and experiences rushed into my mind one day after our return to France again, when my grandmother told me that she had been asked to a party at Lady Elgin's to meet a poet, that his name was Jasmin, and that she was going to take me with her ! My heart leapt with excitement ; Jasmin—the South—golden flowers—*présidences*—a grown-up party—the portals of life seemed to fly open with those of our *porte-cochère* as the carriage, containing my grandmother and me in our Sunday best, drove off into the dark streets. We were escorted down stairs by the cook, with an extra lantern, I remember, and my grandfather in his little black silk toque waved farewell over the staircase. We started expectant, rolling over the rattling stones; we crossed the bridge and saw the dark river below us reflecting the lights—I remember no stars, but a damp and drizzly darkness over head which for some reason added to my excitement. We reached the ancient faubourg before very long, where the oil-lamps swung by chains across the streets; we turned into the Rue de Varennes where Lady Elgin lived, and the coachman rapped at the great closed gates of the house, which opened with a grinding sound, and we walked across the courtyard. The apartment was on the ground floor of a fine melancholy old

house—when I sometimes read Mr. Henry James's descriptions of mysterious French families living in solemn hotels, this one rises up again shadowy and imposing.

I followed my grandmother in her brown velvet gown and her diamond brooch into the reception room. I remember being surprised to find the gay world so dark on the whole and talking in such a confused and subdued murmur. I had expected chandeliers, bursts of laughter, people in masks and dominoes. I had taken my ideas from bonbon boxes and crackers. But it was evidently all right, my grandmother looked greatly pleased and animated. I saw her speaking to one person and to another in her dignified way—her manners were true grandmother's manners, kind, but distant and serious. We considered our grandmother a very important personage, and I remember feeling not a little proud of her beauty and dignity as we moved along. She was not one of your "remains;" she was a very noble-looking old lady, holding her head high, and her diamond cap-pin flashed as she moved across the room.

My grandmother looked pleased and animated, and when her friends came up to speak to her she introduced me to some of them. Almost the very first person she greeted, but to whom she did not introduce me, was a handsome, rather romantic, fashionable looking gentleman, with a quantity of dark hair, and a glass in one eye, leaning against the wall, by the door as we entered. She said a few words as we passed, I heard something about "Lady Charlotte," and then we walked on, and presently we came upon another girl, younger than myself and very distinguished looking, in a plaid frock, with beautiful shining braids of thick hair, who seemed quite at home and used to the house; her mother was a regal-looking little woman, with a fine profile and a gold crown; I can still see her in a long green velvet robe slowly crossing the room; she was a well-known person, Mrs. Chap-

man, the celebrated Abolitionist, the friend of Harriet Martineau, and the little girl was her youngest daughter. While Mrs. Chapman and my grandmother were talking, little Anne Chapman, who seemed to know most of the people, began telling me who they all were. A great many pages out of M. Roche's *Recueil* were present. There were all sorts of notable folks murmuring to one another in the big rooms. "Who was the gentleman in the doorway?" "Oh, he is Mr. Locker," said little Anne, "he is married to Lady Charlotte—Lady Elgin's daughter; didn't I know?—they had only come over from England the day before." "And which is the poet?" said I eagerly. "There he is, in the middle of the room," said the little girl. "Oh, where?" said I. "Oh, not *that!*" For suddenly, just under the swinging chandelier, I see a head, like the figure-head of a ship—a jolly, red, shiny, weather-beaten face, with large round prominent features, ornamented with little pomatumy wisps of hair, and a massive torso clothed in a magnificent frilled shirt over a pink lining. . . "That the poet? not that," I falter, gazing at Punchinello, high-shouldered, good-humoured! "Yes, of course it is that," said the little girl, laughing at my dismay; and the crowd seems to form a circle, in the centre of which stands this droll being, who now begins to recite in a monotonous voice.

I can understand French well enough, but not one single word of what he is saying. It sounds perfectly unintelligible, something like *chi, chou, cha, atchiou, atchiou, atchiou!* And so it goes on, and on, and on. The shirt frill beats time, the monotonous voice rises and falls. It leaves off at last, the poet wipes the perspiration from his brow; there is a moment's silence, then a murmur of admiration from the crowd which closes round him. I see the Punchinello being led up to somebody to be thanked and congratulated; my heart goes down, down; more murmurs, more exclamations. The little girl is gone, I am all alone with my disap-

pointment, and then my grandmother calls me to her side and says it is time to come away. As we move towards the door again, we once more pass Mr. Locker, and he nods kindly, and tells me he knows my father. "Well, and what do you think of Jasmin?" he asks, but I can't answer him, my illusions are dashed. As we drive off through the streets the rain is still falling, the oil-lamps are swinging, we cross the bridge once more, but how dull, how dark, how sad it all seems! My grandmother, sitting upright in the dark carriage, says she has spent a very pleasant evening, and that she is delighted with Jasmin's simplicity and originality. I who had longed to see a poet! who had pictured something so different! I swallowed down as best I could that gulp of salt water which is so apt to choke us when we first take our plunge into the experience of life. "He didn't look much like a poet, and I couldn't understand what he said," I faltered.

"Of course you could not understand the *patois*, but have you not enjoyed your evening?" said my grandmother, disappointed. I had the grace to try to speak cheerfully. "I liked the little girl very much and—and—and I liked talking to Mr. Locker, but then he *isn't* a poet," said I.

I can't help laughing even now as I

conjure up the absurd little dream of the past and the bitterness of that childish disappointment. How little do we mortals recognize our good fortune that comes to us now and again in a certain humorous disguise. Why, I had been in a world of poets! A poet had greeted me, a poet had sung to me, I had been hustled by poets; there in the crowd (for all I know to the contrary) were Lamartine and Chateaubriand and Girardin and Mérimée,—so at least some one who was present on this occasion reminds me. And as for Frederick Locker, does not his caged music—like that of the bird of Wood Street—echo along the arid pavements with sweetest and most welcome note to charm the passers by as the echoes of *London Lyrics* catch their listening ear? And the red face was also that of a true poet, born to sing his sweet unpretending song from a true heart, and to bring music into humble places. "A poet of the people, writing in his dialect, celebrating public occasions and solemnities," says Ste. Beuve, "which somehow remind one of the Middle Ages; belonging" (so he continues) "to the school of Horace and to the school of Theocritus and to that of Gray, and to that of all those charming studious inspirations which aim at perfection in all their work."

FARM-PUPILS IN THE COLONIES.

THE young gentleman emigrant is a production peculiar to Great Britain, of which upon the whole she may be proud. That only a portion of these succeed, that many bring disgrace and ridicule on themselves and their country, is not surprising when the variety of material that of necessity makes up the exodus is considered. But the fact remains that the gently nurtured of this nation cheerfully undertake and show a fair measure of success in a career which would appal the equivalent class in any other country in the world.

The particular phase of emigration which I wish to treat of in this paper is that of the gentleman's son who goes to America with a view to settling ultimately as an agriculturalist of some sort on that side of the Atlantic. The youth in question will probably be between sixteen and twenty-one, and will generally be able to look forward to the command of some capital when he shall have arrived at an age of discretion. He will be too young and inexperienced for his friends to feel justified in shipping him out to New York or Quebec with the proverbial half-crown and a blessing. Some special arrangements therefore will be made for him.

The advice that is given to the British parent at this juncture by friends and newspapers is conflicting enough to drive that unfortunate individual into a lunatic asylum. It would not be so bewildering if these numerous counsellors put the matter to him as a question of alternative courses, for each of which there was something to be said. But they do not do this; each has his own particular nostrum to reject which insures disaster. The native American or Canadian is very often too a dangerous man

in these matters. He seems to bring the weight of local experience to back his advice, and this is apt to appear everything to the inquiring Briton; but he knows very little about the peculiarities of a young Englishman, and can seldom realize how the new world will appear to him or his difficulties in adapting himself to it. The city man from the other side is very often really dangerous as an adviser, for he not only knows nothing of young Englishman of this class, but his knowledge of the farms and farmers of his own province is often inconceivably limited and generally biassed by the prejudice which exists between town and country.

I have taken it for granted that no one in these days of comparative enlightenment on such topics would propose to start a youth upon a farm of his own in any part of the American continent without a previous training in that country. Agricultural colleges in this country cannot supply the place of this training. As an interesting and useful course for a young farmer of good education and sufficient means to stand the expense, they may be all very well; but for making practical farmers out of squires' and parsons' sons, he would be a bold man who claimed success for them and a sanguine one who expected it. The very fact of being merely one of fifty or a hundred students at an institution cuts such a pupil off from all those inner and domestic matters that are really such an important feature in the farmer's life. It makes an interest in local agricultural affairs, markets and so forth, almost an impossibility. He may be and generally is but a half-hearted student at either place, but in a farm-house he is in such close contact with practical farming and those

around him are so vitally interested in the business as their livelihood, that he must absorb a certain amount of information. At a college everything must be artificial. The very teachers are more or less theorists. There are no doubt immense advantages for the farmer's son, but the amateur in such a position is, I think, not making the most of his time or money. For the intending colonist, to whom even genuine English farm-life is of practically little value, these arguments apply with tenfold weight. A boy who has some time to spare before he emigrates may employ it usefully in learning the blacksmith's, carpenter's, and veterinary surgeon's work and in book-keeping; but these things are after all picked up better in private than with a crowd of companions of doubtful industry.

These matters, however, are only of secondary importance in connection with emigration. The question of immediate interest is: How should a young man going out to America or Canada learn farming there to the best advantage?

Speaking generally and broadly he has two courses before him. He may go either to the regular working farmer of the country who will give him his keep and possibly sometimes a small wage from the start, or he may board in the family of people of his own social grade and education and have much the same comforts and refinements he would have at home, say in a farm-house of the better class or in a quiet country vicarage, with the social advantages pertaining to that style of life.

I do not say here which is the best method, as this depends on a score of things, but simply state that he or his friends can choose between the two. One thing is quite certain; he cannot have the advantages of the latter upon the terms of the former, as some people seem fondly to imagine. I have again and again seen it stated in print that it is ridiculous in any circumstances to pay a premium to a farmer. I have

frequently heard people allude to gentlemen of unexceptionable position, living in comfort in America or the Colonies, who take pupils into their families at moderate premiums, as if they were a species of swindler. This arises, I fancy, from a common misconception that all farmers in America are upon the same social plane and live in the same style; that they are all burning with anxiety for the company and responsibility of young Englishmen whom they never saw, and who as a class have not unfortunately in these countries a very good name, who have never done a day's work in their lives, have not the remotest notion of how to set about a single farming operation, and may quite possibly turn out both idle and dissipated.

As I have said, a young emigrant may choose between these two courses. If he take the first he is getting every cent that he is worth, and he must expect to work like a hired man from morning till night, and do everything that he is told. He will be put at first to the work he is best able to do, and must remember that he is working for the farmer and not for his own edification. At the same time by this very service, though he cannot pick and choose his own tasks, he will probably find by the end of the year that necessity has made him fairly proficient in every branch of farm-labour. For this kind of preparation Ontario, for many reasons into which we need not here enter, offers perhaps the best opportunities; and a youth, after a year with a working farmer there, will at any rate know what the life of a Canadian farmer, hard work, early hours and regular habits mean; and if he does not get to understand the habits and customs of the people (which is equally important) by this close contact with them, it would be difficult to say by what means he could acquire this useful and necessary knowledge.

The short season of Canada makes every hour of the open months valuable. A pupil upon such terms as

these must not expect a farmer to stop his plough and horses and devote an hour or two a day to teaching him the elements of ploughing on a piece of outlying ground devoted to the purpose. An English farmer who receives £100 a year with his pupil would not do this, and most certainly a Canadian who takes a novice for nothing could not afford to do it. What however I wish to point out is that boys who go, and their friends who send them, distinctly to learn must not expect to get attentions they do not pay for, and that their teachers could not afford to give. They sometimes have more work for the first few months than they like, and it sounds exceedingly plausible to say they are not learning farming because they are swinging an axe, fetching up cows, cleaning out stables, and doing small jobs instead of riding on a mower and driving a plough all day. But farming, and particularly American farming, is not all ploughing and reaping; it is made up of a multiplicity of small things, all of which have to be done properly, and, as I have said, if the inexperienced youth happens not to be put to the responsible parts in the first week of his apprenticeship, he may make his mind quite easy. He has probably two or three years at the least before him, and before the expiration of one of these, he will have had all he wants and possibly more of the big operations of a farm as well as the "chores."¹

Now a few words as to what the inexperienced soft-handed youth is worth at first to a farmer of this class. The regular Canadian hired man, with the exception of his equivalent in some parts of the States, does more work in a day than any farm-labourer in the world; half as much again as an Englishman, twice as much as an Irishman at home. It is with this man that the young gentleman, fresh from a public school, has to be compared. The handling of ploughs,

horses, axes, machinery does not come, as some good folks here seem to think, by intuition, but has like other arts to be learnt. The Canadian hired man has been at such work from his infancy. His powers of endurance have been developed to the highest pitch that the human frame is capable of. He does not know what shirking means; it is his pride to be always "on the jump." Now in 1889 the very best article of this description in the finest farming district of Ontario commanded an outside wage of a hundred and fifty dollars a year and his board and lodging. I mention this partly because much rubbish is written about the rate of wages in America. Wages that are paid in out of the way districts for a few busy days or weeks are foolishly or thoughtlessly quoted as if they were the usual annual rate. I also mention it because it will be seen from these figures that the usual estimate which rates an inexperienced young Englishman as worth his keep only for the first few months is a fair one, and a farmer who takes him at that cannot be expected, even if he were fitted for such a position, to assume the responsibilities that parents expect from tutors and schoolmasters who are highly paid for them. If a farmer be selected with care, a youth will get kindness, plenty of plain food and a decent roof to sleep under; but he will have to work as other people work in those countries, and not upon any preconceived lines of his own or his friends at home.

Now comes the question, is this a desirable course for the young emigrant? To generalize on the matter would be idle, as everything depends on the youth, an important item which is too apt to be forgotten. For about half probably of the young men who emigrate, a course like this is the very best they could possibly follow. They can stand it perfectly well and will be contented. Having said this much there is no need of more, since no one can dispute

¹ *Chores.* The American term for the duties round the house and farm-buildings.

its efficiency. For the other part, the less robust, the very young, the half-hearted (I am speaking now solely of Canada), it is not judicious; some it would injure, and some it would disgust with their career who might be by gentler means nursed eventually into tolerable settlers.

For this latter division there is no alternative but to pay a premium. "Oh, do not do this whatever you do," shouts some one who has been on a tour in America or has a relation there, and is of course an expert. Well then, do not; and by all means send your hopeful in the fashion above indicated, but you must not in such case abuse Canadian farmers and the country generally if he breaks down or writes home piteous tales about having to clean out stables and cut wood and do all sorts of vile menial things unbecoming an English gentleman. Seriously, however, there are a great number of young fellows for whom a less hard and more refined existence is at first at any rate desirable. To expect this (except now and again by accident) without paying for it is as foolish as it is unreasonable.

Both in Canada and the States, from the far north-west to the extreme south-east, there are any number of English gentlemen, and many Americans of the same class, respectable, educated married men whose home life is in all important details practically identical with that of gentlefolks living quietly in this country, and entirely different and naturally so from that of the farmers of whom we have already treated. Many of these people are in the habit of taking a pupil or two, and are better qualified to do them justice than two-thirds of the farmers in this country to whom pupils are sent at high premiums. To expect people of this class to burden themselves for nothing with an inmate of the kind under consideration, as I have said, is foolish. English parents have only to ask themselves upon what conditions they would expect their friends and neighbours in this country

to receive their sons. Why the same class of people, living after much the same fashion, because their home happens to be across the Atlantic should be expected to value the privacy of the domestic circle less, or be more indifferent to the incubus of a strange youth who may be a nuisance and must be a responsibility, is a mystery! Yet in that happy confusion of mind which causes so many people in this country to class all farmers and all districts in America together, I have heard people speak of men, their equals in every respect and living quite as comfortably in a colony or the States, as almost dishonest because they charge about half the amount for a pupil that would be asked in England! Where is the difference between the two cases? Is it because butcher's meat is three-pence a pound less and flour a fraction cheaper? If so, groceries and household incidentals of almost every kind are infinitely dearer, servants are twice as much and harder both to keep and to get, so that a boarder in a household presided over by ladies (and it is to this kind that I particularly allude) is in every way a greater trouble than in England. Why then, in heaven's name, should the English parent expect to get for nothing what they would cheerfully pay £100 or £150 a year for in England? Oh! but the work the young man does on the farm, I think I hear some one say. By all means let us not forget this! The old experienced settler who has seen a generation or two of farm-cadets come out round him, would wax cynical at the idea and shake his head with a grim smile. Still, for the sake of argument, we will suppose that the half of such pupils do work amounting to the value of £20 in the year. As the terms charged are often not more than £60 or £80 a year, the suppositious work-estimate does not greatly affect the question as a whole. Moreover, if we begin calculations, we should most certainly have to admit the claims of the other

side for damage and risk of damage to horses and machinery, a very real and ever present difficulty among pupils, and the risk also of getting a black sheep who cannot at such a distance be shipped off at a moment's notice as in England, and for whose baneful presence no money can adequately compensate.

However, the question has long ago been settled by more potent forces than argument; namely, those of common sense and demand and supply. If English parents want to place their sons in homes beyond the Atlantic where they will be looked after, they have always had to pay for it, and to the end of the chapter will always have to do so; simply because it is not worth this class of settlers' while to think of an arrangement under any other terms, and it never will be. Those who do not like paying have always, as I have pointed out, the alternative of the ordinary farmer's household, where it is simply a question of food, good shelter, hard work, and a speedy dismissal if the youth prove troublesome or idle,—a totally different existence from that to which an English youth has been accustomed. But it is not such a hard alternative as it seems. It must always be remembered that, contrary to most ventures, it is the failures in emigration, not the successes, that we mostly hear of. The latter pursue their useful and unostentatious lives in distant lands, doing yeomen's service in the cause of civilization, and not trumpeting their affairs upon the house-top. The failure returns upon the hands of his friends, cursing the country and everybody connected with it. Indeed he would not be human if he did not endeavour to minimise his own share in his want of success at the expense of the land that has rejected him and the people with whom he cannot assimilate himself.

In many parts of the United States, and particularly in the South, it is either inadvisable or impossible for the English gentleman's son to go at first

as a worker without a premium to the only class of farmers who would entertain such a proposal. In much of the South social prejudice, though no longer hostile to manual labour in itself, would not understand it in this particular connection, and the presence of the negro complicates matters still further. Isolated exceptions there are of young men having gone as hired men to Southern farmers and planters. But even if such terms could be often made, the arrangements would, and when made generally do, turn out unsatisfactory to all parties, for reasons obvious to any one who knows this part of the United States.

So far as British North America is concerned, fortunate in the long run is the young Englishman who has the pluck, strength, and energy to accommodate himself to the work and condition of life of the regular native working farmer. His chance of success when he becomes a farmer himself is greater than that of those who are compelled to purchase easier and more comfortable lives. The compassion that is lavished on the former by foolish people would be resented by no one more than the better kind of such young men themselves. It is not even as if their life under such conditions was to know no change. Most of them look forward to becoming farmers and landowners themselves, and such a prospect not only lightens toil and lends it an interest, but gives the future a fascination that requires to have been felt to be understood.

It is often said that after all farming in the colonies at the best means only a living with hard work. For the sake of argument let this be granted; even then is the colonist in this respect worse off than the ordinary breadwinner at home? Financial success comes only to a very few of the latter, and for such the question of emigration never probably arose, so that they may be left out of the reckoning. But why is the average man who leads the monotonous and conventional life of an educated wage-earner in London,

and just manages to make both ends meet, more to be envied than his brother who has a fruit-farm in California or a ranch in Colorado, and just contrives to do the same? Many colonists, no doubt, miss their vocation and bemoan their lot, but a considerable experience leads me to assert without fear of contradiction that a majority of those who are making a living abroad would not, if they had the chance, change places with their friends at home in offices or banks, and great numbers would regard such an exchange with a horror and disgust that is almost comical.

The dwellers in transatlantic cities are inclined to sneer at the bucolic tendencies of the English gentleman emigrant, and as it is this class that, when any talking or writing is to be done on the subject, take the chief hand in it, a few words on the subject may not be out of place. The two chief reasons for this attitude are, firstly, these people are seldom able to realize the competition in England which makes the emigration of so many of her gently-nurtured sons a necessity, and secondly, their own young men are distinctly urban in their inclinations. They hate the country and farming life. I do not wish to argue as to which is the best, but simply to state facts. The young Canadian's idea of a happy life and a "good time" is totally different from that to which most young Englishmen of the better class have been brought up. He would a great deal sooner measure tape or sell shoes across a counter than work a farm, though he owned it himself. Ambition and money-making have something to do with this, but by no means everything. Given

even the same remuneration and prospects, he prefers to be in town and in a crowd. To drive young ladies about in buggies, or sit around the hotel doors of a country town, is the acme of felicity to the average young American provincial. He has a sort of notion that he is then seeing life. He despises the quiet of his father's or grandfather's farm, and takes on a veneer of polish which gives him an air of social superiority, as such things are judged in the limited sphere of a small town, over the farming folk from whom he has sprung. The young Englishman, whether rightly or wrongly, takes a different view of things. He very often, by traditions that are not easily eradicated, really loves the country, and, though quite unused to toil, will often labour cheerfully in the field while he would look with dislike and contempt on the lighter labours of measuring tape or retailing sugar. I am not concerned to defend him, whether I sympathize with his feelings or not, but simply state a fact, by not comprehending which American writers and talkers on this subject are often sadly astray. This attitude towards shopkeeping on the part of young Englishmen often appears snobbish on the other side of the Atlantic. I do not think however that it is so bad, or so illogical, or so pitiful as the snobbishness of the half-polished townsman who sneers at the industry by which his fathers made the country and their successors carry it on—a common enough feature to any one familiar with the under-currents of transatlantic life, and a common enough lament of American newspapers for the last twenty years.

A FORTY-POUND SALMON.

A FORTY-POUND salmon, a real salmon of forty honest pounds, is—off a fishmonger's slab—a somewhat rare object. Many men have been after such a fish for many years, and yet have failed to get him;—to get him out of the water, that is to say—for he has very often been hooked. Like the first perfect Aldine Virgil, which the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Beckford pursued fruitlessly all their lives, the forty-pounder is not for them. But Fortune sometimes gives her gifts to the most unworthy, and I wish now to relate the capture of such a fish; for of great deeds it is fit and proper that accounts should be kept, lest scoffers should arise hereafter and ask—where are your authorities? Who shall say that otherwise some antiquary, some Joseph Hazlewood of the future, might not get hold of the story at the wrong end, and three or four hundred years hence relate to an audience lost in admiration at his research, how the fish was caught by a Lutheran road-maker called Campbell; how it weighed not forty pounds, but thirty-two, and finally, how it was not caught in the Awe at all, but in the Yellow Flag on the Orchy.

In the year 1884, a keeper of Lord Breadalbane's lived on the banks of the Awe. He had fished the beautiful river for over thirty years, and in all that time he had never killed a salmon which weighed more than seven and thirty pounds. Then came the wondrous year 1885, and he got one of forty-five pounds. A week or two after he got another of forty-six, for joys as well as sorrows sometimes come in battalions. The netters at the mouth of the river killed that spring four other fish which weighed up to and over forty pounds. One fine day, when sauntering down the side of the river, I met a friend; behind him was his

keeper, and this keeper was staggering along under the weight of the father of all Awe salmon. The passage to the cruive which lies on the little island above Inverawe had been all too narrow for this monster, and he had been choked on his way up; fifty-six pounds was his weight, and a marvellous specimen of piscatorial beauty he was. These make up a list of seven salmon, seven forties; but eight were killed in the Awe that summer, and it is of the eighth I would now write.

Most people who have travelled between Loch Awe and Oban, must have noticed a great rock in the pass of Brander, standing up just where the loch ends and the river begins. At the present time and for a good many years back this rock has been encircled by a gangway, so that a man can pass quickly from the top pool—the highest pool in the river—to the second one. Twenty years ago there was no gangway, and any one hooking a fish on the top water had either to hold him and kill him there, or to follow him downwards,—by wading at the foot of the rock, or by climbing the steep bank above. The wading could only be done when the river was low, and the climbing was a serious business to even a strong active man, weighted as he must be with a heavy rod. Such a one was in luck if he did not find his hundred and twenty yards of line all out before the crest was gained and he was able to get a pull on his enemy. What the feelings of a short fat person—old perhaps, and scant of breath—were, when he was told he had to climb the crest before he could go down the river, it would be difficult to express. Many a good fish was lost at that rock, and a cruel blast of vituperation must have been directed at it periodically for a great number of years.

The top pool is called—the Top Pool. It is not an interesting bit of water to fish, being sluggish, and also too much protected by the hill on the south, which rises pretty steeply above it. This hill-side is covered with sharp-edged fragments from the crags above, and the least touch of a tempered hook on one of them means ruin—for the hook. With a west wind a man can get out a good long line if he keep his hand high, but with an east wind the smash is only a question of time, unless the angler reel up like a sensible man when he has only half his proper cast out. I have lost many flies on that rough slope, but unless there was a good bit of gut attached it was almost hopeless searching for them. Flies lost by other people were plentiful,—old rusted useless things; but the Blue Doctor or the Thunder and Lightning of the day was rarely to be found. Many hundreds of flies must lie among these stones; there was a battle fought on that very ground some centuries ago, and perhaps in the course of ages,—when the salmon becomes an extinct and forgotten animal—they may be discovered, and set down by the antiquaries of the district as the barbed weapons which the Bruce used with such terrible effect on his enemies.

Though this top water is not very pretty to look at it is very holding for fish, and when it is in order it is perhaps the most certain pool on the river; it has moreover the advantage of fishing when all the rest of the Awe is a roaring useless torrent. The second stretch is called the Disputed Pool, owing its name to one of the little squabbles which often arise on a salmon-river; the burn which used to be the march changed its course one night, and now the place is claimed both by Breadalbane and Inverawe. This second bit of water is pleasant to fish, though here again the south bank rises too abruptly. There is a large stone in the middle of the pool towards the tail, and when there are salmon in the river one of them generally takes up his position behind it, and sits waiting

for its prey; if he is caught or driven away, another will soon take his place.

The top of the Brander Rock was a good watch-tower on a bright day, for by carefully examining the water you could in a short time generally make out what was in the Lower Pool. Many, many years ago this rock-top was—strange as it may seem—part of the main track from Glasgow to the West. The cut on the hill is still plainly to be seen; the route was over the rock, and along the pass to Ardanaiseig, then by two ferries to Innishail and Cladich, and so to Inverary.

Lying then on this old road one fine June morning, and watching where the stone was I saw a fish turn on his side; I saw the gleam on his belly, and his tail, and I knew that he was a good and worthy salmon. Two or three flies of different sizes are all that a man needs on the Awe, and the Thunder and Lightning which I put over him is perhaps the best of them,—the river was big, and the fish was big, and so the fly was big also. The latter had travelled some way past the sunken stone when the fish took it; there was a little splash,—not much; the electric shock which a junction of this sort always produces was communicated to the fisherman's heart, and the perfect line of beauty,—the curve of strained rod and line—was immediately formed.

Often a big fish hooked in this pool gives but little trouble. He swims aimlessly about in circles, makes a few desperate lunges for twenty or thirty yards or so,—as if to show what he could do if he liked,—and then comes into the bank, and gets his *quietus* without any fuss or bother. Sometimes he spends a good deal of his time in sulking at the bottom, or rubbing his nose slowly along the rocks there, and these peculiarities have more than once exposed honest anglers to the derision of the other sex,—bold in their ignorance. “What nonsense to talk about salmon-fishing being exciting,” I heard a girl once say, after watching a sulking fish for twenty minutes or so. “Why, I thought you had to run after

them as hard as you could,—all over the river. And here you have been nearly two hours with that one, and we have never even seen it!" "If you had been here at half-past four the other morning you would have seen some running about," I replied apologetically; "but a heavy fish is often rather sluggish." I really felt quite ashamed of the way he was behaving. "Oh yes," said the girl; "I dare say they do run about—at four in the morning, when there is no one to see them. I believe that your fish is a chub." And she went off with her pretty nose in the air.

My fish, after a few heavy lunges out moved up the stream and betook himself to the top water, but not finding it altogether to his taste he soon came back to his old quarters. It is not an easy matter to tell even the approximate size of a salmon at first, but there was something about the feel of this one—a peculiar resistance in him as he moved in stately fashion up and down the pool—that made me feel certain he was a heavy customer. When he had been on for more than half an hour we had seen nothing of him,—except the glimpse of his tail when he took the fly.

"Collie," I said to the keeper who was with me, "I think he is a big one."

"I think he is," said Collie, staring at the line where it slowly cut the water.

"I think he is very big," I repeated; "I think he is thirty pounds."

"He may be," replied Collie cautiously. He did not approve of committing himself to any rash statement so early in the day.

For more than an hour that salmon's tactics were the same—he would take a heavy plunge across the pool to where the broken water began. Then, when I thought he was off down the river, he would come back again, and as if tired with his little exertion, sink to the bottom, and remain perfectly motionless. No pulling at him, no jarring the rod, would make him

move. The last resource of anglers had to be tried, and Collie, after many a warning as to the danger of cutting the gut, would pitch a stone in below him; this would make the fish move a few yards further up; on being dislodged from this second position he would judge it time to make one of his little runs, and so the whole performance would be repeated. Ah, if a salmon only knew his own strength! I have often thought that if for his sins a man was turned into such a creature what fun he might have.

There was once a wicked man fishing on the Orchy. The river had been in bad condition all the week; on a Saturday it was rather big, and all men knew that the next day it would be perfection. "It's always so," growled an old general, who had to leave on the Monday. "We ought to keep the Jewish Sabbath up here." These were idle words, but the man above-mentioned believed in deeds. He said he would walk home; he hid his rod on the bank, and on the Sunday, when the rest of his brethren were grumbling at the bridge of Orchy, and spending their time in throwing stones into the river, he was seven miles up the glen. The fish he got was laid in hiding also, and the next day produced as a legitimate Monday's salmon, and the whole business might have remained unknown except to his own wicked heart if the fox-hunter of the district—a man used to keeping his eyes open—had not spied the whole performance from the hillside. Supposing such a one, in punishment for his sins, was to be changed into a fish, what a life he might lead! What chance would the most skilful angler, armed with the strongest tackle, have against him? What sport to take the fly, to lead its owner a mad race down the river, and then—when the latter was carefully reeling in, and thought the prize was his own—to swim two or three times round a stone, and quietly sit there with tail at nose! It would be delightful too, when other ignorant fish were inclined

to rise, to come out from one's hiding-place, and lash the whole pool into foam before the astonished eyes of the fisherman. One or two fish of this sort would soon frighten away the keenest sportsman from a beat.

To get back to my own fish; he had been so far merely biding his time, feeling his strength like a wrestler or prize-fighter, and he was going to make a desperate struggle for his beautiful life. Now he shifted his ground, and took up his post at the tail of the pool in shallow water, ever edging down little by little. It is a question when a fish does this if it is not the best policy to humour him, to get below him, and then perhaps,—from the mere spirit of contradiction—he will go back to his old place. There lives during the season on the banks of the Awe a tall man, a master of his craft. I once told him that I had spent half an hour in trying to keep an unwilling fish in the disputed pool. "Then why did you?" he said, "Why not let him go down? One place is as good as another to kill a fish in"—and to him who knew every inch of the river, every eddy and rock and hidden stone, perhaps it is. But the Awe is no placid gently-flowing stream like the Thurso or the Eden or the Tweed. When it is low it looks, to people in the train above, like an insignificant Highland burn,—a small body of water running down a very stony bed. When it is high it is a strong, wild, rough water, full of streams and swirls. In many rivers it makes little difference where the fish goes; if he declines to come in at the Maiden's Rock, the Devil's Hole—a little further down—will do just as well for him and you. I was, however, happier when a salmon stayed in the top water; there are many sharp-edged rocks lower down, both below and above the water, and there is moreover an island a little way below the Brander, and with high water the side channel was troublesome to cross. So I tried to keep the creature where he was, and I instructed Collie to pitch stones just

below him and so frighten him up. Stones are plentiful on the Awe, and Collie for some time kept up a hot fire. But the salmon had made up his mind to go down. Hitherto he had done little more than keep on a heavy, continuous strain, but he now began to give ominous wallops with his tail, and it was no use holding on to him any more. The rod was a powerful one, and the tackle was good and new; and so,—with an instantaneous photograph of all the bad rocks on the upper part of the river printed on the eye of my mind—I shortened line and got a little below him.

Up till now we had so to speak neither seen nor felt him. He went down the rapids to what is called the Shallow Pool, taking out most of my line in the rush, and at the end of it he jumped almost clean out of the water, as if he had been a small trout. There can hardly be a more appalling apparition to a fisherman than to see his hooked salmon swimming *upstream*—directly opposite to him—when the reel is nearly empty and a hundred yards of line are bellying out in a vast curve below. This was once the case here; once he stopped on his downward career, and came back at such a pace that I could not wind up quick enough. The strain on the tackle and on the hold must have been very great, but nothing gave, and after this experiment he kept his course—a wild one it was—towards the sea. Now he was shooting through the rapids like a torpedo, the line cutting the water behind him like a thin bar of steel; now he was going down broadside on, and showing his vast bulk—a huge yellow-white monster, lying athwart the stream, half in and half out—a fearful sight to behold.

We passed the island—a desperate plunge carried me over the rounded stones in the smaller channel, but very nearly did I get hooked up in the old holly which stands on it—past the fank, and the ruin of the old keeper's house, and the place where the smugglers used to carry up the barley on their backs.

I thought how Lord Spencer was once taken down to the bridge of Awe from somewhere about here, and got smashed—or did not get smashed, for accounts varied—on the stone-work of that ancient causeway. I thought of the still more wondrous tale of another greatly daring angler, who got through, or over, or under, the bridge somehow, and was carried on past Inverawe to the sea,—to Loch Etive, and how his fearful fish was still strong there. How he had to take to a boat, and how he killed his salmon somewhere about the falls of Connel,—man, fish, and boat all equally done up. What day with the Quorn or the Pytchley could compare with this?

It was hard work running along that slippery bank, and it was ghastly work stumbling about among the water-worn and slippery stones; a slip here would mean the loss of the fish, and therefore of all peace and happiness for many days. Once in his vehemence he nearly went ashore on the north side, and I pictured myself doing what a gillie did on the river a little lower down. This man hooked a fish, which jumped ashore on the opposite bank—into a little rock pool, cut off from the river,—and the tackle broke. The gillie was a plucky fellow; he divested himself of his clothes, and swam across, and secured his prize. But he could not swim back again with it; and so, on that bright summer morning the dwellers in the district were edified by the sight of a man walking up to and across the railway-bridge and down the other shore, whose only garment—so to speak—was a salmon,

It is hard work holding up a heavy rod for nearly an hour and a half, and running down such a place as I have described with a fish plunging and rolling about the eighteenth part of a mile ahead of one; with one's heart in one's mouth at the awful momentary slackness which could not be avoided; with a cold thrill running through one's body when a fateful slip was nearly

made; with the perspiration streaming down one's face and the thought flashing through one's mind that perhaps after all he would get off. Such are the joys of anglers,—the gentle emotions raised in the human frame by the placid amusement of fishing!

Some people may say,—What nonsense! why could he not pull him in—reel him up? Try and reel in an unbroken colt with a thin cord round his body, knowing that your whole life after would be a blank if the cord broke. From one dangerous rock I did keep him—from one often fatal place I did manage to pull him aside; but for the most part I was content to keep as tight a hold on him as I could; in trying to get him away from Scylla I was like enough to drive him into the whirlpool.

But all things have an end. Collie, who had had the cork on and off the gaff twenty times, had now his chance. I saw him wade into the river and cover behind a stone—I saw him stretch out the long sharp hook, awaiting the fish, as it came swaling down,—I saw him strike, as if, upon the vigour of his stroke depended the safety of Scotland—and stagger, and then—with indiscribable relief—I felt the strain taken off my arms. The fish was ours!

"He's forty pounds, Collie!" I shrieked. "He's more! He's fifty!"

For once in his life Collie was unmindful of his caution, and the stern coming judgment of the steel-yard.

"He's sixty!" said Collie, with a solemnity of countenance I shall never forget.

He was a few ounces over forty,—perfectly fresh from the sea. But if he had managed, after displaying himself to us on the bank, to roll into the water again and get off, I do not think that I should have been able to hand him down to tradition as being an ounce under Collie's estimate.

THE SMOKE-PLAGUE AND ITS REMEDY.

AFTER a hundred years of commercialism we have learned to breathe dirt as well as eat it. Somehow and by unperceived degrees in the pursuit of mere gain we have become callous and insensitive to matters even more important, and have habituated ourselves to evils which would shock the æsthetic sense of savages. Nearly six centuries ago, when coal first came to London from Newcastle and supplanted the wood and charcoal before used as fuel, the Londoners, horrified by the smoke created, protested against it; and Edward the Second issued an edict forbidding the use of sea-coal. But to-day our manufacturers boldly make their boast in smoke, as a sign of prosperity and an advertisement of commercial success.

The Smoke Abatement Exhibition, however, of a few years back, did something to alter this state of things; and, after a short lull in public interest, the movement which is taking place to-day in the northern towns—notably in Bolton and Manchester, but also in Bradford, Halifax, Sheffield, and other "hell-holes"—combined with what has already been done in London, and with the fact that the spirit of commercialism itself is on the wane, gives ground for hope that at no very distant date we may see a complete revolution in this matter.

It is hardly necessary to enter at length into a discussion of the evils of smoke,—though it is quite probable that the public from long habit does not by any means realize their full extent. A foreigner, walking with me one day through the streets of Sheffield, said, "Well, I never was in a place before where the dirt *jumped up and hit you in the face!*" And any one who has witnessed, from some vantage point on the hills, the smoke resting

over such towns as Sheffield or Manchester on a calm fine day—the hideous black impenetrable cloud blotting out the sunlight, in which the very birds cease to sing,—will have wondered how it was possible for human beings to live under such conditions. It is probable, in fact, that they do not live. There seems to be evidence to show that the inhabitants of London and our large manufacturing towns die out after three or four generations, unless reinforced by fresh blood from the country.

Early in February, 1880, a dense fog hung over London. The long-continued and intense gloom, accompanied by cold, largely increased the mortality; and whereas the death-rate for the week ending January 24th was 27·1 in 1,000, that for the week ending February 7th had risen to the enormous figure of 48·1 in 1,000. The total deaths in London for the latter week were in fact 3,376, which was 1,657 above the average for the time of year; while of these, 1,557 were due to diseases of the respiratory organs, which number was again 1,118 above the average. While doubtless some portion of the deaths were due to the increased cold, it is pretty clear that the number to be attributed to this cause was only small, from the fact that while the death-rate in this foggy week in London rose to 48·1, the death-rate for the same week in nineteen provincial towns, where an equal cold prevailed but no fog, was only 26·3. Again, in the foggy week of December, 1873, the deaths in London were more than 700 above the average; and though some of these no doubt were due to causes arising indirectly out of the state of the atmosphere, such as accidents, the great majority must be ascribed to the actual vitiation of the air. On

December 10th, during a great part of the day "it was not possible to see across a narrow street, and in the evening a choking sensation [not, alas ! a very uncommon thing !] was felt in breathing. . . . Of three young men who were out together in the evening of the worst fog, two immediately fell ill from its effects, and died, and the third had a sharp attack of illness. Thousands of people were thrown so much out of health that they did not recover for some weeks" (*London Fogs*, by Hon. R. Russell, F.M.S.). And, to complete the tragedy, many of the fat cattle exhibited at the Great Show at Islington actually died then and there of suffocation !

Dr. Leigh, formerly medical officer for Manchester, in a report to the Corporation of that city, gives us the solid and gaseous constituents of ordinary coal-smoke tabulated as follows. *Solid Constituents* : black fuliginous matter, salts of ammonia, bituminous or tarry matter. *Gaseous Constituents* : carbonic oxide, carburetted hydrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, sulphurous acid. Of these, the first, or black fuliginous matter, is simply the common "black," with which we are all so pleasantly acquainted, which hits us, as my friend said, so playfully in the face, or descends so gracefully upon the tip of our nose ; which sometimes showers down like rain in the streets of our great cities, or at other times, mixed with actual rain, paints our clothes, our faces, our public buildings, and even the statues of our great men in that funereal colour which is supposed by frivolous foreigners to accord with our national temperament ; sometimes driven by the wind it pelts through our streets like a kind of Tartarean snow ; at others again it searches into our dwelling-houses and settles with charming impartiality on floors and tables, on clean curtains and snowy linen, vexing and distracting the patient housewife. In the case of old people dying after a prolonged residence in large towns considerable accumulations of

black matter are often found in the bronchial glands, and even in the lungs. Sometimes, indeed, these sooty accumulations actually cause a lesion of the lung itself. That the irritation caused by these sooty particles, combined with the gaseous products which accompany them, is a plentiful source of disease, cannot be doubted when the death-rates of London and the manufacturing districts are compared with the death-rates of the agricultural parts of England. Dr. Leigh, in the aforesaid report, gives the deaths occurring in 1883 from diseases of the respiratory organs per one million persons : For Cheshire and Lancashire, 4,381 ; for London, 4,365 ; for Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, 2,979 ; and for Sussex, Hants, Berks, and parts of Surrey and Kent, 2,835. In Sheffield, for 1885, the death-rate for diseases of the respiratory organs (not including phthisis) was 5.05, or close upon a quarter of the total death-rate !

With regard to the gaseous products of our smoke—all of which are more or less deadly—it may be remarked that the first three on the above list are the results of imperfect combustion, and are wholly unnecessary. "From the chimney of a perfect furnace," says Dr. Leigh, "nothing ought to be evolved but invisible carbonic acid, sulphurous acid, and watery vapour." All gases, however, when free, are rapidly diffused in the general atmosphere, and little inconvenience would result from these were they not detained near the ground by the soot which largely absorbs them, and by the watery fogs which—as we shall presently see—are often actually caused by the presence of smoke.

And besides the danger to life and such minor matters as damage to eyesight, injuries from street-accidents, &c., arising from the obscuration of our light, there is the damage to property. This last is enormous, but difficult to estimate. "Almost everything suffers," writes Mr. Russell in his *London Fogs*, "from granite quays and columns and the stony surface of the Houses of Parliament to the most delicate satins and silks and coloured fabrics of all kinds. The soot

and carbon particles deposited on the stone, being charged with sulphurous and carbonic acid, eat away its substance and make renewals necessary at great cost. . . . All monuments, statues, and gilding rapidly lose their brightness and whiteness. Iron rusts far more rapidly than in the country, and other metals quickly oxidise. Galvanised iron and bronze do not endure. Mortar swells and crumbles; and many expensive textile fabrics can hardly be exposed to London air without rapid deterioration." Houses require frequent painting and whitewashing within and without; names of streets and stations, shop-fronts and signboards want constant renovation. Pictures, tapestry, fine needlework, books, engravings, sculpture are injured, sometimes irreparably. Curtains, blinds, and all kinds of clothing, hangings, and apparel, become discoloured and dirty and demand endless washing. What all this amounts to in money it would be impossible to say. In London alone it has been estimated at millions of pounds yearly. The Houses of Parliament are so damaged by smoke that the cost of surface renewal amounts to £2,500 a year on the average; and Cleopatra's Needle, which has endured unchanged for scores of centuries on the banks of the Nile, is already hastening to decay in the murky fogs of the Thames. Then there is the sheer waste which is involved in our sending thousands of tons of unburnt coal up through our chimneys into the sky. It has been estimated that in London alone there must be at least 100,000 tons thus belched forth annually, and this does not include the fact that of that which is actually burnt a large proportion is wasted, since, owing to the defectiveness of our heating-arrangements, only a small fraction of the heat evolved is really made use of.

Further, to come to the evils which flow indirectly from our present system—what may be called the moral evils—these cannot be estimated in money. They are voiceless, tragic, immeasurable. The blighting of the lives

of the poor—especially of the children—the removal of all brightness and sunshine from their surroundings, their condemnation to live in courts and alleys steeped in grime, where not even a plant will grow in the window, and where a perpetual pall hides the face of the sky—what shall we say to that? Is it an evil which can be measured? The workers, producers of the nation's riches, dying by thousands and thousands, choked in the reek of their own toil; the aimlessness, hopelessness, hideousness of such a life; the folly of the nation that allows it to continue! The mere struggle with dirt itself in the more smoke-ridden quarters of our towns is one of the most depressing and demoralizing things conceivable. The scrupulous and careful housewife, coming perhaps from clean country quarters, wages at first a plucky warfare with the filthy enemy. But she is invaded from all sides. Smoke and soot entering by door and window give her no rest. No sooner is cleaning done than it has to be begun again. Furniture, linen, windows, floors, even the very food on the table—everything is defiled. And at last, worn out, beaten in the unequal struggle, she either succumbs to sickness, or resigns herself to become a slut and a sloven like those around her. Lastly but not least, comes the destruction for all of us by smoke of that supreme beauty of Nature which is one of the most precious things in our lives. I am not alluding to the lack of beauty in our towns and their immediate surroundings, where dark-clothed, populations go their obscure way through dirty streets under a dirty sky, engaged chiefly in the consideration as they go, of what furniture they will buy, what curtains for their windows, what clothes for their backs, which will least show the dirt in which they are steeped. In such places we have almost forgotten what beauty is. But I am alluding to the enormous tracts of country, over which now, owing to our filthy habits, a thin film of smoke floats, not pre-

venting the ordinary operations of life, but blurring the perfect purity of the sky, and obscuring the lands with a sense of sadness in which the birds and the flowers unconsciously but inevitably share. It is sad, but it is a fact, that over the whole of Staffordshire, Cheshire, the beautiful Peak country of Derbyshire, large portions of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, and Nottinghamshire, this last purity of the sky is gone. There is hardly a tract in these regions, hardly a day in the year, when the sky can be seen down to the horizon. The same is true of the country for miles and miles round London, and in a lesser degree round Glasgow and other provincial centres. That last fringe of the sky, the most delicate in its colouring, the most suggestive in its beauty—whether in the clear midday, when it descends dappled with lessening groups of fleecy clouds, paler and paler, to the utmost limits of sight; or when at morning or evening it palpitates with green and gold flame-tints; or in winter when it glistens white with the reflection of distant snows—that last fringe, with all its wonderful suggestion and meaning, is hidden from us by the least trace of smoke. When this comes the gods depart; the divine message of the landscape fades away, and we see the trees and hills—but nothing more. I say that for miles and miles our great towns with their insane and wasteful smoke-clouds thus blight our lands. I have watched the smoke from one chimney in a rural district traversing the country for five or six miles in a continuous line; I have seen the smoke of London at Brighton, fifty miles away; I have *tasted* the sulphury exhalations of Sheffield twenty miles off, in the heart of the Derbyshire Peak. To-day in order to see a clear sky, to breathe a pure air, one must seek it out—for the greater part of our land is lost under a pall—the funereal pall of a people that prefers riches to the sight of the face of God.

And if the consideration of the mere loss of the vision of the majesty and

beauty of Nature does not move us, let me introduce another fact in this connection, which is more tangible and measurable—a matter of climate and of agriculture. It is a scientific fact, now well established, that the formation of clouds and fogs is largely due to the presence of dust and other particles in the atmosphere. “When vapour of water is present in the air,” says Sir Douglas Galton, “it will be deposited on any particles which are floating in the air, and thus form a visible fog. It will deposit on the pollen of plants in the open country, and the haze on a summer’s day is frequently due to this. It will deposit on particles of salt in the air near the sea, on the dust in our towns . . . it deposits readily on sulphur fumes.” Well, there is a common impression that the climate of England is not so fair as it used to be in the good old times. What if there be a truth in this—that the climate is worse, that there is more rain, more cloud, more cold, more fog—and that we have made it so? After a careful study of the midland districts of England, and comparison of them with other parts, I feel now next to no doubt that the continued cloud we experience over them is largely due to the continual presence of a thin film of smoke from our manufacturing centres, covering the country for hundreds, nay thousands, of square miles. This film of smoke may be in some cases very slight, but it is there, and it is sufficient to form a nucleus for the condensation of vapour. Round the thin, almost invisible, smoke-cloud a true cloud forms, only too visible—a dull leaden canopy, obscuring the sun, darkening the air, and on many days determining itself in a slow and melancholy drizzle. Underneath this veil the waters hang on the lands, evaporating not, the crops ripen slowly, or fail for want of sunlight, the harvests are poor, and we grow poor too—complaining to the gods of what our own folly has wrought.

And now, having sketched the evils

resulting from our present habits, let us turn to the question of how they are to be remedied. Here let me say at once that they *can* be remedied. With existing scientific knowledge, with existing methods, with existing appliances, the smoke- nuisance might practically be abolished and become a thing of the past—and that too without any appreciable loss of material wealth, and very possibly with an increase of it. The real and main difficulty is that of public opinion,—to bring public opinion to a point where it will make an effort to understand the question, and understanding rouse itself to action; that is the difficulty we have to face to-day. The mechanical solutions of the question—though there may be better ones in store for us in the future—lie already to hand, waiting to be put into operation.

The various sources of coal-smoke may be roughly classified as follows: (1) boiler-furnaces; (2) heating and melting furnaces of all sorts; and (3) domestic chimneys. Of these, the domestic chimneys, except in London and the largest provincial towns, may for the present be neglected. In a city like York domestic smoke is not a serious trouble; it is the factory chimneys which are fast blackening the ancient minster. And of the two non-domestic sources of smoke, in most towns the boiler-furnaces are by far the more important, but in some cases—as where there are large iron-works—the heating-furnaces must not be by any means neglected.

To take then the boiler-furnaces first. More than thirty years ago Jukes applied a principle by which they could be rendered smokeless or nearly so. He caused the grates to be made of bars linked together, so as to form an endless chain passing round two drums, one situated at the front and one at the back of the fire. By a revolution of the drums, the fire was thus caused slowly to recede from the front, where the fuel was laid on, to the back, where what remained of it fell over in the form of ashes into the flue-bottom.

The smoke from the fresh fuel thus supplied in front near the fire-door had always to pass over incandescent fuel lying farther back, and was consumed; and if the speed of movement was properly regulated nothing but ashes fell over the drum at the back. The main points of this system are obviously the backward movement of the fire, and the supply of the fresh fuel always in front instead of all over the fire as in ordinary hand-firing. Some of the Jukes' furnaces are even now in operation, but they have been largely superseded by more effective and convenient applications of the same ideas. Of these the mechanical stokers of Vicars of Earlestown, Lancashire, of Sinclair of Leith, of Hodgkinson, and of Cass of Bolton, are the best known. Abandoning the endless chain of Jukes, they obtain the same result by an ingenious and alternating movement of solid fire-bars—the fire-bars move backward a small space of two or three inches all together, carrying the fire of course with them, then they return *one by one* into position, sliding under the fire; then, after an interval, they all move back together again, and so on—an arrangement which not only carries the fire continually backwards, but breaks it up, obviating the formation of "clinkers." The coals are fed, either by a shoot or by hand, into a hopper in the front of the furnace, whence by the movement of the machinery they fall or are pushed in a continuous but thin stream into the front of the fire. The small amount of smoke formed is instantly consumed, and it rarely happens, when three or four of these furnaces are all pouring their products of combustion into one chimney, that anything more than the slightest film can be seen issuing therefrom.

The four above-mentioned forms of mechanical stoker differ slightly from each other in constructive details which need not be dwelt upon, but they are all effective smoke-consumers,¹ and they

¹ For the benefit of Londoners I may mention that the tall chimney of the London Hydraulic Power Company at the south-east

all result in a distinct economy, not only through their prevention of smoke (which of course is unburnt, and therefore wasted fuel), but through the fact that they will utilise small coal or slack, when good "nuts" have to be used for hand-firing. The coal being fed on continuously in small quantities, the fineness of it is no hindrance to its ignition; and the economy depends on the relative prices of the slack and the larger coal happening to be available. In some cases this does not amount to much; in others it is considerable. The tests of the National Smoke Abatement Institution showed an economy of 28 per cent. in the use of the Vicars' stoker over ordinary hand-firing, in London. Mr. Herbert Fletcher in his pamphlet on the Smoke Nuisance, says of the Penicuik Paper Works in Edinburgh that the Sinclair machine-furnaces having been applied to sixteen boilers "had saved them £1,500 a year for nine years." Mr. Fletcher himself uses a mechanical stoker made by Cass—with improvements of his own—and assures me that on three boilers he now consumes ninety-two tons of fine slack per week—worth about two shillings a ton—whereas with the former hand-firing he burnt a nearly equal quantity of coal worth three times as much! In his pamphlet, after describing the apparatus which he uses, he says, "The cost of this apparatus and the small engine to drive it was £100 per boiler, but this amount admits probably of considerable reduction. Ordinary hand-fire grates cost £25. Each of these boilers would drive £40,000 worth of modern mill-plant. The cost to such an establishment of the application of such a machine to two boilers would be, therefore, only one-half per cent. on the above capital; yet we are told by members of Parliament and magistrates—themselves, however, offenders—that any such compulsory expendi-

ture would shackle the trade of the country! I hope," he continues, "that I have now redeemed my promise to describe how I entirely prevent smoke, and that I have removed the possibility of any sympathy with those who produce it and plead ignorance of the means of prevention or cost as their excuse."

Besides smoke-prevention and economy of fuel, it may be mentioned that the above stokers maintain steam at high pressure without the necessity of opening the fire-doors and admitting a rush of cold air—an important point; that they economize the labour of firemen; and that their evaporative efficiency—say nine pounds of water for one pound of fuel—is as good as any results obtained by hand-firing. The chief objection that has been urged against them is that they cannot be pushed, when there is a great rush of work on, quite so rapidly as can be done (with great waste, be it said, of fuel, and production of masses of smoke) by hand-firing. This objection, for what it is worth, holds perhaps more against the older forms of mechanical stoker than against the more modern—which generally admit of hand-firing if absolutely necessary, simultaneously with the mechanical feeding; and arises largely from the rush of modern commercial competition, and the desire to make a limited number of boilers do an ever-increasing quantity of work. The "sprinkling" stokers of Bennis and of Proctor—which throw the fuel in small quantities all over the grate—will meet emergencies rather quicker than the before-mentioned forms; but though they consume a large portion of the smoke, they cannot be said to be entirely satisfactory in this respect. The reluctance, in fact, to extend boiler-room, and consequent tendency to "push" furnaces, whether hand-fired or otherwise, beyond their proper powers, is a prolific source of smoke; but it is just here, it would seem, that the pressure of public opinion in the form of authority is wanted, to prevent

end of Blackfriars Bridge receives the smoke-products of eight furnaces worked by mechanical stokers, yet the uninitiated would suppose from its usual appearance that the fires were simply not burning.

this sacrifice of public to private convenience. At any rate, in one or other form, the mechanical stokers are coming largely into use among the more enterprising manufacturers; and in them we have without doubt a solution of the smoke-problem as regards boiler-furnaces. What seems mainly required at the present time is more diffusion of information on the subject, and some amount of pressure such as shall bring the majority of manufacturers—who, like all majorities, are laggards—up into line with their more advanced brethren.

As regards heating-furnaces, we have a vast variety to consider—from the huge steel-heating, steel-melting, iron-heating, and iron-puddling furnaces which in some of our towns produce such terrific volumes of filth, through the glass-furnaces, potteries, brick-kilns, and so forth, down to the smaller furnaces and ovens for annealing china, staining glass, enamelling iron, toasting tobacco, or baking bread—some of which may be found in every centre of population. To fully consider all these would be beyond the scope of the present article; it is sufficient to say that by the use of gas every one of these forms has already been rendered perfectly smokeless. The Siemens' regenerative gas-furnaces are, as is well known, at present in use in a number of large iron-works. The bye-products of the manufacture of gas are now so valuable that some firms find it profitable to produce their own gas and heat their furnaces by means of it, instead of directly by the use of coal. The gas being mixed with air an intense heat is developed from it, but absolutely no smoke. Steel-melting requires an intense heat, and many large open-hearth steel-melting and several large heating-furnaces of this kind have been erected during the last few years. Some steel-heating, however (as of heavy ingots), requires a very low temperature, and I have heard manufacturers maintain that for these purposes a green fire (*i.e.*, a fire of im-

perfectly consumed coal, with smoke) is necessary. However that may be, these cases are not numerous, and one may fairly hope also that the necessity is not irremediable.

The gas used in the Siemens' process is of course not identical with the ordinary lighting-gas which we use. It contains a larger proportion of carbon-monoxide on the one hand, but on the other, it is weakened by the presence of a great quantity of nitrogen; and it is probable that Wilson's producer-gas or some kind of so-called water-gas will before long supersede the Siemens' gas. Any of these gases are cheaper than lighting-gas, and it would be quite possible for our works to supply a gas, specially for heating purposes, which would be much more calorific and far cheaper than the present one. Pending however this probable future supply—which we shall presently discuss—of a heating-gas through our mains instead of a lighting-gas, it may be mentioned that the ordinary lighting-gas is already largely used for heating small furnaces and ovens. Messrs. Gilson and Booer, of South-wark, have patented a gas-heated oven which for speed and uniformity of operation quite supersedes the older forms, and which is now in use for glass-staining, glass-bending, enamelling porcelain, toasting tobacco, and a variety of purposes. Bake-ovens are now frequently heated by the ordinary gas. The gas and air mixed are turned on in a large sheet of flame which in a very short time brings the oven to a great heat; the gas can then be turned out—there is no filthy sponging of the soot from the oven to be gone through—the bread can be immediately introduced, and when the first set is done, the flame can be turned on for ten minutes more, and the oven is ready for another baking. Any one who knows the dirt, delay and uncertainty attending the ordinary method of baking will readily appreciate the advantage of this change. As to economy, though the actual heating of an oven by lighting-gas is undoubtedly

more costly than the use of coal, yet when the ease and rapidity of operation, the prompt re-heating, and the general saving of labour and anxiety—not to mention the cleanliness and entire absence of smoke and sulphur—are taken into consideration, the total material advantage seems to be decidedly in favour of the modern method.

Perhaps I ought not here to omit mention of a coal-consuming furnace—Andrews' helix underfeeder—which is in use for many kinds of heating work, and for boilers as well—and which is absolutely effective as a smoke-consumer. By an ingenious arrangement of longitudinally revolving screws with wide thread the coal from the hopper is carried along in channels beneath the grate, and then forced up *under* the fire. The fire is thus always fed from below, and the gases from the fresh coal immediately consumed. Though not specially rapid this furnace is extremely effective and economical. It has been in use for six or seven years on a range of ten boilers at Messrs. Vickers' iron-works in Sheffield, and is in use also in heating-furnaces for steel ingots, in brew-pans, marine-engines, &c.

It will be seen then from these few remarks that the question of the prevention of smoke in heating-furnaces has been already solved by actual practice; and here, as in the use of boiler-furnaces, the problem of to-day is really not so much how to find a method as how to induce, persuade, or compel the laggard and prejudiced majority of manufacturers to adopt methods which already exist, and which have been put in practice by their more enterprising fellows. The argument of economy is unfortunately not so available in the question of the use of gas for heating-furnaces as in that of the use of mechanical stokers for boiler-furnaces; for though there probably is an economy, it would seem that in most cases it cannot be pronounced—as things stand at present—to be a very large one. And there is the further difficulty that in the large steel and iron furnaces—where any

change of method necessarily involves great outlay—it can hardly be expected that the mere prospect of a slight economy will induce such changes, unless reinforced by some amount of legal pressure.

To come then to the legal question. Most prosecutions for smoke-nuisance to-day are laid under sections 91, *et seq.* of the general Public Health Act (1875), by which “any fireplace or furnace,” or “any chimney (not being the chimney of a private dwelling-house), sending forth black smoke,” and “not *so far as practicable* consuming the smoke arising from the combustible used therein” shall be deemed a nuisance; and which makes it incumbent on the local authorities to take action against the person in fault. Of course—as Lord Derby said the other day at the Mansion House—if such sections were really carried out, they would be effective enough; but it is notorious that as a matter of fact local authorities neglect their duties here; the town-councils, largely composed of manufacturers, are only too glad to let the matter sleep; and when, out of the mere shame of public opinion, they occasionally bring up an offender, the magistrate, as often as not—anxious not to be hard upon his friends—takes refuge behind the proviso *so far as practicable*, gently enjoins the offender to do something to abate the nuisance, and so dismisses the case. It seldom indeed happens in the provincial towns that the magistrates go so far as inflicting a fine, and when they do the fine is generally merely nominal. The average fine in Liverpool during 1886 was under twenty shillings, and it is absurd to suppose that such a sum as this makes any difference to the party fined, who naturally pursues the even tenor of his way oblivious of public and of magistrate alike, or indeed of anything except his own convenience. The consequence of all this is that, notwithstanding the law, the condition of our great towns is a disgrace to any civilized com-

munity. Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester are mere filth-spots, unfit for human habitation. Even York, which spends large sums in the preservation of its ancient monuments, has been foolish enough in the last few years to let the plague of factory-smoke increase to such an extent that it is practically undoing with its left hand all the good it has done with its right. Curiously enough, notwithstanding its million domestic chimneys daily smoking, London has on the whole a far better atmosphere than the large manufacturing centres of the North. In London special Acts (1853-6) are administered by the police; there is no favoritism, there is a rigorous scrutiny of the chimneys of works coming within the provision of the Acts, and the consequence is that smoke of any density is rarely seen issuing from them—a fact which may be verified by anyone with little trouble, and which goes far to prove that the only thing now needed to ensure smoke-consumption in factories generally is a little pressure of public authority.

If the Public Health Act were amended by the omission of the words "and not so far as practicable consuming the smoke, &c.," then the mere creation of black smoke would constitute a nuisance, and would be actionable; and this would be a perfectly fair and practicable amendment as things stand at present. Since, however, some small firms might plead difficulty in meeting the necessary outlay for converting their furnaces, the local authorities should be given power to lend money on definite easy terms for this purpose. For the rest (in the provinces), the local authorities will have to be stirred up by an increased pressure of public opinion in the matter, and possibly also by definite action on the part of the Local Government Board. The Committee for Testing Smoke-preventing Appliances, lately set on foot at Manchester, promise to do useful work in collecting information respecting the efficiency and general value of smoke-prevent-

ing appliances or methods, and will enable both manufacturers and the public to know exactly what means of cure are available in any given case.¹

An alternative to an amendment of the Public Health Act would be the imposition of a tax on all fire-places and furnaces which were not of certain approved patterns, or which did not fulfil certain required conditions. This method would have the advantages of avoiding a good deal of legal circumlocution, and of creating (if the tax were not too light) a steady pressure on manufacturers in the direction of smoke-prevention, without forcing them too precipitately into important reconstructions, perhaps insufficiently considered, or at moments for other reasons specially inconvenient to themselves. At all events, what we have to be clear about is that the prevention of smoke from all kinds of factories is (as shown in its degree in London, though it can, and no doubt will, be carried out still more perfectly there) quite feasible and practicable without any danger to trade or undue hardships to manufacturers, beyond that of making them consider the public convenience as well as their own; and that the question is now only one of public opinion, and of the particular form or forms which its expression shall take.

So far with regard to factories generally, that is, all kinds of boiler and heating furnaces. Now we come to the question of domestic fires. And here we may say at once that though this problem can be solved quite as certainly and effectually as that of the factories, its solution involves greater difficulties because it necessarily interferes with the daily habits of the great unorganized masses of the population. Domestic fires are used for two main purposes, for warmth and for cookery, though the two purposes are often combined in one fire. We have at present a vast amount of cooking

¹The Secretary (44 John Dalton Street, Manchester) will supply further information to those desirous of obtaining it.

done by gas, which of course is smokeless, and it is rapidly becoming obvious that (in default of any still better appliance) gas must supersede the open coal-fire for this purpose. Though decidedly more expensive, as prices are now, gas-cooking is so much cleaner, more effective, less laborious than the other method, that it is constantly gaining ground; and, as already pointed out, there is little doubt that before long we shall have a much cheaper heating-gas. Open-fire cooking is a barbarism. For cookery, like chemistry, the utmost accuracy is required. With so much heat for so many minutes a loaf of such and such a weight can be baked or a given joint roasted. A gas-oven or a Little Wanzer paraffin cooking-lamp will allow exact calculations to be made; you may put your dinner on, go out for a walk or otherwise employ yourself, and, returning at the end of a given time, find it done to a turn. But with the open fire the house-wife never knows where she is. At one moment it is cold and black, at another it is roaring with excessive heat; dust rises from it every time it is poked, soot falls down the chimney, and with constant attention, under most trying conditions of heat and dirt, it is still only with the utmost difficulty that dishes can be got ready to an appointed time.

There is no doubt therefore of the direction in which we are going as regards cookery. The stumbling-block at present is the open coal sitting-room fire. We all know that a tortoise-stove burning coke, or almost any kind of closed stove, gives out much more warmth than the ordinary coal-fire, is much cheaper and cleaner in working,¹ and is smokeless, but we do not like it—we prefer our dirty, dusty, clumsy, but genial grate. If the open fire cannot be dispensed with, perhaps the best

method is to burn coke and light it by means of two gas-jets entering laterally near the bottom of the grate. When the coke has become red-hot the gas may be turned off, and if there is a fair draught the fire will maintain itself with possibly occasional use of the gas. This fire is bright, smokeless, clean, and inexpensive, and has the advantage that by means of the gas it can always be easily regulated. Of course it is understood that in any gas or stove arrangement the waste air must be drawn off by flues, otherwise the last state will indeed be worse than the first.

Looking to the future, then, it is not impossible that the complete abolition of domestic smoke may come by way of gas. With the rapid spread of electric invention it seems likely that before long nearly all our lighting will be by means of electricity. We shall get rid of the gaselier with its filthy and poisonous effluvia from our sitting-rooms and public halls; and it will then be possible to use our gas-works for the supply of a heating-gas, much cheaper and more effective than the present lighting-gas. This being laid on through the present mains will be available in our houses for all cooking and warming purposes, with a great economy in every way. It may be used in the basement for warming the whole house by means of hot-water or hot-air pipes, or supplied to separate gas-stoves (of which a variety of effective forms already exist) in the different rooms.

In conclusion it may be remarked that the question of liquid drainage has occupied public attention for some years, and it is now thought scandalous to pollute our rivers and streams with the refuse of cities; yet our present practice of poisoning and polluting the pure and vital air with smoke and other foul products is equally insane. Nothing but sheer necessity, either physical or economical, can justify it; and since this does not exist, it can no longer be justified.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

¹ I find that a coke stove in my sitting-room warms the room thoroughly at a cost of less than 1d. per day, and the dust, that bug-bear of house-keepers, is practically reduced to *nil*.

VALENCIA DEL CID.

I FOUND Toledo cold in January, Madrid colder. An east wind keen as any to be met on the Thames Embankment had searched me through and through before the *façade* of San Pablo at Valladolid : and the snow had lain ankle-deep in the streets of Burgos as I passed from the chapel of the Constable to the chapel of the Cid. The bleak uplands of the Castiles were dreary indeed under this aspect ; as unlike as possible to any man's conception of sunny Spain. Yet I was unwilling at once to make a flying leap to the Moorish cities of Andalusia. I wished to see more of the north, and in the end I hit upon a middle course ; I would go to Valencia, the land of orange groves, and then southwards by the coast.

Accordingly I left Aranjuez by the night train, and wrapping myself up as warmly as possible slept for some time in tolerable comfort. But the cold grew so intense that towards two o'clock it awoke me. I moved ; my elbow struck against something hard, which fell clanging on the floor. It was a rifle ; another stood propped against the nearer door, half-a-dozen more were piled in the corners. I had fallen asleep with the carriage to myself ; now a dozen stalwart forms shrouded in military cloaks sat or lounged on the seats about me. The dim light of the oil lamps fell on the group, and bringing out the picturesque lines, left the coarser details in shadow ; while the whir and rattle of the train added to the impressiveness of this silent bivouac. A thrill of something like fear shot through me as I met the gleam of dark eyes watching me. But there was no cause for it. My companions were merely a party of Civil Guards on their way to aid in suppressing some disturbances at Carthage.

Towards morning women and children stepped in and sat among them trustfully. And one excellent fellow who had the fiercest moustachios of them all and the scowl of a guerilla chief, produced a flute, and, with his rifle on his knees, sat playing to himself by the hour together.

So the long night, during which the train had never ceased to worm itself up defiles white with snow and across wind-swept steppes, wore itself away ; and with it, the monotonous climb came to an end. We began little by little to descend. The day broke, the snow vanished ; the sun peered out, cold and wintry as yet, but with a promise of better things. At La Encina we got breakfast, and stretched our chilled limbs, and after that dropped with each half-hour into a milder climate and softer scenery. Villages grew more frequent, woods more thick ; the browns and grays of the Sierra made way for warmer tints. As wrap after wrap was laid aside, the change seemed magical ; and once down, and rushing along the level plain of Valencia, the dark green olive groves stretched far and wide about us, dotted with trim houses, each with its tiny avenue of palm trees. The laughter of girls at work among the golden fruit poured in with a flood of sunny air through the open windows. Peasants with gay kerchiefs on their heads got in and out ; and so the train, lengthened by many an added truck of orange-crates, drew slowly into Valencia del Cid.

It is one of the busiest marts on the Mediterranean, and after Barcelona the largest city on the east coast of Spain. Much of its trade is carried on with England ; and though no Alhambra or Escorial marks it for the tourist's own, its public buildings and history

deserve to be more widely known. Yet the first sight of the city is disappointing. It lacks distinctive features. At Malaga the cathedral stands out from the town, ugly but imposing; here it is unseen. At Cadiz the citadel lords it over the sea; here the traveller will learn its existence only from the guide-book. Nor is there here a noble river flanked by spacious quays, as at Bordeaux, or a wide lagoon laving the very houses, as at Santander. For the city lies low on a sandy plain: it is two miles from the sea; and only the cathedral belfry, known as the *Miguelete*, and one or two minarets lift themselves from the mass of buildings which are presented to the eye. The river, the *Taria*, is a mere streamlet trickling along the dry bed of a torrent; and though the harbour at its mouth, *El Grao*, is full of stir and bustle from morning to night, and the avenue which connects it with the city is spacious and well planted, these are not things which thrust themselves at once upon the visitor's notice.

But on entering the town he will find much to interest him. For the city is both old and new. It was a prosperous place when Madrid was a village; it is a prosperous place still. Its history recalls in particular three names; two of them among the most renowned in Spanish story, and a third of wider if less brilliant fame. Valencia del Cid is the true style, in token that Rodrigo Diaz de Biver first took it from the Moors, when he was fighting for his own hand after his quarrel with the King of Castile. At that time, 1094, it was one of the richest cities in Spain; the capital of a Moorish Emirate or kingdom, subject, or lately subject, to Cordova. The Cid's conquest was made as much by Moslem as Christian valour; yet the fact did not withhold him from burning the governor alive in the great square and killing the chief inhabitants. This done, he appears to have ruled with moderation until the end of the century. Then

he died, here in Valencia; and it was from Valencia too that his widow Ximena and his followers made good their retreat by exhibiting his mailed corpse on horseback at the head of their troops. He was a brave man, the Cid; suited to a time when rose-water was not in fashion. Only a short time ago they were for canonizing him. But it turns out that he had an indifferent way of burning churches when his pay came in sequins, and mosques when it took the form of ducats. His sword bit as deeply into Christian helmets as into Moorish turbans, and though he was free from the bigotry of later Spaniards, it may have been because he cared for none of these things. He still counts for a skilful commander, the foremost of partisan chiefs, and Valencia's godfather; but scarcely for a saint.

After his death Valencia remained in the hands of the Moors for more than a hundred years, until 1238. Then Don James the Conqueror, King of Aragon and Catalonia, one of the noblest figures in history, reduced first the Balearic Isles and afterwards Valencia. He expelled the Moorish inhabitants from the latter, and peopling the city and surrounding country with Aragonese, founded or re-founded the kingdom of Valencia, which comprised not only the province now so-called but two others, Castellon and Alicante. His saddle, bridle, and spurs still hang in the cathedral. Valencia formed from this time onwards a separate kingdom, passing, it is true, with the crowns of Aragon and Catalonia, but possessing its own rights and privileges and its own States-General. The latter consisted of three branches, nobles, clergy, and commons, and met every three years, usually at Valencia. When, as sometimes happened, they were summoned to Saragossa or Barcelona, they sat apart, and had no dealings with the other Courts.

The power of the king, as in Aragon, was for a time very small. Prescott cites the answer given by Alfonso the

Fourth to his queen about the year 1330. She had urged him to deal severely with certain refractory cliques, as her brother the king of Castile had lately dealt with his subjects. Alfonso refused. "My people are free," he answered, "and not so submissive as the Castilians. They respect me as their prince, and I hold them for good vassals and comrades." Probably this freedom did not greatly profit any but the nobles; though the kings tried from time to time to raise the power of the commonalty as a counter-balance, their success would seem to have been only moderate. At the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Charles we find the populace of Valencia in open rebellion against the nobles, accusing them of every kind of oppression. We learn with surprise that Charles favoured the revolt; but he had a reason, and one which illustrated at once the importance and the freedom of Valencia. He had on his accession opened the several Cortes of Castile, Aragon, and Catalonia in person, but being pressed for time had sent Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards Pope Adrian the Sixth, to represent him at Valencia. The assembled Orders resented this; they refused to vote a subsidy, and even declined to acknowledge him as their sovereign. By way of retaliation he left them to put down the revolt as they best could, and some time elapsed before this was done. In the issue the old constitution was restored, and lasted until the first years of the eighteenth century, when the War of the Succession threw Spain into disorder. Valencia chose the losing side, and supporting it with great obstinacy, and some assistance from England, was reduced at length by Marshal Berwick—the natural son of our James the Second. It was punished by the deprivation of its ancient rights and the abolition of its National Assembly. Castile absorbed it after it had enjoyed a separate existence as a kingdom of about four hundred and seventy years. But even a century later the style of Kingdom

of Valencia as applied to the three provinces survived in legal documents.

And the Valencians still retain in a degree the peculiarities of language and character for which they were once noted. Their state was the Florence of Spain; pre-eminent in luxury and wealth and first in the pursuit of literature. The Asturians were reputed to be rude, the Catalans independent, the Castilians haughty; but the Valencians were called effeminate. In their smiling country the language of Provence lingered the longest; and the dialect still spoken by the people has a stronger smack of the *langue d'Oc* than any other tongue spoken south of the Pyrenees. Mayans y Siscar, who wrote the first good biography of Cervantes, says that Valencia was formerly considered the sweetest and most graceful of all the Provençal—or as they are called in Spain, the Limousin—dialects. Cervantes himself mentions its honeyed grace; and Ximeno and others in the eighteenth century compiled most careful accounts of Valencian writers and their works, both in the Limousin and Castilian. The greatest of the Valencian poets appears to have been Aisias March, who wrote about 1450. He was an imitator of Petrarch, but retained something of the spirit of the troubadours. The Curate in *Don Quixote* gives high praise to another Valencian poet. Count Moncada, moreover, a historian honoured in Spain, as a classic, was born in Valencia. And mention of Cervantes having crept in, let it be added that three editions of *Don Quixote* appeared in Spain during the first year after its publication, two at Madrid and one at,—Valencia.

To return to the third name which has had to do with the history of the city. It is that of one who might be associated with Columbus in the well-known motto,

A Castilla y a Leon
Nuevo mundo diò Colon;

for he really did give to Spain in so many words the new world which

Columbus had discovered. His name was Rodrigo Borgia ; or some say that Borgia was his mother's name, his father's Llancol. He was born early in the fifteenth century at Jativa near Valencia, and was the nephew by mother or father of Pope Calixtus the Third. Calixtus, undoubtedly a Borgia and a native of Jativa also, had been before his election to the papacy Archbishop of Valencia. To this see he presently appointed his nephew Rodrigo, who, following in the uncle's steps, rose from office to office until he was chosen Pope at the conclave of 1492. He lived eleven years longer, and being essentially a strong man left behind him by no means so colourless a record as had Calixtus. We know him well as Alexander the Sixth ; and more familiar with the Italian manner of spelling his name, think of him as the Borgia Pope, the father of Cæsar and Lucretia. Cæsar Borgia was also for a time Cardinal Archbishop of Valencia ; and took from it the name by which he was commonly known in Italy, of Cardinal Valentine. Two more of the family held the see, making five in all ; while a descendant, one of the Dukes of Gandia,—a small sea-port town near Valencia—was canonized in the seventeenth century, and is still revered in Spain under the name of San Francisco de Borgia. It was a bull of Alexander the Jativan which gave to Spain all lands situate to the west of a line drawn from pole to pole a hundred leagues west of the Azores.

It is not often that Alexander is reckoned among great Spaniards, though of late he has met with treatment the precise opposite of that granted to the Cid. He has been in a manner rehabilitated. On the charges so often brought against him of wholesale murder and gross immorality his friends claim a verdict of not proven ; urging, and possibly with truth, that these counts rest upon no better evidence than the gossip of the time. Indeed they go further, and one almost regrets it. They show that

the old story of his death,—that he drank by mistake from a poisoned flask which he had mixed for another—is a mere rumour, a suspicion at most. And though they do not rob us altogether of that last supper-party amid the lengthening shadows of the Cardinal Adrian's vineyard, they sponge from the picture the waiter who so naively served his Holiness with the best wine, and maintain that all the Pope took there was the Roman fever.

He must pass for a bad man still ; but a man in his way great, and of the few whose greatness is not of any country but of the world. It is easy to imagine some gray-headed Jativan contemplating it with awe ; searching his memory for its beginnings ; looking on this picture and on that, and scarce able to believe that the school boy who once pored over the same horn-book with him, or played at Moors and Christians on the beach, has grown out of all Spanish recollection, and come to be that awful potent to a Spaniard,—his Holiness the Pope. For Cæsar Borgia, he has passed so long for the typical Italian of his age, that it may surprise many to learn that he was not an Italian at all on the father's side. He was the friend of Machiavelli, and as crafty a schemer as any in Rome. But a moment's thought reminds us that his one virtue, his redeeming point, courage, was the Spanish virtue of the time, and so great a rarity among Italians,—as they were then—that its presence in the Borgia almost explains his many successes.

To turn to Valencia in the present. The country in the neighbourhood of the city is flat, and has something the aspect of a market-garden. Bamboos of some kind grow in all the ditches, and the prickly pear and aloe are seen, though not so commonly as at Malaga. The soil is light and sandy, owing much of its fertility,—which is so great that the province of Valencia is often called the Garden—to the excellent system introduced by the Moors and to their skill in agriculture. The expulsion of that people under Philip the Third was

a severe blow to Valencia ; a hundred years later the place had scarcely recovered from it. All semi-tropical fruits grow there, and rice. Mulberry trees flourish especially. I did not come into contact with the silk-trade, but the exportation of oranges cannot be hidden. I was told that Valencia exports more of that fruit than any other city in the world. It largely supplies England, sending over about a hundred millions annually in boxes holding five hundred each. The season of my visit, 1885-86 was marked by a good crop ; and owing to the failure through frost of the orange groves in Florida, the Valencians hoped to send large quantities to America, instead of being undersold in the European markets by Florida growers ; a misfortune which had happened to them in the two preceding seasons, when the Spanish trees had done badly, through rain one year and frost the next. Oddly enough it is hard to buy a first-rate orange in Valencia, the best being sent away. Those commonly eaten there are the small mandarins.

The city has a good club well furnished in the English fashion ; but the Valencian houses as a rule are meagrely appointed. Carpets are not common. Fire-places are not needed. But carriages and horses abound ; and these, with showy appearances out of doors, count for everything with a Spaniard, who deems them cheaply bought by a little endurance, even a little privation indoors. The manners even of those in a good position differ from ours. A Spanish gentleman found himself in a carpeted room at the house of an English friend. He was at a loss how to dispose of the match with which he had lighted his cigarette. After a moment's hesitation he had a happy thought. Delicately poisoning the match between his fingers, he expectorated upon it with much skill, put it out, dropped it on the floor and continued the discussion with evident relief. But the same Englishman could tell another story. A few months before, the cholera had been raging in that part

of Spain. Hundreds died of it daily in the province of Valencia alone. He caught it, not there but while staying in a hotel at Almeria, a hot unhealthy town further south. The panic in Almeria was phenomenal. The dead lay about the streets. My friend who was almost alone at the time of his seizure gave himself up for lost ; his only companion being one of his clerks, a Spaniard neither high in the office nor much in his confidence. But he lacked nothing. This brave man stayed with him, nursed him day and night, even induced an English physician living at a distance to visit him,—in a word, saved his life. Let that story stand beside the other.

The driver of a *tartana* whom I employed told me something of the state of the city during the panic. A *tartana* is the Valencian cab, a light two-wheeled cart with a tilt over it. "I drove the doctors about all day in this very one," he said. "Afraid? Oh, no, I was not afraid. You see I was three parts drunk all the time. So was everybody else, and that for weeks together. We kept taking spirits, partly as a medicine, partly to put heart into us. Some almost died of fear, you see. And some made a jest of it, and called the hearse *La Mascote*, and the cemetery *La Tertulia*. They made songs about it ; it was a queer time."

The cathedral is not interesting. The city walls too have been lately levelled, but two fine gates remain. One consists of a pair of superb octagonal towers connected by a narrow curtain through the lower part of which the road passes. This curtain, standing back a little from the outward face of the towers, is covered with rich tracery in the panelled style of Spain and bears several coats of arms. Across it near the summit, and round the towers at the same level, runs a wide shelf or gallery resting on stone brackets without a balustrade. The massive bulk of the whole is characteristic, and not the least curious thing about it is

the total absence of walls in the rear, the roof in that part being supported by open arches. The towers are therefore perfectly untenable if assailed from the town. The road passes straight through the gate, and does not turn at right angles under the arch, as is the case with Moorish gateways, the Puerta del Sol at Toledo, and the Puerta de Justicia at Granada for instance. The flanking towers of the other entrance are round, and not quite so large.

But there is a building in Valencia which outvies even these gateways in interest. This is the Lonja de Seda, or Silk-Exchange, already referred to as standing in the market-place. It is built of reddish stone, and the workmanship is perfect. A squat tower, of which the front is flush with the wings, divides the *façade* into two unequal parts. In the right hand part is a pointed arched doorway flanked by windows of a similar character, while the wall is set off by coats of arms and tracery. The *façade* to the left is in the lower part plainer, broken only by two tiers of square-headed windows. Above, however, under the roof is the gem of the place. A beautiful cloister, or arcade, formed of decorated pointed arches. It is continued round the wing, and is further enriched by a line of medallions containing heads, which serves as a cornice above it. The battlements throughout are fantastic in shape, and the architectural wealth of the whole is equalled only by its picturesque irregularity. In some points it reminded me of Burgos Cathedral. The groined roof of the great hall within rests upon some exquisite twisted pillars.

It is the story, however, which the Exchange has to tell of the prosperity

of the city in times when Valencia bore off the chain of the harbour at Marseilles,—this, and its associations with the palmy days of Spain, that mark it as unique. It was finished in or about the year 1492, a year which deserves to be called the *annus mirabilis* of the nation, for it witnessed four events of supreme importance to Spain. In it Ferdinand and Isabella conquered the last Moorish kingdom; a Spaniard and a Valencian was elected Pope; Christopher Columbus discovered America; and the Jews were expelled from Spain. And all this in the days when the nation was at its best. In 1492 its youth and freshness had not been flung away upon distant enterprises bringing no gain to any save a Philip or a Charles; nor debauched by ill-gotten wealth; nor stunted by a political and religious despotism. The great Captain was alive and not yet at the height of his fame. The troops, who under him were soon to make the name of Spaniard renowned through Europe, were not yet spoiled by Italian successes. The Catholic sovereigns ruled gently, the Cortes met, the Brotherhood did justice, the cities governed themselves and prospered; even the Morisco was a man though not a brother. There were no Jesuits and few *autos de fé*. Spain, her soil purged at last from infidel rule, was the home of a hardy, proud and warlike people, not numerous, not equal indeed in that respect to the tasks soon to be set them and the name it would become them to support; but full from the sovereigns downward of that self-respecting spirit which is still a trait of her peasantry, and being so is the foundation of her true hopes for the future.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

A WALTZ OF CHOPIN.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HAND AND MUCKLE GOLD," "AUT DIABOLUS,
AUT NIHIL," ETC., ETC.)

1.

It has been my custom for many years to spend the season of Christmas out of England, and thus avoid that epidemic of compulsory joviality which attacks our rude island society at that time. As commemorating the visit of the Day-spring from on high by an excessive indulgence in the gross appetites of the flesh has become an honoured custom in our country, I invariably in the early part of December retire to the French capital, and there accordingly I found myself, not many years ago, on an evening in the week preceding the sacred day, alone, as was my wont on such occasions. So completely had I abandoned myself to the melancholy thoughts which were partly inspired by the solemn lessons of the season, and partly occasioned by the host of sad memories which must inevitably assail one who revisits alone scenes hallowed by the spirit of the days that are no more, that I had listened to the strange suggestion of the sempiternal Ernest (who doubtless read my familiar face as a book), and so found myself dining quite alone in that celebrated chamber of the *Café Anglais*, known as *le Grand Seize*. Alone, said I? Nay, not alone. The room was crowded with the phantoms of gay, graceful, witty revellers who had come back across the Stygian river, forgetting the terrible secrets that had been revealed to them, leaving the realms of desolation to troop in and keep me company once again in the capital of Pleasure, and drink one more glass of *St. Marceaux à la santé des belles!* There is Barucci, *élégante* as usual, and looking none the worse for her visit to the Plutonian shore, teas-

ing *le Duc Darling*, whose harsh voice vies with the guttural, husky tones of poor *Citron* in discordancy; and Anna Deslion breaking in with ironical epigrams, learnt like a poll-parrot from Plon Plon; while Paul Demidoff, handsomer than ever to-night and nodding across the table to Narischkine, recites with sardonic glee Louis Bouilhet's farewell to his sweetheart:

Et maintenant, adieu! Sais ton chemin,
je passe:
Poudre d'un blanc discret les rougeurs
de ton front;
Le banquet est fini,—quand j'ai vidé ma
tasse,
S'il reste encore du vin, les laquais le
boiront!

which brutal lines so distress Léontine Massin as to melt her to tears. But the vision vanishes! Like the shade of Protesilaus these phantoms had departed, and I was alone in the Grand Seize with my cigar and the sparkling wood fire, while from without came upon my ears the ceaseless clamour of *boulevard* life, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; the noise of the revolving wheels of the great Mill of Pleasure into which is cast youth, beauty, rank, wit, riches, honour, purity and hope, and which returns to us in lieu of these—ashes and worse than ashes!

But it was getting late: my ghosts had been such good company that I had forgotten to take count of time and it was eleven; so, deciding to take a bath of fresh air and a glimpse of humanity after my long draught of dreams, I rang and departed, wondering as I passed the lodge whether the Great Reaper in some idle moment had perchance thought it worth his while

to gather even Isabelle into his sheaf. It was a grand night, frosty and very cold, but the moon was up and flooding the gay, crowded streets with silvery beams. The shops were all ablaze with lights even at that late hour, for the Christmas and New Year's presents were on exhibition. Being fond of children, I am of course fond of toys, and so my steps naturally, and almost without my knowing it, led me to the famous toy-shop in the Passage Jouffroy, a shop which may be easily recognised from afar by reason of the immense india-rubber elephant which swings clumsily over its portal. Skirting the crowd I paused for a moment before the window, deciding within myself that the few purchases I had intended making could probably be made with less discomfort early the following morning, and was about to stroll on when my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a youth, child or man (I could not at first exactly tell which he was), who came running up by my side and then, after having paused and raised himself up on tip-toe, for he was very short, in order to catch a glimpse of the toys which the surging mob prevented him from seeing, began pushing his way with feverish impetuosity to reach the window. What impulse prompted me to stop I cannot say. I hate a crowd, and here was a very large and very unfragrant, albeit good-natured, concourse of people; I detest and fear draughts, and now the wind came careering up the passage, asthma vaulting over bronchitis in wheezy joy—and yet I stayed. I wanted to see the face belonging to that strange, stunted figure, to learn why he had been so feverishly anxious to see these toys. Yet perhaps after all he was but a thief, and this struggling to get a front place at the show was but the result of a vulgar desire to relieve some gaping citizen of his purse. Just then the crowd opened violently and the mysterious little individual who had been occupying my thoughts emerged, greeted as he fought his way through the mob

with many angry remarks not unadorned with imprecations. I could see his face plainly now, but whether it belonged to a child prematurely old through suffering, or to a young man, I could not say, but about the ugliness and the power of the face there could be no doubt; it was that of an emaciated juvenile Danton, the leonine expression being very striking at that moment, for the countenance, deeply pitted with small-pox, was illuminated by a look of insolent joy and triumph. He fell up against me when he had at length fought his way out, and looked up, apparently about to apologise for crushing my foot, but when his eyes met mine he said nothing, and giving vent to a deep sigh of relief turned into the shop. The glance, however, which had met mine was so extraordinary, so full of what I can only describe as spiritual light, that I followed and stood in the doorway listening.

"I want that doll," I heard him say, in a tone of deep agitation, but the voice was strangely musical, in no wise resembling the husky whine of the Paris *voyou*, to which class he apparently belonged. The shopman stared at him.

"Which doll?" he inquired, with a strong tinge of insolence in his manner; for the very shabby, though not exactly ragged costume of the youth, and his pale, worn, ugly face, which would indeed have been hideous but for the light and power shed from between the red, tired eyelids, evidently had not predisposed the vendor of toys in favour of his customer. "We have many dolls here."

"I want that one," exclaimed the shabby youth; and turning, he pointed in an imperious fashion with his forefinger to a doll in the window, much in the same way as Danton would have denounced an enemy in the Mountain and pointed him out for sacrifice.

The shopman took out the doll rather reluctantly and laid it on the counter before his strange customer. The toy was certainly a beautiful one, representing a lady dressed in the height of

fashion, the *toilette* being composed of silk, satin, velvet and lace, the golden curls crowned with a stylish bonnet and the tiny ears decorated with imitation gems. What in the world could such a shabby little dwarf want with such a dainty toy, I wondered; the contrast between the smiling, richly-dressed puppet and its wan, half-starved, poverty-stained purchaser being indeed very striking.

"Well," exclaimed the youth impatiently, as the man said nothing, "what are you about? I told you I'd take it; pack it up for me at once, I will take it with me now; I am in a hurry."

The man hesitated. "This doll is not a cheap one," he began, "and—"

"Pack it up for me, I tell you; do you suppose I'm not going to pay you? I know the price; I asked it a month ago—it's a hundred francs," exclaimed the shabby little Danton haughtily.

Then the man began carefully, but with very evident reluctance, to pack the doll, enveloping it in many sheets of soft paper. When it had been carefully deposited, surrounded by cotton-wool, in a neat card-board box, and the whole tied with smart ribbon, the parcel was handed over to the careworn, haggard youth, who put it eagerly under his arm and then began fumbling in his pocket; but even as he did so, his sallow face turned to an ashen pallor, and an expression of anxious agony came into it which was heart-rending to behold.

"I have been robbed!" he gasped, still keeping the precious box tightly clasped under his arm, and still fumbling with wild despair in his pocket. "I have been robbed! I had six louis when I left home, and I had them when I turned into the passage, for I stopped on the *boulevard* and counted them, and now—now they are gone!"

The shopman's face broke into a sardonic grin. "Oh, robbed of course! *Je connais celle là!* Why, you never had six louis in your life, *petit vaurien!* What do you mean by coming in here and taking up my time for nothing?

Do you hear me? What do you mean? Robbed, indeed! You look like it, to be sure! Why, you're nothing better than a thief yourself! Come, give me back that parcel at once, or I'll call a *sergent de ville* and have you marched off to the lock-up!" and coming from behind the counter, the fellow approached the lad in a threatening manner. The poor boy put down the parcel, and though his eyes were wet with tears, he stared the enraged shopman in the face defiantly. At this juncture I stepped into the shop.

"Take care," I said to the shopman. "You have no right to touch this gentleman. He has given you back your parcel, so you have nothing to complain of. He has been robbed—that is clear. Here is your money, I will take the doll," and putting down six louis on the counter I took up the box.

"But, Monsieur—" stammered the man.

"*Assez!*" I said. "You have got your money now and the toy is mine." Then, turning to the lad, I said in my most gentle and courteous manner, "Will you come out with me, Monsieur? I should like to talk with you, if you would allow me." The poor lad did not answer, but, staring at me as one in a dream, followed me in silence out into the passage. When we had gone a few yards from the shop-door I stopped short, and turning to him said, "Forgive me, Monsieur, for thus interfering in your private matters, but I happened to be standing by and heard and saw all. You have evidently been robbed, and the shopman insulted you most grossly."

This strange pale-faced gnome, who might have been any age from fourteen to forty, looked at me fixedly, his luminous eyes seeming lost in wonder. "Yes, I have been robbed," he said simply and very slowly, each word sounding like a sob.

"You seemed very anxious to have this doll," I continued very gently, my whole heart going out in sympathy to this poor waif.

"Yes, Monsieur, very anxious. I had saved up my money for a month to buy it."

I hesitated for a moment and then said: "I hope, Monsieur, you will forgive me and not think me rude if I ask you why. It was not for yourself, I suppose?"

The lad's face flushed. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed quickly. "It was not for myself,—and then he stopped abruptly, a look of shyness suddenly softening his rugged countenance. "It was for a friend, a friend who is dying." And the tears welled up to the poor tired eyelids.

"Forgive me," I exclaimed. "I must beg of you to forgive me, Monsieur. I did not mean to cause you pain. I must be old enough to be your father, for you can hardly be more than—"

"I am twenty," interrupted the lad.

"Twenty! Then you're only just beginning life."

He shook his head, and then said with a forced smile, looking at me kindly in the face, "That depends, Monsieur:

On ne vieillissait pas si vite au temps jadis, Et l'on n'arrivait pas au jour avant l'aurore."

What in the world had I stumbled over now, I wondered—a poet? Here was a lad almost in rags quoting Marc Monnier! But before I had had time to recover from my surprise the youth, who had been looking at me very earnestly, exclaimed in my mother tongue: "Are you English, Monsieur?" Here was another mystery, for the lad's accent was perfect!

"Yes," I exclaimed, greatly astonished. "And you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am an Englishman, although I was born in Paris; my father was an Englishman."

"Then we are fellow-countrymen," I exclaimed, "and ought to be friends. Is your friend, your friend who is—who is so very ill, English too?"

The lad's face saddened again. "No,—she is French."

Then I paused for a moment. "I wonder if I might ask you to do me a very great favour?" I said gently. "I should have asked you in any case, but now that I know you are an Englishman like myself I feel sure you will not misunderstand me. I only bought this doll for you, so you must take it and give it to your friend."

"Bought the doll for me!" he echoed. "Why, you don't know me!"

"Perhaps I don't, but I bought the doll for you, and you must take it. You and I are fellow-countrymen and in a foreign country, and I am old enough to be your father, so you must not refuse me, *mon ami*. Remember it is not for you but for your dying friend!" Then, as I said these words and thrust forward the box, a poor thin emaciated little hand was raised timidly and took it.

"Thank you, sir," he said simply. "I will take it for my friend. You are very kind, but I will pay you in a month. I can save the money by that time and will send it to you then, if you can wait so long."

"Oh yes, my dear boy, I can wait, and for more than a month, or two, or five, or twelve months. You must not trouble yourself about that."

"Then I will take it, sir," said this strange boy, "if you can wait, for my little friend is dying, and Death will not wait! You must give me your name and address, please, and I will give you mine. Believe me, you shall have the money back in four weeks, if——" and he hesitated, "if I live." Then he fumbled in his pocket, took out a soiled envelope and gave it to me. "I have an absurd name," he said, "but that's not my fault; Roselin Tudor, 298 Rue St. Marc. I am a copyist; most of the authors in Paris know me; M. Dumas has been very kind to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Tudor. Here is my card; there is no address on it, but if you write to me to the—— Club, London, it will be sure to find me. In the meantime, I am staying here

in Paris at the Hotel Westminster for ten days longer. I hope you will let me see something of you. I should like——," and I hesitated. "I should like you to let me be your friend." Once again the tears mounted to those strange luminous eyes and welled up to the poor tired eyelids that showed very evident tokens of work done by night.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "You are very kind to me; but you are a gentleman, and I am only a copyist."

"Never mind," I replied with affected gaiety. "You are certainly my superior in one way, for you work, whereas I, unfortunately, do nothing,—except perhaps harm."

He shook his head and smiled sadly, and then proceeded with great precision and gravity, but in a listless tone that seemed to indicate a terrible fatigue bordering on despair: "As I have taken this doll you have been kind enough to offer me, and as I am forced to keep you so long waiting before I can repay you, I must tell you why I do it."

"No, you must not; not if it pains you."

"Nothing pains me: nothing will ever pain me any more. This doll is for a little girl who is dying. She is only seven, but she is consumptive, and the doctors have given her up. She is living with me, and just before she was taken ill,—more than a month ago now—she saw this doll. We were walking here together one morning and she saw it, and wanted it—not exactly as a plaything—" here he paused, and then continued in a lower tone—"because it reminded her of her mother." Then, after another pause, he added, "Her mother is dead! So I decided to save my money and buy it for her," he continued. "Of course I said nothing to her about it at first for I was not sure of saving so much money, but then she fell ill, and then—and then—the doctor gave her up, and then I managed to get some extra work to do, and saw that I was certain of being able to

save the money, so I told her. I told her ten days ago that she might be happy at least once before she died; and since then every morning and every evening we have counted up what was saved, and I have come here to make sure the doll was not yet sold. This evening I got the last five francs for a play I am copying for M. Sardou, and went home and told Marie and then came on here. You know the rest. She is waiting for me; it would break her heart if I came back without the doll. That is why I take it."

Then came a pause. Of course I could not speak—who indeed could have spoken at such a moment?—but I took his hand in mine, and pressed it, and he understood me. "Is this little girl related to you?" I said at last.

He turned his head aside. "No, she is not related to me; neither she nor I have any relations; but—but—I knew her mother."

"And is there really no hope? Has she had the best medical advice? Surely if she were sent to a warm climate she might recover."

He shook his head. "No,—there is no hope. She has had the best medical advice; M. Gondinet sent Dr. Potain to see her. Her time has come and she must go!" These last words came almost as a wail.

After a pause I resumed timidly. "Did she inherit this consumption from her mother, do you think?"

He turned on me quickly, almost fiercely, but on failing to recognize what he had evidently feared to read in my face, he dropped his eyes and shuddered. "No," he said, almost in a whisper, "she did not inherit it. It is trouble that has brought it on,—her mother did not die of consumption."

Then, after another long pause, I broke the silence. "Well, I am more than glad to have met you, Mr. Tudor, but I must not keep you any longer now. You must go back to her, for she will be waiting for you. Will you let me come and see you? I can't

tell you how thankful I should be if you would only let me try to make your little friend happier while she lives."

He stretched out his hand, which I grasped warmly.

"Thank you," he murmured, greatly agitated; "but you have done all already. She will want nothing now, and I want nothing. I can work."

"But you will let me come to see you?" I urged.

He hesitated, and then said gravely, "No, perhaps you had better not; we have only two rooms, and she is so very ill your visit might disturb her, but if you care to see me——" and he paused.

"Well, I do care to see you; tell me where and when I can."

"Do you know a little *café* near the corner of the Rue St. Marc,—nearly opposite the stage entrance of the Opéra Comique?"

"I do; when can I meet you there? Any time will suit me, late or early, but let it be to-morrow."

"To-morrow then, at four in the afternoon. And now good-bye till then. I shall not thank you, sir, again; you are giving the first joy she has known to a dying child,—how can I thank you for that?" And again we clasped hands. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Tudor, till to-morrow. Good-bye, and God bless you!" And then we parted, and I stood still in the passage watching the stunted, frail figure of the poor boy, as he eagerly threaded his way through the gay crowd of loungers and merry-makers, clasping his precious box in his arms and hurrying to the death-bed of a child that haply he might be in time to bring her joy before the Great Consoler came. But I now, standing there alone, became conscious almost for the first time of the cold wind, and making my way out of the passage to the *boulevard*, I turned to the left, deciding that it would be far less uncomfortable, on the whole, to walk than to get into a draughty cab. What should I do,—go to the club or go to

bed? It was too early for the latter, and moreover, my interview with this youth had so affected me that no thought of sleep was possible, so when my idle steps brought me to the Place de l'Opéra, I turned into the Opera House and went up to the club-box. The opera was over, but the ballet, *La Korrigane*, had but just begun, and as I entered, the well-known graceful music reached my ears and the dainty Rosita Mauri came slowly from the back in the *pas de la Sabotière*. The club-box was packed tight, and indeed the whole house was crowded; but feeling no desire either to talk scandal with the men or pay my court to any of my many fair friends, I, after having given my tribute of admiration to the grace of Rosita, left the box and the house, intending to stroll up to the Cercle de l'Union and then go to bed. As I stood on the steps of the Opera House lighting a cigar, I felt a hand placed lightly upon my shoulder, and turning, I saw an old acquaintance of mine, the famous *savant* and fashionable physician, Leopold Maryx, the great specialist for all disorders of the nervous system, and certainly one of the most curious products of our civilization. Of his early years but little really was known, but the legend ran that he had at one time been immensely rich, owning a great number of slaves and vast plantations in South Carolina, and that then, having had a taste for medical science, he had attended to and experimented on his own slaves when a mere boy, in this way gaining a wide practical experience at an age when most youths are trying to stumble through Virgil at school. The War of Secession had, of course, ruined him, but as he was at that time still quite young, he determined to dedicate the remains of his fortune to completing his medical studies, and had for that purpose come to Europe and sat under most of the scientific celebrities of the day, labouring incessantly and sparing neither time nor money in his endeavours to realize the dreams of his ambition. He very soon became

famous, astonishing with his audacious experiments the more sedate and prudent medicos of the old world; and of course his sudden fame made him many enemies, "Charlatan" and "Quack" being the least unkind epithets levelled at his head by his envious colleagues. At length Maryx could stand it no longer, and challenging a very eminent physician who had insulted him, but who was old enough to be his father, he shot him through the heart. "That's the first patient I have lost!" he cynically remarked when his opponent fell before his fire. Then the scientific world of Europe set up a howl of execration, which Maryx quietly answered by restoring to health a Prime Minister and a Hebrew financier, both of whom had been given up for lost by all the leading physicians of the day. There was no withstanding such arguments as these, so the fatal duel was forgotten and Maryx once more became the rage. He resided in Vienna—where indeed I had first met him—but he had a *pied à terre* in Paris, where many of his most influential and illustrious patients lived. He was an avowed atheist, a man of the loosest morals, a confirmed and desperate gambler, and a hardened cynic; but as his visits almost invariably restored health to the ailing, and always afforded amusement to the idle, his society was courted by all who were really unwell and by all who imagined themselves to be so, that is to say in other words, by the vast majority of mankind.

"What, Maryx!" I exclaimed as I shook hands warmly with my illustrious friend. "You in Paris at Christmas time!"

"I am only here for forty-eight hours. I came on to see the Princesse de Birac and return to Vienna to-morrow night. I haven't seen you for months! Have you anything special to do to-night? Any engagement?"

"No. Why?"

"Would you like to see a man guillotined? Because, if you would, you had better come with me. It's a

bore going alone, and I don't want a man with me who is likely to make a fool of himself."

"I shall certainly not do that. When is it?"

"To-night, or rather to-morrow morning. I have cards from the Prefecture."

"Who is it?"

"Corsi."

"The man who killed that woman in the Rue Louis le Grand?"

Maryx nodded.

"I remember seeing that poor woman play in the *Trois Margots* at the Bouffes two or three years ago."

"She was pretty, was she not?" asked Maryx.

"Yes, very."

"*Tant pis!* there are not many!" exclaimed this extraordinary man.

"Well, will you come?"

"Is it very horrible?"

"Certainly not; not at all. This will be the seventh I have seen. The worst part is the waiting—the trick itself is done in a minute," and the great physician made a gesture with his hand to indicate swiftness.

"Well, I'll go, doctor, of course for the pleasure and honour of your society." Maryx nodded and smiled. "What time does it take place?"

"About five."

"Five! *Diable!* And what are you going to do till then, Maryx?"

"Try my luck there," he said, smiling and pointing to the Washington Club. "And you?"

"I am going to the Union for a few minutes, for I want to see a man from our Embassy if I can, and then I shall go back to my hotel. Will you call for me? I'm staying at the Westminster; it's on our way."

"Very well then; I'll be with you at about half-past three or four. It's a devil of a distance, you know, to the Place de la Roquette, so don't keep me waiting."

"I sha'n't keep you waiting. You will find me there waiting for you, probably asleep."

"Capital! till half-past three then,"

and the great specialist picked his way across the *boulevard* to the gambling rooms.

I failed to find the man I was in search of at the *Cercle de l'Union*, and so within an hour of having parted with Leopold Maryx I found myself seated alone by my fire-side at the West-minster, having given orders to admit the doctor when he should call in the early morning. As I lighted my cigar and seated myself by the blazing logs the thought occurred to me how odd an evening I had been spending, to be sure! One thing I was determined to do, and that was to look after the welfare of this dying child and this strange lad. I knew I should meet with opposition from the latter, for I could see that his was a high-spirited and independent nature, but I told myself that I would let nothing daunt me and that, no matter at what expense of time or money, I would labour unceasingly to bring these two—the child and her self-sacrificing protector—to look upon me as a friend in whose power perchance it might lie to bring sunlight into their joyless lives. Having so decided I threw away my cigar, took up the *Débats*, and ere long had fallen into a profound sleep from which I was awakened by the voice of the great doctor saying calmly, "Come; we must not be late; it is time!"

II.

It was four o'clock in the morning and piercingly cold, and the *Rue de la Paix* looked perfectly deserted as my companion and I, both well muffled in furs, hurried into the *fiacre* which the doctor had come in from the club, Maryx giving the ominous order, *à la Roquette!* to the coachman in what seemed to me a needlessly melodramatic tone of voice.

"I shall have to leave you after a while," explained the great man, puffing at his cigar, "for you can well imagine I am not taking all this trouble out of mere morbid curiosity. I am going as a professional man, and to study. I have a special permission

to accompany the officials to the condemned cell when they go to tell the convict he must prepare to die, and I shall stay close by the man until his head falls. Of course, however, I can't take you with me." I shuddered.

"I would not accompany you if I could, *mon cher*," I exclaimed. "Do they suffer much, do you think?"

Maryx nodded his head wisely. "That depends upon the individual. They would probably suffer, and suffer greatly, were it really the knife that killed them, but in nine cases out of ten the convict is practically dead when he is thrown on to the plank.

"But what do you expect to see that will interest you in your special department before the man is killed?"

"What do you call my special department?" inquired Maryx with an amused smile.

"The nerves and all that sort of thing, of course."

"*Quel toupet!*" murmured the great man. "I don't as a matter of fact expect to see anything very interesting, but still I may, for Corsi is, they say, no ordinary criminal and perhaps his death will be no ordinary death. His courage is, I believe, not assumed, but the real thing, not bravado, but real bravery—an absolute contempt for death. I shall be interested to see whether this keeps up to the very last." Then, after a pause, he added: "We whose business it is to prolong life can never fail to learn something by perching as close to death as possible, clinging as it were around those about to depart until the one is suddenly pulled in, and click! the door is slammed in our faces!"

This was one of those peculiar speeches for which Maryx was famous, and which his numerous enemies declared that he made for the gallery, but which at all events were one of the causes of his being constantly in hot water with his less talkative brother *savants*. We both now relapsed into silence, Maryx evidently enjoying his cigar, and I vainly endeavouring to find in my heart some excuse for thus

sinning against the elementary laws of taste and good feeling by going to see a fellow-creature put to death out of mere morbid curiosity.

Suddenly Maryx leant forward. "Here we are!" he said, and let down the window as the carriage stopped. We alighted, and the doctor telling the coachman where to wait for us, we passed on through the crowd to the *cordon* of Gardes de Paris. "*Cartes de la Préfecture*," murmured my companion producing them. The brigadier after a close inspection, both of the cards and of ourselves, muttered a gruff *Passez!* and we penetrated into the infernal circle wherein the Dance of Death—but this time *à pas seul*—was shortly to be performed. The soldiers lined the great Place de la Roquette keeping the mob back, so there was a large open space absolutely empty save for the presence of a few shadows, which I took, rightly or wrongly I know not, to represent reporters for the press.

Maryx looked at his watch. "We shall not have to wait long now. *Tant mieux!* It is desperately cold!" he murmured, and then turning to me he said, "You won't mind my leaving you now, will you? I ought to go into the prison."

"Go, by all means," I replied. "I would rather be alone."

"Very well then. Do you see that bench? When the men come to erect the guillotine the police will force you all back to the side walk. You will not find a better place to see from than that bench, so when it's all over I'll come for you there, and if I don't find you there, you know where our cab is,—I shall go on there at once and wait for you."

"Very well," I assented; and Maryx disappeared in the gloom in the direction of the prison where the condemned man lay. I walked to the bench he had indicated to me, and sat down and waited.

The Grande Roquette, wherein the prisoners condemned to death sleep their last sleep on earth, faces the

Petite Roquette or prison for juvenile offenders, so that here we have in this comparatively small space the whole history of human villainy—from the first petty larceny which brings the mere infant to the reformatory to the cruel murder leading to the condemned cell from whence the hardened outcast walks to the scaffold. Horrible as the place is at the best of times it is of course rendered ten times more detestable on such a night as the one I am describing, by the fact of all that is more vicious and evil in the French capital being attracted thither to see the last act of the tragedy played out and the curtain and the knife fall together on the story of an ill-spent life. The authorities had, as I have said, encircled the *place* wherein only persons provided with tickets of admission were allowed to penetrate, but coming from beyond this infernal circle, could be heard the cries and murmurs of the mob massed on the other side of the *cordon*, laughing, singing, cat-calling and chattering like jackals.

Voyez ce Corsi :
Voyez ce Corps là !

some hoarse voice broke out, braying to the well-known tune in *Les Cloches de Corneville* and the refrain was at once taken up by a hundred cynical mountebanks. Could the sound of this ghastly mirth reach the condemned cell I wondered, and this gay strain wedded to such terribly significant words be the first warning to the doomed man that the end had come?

I began walking up and down to keep warm, longing for the dawn to break, the shadows in the enclosed space becoming every moment more numerous as the hour for the final expiation drew nigh. Now the half hour struck and some verses of poor Albert Glatigny came to my mind.

Espoirs ! Ruines écroulées
Le bonheur avare s'enfuit ;
Voici les heures désolés
Qui tentent dans la grande nuit.

Was he awake, I wondered,—the man

for whom this night would be, dark as it was, the brightest he could hope to see for evermore? Awake and thinking, the chambers of his memory, which might have been illuminated with the pure light of tenderness and pity, transformed by a hideous slaughter-trick into a noisome dungeon re-echoing with the wailing of the Fates?

Évite tout ce que l'on aime ;
Fuis jusqu'à la fleur ; reste seule
Et dans ton navrement suprême
Drape-toi, comme en un linceuil.

How dark it was! The moon had gone long ago, and the stars had gone, and the dawn would not yet come! Death had perhaps told Light to wait until the tragedy on the scaffold should be over, and morning, finger on lip, was standing hushed with awe, hesitating to unfold her gleams of hope until the shadows of despair should have dispersed.

Suddenly I saw a light, and then another and another, and then the crowd that had during the last few minutes been chilled and tired into comparative silence broke forth again as if reinvigorated and refreshed by what it saw approaching—the guillotine! Slowly up the ascent, drawn by a white horse and with policemen walking on either side came a long *fourgon* or covered cart, and through a small window in the side a light was seen gleaming, revealing shadows passing to and fro—the shadows of the guardians of the instrument of death, of the valets of the guillotine. The first cart was followed by another, but this second one was altogether dark and sombre, and as these two terrible vehicles came lumbering slowly up, they were followed by a common cab,—that in which the priest would proceed to the cemetery, when the guillotine should have done its worst. The two carts stopped, one behind the other, but the driver of the cab turned quietly to the left and drew up by the kerbstone, as if bespoken by Death and willing to wait patiently, knowing that

his fare would not deceive him. The police now pressed us back to make more room for the coming performance. *Place à sa Majesté La Mort!* they might have cried as they drove us back, and as men looking like carpenters suddenly emerged from the surrounding darkness, and opening one of the carts with a key began taking out the beams and posts, the cross beams and bolts, laying them carefully on the ground preparatory to the building up of the throne on which the King of Terrors would shortly sit to hold his court. I turned my head aside in horror, but my eyes lighted on a still more hideous sight,—two baskets, the one small but deep placed close to the guillotine and on a level with it in front,—the other, long and comparatively shallow, placed to the right of the fatal plank; in the first mentioned, the small but deep one, a tall burly youth with bare arms was scratching out a place in the sawdust for the head, and the pungent particles as they mounted made him sneeze! I closed my eyes: and as a sardonic whisper came to my memory the words of Jean Paul—"When the heart is made the altar of God, then the head, the mental faculties, are the lights on that altar!" Aye! but when the heart is made the altar of the Devil—what of the head then, friend Richter? When I opened my eyes again the night had taken one terrible leap towards morning. The dawn was breaking, and I then, for the first time, noticed the double row of mounted *gens-d'armes* facing the scaffold, the officers in front; and this sight, reminding me, as it did, that it was a stern act of justice and not a revelry of revenge that I was about to witness refreshed me as a breath of air coming from a purer world.

"Ah! there they go!" murmured in a hoarse whisper a man standing by my side, and following the direction of his eyes I saw the significant movement to which he alluded—five or six individuals slowly disappearing into the prison through the little wicket-gate

which closed noiselessly behind them. They had gone to tell him, it had at length begun, the prelude to the end, and if the condemned wretch had not heard or suspected anything before that night he would be knowing now! This thought was terrible to me. The sight of the merciless composure of the sombre prison-walls, while my imagination whispered to me what must be going on within them, drove me mad and filled my heart suddenly with immense pity for the man about to die. Everything was against him, everything and everybody,—but here a prolonged gasp of horror proceeding from a thousand throats chilled my heart to silence, and turning, as if spell-bound my reluctant eyes were riveted to what they fell upon. The great central gate of the prison was open wide, and from it a white figure and a black figure emerged side by side, the condemned man and the priest, the felon looking like an armless doll, fashioned to amuse a nursery full of gibbering demons, for his head was shaved, his arms pinioned back, and his legs tied so tightly together that he could only totter or waddle forward, pushed gently from behind by the headsman's aid, like a baby learning to walk or like a toy moving by clockwork. I was vaguely conscious that the priest was in a voice broken with emotion endeavouring to encourage and comfort his charge, holding up in his trembling hand a crucifix before the hideous face which seemed to pay no heed, to see no cross, no Saviour, no hope—only the guillotine, the red beams, the knife, the baskets. But I was only vaguely conscious of the words and movements of the priest, for my whole attention was taken up by the other, the one who would go on when the priest should be forced to stop, the one who would have to continue his journey alone, and only stop—ah, where would his dreadful journey end, and what at that journey's end would be awaiting him? And so, waddling, tottering, he who had once been a man, but who now looked hardly human, came out to

death; his gaze—if anything so inexpressibly terrible could be called a gaze—never being removed from the upper beam of the guillotine, or rather from that part of the scaffold that was the most full of meaning to him—the knife. When this terrible couple—the man in black and the thing in white—had advanced within two yards of the guillotine the priest stopped, took the felon in his arms, kissed him twice, and then stepped quickly back. Even as he did so the white thing was seized and hurled with great violence forward on to the plank, the executioner waved his hands, the plank fell forward and the knife shot down with a re-echoing, tremendous crash, and then a wild scream rent the air, and turning, I saw some one who had been standing not far from me fall backwards in a dead faint, doubtless overcome by the horror of the scene, and as he fell I recognised my strange young friend and fellow-countryman—Roselin Tudor.

III.

PUSHING my way roughly through the crowd I was by the lad's side at once.

"I know him," I exclaimed, "he is a friend of mind." Then, turning to the policeman, I said, "I came up here with Professor Leopold Maryx, and—"

"Ah! Dr. Maryx!" exclaimed a young man standing near. "There he comes." And, indeed, just at that moment the head of the great *savant* was seen towering over the crowd and advancing in my direction.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed rather gruffly, and evidently not in the best of humours.

"This young fellow is a friend of mine and has fainted, that's all," I explained. "I know where he lives and want to get him home."

In an instant I had a hundred offers of assistance, for the sight of the red rosette of a Commander of the Legion of Honour, which the doctor wore in his button-hole, acted like a charm. The lad was still unconscious, and Maryx,

after having stared at him for a moment, suggested that he had better be carried to a neighbouring wine-shop and fortified with some cordial before being taken home. So two stalwart men lifted the light burden and led the way to the nearest *bastringue*, Maryx and I following in the rear.

"Well," I ventured to inquire, "and were you pleased? Did you succeed in observing anything of special interest?" Maryx shook his head savagely.

"Interest!" he echoed. "Why, it has been an absolute waste of time coming here. If I'd known what I know now, I'd have given you my card to come alone and stuck to the *baccarat*. Why, the man was such an arrant coward that he almost had a fit when the barber's scissors touched his neck cropping his hair. I have seen many criminals die in many countries in my life, but I never saw such an uninteresting cur as this Corsi!"

"But they told you he was brave."

"Bah! Mere bravado. He counted on the President commuting his sentence at the last minute. Have you got a cigar?"

We had now reached the shop and, having explained matters to the landlord, we were shown into an inner room where the boy was laid on a table and Maryx began to attend to him. No crowd had followed us, for I fancy fainting-fits are not uncommon events in that quarter on such occasions, but the front room of the wine-shop was nevertheless packed tight with a vile mob of ruffians of every description, who discussed the ghastly spectacle they had come to witness over their absinthe and brandy. As their remarks were wholly unedifying I closed the door, and as I turned saw Tudor opening his eyes. As his mind seemed to grasp the situation his face flushed—the strangely powerful, rugged, ugly face—and he made a violent endeavour to spring from the table, but Maryx held him down gently but firmly.

"Be still, my boy, be still," he said in a quiet tone of command.

"Where am I? Who are you?"

gasped the boy in French, but then as I approached and his eyes fell upon me, he fell back overcome with astonishment, murmuring in English, "You here? Am I dreaming?"

"No, my dear fellow," I replied cheerfully, "you are not dreaming. You are all right now. You fainted, that's all, and I happened luckily to be by and took the liberty of taking care of you. You'll be all right in a minute."

"Where am I?" he inquired in a husky voice. "How did I faint? Where did I faint?"

"Why, you came up here as I did, I suppose, to see the man guillotined, and—"

"Oh, I remember!" murmured the poor lad, in a tone of horror, and falling back he became once more insensible. This second fainting-fit lasted much longer than the previous one, lasted indeed so long that I could see it caused Maryx considerable anxiety although he said nothing. "Ah, it's all right now," he murmured at length as the lad gave signs of recovering consciousness, "and high time too." Then, taking up a glass of kirsch he bent over the lad as he opened his eyes, saying, "Drink this at once, it will do you good." A look of suspicion crossed the scarred leonine face, but then the poor eyes lighted on the magic rosette, he glanced at Maryx who was smiling, and then at me, and then, as if reassured, he opened his mouth and drank the cordial.

"Ah," said the doctor. "That's a good boy, now you're all right."

"Thank you, Monsieur," murmured the lad in French, "you are very kind to me."

"You will be all right in a minute or two, Tudor," I said, speaking in English, "but you must let me see you home. You are too weak to go home by yourself."

"Oh, no," he exclaimed. "I can get home perfectly well by myself in a minute. I'd rather."

"I don't care what you'd rather do," broke in Maryx, with affected sternness. "I know better than you do, and

I tell you you are not in a fit state to go home by yourself. If you will not let my friend here take you home, I shall go with you myself. Where does he live?" he added in a low tone.

"298 Rue St. Marc," I replied in a whisper, but the lad heard me, opened his eyes and smiled.

"Ah! you remember!" he murmured.

Maryx had taken out his note-book, and after scribbling a few lines on a page, tore it out and gave it to me. "He lives near a friend of mine, Dr. Tangpy, Rue Louis le Grand, 94. Send for him at once and use my name. I hope you take no particular interest in this lad, for he has not a year's life left in him." Maryx watched me narrowly as I read what he had written, but my face evidently revealed to him nothing of importance, for as my eyes met his, he smiled and nodded his head. Then he went to the door and called for the frightened landlord.

"Is there a chemist near here?" he enquired.

"Yes, Monsieur—only two steps off." Maryx wrote a few lines and gave them to the man, at the same time extracting a louis from his pocket.

"Bring back the chemist and his medicine with him in five minutes and I will give you this. Now be off! Make haste!" When the man had gone Maryx turned to me. "You had better go to our cab and have it brought to the door here at once. I shall take this lad back with me myself; he interests me. There will be no room for you, so you had better go on to his home before us and prepare his friends. You are no good here, and you may be useful there. We shall be there soon after you." I hesitated.

"What is it?" asked the great man; then he added impatiently, almost rudely, "Why don't you do as I tell you?" I had intended telling Maryx what I knew of the lad's home, but the imperative tone in which these last words were uttered closed my lips and

I departed. When I had found our cab and driven back in it, the chemist had already arrived, and Maryx had given orders that no one was to be admitted to the inner room. So I left word that I had gone on, hailed a passing *fiacre*, jumped in and drove off to the address the lad had given me. The Rue St. Marc is an old street, and No. 298 is one of the oldest houses in it, a house that had very evidently been built for some one of the wealthy citizens of Paris about a hundred and fifty years ago—an old *hôtel* in fact, with a splendid gateway and spacious courtyard, the lower part of the building being now used for commercial purposes, but even the upper rooms being only let out to most respectable tenants.

It was now nearly seven, and Parisians being (although such is not generally supposed to be the case) much earlier risers than Londoners, I found the *conciergerie* busy washing the courtyard. He was an old man and I could see at a glance one of kind and gentle nature. I told him at once my story; how M. Tudor, who was a friend and fellow-countryman of mine, had fainted in my company an hour or an hour and a half before, how he was having the best possible medical attendance, and how I expected him home every moment, and had come on beforehand to tell his friends of his accident.

"M. Tudor?" exclaimed the worthy man, almost letting the broom fall in his astonishment and consternation. "You mean little Roselin?" I nodded assent. "Fainted!" he continued, "and where? He has lived here two years and I never knew him out so late before, although he often sits up copying all night. And to-night of all nights!"

"Why do you say 'to-night of all nights'?" I enquired. The man looked at me evidently surprised.

"Well, and Corsi? Wasn't it for this morning? The papers say so." I saw I was treading on dangerous ground and so held my peace, not wish-

ing my pretended knowledge to elicit any particulars concerning the lad's life which he himself had not told me; but my discretion was of no avail, for the *concierge*, interpreting my silence and increased sadness of aspect that I knew all the circumstances of the case, proceeded "*Ce gredin de Corsi!* He ought to be guillotined twice over, for he really killed two people. M. Roselin will never get over the murder of Mdlle. Marie."

"Mdlle. Marie!" I echoed, now fairly amazed. "I don't understand!"

The man looked at me for a moment in astonishment and then said suspiciously, "I thought you said you were a friend of M. Tudor?"

"So I am," I stammered, "but I have not known him long, and—"

"Bah!" interrupted the man. "Then his private affairs can hardly interest you. I'm sorry I spoke. I naturally thought as he sent you on to let us know that—"

"He did not send me on, he does not know that I have come on, he—but here he is!" I abruptly broke off as a cab drove up to the door. Maryx leant out of the carriage window and beckoned to me and the *concierge*.

"He tells me he lives on the fifth floor; he must be carried up; he can't walk." But here Tudor, who was lying half back in the arms of the chemist's assistant with his head on a pillow in a half swoon, opened his eyes, and on recognizing the *concierge* an expression of great anxiety came over his face.

"Aristide," he whispered, catching his breath, "she doesn't know, does she?" The honest *concierge* shook his head and his eyes filled with tears.

"No, *mon pauvre ami*, she knows nothing. We didn't know you had gone out, you said nothing to us about it; but when my wife went up as usual this morning she found the little one sound asleep with the doll in her arms. That was only half an hour ago."

"I ought not to have left her; it

was selfish of me, but I am punished for it." Here he closed his eyes wearily. Maryx got out of the cab and took the *concierge* and myself aside.

"This," he said, "I fear will be a very serious case. His nervous system has received a very terrible shock, and his constitution seems to me to have been always weak. Perhaps he works too hard." Here the *concierge*, seeing that he was speaking to the man of importance, cast his discretion to the winds and began eagerly: "Oh yes, Monsieur, he works very hard and he was never strong, I—"

"Never mind now," interrupted the doctor. "The first thing to do is to get him to his bed. Pray go and tell your wife and then come back and help us carry him upstairs to his room. He is suffering from a series of fainting fits and I want to get him to bed at once. Pray lose no time; I don't want him to faint in the cab." The wife of the *concierge* now put in an appearance, and being like all the Parisiennes a most sensible and practical although most tender-hearted woman, she wasted no time in vain lamentation but gave me at once some useful information. I explained everything to her in a moment.

"M. Tudor is an Englishman, as you know, and I met him last evening for the first time. He greatly interested me and I am only anxious to be of service to him."

"Ah!" she interrupted, "is Monsieur then the gentleman who bought that beautiful doll for little Mariette?" I nodded. "Oh, if you had only seen the pleasure it gave her! *Chère petite!* What she has suffered and what M. Roselin has suffered, God only knows!"

"She is asleep now, is she not?"

"Yes, at least she was half an hour ago—asleep with the doll in her arms. But she is so weak she sleeps most of the time!"

"There is no one else living with them is there?" I enquired.

"No one; M. Roselin lived here alone until the mother of the little one

was murdered and then he took her to live with him. But she will not live long; the doctors say she may die any day now." These few words of explanation took only a minute or two and were spoken as the chemist's assistant and Aristide were making, under the surveillance of Maryx, preparations to lift the inanimate form (for the poor boy had fainted again) from the cab.

"Let me," said the *concierger*, "I can easily carry him alone. He weighs nothing, *pauvre petit!* Here, Caroline," addressing his wife, "take the key and go up with the gentlemen first."

"You go with her," said Maryx, turning to me, "and see that all is right. I will stay here and see the boy is properly lifted." So turning into the courtyard I followed the woman, who with key in hand led the way.

"We need not disturb the little one," she explained breathlessly as we mounted the stairs, "M. Roselin's bedroom where he sleeps and works is next to hers, but there is a thick wall between and she will hear nothing if we are careful. I had no idea he had gone out; he ought to have told us. He came in at midnight with the doll; we were just going to bed, but he dropped in to see us to ask us to come up and see the little one's delight. So we both left the *loge* and went up with him. She was waiting for him wide awake, for he had told he he was going to bring it to her. She has talked of nothing else for weeks past. Oh, Monsieur, if you had only seen her joy it would have made you cry! She heard us coming, for as I opened the door M. Roselin called out 'I've got it, *chérie*, I've got it!' and we found her sitting up in bed trembling with excitement, her arms outstretched. Then M. Roselin ran up to her and put the box in her arms and took her in his and kissed her and fondled her. He was crying, Monsieur, I saw the tears streaming down his face. But the little one hardly seemed to notice

him, she was so anxious to see the doll," and here the woman paused breathlessly.

"And when she did see it?" I enquired.

"Ah, Monsieur, when she did see it she cried out in a piteous way '*Maman! Maman! Maman!*' and took it in her arms and hugged and kissed it, and then we all cried and laughed together. Then we left them, my husband and I, and we heard nothing more. M. Roselin said nothing about going out, but as I always come up at seven to see how Mariette is I found he was not in, and the little one was alone and asleep, and so I went away without waking her. He must have crept out in the early morning."

We had now reached the fifth floor, and the worthy woman unlocking a door to the left of the landing we found ourselves at once in a large, lofty, wainscoted, old-fashioned room very poorly furnished and with the floor littered with papers. In one corner stood a small iron bedstead, in the centre of the room a writing-desk also covered with papers; and these, with three shabby chairs which might at one time have been green but which were now no colour in particular, a chest of drawers, and a washing-stand completed the furniture of this humble dwelling. The looking-glass over the fire-place was crowded with letters, memoranda, and cards.

"The little one sleeps next door," whispered the woman nodding in the direction of a thick green baize door which was closed, "and the walls are so thick that when the door is closed you have to call to be heard." While thus speaking she was opening and smoothing the bed which had evidently not been slept in, and now, as I heard the tread of men carrying a burthen mounting the stairs, she began making the fire, I standing by her side the while and half unconsciously reading the open notes and cards lying on the mantelshelf, when my eyes lighted on a photograph of a young actress, and I recognized at once the girl I had

seen three years before acting in *Les Trois Margots*, at the Bouffes,—Marie Dufresne, the woman Corsi had assassinated, the mother of the child sleeping in the next room. How well I understood now the look of horror which had come into his face when he said, in reply to my question, "Her mother did not die of consumption!" But the sound of footsteps slowly mounting the stairs drew nearer, and Maryx entered the room.

"Ha!" exclaimed the great man drawing a long breath, "Your friend lives too near paradise to suit me, but he has comfortable enough quarters when you get here. Here he is,—be careful,—be careful,—" and the *concierge* came staggering into the room, carrying in his arms the unconscious lad and followed by the chemist's assistant. "Lay him on the bed,—there—gently—so. We will undress him and put him to bed presently. Lift his head higher,—there, that's right." Then turning to me he said, "What do you intend doing? I am going to stay here. I have nothing special to do this morning and this case interests me."

"Of course I shall stay," I replied. "I can't tell you how much I am obliged to you, Maryx," and I tried to take his hand. But he laughed, and ignoring my proffered hand ran his fingers through his beard.

"How absurd!" he exclaimed. "I am merely indulging in a caprice; that is all. Is he living alone?"

"No, he has a child, a little girl, living with him. She is asleep now in that room and knows nothing." And then, speaking in German, I told him in a few words what I knew, Maryx all the while listening to me, but keeping his eyes fixed on the prostrate form of the lad on the bed.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed suddenly to the chemist's assistant, who had unbuttoned the boy's collar, extracted a small bottle from his pocket, uncorked it, and was about to apply it to the lad's lips. "Leave him alone. I will attend to him presently myself.

But if you want to make yourself useful, get this made up for me at once and bring it back yourself," and drawing up a chair to the writing-desk he sat down, pushed all the papers and books on to the floor carelessly, seized a pen and piece of paper and began writing, talking as he wrote. "When you have got this made up and have brought it back to me yourself, go to Dr. Tangpy's,—you know where he lives, just round the corner, don't you?"

"Yes, M. le Docteur."

"Well, go to him, wake him if necessary, and tell him I want to see him here at once and shall wait until he comes. Tell him in fact what you like, but bring him back with you." The man, delighted beyond measure at being entrusted with a message from so illustrious an individual as Professor Leopold Maryx, bowed and departed.

"Now," said Maryx, speaking very quickly and in German, "I must repeat to you what I said before. This is a very serious case. I will not bore you with scientific terms you would not understand, but I tell you frankly the boy is dying—that is, he will not, may not at least, die now, but he certainly will not live a year unless some extraordinary change for the better sets in, which I can hardly hope for. He is insensible now and will remain so until I choose to bring him round, which I shall do presently. But he will need constant care and watching. I will stay by him till my friend Tangpy comes," and here Maryx divested himself of his hat, gloves, and voluminous fur coat, and began arranging his disordered evening dress, smoothing his white tie and examining with great care a rather damaged gardenia, as if he were about to wait upon an arch-duchess,—“and I will tell Tangpy what I think and then leave your *protégé* in his hands, for I am lunching with Vulpian at twelve, and leave for Vienna to-night. What do you intend doing?"

"You asked me that before and I told you. I shall stay here also," I

replied, following the example set me by Maryx, and throwing my great coat and other accoutrements on top of his. "I shall wait until you think I can go back to the hotel and change my dress, and then come back here again. I can't tell you how this poor lad interests me."

Maryx nodded, then changing into French and addressing the *concierge* and his wife, whose horror at hearing the detested language spoken had been somewhat modified by the unexpected sight of two gentlemen in evening dress standing before them: "Tell me about this little girl,—my friend here tells me she is very ill." The woman nodded. "She is sleeping in there," she said, pointing to the green baize door. "Shall I go and wake her?" Maryx hesitated.

"No," he said after a pause, "I think I will go in myself. If she is asleep I shall have time to watch her, listen to her breathing and see what I think of her. If she is awake I will call you in." And so saying Maryx walked to the green baize door, opened it softly and passed into the next room on tip toe, the door swinging to noiselessly behind him. But in a moment he was back again, saying very gently, and in almost a reverent tone, "Poor little child, she is dead!"

"Dead!" echoed the *concierge* and his wife, "Dead!"

"Come and see," said the doctor, opening the door, "She has been dead an hour at least."

The room into which we now passed was even more large and airy than the one in which poor Tudor lay, and had evidently been tastefully decorated by him for his little friend. There was a sofa and a *chaise longue* and many easy chairs, and an open piano with a piece of music standing on the rest as if the player had suddenly been interrupted in his playing; and there were violets on the table and pretty pictures on the walls, and toys on the mantel-shelf and on the chest of drawers and table—cheap toys, but the best he could afford to buy—and a child's

picture-book lying open on the little table by the bed, with a crucifix by it and a closed prayer-book; and the bed itself was white and bright and pretty, and had dainty little pink curtains hanging over it and half hiding it; curtains which Maryx now drew back to show us that he had not been deceived. There she lay, a pretty little baby-girl, lying as if asleep, with a smile upon her face, clasping tightly in her arms the beautifully dressed doll, the bright, pretty face of the puppet with the staring blue eyes, the golden curls, the little earrings, and the fashionable bonnet, lying close beside the ashen cheek of the dead child who had so longed for it and so loved it because it looked like her murdered mother, and who now in God's mercy had been taken to that mother. Death, more capricious than any pretty woman, had put aside all aspect of sombre majesty here, had come on his mission of peace unaccompanied by any horror, but lay nestling there like a soft white dove hiding under a pretty toy.

"How very beautiful!" murmured Maryx in German, and my heart echoed his words. "How very beautiful!" And so we three stood there speechless and in awe—spell-bound at the sight of this most vulgar accident of life—the ending of it, that common event which Schiller says is so universal that it must be good. And gazing on that fair dead face, the thought came to me how strange it was that I, by the merest accident, should have been the means of enlivening it with its last smile, and yet have come too late to make smiles dwell thereon as I had hoped to do. And then the love, the simple self-sacrificing love this dying lad in the next room bore to the dead child lying there, how everything told of it,—the doll she held in her arms came of all! And as this thought came to my mind, my eyes left the two pretty and inanimate child-faces lying cheek by cheek on the pillow,—the one as lifeless as the other, but both smiling—and fell upon the music

lying open on the piano. I recognized it at once, for it was one of my favourites—a waltz of Chopin, a posthumous work,¹ one of the saddest and most touching expressions of a broken heart. Innocent and tender in its utterance as this child's life, but sad as her untimely death, no piece of music ever composed by a great master mind could possibly have been more in harmony with what so lightly lay upon that bed than this.

Maryx was the first to break the silence. Turning to the man he said, "You had better go to the Mairie and report this at once. My friend, Dr. Tangpy, who will be here in a few minutes, will see about the rest. In the meantime you had all better leave me here alone."

So we three, the man and his wife and I returned to the adjoining room, where we found Tudor still lying on his back insensible, looking indeed far more like a corpse than she whose breath had really sped for ever; and it was in fact probably the majesty of his stillness and the great pathos of the repose of this lad, who would soon be called back again to life to have his heart once more cruelly wounded, that checked the outburst of violent emotion which I had seen foreshadowed in the face of both the *concierge* and his wife.

"Hush!" I said in a whisper, pointing to the lad, as if he could hear us, "we must be quiet and make no noise. It is all over with her—we must now only think of him." Then turning to the man—"You had better go at once to the Mairie," I said, "but send me the first *commissionnaire* you meet on your way. Your wife will stay with me for a moment,—I have something to say to her." When the man, who by this time could with difficulty restrain his emotion, had left the room, I said to his wife, who stood as if half dazed, looking at the unconscious youth and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, "Have you any vacant rooms in the house?"

At first she could hardly trust herself to answer me, but at length she said, "Yes, there is a large apartment on this same floor to be let, on the other side of the landing, but it is unfurnished."

"Well, I will take it for the time being, until the *propriétaire* lets it. I will pay him beforehand, so he need fear nothing. You can easily hire or buy for me what is necessary. I am going to stay here"—and I put money into her hand, the poor woman gazing at me with an astonishment that almost interrupted the falling of her tears. Then I sat down and wrote two letters,—one a line to my servant at the hotel, telling him to bring me what was necessary, and then a letter to one of my dearest friends, the Duchesse de Lussac, who is as good as she is fair and as fair as she is good, and what can I say more? I hurriedly told her all, adding that I knew I could rely upon her aid and advice, and that I should wait impatiently until she could come and give it to me. Just as I had finished the *commissionnaire* arrived, and almost directly behind him came the physician whom Maryx had sent for. I told him all in as few words as possible; he looked at the lad for a moment, felt his pulse, shook his head, and then went into the next room to join his colleague without saying a word.

But what took place during the next few days I need hardly linger over. When Tudor was brought round his mind was found to be wandering, and then brain-fever set in. Madame de Lussac came in great haste at eleven, and her husband, the duke, who was never behindhand in good works, followed her at two. When Maryx returned from his breakfast with Dr. Vulpian, he found his colleague Tangpy paying his second visit, and so we five—the duke and duchess, the two physicians, and myself—held a council of war. That I should stay by the lad until the last or until he should have sufficiently recovered to permit of my moving him to more comfortable

¹ Book iv. 1836. *Op.* lxix.

quarters I had decided, and all present approved of my decision. All pecuniary details I of course took upon myself; Tangpy promised to do all that science and his own experience (coupled, if need be, with that of his friend), could achieve, while Madame de Lussac undertook the most precious part of all, the tender care, nursing and sympathy. So Maryx was justified in saying, when he departed late in the afternoon and only just in time to dine in haste and catch his train, that he left his interesting patient in good hands, and that if he did not recover it would certainly not be for lack of care. The funeral of the little girl took place on the following day. The duke and his beautiful duchess undertook all the details connected with that ceremony and converted the death-chamber into a *chapelle ardente*, in the middle of which stood, literally covered with flowers, the coffin containing the dead child and her doll, which at the suggestion of Madame de Lussac was buried with her. During all that time poor Tudor lay partly in a swoon and partly delirious, but wholly ignorant of what was taking place around him, and mercifully unconscious that his little friend had left him and was being taken to her last resting-place without a farewell kiss from his lips.

And now an extraordinary phenomenon took place,—one of those things which I think could only be possible in Paris. Suddenly this delirious, dying lad, this poor, ugly, almost deformed youth, who was a foreigner by birth and who lived by the few paltry francs he could earn by copying, became the fashion, and the right to watch by his bedside (of course I had engaged a trained nurse recommended by Tangpy) came to be looked upon as a coveted privilege by the ladies of the Noble Faubourg, and all that was bluest of blood, fairest of face and most richly endowed with acres, ducats and power in the patrician world of Paris took turns by day and by night to watch by the bedside of this broken-hearted little waif, not carelessly and capri-

ciously, but earnestly and tenderly, Madame la Marquise coming from the Opera to take the place of Madame la Comtesse who was due at a *soirée*, and Madame la Marquise in turn being relieved by Madame la Baronne on her return from a ball. The tenderness and care and skill which these *grandes dames* gave proof of in nursing seemed to me marvellous and almost incredible. Ladies whom I had considered incapable of any more strict obedience to the Divine Will than that which may be comprehended in being absolutely adorable in grace, beauty and refinement, showed a patience, sympathy and kindness which even Florence Nightingale could hardly have excelled. But these garrets in this old house in this shabby street were not only thus transformed into a vision-house, wherein a most sweet dream of fair and good women rested as a perfume, but they furthermore became the *rendezvous* of all the most prominent men of letters in Paris, most of whom knew Tudor personally, and from whom I learnt some of the particulars of his past life.

His father, an Englishman by birth, had come to Paris in early youth and had been engaged in some literary capacity by the benevolent Galignanis, but he had left them after some years and started for himself as a bookbinder and printer on a small scale at Rueil, near Paris. From what I could gather he would appear to have been a man of considerable culture and refinement, but a visionary—weak and self-indulgent, and feebly ambitious. The lad's mother had been a famous model, and had thus been brought in contact with all the celebrities of the artistic world of Paris, Théophile Gautier having been her staunchest and truest friend and the godfather of her son and only child, to whom he had given the absurd name of Roselin, after the legend of the Quatre Fils Aymon. When Astarte, as Baudelaire had christened the beautiful model, married plain John Tudor, the struggling Eng-

lish printer, great had been the wailing and gnashing of teeth in the artistic world ; but, as she died eighteen months after her wedding-day, the memory of her beauty had not had time to fade away, and all the painters, sculptors, poets, and *littérateurs* of Paris came forward to do their best to aid the heart-broken widower and the infant Roselin, foremost among them of course—as he was always in the front rank when a deed of delicate kindness was to be done—being Jules Sandeau, who took a special interest in the child's education and training, and eventually got him a berth in a bookseller's shop in the Rue des Saint Péres where, if the salary was but meagre, the lad had the run of all the classics in every language ; his good-natured employer, himself a famous scholar, taking delight in teaching the clever boy Italian, Latin, Greek, and German, and thus introducing him to the best works of the greatest thinkers. Then a great misfortune befel the lad ; he was seized with smallpox in its most virulent form, and after months of suffering, during which his father died, he left his bed at the hospital disfigured and debilitated for life, to find that his employer had failed and left Paris. In this emergency Jules Sandeau had again come to the rescue and, reminding his literary colleagues that they could not let the son of Astarte die of starvation, had procured dramatic and other copying work for him in connection with the house of Deporte, the leading men of letters moreover banding themselves together at the instigation of Sandeau to invest for the lad in the form of an annuity a sum in the Rentes, small of course but sufficient to keep him, especially when supplemented by what he might earn by copying, from absolute indigence. Such was the simple story. When, where, and in what way he had ever become acquainted with Marie Dufresne, the murdered actress, nobody seemed to know ; but then, as de Lussac reminded me, the *pauvre ver de terre amoureux d'une étoile* is a common enough event

in the artistic world of the Ville Lumière.

Many a long and weary day and night passed before an opportunity presented itself of telling the poor boy of the death of his little friend. I had thought the matter over and consulted with my friends, and taking into consideration what the doctor had said about the lad's death being merely a question of weeks, and recalling to mind what he himself had said about his desire to die, I had decided that in the circumstances the news that his little friend had gone before him would come to him as a joy rather than as a fresh sorrow. Nor was I mistaken in this conjecture, although I was indeed spared the pain of breaking the news to him, for he divined it. It came about in this wise. After a terrible night of delirium he had fallen into another swoon, and on his recovery from this came his first lucid interval. Madame de Lussac, the trained nurse and I were by his bedside, when he opened his eyes and looked at me for the first time with a glance of recognition. His eyes then wandered around the room and I divined what he was looking for, and then as I saw he wished to speak, I bowed my ear to his lips.

"Is she asleep or dead?" he whispered.

"Which would you wish her to be?" I inquired.

"Dead," he murmured.

"She is not asleep," I said. He looked at me, and my eyes told him what he sought to know.

"Thank God!" he murmured, "for I am dying too!"

A week after this the end came, but three days before his death the delirium left him and he became very calm ; and when at length he was allowed to speak, we told each other all we had to tell. I told him all that had taken place since that terrible night on the Place de la Roquette, and very plainly informed him that he was right and that he was dying, but that I should be with him to the last.

And he in his turn told me the simple story of the only romantic episode in his life, his love for the murdered actress; of how he had first seen her in a fairy piece at the Porte St. Martin and lost his heart to her; of how she had laughed at him and scorned him, but still allowed him, out of pity for his great love of her, to see her sometimes as a humble and devoted friend who would willingly lay down his life for her; and of how by degrees he had brought himself to look upon this privilege as a greater and more precious joy than if she had given him her heart. Then came the advent of the handsome and mysterious adventurer, Corsi, whom the girl had met and fallen in love with at Monte Carlo, and then the robbery and the murder. The victim had no parents, and so Tudor had taken her little child. The rest the reader knows. The story, as I say, was a most simple one, but told in the lad's strangely dramatic way it was a terrible one. His mind indeed seemed to me like a most curious armoury in which might have been found perhaps almost any weapon from the brave lance of the pure-hearted knight to the jewel-hilted dagger of a Borgia; the result doubtless of many morbid influences, the unhealthy fruit of precocious and misdirected study springing from an overtaxed imagination, nourished by unsatisfied passion, and strengthened by a spirit of revolt against the accidents of life which had

kept his soul from soaring. He was a true *fleur d'asphalte*, born of a caprice and nourished in the unhealthy atmosphere of the studios and *coulisses*; and had it not been for the vigour and spirit which were very apparent even on his death-bed, and which he had inherited from his English father, his many great though undeveloped talents might have led him into crime, backed up and spurred on as they were by a vanity which had lost nothing of its morbid strength by the fact of its never having met with that partial justification which comes with success. As it was, the innate manliness of the lad had induced him to assume the haughty attitude of a disdainful rebel, and given to his rugged, disfigured countenance that expression which, as I have said, reminded one of Danton.

Roselin Tudor lies in the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and now, when at Christmas time I find myself alone in Paris, there is one invitation which is resistless, one hospitable challenge which may not be refused, coming in a noiseless whisper from that lonely grave. And while I stand there looking down upon the simple little mound, there invariably steals into my ear the sad despairing melody of that posthumous waltz of Chopin which always seems to me to tell, almost in detail, the story of Roselin Tudor's life.

X. L.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1890.

THE TWO MR. PITTS.

THE Home Rulers are rather exacting. They expect us to change with their leader in a moment not only our views of Irish policy but our views of Irish history, and indeed of English history also; and because we remain where we were they tax us with apostasy. It seems to follow that in their eyes a particular politician must be in his own person the measure not only of wisdom but of truth. I am not sensible myself of any change that came over my views at the moment when the Parnellite vote was found to be indispensable to Mr. Gladstone. I see that in spite of my Unionism I continue to receive the tribute of abuse from Jingo organs, and that a loyal Englishman, who is a Unionist but not a Jingo, may now win the double honours of an apostate from Liberalism and a "rebel." When the integrity of the nation is assailed by domestic faction in alliance with the foreign enemies of the country, there is nothing for it but to rally round existing institutions. Soldiers who are out on a hill-side with the enemy in front of them must put off to a more convenient season the discussion of Army Reform. We can talk about mending the House of Lords, and about Disestablishment again when the nation has been saved from dismemberment.

My essay on *Irish History and Character* has been cited as a proof of apostasy. The essay ends with a de-

claration of adhesion to the Union as strong as words could make it, and founded on the very same arguments which I use now. It might have been fair to notice this, if any justice were due to people who have failed to go round with Mr. Gladstone. The essay was written in the summer of 1862, during which I was the guest of the then Irish Secretary at Dublin. It was inspired by the sight of warring factions, civil and religious, and was intended not to rekindle smouldering passions, but to touch a kindly chord and evoke the charities of history. While it was being composed I was in constant intercourse with Lord O'Hagan, Sir Alexander Macdonnell, Dr. Russell, the Principal of Maynooth, and other true Irish patriots, who were staunch Unionists at the same time. Only as it bears the impress of that intercourse has the essay now the slightest value. It has been superseded by historical research which has been active and fruitful during the last quarter of a century. Moreover, since it was written, I have seen the Irish in America. I know better both what the political character of the Irishman is and what Irish Home Rule would be. Disestablishment, which I advocated in the essay, has since been carried, and the moderate reform of the Land Law which I ventured to propose has been far outrun by legislation.

My two lectures on Pitt, which are

also supposed to rise up in judgment against me, were given in aid of the fund raised to obtain justice for the negro peasantry of Jamaica against Governor Eyre. On all those questions I stand where I then stood, and where certain heirs and champions of Liverpool interests and sentiments have never stood. Perhaps the lectures, written for popular audiences, may have been a little coloured by the hour. But it does not seem to me that I have much changed my views about anything connected with Pitt, though in this case again research has been active and opinions must be modified by its results. The French Revolution I always regarded as the greatest calamity that ever befell mankind. "Let us never glorify revolutions" are the first words of the volume which contains the lectures on Pitt. The world was moving on, philosophy and science were advancing, superstition was losing ground, intelligence was gaining power, the spirit of reform and progress had taken possession more or less of all the European thrones. Pitt, the disciple of Adam Smith, was master of England and was carrying into effect his master's principles, when in a disastrous hour the Faubourg St. Antoine, headed by a gang of half-mad and murderous miscreants, got hold of the French Government and a deluge of woes ensued.

Perhaps I now think Pitt rather less strong, and rather more worthy of esteem in other respects, than I then did. That he was not wanting in resolution was proved in his long battle with the Opposition after his first accession to power, and again by his defiance and dismissal of the terrific Thurlow. More than once he overruled the King. But he had not the Bismarckian iron in his blood. His lofty manner and freezing language kept at a distance those whose near approach perhaps he could hardly have afforded to allow. The treatment to which he was subjected by his medical advisers, who drenched him with port wine, crammed him with beef-steak, and

made him over-fatigue himself with riding, could hardly fail to shake his moral as well as his bodily nerve.

It is difficult to acquit him of weakness in the affair of Warren Hastings. After voting against impeachment on the Rohilla charge, which, as Campbell truly says, was the best established of all, and indeed is the only one which weighs heavily on the memory of Hastings, he suddenly turned round and voted for impeachment on the Cheyte Sing charge, which, as Campbell also truly says, was the least well-founded, and indeed, as now appears, had no foundation at all. That he had not had time before to read the evidence, is the not very creditable explanation tendered by Stanhope. The most likely explanation of conduct which amazed all Pitt's followers at the time, and has amazed posterity since, is that Pitt gave way to the influence of Dundas who had a long interview with him that morning. Dundas was an able and good tempered but coarse and unscrupulous man, and probably not above political jealousy which there is no ground for imputing to Pitt. He was an old enemy of Hastings, having formerly moved for his recall on the Rohilla charge, though he now dropped that charge on a rather hollow pretext. He showed his bias by voting for Francis as a manager, in defiance not only of justice but of decency, since Francis was an avowed personal enemy of the accused and had fought a duel with him. When Hastings had been acquitted but had been ruined by the impeachment, and the Company proposed to make a provision for the old age of their illustrious and persecuted servant, Dundas vetoed it. As President of the Board of Control, wielding the Indian patronage of which he made unscrupulous use in his management of Scotland, he had special reason to fear that Hastings might supplant him. Vengeance overtook him when he was himself impeached for corruption, and rather harshly found guilty and struck off the roll of the Privy Council.

For opposing the King's will on the subject of Catholic Emancipation or any other subject, Pitt was in rather a bad position, inasmuch as it was to the King's will and to an intrigue of the Closet that he owed his appointment to the premiership. An intrigue that transaction must be called. Temple and Thurlow, who were confederates in the plot, though Thurlow kept himself in the background, had thought of trying it on another question before they tried it and succeeded on the India Bill. The King had a right, at all events as the Constitution was then understood, to dismiss his ministers and appeal against them to the country; but he had not a right to stab them, or commission anybody to stab them, in the back. If all was right, why did not Temple deliver the King's message from his place in the House of Lords instead of handing about a clandestine card? Pitt identified himself with the transaction, both by accepting the premiership and by putting Temple into the Cabinet, though the plotter, whether from disappointment or fear is a moot point, at once decamped. It is true that the nation, in its just hatred of the coalition, overlooked the breach of Constitutional right and gave the King and Pitt a great majority at the election which ensued. But that does not justify the breach of Constitutional right. Pitt's best excuse is that he was twenty-four and had refused the premiership before.

The excellence and beneficence of Pitt's Free Trade measures and retrenchments during the earlier part of his career is not likely to be disputed, unless some one should be in very pressing need of the Fair Trade vote. The contrast between those bright years, in which he was carrying into effect the principles of Adam Smith, and the dark years which were to follow, is enough to touch one to the heart. His diplomacy also seems to have been strong and successful. The Russian Ambassador, Woronzow, an impartial judge, said on one occasion that it had

equalled the vigour and brilliancy of Chatham.

Pitt looked on the French Revolution at first not only with calmness but with a kind eye. He reduced the forces, predicted a long reign of peace, and had clearly made up his mind not to interfere with the internal affairs of France. Unhappily his resolution failed him amidst the burst of horror called forth by the execution of the King. It is true that France was the first formally to declare war; but the gauntlet was evidently thrown down when the French ambassador was dismissed amidst a storm of execration. The French King's fate might well move pity and indignation. But we were in no way bound to avenge him. Had he not abetted rebellion in our American colonies? Why could not Pitt do as Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro had done when England cut off the head of Charles the First? To remain quiet and allow the fever fit of the Revolution to pass and the inevitable collapse to ensue was the only right and wise policy for all the governments. What would it not have spared the world?

Real danger of contagion there was none. The numbers of the revolutionary party in England, as Burke himself says, were contemptible. Thanks to the prosperity which Pitt's policy had produced, the nation was contented. It had a Parliament unreformed yet capable of giving expression to the national will, as had been shown in the overthrow of the coalition. It had trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, and a free press. The moderate party in France pointed to British liberty as their model. By loose talk about the sovereign people, Priestly, Horne Tooke, and the fatuous Duke of Norfolk merely inflamed public feeling against themselves. The rioting was on the Tory side. Pitt by his war-taxation at last produced not political sedition but a bread-riot.

On the other hand, we must allow for the righteous wrath which the devilish atrocities of the Jacobins, rendered

still more revolting by their monkey-ism, excited and continue to excite in all healthy and moral natures. Had Europe marched on the miscreants in the name of humanity, which they were shocking and polluting, it would hardly have been blamed. We must remember that the Girondists for their party purposes courted war. We must remember that revolutionary France did trample on the law of nations, though within a certain measure her acts might have been wisely passed over as those of a lunatic. We must remember also that the conduct of Fox,—whose political character had been formed at the gambling-table, and who passed from one extreme to the other, from the camp of ultra prerogative to that of open sympathy with rebellion, swearing eternal enmity to North one day, coalescing with him for the sake of place the next, and afterwards rushing back into Radicalism,—must by his intemperance have increased Pitt's difficulty in keeping the King and the Tories quiet. Fox had not in him a particle of genuine patriotism; he could shamelessly exult in the reverses of his country, and refuse to rejoice at its victories and if they strengthened the government of his rival. "The triumph of the French Government over the English," was his remark when a humiliating peace was made, "does in fact afford me a degree of pleasure which it is very difficult to disguise." Scott can hardly have been unconscious of his own gentle irony when he said that Fox "a Briton died." In private Fox no doubt was charming, and we must give him credit for generous impulses, but there are few public men in history whom I find it more difficult to respect or love.

The King naturally was bent on the prosecution of the war, and it is difficult to doubt that Pitt gave way in some measure to his influence and that of the aristocratic party. He can hardly have felt sure that he was right in continuing to heap burdens on the people of England and to pour out their blood when he had to buy allies.

He said that his object was security, which sounded well in debate. But if other governments could make peace with the Directory and the Consulate, why could not he? He objected that the Directory and the Consulate were born of revolution, and therefore out of the diplomatic pale. But every government that follows a revolution must in that sense be born of it, and on this principle must be the object of internecine war. The Consulate, however, might rather have been said to have killed the Revolution than to have been born of it, and certainly it was not wanting in stability. The result was that Pitt had to stoop to the ignominy of entertaining a proposal that he should buy a peace of the Directory by giving a huge bribe to the scoundrel Barras. When Bonaparte's boundless and felonious ambition had displayed itself, and threatened the independence of all nations, the case was changed. The war thenceforth was not only just but inevitable; it was a struggle for national life against a universal brigand, and Whig sympathy with the enemy became vile.

On the other hand, Pitt is unjustly blamed by Macaulay for not crusading. With what was he to crusade? With a host of grandees and sinecurists? With a pluralist episcopate and clergy? With a landed gentry which refused to allow the land to pay its fair share of taxation and threw the burden on the people? He did all he could to stimulate public spirit; and not without effect, for a large patriotic fund was subscribed. He also made a generous effort to suspend party, and at the sacrifice of his own supremacy to unite the chiefs of the Opposition with himself and his friends in the defence of the nation. Even on the French side the crusading spirit went for less than is commonly thought. What the crusaders chiefly did was to run away and murder their generals. It was a conscription of simple peasants, trained to obedience under the monarchy and aristocracy and blended with the

soldiers of the old army, that, when it found commanders, turned the scale in favour of France.

Pitt's measures of repression were wrong, not because they were severe, for extreme cases justify extreme measures, but because they were not needed. Stanhope gives his own case away. "Among the middle and upper classes," he says, "as also in the entire rank of yeomen, there was a detestation of the French excesses; and dread might well be felt when they saw such excesses held up for examples. Among those who in England or Scotland still for safety called themselves Reformers their open violence was plain to view and their secret conspiracy was feared; and the public voice was loud in calling for activity and firmness, nay even for rigour, against them. In such extraordinary circumstances can we, it was asked, expect that mere ordinary measures would suffice?" Certainly we could, because when the great mass of the people and all the powerful classes were loyal there could be no serious danger. The outrages on justice committed by terrorist magistrates and judges, notably in Scotland, were never censured by Pitt; I fear we must say that he defended them. If he had himself been free from the panic, as some of his advocates say that he was, his condemnation would be more severe. But he seems to have shared it so far as to believe that if he quitted office "his head would not be six months on his shoulders." At first popular feeling had been almost wholly with the Government, but the State trials put it largely on the other side.

That he was a very bad War Minister was Pitt's misfortune, not his fault. It is curious that the genius of the father should have been so exactly reversed in that of his son. Chatham was great in war and nothing else; Pitt was great in everything but war. It is said that Pitt had no good men to employ; neither had Chatham till he made them. Chatham would have pushed Nelson and Wellesley to the front at once as he did Wolfe. The

neglect of the sailors and their grievances, which caused the mutiny at the Nore, was inexcusable, so was the placing of Pitt's brother, Lord Chatham, at the head of a war department. So was the appointment of the Duke of York to the command of the army in Flanders. Pitt got the Duke recalled at last, but Chatham would never have let him go. The war finance seemed to have been good, though the Sinking Fund was a delusion; and the commerce which Pitt had developed and continued to foster supplied the sinews of the war.

To say that there were two Pitts was perhaps a stretch of rhetoric on my part, but it can hardly be doubted that a change came over the character. While the Revolution was raging, a halt might not unreasonably be called in the march of reform, though to go forward at a moderate pace would probably have been the wiser as well as the braver course. But Pitt did not merely call a halt, as Macaulay asserts, leaving it open to himself to return to his liberal policy when the crisis was over. In the debate on Reform in 1800 he said,—“Upon this subject I think it right to state the inmost thoughts of my mind; I think it right to declare my most decided opinion that even if the times were proper for experiments, any, even the slightest, change in such a Constitution must be considered an evil.” He frankly avowed his change of opinion, justifying it by the experience of the intervening years during which the Constitution had proved its strength and excellence by withstanding the storm of revolution. He did not attempt to save his consistency by declaring that his inmost convictions had been against his former policy, and that in pursuing and advocating it he had been misleading the nation and betraying all who acted with him into false positions. The cast of his mind was thoroughly Liberal and in his happier day he would have consented to the repeal of the Test Act. As it was he went so far as to submit the question to the bishops, who gave the

answer which might have been expected from the prelates of a privileged and plethoric Church: "Save the Establishment, let what will happen to the nation." The profanation of the Sacrament as a test touched them not. On the question of the Slave Trade Pitt remained nobly true to his Liberalism, though by his philanthropy he offended the King and risked his popularity with his party. So he did with regard to the law of libel. Being thoroughly disinterested, he would very likely, when the storm was over, have returned to his better self.

Through Pitt's confidential correspondence we can see into his inmost thoughts, and the man must be crazed with prejudice who can doubt that his intentions towards Ireland were thoroughly upright, or that his desire to close the history of her troubles and make her a happy part of the Empire was sincere and ardent. He was the first British minister whose mind was earnestly turned in that direction. He stood high above the factions by which Ireland was torn, and sought only to end their deadly strife. In private conversation he is described by Wilberforce as "resenting and spurning the bigoted fury of Irish Protestants." In England under his ascendancy a pretty clean sweep had been made of the penal code. He carried through the British Parliament in the teeth of a strong resistance on the part of protected interests, and at great risk to his popularity, a measure of Free Trade between Great Britain and Ireland which, even when reduced, would have opened to Ireland the door of the richest commercial partnership in the world. In introducing his Bill he said that of all the objects of his political life this was the most important, and that "he was not likely ever to meet with another which would arouse so strongly the emotions of his heart!" Burke earnestly advised the members of the Irish Parliament to accept the boon, and it was only their peevishness that threw it out. Nothing in it in the slightest degree impeached their legis-

lative independence, of which, on the contrary, it was a distinct recognition. People who set a high value on such oratory as that of Grattan and Flood may drop a tear over Grattan's Parliament; but no one surely can pretend that it was an organ of wisdom and justice, or deny that it was a scene of brawling faction and of corruption. The British House of Commons, which defenders of the Irish House say was equally corrupt, was not so under Pitt; at least there was no pecuniary corruption. The Government was too strong to need such support, as it had needed in the time of Walpole.

Though entirely free from prejudice against the Catholics himself, Pitt had still to encounter it in great force on the part of the nation. Let us remember that in all Roman Catholic countries intolerance was still the law. In Spanish South America, I believe, even the *auto-da-fé* had not ceased. Let us remember that in Ireland the memory of Tyreconnell's Catholic Parliament and the great Act of Attainder had not died out. Let us remember that a State Church was still assumed to be a necessary part of our polity by Tories and Whigs alike, and that nothing had a chance of passing which could be shown to imperil its existence. Let us remember that a theory of Establishment more high-pitched than any held by the statesmen of Pitt's day has been put forth by a highly educated statesman of our own times, and that the same statesman seceded from Peel's ministry in 1845 rather than be a party to an increase of the grant to Maynooth.

The reform of the Irish Parliament, to which Pitt's thoughts were next turned, was no easy matter. Reform meant Catholic ascendancy, and Catholic ascendancy would at once have opened questions both about the Church and about the land which would have set the three kingdoms in a blaze. Dr. Ingram has clearly shown that the patronage boroughs were the rampart of the Protestant minority, which without them would have been at the mercy of the Catholic masses. There was but

one safe way of reforming Parliament, putting an end to ascendancy, doing justice to the Irish Catholics, and preventing either faction for the future from tyrannizing over the other. That way was to unite the kingdoms and put both the races and both the Churches in Ireland under the broad rule of the United Parliament, giving Ireland the full equivalent for her legislature in a fair share of representation. "My firm belief," said Mr. Gladstone, "is that the influence of Great Britain in every Irish difficulty is not a domineering or tyrannizing, but a softening and mitigating influence, and that were Ireland detached from her political connection with this country and left to her own unaided agencies it might be that the strife of parties would then burst forth in a form calculated to strike horror through the land." This was Pitt's view, and on his mind it was doubly impressed by the actual sight of a strife of parties calculated to strike horror through any land. His conviction must have been strengthened, and the necessity of action must have been enforced upon him by the Regency affair, when the Irish Parliament showed that it was bent on a division not only of the Legislature but of the Crown. He knew, no doubt, that the most intelligent and patriotic of Irishmen in the early part of the century had advocated Union, and that there had then been a general wish for it. Of course he knew that it was the policy of Adam Smith.

The recall of Fitzwilliam was calamitous, but on a fair review of the case Pitt can hardly be much blamed. He had to carry his party, the King and two Protestant nations, Scotland as well as England, with him. Nor could he afford by directly threatening Protestant ascendancy to bring on a storm in Ireland. Such a storm might have wrecked all. Fitzwilliam went too fast. He had scarcely passed a night in the Castle when he began to wield his besom. He behaved as if he had only to think of the Granville wing of the Cabinet, which was a

recent accession, not of the whole Cabinet and the King. But even if he had remained viceroy neither he nor any other human being could have found any safe way of putting an end to ascendancy but Union. In Pitt's drafts of a Ministry for 1804 Fitzwilliam's name appears; so that there can hardly have been a radical difference of views or a desperate quarrel between them.

If the necessity of a Union was plain already it became overwhelming after Ninety-eight. That Pitt or his government provoked the rebellion to pave the way for Union is the most preposterous as well as the most atrocious of calumnies. To provoke an Irish rebellion in the midst of the Revolutionary War, he must have been not only a fiend but a lunatic. The country was never in greater danger than when Hoche's fleet appeared in Bantry Bay. When the hour of vengeance came Pitt sent the good Cornwallis as an angel of mercy, and evidently gave him the heartiest support in his mission. Cornwallis says expressly that his humane policy was in accordance with the wishes of the British Cabinet. The Liberal Lord Moira, who was the spokesman of Irish wrongs at this time, afterwards took an active part in furthering Pitt's return to power. The last measure of Grattan's Parliament had been an act of indemnity for the illegal infliction of torture on persons suspected of rebellion. To connect Pitt's name with anything comparable to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or with anything that can be designated as blackguardism, would be delirium.

Apparently because the regular army was identified with the Government, as well as from anti-national dislike of the army itself, it is persistently charged with taking part in the Irish atrocities. As the natives were in the habit of houghing the soldiers, and as whenever they could they massacred them, it is not likely that the soldiers were always merciful. But it is cer-

tain that they were merciful, and even a power of mercy, compared with the irregulars on either side. Wakefield's emphatic testimony to this has been cited by Dr. Dunbar Ingram, and the only answer made to it is that Wakefield was a private man and that when he wrote fourteen years had elapsed; as though historians were usually public officers, and as though the impression made on a man's mind by a broad and momentous fact could not last for fourteen years. Cornwallis's complaints of cruelty (Vol. II., pages 359, 371, and 396) will be found to relate not to the regulars but to the militia; so according to Cornwallis (Vol. II. page 415) did Abercromby's general order and his famous phrase "only formidable to their friends."

As to the means by which the Union was passed, beliefs which were still current when I wrote have been dissipated by Dr. Dunbar Ingram. The indemnities for the loss of borough patronage were given by Parliament to those who had voted against the Union as well as to those who had voted for it, and were in entire accordance with the public morality of that day. This was known before. But Dr. Ingram has proved that service-money was not used, at all events to any serious extent. Of peerages, places and pensions some, though it appears not inordinate, use was made. Cornwallis nevertheless gives us to understand that there was dirty work, and no doubt there was, for the character of Grattan's Parliament was dirty in the highest degree. But what was to be done? Pitt himself was a paragon of disinterestedness, and no doubt raised the general standard by his noble example; but he had to deal with the men of his time and, in this matter, with the Irish politicians of his time. Here was a measure not only unspeakably beneficent but of vital necessity to all the people of the three kingdoms, and a set of selfish oligarchs had a veto. What course was there but to pay them their price? Surely it would have been

better to make all the carmen in Dublin dukes, if they had been foolish enough to wish it, than to give up the Union and fling Ireland back into an internecine war of races and religions! Dr. Ingram has proved plainly that the Irish were not overawed by military force any more than they were bought with secret service-money. The troops in the island at the time appeared to have been barely sufficient for defence.

A better way there was. Cromwell, when all authority and law in Ireland had perished in the vortex of civil war, and no power of order but the English army was left, simply annexed the island without buying anybody or doing dirty work of any kind, and called representatives of Ireland to the United Parliament. But Cromwell acted with the force of a revolutionary republic. Great Britain in Pitt's time had not, nor has she now, the force either of a monarchy or a republic. Perhaps she may have some day yet again the force of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland!

That the Catholics in general were for the Union must be taken as proved, unless Dr. Ingram's facts and citations can be overturned. How far they were induced by the hopes held out to them of Catholic Emancipation and of a provision for their clergy cannot be said with certainty. Escape from the fiery hail of Protestant vengeance would have been inducement enough. That such hopes were held out is, however, unquestionable, though Pitt gave no actual pledge. At the time, owing to the King's opposition, those hopes were not fulfilled, but they have been fulfilled since in ample measure, the first literally by the Act of 1829, the second virtually by Disestablishment, which has placed the Catholic Clergy of Ireland on the same footing as the Protestant Clergy, though the footing is that of religious equality, not of joint endowment.

The leading opponents of the Union,

Grattan, Foster, Ponsonby, and Plunket, afterwards ratified it; Grattan by sitting in the United Parliament, where he voted with Government on an Irish Insurrection Bill, Ponsonby by accepting the Chancellorship, Foster by accepting a pension and compensation for his borough, Sir John Parnell by accepting compensation for his borough, Plunket, the fiercest of all, not only by sitting in the United Parliament and accepting office but by a Unionist declaration of the strongest kind. The Union has been practically ratified by the total failure of every attempt, including that made by O'Connell, to induce the people to rise against it on merely political grounds; for the present agitation derives its force not from political but from agrarian discontent and as a political movement would, as its leaders are well aware, collapse if the agrarian question were settled. But the foundation on which the Union now rests is not the vote of the Ascendancy Parliament, which was morally worthless enough, or any ratifications of that vote, actual or constructive. The foundation on which the Union now rests is that of manifest expediency; and not only of manifest expediency, but of absolute necessity, it being certain that if the islands were separated Great Britain would be compelled to preserve herself by reconquering Ireland. The covenant with the Catholics, whatever may have been its form or force, was fulfilled, as has been said before, when Catholic Emancipation had been passed and when religious equality had been established.

The suspicion has actually been breathed that Pitt allowed hopes of emancipation to be held out to the Catholics, knowing all the time that the King being a bigot would withhold his consent. Was he carrying on the farce when he submitted the measure to his Cabinet and laboured with apparent earnestness to gain the consent of each of the members? Did he instigate Loughborough to betray his confidence? Did he write the confi-

dential letter, which, being shown by Loughborough to the King, wrought the mischief, in order that it might be shown? Did he persuade Loughborough and the two archbishops at the fatal moment to creep to the King's ear? George the Third though a political was not a religious bigot: he used to show his dislike of the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed by refusing to stand up when it was said; he spoke kindly of the Methodists; he was believed to have been influenced in favour of the Roman Catholics of Ireland by the pleadings of Burke; he was in alliance with the Roman Catholic Powers against the Atheist Republic, and was actually protecting the Pope. It was at the Coronation Oath that the King stuck, fancying that he would forfeit the crown to the House of Savoy; and it was by Loughborough and the archbishops that his scruples and fears on this point were excited to the fatal pitch. If Pitt foresaw the King's objection, as probably he did, he had reason to believe that in dealing with it he would have the support of high legal authority, including that of Eldon and that of Kenyon. It has been said that he had better at first have spoken freely to the King. He understood the management of George the Third better than we do. He might well prefer first to make sure of all his colleagues, and then to go to the King with the advice of a united Cabinet in his hand. But whether he was right in this or not, the insinuation that he was guilty of so vile a fraud is enough to make one's blood boil. Such a suspicion could be engendered only in an imagination steeped in artifice and deceit.

Pitt, when he found the King implacable, resigned. What more could he have done? Could he have deposed the King? To depose the King on the question of Catholic Emancipation in the state of national feeling which then existed, would not have been easy. Pitt went further than he need have gone, and, we must think, did wrong in promising not to raise the question

during the King's life. But Fox virtually did the same thing when he pronounced that the question could not be raised again during the King's life by any one in office. It was a miserable thing that this narrow-minded and half-insane old man should have a veto on a measure concerning the rights of millions and the very salvation of the country. But he had it, and if an attempt had been made, even by Pitt, to do violence to the King's feelings, the nation would have been on the side of the King. In taking office again without leave to deal with the Catholic question, Pitt did nothing wrong. The nation had no other man, and Bonaparte was on the heights of Boulogne.

Another insinuation which affects the character not of Pitt only, but of a whole group of public men, is that to conceal the infamies perpetrated in carrying the Union there was a general and concerted destruction of papers. I am persuaded that this has no other source or basis than the prejudiced reading of a somewhat ambiguous passage in Ross's preface to the *Cornwallis Correspondence*. Ross, after saying that the Spencer, Hardwick, Sydney, and Melville papers had been opened to him, proceeds: "Many other collections have been as cordially submitted to my inspection, but upon investigation it appeared that such documents as might have thrown additional light on the history of those times, and especially on the Union, had been purposely destroyed." Prejudiced readers jump to the conclusion that "purposely" must mean for the purpose of criminal concealment. "Purposely" seems to mean really nothing more than not accidental or through neglect. "For instance," says Ross in the next sentence, "after a search instituted at Welbeck by the kindness of the Duke of Portland, it was ascertained that the late Duke had burnt all his father's political papers from 1780 to his death." If all the papers were burnt, the object could not have been specially to destroy those which threw a lurid light on the

Union; for the suggestion that the papers were so mixed that it was impossible to sort them, and that to destroy the Irish papers it was necessary to destroy the whole, is perfectly gratuitous and in the last degree improbable. The Duke of Portland's son had nothing to do with the Union. Just before the sentence first quoted, Ross had said of the archives of Dublin Castle, that "though a large number of valuable documents still exist, many have been irretrievably lost, owing to the neglect of former years." In a note he expressly denies the statement made by a correspondent of *The Athenæum*, that within the last few years many confidential and secret papers had been destroyed by order of the Irish Government. "It is true," he says, "that from the neglected state in which, for a length of time, these papers had been left, many were lost, or inadvertently destroyed; but no intentional destruction ever took place." The writer in *The Athenæum* does not allege that the destruction was the work of the statesmen responsible for the Union, since he says that it had taken place within the last few years. Neglect was hardly the condition in which papers known to contain deadly secrets were likely to be found. Ross gives a list of men officially connected with the passing of the Union, the whole of whose papers had been destroyed, but he breathes no suspicion of guilty purpose or of concert. In the manuscript book of Mr. Marsden, by whom many of the arrangements were concluded, Ross tells us there were many invaluable details; and this book he says had been burnt by its then possessor only a few years before. The man who burnt it can hardly have been implicated in anything connected with the Union, and he certainly cannot have been acting in concert with Pitt and his colleagues. The preservation of the *Cornwallis Correspondence* itself, with the scandalous passages so dear and familiar to the enemies of the Union, is enough to upset the hypothesis of a general and concerted

destruction. There are some who seem also to believe that the State Paper Office and the archives of Dublin Castle have been kept closed from guilty fear. But Ross says that he had perfectly free and easy access and every facility. It is true that he was the first person admitted to the documents in the State Paper Office, but he does not say that any applicant before him had been refused. No Ministry of the Interior in Europe, probably, opens all its papers to the public at large. If the statesmen who carried the Union had occasion to destroy anything in order to keep it from the public eye, it must have been for the sake of their correspondents and those with whom they had been dealing, and not for their own.

There was, I repeat, a sad contrast between the first and the second parts of Pitt's career, caused by his having been drawn into the Revolutionary War. This seems to me as manifest as ever; nor am I less sensible than I was of the errors into which in the latter part of his career Pitt was betrayed, though perhaps twenty-five more years of historical reading and reflection may have taught me better to make allowance for a statesman's difficulties, while, with regard to the

Union especially, some things have been cleared up by the researches of Dr. Ingram and other critical writers which were dark when my lectures were given. But I do not believe that in any part of his career Pitt ceased to be an upright, honourable and patriotic statesman, true to his country, incapable of wilfully sacrificing her smallest interest to his own ambition, proud of her greatness, tender of her honour, true also to the dignity of his own character, and utterly incapable of untruth.

On comparing what I have now written with the lectures, into which I believe I have hardly looked since they were first printed, I find discrepancies arising from causes already mentioned, and some perhaps from a change of impression as to matters about which there is no absolute certainty, and one's impressions may change. I also find that my style was livelier twenty-four years ago on the platform than it is now in my study. But I find no change of fundamental principles or of the general point of view. "Apostasy" seems to imply not only change but change with a motive, which I believe it would be difficult to assign.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS.

II. MY MUSICIAN.

ONE'S early life is certainly a great deal more amusing to look back to, than it used to be when it was going on. For one thing it isn't nearly so long now as it was then, and remembered events come cheerfully scurrying up one after another, while the intervening periods are no longer the portentous cycles they once used to seem. And another thing to be considered is that the people walking in and out of the bygone mansions of life were not, to our newly-opened eyes, the interesting personages many of them have since become; then they were men walking as trees before us, without names or histories; now some of the very names mean for us the history of our time. Very young people's eyes are certainly of more importance to them than their ears, and they all *see* the persons they are destined to spend their lives with long before the figures begin to talk and to explain themselves.

My grandmother had a little society of her own at Paris, in the midst of which she seemed to reign from dignity and kindness of heart; her friends it must be confessed have not as yet become historic, but she herself was well worthy of a record. Grandmothers in books and memoirs are mostly alike, stately, old-fashioned, kindly and critical. Mine was no exception to the general rule. She had been one of the most beautiful women of her time; very tall, with a queenly head and carriage, she always moved in a dignified way. She had an odd taste in dress, I remember, and used to walk out in a red merino cloak trimmed with ermine, which gave her the air of a retired empress wearing out her robes. She was a woman of strong feeling, somewhat imperious,

with a passionate love for little children, and with extraordinary sympathy and enthusiasm for any one in trouble or in disgrace. How benevolently she used to look round the room at her many *protégés*, with her beautiful grey eyes! Her friends as a rule were shorter than she was and brisker, less serious and emotional. They adopted her views upon politics, religion and homœopathy, or at all events did not venture to contradict them. But they certainly could not reach her heights, and her almost romantic passion of feeling.

A great many of my earliest recollections seem to consist of old ladies,—hundreds of old ladies so they appear to me, as I look back through the larger end of my glasses to the time when my sister and I were two little girls living at Paris. I remember that after a long stay in England with our father, the old ladies seemed changed somehow to our more experienced eyes. They were the same, but with more variety; not all alike as they had seemed before, not all the same age; some were younger, some were older than we had remembered them—one was actually married! Our grandmother looked older to us; we were used to seeing our father's grey hair, but that hers should turn white too seemed almost unnatural. The very first time we walked out with her after our return, we met the bride of whose marriage we had heard while we were away. She was a little dumpy, good-natured woman of about forty-five, I suppose,—shall I ever forget the thrill with which we watched her approach, hanging with careless grace upon her husband's arm? She wore light, tight kid gloves upon her

little fat hands, and a bonnet like a bride's cake. Marriage had not made her proud as it does some people; she recognized us at once and introduced us to the gentleman. "Very 'appy to make your acquaintance, miss," said he. "Mrs. C. 'ave often mentioned you at our place."

Children begin by being Philistines. As we parted I said to my grandmother that I had always known people dropped their h's, but that I didn't know one ever married them. My grandmother seemed trying not to laugh, but she answered gravely that Mr. and Mrs. C. looked very happy, h's or no h's. And so they did, walking off along those illuminated Elysian fields gay with the echoes of Paris in May, while the children capered to itinerant music, and flags were flying and penny trumpets ringing, and strollers and spectators were lining the way, and the long interminable procession of carriages in the centre of the road went rolling steadily towards the Bois de Boulogne. As we walked homewards I remember how evening after evening the sun used to set splendidly in the very centre of the great triumphal arch at the far end of the avenue, and flood everything in a glorious tide of light. What indeed did an aspirate more or less matter at such a moment!

I don't think we ever came home from one of our walks that we did not find our grandfather sitting in the twilight, watching for our grandmother's return. We used to ask him if he didn't find it very dull doing nothing in the twilight, but he used to tell us it was his thinking-time. My sister and I thought thinking dreadfully dull, and only longed for candles and *Chambers's Miscellany*. A good deal of thinking went on in our peaceful home; we should have liked more doing. One day was just like another; my grandmother and my grandfathers sat on either side of the hearth in their two accustomed places; there was a French cook in a white cap who brought in the trays and the lamp at the appointed

hour; there was Chambers on the bookshelf, *Pickwick*, and all my father's books of course, and *The Listener*, by Caroline Fry, which used to be my last desperate resource when I had just finished all the others. We lived in a sunny little flat on a fourth floor, with windows east and west and a wide horizon from each, and the sound of the cries from the street below, and the confusing roll of the wheels when the windows were open in summer. In winter time we dined at five by lamp-light at the round table in my grandfather's study. After dinner we used to go into the pretty blue drawing-room where the peat fire would be burning brightly in the open grate, and the evening paper would come in with the tea. I can see it all still, hear it, smell the peat, and taste the odd herbaceous tea and the French bread and butter. On the band of the *Constitutional* newspaper was printed "M. le Major Michel Eschmid." It was not my grandfather's name or anything like it, but he would gravely say that when English people lived in France they must expect to have their names gallecised, and his paper certainly found him out evening after evening. While my grandmother with much emphasis read the news (she was a fervent republican and so was my grandfather), my sister and I would sit unconscious of politics and happy over our story-books until the fatal inevitable moment when a ring was heard at the bell and evening callers were announced. Then we reluctantly shut up our books for we were told to get our needlework when the company came in, and we had to find chairs and hand teacups, and answer inquiries, and presently go to bed.

The ladies would come in in their bonnets, with their news and their comments upon the public events, which by the way seemed to go off like fireworks in those days expressly for our edification. Ours was a talkative, economical, and active little society,—*Cranford en Voyage* is the impression

which remains to me of those early surroundings. If the ladies were one and all cordially attached to my grandmother, to my grandfather they were still more devoted. A Major is a Major. He used to sign their pension papers, administer globules for their colds, give point and support to their political opinions. I can see him still sitting in his arm-chair by the fire with a little semi-circle round about the hearth. Ours was anything but a meek and disappointed community. We may have had our reverses,—and very important reverses they all seem to have been—but we had all had spirit enough to leave our native shores and settle in Paris, not without a certain implied disapproval of the other people who went on living in England regardless of expense. My father was no exception to this criticism. Why, they used to say, did he remain in that nasty smoky climate, so bad for health and spirits? Why didn't he settle in Paris and write works upon the French? Why didn't I write and coax him to come, and tell him that it was our grandmother's wish that he should do so, that the speaker, Mademoiselle Trotkins (or whoever it might be), had told me to write? I remember going through an early martyrdom at these friendly hands, and bitterly and silently resenting their indignation with anyone who could prefer that black and sooty place London to Paris. Though to be sure the *loyers* were becoming more exorbitant every day, and as for the *fruitière* at the corner she was charging no less than forty *sous* for her Isyngy. We always talked in a sort of sandwich of French and English. Oddly enough, though we talked French and some of us even looked French, we knew no French people. From time to time at other houses I used to hear of real foreigners, but I don't remember seeing any at ours, except a *pasteur* who sometimes came, and a certain Vicomte de B. (I had nearly written Bragelonne) whose mother, I believe, was also English.

Jeunes filles, jeunes fleurs, he used to say, bowing to the young ladies. This was our one only approach to an introduction to French society. But all the same one cannot live abroad without imbibing something of the country, of the kingdoms of the air and the earth and the waters among which one is living. Breath and food and raiment are a part of one's life after all and a very considerable part; and all the wonderful tide of foreign sunshine and the cheerful crowds and happy voices outside, and the very click of pots and pans in the little kitchen at the back seemed to have a character of their own. And so, though we knew nothing of the French, we got to know France and to feel at home there beneath its blue sky, and I think to this day a holiday abroad is ten times more a holiday than a holiday at home. From mere habit one seems to be sixteen again, and one's spirits rise and one's exigencies abate. Besides the dwellers in the *appartements* and the regular customers of the extortionate *fruitière* there used to be passing friends and acquaintances who visited us on their way to other resorts—to Italy, to the German baths. Some stopped in Paris for a week or two at a time, others for a few days only. I remember three Scotch ladies, for whom my grandmother had a great regard, who were not part of our community, but who used to pass through Paris and always made a certain stay. I was very much afraid of them, though interested at the same time as girls are in unknown quantities. They were well connected and had estates and grand relations in the distance, though they seemed to live as simply as we did. One winter it was announced that they had taken an apartment for a few weeks, and next morning I was sent with a note to one of them by my grandmother. They were tall, thin ladies, two were widows, one was a spinster; of the three the unmarried one frightened me most. On this occasion, after reading the note, one of the widow ladies said to the spinster

Miss X., who had got her bonnet on, "Why, you were just going to call on Mrs. A. B., were you not? Why don't you take the child back with you in the carriage?" "I must first go and see how he is this morning," said Miss X., somewhat anxiously, "and then I could take her home, of course. Are the things packed?" A servant came in carrying a large basket with a variety of bottles and viands and napkins. I had not presence of mind to run away as I longed to do, and in a minute I found myself sitting in a little open carriage with the Scotch lady, and the basket on the opposite seat. I thought her, if possible, more terrible than ever—she seemed grave, pre-occupied. She had a long nose, a thick brown complexion, greyish sandy hair, and was dressed in scanty cloth skirts grey and sandy too. She spoke to me, I believe, but my heart was in my mouth; I hardly dared even listen to what she said. We drove along the Champs Elysées towards the arch and then turned into a side street, and presently came to a house at the door of which the carriage stopped. The lady got out carefully carrying her heavy basket and told me to follow, and we began to climb the shiny stairs—one, two flights I think—then we rang at a bell and the door was almost instantly opened. It was opened by a slight, delicate-looking man with long hair, bright eyes, and a long, hooked nose. When Miss X. saw him she hastily put down her basket upon the floor, caught both his hands in hers, began to shake them gently, and to scold him in an affectionate reproving way for having come to the door. He laughed, said he guessed who it was, and motioned to her to enter, and I followed at her sign with the basket—followed into a narrow little room, a dining-room or passage, with no furniture in it whatever but an upright piano against the wall and a few straw chairs standing on the wooden shiny floor. He made us sit down with some courtesy, and in reply to her questions

said he was pretty well. Had he slept? He shook his head. Had he eaten? He shrugged his shoulders and then he pointed to the piano. He had been composing something—I remember that he spoke in an abrupt, light sort of way—would Miss X. like to hear it? "She would like to hear it," she answered, "of course, she would dearly like to hear it; but it would tire him to play; it could not be good for him." He smiled again, shook back his long hair, and sat down immediately; and then the music began and the room was filled with continuous sound, he looking over his shoulder now and then to see if we were liking it. The lady sat absorbed and listening, and as I looked at her I saw tears in her eyes—great clear tears rolling down her cheeks while the music poured on and on. I can't, alas, recall that music! I would give anything to remember it now; but the truth is I was so interested in the people that I scarcely listened. When he stopped at last and looked round the lady started up. "You mustn't play any more," she said; "no more, no more, it's too beautiful,"—and she praised him and thanked him in a tender, motherly, pitying sort of way, and then hurriedly said we must go; but as we took leave she added, almost in a whisper with a humble apologizing look,—“I have brought you some of that jelly, and my sister sent some of the wine you fancied the other day; pray, pray, try to take a little.” He again shook his head at her, seeming more vexed than grateful. "It is very wrong; you shouldn't bring me these things," he said in French. "I won't play to you if you do,"—but she put him back softly, and hurriedly closed the door upon him and the offending basket, and hastened away. As we were coming down stairs she wiped her eyes again. By this time I had got to love her, plain, tall, grim, warm-hearted woman; all my silly terrors were gone. She looked hard at me as we drove away. "Never forget that you have heard Chopin

play," she said with emotion, "for soon no one will ever hear him play any more."

Sometimes reading the memoirs of the great musician, the sad story of his early death, of his passionate fidelity, and cruel estrangement from the companion he most loved, I have remembered this little scene with comfort and pleasure, and known that he was not altogether alone in life, and that he had good friends who cared for his genius and tended him to the last. Of their affection he was aware. But

of their constant secret material guardianship he was unconscious; the basket he evidently hated, the woman he turned to with most grateful response and dependence. He was to the very end absorbed in his music, in his art, in his love. He had bestowed without counting all that he had to give: he poured it forth upon others, never reckoning the cost; and then dying away from it all, he in turn took what came to him as a child might do, without pondering or speculating overmuch.

SCOTT'S HEROINES.

II.

ALICE LEE, ALICE BRIDGENORTH, MINNA TROIL.

SOME years ago an article was published in this magazine which was intended to be the first of a series of essays on the heroines of the Waverley Novels. They began with Diana Vernon; and it is the writer's hope that he may now be able to resume and carry out the work which circumstances have so long postponed. It was originally suggested by what seems to be the prevailing belief of the present generation, that women can hardly be made interesting in fiction unless, on first experiencing the passion of love in its full intensity, they surrender themselves wholly to its influence and make light of all other obligations which interfere with its supremacy. A girl who can love and think at the same time, who weighs one claim against another, and is able, if necessary, to "hold passion in a leash," however admirable a specimen of womanhood, is fancied, perhaps not altogether unnaturally, to be unfit for a heroine of romance. Now against this theory the Waverley Novels, less popular perhaps with young ladies and young gentlemen than they used to be, are a standing protest. Scott's most interesting heroines are in my opinion precisely those who are capable of drinking deeply of the cup without being intoxicated by the draught, and who may justly be described by that most prosaic of all panegyrics, as girls of well-regulated minds. It is not so with his heroes. George Robertson, Edward Waverley, Roland Graeme, Quentin Durward, the Master of Ravenswood, are infinitely superior to the Lovels, the Bertrams, the Osbaldistones, the Mortons, and all the rest put together. But in his female characters Scott seems purposely to

inculcate the lesson, which is entirely consistent with all we know of himself, that great depth of feeling may co-exist with great strength of principle; that the most ardent affections may be found in one who is habitually obedient to the voice of reason; and that all the softness and freshness and tenderness of girlhood may bloom alongside of a stern sense of duty and unflinching submission to its dictates.

Alice Bridgenorth has always seemed to me to be one of Scott's most fascinating creations; and she and the heroine of *Woodstock* are naturally associated with each other both by the similarity of their characters, and the resemblance between the situations in which we find them placed. In the one story we have the Cavalier father and daughter and the Roundhead lover; in the other the Roundhead father and daughter and the Cavalier lover. In both the girls are motherless. In both the hero and heroine have been brought up together as children, and in both it is the political differences between the two families which prevent their union. And what is also very curious is that in each case the heroine is indebted to the very man who had dishonourable designs upon her for her union with the man she loved. Charles the Second did his best to persuade Alice Lee to elope with him, yet afterwards exerted himself successfully to remove her father's objections to Colonel Everard; and it was the same Charles the Second who, having destined Alice Bridgenorth to the position of a royal favourite, afterwards persuaded Sir Geoffrey Peveril to consent to her union with his son.

It should not be necessary to remind my readers at any length of the

plot of *Peveril of the Peak*. They know that Alice is the daughter of the melancholy Puritan enthusiast, Ralph Bridgenorth, living at Moultrassie Hall, in the immediate neighbourhood of Martindale Castle the ancient stronghold of the Peverils; that Major Bridgenorth and Sir Geoffrey Peveril, a Cavalier of long descent, stainless loyalty, and sound Anglican principles, had taken opposite sides in the Civil War, had become fairly good friends afterwards, and remained so till the Restoration. They know that Lady Peveril took charge of Alice in her infancy, and that she was brought up with the little Julian Peveril, Sir Geoffrey's son and heir, about three years older than herself. They will remember that inimitable scene in the "gilded chamber" where the stately Countess of Derby surprises the two children at play, and Bridgenorth himself, alarmed by the screams of the terrified little maiden, rushes to the spot, only to overhear that the Countess, as Queen in Man, has put to death his brother-in-law, William Christian, for the crime of high treason. They will recollect that in his subsequent attempt to execute a warrant against the Countess, he comes into violent collision with Sir Geoffrey Peveril, the result being an estrangement between the families, the removal of little Alice from the care of Lady Peveril, and the departure of the Major and his daughter to some far country which is carefully concealed from all the neighbourhood of Moultrassie. Fate, however, has so willed it that Alice and her old playfellow are, a few years afterwards, to find themselves near neighbours again in circumstances more favourable perhaps to the growth of an attachment between them than if they had remained together at Martindale Castle. Julian is sent to be educated in the household of Lady Derby at her castle of Rushin in Man, while it is in the interior of the island that Bridgenorth has selected a retreat for his daughter, attended by a former servant of the Peverils and under the surveillance of an aunt, the widow of the gentleman on whom the

Queen Countess had taken such signal vengeance.

Thus everything is prepared for the entrance of the hero and heroine on the scene in circumstances of no ordinary complexity, and pregnant with dangers and difficulties which at once seize hold of the imagination. We are to suppose that they first meet each other when Alice is between fourteen and fifteen and Julian between seventeen and eighteen. The latter is naturally a sportsman, and in the course of a fishing expedition up one of the brooks with which the Isle of Man abounds, he has been led into the neighbourhood of the very house in which the fair Alice is secluded. The old servant who has been her nurse and his own, and has now grown into a fussy consequential kind of duenna, recognizes Julian on one of these occasions, and makes him and Alice acquainted with each other. We have a pleasant picture of their growing intimacy and the scenes in which their love began; the little brook trickling through the rocky glen between strips of green meadow land, the slim figure of the expectant maiden, in the unconscious innocence of sixteen, strolling along the margin in the summer afternoon and looking wistfully at the bend in the stream where the well-known form used first to become visible; the gallant little "Fairy" galloping up to the spot as if in sympathy with her rider's haste, and thrusting her nose into Alice's palm for the sugar which we may be sure she found there; and then the boy cavalier, flinging himself eagerly from the saddle, grasping the willing hand held out to greet him, and answering delightedly to the flood of questions poured upon him by his child-mistress.

Court news was as welcome to young ladies then as it is now; and Alice laughed over the anecdotes which he brought her from the castle, and perhaps was nearly as curious about the latest fashions, of which indeed Julian could tell her little, as if she had been bred at Whitehall. The time came, however, when he could

talk to her also of romance and poetry, and all the wonders of the foreign lands which he had visited. He opened to her a new world, and as yet was the only being with whom she could exchange ideas on all that it suggested. The duenna, we are told, who had seen from the beginning how all this was likely to end, rather encouraged it at first, for reasons of her own with which we have no concern; and so the happy meetings continued, growing more and more dangerous every day, though Alice at seventeen remained as ignorant of love as on the day when she first saw Julian, and wholly unsuspecting of the nature of the affection which she entertained for him. Julian himself had been strictly enjoined by her attendant, as a condition of his visits being permitted, never to say a word to Alice which might not have been spoken by a brother; and so it fell out that on Julian's departure for the Continent to accompany the Earl of Derby on his travels, love had only approached her under friendship's name. Julian knew not whether that friendship would ever ripen into any warmer feeling, and only her old nurse seems to have had any perception of the real truth.

Peveril was absent on the Continent about two years, leaving Alice to brood over his image in her solitude, and thus to mature and strengthen an impression which change of scene and a life of more diversion and variety might perhaps have weakened or effaced. In his absence we are told she grew pale and languid, and only the occasional letters, which he was able at long intervals to convey to her, seemed to have any power to revive her.

But as for her she stayed at home,
 And on the roof she went,
 And down the way you used to come
 She looked with discontent.

On his return to the island we may be sure that not many days elapsed before Julian was again in the saddle, threading his way up the little valley to the picturesque retreat where Alice, now become a woman, was doubtless engaged

in thinking of him. It would have been natural perhaps that the novelist should select this moment for the revelation of those mutual feelings which could not much longer be concealed. Their first meeting after a two years' separation was likely enough to bring it on. Scott, however, did not make use of the opportunity this afforded him, and though Alice was now nineteen years of age, their intimacy was renewed upon its former footing till Julian himself "became aware that his repeated visits and solitary walks with a person so young and beautiful as Alice might not only betray prematurely the secret of his attachment, but be of essential prejudice to her who was its object." Under the influence of this conviction, we are told, he allowed a considerable interval to elapse before he again took his way to the Black Fort. But when he did next appear there further disguise became impossible. Alice by her tone and manner betrayed so openly the pain she had felt at his absence and at what she supposed to be his neglect, that Julian could no longer refrain from speaking out, and the words which told his love told Alice of her own. The film fell from her eyes, and she saw herself as she really was, willing to "listen for ever." But her first tears of happiness were soon to give way to emotion of a very different kind. As Julian proceeds to tell her the history of the feud between the two families, and as the gulf which it creates between them becomes more and more apparent, the sweet turns to bitter, and she does not hesitate to reproach Julian in that he, with full knowledge of all these obstacle and of all that her father had undergone, had ventured to speak to her of love. But her self-possession never deserts her for a moment, and she understands far better than Julian himself the difficulties which lie in their way. The concurrence of both Sir Geoffrey Peveril and Major Bridgenorth in such a match she believes to be a moral impossibility, and she most earnestly implores Julian to depart at once and never to return. Her duty to her father

is now the uppermost idea in her mind. She shrinks from an alliance with a family by the head of which he has been insulted: she is confident that Bridgenorth himself would be inflexible; and she sees Julian depart for Martindale Castle to consult his own parents on the subject with feelings which she herself perhaps sincerely believes to be those of the strongest disapproval. Yet it is clear that such was not entirely the case; and that under all her protests and assertions to the contrary, the hope still lurked in some secret chamber of her heart that his mission might not be unsuccessful. We learn this from her demeanour when Peveril returns without having even dared to mention the subject to his father. Then she shows a momentary flash of temper more suggestive of the truth than even a much softer greeting might have been. "I did not think you would have so trifled with me, Master Peveril," she exclaims; clearly betraying her disappointment that he has not brought better news, though she would probably rather have died than confessed as much even to herself. Her indignation on this occasion is so very real that Julian does stay away from her and make an effort to forget her for a time. But finding that impossible he sets out for her residence once more, and a new chapter in this tale of true love is opened to us.

It appears that Ralph Bridgenorth, though no one at the Black Fort suspected it, has all along known of Julian's visits; and the next act of the drama reveals his purpose in conniving at them. He is a perfectly upright and conscientious man; but he is also a blinded enthusiast who can see no wrong in anything which promotes the good cause. He puts a price upon his daughter's hand. Let Julian abandon the Cavalier principles in which he has been bred, and join heart and soul with himself in the Puritan schemes against the Government, and she is his. Let him refuse, and she is lost to him for ever. He does not make this proposal to Julian point-blank, and in

so many words. He veils it under many specious generalities concerning civil and religious liberty, the obligations of patriotism, and the duty, if possible, of reforming the morals of the Court; and he is always careful so to word his exhortations as to leave Julian plenty of room for interpreting them in the sense most agreeable to himself. Julian is not slow to take advantage of the latitude thus afforded him; and who is it that deceives him, who dispels the flattering illusions in which he allows himself to indulge, paints the purpose of Bridgenorth in its true colours, and warns Julian in terms that carry conviction with them that he cannot accede to it without the sacrifice of his own honour and a complete breach with his family? Alice herself—Alice who has everything at stake, whose whole happiness depends on her father continuing to regard Julian with favour. She makes no attempt to minimize the difference which separates them, or to suggest that Julian and Bridgenorth may meet each other half way. No compromise is possible. She is too clear sighted to deceive herself, too honest to deceive her lover, and she resolves to show him that she prizes his honour above all earthly considerations. Few girls so situated would have had the resolution to act in this manner. They would rather have shown an inclination to trust to the chapter of accidents, to hope that the natural course of events might be diverted in their own favour, or to do anything rather than represent the gulf between Bridgenorth and Peveril as impassable. Yet such is Alice's strength of principle that she does not hesitate to do so, and this too at a moment when she is about to give the strongest possible proof of the depth and reality of her affection by half consenting to a step for which the attitude she has hitherto maintained makes us wholly unprepared.

On his return to the castle after one of his visits to the Black Fort, Julian is surprised in the course of the following morning to receive a short

note from Alice begging him to meet her that day at noon. He hurries to the spot to find that her purpose is to warn him of the danger which he himself runs from the machinations of the disaffected party by remaining on the island, and to entreat him either to return at once to Martindale Castle, or, still better, to the Continent. She again repeats what she has said before of her father's purposes, and again renews her declaration that they must part "at that spot and at that hour never to meet again." Finding it useless to argue with her about the character of Bridgenorth's views, and perhaps convinced himself that her estimate of them is correct, Julian changes his ground, and urges her to fly from the trouble to come, and find shelter abroad from the storm which she herself assures him is about to burst over England. She is left alone and unprotected. Her father is absorbed in politics, and willing to barter her for political support. "The cause," says Julian, "is dearer to him than a thousand daughters." What has she to lose? Whom has she to leave? Why not come where she would be loved and cherished, and where a befitting establishment awaited her in the future? This was an aspect of the question which does not seem to have occurred to Alice. Her mind had dwelt exclusively on the danger to which Julian was exposed. She had thought only of her duty to him, and of the risk which he ran of being tempted by his affection for herself into unworthy compliances with her father. That apprehension being removed, and the possibility of a union with her lover being presented to her from another point of view, and without the dishonourable sacrifice which she had supposed to be an indispensable condition of it, she feels herself in a new position. What has hitherto been the basis of her resistance is gone. Her resolution wavers, and she all but agrees to leave the island with her lover and share his fortunes on the Continent.

Alice is now in the position of the lady who listens; but the proverbial result does not in this instance follow. She dwells for a moment on her lonely situation and thinks how many in her place would do as she is asked. Julian believes that he has conquered. He presses her to his side; the issue is for a second in suspense, till pride comes to the aid of duty, and Alice is herself again, victorious once more over the love which had so nearly mastered her, and able to give Julian his final answer with a spirit that might have moved even Sir Geoffrey. "Think what I, the cause of all, should feel, when your father frowns or your mother weeps, your noble friends stand aloof, and you, even you yourself, shall have made the painful discovery that you have incurred the contempt and resentment of all to satisfy a boyish passion; and that the poor beauty, once sufficient to mislead you, is gradually declining under the influence of grief and vexation. This I will not risk." I have always thought the manner in which Alice's struggle with herself is revealed to us by her own words and actions one of the finest examples of dramatic art in the whole series of these novels. She is so successful in interposing the idea of duty between the reader and her own heart that she all but shrouds the latter from our gaze, though ever and anon some faint glimmer of the light within finds its way through the screen and reveals, notwithstanding all her efforts, what she is so anxious to suppress. It is doubtful whether even Julian himself is aware of the whole extent of her affection for him till the last interview of all which is recorded between them in the island. We can all see, of course, that she loves him, but we are only permitted by very slow degrees to learn the depth and strength and warmth of a passion with which she has vainly wrestled, and which in the final scene of all asserts itself and will be heard.

Julian now therefore takes leave of her with the delightful certainty

that she fully returns his affection, and after another interview with Bridgenorth, who steals upon them unobserved, still endeavours to persuade himself that a way will be found at last, and that he will be able to serve two masters without treachery to either. In this frame of mind he departs for London on the Countess's business, whither he is soon followed by Bridgenorth and his daughter, who is entrusted to the care of her uncle, Edward Christian, an unmitigated villain, and at the same time so finished a hypocrite that Bridgenorth believes him to be a saint.

When the scene changes to London and the Court of Charles the Second, we lose sight of Alice except on one memorable occasion, which affords, however, no fresh material for the purpose of the present article. We know the snares that are set for her; but no reader of these novels can be in any doubt of her ultimate safety, and while she remains in the background our interest is rather centred in Fenella. For present purposes we say good-bye to Alice when we say good-bye to Man, though we get one more parting glimpse of her, when, rescued from the toils and restored to her old protectress, Lady Peveril, she is seated by Julian's side with a fair prospect of never being parted from him again. Sir Geoffrey believes her to be the daughter of his old friend, "Dick Mitford," and makes many wry faces when he learns the real truth. However, the King intervenes, and "soon the bells of Martindale, Moultrassie," &c., &c.

Alice Bridgenorth, we are told, was slight, but exquisitely shaped, with dark brown hair and those flashing hazel eyes by which it should always be accompanied—Scott may be forgiven for having changed the colour, which was blue when she was two years old—her features rather piquant than regularly beautiful, and both her gaiety and her gravity of an equally fascinating character. What Julian must have felt with such a creature as

this half yielding in his arms, and what, when she dashed the cup from his lips, just when he thought himself secure of it, those of his own age are best able to tell. But the peculiarity of the circumstances in which Julian and Alice first meet, and even the character of the scenery in which for three or four years their stolen interviews are held,—the solitary house, the lonely valley, the mountain stream, the trysting place by the old grey stone—the family feud, the political agitations, the difficulties and obstacles which only enhance the ardour of a youth like Julian and dignify in her own eyes the passion of a girl like Alice, seem to combine every element of romance which fiction can require or in which the imagination can revel; while supreme over all sits the calm figure of sober-suited duty in admirable contrast with the rebellious wills and rosy visions which actuate the chief actors in the drama.

Thus we see that duty with Alice was the ruling motive—duty to her father, duty to her lover, and duty to herself. And it is this combination of duty and passion, of reason and romance, which seems to me so rare in fiction, and hardly to be found in perfection anywhere but in Sir Walter Scott. The scenes in which its working is depicted are among the most powerful which he has written, and I have called attention to them with the more pleasure because the novel is not considered one of his best, and its real beauties are in danger of being overlooked. I do not take the same view of *Peveril of the Peak* myself—though Scott may have failed in the character of Buckingham—but I know it is a general one; and Alice in the *Isle of Man* is a flower that has blushed unseen by many of Scott's genuine admirers.

We now turn to Alice Lee and Minna Troil, two heroines unlike in character and in fortune, but illustrating the same lesson as Alice Bridge-

north. The daughter of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley is an enthusiastic Royalist, engaged when very young to her cousin, Markham Everard, and estranged from him by his taking sides with the Parliament on the outbreak of the Civil War. I have said that she and Alice Bridgenorth resembled each other in this, that each had been brought up as a child with her future lover. But the two cases were nevertheless different. Alice Bridgenorth was separated from Julian Peveril when she was scarcely two years old, and did not see him again till she was verging on womanhood. They met therefore virtually as strangers. But Alice Lee and Colonel Everard had been playmates from childhood, and had become lovers before any separation occurred. At what time this took place, how old they were at the time of the engagement, or what is the age of Alice herself at the opening of the story, are points involved in some obscurity. *Woodstock* is "a tale of the year 1651," that is, of six years after the battle of Naseby, and we understand that Everard fought with the Parliament from the beginning. The war began in 1642, so that if his engagement to Alice took place before that event, and was broken off afterwards, they must have been engaged for nine years at least at the date of the battle of Worcester, which was fought September 3rd, 1651. Yet at this time we are certainly led to suppose that Alice is quite a young girl, not more than twenty or one-and-twenty at the most, and she could not very well have been engaged at twelve years old. Scott was often careless in these matters, but as they have really nothing to do with the subject in hand we may dismiss for the present any pettifogging anxiety, as Sir Arthur Wardour would have called it, about the unities, and assume for present purposes that Alice is somewhere about twenty, and Markham Everard as near

thirty; that they have been betrothed with Sir Henry's consent, but that their marriage is for the present rendered impossible by Sir Henry's hatred of Everard's political principles.

Here, too, Scott has taken particular pains to impress upon us the warmth and steadiness of Alice's affection for her cousin, and in one supreme scene brings it out with marvellous force and pathos. But her duty to her father, unreasonable and violent as he is, prevails over every other consideration. Her uncle, Everard's father, offers them an asylum in his house till such time as terms can be arranged for the redemption of Sir Henry's estate. Nothing could have been simpler than for Alice to have married Everard, and for herself and her father to have accepted this generous offer. Such things were constantly done in those days. The Roundheads were now triumphant, and the restoration of peace re-united in innumerable instances those who had been divided by war. But Alice cheerfully submits to her father's unappeasable wrath against all who had taken arms for the Parliament, and scarcely seeks to influence his determination for fear of giving him pain by doing so. So far, however, she was only making a sacrifice which was plainly dictated to her by circumstances. She could not have left Sir Henry Lee in his old age to the care of a park-keeper and a housemaid. It is later on in the tale, when placed in circumstances of a fearfully trying nature, that she shows the full nobility of her character. The story of *Woodstock* is probably better known than the story of *Peveril of the Peak*, and its leading incidents more popular, so that a very short summary of them will suffice. Sir Henry Lee and his daughter being left in unmolested possession of Woodstock Lodge through Everard's intercession with Cromwell, Everard himself keeps a respectful distance, making no attempt either to see Alice or to open any clandestine communication with her. In the meantime Albert Lee,

Alice's brother, arrives at Woodstock, after the battle of Worcester, in company with a Scotch page, who calls himself Louis Kerneguy, but is really the King in disguise, then a youth of twenty-one. Albert, after a day or two, leaves the lodge, and Charles, of course, for lack of something better to do, makes love to Alice, who is still unaware of his rank. The girl is not unwilling to amuse herself with a little innocent flirtation, though that it could ever come to anything more, "never once entered her imagination." When, however, Charles, so to speak, begins to warm to his work, and to find himself more interested in the pursuit than he had expected, he is driven as a final argument to declare who he is. Alice then at once turns to stone, and the King is left to digest his disappointment as best he can. In the meantime Colonel Everard has been informed of what is going on, and after a chance encounter with Charles in Woodstock park, which is interrupted by Sir Henry Lee, he sends him a formal challenge, still believing him to be only one of Charles's followers, probably Lord Wilmot. It is accepted, and the combatants are to meet at the "King's Oak" at six o'clock in the morning.

There is residing at this time with Sir Henry Lee a clergyman, one Dr. Rochecliffe, a great plotter and manager among the Cavaliers, by whose advice Charles has been brought to Woodstock. He hears of the impending duel, and appeals to Alice to prevent it. After much consideration it is arranged that he and Alice shall both appear upon the scene at the appointed time, Alice keeping to herself the means which she intends to employ to prevent hostilities. What follows should be well known. Alice appeals to both. Charles offers a kind of compromise. If Colonel Everard is willing to say that the challenge originated in some unfortunate mistake, of which nothing further need be said, he will accept that instead of an apology for the

trouble to which he has been put, and will at once sheath his sword. Alice then turns to Everard and assures him that if he now perseveres, the consequences may be such as he will rue for the remainder of his life and after death. Everard is naturally surprised at the extraordinary interest displayed by Alice in the safety of his antagonist, and presses her rather closely on the subject. Alice now begins to find out that the task she has undertaken will tax all her strength. She declares that the safety of the supposed page comprehends a great deal more than that of either father, brother, or lover, whom, as Everard reminds her, she had seen depart for the wars with the equanimity of a soldier's daughter. This answer will not do. Then Alice begs him to take her word for what she cannot explain, and to believe that the honour and happiness of her father, brother and whole family are interested in Master Kerneguy's safety, are inextricably concerned in the matter resting where it does. As Everard is still dissatisfied, and insists on knowing who the fugitive is, and what is the ground of her anxiety, the spirit of Alice is roused and for a moment overpowers her grief.

"If I am thus misinterpreted," she said—"If I am not judged worthy of the least confidence or candid construction, hear my declaration, and my assurance, that, strange as my words may seem, they are, when truly interpreted, such as do you no wrong. I tell you, I tell all present—and I tell this gentleman himself, who well knows the sense in which I speak—that his life and safety are, or ought to be, of more value to me than those of any man in the kingdom, nay, in the world, be that other who he will." These words she spoke in a tone so firm and decided as admitted no farther discussion. Charles bowed low and with gravity, but remained silent. Everard, his features agitated by the emotions which his pride barely enabled him to suppress, advanced to his antagonist and said in a tone which he vainly endeavoured to make a firm one, "Sir, you heard this lady's declaration, with such feelings doubtless of gratitude as the case

eminently demands. As her poor kinsman, and an unworthy suitor, sir, I presume to yield my interest in her to you ; and, as I will never be the means of giving her pain, I trust you will not think I act unworthily in retracting the letter which gave you the trouble of attending this place at this hour. Alice," he said, turning his head towards her, "farewell, Alice, at once and for ever."

This one scene taken by itself is perhaps superior to anything in *Peveril of the Peak*, and exhibits Scott's command of the passions in its highest perfection. The full discovery of the depth of Alice Lee's love is reserved till the moment when she thinks she is breaking with it for ever, and one hardly knows whether to admire more the heroic self-sacrifice with which she deliberately plans the destruction of her own happiness, or the strength of the resolution with which she executes her purpose. When this appears to be fulfilled and the strain is taken off, she breaks down completely, and faints in Dr. Rochecliffe's arms. What follows possesses an interest of its own of no common order, and exhibits the character of Charles the Second in a very favourable light, though quite in accordance with what Scott has said of him elsewhere, namely, that he always felt deeply for the moment, but that impressions so created speedily faded from his mind. They had no time to do so in this instance, and by Charles's intercession a reconciliation is effected between the uncle and nephew, which ends, of course, in the marriage of the two cousins. But our part in *Woodstock* is ended with the agony of Alice Lee in parting for ever from the man she loved, when a word from herself would have prevented it, and her determination not to speak that word, while duty, loyalty, and filial obedience enjoin her to be silent.

Scott has in each of these instances shown his knowledge of human nature by making his heroine act from mixed motives. We are left to infer that if Julian Peveril's family had been more on a level with her

own, and she had been under no apprehension of being received with coldness or contempt, duty would have had a still harder struggle with love in the breast of Alice Bridgenorth. And it is Everard's apparent want of confidence in her honour which nerves Alice Lee to the last supreme effort, the result of which, had no *deus ex machina* intervened, must have broken her heart. The hand of the consummate artist is visible in making the characters of these two young ladies far more interesting than those of other heroines who are more completely enthralled by their affections. I am speaking exclusively of their characters, not of their fortunes or of the dramas of which they are the centre. Other novels of Sir Walter Scott's might readily be named in which the unrestrained violence of human passions leads through a series of more startling and tumultuous incidents to more tragic and terrible results. But the heroines of these are usually swept along upon the storm, doing little or nothing to direct its course or mitigate its horrors. In *Rob Roy*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *Woodstock* they are the predominant and decisive influence in the whole story ; and they become so in virtue of their recognizing the truth that love is only entitled to a share even of a woman's existence ; that other obligations may exist alongside of it, which in certain cases are entitled to precedence ; and that in giving away her heart she has not given away her whole self. I am very far from meaning either that women of this stamp are so uncommon in real life that the sex stands in urgent need of such a lesson as is read to them in these two works of fiction, or that Scott is the only writer who has tried to delineate such characters. But I think he is almost the only great English writer who has been perfectly successful in the attempt, and in showing that a woman of this balanced nature may be made supremely and thrillingly interesting, even as the heroine of a love-story. It was evi-

dently Scott's intention to contrast these characters with others which are usually considered better adapted to the novelist's requirements ; and this he has done, generally speaking, in separate works. But in *Pevenil of the Peak* we have them both together, Alice Bridgenorth and Fenella, whom it has rather been the fashion to pronounce the more interesting of the two. Perhaps some portion of the reading public may be induced to reconsider the justice of this verdict.

Minna Troil is a less striking illustration of the same principle of action ; and she differs from Diana Vernon, Alice Lee, and Alice Bridgenorth, in the nature of the motive by which her conduct is determined. She has been as deeply attached to the disguised pirate Cleveland as were either of the others to Osbaldistone, Pevenil, or Everard ; she is willing to pledge her troth to him, and to hold out hopes that if he returns to Zetland "at the head of a gallant fleet" her father, whose family pride must otherwise be a fatal obstacle, might consent to their union. She identifies him with men of the stamp of Francis Drake and Paul Jones, corresponding rather to privateers than pirates, and believes that he is making war upon the Spaniards as an avenger of their tyranny and barbarity. Many girls would have forced themselves to go on believing this, even after they had seen the pirate crew. But Minna would not be false to herself for a single moment. She knew now what Cleveland was, and that he had taken advantage of her inexperience to make her think him what he was not. She dismisses him for ever, refusing to hold out the slightest hope that even if he obtains a pardon and distinguishes himself in the King's service she will ever see him again. With Minna it is a ques-

tion of self-respect. She cannot pardon the man by whom she has been deceived or ally herself with one who has ever led such a life as he has done. This is entirely her own doing. Her father has never been appealed to. She is actuated by no sense of duty towards Cleveland, nor could she be. It is offended dignity and delicacy, shame at having been the dupe of her own imagination, and the impossibility of overcoming the shock inflicted on her by discovery of the truth which combine to turn Minna Troil from the man who has ruined her happiness. The situation only bears a general resemblance to those with which it has here been connected. But there are heroines in the *Waverley Novels* who would have had no such scruples ; and in Minna, different as she is from the other examples I have selected, we still see what we see in them—principle triumphant over passion, and the heroine herself all the more interesting because of it.

Some of Scott's heroines are little better than walking ladies, as some of his heroes are little better than walking gentlemen. Others stand out in bold relief, so as to be immediately and universally appreciated. But between the two extremes may be found several, I think, to whom justice is but rarely done, though it is evident that Scott has exerted all his powers on them, and though as delineations of character they are perhaps among his very best. In this class I should certainly place two out of the three described in this article. I am not sure that Minna Troil ought to have been one of the three ; but if she was introduced at all it must have been in the present company ; and she is surely too popular a heroine with too marked a character to have been passed over altogether.

THE WEST-BOUND EXPRESS.

"WELL?" asked William, as we stood upon the desolate prairie, gazing blankly over our blackened crops.

"Well, now!" was all I could say in reply.

We certainly were two unfortunates. In England our professional prospects had been blighted by the malice of the examiners in law and medicine respectively, who showed such an unaccountable dislike to us during our first trials as to convince us that it was futile to strive since we were doomed beforehand. Then our relatives professed to discover that we were wasting our own time and their money, and packed us off to a fresh sphere of action.

On this side the ocean we had really braced ourselves for an effort, but ill luck had still pursued us. We gave ear to a plausible land-agent in Chicago, who said he was an Englishman and loved us, and we bought a farm of him, and found too late that our "rich improved prairie-farm, with unimpeachable residential and other accommodation, centrally situate in the most prosperous portion of that magnificent and booming state of Dakota, crossed by a main trunk-road, and close to a celebrated railroad centre," was a wretched sterile track, with a plank box for a dwelling, fully thirty miles from a settlement, and with not even a neighbour under ten miles. Still, not caring to own ourselves swindled, we had hung on in desperate hope, and had sent home periodical accounts, more or less fantastic, of our condition and prospects, and had managed to exist on the resulting remittances. And now, just when after three years of harder toil than we had suspected ourselves capable of we had managed at last to get a fair portion of our land into something resembling cultivation, and saw looming before us the prospect

of at any rate some sort of a return, we awoke to find the June sunshine gleaming through a window latticed with icy tracery, and the water frozen in a bucket on the floor, and the fate of our tender growing corn sealed.

William, who was more volatile than I, had been urging me for months past to abandon the place and try a fresh start elsewhere, but somehow I had been unreasonably loath to do so. It might be my phlegmatic nature, or it might be because our nearest neighbour, the Dutchman, had a fair daughter,—anyhow I would not go, and William would not go without me.

"Now, are you satisfied that it's nothing but a howling wilderness we're in?" he asked.

And though I did not reply, I was satisfied of it, and felt that not all the daughters of earth could bind me longer to such a place.

"Philip Sinton, do you hear me?" William repeated. "You're a leech by training, and the son of a leech; but what earthly benefit can you ever get by hanging on like a dead ghoul to this lamentable fraud of a farm? We came West to 'grow up with the country.' How can we expect to do it by stopping in a part where never a single thing does grow? Now listen to me! I'm off this very day."

"Where?" I asked, meditatively.

"Where?" echoed he. "Anywhere! So long as it is not to a ranch on a boundless per-air-ie, where the life is as slow as—why, say as yon respected and costly animal."

He indicated another of our bad bargains, a sober old mule, which had been palmed off on us at a high price as being of a breed "peculiarly adapted to the soil and climate."

"Look here, Philip!" he went on. "Soberly, this is what I propose. You

remember all the talk we heard last time we were in Scuta of the big mining boom up in the Silverbow Valley? Well, I'll just take the cars and go quietly up there before our funds run quite out, and 'prospect around' a little, as our friends would say. If it's no good, and just another of the gigantic frauds of this gigantic country, I'll come quietly back here, and we'll make a break together in another direction. But if it looks like paying, why then I'll stake out my claim like the rest, and you can follow up and join me. We'll leave this rich ranch of ours to the claim-jumpers; and if the rascal that jumps this doesn't thereby get full punishment for all past crimes, then my name's not William Harlow."

In existing circumstances I really had nothing to urge against this scheme, and we set about immediately to put it into execution. It was arranged that I should go down with William to the settlement and see him start, and in an hour or two we were on our way over the prairie to Scuta.

We reached the place late at night, and found that the West-bound train,—there was but one in the twenty-four hours—was timed to leave in the small hours of the morning. We therefore hung about the station till the train drew up, and then William took his seat and left me standing on the desolate landing. As he said "Good-bye" he promised to write to me immediately after his arrival, so that I might expect at least to hear from him within four days.

Nevertheless as I saw the great train, so full of life and light draw away from the station and sink into the darkness, a strangely forsaken and desolate feeling stole over me, and my eyes instinctively held fast to the retreating lights until the highest of them had sunk below the distant horizon. When daylight came, I trudged laboriously back across the great dreary ring of grassy earth with a sense of utter loneliness, and when I reached the ranch I wondered at

the wretched shrunken look of everything.

The stipulated days passed heavily, and then I hastened to our nearest mail-station to fetch the promised letter

"No letter for you," said the post-agent.

"Oh yes, there is," I replied; "my name is Philip Sinton."

"I know it," answered the man. "No letter for you, I tell you!" And with that he slammed down the shutter angrily.

My heart sank as he did so, though quite unreasonably, since in these unsettled regions there was nothing unusual in a letter being delayed. William was so thoroughly trustworthy, and so punctilious of his word, that I felt confident he had written and that of course the letter had miscarried. There was nothing for it but to return and wait patiently a little longer.

Two days later I again made the tedious journey, only again to be disappointed. This time, however, I felt so lonely that I went out of my way in returning to call on my neighbour the Dutchman, and though I found him busy on his farm and not inclined for gossip, I counted his daughter Mina a famous substitute, and felt quite cheered by a few minutes' chat with her. In fact such relief did I find that in future I always returned that way.

And thus for a fortnight did I regularly every alternate day trudge off to the post, only as regularly to be disappointed. Moreover at the end of that time, when I called on the Dutchman, Mina was missing, she whose comforting words had never failed to reassure me. I hung about the place for some time in the hope that she would re-appear, and then ventured to ask her father where she might be.

"Mein tochter hav gone afay," he answered. "Some frients hav fetched her in Bruken. Dot ish where her verliedte,—vot you call it?—her bet-trotted lif, und she go recht freudig."

You may guess, in the circum-

stances, with what crushing force this news fell upon me, and how cheerless were my after-journeys! Now I had to bear not only my great anxiety about William, but also a violent desire to get away immediately from the neighbourhood. And yet I dared not go, for fear that the missing letters might bear the news that my friend had met with no success and was returning. What would he think of me if he came back to find the place stripped, and no friend to welcome him? No! I must have patience for just a little longer. And thus another fortnight passed,—a more miserable time than I had ever spent before; and yet there came no news of William. Then I resolved to go in search of him, and piled together our few movables upon our only waggon ready to start. But that night my anxiety kept me awake, and when morning came I was tormented with the idea that my friend would open the door and enter at every moment, and so strong was this impression that at the slightest sound I started nervously and thought "Here he comes, at last!" With such a feeling it was impossible to go, and so another day passed, and another,—and yet another. But at the end of that time I stifled my misgivings, and harnessing the old mule abandoned the ranch, as I hoped, for ever.

We went at a mournful pace, and never had the way seemed so tedious or so long. The hot midsummer sun shone over the shelterless plain and the crickets and locusts whirred and rasped all round, while the old mule with sagging ears plodded on and on, till I seemed to fall asleep as I walked and lost all perception of the things about me. Whether I really passed into a state of somnambulism, or whether it was simply the result of the dreary suspense and loneliness of the past weeks I cannot say, but for the rest of the day my mind had constantly before it vivid and horrible pictures which I was powerless to banish. A crowd of faces seemed always to surround me, jeering, deriding, and threatening; and

always I seemed to be struggling to get through them to find William, whom I knew to be just behind them, and yet I could not reach him. The cicadas' hum translated itself into a babel of voices, and once or twice I heard most distinctly above them all William's well-known call bidding me come to him. These visions struck an inexplicable terror into me, and several times I felt as though I must shout for help. But still we went wearily on and on, till at last, as the sun got low, a cooling breeze sprang up and blew with refreshing force across my brow and soothed my jaded sense, and soon the roof of a house loomed upon the horizon, and then several more. My trance was broken, and I stepped forward with fresh vigour cheering up the poor tired animal, and we entered the settlement just as night fell.

Companionship, and a strong dose of quinine, were the first things I sought, and these soon brought me back to my normal state, and when I awoke next morning after a comfortable night's rest I could laugh at my dismal forebodings of the previous day. Nevertheless I set about hurriedly to dispose of our belongings that I might be able to take my departure by the next West-bound train. It was the West-bound Express No. 1, the same as that by which I had watched William leave me. Long before it was due I was at the station impatient to start, and I kept a weary vigil into the dark hours of the morning. At last, however, just before dawn, the train came in; "All aboard!" was called, and with a solemn tolling of the great bell on the engine we steamed away over the shadowy prairie.

As usual on these western trains there were but few passengers in the ordinary cars, for most of the travellers were for long distances and had taken their places in the luxurious sleeping-cars. Consequently the conductor had for this stage but little to do, and bore none of the autocratic and repellent airs which characterize his class when

in the full tide of their occupation, as he sauntered through the train with something of the air of a ship's master whose craft is going steadily with plenty of sea-room. He seemed, besides, a friendly, fatherly sort of man, and I found no difficulty in opening a conversation with him as he leisurely examined my ticket. My eagerness would not allow me to wait, and almost at once I broached the one subject which occupied all my thoughts. Had he any recollection, I asked, of a young man, answering to the description I gave, who boarded the train at Scuta a few weeks ago?

"Lemme think!" said he. "Maybe I have now; yes,—I guess I have. But if he's the one I have in mind, Dan'l, my brakesman, 'll remember him sure, for they chummed together considerable durin' the journey."

"Dan'l," he called, as the young man entered the car, "d'yew remember a smartish young coon ridin' with us five or six week ago,—boarded at Scuta *dépot*? You 'en him got sorter friendly, I think."

"That's so," answered the brakesman. "Stoutish and rayther tall,—full of colour and rayther dudish,—wore shin-wraps and tall collars,—a thorough-bred Johnny Bull, I reckon."

"That's the man I mean," I exclaimed; and then I told them for what reason he had set off for Silverbow City, and how terribly anxious I had become at his unaccountable silence, and I begged of them to give me what help they could in tracing him.

I noticed as I spoke that the men exchanged significant glances, but when I had finished they seemed embarrassed, and neither volunteered any remark, though I could see that both of them had something in mind which they did not care to tell. So after a moment's silence I said point-blank to the conductor: "What is it? You know something, I can see. Pray do tell me; I will thank you, even for bad news."

"Well," said the conductor hesitatingly, "it ain't exactly bad news,

but there's gettin' somethin' mighty cur'ous about this thing. It's right here; your friend ain't the only man missing that went to Silverbow; within the last few weeks there's been at least five or six." "Seven!" put in Daniel. "Seven is it, Dan'l? Seven men that we're aware of that's disappointed their friends same as you're disappointed. Now, it ain't onusual in these onsettled parts for men to drop out, an' Silverbow's a hot place just now anyhow, but yet I can't think it's come to that, that they shoot newcomers up there just for fun; and the sort o' men that we've been chiefly asked about warn't the kind that looked likely to raise a dust and get hurt. That's just what fetches us, ain't it, Dan'l? They're mostly all quiet solit-ary men, that didn't seem to have no cussedness in 'em."

"You bet that's so," said Dan'l. "Why, that last one,—him from way back there at Winchester, Fremont County—I guess I'd gone any money on him for a man to avoid trouble; and he left word back there he'd write faithful soon as he landed, and never a word did they hear. Then that other from Michona,—same kind exactly, they might have been brothers—and he went awhile before, leaving a girl he was sweet on, and she's been asking me every time we pass through if I could hear anything about him. Mighty curious, you bet!"

Naturally the news did not tend to allay my fears, and it was with a trembling heart that I asked my sympathetic acquaintances whether they suspected any foul play.

"Why, for sure you can scarcely help it," the conductor replied. "Only there again I'm beat. It don't look like plunder. Men going up alone prospecting to Silverbow don't as a usual thing carry much along,—nor when they come down either for that matter," he added. "En' it seems to me that there ain't a road-agent goin' but could tell that with half an eye. No! these men must be de-tained, and I don't profess to know how."

"But surely," I asked, "I'm not the first to go in search, am I?"

"No, indeed," replied the conductor. "We've had two others along lately on the same biz, en' I guess you'll find one of 'em up in Silverbow now,—leastwise he ain't come down this road. The other did; en' he tell me he'd traced his man into Silverbow City, en' beyond that not a single sign could he find."

Beyond this the men could tell me nothing, though I could see they were both willing to do all in their power to help me. One thing, indeed, they were quite certain of, that William was still in the train when they left it at the end of their division.

And here it must be explained that on these marvellous trans-continental lines the journey is split up into sections, or divisions as they are called—generally starting and ending at some "city" of more or less importance,—in fact, tending to make their terminals into "cities." Each section represents ten or twelve hours of continuous travel, at the end of which a longer stop than usual is made and the entire *personnel* of the train is changed, bringing a fresh set of officials on duty. The distance between Scuta and Silverbow embraced two—or rather, we may say, three,—of these divisions, since Silverbow itself lay some distance off from the main line, and was reached by a branch, starting from the city of Whaycom which was the terminal of a division on the trunk line. Thus it was that these men's certain knowledge of William's movements reached only for less than half the distance between Scuta and Whaycom, but they promised to do what they could to assist me beyond.

In spite of my distress, I began to be strangely attracted by the grotesqueness and magnificence of the scenery. We had left the grand monotony of the prairies behind and were now traversing the foothills, and as our labouring engines climbed slowly over the broken edges of the plateaux, the clear morning sun glowed upon

peaks, turrets, and battlements striped with such strong rich tints as I had never seen on rocks before, while broad warm shadows filled the deep valleys which lay between. I went out upon the platform of the car, and gazed until the whole scene seemed a strange mirage and no reality. And soon we reached the crest and looked over a billowy land to where the Rocky Mountains pierced the horizon.

And now we approached the end of the division, and drew up at the usual straggling group of wooden sheds which form the new Western city, and here my friends announced their departure. I thanked them for their kindness, and expressed a hope that I should find their successors as well-disposed towards me.

"There now!" said the conductor with a laugh, "I hope you will; but I tell you, you'll have to look mighty pert if you mean to keep square with Dick Quanton,—that's him that takes my place. He's a mighty queer man, sure-ly, and there's cert'n things that he's took strong to, and cert'n things he's against,—and one of 'em he's against is Englishmen. He talks that one of his great-great-grandfathers was shot by the Britishers, and he hates all Johnny Bulls for that,—though to me it do seem a thin thing to hate a man for. Anyhow, that's him; and he'll spot you for a Johnny soon as ever he claps eyes on you, and onless he's in a mighty good humour you'll find him a terror,—leastwise I'll be surprised if you don't. But here's your tip,—his bark's worse'n his bite. You just keep peaceable, and like enough he'll come round and do what he can for you before you reach Whaycom. Anyhow I'll give you a fair start with him, and after that you must rustle."

He was as good as his word, and when a little later the two came into the car together to check off the passengers, he suavely told the formidable Dick, as they examined my ticket, on what errand I was bound, and asked him if he had any recollection of a passenger answering to my description

of William having passed along on his way to Silverbow.

"What the h—— have I got to do with his business?" was Dick's violent comment, as he seemed to work himself into quite an unnecessary rage. "D'you expect me to keep a reckoning of all the passengers that travel this road? How is it likely I'd remember him? There's scores of Johnny Bulls come along West-bound every week, d——'em, en' the less they have to say to me the better I like it!"—and then he passed on.

My friend gave me a comical look of sympathy as he left the car, and signed that he could do nothing more for me, and shortly after we were again tearing onward.

I was too much annoyed with the gross incivility of the man to take any further notice of the new conductor, and I determined to make no fresh attempt to approach him, since I did not see that his help could be of any consequence whatever to me, for I had not the slightest reason to doubt that William had reached Silverbow. Indeed as the afternoon wore on I had banished the man from my thoughts, and was dreamily gazing from the car-windows upon the shadowy mountain masses which now loomed up just ahead, when I felt a tap on my arm, and turning saw that he had seated himself opposite to me.

"Say, mister," said he, in an altered submissive tone, "I hope you're not going to cut up rough because of what I said 'way back there; you must 'xcuse that. You see, first coming aboard a train a conductor has a terrible deal to think about, and night-work ain't improving to a man's temper."

I had an instinctive dislike for the man, and there was something false and fawning in his tone; but I could scarcely refuse his proffered apology, and so expressed myself satisfied.

"Come, now, that's kind of you," he went on. "Well, respectin' this friend of yours. You see, I've been pestered several times lately by people

comin' along and wantin' to know this and that and the other about other people, seemin' as if they thought I was a paid tracker, and it was partly that that riled me when I knew what you were after. But it has come to me as I've been walking these cars that I do remember somethin' about a young fellow such as you're lookin' for,—Johnny Bull warn't he?"

"Yes, he was English," I said.

"I reckon it's the same. As a rule I don't take no stock in Johnny Bulls, seein' what my family's suffered from them; but this young man had a nice free way with him, somethin' like you, and he was strangely taken up with the scenery, much as you might be, and me and him had considerable chat together."

"Did he go through with you?" I asked.

"Cert'nly! My division ends right there at Whaycom where he'd got to change for the Silverbow branch, and we left the car together. I recollect him asking me which was the Silverbow train, and he made straight for it, and that's the last I saw of him. Mean to say you ain't heard of him since?" he asked.

"Not a word," I answered, and as I did so I wondered more than ever what it was in this man's face which repelled me so powerfully.

"Well, that's strange," he went on. "But Silverbow's a particular hot place,—par-tic-ular hot—and a man's got to walk terrible straight, and not to wink either, if he means to keep clear of the hard citizens; and they're particular rough on tender-feet, thinkin' the place is fillin' up too fast. But you cheer up; like enough you'll find him easy; I'm acquainted up there, and I'll put you right with some people 'll help you if any one will."

But even this unexpected kindness did not conquer my feeling of repugnance, and when in talking he leaned forward as if to put his hand on my knee, I involuntarily shifted so as to avoid it. He noticed the movement and I could see resented it, and a

curious expression crossed his heavy sodden features. But his irritation was only momentary, and he resumed the conversation, though with an abrupt change of subject.

"You like sceneries?" he asked.

"Indeed I do," I replied, "when it is as fine as this."

"Ah, but we've not got among it yet," he said. "Further on now there are some sights! There's one place in particular,—would you like to see it?" he asked abruptly, and as he spoke he fixed his restless eyes intently on mine.

Not until then did I discover what it was which gave the strange expression to his face, and now I suddenly noticed that the pupils of his eyes were slightly distorted, and that one was distinctly larger than the other. At the same time there came strongly over me the impression that his face was familiar to me, but for the moment I strove in vain to recollect where I had seen it, though I felt sure that it had been in disagreeable or painful circumstances. I asked him absently what the view was that he so much wished me to see.

"The place is just before we fetch Whaycom," was his reply. "We cross a long trestle over Lake Kalipaw, and right there, if you know where to look, you can see the finest view in the Rockies; and it's just lucky for you you're coming along at full moon when there's light enough to show the snow-mountains behind the lake."

He was so enthusiastic in his description that I felt interested in spite of myself, and told him that I should indeed like to see that view, and asked him, if I fell asleep, to rouse me when we reached the place. It seemed to please him that I requested this of him.

"You bet I will," he said ardently. "It's just my particular favourite show on this road, and I don't like any one that's a friend of mine to pass without seeing it,—leastwise if he's fond of sceneries."

He sat a little longer, and pointed out to me a few places of interest as we thundered along through the darkening day, but nevertheless I felt quite relieved when he got up and left me. My long journey began to tell upon me; I felt weary and depressed, and longed for sleep. But it was in vain that I assumed the easiest positions and closed my eyes determinedly; sleep would not come save in short fitful snatches which seemed only to increase my feverishness. When night fell the car became insufferably close and hot, and when I shut my eyes the jarring of the train began to shake all kinds of ugly visions over my brain; the same ring of faces was closing round me as had tormented me upon the prairie, again I heard William's voice calling to me out of the uproar, and all at once I recognised in one of the faces the uneven eyes of Conductor Dick. With a strong effort to control my wandering senses I got up and paced the car, but still the vision clung to me. What could it portend? I kept asking myself; though all the time my reason and experience told me that it was but the result of an exhausted over-harassed frame, and that my wild notion that this man's face was among those which had appeared to me on the prairie was only an idle trick of the imagination and memory.

To get rid of the suffocating feeling I stepped out upon the platform of the car into the cool rush of air. It was a perfect night. The still white moon had risen and was shining upon the waters of a swift river whose course we followed. Dark, pine-clad slopes were vaguely outlined above us on either hand, melting imperceptibly upward into slumbering mountains whose massive tranquillity rebuked our clamorous hurry. Once more under this benign influence my fancies vanished and my mind recovered its composure. Yet I would not venture again within, but wrapping my coat tighter round me to keep out the cold, watched the miles fly past. I scarcely know how long I had stood thus, when I started

nervously at feeling a hand on my arm, and saw that it was Conductor Dick, who had opened the car-door unheard and now stood beside me on the narrow ledge.

"Wondered where you'd got," he said. "But you do right to come out here, it's pleasanter than inside. But 'say now, I hope you weren't worrying yourself about your pard; don't do that now—a man's easy lost sight of in this country, and I warrant you'll find him all right before long. Jest come along! We'll be on the trestle in a few minutes, and you can't see what I want you to see from here. We'll have to be on the rear platform so as to look right behind."

I turned to follow him mechanically, and we passed through two cars to the last of the train, a long dining-saloon in which the evening meal had been served. This was locked and in darkness, but Dick carried the key and we entered and hurried through it between the little tables gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

"There!" he said, closing the door behind us carefully as we stepped out at the other end and looked back upon the open track; "I reckon we'll be all right here, eh? Now, if I can't show you somethin' directly that'll beat all you ever saw, why just say my name ain't Dick."

As he spoke the rapid pace of the train upon the steep down-grade was checked, and we came quickly to a stand-still.

"What is it?" I asked.

"We're just entering upon the Kalipaw trestle," he replied. "The driver's got to stop dead before touchin' it, by orders, fear he shook the whole darned thing to pieces,—like enough he will some day as it is,—and he's got to cross not faster than five miles to the hour. That gives us time enough, anyhow, eh?"

As he spoke we began to crawl steadily forward, and I noticed that we were leaving the steep valley-side and were heading straight for a fair sheet of water which lay glimmering

far below us. In the uncertain light it seemed from the rear as though our massive vehicles were launching out upon a cautious flight in air, but the loud groaning and creaking of the timbers showed that we had entered upon the trestle. To a traveller accustomed only to the more enduring railroad construction of Europe there is nothing more striking,—and to the timid more terrifying,—than the manner in which, on the western lines, these slim-looking structures are thrown across lake, river, and valley. A mere open scaffolding of timber, just wide enough at the top to carry the rails, seems sufficient in the eyes of the American engineer for any emergency. So long as he can find a sound foundation into which to fix or drive his piles, it seems to matter not to him to what height, or for what distance he may have to carry the super-structure, and he rapidly raises an intricate net-work of beams which mutually prop and support each other like a puzzle. Of such construction was the edifice upon which we had now entered. The long and shallow Lake Kalipaw lay right athwart the track, and the trestle crossed from shore to shore at its narrowest part. Its length might be about half a mile, and its height above the water fully sixty feet. The track was of course single, and the timbers on which it rested did not project more than two feet on either side, so that as we passed along the broad cars seemed quite to overhang the water.

It was indeed a magnificent spectacle which opened before us from the bridge. As we moved slowly on, a range of snowy peaks marched into view, one by one, at the further end of the lake, and shone ghostly over the dark forests below. My eyes wandered over the placid waters to these distant peaks, and for the moment I forgot everything. But my rapture was quickly broken by Dick's excited tones. Turning quickly, I found him leaning with out-stretched neck over the hand-rail, with his eyes riveted upon the water.

"See!" he cried. "There he goes,—there he goes! Where's my shooter?"

"What is it?" I asked, looking in vain for the cause of his excitement.

"Don't you see it? Don't you see the wapiti?" he shouted. "There, man, there!—right below us, swimming the lake!"

I grew as excited as he was and hung from the platform beside him, vainly striving to catch sight of the elk.

"See! He's heading straight for the bridge," he cried! "Here, man, stand right here on the step! Quick, or you'll lose him! Gim'me your hand, and then you can lean well forward! No, your other hand. You needn't grab the rail. I'll hold you fast enough!"

Confused and hurried, I leaned forward as he directed, but still held fast to the rail.

"See him now?" he screamed; and at that instant I felt his fingers nervously tearing at mine, and before I could realise what he meant, I was flung suddenly forward and fell headlong from the car.

Fortunately when I felt his hand on mine my fingers had instinctively tightened their grip of the rail, and it was this alone which saved me from instant destruction. As it was my whole weight fell on my arm with a jar that nearly dislocated it, but I was instantly aware that my life was at stake, and hung dangling with a grip like death. A second later I had twisted myself about and seized with my other hand the edge of the platform, and not till then had I time to look up.

In a confused way I thought it must have been some sudden oscillation of the car which had thrown me from my feet, and I gasped to my companion for help. But even as I did so, I saw with horror that I was doomed. The glaring eyes and distorted face of a maniac hung over me, and he was even then striving with convulsive fury to crush my clenched fingers with his heavy boot while in his free hand his

revolver was waving close over my head. That one glance was enough—I saw it all now! Fool that I was, not to have seen it before! Those unequal eyes,—the sinister look I had shrunk from—the capriciousness and excitement—were they not tokens clear as noonday? The most unobservant might have recognised them; and yet, I, whose training should at least have guarded me, had heeded them not, and had placed my life in the hands of a deliberate and cunning homicidal maniac.

I screamed for help,—but I knew it could not come. My voice was lost amid the creaking of the trestle and the rumble of the train; and even had it reached the occupants of the nearest car, what chance had I? The bolted door of the dining-car divided us, and my fate was a question of seconds! I groaned in utter helplessness; and then the madman's foot crushed down upon my fingers and broke them from their hold, and I fell.

Yet again was a brief respite vouchsafed me. In falling I had struck heavily upon a supporting beam, and the motion of the train threw me forward across it, leaving me precariously balanced. One leg hung loose between the sleepers, but the other rested across the rail and sustained me as I lay maimed and dazed.

But still I was not to escape! The ping of a pistol-shot and a sudden hot pain in my shoulder roused me, and I saw my enemy, a few yards away, hanging over the rail of the slowly retreating train, revolver in hand, deliberately taking aim at me as I lay helpless. Again came the ping and a puff of white smoke from the platform, and a bullet rang on the metals close to my head. Again,—and I shrieked,—the bullet had entered my thigh. Then consciousness must have left me; for when I looked up, the train had gone and even the reverberation of the rails had ceased. I was alone, and still hanging from the trestle, with the full moon above me and the restless waters below.

Slowly the events of the night came back to me and I began to realise my position. Every moment gave me exquisite pain, but I seemed to have no broken bones and managed to drag myself into a more secure position. Then I lay quiet awhile, thinking. The awful strain I had passed through caused a momentary feeling of positive happiness and security to float over me. But alas! it soon faded. What could I do? Wounded and fainting, on a narrow bench barely wide enough for me to balance upon, with an open network of cross-beams and the gurgling water below. To lose my hold was to be dashed to death among the timbers, and to fall, a lifeless corpse, into the lake. To lie where I was meant certain death from the next string of cars which passed. Yet how to escape? To cross the long interval which separated me from either shore was a feat I should have hesitated to attempt even in broad day with all my vigour—to do so in my present state was utterly impossible. I shouted till my voice grew weak, but I knew it was hopeless. The steep cliff-like shores were untenanted, and probably the nearest houses were in Whaycom, a full mile beyond the trestle. And in the hurry and bustle of the train's arrival at that town I might be sure that I should not be missed by any one.

And with that there came a new terror upon me. Suddenly I remembered that the mad conductor's term of duty ended there,—that it was there he dwelt,—that he knew his plan of flinging me clean off into the lake had failed. With his devilish craftiness would he not come back to make sure, —to shove my body off into the water if I was dead, and if not to—?

Even as these thoughts flashed upon me I felt a slight tremor in the rail, and heard a distant hollow sound as of a footstep on the timbers. I had always obstinately refused to carry arms, counting myself secure in peaceful intentions. How I cursed my folly now! How easy to have feigned dead, and to have dropped the madman in

his tracks when he approached! And that distant tap, tap, tap on the timbers was growing clearer and clearer! Already I could discern against the sky the figure of a man on the bridge; and who but that madman would venture across it at such an hour? Could I do nothing for my life? There were still some minutes before he would be able in this uncertain light to distinguish me among the timbers. Must I let that precious interval pass without one effort? I peered over the edge of my beam and saw that from either end of it a cross-tie sloped inward at a sharp angle and disappeared into an entanglement of shadows. Were it possible for me to reach those shadows I might lurk there unobserved while my enemy passed overhead! But how to reach them? There was just one chance,—a fearful chance! Might it not be possible to drop upon the cross-tie and slide along it? I must try;—if I fail—well, 'tis but the inevitable result another way; that is all.

The pain, as I dragged myself to the outer edge of my bench, was almost greater than I could bear, and smothered groans would escape me. And then? In vain I probed the space below me with my uninjured leg, the sloping surface of the cross-tie was still some feet beyond, and to lower myself with my crippled hands was utterly impossible. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps. Now, or never! I closed my eyes in prayer, and flung myself off in the direction of the beam.

It was indeed a desperate throw, but I won! I fell across the timber, and, quite helpless, shot swiftly along it. For one moment I swayed dangerously, then brought up suddenly and violently, and found myself jammed safe in the angle between the sloping surface and an upright, almost directly under the rail. I dared not move, scarcely breathe; and hung, limp and awkward, just as I had slipped, while above me I heard the steady, calculated tread approach.

It was he, sure enough! I heard

his voice and shuddered. Had he heard me? He was muttering impatiently, and when he was nearly overhead he paused. Distinctly I could hear his words. "Reckon it was somewhere hereabouts. Oughter see the carcass, d—— him. Squirmed off, and fallen in, I reckon; not likely he'd catch among the timbers. D—— him for this trouble," he shouted in sudden anger, "d—— him, I say. What cause had he to hang and kick? What better was he than th' others, that he need put up his games on me? Nine before, and never a hitch; and now a—— circus like this! But he was a Johnny Bull and he did it to spite me!" Then his voice fell again into a madman's cunning chuckle. "Fancy now, the boys hearin' my gun,—wouldn't have thought it! But there's nothin' unready about Dick, that there ain't! Dick 'll go one better than the gang,—won't we, Dick? Reckon now there ain't a man won't talk when he gets home about that elk he saw in the water that Dick Quanton fired at!" And then, still chuckling, he went on a few steps, and I could not catch his words. But he seemed irresolute and came back again, evidently anxiously scanning the lake. Suddenly he broke into a loud discordant laugh. He had caught sight of my hat, which in my last struggle had dropped off and fallen into the water. "Ha, ha! There he goes, there he goes!" he shouted. "Promised you you would find your friend! Guess you've done it, eh, you Johnny Bull?"

Alas! this was what I had been dreading ever since I found myself lying on the trestle! This then had indeed been my poor friend's fate! Even in the midst of my terror and pain I mourned him. To think that fine light-hearted lad should have fallen victim to this wretched maniac! Surely this was the cruellest blow of all.

The sight of my hat seemed to have calmed and satisfied the bloodthirsty wretch, and he went contentedly back. But he had done his worst, and I scarce

cared to notice that his footsteps were gradually receding. Absolute silence settled down around me.

* * * *

"Steady, mates! Steady! He ain't a stiff yet!"

With this voice in my ears I opened my eyes, to find that it was broad daylight and that I was being tenderly hoisted to the bridge by a group of men who were looking down on me with sympathetic faces, while the one who spoke was slung by my side and was supporting me.

Gradually, like the memory of a frightful dream, my sufferings unrolled themselves before me and I moaned. Whereupon, even in mid-air, my companion applied to my lips a flask of acrid whisky, and this so far revived me that when we reached the track I was able to give some kind of an account of what had happened to me. Significant nods and glances passed from man to man when Dick Quanton's name was mentioned, and I could see that in spite of their horror and dismay the majority believed that I had told the truth. Only one suggested that I was a "dead-beat" tramp who had been stealing a ride and had fallen off the brake of a passing train, and he was promptly silenced. Indeed the general belief in my honesty took rather an awkward form, for as they bore me off the trestle each man insisted that I should drink from his flask, and the result was that before we had reached the town I was once more incapable either of speech or motion, and I verily believe that their vile whisky came near doing what the mad conductor had failed to do. However my condition was credited to my injuries, and they pitied me the more for it.

I learnt afterwards that I owed my rescue to the bridge-patrol, who noticed fresh blood-stains on the timber in the course of his daily examination of the structure, and on searching closely for the cause, detected what he believed to be the dead body of a man upon the cross-tie. But for the prompt aid

which he called up, I am inclined to think his prognosis would have been correct.

Dick Quanton was supposed to be asleep in bed when the officers entered his house to arrest him. But when they reached his room he was ready for them, and in the terrible struggle which followed his madness revealed itself clearly enough to all of them,—indeed two of the men will bear the evidence of it to their dying day. From the investigation which ensued it appeared that his family and friends had long known that he was a prey to strange illusions, but they regarded, or affected to regard, them as innocent. Perhaps it was because he had always been a dangerous man to meddle with, that they did not care to interfere. He was, of course, passed on from the prison to the madhouse, and died soon after of general paralysis.

The number of his victims was never accurately known, but in my own mind I have no doubt that the number I heard him mention was the true one. They were probably all despatched within a period of six or seven weeks, and poor William must have been one of the first. Many other travellers afterwards recalled that he had tried, on one excuse or another, to tempt them to the rear-platform. These were all men who were travelling alone and were bound for the Silverbow region,

for, with that diabolical cunning which characterised all his actions, the madman sought only to entrap those who were not likely to be soon missed.

None of the bodies were recovered, nor was it likely that they would be, for the strong current which sets through the narrows would carry anything falling from the bridge into the deeper recess of the lower basin. But a close examination of the central portion of the trestle yielded ample confirmation of my story. Many of the outstanding lower buttresses bore here a blood-stain, and there a few clotted hairs or a shred of clothing, showing where the falling men had struck upon them. From this it may be supposed that in most cases death would be swift and merciful.

When after a long and tedious convalescence I at last regained my strength, it need scarcely be told that I had had enough of the West, and was only too glad to leave the country altogether and to return to my friends at home. But my nerves have never quite recovered, and even now, only with grave discomfort can I undertake a railroad journey, and it is only in rare cases of absolute necessity that I adopt this mode of travel at all. Certain am I that I shall not again on any excuse venture aboard a West-Bound Express.

GEORGE FLAMBRO.

MODERN SCHOOL-BOOKS.

MOST men cherish an exaggerated memory of the happiness of the good old times. They are not contented with asserting a comparative superiority, making due allowance for their own waning capacity of enjoyment; things were, they say, absolutely of greater excellence when Plancus was consul. But they almost always make at least one exception. They draw the line at their own school-days. Fathers glory in impressing upon their sons the hardships they underwent in the pursuit of grammatical knowledge. The teaching was bad, the punishments Draconian, the food execrable. In some respects, no doubt, their reminiscences are worthy of credit. Boys are on the whole infinitely better looked after in these days than they were fifty years ago. Yet there is still room for improvement, and especially, it seems, in the matter of their books. This at first sight may appear paradoxical, for all the world is aware of the vast increase in the number of so-called aids to knowledge. For one annotated edition of a Greek play in the old days there are now at least a score, many of them the handiwork of good scholars. Elementary mathematical books, histories, primers of German and French, introductions to various branches of natural science, may be counted by the dozen. Schoolmasters have spread like the locust, and all the machinery of teaching has multiplied a hundred-fold. But despite this expansion in every department it cannot be shown—the reverse can perhaps be shown—that the education of the average schoolboy has made, in point of book-learning, any serious advance.

As regards Latin and Greek a good deal must be laid to the charge of the modern vocabulary, designed to super-

sede for younger boys the old-fashioned lexicon. The innovation, apparently so humane, is in reality most pernicious. Within the compass of some fifty pages it is not possible to do more than indicate in briefest fashion the particular meanings which will suit the particular text. Space will admit of no attempt to trace the gradations of meaning through which a word passes; we get the bald English which will make sense in special passages, and no more. Naturally, therefore, when a boy is promoted from this grandmotherly system to the full-blown work of Liddell and Scott, he is taken completely aback. He has never learnt, and is now probably too old ever to learn, how to use a dictionary; and if, as we assume, he be one of the great mediocrity, he finally leaves school with a suppressed, if not outspoken, hatred of all things classical, and experiences the utmost difficulty in satisfying the requirements of such examiners as cross his path. When there were none of these little glossaries, boys learnt at all events how to look out words. There was a better chance of their becoming fair scholars in the end; in fact the few English classical authorities who have enjoyed more than a local reputation were produced on this plan. At worst, there were no new dictionarial mysteries to be painfully solved when they rose to a higher form. They had become more or less acquainted from the very first with the ponderous volume which was to be their boon-companion throughout their scholastic life. Whereas, in these days, there must be many boys who have never explored the pages of a dictionary at all. This, save to the clever ones in the class, must ever be a fatal error.

Another, and a scarcely less, hindrance

to the development of truescholarship is due to the multiplicity of notes now current. It was hard enough before to understand the original, but it is doubly hard to have to extract the editor's drift as well as the author's. Again there is but one author, while there are editors innumerable, and not always to be reconciled. Almost every assistant-master who has taken a fairly good degree considers himself competent to edit Cæsar and Euripides. Even granting that the renderings are excellent, they can hardly be defended when they lead, as they undoubtedly do in most cases, to a blind reliance on another's wisdom. Moreover they render superfluous all notes on the boy's own part. When everything is explained by reference to the end of the book, what need can there be for him to annotate on his own account, which used to be thought so essential to true learning? The teacher, too, has little left for him to do beyond correcting mistakes which arise from sheer idleness in neglecting to consult, or from failure to remember, the editor's interpretations. There exists little or no inducement to give a version of his own when every difficulty stands already expounded in black and white. Lightly come, lightly go; so easy a method of solving all problems may be extremely satisfactory at the moment to the juvenile mind, but the solution is by no means so likely to be retained as it is when laboriously evolved by the pupil himself, or dispensed judiciously by the teacher and committed to writing by the class. Only minds and natures of a superior order can withstand the insidious influence of such a method, which, in plain words, is not much better than legalized cribbing. If any advantage is to be gained from notes they ought surely to be suggestive rather than final. Otherwise, so far from fostering thought and originality, they are eminently calculated to repress both. It should be the teacher's business to provide a good English rendering at the end of the

lesson. This, however, is seldom done, and, indeed, he can hardly be blamed for the omission when, perhaps, a better scholar than himself has already furnished the class with a careful translation of all passages whose meaning in our own tongue is not readily discernible. Oral interpretation is far more likely to rest in the memory of small boys than the printed page. Often enough the editor's version, though remembered literally, is not really understood and itself stands in need of explanation. It is not seldom couched in language which is not familiar to the tiro and must be itself rendered into his vernacular. Failing this he is too apt, while to all appearance having acquitted himself well, to pass on with quite erroneous notions of the friendly annotator's meaning, and is, in fact, left in a state of grosser ignorance than ever.

It is strange, and little to the credit of our head-masters and scholars generally, that we are still without a First Latin Grammar which is universally accepted. Dr. Arnold suggested a scheme for getting up what he called national grammars. He thought it would be a good plan "that a certain portion of each grammar (Latin and Greek) should be assigned to the master or masters of each of the great schools: *e.g.* the accidence to one, syntax to another, prosody to a third; or probably with greater subdivisions; that then the parts so drawn up should be submitted to the revision of the other schools, and the whole thus brought into shape." Perhaps he credited the race of pedagogues with too much amiability; it did not strike him that even in so elementary a matter as Latin grammar one scholar is not fond of subjecting his views to the criticism and correction of another. In fact the knowledge and explanation of grammar constitute the very tenderest ground upon which learned men can meet; when it is a question of a corrupt or crabbed passage a friendly suggestion is not unwelcome, but no man likes his grammar to be

called in question. At any rate Dr. Arnold's co-operative system has not hitherto been found to answer. The conflict of many minds appears to be fatal to a plain unvarnished statement of the mysteries of *oratio obliqua*, or the objective and subjective genitives. The great Rugby master was strongly of opinion that Latin, rather than English, is the proper vehicle whereby to convey instruction in these and similar perplexities; it is more easily remembered, he maintained, when once learnt. Also, "the simpler and more dogmatical the rules are, the better." This advice has not been too freely followed in recent publications. The so-called Latin primer now in most general use is full of faults and ambiguities, thus proving how hard it is for even the best scholars to be either accurate or lucid in small things. It is but a sorry advertisement of our skill, and may be not unfairly dismissed with the words of a famous review: "this book contains much that is new and much that is true; but what is new in it is not true, and what is true is not new." It may be doubted whether the grammars of Dr. Wordsworth, with a few judicious emendations, would not even now supply the lower forms with the soundest and simplest introduction to Latin and Greek that they are ever likely to get.

The spread, then, of classical knowledge among boys of average intellect in this country seems to be seriously handicapped by inaccurate and obscure grammars on the one hand, and texts, with rare exceptions, too copiously or enigmatically annotated on the other. But modern languages fare, as they have ever fared, even worse. The idea is long ago exploded that it is possible at a public school to learn colloquial French or German, yet a good many parents, and a few masters, still cling to the fond belief that those tongues are there taught and learned in a very thorough manner as regards grammar and the art of translation. Let us once more hear the Doctor's opinion.

In a letter addressed to the Chairman of the Trustees of Rugby School, he writes: "I assume it certainly, as the foundation of all my view of the case, that boys at a public school never will learn to speak or pronounce French well under any circumstances." Experience has proved the absolute truth of this sentiment. Even with the advantage of lessons from the most highly-polished Parisian, the French of the ordinary British schoolboy remains at or below the standard of Stratford-att-Bowe. And not merely in point of pronunciation, which might be forgiven him; but his ignorance is hopeless in genders, deplorable in past participles, profound in syntax. This ought assuredly not so to be. To learn French as a dead language, which is all that is usually attempted, must, one would think, be within the capacity of even the plainest understanding. The fault lies with the teachers and the books. In spite of their failure from every point of view, we obstinately persist in employing foreigners to teach the elements of their own mother-tongue. In spite of probably mutual antipathy, and his own utter inability to appreciate the difficulties which offer themselves to the insular mind, the unhappy German or Frenchman still continues to reign as the dispenser of instruction in modern languages. It is a tradition to which we cling notwithstanding the disastrous results with which it has been invariably associated. It is not merely that, as a general rule, he fails to combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. English masters too often exhibit a similar incapacity. But he cannot in the nature of things grasp the full insidiousness of the many pitfalls which his language submits to the alien student. We would forgive him the imperfect discipline which distinguishes his class if he could but bear in mind that he is not teaching little Gauls or Teutons. There does indeed arrive a point at which his assistance becomes indispensable, or, in any case, of the

greatest value. But this is at a much later period of the pupil's curriculum. When boys have thoroughly mastered the French and German grammars, and have made some progress in the art of translation from and into those tongues, it is of immense importance to converse with the lively native, to learn at his lips the very finest pronunciation, and extract from him the quintessence of style and diction. This, however, is a sublimity to which only a very few of our school-boys can pretend to soar, and in the earlier stages, which are all that are scaled by the majority, the teaching should undoubtedly be confided to Englishmen whose attainments in this particular line have been tested and approved. It ought not to be difficult to find men properly qualified for giving this elementary instruction; at any rate, if the system were encouraged, the demand would certainly and speedily create an adequate supply.

Grammars compiled by foreigners for use in English schools are for the most part highly unsatisfactory. But happily our own countrymen have here, and with the greatest success, come to the rescue, for nothing in this department can be better than the books which bear the name of the head-master of University College School. The selection of authors for translation, however, leaves much to be desired. In classical studies the choice is limited. For beginners there is nothing for it but to go through the stereotyped course of Lucian and Xenophon, Cæsar and Ovid, and it is not our fault that these writers dealt with matters not in themselves attractive to the youthful mind. Probably few Greeklings or infant Romans were called upon to study them. We are compelled to make the best of what has come down to us. But the case is quite different where modern languages and modern writers are concerned. What boy of twelve or fourteen can be expected to derive any pleasure from the travels of Heine or Goethe? Niebuhr's *Heroengeschichten*

may inspire a passing interest, but we get enough about Hercules and Perseus in our Latin and Greek. Why do not editors take the trouble to select and annotate, if they will, books really adapted to the tender years which they are intended to occupy? French and German reading for little boys surely ought not to be above the standard of the English books in which they are accustomed to take delight. Not many children are found engrossed in English works corresponding in difficulty of language or allusion to Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*, or even to Madame de Witt's *Derrière les Haies*; yet these, and such as these, are put into their reluctant hands at our public schools, when they are but just entered upon their teens. Heine's *Reisebilder* are charming when we are old enough to enjoy the published travels of some of our own eminent countrymen, but certainly not before that date. From another point of view also the selection is ill-advised. The end at which we are supposed to aim, but of which we have hitherto fallen lamentably short, is essentially a practical one. We seek so to familiarize our boys with the French and German idioms that on leaving school they may be competent to turn the knowledge they have acquired to definite and remunerative account. Experience has proved the impossibility of teaching an English lad, while at an English school, a foreign language colloquially. Something in him revolts against the idea, and it has long since been abandoned as impracticable. But he might at least be taught to understand a newspaper and write a grammatical and idiomatic letter. What percentage even of those who hail from the "modern side" can compass either of these things? They are assuredly not to be learned by reading laboriously fragments of Schiller and Uhland, of Fénelon and Guizot. Those who naturally have a turn and taste for literature will find out for themselves in good time the beauties of dramatic or historical authors in whatever tongue

they have been well grounded; but meanwhile a vast amount of time is wasted by forcing them to begin at the end instead of at the beginning.

The old-fashioned Euclid, which alone used to represent the earliest steps in geometry, is being gradually superseded by modern treatises, mostly modifications of the original. Arithmetic and elementary algebra, though their rules and formulæ must always remain pretty much the same, are no less frequently appearing in a new dress, or what purports to be so. Mathematics being a branch of study which does not admit of much taste or humour, or even divergence of opinion, there could, in point of fact, be no reason why, when once first-rate manuals had been written, others should be written at all. A dead language is no doubt an excellent field for the display of elegant scholarship and refined speculation, but there is little room for airing one's wit in a plain statement of Rule of Three or the Binomial Theorem. Yet every mathematical master thinks he can improve upon Todhunter, and if, by compiling a little book, which is practically Todhunter's but contains a new set of examples, he can oust that great man from the school, he feels that he has not lived in vain. Moreover, he makes money by the venture. He does not depend, like other writers, upon the caprice of the public, for his public is already secured to him. Generation after generation of boys must buy his books; generation after generations of parents must pay for them, and usually without the advantage of that liberal discount which is so pleasant a feature of book-buying in these days.

It has of late become the fashion to exhibit, to use a medical term, modern history in doses or epochs. It would take some time to enumerate the various series now current, but for junior school use they seem to be of doubtful utility. The old maxim about "grasping the universal" must needs fall to the ground when the history of England is set forth in a dozen

or more periods, each by a different writer. History is always liable to be merged in the particular views of the historian, and in this shape it can scarcely escape that dismal fate. Instead of gaining a general impression of the subject by means of the facts, and the facts alone, the boy is apt to become hopelessly confused among the heterogeneous opinions which he is invited to remember. A rabid Royalist has, perhaps, written on Cromwell, a Protestant on Queen Mary, a Jesuit on the Georges. All breadth of view is obviously swamped. Far better leave him to the facts and let him trust to his own brains for one-day evolving some sort of criticism of them. For later reading these separate and self-contained little volumes may possibly have their use. But for small boys the prevalent multiplication of small books, whether on history or any other subject, is a grievous mistake. Facts, not fancies, are the proper food for the schoolboy up to a certain point in his career. We are, as a nation, notoriously ignorant of even the facts of our own history and geography; and until such elementary knowledge has been mastered it seems to be sheer folly to burden our boys' minds with the unimportant opinions of a crew of third-rate historians.

This multiplication of school-books is, in truth, one of the banes of modern education. It entails, among other evils, a quite unnecessary expense. The much-enduring race of parents may well stand aghast at the long list of works nowadays deemed indispensable for their sons, especially when they contrast it with the too often meagre result. If they are curious enough to overhaul them in detail they may derive further food for reflection from the discovery that scarcely a single volume has been read through; many, indeed, especially of those in French and German, have been used only some half-dozen times, while a few have never been so much as opened. A change of form is held to involve also a complete renewal of

book-furniture. What wonder, then, that by the general run of boys nothing is learnt thoroughly? A poor smattering of each subject is all that can be fairly looked for under such a system. In many respects the principles of education, as regards both boys and girls, have certainly been altered for the better during the past few years. Young ladies, possessing no musical soul, are not now compelled to waste thousands of precious hours in futile strumming on the keyboard. For boys Latin verse is no longer obligatory; even the hitherto inevitable study of Greek may be escaped, and that of German substituted; but the plague of books, and, what is worse, of books half-read, remains. It is as though the irony of schoolmasters had too literally accepted in their pupils' behalf the Baconian *dictum*, "Some books are to be tasted." Of those others which "are to be chewed and digested" the supply seems to have failed altogether. That much vaunted institution, the modern side, is partly responsible for this. It was adopted from most laudable motives. As the Great Exhibition of 1851 was confidently expected to inaugurate perennial peace, so was the modern side hailed as the symbol of a millennium of industry. There were to be no more idle boys, for the tastes of all would now be consulted. Those who shied at Homer might now, if they pleased, take refuge in Heine, while those in whose nostrils the name of Greek iambs was not too fragrant might seek consolation in the pages of Molière, or the chaste delights of geometrical drawing. By this time it is pretty generally admitted that the plan has only succeeded to a very limited extent. The clever or industrious get on as they get on everywhere; the idle go on still in their idleness and remain as ignorant as they would have done had they been fed on Xenophon and Euripides. It was very soon discovered by the subtle juvenile intelligence that modern work is on the whole much easier, and more

capable than the ancient classics of being scamped. Parents were deceived by the peremptory ring of the title, and cherished glorious visions of the choicest Civil Service appointments for their stupidest offspring. Too late the bitter truth dawned upon them that not only were their stupid ones incapable of competing successfully in a Civil Service examination, but now, by abandoning their Greek, they had rendered themselves quite unable even to matriculate. In short, as the homely proverb runs, they were between the devil and the deep sea; both the University and the Office looked askance at them. And thus was exposed the hollow mockery of the modern side, which, however, still continues to flourish in its peculiar fashion, for parents are human and "hope springs eternal." But in the end, if anything in the shape of competition be attempted, recourse must be had, in an alarming percentage of cases, to the services of that best-abused of middlemen, the Crammer.

It would be an excellent measure could a Censor, or Censorial Board, be appointed whose province it should be to exercise a general and particular supervision with respect to school-books—if not all, at least those which are to be used in the earlier stages of public education. Such a Board should be composed of members who are not only experienced teachers, but also above suspicion as to the depth, breadth, and accuracy of their own knowledge. Its verdict should be final, and it should be empowered to amend or reject at pleasure. Legislation of this kind, if judiciously exercised, could not fail to be most salutary. For one thing, it would probably lead to some sort of uniformity in elementary class-books, which at present is very conspicuous by its absence. As things are, no two schools use the same books, and it is impossible to predict from year to year what changes may occur in the list. This uncertainty is intelligible enough, and perhaps even necessary in the case of the more ad-

vanced scholars; it is well, no doubt, that they should take advantage of the newest lights in each subject. But we have now been teaching the elements long enough to feel pretty sure that no new primer of any kind is likely to be essentially superior to some that have gone before it. A great many ought certainly to be exterminated root and branch. Our censors, having made their selection, would next, by an easy transition, proceed to regulate the proportion in which for young boys the hours should be assigned to the various subjects. Some of the glaring reproaches of the present curriculum might then be happily removed. A public school-boy, for instance, as now educated, if he follows the regular course and declines to be modernized, may possibly acquire a certain facility in respect of translation from Latin and Greek, and in composition. He has been well drilled in the topography of ancient Athens and Rome, and knows all about the Sicilian expedition and the Samnite wars. But he is sublimely ignorant of his own country's history; to name the victories of Marlborough or Wellington is too often beyond his powers, while of constitutional developments he has learnt never a word. It is the same with geography. He knows with minute correctness where to look for Cannæ, Sphacteria, or Miletus, but ask him to enumerate the chief towns of Lancashire, the provinces of the Austrian empire, or the largest rivers of India, and he is speechless. Of what is commonly called general information his stock is extremely small; he is well up in the uses of the middle voice, but knows little about the French Revolution and less about Burke. His classical studies would not suffer appreciably if they were curtailed by a few hours, and the time thus gained were devoted to the perusal of

European history and the modern atlas.

The members of our Censorial Body, if they were as judicious as we assume them to be, would also by a stroke of the pen abolish all foreign instructors in the elements of French and German. By confining the labours of these gentlemen to the higher forms, in which they would presumably have to do with boys to whom the future is beginning to wear a serious aspect, they would invest them with a dignity which hitherto they have invariably lacked. In their present position they have to fight against tremendous odds. The hours assigned to them, as compared with those allowed to classical masters, are absurdly few. Who can teach French in two hours a week, the pupil during the remaining hundred and forty-two never giving the matter a thought? Who ever yet could point to a boy who, not being in a class specially devoted to modern subjects, gained more than the feeblest hold on the language throughout his school-course, unless indeed he enjoyed exceptional advantages in the holidays? But even in the most favourable circumstances foreign masters could not hope to succeed in teaching the rudiments of their native tongue to little boys in a class. The experiment has been tried for a great many years and has always resulted in failure. But let the drudgery be as distasteful as it may, it must yet fall to someone's lot; and that someone ought to be a qualified Englishman, who knows and can anticipate the difficulties which youthful islanders are likely to encounter, explaining them in words adapted to the intelligence of his hearers—and who also is able to enforce that discipline without which all teaching, native or foreign, comes, and must always come, to nought.

ARTHUR GAYE.

AN OBSCURE SECT AND ITS FOUNDER.

SUNDAY after Sunday, a little congregation, rarely more than two hundred in number, assembles in a large upper room in one of the most desolate and depressing of our London districts. There is nothing in the appearance of these people, if you meet them in the street, to distinguish them from their fellows; they are a little more gaunt perhaps, have just a touch more fire in their eyes, as if the struggle for life had been somewhat harder for them than for others, but that is the only difference. They bear all the outward signs and tokens of common-place, peace-loving, law-abiding citizens; nor is it until they are in their own upper room that there is any manifest proof that they are not as other men. When once they have taken their places there, however, a subtle change seems to come over them; the expression of despondency, habitual to many of them, is replaced by one of exultation; they turn the leaves of their Bibles with a rapt eagerness that is almost terrible; their faces glow with fervour as they read the denunciations of the prophets, and light up with enthusiasm as they linger over the mysticism of the Apocalypse. They draw keen delight from the thought of being "the sect everywhere spoken against," and rejoice that every man's hand is against them, for their hand is against every man; they rejoice, too, that they, simple craftsmen as they are, are on the one side, while the wealth, dignity and culture of the world are on the other. They sit there waiting for the coming of the Lord. "He must now be at hand," they say, firm in the faith that He will raise them to all honour and glory—yes, raise them, but not one beyond their little sect. They never waver in the belief that the

countless millions who make up the rest of humanity are doomed, most indeed to annihilation, but some to punishment. These people—worthy good-hearted fathers, tender, loving mothers—live in our midst, and never doubt but that we are all lost, and that they, some few thousands at most, will be saved. You seek in vain, too, for any sign of sorrow or regret on their part that it should be so; the ruthless cruelty of their creed does not seem to strike them. Did not David and the patriarchs of old rejoice with exceeding gladness at the destruction of the enemies of God? Why then should they hide their joy at the thought that the punishment of the wicked is approaching?

Such a creed is inhuman, if you will; but yet, from its very ruthlessness, it has a strange fascination of its own, and it is not lacking too in a certain note of pathos—a pathos that is due to the sternness of the logic that has forced those who hold it to the conclusions they have arrived at. For each member of this little sect is animated by one keen desire—a longing to frame his life and thoughts in accordance with the commands of his God. He finds it written—or rather so he thinks—do this. The command may outrage every instinct of his nature, but what of that? Who is he to question the wisdom of the Highest? And with the blind faith of a fanatic he obeys the order. Patriotism, citizenship, he abjures, for he acknowledges no ties but those to God; and in this our day of altruism and philanthropy he has no thought beyond literally obeying the scriptural injunction to work out his own salvation.

Scattered through England, Scotland, New Zealand, and America, you

may find these people—Christadelphians, as they call themselves—all characterized by the same distinctive features, for theirs is not a religion that admits of variability or the shadow of change. The Christadelphian is the youngest of our sects; it is scarcely a quarter of a century since it first received a name, and only a few years since its founder died. This founder possessed in a marked degree all the traits that distinguish his followers. He too, as they, was in earnest—fiercely, oppressively in earnest—and in him their ruthless egotism was intensified. Of course, in his day he was accused of being a charlatan, but most unjustly, for no man ever lived who was more lacking in the qualities necessary for a successful impostor; his manner was aggressive, sometimes almost brutal, and he seemed doomed, even when he said the right thing, to say it at the wrong time. His life is one long series of blunders, some of them almost grotesque in their absurdity. It is perhaps to these very blunders that his history owes half its interest. We are all such opportunists in this our day that it is positively refreshing to meet with a man who is absolutely without reticence; who in season and out of season proclaims each thought as it rises in his mind; and who, without a suspicion that he is offending, will talk to bishops of clerical indolence, and to brewers of the evils of drink.

Deficiency in tact, however, is not Dr. Thomas's only claim upon our notice. In every age there have been some few men—very few as a rule—who, casting aside traditions, have boldly undertaken to solve for themselves the problems of life and eternity. Dr. Thomas was one of this little band. At a certain moment of his life he made a solemn vow to put aside all worldly cares and interests and devote himself, heart and soul, to discovering the truth of those things whereof he had heard, and to solving the mystery of the relation of God to man.

It may seem to us that the solution he arrived at is cruel and unnatural; but at any rate it is one that has been accepted with joy by some thousands of his fellows,—and which of us have been able to find for ourselves any solution at all? As Lessing says, it is the seeking for truth, not the finding of it, that ennobles a man; and for some years of his life at least the first Christadelphian sought for truth earnestly and ceaselessly.

John Thomas was born in London, April 12th, 1805. His father, the Rev. John Thomas, belonged to the great Micawber class, and there are few professions which at one time or another he did not practise. For some years he was a servant of the East India Company, then a dissenting minister; and, having consecutively held the post of preacher in some half-dozen churches in the course of as many years, he started a school. In this he was really successful; just, however, when it was most prosperous, he closed his school and accepted an appointment under the Gas Company. But, erratic though he was, there was one work to which he devoted himself with unswerving industry—the education of his son. In the midst of the confusion caused by the perpetual wanderings of his parents, the boy's work was never allowed to be neglected. Sometimes, if their sojourn in one place was unusually prolonged, he was sent to school, but never for long, and up to the age of sixteen it was from his father he learned all he knew. He was then placed with a doctor at Chorley to pick up what knowledge of medicine he could in a surgery. He remained at Chorley six months, with a doctor at Paddington two years, and, when he was nineteen, he was entered as a student at St. Thomas's Hospital. He attended the lectures there for three years, during the latter part of which time he held the office of demonstrator of anatomy in one of the medical schools. Having taken his

diploma and practised as an assistant, he began his weary wait for patients at Hackney. To while away the tedium of his daily life, he contributed frequently to *The Lancet*, especially during the controversy raised by Professor Dermott's essay on the Materiality of the Mind. During these years Dr. Thomas led the life of an ordinary London professional man; he was devoted to scientific research, and had a marked distaste for theology—the result of living with a father who was a profound theologian. He attended the French Protestant Church regularly, and naïvely gives his reason for doing so—a desire to improve his French.

Patients were long in coming, for John Thomas possessed none of the qualifications of a popular London doctor; he therefore determined to emigrate to America, and, having obtained the appointment of surgeon to the seventy-four passengers on board the *Marquis of Wellesley*, a sailing vessel, he left London May 1st, 1832. The voyage was a terrible one; storm followed storm, and the old worn-out ship, which had not even a chronometer on board, soon showed how little fitted it was to contend against such weather. In mid-ocean the masts were carried away, and, as the sea became more and more furious, the passengers, a wild godless set enough from what we hear of them, were seized with panic, and insisted upon having prayers on board. The ship was rolling violently from end to end, the sea every moment threatening to engulf it; the captain therefore hesitated, for he had other things to do than to lead a prayer-meeting; but the people, wild with terror as they were, were in no humour to be thwarted; so a prayer-book was hunted up and he read the service to be used at sea, Dr. Thomas, at his request, leading the responses.

This scene, no doubt, made an indelible impression upon the doctor. During the whole of the voyage he was haunted by the remembrance of

the faces of that crowd of desperate men, who had surged around the captain and himself insisting with fierce oaths that the offended Deity should be propitiated with prayers. He knew that for the time these men were mad—mad with abject terror because they thought death was at hand. Personally he had no fear of death—his work in the hospital prevented that—but, during the long weeks he was tossing about on the ocean, the thought would force itself into his mind, what reason had he for his philosophic calm? Was not the terror of these people, repulsive though it were, more reasonable than his indifference? For did he, with all his scientific knowledge, know one iota more of what would be his fate if the ship turned a trifle more to the one side or to the other, than the most ignorant of that howling, blaspheming crowd? He had time enough to meditate upon this subject, for the voyage from London to New York lasted eight weeks, and from first to last the vessel was never out of danger. During this time, convinced of the folly of leaving the future in a cloud of uncertainty, he resolved that, if ever he should reach land, he would make it the one object of his life to discover the truth concerning the future state, if indeed there were a future state.

No sooner was he in New York than, instead of attempting to establish himself in his own profession as a more prudent man would have done, he, obeying the scriptural injunction to take no thought for the morrow, abandoned himself solely and entirely to the prosecution of his search; this he did although he was entirely without private fortune, and a mere pittance was all that stood between him and starvation. He set about his work deliberately enough. As he himself remarks, not having been cursed with a theological education, he began with a perfectly unbiassed mind that weary round from church to chapel, from chapel to meeting, which so many of our wisest

and best have trodden with sinking hearts. Episcopacy in its American form made no impression upon him; Presbyterianism he found distinctly repulsive; when accident and blunder threw him amongst the Campbellites, an influential sect of the Baptists, whose creed appealed to him as scriptural at least. After passing some time in New York he went to Cincinnati, taking with him, amongst other letters of introduction, one to a certain Major Lane, a fervent Campbellite of the proselytizing order, who invited him to his house, sent him home laden with tracts, and never rested until he had arranged a meeting between him and Mr. Walter Scott, the founder of the Campbell sect. Mr. Scott was a man of considerable intellectual power, strong individuality, and warm sympathy. From the first he was keenly interested in Dr. Thomas, with whom he spent hours in conversation upon the subject that was to both of them one of supreme importance. When two men equally sincere and earnest are brought in contact, the one holding with all the force of a mind of unusual determination a clearly formulated faith, the other exhausted morally and intellectually by the strain of a long and fruitless struggle to obtain such a faith, the result is a foregone conclusion. Dr. Thomas was irresistibly attracted by what he took to be the simple Biblical teaching and the unwavering faith of his new friend; and while under the influence of a strong emotion, the direct issue of his intercourse with Mr. Scott, one brilliantly moonlit night he underwent immersion in the Miami Canal. To him this ceremony was a solemn dedication of his life to the search for truth, not an introduction into any particular sect. The Campbellites, however, took a different view of the affair, and, in spite of his protestations that he was still a seeker, not one who had found, they insisted upon treating him as a brother and, being immensely proud of their new

convert, never missed an opportunity of forcing him into a conspicuous position. This proving a source of continuous annoyance, he resolved to leave Cincinnati, and went to Wellsburg, where he met Mr. Campbell, from whom the sect derives its name. Mr. Campbell persuaded Dr. Thomas to return with him to Bethany, a large estate where he was working out some interesting experiments as a socialistic evangelist. In the middle of a service there his host suddenly called upon the doctor for an address, and, although this was little short of a breach of faith, he felt compelled to yield to the request, and took as his subject Rollin's interpretation of the four empires of Daniel. This discourse made such an impression that his audience insisted upon hearing him again and again, until, finding that he was being entangled against his will in a sort of work for which he was by no means fitted, he left Bethany and started on a tour through Pennsylvania. By this time, his name was well-known amongst the Campbellites, and wherever he went he was forced to preach. At first he disliked the work, and was oppressed with a sense of his own presumption in undertaking it, but, as time passed, it evidently became to him a source of keen pleasure. He was, however, fully alive to the danger of it, and resolved to go to Baltimore where, as he heard the people were unusually intelligent and cultivated, he thought they would probably be willing to do their preaching for themselves.

During all these wanderings his professional career had been at a standstill, but, while on a visit to Philadelphia, the Campbellites there proposed he should establish himself amongst them, they undertaking to provide him with patients if he in return would lecture for them once every Sunday. He accepted the offer, and, to fit himself to carry out his part of the contract, he at once began a systematic study of the Bible. The scriptural

knowledge of ministers' children is proverbially slight, and Dr. Thomas's was no exception to the rule. Brought thus in the prime of intellectual vigour under the influence of the Bible it effect upon him was simply marvellous. Its gorgeous imagery, combined with the force of its spiritual truth, cast a spell over him which for the time being he was powerless to resist. His patients, however, perhaps naturally, objected to a doctor who, instead of listening to accounts of their ailments, entertained them with theological discussions, and his practice rapidly decreased, at the very time too that his expenses were increasing, for soon after his arrival in Philadelphia he had married. Being in absolute want of money, he became editor of *The Apostolic Advocate*, the newly founded organ of the Campbellites. He took as his motto for his paper, *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*, and it was soon evident these were for him no empty words. Even in the early numbers of the magazine there were not lacking signs that at any cost the editor was prepared to attack whatever he held to be unsound. He had arrived at the conclusion that in the Bible, if anywhere, truth was to be found, and he honestly bent all his energy to finding it there. His special study at this time was the Book of Revelation which, however, so far from giving him enlightenment, thoroughly unhinged his mind, till at length worn out by fruitless speculation, he resolved to devote himself and his paper to the investigation of facts.

Meanwhile the Campbellites in Philadelphia were by no means enchanted with a minister who seemed more bent upon testing the truth of their doctrines than upon propagating them; they therefore offered no opposition when he proposed resigning his appointment. He then went to Richmond, where he was offered the post of minister with a salary. He undertook the work but refused the stipend, upon the plea that "to preach to live is one thing, to live to preach is

another." He continued his work both as doctor and editor, and his first year in Richmond was financially a most successful one. But, as in Philadelphia, people wearied of employing a doctor who, as often as not, when he was wanted was scouring the country-side as an evangelist. He had been tempted back too into the field of theological discussion, and had offended many of the Campbellites by maintaining in an article in his paper that no immersion was valid unless it was based upon an intelligent faith at the time of the ceremony. Another subject upon which he was in direct opposition to his people was revivals. Camp-meetings—"Bedlamite proceedings" he styled them—were the doctor's especial aversion, and when the Campbellites resolved to hold a series of them for the propagation of the tenets of their sect, he strove both by speaking and writing to show the absurdity of such a course. "Few converts are made by appealing to the understanding of men, but thousands may be added to any craft by working upon the passions." "Do you know that a man is most 'religious' when he is most drunk? This is owing to the rapid circulation of the blood." "The religion of the blood frenzies the brain and enables the subject to see sights, hear voices, and feel feelings of the most remarkable kind. Reason and Scripture have nothing to do with such religion." "To fever the blood is the true secret of getting up a revival." And he gave it as the result of his personal experience that the so-called revival converts invariably relapsed into greater wickedness than before.

Views such as these were not likely to meet with the approval of American dissenters, and an incidental remark of Dr. Thomas's, "It has always been the fate of the religion of Jesus to decline in efficiency as its name became popular," was greeted with undisguised hostility. He was plainly told that, if those were his opinions, he would

do well to hide them. That was the very thing Dr. Thomas neither could nor would do, particularly at a time when his mind was racked with doubt and mistrust. He resolved to appeal for help to his father, for whose learning he had considerable respect, and he drew up a list of thirty-four questions which covered the principal points he held to be open to controversy, and asked Mr. Thomas to answer them. It then occurred to him that it would be an interesting experiment to submit these questions to the world at large, and thus obtain, as it were, a *plébiscite* of the various articles of faith. No sooner thought than done; taking care to observe that he merely suggested the questions as problems, not as points upon which he had arrived at any conclusion, he published the whole thirty-four in *The Apostolic Advocate*.

There must have been surely a touch of the Bourbon in Dr. Thomas's nature, for, in spite of his previous experiences, he never doubted but that his questions would be welcomed as furnishing a subject of philosophic discussion. In reality, as any man but himself would have foreseen, they excited a burst of fierce indignation. The following are the questions which were attacked the most violently, especially—which shows the power of sentimentality—the one implying that no babies will be found in heaven, an unpardonable suggestion in the eyes of a mother.

III. Is a man naturally and therefore necessarily immortal, or is immortality a gift consequent upon the due observance of certain conditions proposed by God at certain periods of the world's age?

IV. If the former, how can "life and incorruptibility" be said "to be brought to light by Jesus Christ in the Gospel"?

V. If the latter, can idiots, infants, pagans, and unbelievers of every grade, with Scriptural propriety, be called "immortal souls"?

X. If immortality, or perennial bliss or woe, be conferred upon men so soon as they die, *i.e.* if they be ever sent direct to heaven or, contrariwise, to hell, what is

the use of the judgment, which all say is to be at the end of the world?

XVIII. When it says, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth," does it not imply that the earth was inhabited before the creation of Adam?

XXII. Does not the phrase "a new heaven and a new earth" simply import a new dispensation of ages, in relation to a former one which had become old?

XXVIII. Will not the faithful of all past dispensations be put in possession of Canaan in Asia, and of the government of men of all nations, by a resurrection from the dead?

Dr. Thomas was completely taken by surprise. "I asked for bread," he cried, "and my contemporaries gave me a stone. I wanted light, and I was beset on every side. Is it then a criminal thing to ask for information? Did Jesus brand His disciples with infamy when in simple ignorance they asked questions? And yet, when I asked those who profess to walk in His footsteps to impart to me their views in candour and honesty concerning things that have been suggested to my mind, they turn round upon me and call aloud: 'Infidel, Infidel.'"

The attack to which he was subjected in consequence of these questions had a most disastrous effect upon his mind; for, although it induced him to throw himself with even greater energy than before into Biblical research, it gave him for doing so another object—the confounding of his opponents, rather than the simple quest for truth to which he had hitherto devoted himself. After this time there is a more bitter tone in his writing than before; he had never shown much consideration for the feelings of others, but now he seemed to find positive delight in overwhelming with contemptuous ridicule the belief of those opposed to him. Nor were his opponents, at the head of whom was Mr. Campbell, less virulent; their sermons were one long denunciation of him as a dangerous theorist, and socially they subjected him to the severest form of boycotting. The

doctor's own congregation remained faithful to him until, maladroit as ever, just when the storm against himself was at its height, he threatened to expel from the church its most influential members for drinking. Then the deacons allowed him to see that they would be glad to be rid of him. He was one against a crowd, and his health gave way under the strain of doctoring, editing, and preaching, combined with the labour of original research and the worry of controversy. He seems to have been struck by the force of William Penn's advice: "Choose God's trades before men's: Adam was a gardener, Cain a ploughman, and Abel a shepherd. When Cain became a murderer, he turned a builder of cities." He took a farm about forty miles from Richmond, and resolved while working there to devote himself to interpreting the Scriptures—so far as he understood them—in remote districts. But, while the doctor was off on his tours, his farm fell into ruin. From the first he had found the place depressing owing to the absence of congenial society, and, after a short trial, resolving to leave the neighbourhood, with the ill-advised haste that characterized all he did he bought another farm a few miles from Chicago. Accompanied by his family he arrived there one cold wintry night, to find that, although there was land, there was no house upon it. He at once set to work to build a shed, and then began to farm in earnest. For six months he ploughed, harrowed, sowed, cut wood, and drew water; and at the end of that time, swearing that farming was the abomination of desolation, he fled to St. Charles, where he determined to start a newspaper. The day the first number of the paper was to appear the printing-office, containing all the doctor's books, instruments, and other possessions, was burnt. He was in bed when the news came, but got up at once; the messenger, however, chanced to observe that the building was already burnt to the ground,

whereupon Dr. Thomas went quietly to bed again, remarking that if that were so there was nothing for him to do.

By this time he was literally at the end of his resources—the only wonder is they had held out so long—but he contrived to borrow three hundred and forty dollars, with which he started a weekly newspaper, and obtained the appointment of lecturer on chemistry, which provided him with a small income. His paper, however, was not successful, for no matter what question arose it always espoused the unpopular side. A few months after his arrival at St. Charles, some bodies were stolen from the cemetery, by medical students it was believed. The discovery of the theft evoked an outburst of popular fury, and just when the excitement was at its height, Doctor Thomas published an article justifying the conduct of the students, who, he maintained, had no resource but to steal bodies so long as vulgar prejudice prevented their obtaining them in a lawful manner. Popular indignation was now turned from the students to the editor, who was at one time within measurable distance of being lynched, and he was obliged to leave St. Charles.

He was literally penniless, nay, worse, for he was three hundred and forty dollars in debt; but far from his poverty affecting him, when upon his arrival in New York he was offered the position of minister with a good income, he refused it with scorn. "I cannot sell my independence for a mess of pottage," he said to the elders. "I must be free if I am to be faithful to the truth. I cannot preach for hire." And he and his family subsisted upon what he gained by his pen.

At length in 1847 he announced to the little band of disciples whom he had attracted by his earnestness, that the search was over and the truth found. The precious discovery was at once embodied in a creed which was in fact no more than an affirmation of the thirty-four questions, which he

had previously put to mankind at large. The annihilation at death of infants, idiots, and all such as in this world have had no chance of learning the truth, is strongly insisted upon, also that the number of the saved will be small. The millennium, too, and the restoration of the Jews are cardinal articles of faith; while, although the divinity of Christ is admitted, his equality with God is denied.

Dr. Thomas, as if conscious of the danger of examining his handiwork too closely, turned his attention at once to other subjects. The year 1848 was a year of revolutions, and he started for Europe to proclaim that all these upheavals were the fulfilment of the prophecies of old, and were preparing the way for the coming of Christ. England was occupied with other things than theological speculation, and it was not until he began to foretell political events that he attracted attention. While studying the Bible he had evolved a theory by which, taking the biblical days to be years, and hours periods of thirty days, he had arrived at the conclusion that the time for the destruction of Popery and of the Sultan's power was at hand, and this was the subject of several of his lectures.

It is difficult to understand Dr. Thomas's frame of mind at this time. His language certainly bears the impress of sincerity, and yet it seems strange that a man of his undoubted acumen, one too who had had the advantage of a scientific training, should have fallen so completely under the sway of intellectual delusions. His interpretations of the prophecies are strained and unnatural, and it is impossible to read them without feeling that passing events, not the words of the seers, were what he was studying. His lectures met with warm appreciation in Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Plymouth, and Lincoln; and at a *soirée* given in his honour in a Scotch town, at the request of his admirers he undertook to write a book

giving a full explanation of the prophecies that are yet to be fulfilled. *Elpis Israel*, which among the Christadelphians ranks second only to the Bible, is the result of this promise.

While he was in London, a little episode occurred which shows that Dr. Thomas retained all his old blundering propensities. On February 22nd, 1849, the Peace Society held a great meeting in Exeter Hall in support of Mr. Cobden's proposal for arbitration treaties. It had been announced that free discussion was to be allowed; but, as the doctor pensively observes, it was to be discussion *in solo not in duobus*; for when at the end of a speech by Mr. Clapp, who objected to war on account of its costliness, cruelty, and wickedness, he sprang to his feet and began to urge the absurdity of such objections, the crowd refused to hear him, and raised loud cries of "Elihu Burritt," for the learned blacksmith was present. He made his speech in spite of the hisses, and of course, as he was on the platform of a Peace Society, he advocated the most warlike doctrines.

Dr. Thomas, after spending three years in Europe, returned to America, where he fell more and more under the influence of the delusions that possessed him. Rarely a month passed without his making some new discovery as to the meaning of obscure Biblical passages, and the profound respect with which his utterances were greeted by his followers encouraged him to persevere. More than once he visited England, where the number of his converts was slowly but steadily increasing. So far, those who had embraced his doctrine had no distinctive name—"the Sect everywhere spoken against" was what they claimed to be—but that title was much too vague to satisfy the American Government, which insisted upon a formal appellation when they claimed exemption from military service. They were citizens of Christ's Kingdom, they said, and as such could fight for no

earthly power. After some little hesitation Dr. Thomas decided in favour of the Christadelphians, the brothers of Christ, and as such his followers have been known since 1864.

The following year Dr. Thomas's strength began to fail; he had two or three serious attacks of illness, but almost to the last continued writing and lecturing. He died March 5th, 1871, firm in the faith that the time was at hand when for a thousand years he and his sect, with Christ for King, would rule the world as

princes and judges. For fourteen years of his life he had sought honestly for truth, and what was the result? One so tragically sad that, if it were not that we know the strange freaks to which the human mind is subject, it would give the lie to his ever having sought at all. Lessing for once proved wrong. The search for truth had upon Dr. Thomas no ennobling effect; it seemed only to lead him to doubt of everything but his own infallibility. Verily all may seek, but it is not given to all to find.

PIRANESI.

It must have been under the influence of a combination of the planets peculiarly unfavourable to artists and archaeologists that Baron Haussmann was created Prefect of the Seine, and began to carry out the plans of his Imperial master for the reconstruction of Paris. The example he gave of ruthlessly sacrificing every æsthetic consideration to the cause of the straight line and the wide *boulevard*, has exercised a fatal influence on all contemporary civic dignitaries, in France especially, and in those countries which look to France as their guide and model. Since the days of his administration, every mayor of a *commune* in France, every *sindaco* of a *paese* in Italy, has thought it his duty to ape, so far as lay in his power, the Baron's destructive activity, even though hindered by want of funds from attempting to imitate the grandiose edifices which have replaced the vanished monuments of the past.

Nowhere, however, has the mania for pulling down and rebuilding, for levelling and straightening, exercised such irreparable mischief as in Rome. There, ever since the fall of the Papal Government, the work of demolition and reconstruction has proceeded mercilessly and without interruption; many of the most characteristic features of the city have been obliterated; historical monuments have disappeared; miles of new streets have been built, and more than a thousand acres covered with new quarters. Owing to the enormously enhanced value of land, the passion for speculation has seized even on those princely families which bear the great names of past centuries, and they have sacrificed in their greed of wealth the villas which their forefathers had founded for the embellishment of the city and the glory of their race. The gardens and ilex groves, the

tall cypresses and spreading pines, the shady walks and sparkling fountains, are no more; and in their place rise long lines of square blocks of those edifices like barns or barracks whose hideous vulgarity is so dear to the inartistic minds of modern municipalities. This *Haussmannisation* of Rome, to employ a word as barbarous as the deed itself, has done more to change the aspect of the Seven Hills and destroy their picturesque character than the incursions of the Goths or the wars of the Middle Ages; and if these "improvements" are continued at the same rate for a few more years the city of the Cæsars and of the Popes will be merely a memory to be fondly cherished in the hearts of those who knew it before 1870, or to be studied by those who had not that happiness in the pages of its chroniclers and the works of its artists.

Of all those who have bequeathed to us memorials of the Eternal City as it was before the sacrilegious hand of the speculator had ravaged its beauty, by far the most remarkable is Giovanni Battista Piranesi, and the voluminous collection of etchings he has left us is planned on as colossal a scale as the monuments which it depicts.

Born at Venice in 1720 he acquired the first rudiments of art from his uncle, Matteo Lucchesi, and at the age of eighteen his father, a mason, seeing his preference and special capacity for architecture sent him to Rome to pursue his studies. The impression which the spectacle of the decaying remains of Roman magnificence produced upon Piranesi was very different from that experienced by those students of the early Renaissance and of the sixteenth century who, following in the footsteps of Brunelleschi and Donatello, excavated the ruins and carefully

measured every detail of fractured ornament or moulding, with the view of acquiring an exact knowledge of the forms and proportions of classic architecture and thereby restoring the art to its ancient perfection. The effeminate and frivolous society of the eighteenth century could not appreciate the purity of line and graceful simplicity of form which had charmed the great masters of the fifteenth, and Piranesi's temper was too wayward and fantastic to submit to the restraint of academic rules. It was therefore the romantic aspect of the ruins of Rome in their decay and desolation, and the historical memories associated with them, which most influenced his mind and inflamed his imagination; and he preferred to study them from a picturesque and purely artistic point of view, rather than seek to acquire from them lessons in practical architecture.

It was a favourable moment for such study. Since the days of Claude Lorraine the taste for landscape painting had become greatly developed, and artists soon perceived what rich materials for imaginative compositions were to be found in the masses of ruins covered with a dense growth of trees and brambles, which still occupied a large portion of Rome and sheltered in their gloomy recesses a ragged and half-savage population of mendicants and outlaws. The vast halls of the Baths of Caracalla covered with thickets of ilex and myrtle (in the midst of which at a later time Shelley composed his *Prometheus*), the galleries and stairs of the Colosseum festooned with ivy and clematis, the frescoed corridors of the Baths of Titus and of the Palace of the Cæsars, the tombs and aqueducts scattered over the Campagna,—all afforded an inexhaustible supply of romantic subjects.

Marco Ricci of Belluno and Giovanni Pannini had preceded Piranesi in this special predilection for ruined buildings. The works of the former are not very numerous and he is now nearly forgotten, but few galleries in

England or on the Continent are without some composition by Pannini, in which ruined temples, shattered columns, and headless statues form a background to picturesque groups of soldiers or banditti. Marco Ricci was, however, the master of Domenico and Francesco Valeriani, from whom Piranesi acquired the accurate knowledge of perspective which he has employed so effectively in his works. Engraving he studied under one of the first masters of that day, Giuseppe Vasi, whose panoramic view of Rome as seen from the Janiculum is well known.

After three years of indefatigable toil, his father recalled him to Venice, threatening in case of disobedience to withdraw his small monthly allowance of six *scudi*. But Piranesi declared that he could no longer exist away from the monuments of the magnificence of Rome, and rather than tear himself away from them, he preferred to sacrifice his allowance and rely on his own efforts for a livelihood. It was probably of this period of his career that he wrote in the preface to the *Antichità Romane*: "When I saw the remains of the ancient buildings of Rome, which lie for the most part in the midst of gardens and cultivated fields, dwindling away day by day under the injuries of time and the greed of their owners, who in their barbarous lawlessness destroyed them secretly to sell the materials for modern buildings, I resolved to preserve them by means of engravings, and was encouraged to do so by the generosity of the reigning Pontiff Benedict XIV."

Piranesi was then residing near the French Academy, at that time situated in the Corso opposite the Palazzo Doria Pamphili; for that is the address appended to four fanciful etchings of fragments of ruin surrounded by rococo scrolls and volutes in the style of the eighteenth century, which may be considered as his earliest publication. His first dated work is the small collection of etchings, entitled

Vedute d'Antichità Romane de' tempi della Repubblica e de' primi Imperatori, and dedicated to Monsignore Bottari, private chaplain of Benedict XIV. in the year 1748. These views, which comprise several Roman buildings situated in the provinces, such as the temple, amphitheatre, and triumphal arch of Pola, in Istria, the amphitheatre of Verona, and the triumphal arches of Ancona and Rimini though of unequal merit, already presents some of the most striking characteristics of Piranesi's talent. His master, Vasi, had just then begun to publish the collection of views of Rome, entitled *Le Magnificenze di Roma*, but these carefully executed plates seem tame and colourless in presence of the greater freedom of execution and livelier feeling for the picturesque which distinguish those of Piranesi. The latter had evidently been influenced by Callot, reminiscences of whose peculiar style are visible in the grotesque and ragged forms which wander among the ruins; but the artist had not attained complete mastery over the etching-needle, nor that consummate knowledge of the effects of light and shade which he displayed in his later productions.

This work seems to have been favourably received, but the price to be obtained for etchings at that time was so miserably small (the thirty plates cost only sixteen *paoli* or about eight shillings of our money) that Piranesi found it hard to live. This did not, however, prevent him from taking to himself a wife, and, if the tradition concerning that event may be relied on, he executed his decision with the impetuosity which characterized all his acts. Meeting one day, while out sketching, with the daughter of Prince Corsini's gardener, he asked her hand on the spot, and the marriage took place five days later. The bride brought him a dowry of one hundred and fifty crowns, in those days an important sum; and it is said that after the ceremony he placed his finished and unfinished plates alongside of his

wife's money, telling her that their whole fortune lay before her but that in three years it should be doubled. The married couple went to live in the house afterwards occupied by Thorwaldsen, the Palazzo Tomati, near the Trinitá de'Monti, and from thence all his succeeding works were issued.

The first volume bearing that address is dated 1750, and shows on its title-page not only the name Giovanni Battista Piranesi, Architetto Veneziano (for even his love for Rome never made him forget his native city), but also that of Salcindio Tiseio, the pseudonym he had adopted on entering the academy of the Arcadians in accordance with the fanciful usage of that association, which had already recognized and appreciated the merits of the young artist. The etching of this title-page shows great superiority over that of the preceding works, and marks a further development of Piranesi's artistic sentiment and facility of execution. He had already adopted the style of composition of Pannini; and the ruined temple, the colossal vase, the broken altar, and the architectural fragments strewn about confusedly in the midst of luxuriant foliage as a background to the slab inscribed with the artist's name, are quite worthy of that master.

Besides designs for places, halls, and temples imaginative compositions such as most architects probably indulge in, when dreaming of what they might accomplish if they met with munificent patrons capable of appreciating their merits, this folio contains what is perhaps the finest product of Piranesi's etching needle, *Le Carceri*. In these fantastic compositions, which alone would justify the epithet bestowed on him of the Rembrandt of Architecture, Piranesi has freed himself from the rules of classical art and its conventional forms and ornaments. He has given a loose rein to his fancy and revelled in the creation of scenes which would seem to have sprung from the gloomy imagination of a northern artist rather than from that of one

reared under the pure light of an Italian sky. The halls and corridors of the Baths of Caracalla and of the Palace of the Cæsars have most probably furnished the ideas for these strange buildings, where cyclopean flights of stairs vanish mysteriously into unknown depths, or ascend by successive slopes and windings to galleries thrown from arch to arch at dizzy heights. Immense beams, bristling with spikes, form in the foreground dark masses of shadow, through which can be faintly discerned huge rings and heavy chains wreathed in festoons. From pulleys fixed far above hang thick ropes suggestive of tortures and secret executions; and everywhere, ascending or descending the stairs, or dimly seen in the distance looking down from a high gallery or standing on the summit of an arch, are the same wild, ragged figures with which Piranesi peoples all his compositions. These grotesque beings, draped mostly in tattered cloaks and carrying long staves, are probably reminiscences of that wandering population of outcasts who sought a refuge among the ruins of Rome, and whom the artist must have frequently encountered in the course of his studies and researches. They give life and animation to the various scenes, intensifying by their diminutive size the impression of the immense extent of the sombre dungeons, and by their violent gesticulations, as they hasten to and fro, they convey the idea that some dire tragedy is about to be enacted.

The four large folios entitled *Le Antichità Romane*, which contain some of Piranesi's most superb etchings, gave rise to a quarrel which forms an interesting episode in his career, and furnishes curious details with regard to the relations between artists and their patrons in Rome during the last century. Our only account of the matter, it is true, is derived from the pamphlet published by Piranesi; but this document bears every appearance of truth, and there is no reason for not accepting the author's version of the transaction.

Among the foreigners sojourning in Rome in the year 1751 was Viscount Charlemont, just returned from a tour in Greece and Egypt. Though he had only then attained his majority he was already distinguished by his ardent love for study, by the interest he took in archæological researches, and by the generous patronage he bestowed on the fine arts. He even founded an academy in Rome for English painters, but the dissensions which arose in it through the misconduct of some of its members brought about its suppression. Piranesi, hoping to secure the protection of such an enlightened connoisseur, waited on him and obtained leave to dedicate to him a work on the sepulchral monuments of Rome; but on all subsequent visits he found the door closed in his face, by one of his lordship's agents, Mr. Parker, an antiquary residing in Rome. To him Piranesi confided some of his drawings for Lord Charlemont's approval, but it was only some months after the Viscount's departure from Rome, that Mr. Parker gave them back, together with a Latin inscription in honour of Lord Charlemont to be engraved on the title page of the work.

Some years elapsed during which Piranesi toiled diligently at his plates, and in 1755 he wrote to Lord Charlemont that the publication would consist of four volumes instead of one, as originally intended. He then received from Lord Charlemont, through Mr. Parker, another inscription differing somewhat from the first, so as to be applicable to the enlarged work, and concluded that the change had been approved. Piranesi's letters are rather diffuse, and he mixes up with his own grievances those of other artists who had received commissions from Lord Charlemont, and whom the agents now refused to pay; but it seems that by way of remuneration the agents only offered to purchase copies of the *Antichità* to the amount of a hundred *scudi*, and to give another hundred as a present; an offer which Piranesi indignantly refused as a miserably inadequate compensation for the four

dedicatory title-pages he had engraved for the four volumes ; and he complained bitterly of the rude manners and contemptuous behaviour of Mr. Parker. We learn incidentally from this discussion that, at this time, Piranesi generally printed four thousand impressions from each of his plates, which at two *paoli* and a half each, produced one thousand *scudi*, and he declared that he would not have undertaken to engrave the title-pages for three hundred *scudi* each. He was especially irritated by the assertion of the agents that he had dedicated four volumes of plates to Lord Charlemont without his consent when the dedication of only one had been accepted ; and he maintained that consent had been granted when a change was made in the inscription, according to which the work was to contain not the *monumenta sepulchralia*, but the *monumenta insignioria antiqua* of Rome. A friend of Mr. Parker's, whom Piranesi designates only as Sig. A. G., then called on the artist and sought to effect a reconciliation, but only made matters worse. He showed Piranesi a letter from Lord Charlemont offering fifty *zecchini* for the *Antichità*, and gave him to understand that that nobleman would be quite capable of having him assassinated. This foolish threat, however, aroused Piranesi's suspicions, and by adroitly questioning the emissary he forced him to confess that the letter was not from Lord Charlemont, and that his own letters to him had been intercepted. Signor A. G. named also the persons about Lord Charlemont who had deceived him and had closed his door against the artist. This visit seems to have ended the discussion, and Piranesi, who, in consequence of the silence of Lord Charlemont, had already carried out the threat made in one of his letters of erasing the flattering inscriptions on his title-pages, published the letters in a pamphlet together with small, but exact and exquisitely finished copies of the engravings in their original condition. To show that in thus acting he was not guided by the love of money, but by a

feeling of wounded honour and of self-respect, he refused to insert instead of Lord Charlemont's name that of another person who had made him tempting offers with that object, and he dedicated his work to the public and to posterity.

The frontispiece, therefore, of the first volume of the *Antichità*, a magnificent architectural composition, shows in the background a colossal bridge receding far into the distance and surmounted by a richly decorated triumphal arch. In the foreground there rises out of a confused mass of broken trophies, shattered friezes and other remains of some palatial edifice, a large slab bearing in bronze letters the words, *Urbis Æternæ Vestigia Ruderibus Temporumque Injuriis Vindicata Aneis Tabulis Incisa J. B. Piranesius Venetus Romæ Degens Ævo Suo Posteris Et Utilitati Publicæ C. V. D.* But, as on many Roman monuments may be seen the traces of the nails which had held the bronze letters of an inscription, or the marks of the hammer which has effaced the name of some murdered emperor, so is this slab represented as having previously borne another dedication, the letters of which have been partly torn off, partly cut away, while fresh blocks of stone have been inserted to bear the new words. There is also among the sculptured trophies which lie around a shield, whose form is unlike that of the Roman bucklers adjoining it ; the armorial bearings it once displayed have been completely obliterated, but enough of the crest still remains to identify the Charlemont coat-of-arms. The other three title-pages bear in the same way traces of previous inscriptions, cancelled and replaced by dedications to the patrons of art in general.

The *Antichità Romane* show Piranesi at his best and with full command of all the technicalities and resources of his art. Though all the plates of this collection are not of equal interest or value, most of them are masterpieces of composition and execution, but the

artist has been accused of allowing himself to be carried away by his imagination and thereby sacrificing the scientific precision and truthfulness demanded by the archæologist. Unlike Pannini, who sometimes diminishes the size of his buildings by drawing his figures on too large a scale, Piranesi, by a skilful grouping of accessories, seeks to exaggerate the extent of the ruins he represents. The foreground of his plates he fills with half-buried masses of richly carved marble blocks; capitals and friezes and broken columns lie scattered about, or piled together confusedly; ivy clings in dark clusters to the mouldering walls, or swings in festoons from the tottering arches; herds of goats clamber over the heaps of fallen masonry and ragged figures, prowling through the ruins or perched upon their summit, suggest by their diminutive proportions an idea of immensity far exceeding the reality. The play of light and shade is one of the great charms of his compositions. These dense masses of shadow which occupy the foregrounds of his works, and out of which temples and palaces rise into the clear sunlight, are created exclusively by the etching needle. The printer's aid has not been invoked as in modern etching to impart greater depth of shade by means of *retroussage*; it is all the result of pure, deeply-bitten lines, flung impetuously on the copper, but every stroke in its right place and producing its intended effect.

It would be too long to pass in review the remaining works of Piranesi, and criticise the forty years of indefatigable toil which produced nearly two thousand plates, but some of them demand at least a few words of comment. The two volumes entitled, *Vasi e Candelabri*, contain reproductions of various antique works existing in the museums of Rome, and each engraving of the collection is dedicated to some one of the wealthy and titled foreigners, mostly English and Russian, dwelling at the time in the Eternal City. Of all Piranesi's works

these are perhaps the most carefully drawn and engraved, proving that he was as capable of the plodding and mechanical toil of the copyist, as of the freer and more inspiring work of the interpreter of nature.

The weak point in Piranesi's talent was the inevitable influence of the corrupt taste of his century, from which even an artist of his capacity was unable to escape; and it is painfully revealed to us by the curious set of designs for chimney-pieces called *I Camini*. Every tasteless eccentricity and incongruous combination of forms, of which a depraved and frivolous epoch was capable, is exemplified in these strange compositions. The fanciful ornaments which by their harmonious lines enrich and beautify the plastic works of the antique world, the festoons of fruit and flowers, the foliage of the acanthus, the tragic and comic masks, the sacrificial emblems, are incoherently jumbled together apparently with no other object than to cover every available inch of space and display the abundance of decorative resources at the disposal of the architect. It is inconceivable how a man whose life was passed in the ardent study of the masterpieces of Greece and Rome should have failed so completely to understand their teaching, and have manifested a want of self-restraint so utterly at variance with the spirit of classic art.

The execution of this voluminous collection of engravings was not enough for the indefatigable activity of Piranesi. In the midst of his artistic labours he found time to cultivate classical studies, and to acquire a considerable amount of erudition, which he has employed in his elaborate restoration of the plan of the Campus Martius, accompanied by an essay on its history and that of the buildings which covered it. Here again he has trusted largely to his imagination, and under its guidance has filled his map with minute details of a multitude of porticoes, temples, baths, and gardens, of which not the faintest trace exists,

but whose site he has attempted to identify by following the indications of contemporary writers.

Another archaeological essay prefixed to the *Magnificenze dell' Architettura Romana* is a reply to some dialogues published anonymously in London in 1755, under the title of *The Investigator*. In this treatise the Romans were described as "a gang of mere plunderers, sprung from those who had been, but a little while before their conquest of Greece, naked thieves and runaway slaves." Piranesi indignantly refuted this accusation, and showed with the help of the classical writers and of the monuments still existing, that, with regard to grandeur of conception and solidity of construction, the Romans derived their architectural science from the Etruscans and owed nothing to Greece. Long before they had invaded that country their principal temples, aqueducts, roads, and *cloacæ*, had been constructed on a grandiose scale with a thorough knowledge of architecture and engineering; but it was true that after the conquest a taste was developed in Rome for previously unknown luxuries, and a greater splendour of decoration, necessitating the employment of rare and costly marbles, was introduced into their public and private edifices.

Piranesi was so completely absorbed by his work as artist and archæologist that he seems to have rarely exercised his profession as architect. Clement XIII., however, of the Venetian family of Rezzonico, confided to him the restoration of the Church of Santa Maria del Priorato on the Aventine. The architects of the eighteenth century unfortunately had still less veneration than those of the present day for the relics of the past, especially for those of mediæval times; and we have seen that, in the plates entitled *I Camini*, Piranesi had already shown how grievously he could sin against good

taste when composing original designs which were meant to be classical. The result, therefore, of his operations at Santa Maria del Priorato, was, as may be supposed, simply disastrous. Lanciani, a Roman antiquary, describes the architecture of Il Priorato as such a mass of monstrosities both inside and out, that it would be difficult to find its parallel anywhere in the world. This work seems, however, to have been looked upon at the time as the masterpiece of Piranesi's talent and a model of classical art, for it is in this church that his family raised to him a monument, surmounted by a statue by Angiolini representing him draped in a Roman toga.

Piranesi died in Rome on November 9th, 1778, leaving three sons and two daughters; one of the latter was also an engraver and has produced some pleasing views of Rome. His eldest son Francesco, after taking an active part in the organization of the Roman Republic, settled in France during the Empire. At his death his father's collection of plates passed into the hands of the publishers Firmin-Didot, who brought out a complete edition of them in twenty-nine volumes. They were then purchased by the Papal Government and deposited in the Vatican; a fit resting-place for the works of an artist who had devoted the labours of a lifetime to the glory of Rome, and who has as yet found no equal among a crowd of imitators. This short sketch of his life may well end with the words of the artist himself, when conscious of his talents he wrote with just pride: "I venture to believe that, like Horace, I have executed a work which will descend to posterity, and will last so long as there shall be men desirous of knowing all that has survived unto our day of the ruins of the most famous city of the universe."

D. S.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XLIII.

JEANIE fled to her own room, and all that had been said went vaguely rolling and sweeping through her mind like clouds blowing up for a storm. A hundred things he had said came drifting up—singly they had no meaning, and without something in her own soul to interpret them they would have conveyed no enlightenment to the uninstructed Highland girl. Even now, though aroused and frightened, it was very hard for Jeanie to put in shape or to explain to herself what were the suspicions and the uneasiness she felt,—“they don’t think of that out there, they don’t put you in chains out there,”—what did it mean? Jeanie knew that there was a kind of *persiflage*—though she did not know the word nor yet what it meant—in which marriage was spoken of as bondage, and it was said of a man that he was going up for execution on his marriage-day. That was said “in fun” she knew. Was Lord John in fun? Was it a jest, and no more? But there was something uncertain, something dissatisfied in Jeanie’s heart which would not be calmed down by any such explanation. What, oh, what did he mean? She was not to be taken to court, nor even to see Kirsteen. She was to go to that Italian bower where all was trusted to love. An Italian bower sounded like Paradise to Jeanie. She had not the most remote idea what it was. She was prepared to believe anything, to allow of any difference between the conditions of life there and those she knew. That might be quite right in an Italian bower which was not right in a Highland glen. She was bewildered in her innocence and sim-

plicity; and yet that very simplicity gave her the sensation that all was not well.

After this there was a long interval in her intercourse with Lord John. He wandered about the glen and the hill-side, but she took care never to fall in his way, the excitement of eluding him making a kind of counterpoise for the absence of the excitement there used to be in meeting him. And then he began to make frequent calls, to endure interviews with Drumcarro and inquire into Mrs. Douglas’s ailments in order to see Jeanie to whom he directed the most appealing looks. And the impression and suspicion gradually died away from her mind. When she met him by accident after this interval out of doors, and he was free to demand explanations, Jeanie hung her head and said nothing. How could she explain? She had nothing to explain. And once more, though with self-reproach, the daily walks and talks were resumed. In her dull life it was the only relief. Her mother was growing more and more helpless, and wanted more and more attention. And when Jeanie stole out from her long nursing for a breath of air, no doubt it pleased and exhilarated her to see him waiting, to receive his welcome and all the tender words he could think of. Drumcarro himself saw them together and made no remark. Margaret saw them together and was glad and proud to see the favourite of the house courted by the Duke’s son. Thus no one helped Jeanie, but everything persuaded her against her own perception that all was not well.

That perception, however, grew stronger and stronger, but with it a longing of Jeanie’s forlorn youth for

the only pleasure that remained in her life. He flattered her so, he conveyed to her in every word and look such evidence of her own delightfulness, of her power over him, and his devotion to her! And all the rest of life was so overcast to Jeanie, so dull and grey, so destitute of pleasure. It was like a momentary escape into that Italian bower of which he spoke, to go out to him, to see his eyes glowing with admiration, to hear of all the delightful things which were waiting for her. Day by day it became more clear to Jeanie that Lord John's love was not like that of those downright wooers at whom she had once scoffed, who would have her answer yes or no, and left nothing vague in respect to their wishes. It occurred to her too, though she would not permit it to put itself into words even in her mind, that his love was not like that which she had been so sure of in Lewis Gordon's eyes, but which had never been spoken. Lord John was bold, there was no timidity nor reverence in his look, he was confident, excited, sure that he had her in his toils. All these the girl saw with the perspicacity of despair—yet could not free herself or break away. With him she divined there might be shame lying in wait for her, but with him, too, was all that was brilliant and fair in life. A time of splendour, of pleasure, of joy, if after that despair—while within her own possibilities there was nothing but the given routine, the dull existence in which nothing ever stirred, in which no pleasure was. Oh, if only something would come, she cared not what. Death or a saviour,—what did it matter?—to carry Jeanie away.

And now Kirsteen had come and gone. Kirsteen who was her natural saviour, the only one who could have done it. Kirsteen who knew *him*, and said that he was true. The wail, "Take me with you!" had come from Jeanie's very heart. But Kirsteen had gone away, and every hope had failed. And as for the party at home they

were all elated by the visits of Lord John, all expectant of a grand marriage, which would bring back something of the old *prestige* to Drumcarro. "When ye are so near the head, Jeanie, I hope you'll be mindful of the branches," said Mary. "It's not just an invitation to the ball which everybody is asked to, that will satisfy me then." No thought of possible wrong was in the innocent fancies of all these people. They ought to have known but they did not. They ought to have taken fright, but no alarm came to them. The man who would try to wrong a Douglas, Mary thought, could never be born.

There had been again a pause during the time when the atmosphere of death had surrounded the house. Jeanie had seen him pass from a window. She had heard his voice at the door inquiring for the family. He had sent some flowers, an unusual and unexpected compliment to decorate the death-chamber, for to put flowers on a coffin or a grave was not then the habit in England and still less in Scotland. All these attentions had added to the elation and pleasure of the others, but had not silenced the terror in Jeanie's heart. And now all was over, the pause for her mother's death, the visit of Kirsteen, the hope she had of something or of some one, who would interfere to save her. Even to hear of Lewis Gordon had added to the fire in Jeanie's veins. She would not have him come to find her at his disposal, to know how she had suffered in the thought of his desertion. No! he should find that there was some one else who did not hold back, some one who would not let her go, some one—oh, hapless Jeanie!—whom she could no longer escape, towards whom she was drifting without any power to stop herself, though it should be towards tears and shame. Better even that, Jeanie said to herself, than to wait upon the leisure of a man who thought he could let her drop and take her up again at his pleasure. Her mind was disturbed beyond de-

scription, confused and miserable. She was afloat upon a dreadful current which carried her away, from which some one outside could save her, but not herself, against which she seemed now to have no force to struggle more.

Jeanie made still another stand, lashing herself, as it were, against the violence of that tide to the companions whom for the moment she had in the house with her, even to Mary by whom she could hold, a little in want of other help. Mary was not a very enlivening companion for the girl—all she could talk about was her children, and the vicissitudes of her household, and the wit and wisdom of little Colin. But Mary was not exigent as to her listeners. So long as she was allowed to go on in her monologue her companion was called upon for no reply. And thus Jeanie's thoughts had full scope, and increased instead of softened the tension of being in which she was; she seemed unable to escape that current which drew her unwilling feet.

She met him again on the last day of the Glendocharts's stay. Though Mary gave her so little help, Jeanie regarded with terror the time of her sister's departure. She felt as if then her last hope would fail her. There would be no longer anything to which to cling, any counterpoise to the influence which was hurrying her to her destruction. She had gone out in the afternoon with a bad headache, and a still worse tremor and throbbing in her heart, feeling that need for the fresh air and the stillness outside, and a moment's exemption from the voices and the questions within, which people in agitation and trouble so often feel. She had not thought of Lord John at all, or of meeting him. She felt only that she must breathe the outer air and be alone for a moment, or else die.

She sat down upon the same fallen tree on which she had sat with Kirsteen. The voice of the linn was softer than ever, stilled by the frost into a

soothing murmur. The bare trees stirred their many branches over her head, as if to shield her from any penetrating look, whether from earth or sky. "Oh, what am I to do?" she said to herself. How often these words are said by people in mortal perplexity, in difficulty and trouble. What to do, when you have no alternative but one, no temptation but one? But everything was against Jeanie, and all, who ought to have protected her, fought against her, and made it more and more difficult to resist. She bent down her face into her hands, and repeated to herself that question, "What am I to do?—What am I to do?" Jeanie did not know how long she had been there, or how much time had elapsed before, with a start, and a sense of horror, her heart struggling to her throat, she felt a pair of arms encircle her, and a voice in her ear: "Crying, Jeanie! Why should you cry—you who should never have a care? You would never have a care if you would trust yourself, as I am imploring you to do, to me."

Poor Jeanie's heart was sick with conflicting emotions, with the temptation and the strong recoil from it. She could make no reply, could not lift her head, or escape from his arms, or control the sudden access of sobbing that had come upon her. Her sobbing became audible in the stillness of the wintry scene, through the sound of the linn and the faint rustling of the trees. "Oh, go away and leave me! Oh, let me be!" Jeanie said among her sobs. Perhaps she did not altogether mean it, neither the one thing nor the other—neither that he should go nor stay.

He stayed, however, and talked more earnestly than he had ever done before. Not of the Italian bower, but of the two living together, sharing everything, never apart. He had the house all ready to which he would take her, he said; a house fit for her, waiting for its mistress—everything was ready but Jeanie. And why should she hold back? Did she not know he loved

her? Had she any doubt? She could not have any doubt; all his study would be to make her happy. She knew that he had no other thought. "Jeanie, Jeanie, only say yes; only yield that pride of yours; you know you have yielded in your heart."

"No," cried Jeanie, sitting upright, drawing herself from him. "No, I have not yielded. There is but one way. Go and ask my father, and then I will go with you. I will go with you," she repeated, one belated sob coming in breaking her voice, "wherever you want me to go."

"Speak to your father? But you know that is what I cannot do. I have told you already I would have to speak to my father, too. And he—would put me into a madhouse or a prison. You know, my sweet love, for I have told you—but must we be parted by two old fathers with no feeling left in them? Jeanie, if you will be ready by ten o'clock, or any hour you please, I will have a post-chaise waiting. Oh, Jeanie, come! Just a little boldness, just one bold step, and then nothing can harm us more; for we'll be together—for ever!" said the young man in his fervour. She had risen up, putting him away from her, but he pressed to her side again. "You have gone too far to go back now," he said. "Jeanie, I'll take no denial. To-night, to-night, my lovely dear."

"No," she said, her heart throbbing as if it would break, putting one hand against his shoulder to push him away from her. "Oh, no, no!" but her eyes met the glowing gaze of his, and the current was seizing her feet.

"That means yes, yes—for two no's make a consent," cried Lord John, seizing her again in his arms.

Drumcarro had scoffed at Kirsteen and her warning, but like many another suspicious man, he had remembered the warning he scorned. He had kept an eye upon all Jeanie's movements since that day. On this afternoon he had seen her steal out, and had cautiously followed her. It was not difficult

on the soft grass, doubly soft with the penetrating moisture like a bank of green mossy sponge, to steal along without making any noise; and the trees were thick enough to permit a wayfarer to steal from trunk to trunk undiscovered, especially when those who were watched were so altogether unafraid. Thus Drumcarro, his tall shadow mingled with the trees, had come close to the log on which they sat, and had heard everything. No scruple about listening moved his mind. With his hand grasping a young birch, as if it were a staff, he stood grim and fierce, and heard the lovers talk. His eyes gave forth a gleam that might have set the wood on fire when he heard of the post-chaise, and the young tree shivered in his hand. Jeanie was at the end of her powers. She put up her hand to her face to cover it from the storm of her lover's kisses. His passion carried her away. She murmured, *No, no!* still, but it was in gasps, with her failing breath.

"You'll come, you're coming—to-night—and hurrah for love and freedom," cried Lord John.

At this moment he was seized from behind by the collar of his coat—a furious hand full of force and passion caught him with sudden, wild, overpowering strength—Lord John was young but not strong, his slim form writhed in the sudden grasp. There was a moment's struggle, yet scarcely a struggle, as Drumcarro assumed his choking hold. And then something dashed through the air with the speed and the force of a thunderbolt—flung by sheer force of passion. A gasping cry, and an answering roar of the linn as if to swallow down in its caves the object tossed and spinning down—a flash far below. And in another moment all was still.

What was it that had been done? Jeanie looking up to see her father's transformed and impassioned face, and finding herself free, had fled in the first impulse of terror. And on the log where the lovers had been seated,

the old man sat down quivering with the strain he had made, wiping the drops of moisture from his forehead. He was old, but not beyond the strength of his prime; the unaccustomed effort had brought out the muscles on his hands, the veins upon his forehead. The blood was purple in his face. His capacious chest and shoulders heaved; he put his hand, the hand that had done it, to his mouth, to blow upon it, to relieve the strain. He sat down to recover his breath.

How still everything was!—as it is after a rock has fallen, after a tree has been torn up, the silence arching over the void before any whispering voice gets up to say where it is. The waters and the sighing branches both seemed still—with horror. And Drumcarro blew upon his hand which he had strained, and wiped the perspiration from his face.

After a while he rose, still panting a little, his feet sinking into the spongy grass, and went homeward. He met nobody on the way, but seeing Duncan in the yard where he was attending to the cattle, beckoned to him with his hand. Duncan came at the master's call, but not too quickly. "Ye were wanting me, sir," he said. "No—I was not wanting you." "Ye cried upon me, maister," "No, I did not cry upon you—is it me that knows best or you? Go back to your beasts." Drumcarro stood for a moment and watched the man turn back reluctantly, then he raised his voice: "Hey, Duncan—go down yonder," pointing his thumb over his shoulder—"and see if anything's happened. I'm thinking there's a man—tummult over the linn." Having said this the master went quietly to his own room and shut himself up there.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DUNCAN gave a great start at this strange intimation—"Tummult over the linn!" That was not an accident to be spoken of in such an easy way. He put down the noisy pail he had

been carrying in his hand. "Lord!" he said to himself; but he was a man slow to move. Nevertheless after two or three goings back upon himself, and thoughts that "the maister must have gone gyte," Duncan set himself slowly in motion. "A man tummult o'er the linn—that's a very sarious thing," he said to himself. It was a great ease to his mind to see Glendochart coming down the path from the hill, and he stopped until they met. "Sir," said Duncan, "have ye noticed anything strange about the maister?" "Strange about Drumcarro? I have noticed nothing beyond the ordinary," was the reply. "What has he been doing, Duncan?" "He has been doing naething, Glendochart. But he just came upon me when I was doing my wark in the yaird. And I says, 'Are ye wanting me, maister? And he says, 'Me wanting ye? No, I'm no wanting ye.' But afore I can get back to my wark I hear him again, 'Duncan!' 'What is it, maister?' says I. And says he 'I think there's a man tummult over the linn. Ye can go and see.'"

"Tumbled over the linn!" cried Glendochart, "Good Lord! and did ye go and see?"

"I'm on the road now," said Duncan, "a man cannot do everything at once."

"The man may be drowned," cried Glendochart turning round quickly. "Run on, Duncan, for the Lord's sake. I'm not so surefooted as the like of you, but I'll follow ye by the road, as fast as I can. A man over the linn! Dear me, but that may be a very serious matter."

"I was just saying that," said Duncan plunging down upon the spongy grass. He slid and stumbled, tearing long strips of moss off the roots of the trees with which he came in heavy contact, striding over the fallen trunk which had played so great a part in the drama of that afternoon. There were signs of footsteps there, and Duncan slid on the slippery and trampled soil and came down on his back, but got up

again at once and took no notice. This accident perhaps delayed him for a moment, and the need of precaution as he descended after such a warning. At all events Glendochart coming quickly by the roundabout of the road arrived only a moment after, and found Duncan dragging out upon the bank an inanimate figure which had apparently been lying half in half out of the stream. Duncan's ruddy face had grown suddenly pale. "Lord keep us! Do ye think he's dead, sir?"

"I hope not, Duncan," said Glendochart kneeling down by the body; but after a few minutes, both men scared and horror-stricken bending over the figure on the grass, "God preserve us," he said, "I fear it is so. Do you know who it is?"—then a hoarse exclamation burst from them both: "It's the young lord from the lodge on the hill—It's Lord John! God preserve us!" cried Glendochart again. "What can this mean? But a man that's drowned may be brought to life again," he added. "How are we to get him home?"

Duncan roused by the wonderful event which had thus come in a moment into the tranquil ordinary of his life, rushed along the road calling with a roar for help, which it was not easy to find in that lonely place. However there proved to be one or two people within call—the gamekeeper who lived at the lodge inhabited by Lord John, and the blacksmith from the clachan, who had been carrying some implement home to a distant mountain farm. They managed to tie some branches roughly together to make a sort of litter and thus carried the dead man to Drumcarro, which was the nearest house. The sound of the men's feet and Glendochart's call at the door, brought out every member of the household except the Laird who remained in his room with the door closed and took no notice. Glendochart and the gamekeeper had both some rude notion of what to do, and they acted upon their knowledge, roughly it is true but with all the care

they were capable of. Duncan on horseback, and less apt to spare his horse's legs than his own, thundered off for a doctor. But the doctor was not easily found, and long before his arrival the rough methods of restoring animation had all been given up. Lord John lay on the mistress's unoccupied bed to which he had been carried, like a marble image, with all the lines that a careless life had made showing still upon the whiteness of death, the darkness under the eyes, the curves about the mouth. His wet clothes which had been cut from the limbs to which they clung, lay in a muddy heap smoking before the now blazing fire. They had piled blankets over him and done everything they knew to restore the vital heat—but without avail.

"How did it happen?" the doctor said—but this no man could tell. They gathered together in an excited yet awestricken group to consult together, to put their different guesses together, to collect what indications might be found. Duncan thought that the collar of the coat was torn as if some one had grasped the poor young man "by the scruff of the neck." There was a bruise on his throat which might have come from the hand thus inserted—but his face had several bruises upon it from contact with the rocks, and his clothes had been so torn and cut up that they afforded little assistance in solving the problem. To send for some member of his family, and to make the sheriff aware of all the circumstances was evidently the only thing to do.

Jeanie had fled without a word, without a look behind her, when her lover's arm loosened from her waist, and her father's hoarse and angry voice broke in upon the scene. No thought of any tragedy to follow was in Jeanie's mind. She had never seen her father take any violent action; his voice, his frowns had always been enough, there had been no need for more. She thought of an angry altercation, a command to come near the house no more, so far as she thought at all. But she scarcely did think at

all. She fled, afraid of her lover, afraid of her father, not sure, to tell the truth, which she feared most—glad that the situation was over, that she could escape by any means. She sped up the wooded bank, out of the shadow of the bare trees about the linn, like a frightened bird—flying, never looking behind. Pausing a moment to take breath before she ran round to the house door, she was thankful to hear no voices in anger, but all fallen into quiet again, nothing but the sound of the linn, louder she thought for the cessation of other sounds; and concluding rapidly in her mind that her father had reserved his anger for her, and let Lord John go—not a just, but according even to Jeanie's small experience, a sufficiently usual turn of affairs—she went on more quietly to the house, that no hasty rush on her part, or self-disclosure of agitation, might call forth Mary's remarks or the questions of Marg'ret. But the agitation of the moment was not over for Jeanie. She saw some one approaching the door from the road as she came within sight. It was too late to escape, and she instinctively put up her hand to smooth her hair, and drew a few long breaths to overcome altogether the panting of her heart, that the stranger, whoever he might be, might not perceive how disturbed she was. But when Jeanie had taken a step or two further, her heart suddenly made a leap again, which swept all her precautions away. "Oh!" she cried, with almost a shriek of agitated recognition; now of all moments in the world,—that he should come now!

"I am afraid," he said, "I cannot think that cry means any pleasure to see me, though I am so glad to be here."

Oh, to think he should be able to speak, to use common words, as if they had parted yesterday—as if nothing had happened since then!

"Oh, Captain Gordon," she said, breathless; then added, not knowing what she said. "You've been long away."

"Not with my will. I've nothing but my profession, and I was forced to do all I could in that. If it had been my will—"

"Oh," said Jeanie, "I cannot talk; my sister is here, you will want to see her—but for me, I cannot talk. I am—not well. I am in—grief and trouble. Don't stop me now, but let me go."

He stood aside, without a word, his hat in his hand, looking at her wistfully. His look dwelt in her mind as she hurried up stairs. It was not like the look of Lord John—the look that terrified, yet excited her. He had come for her, for her and no one else; but he would not stop her, nor trouble her. It was of her he thought, not of himself. Jeanie's heart came back like an unbent bow. This was the man that she loved. She fled from him, not daring to meet his eyes—but she felt as if some chain had been broken, some bond cut. Lord John! What was Lord John? She was afraid of him no more.

Major Gordon did not know what to do. He lingered a little, unable with the excitement in his veins of having seen his love again, to knock presently at the door and ask for the lady of Glendochart. After a time the sound of a heavy step caught his ear, and the loud interchange of words between Duncan and his master. Then the heavy steps came on towards the door. It must be Drumcarro himself who was coming. Major Gordon drew aside to await the coming of Jeanie's father. Mr. Douglas came round the side of the house, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his shoulders up to his ears. He was staring before him with a fierce intensity, the kind of look which sees nothing. Gordon made a step forward, and said some common words of greeting, at which Drumcarro lifted his puckered eyelids for a moment, said "Eh?" with a sort of hasty interrogation, and then turning his back, went in and closed the door behind him, leaving the stranger astonished.

What did it mean? Gordon thought at first a studied slight to him, but farther thought showed him that this was absurd, and with some surprise he set it down to its true cause—some secret trouble in Drumcarro's mind, some thought which absorbed him. After a moment's astonished pause he turned back upon the road, concluding that whatever this excitement was, by and by it would die away. He walked, perhaps a mile, occupied by his own thoughts, by Jeanie, who was more lovely, he thought, than ever, and by eager speculations what she would say to him; whether perhaps after all she might not be glad to see him when she had got over the first surprise; whether it was merely haste and that great surprise that made her turn away. Gordon had occupation enough for his thoughts had he walked on the whole afternoon; but presently he turned back, remembering what Jeanie had said, that her sister was at Drumcarro, and glad to think of so reasonable a way of getting admittance. He had just come up to the house again, and was approaching the door, when he was met by the group of men coming down from their hopeless attempts to resuscitate the dead. He was much surprised to see this party come to the door, and stepped out of the way with vexation and annoyance, feeling himself and his urgent affairs thrust as it were into a secondary place by this evidence of something going on at Drumcarro. The men, of whom at first he recognised none, were exchanging grave observations, shaking their heads, with puzzled and troubled looks. At the sight of him there was a visible stir among them. One of them stepped forward hastily, and caught him by the arm, "Who are you? And what are you doing here?"

"Glendochart, you seem to have forgotten me. I am Lewis Gordon, whom you were once very kind to."

"Captain Gordon!"

"Major, at your service; I got my step in India."

"Gordon!" repeated Glendochart.

It was natural enough that every new idea should chime in with the terrible one that now possessed his mind. He remembered in a moment who the young man was, and all that had been said and thought of him. He had been Jeanie's lover. It seemed to throw a sudden gleam of illumination on the mystery. "Step in, step in here, and come you with me," he said laying his hand on the doctor's arm. With a slight summons at the door, but without waiting for any reply he led them into his father-in-law's room. Drumcarro was sitting at his usual table with his head leant upon his hands. He turned half round but did not otherwise change his attitude, as these new-comers entered, darkening the little room.

"I beg your pardon, Drumcarro," said Glendochart, "but it's urgent. I must ask this gentleman a few questions in the presence of some responsible person—Captain Gordon, or Major if ye are Major, answer me for the love of God. Ye may do a hasty act, but you're not one that will shrink from the consequence, or I'm far mistaken in you. When did you come here?"

"This is a strange way of receiving a friend," said Gordon with surprise. "I came here about half an hour ago."

"But you did not come in?"

"No—I saw—one of the family."

"And then? Still you did not come in?"

"No, I walked back a mile or so to wait—and then hearing that you were here, and Mrs. Campbell—I returned,"

"Why did you not come in?"

"I really cannot tell you the reason," said Gordon a little irritated. "There was no particular reason."

Said the doctor, perceiving where Glendochart's questions were tending: "It will be far better for you to tell the truth. It might be an accident, but denial will do no good."

"Am I accused of anything?" said the stranger in great surprise.

"A stranger about the place at such a time is very suspicious," said the doctor shaking his head. "The best

thing you could do, Glendochart, would be to detain him till the sheriff comes."

Drumcarro raised his head from his supporting hands. His habitual redness had changed to grey. He spoke with some difficulty moistening his lips. He said, "Whatever ye may be thinking of, this lad's tale's true. I saw him come, and I saw him go. If there's any man to blame it's not him."

They all turned round to where Mr. Douglas sat; the afternoon light was by this time waning, and they had difficulty in seeing each other's faces. Drumcarro after a moment resumed again. The want of light and the deep sound of his voice, and the scene from which they had just come, made a strange horror of impression upon the men. He asked, "Is he dead?"

"Yes, he is dead. And that minds me it was you that gave the alarm. What did you see, Drumcarro?"

"I heard a rumbling as if the linn rose up to meet him, like hell in the Scriptures to meet that king—and a thud here and there upon the rocks—that's all I heard."

Nobody made any reply. No suspicion of the truth had occurred to any mind, but something in the voice, and the language not familiar to the man, gave a vague sensation of solemnity and horror. The darkness seemed to deepen round them, while this pause lasted. And Drumcarro said no more, but leant his head upon his hands again. The silence was broken by the doctor who said in a subdued tone: "We'll better leave Mr. Douglas quiet. It is a time of trouble—and the shock of this accident on the top of all the rest—"

Drumcarro did not move, but he said between the two hands that supported his head, "That man has nothing to do with it. I saw him come. And now ye can let him go his way."

They filed out of the room in silence with a vague dread upon them all. Something strange was in the air. The dark figure by the table never moved, his head on his hands, his big frame looking colossal in the quivering twi-

light. The fire in the grate behind burned up suddenly and threw a little flickering flame into the gloom relieving still more that motionless shadow. "It has been too much for the old gentleman," the doctor said in a whisper, as he closed the door.

"He's none so old," said Glendochart with a little irritation, mindful of the fact that he was not himself much younger, and feeling the thrill of nervous discomfort and alarm.

"I doubt if he'll live to be much older. I do not like the looks of him," the doctor said.

It seemed to have become almost night when they came out into the hall. The blacksmith and the gamekeeper and Duncan were standing in a group about the door, the sky full of a twilight clearness behind them, and one star in it, like a messenger sent out to see what dreadful thing had happened. The air blew cold through the house from the open door, and Mary crying and nervous stood at the door of the parlour behind. The mother's death which she had taken with such calm propriety was in the course of nature, but the dreadful suddenness of this, the mystery about it, affected even her calm nerves. A second death in the house, and the Duke's son! It comforted Mary when Gordon left the group of men whose meaning he did not even yet comprehend and joined her, to hear the whole story, and yet not all.

The other men still stood consulting when the Glendochart carriage arrived at the door; everybody had forgotten that the departure of the visitors had been settled for that afternoon, Glendochart seized the opportunity at once. "I will send the ladies away, this is no place for them with all these new troubles," he said, "and the express to the Duke can travel so far with them." It had occurred to Glendochart that the less that could be made of Lord John's intercourse with the family at Drumcarro the better. He had not discouraged it himself; had it come to a marriage which would have allied himself and

his children so much more nearly with the ducal family, it would have been no bad thing; but now that there could be no marriage it was clear that it was neither for Jeanie's advantage, nor indeed for his own, to give any more publicity than was necessary to the cause of Lord John's presence here. And thus it was that Jeanie without knowing why, yet willing enough to be carried off at such a crisis even to Glendochart, found herself within half an hour seated by her sister's side driving off, with the darkness of night behind her and the clearness in the west reflected in her startled eyes. Jeanie neither knew nor suspected that anything dreadful had happened; but to escape her father's eye and his questions after the discovery he had made was relief enough to make her forget the bustle and haste with which she was carried away. They were to give Major Gordon "a lift as far as the town," but Jeanie did not know this until he followed her into the carriage, and then her heart so jumped up and choked her with its beating that she thought no more of Drumcarro's wrath, nor of the deliverance from Lord John which she knew her father's interposition would make final.

And so Drumcarro House was once more, but with a deepened mystery and terror, left with its dead. Mr. Douglas did not leave his room all the evening. The call to supper made first by Margaret, then by Glendochart knocking cautiously at his door, produced only the response of a growl from within. No light was visible from under the door. No sound was heard in the room. To all appearance he remained without moving or even lighting his candle, until late at night his heavy step was heard going up stairs to bed.

Without a light, that was the strangest thing of all to the keen but silent observers. There could be nothing on the master's mind or he could never have sat all the evening through, knowing what it was that lay in his wife's room up stairs, without a light.

They could not imagine indeed how in any circumstances Drumcarro, an old man, could have had anything to do with the death of Lord John, a young one, nor what reason there could be for seeking his death, yet an uneasy fear was in the air, and there was no one else who could be thought of. But that circumstance cleared him. Without a light no man could sit who had been instrumental in causing a man's death, while that man lay dead in the same house. Glendochart whose mind was disturbed by many miserable surmises, was comforted by this thought, though almost unconsciously to himself.

And nobody knew what thoughts were going on in the dark in that closed room. They were not thoughts specially about Lord John. They were the bewildering circling of a mind suddenly driven into tragic self-consciousness, about the entire chapter of his life now perhaps about to be brought to an end. The sudden pang of the moment, his clutch upon his victim (his hand hurt him still from the strain, and still now and then he raised it to his mouth, to blow his hot breath upon it), the whirl of that figure through the air, came back at intervals like a picture placed before his eyes. But between those intervals there surged up all manner of things. Old scenes far off and gone, incidents that had taken place in the jungle and swamp, cries and sounds of the lash, and pistol shots all long over and forgotten. One face, not white like Lord John's, but grey in its blackness like ashes, came and wavered in the darkness before him more distinct than the others. No ghost, he had no faith in ghosts, nothing outside of him. Something within from which even if they should hang him he knew he would not get free. Lord John,—he thought very little of Lord John! And yet, his hand hurt him, the picture would come back, and the scene re-enact itself before his eyes. Sometimes he dozed with his head in his hands. The chief thing was that he should not be

disturbed, that no one should come in to question him, to interfere with his liberty, that night at least; that he should be quiet that night if nevermore.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE Duke arrived with his eldest son as soon as post-horses could bring him. He had been in the north, not very far away, so that the interval, though it represented much more difficult travelling than the journey from one end to the other of Great Britain nowadays, was not very long. Lord John had been a trouble to his family all his life. He had followed none of the traditions of prudence and good sense which had made his race what they were. The scrapes in which he had been were innumerable, and all his family were aware that nothing but embarrassment and trouble was likely to come to them from his hand. Sometimes this state of affairs may exist without any breach of the bonds of natural affection; but perhaps when a man is a duke and accustomed to have many things bow to his will, the things and persons that cannot be made to do so become more obnoxious to him than to a common man. No doubt a shock of natural distress convulsed the father's mind at the first news of what had happened, but after a while there came, horrible as it seems to say it, a certain relief into the august mind of the Duke. At least here was an end of it; there could be no more to follow, no new disgraces or inconveniences to be encountered. Scarcely a year had come or gone for many years past without some fresh development of John's powers of mischief. Now, poor fellow! all was over; he could do no more harm, make no more demands on a revenue which was not able to bear such claims, endanger no more a name which indeed had borne a great deal in its day without much permanent disadvantage. On the whole there was thus something to set against the terrible shock of a son's sudden death by

accident. A few questions thrown into the air as it were, a general demand upon somebody for information burst from the Duke during that long drive. "Where is this linn, do you know? What could he have wanted there, on the land of that old ruffian, Drumcarro? And what did he want there?" But to the last question at least no one could make any reply. Even to speak of Drumcarro's lovely daughter as an inducement would have been a jarring note when the poor fellow was so recently dead. And the Duke could answer his own question well enough; any petty intrigue would be reason enough for John, the worse the better. His only fear was that some dark story of seduction and revenge might unfold itself when he got there.

It was Glendochart who received his chief when he reached his journey's end, and told him the little there was to tell. It was supposed that Lord John had somehow missed his footing when at the head of the linn. Some one had heard the sound of a fall, and the body had been found below at the foot of the waterfall. This was all that could be discovered at the end of two or three days which had elapsed. The Duke saw, with a natural pang, his dead son laid out upon the mistress's bed, and then he visited the scene of the tragedy. He inspected everything with a clouded countenance, asking brief, sharp questions from time to time. To Glendochart he seemed suspicious of violence and foul play, a suspicion which was lurking in Glendochart's own mind, with strange surmises which he could not put into words, but which his mind was on the alert to find some clue to. This, however, was scarcely the Duke's frame of mind. After he had visited the spot where the body had been found, and looked up the foaming fall of the linn, and heard everything that could be told him, he put a sudden question which dismayed Glendochart. "Have you any suspicions?" he said. "Has there been any suggestion—of violence?"

"The idea has no doubt been suggested," Mr. Campbell replied, "but I can find nothing to give it any countenance. There were signs as of stamping of feet at one place near the fallen tree, but the man who found the body accounted for that as having slipped and fallen there."

"It has been suggested then?" said the Duke, with another cloud coming over his face. "Glendochart, I may speak freely to you that would bring no discredit on the name. Was there any story, any reason for his staying here?"

Glendochart felt his countenance redden, though it was of that well-worn colour which shows little. He suddenly realised, with a sense of relief unspeakable, what it would have been, had Lord John lived and thriven, to have intimated to the chief that his son had married Drumcarro's daughter. Glendochart had himself been flattered by the idea. He saw the reverse of the medal now.

"I know of none," he said, "my Lord Duke. He was more at this house than at any other house round about."

"And there was no story—no lass, disappointed perhaps—or angry father? You know what I mean, Glendochart. One of my own name, and not so far from me in blood, I know that I can trust you. You know, too—what my poor boy was."

"I understand what your Grace means," said Glendochart. "I have heard of nothing of the kind."

"And who was it that heard the fall?"

"It was my father-in-law, Drumcarro himself. He was taking his usual walk. I don't imagine he ever thought it was so serious. He called to the man in the byre to see to it, that he thought he had heard a fall."

"I will see Drumcarro, I suppose."

"If it will satisfy your Grace better—but he is an old man, and much shaken with his wife's death which took place only a fortnight ago."

The Duke gave his clansman what looked like a suspicious glance. But he only said, "It will be better not to disturb him. I would have thought," he added, "that old Drumcarro was tough enough to stand the loss of his wife or anything else."

"We sometimes do men injustice," said Glendochart, a little stiffly; "and the shock of having another death, so to speak, in the house, has had a great effect upon his mind—or I should perhaps say his nerves."

"Well, well, I will not disturb him," said the Duke. He said no more until they reached again the head of the linn. Then he stood for a few minutes amid the spray, looking down as he had looked up the boiling foam of waters. The cloud had gone off his face. He turned to his son, by his side, who had said little all this time. "I think we may satisfy ourselves that it was pure accident," he said.

"I think so," said the taintless heir, with a solemn nod of his head.

The Duke stood there for a moment more, and then he took off his hat and said, "Thank God." With all his heart, Glendochart echoed the surprising words. He thought that he indeed had cause for thankfulness—that he should never have had the occasion to approach his chief with news of an alliance that would have been so little to his mind; that Jeanie's name should have been kept out of the matter altogether, and no questions put to the old man whose nerves had been so strangely shaken. He had indeed cause for thankfulness; but the Duke, why? Glendochart came to understand later why the Duke should have been glad that no new scandal was to be associated with the end of his son's life.

And so Lord John was carried in great state to the burial place of his fathers, and was rehabilitated with his family, and mourned, by his mother and sisters, like other men. And whatever the tragedy was that attended his last hours, it was buried with him and never told to man. There is no coro-

ner in Scotland ; and in those remote regions, and at that period, the Duke's satisfaction that his son's death was caused by accident was enough for all.

Drumcarro scarcely left his room while that solemn visitor was in the house. He appeared after, a singularly changed and broken man, and fell into something like the habits of his old life. There had been no secret in his strange retirement, but there was no doubt left in the mind of any who surrounded him, that something had happened which was not in the peaceful routine of existence. They formed their own impressions at their leisure ; it was nothing to the Laird what they thought. He had deceived no man, neither had he confided in any man. When Glendochart left the house, taking charge of the mournful conveyance which carried Lord John home, life at Drumcarro would in any circumstances have been a wonderfully changed and shrunken life. It was the first time that the diminished family had been left alone since the death of the mistress. At the family table, once so well surrounded, Drumcarro sat down with his one remaining son, and the vast expanse of the wide table-cloth vacant save in that corner. It did not occur to any one to substitute a smaller table for the long-stretching board where there had been room for all. Jamie, who was never seen without a book, compensated himself for the silence and anxiety of this *tête-à-tête* by reading furtively, while his father sat with his shoulders up to his ears, and his eyes, almost lost in his shaggy eyebrows, glaring out now and then with a glance of gloomy fire. It was rarely that he addressed the boy, and the boy escaped from him into his book. The mother was gone, Jeanie was gone, every one who could make that empty board a little brighter. The father and son swallowed their meal side by side, but did not prolong it any more than was possible. The sight of them affected Merran's nerves when she served them, though

that ruddy lass might well have been supposed to have no such things in her possession. "There's the Laird just glowering frae him as if he saw something no canny, and Jamie with his book. And me that minds all that fine family!" cried Merran. "Ye must just go ben yourself, Marg'ret, for I canna do it." And there is no doubt that it was a piteous sight.

Jeanie, on the other hand, recovered her spirit and her ease of mind with singular rapidity under the sheltering roof of Glendochart. She was not told of Lord John's death for some time, and never of the rapidity with which it followed her interrupted interview. She was very much moved and excited when she heard of his death, wondering with natural self-importance whether her resistance of his suit had anything to do with the breaking down of his health. It half relieved, half disappointed Jeanie to discover after that his death was caused by an accident and not by love. But indeed she had then only a limited space to give in her thoughts to that lover of the past. He of the present had the command of the situation. Determined as she had been not to understand Gordon, the effect of a few days in the same house with him had been marvellous, and when the fairy regions of youthful experience began once more to open before Jeanie she forgot that she had cause of grievance against the companion who opened to her that magic gate. All tragic possibilities disappeared from the path of the girl who had no longer any distracting struggle, but whose desires and inclinations all went with her fate. Her father made no objection to her marriage. "Let him take her if he wants her. I have no need of her here," Drumcarro said. Jeanie indeed, instead of brightening the house and soothing the fever in him, excited and disturbed her father: "I want no lass about the house, now her mother that kept her a little in order is gone." She was married eventually at Glendochart, the Laird

making no appearance even. He was said to be ill, and his illness had taken the curious form, a form not unprecedented but much against nature, of strong dislike to certain persons. He could not abide the sight of Jeanie: "Let her do what she will, but let her no more come near me. Let him take her if he likes, I'm well pleased to be quit of her." When Jeanie came attended by her lover to bid her father good-bye, the Laird almost drove her away. He got up from his chair supporting himself upon its arms, his eyes burning like coals of fire, his now gaunt and worn figure trembling with passion, "Go away to the parlour," he said, "and get your tea or whatever you've come for. I want none of you here."

"Father, I just came to bid you good-bye," said Jeanie.

"Go way to the parlour. I suffer nobody to disturb me here. Go way to Marg'ret. Ye'll get what ye want from her, and plenty of petting, no doubt. Go way to the parlour. Marg'ret! Get them what they want and let them go."

"Oh, father," cried Jeanie weeping, "it's not for anything we've come, but just for kindness—to say good-bye."

He was a strange figure standing up between his chair and table supporting himself by his hands, stooping forward, grown old all at once, his hair and beard long and ragged in aspect, a nervous tremor in his limbs. Could that be the hale and vigorous man who scarcely seemed beyond middle age? Jeanie assayed to say something more, but the words were checked on her lips by his threatening looks.

"Good-bye," he said. "Consider it's done and all your duty paid, and begone from my sight, for I cannot bide to see you." He added a moment after with a painful effort over himself, "I'm an old man, and not well in my health. Marg'ret! Ye mind me of many a thing I would fain forget. Good-bye, and for the love of God go away, and let me see you no more."

"Is he always like that?" Jeanie asked clinging to Marg'ret in the parlour, where that faithful adherent prepared tea for the visitors.

"Like what?" asked Marg'ret with a determination to keep up appearances in the presence of the strange gentleman with whom she had no associations. "The maister's not very well. He has never been in his richt health since your mother died. That made an awfu' change in the house, as might have been expected. Such a quiet woman as she was, never making any steer; it's just by ordinar' how she's missed."

"Is it that? Is that all?" cried Jeanie.

"And what else would it be?" asked Marg'ret with a look that could not be gainsaid.

Marg'ret did not know, any more than the rest, what had happened. Lord John had died of an accident, he had fallen over the linn, and from the Duke himself to the last of the name all were satisfied that it was so. And in Drumcarro House there was not a word said to alter this view. But many heavy thoughts had arisen there of which nothing was said.

Drumcarro did what is also not uncommon in such circumstances; he justified those who explained his strange conduct by illness, and fell ill. The doctor said it was a malady of long standing which had thus developed itself as it was certain to have done sooner or later. He recommended that a doctor should be sent for from Glasgow, who had become very famous for his practice in this particular malady. It is doubtful whether Glendochart who had the conduct of the business knew anything about Dr. Dewar. At all events if he did, it did not prevent him from sending for that special practitioner. The result was a curious scene in the chamber of the patient, who raised himself from his bed to stare at the new-comer, and after contemplating him for some time in doubtful silence between wrath and astonishment, suddenly burst out into

a great guffaw of laughter. "This was all that was wanted," he said. But he allowed Anne's husband to come in, to examine him, to prescribe, and with a grim humour saw him wave away the offered fee. "Na, it's all in the family," said the grim patient with a sudden sense of the grotesque illumining the darkness of his sick room. He was not insensible to this irony of circumstance, and he made no resistance. It was the only thing that produced a gleam of amusement in these latter days.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In his newly developed condition as an invalid Mr. Douglas had gone on for more than a year. During this time he had taken no active steps of any kind. Jamie had been left to read as he pleased every book he could lay his hands upon, from Mr. Pyper's old-fashioned theology to D'Urfe's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, a curious if not very extensive range. Only these two, the dreary boy with his books, and his possible writer-ship hung suspended so to speak, no one taking any steps to put him forth like his brothers into active life, and the grim invalid, who rarely left his room or indeed his bed, remained in Drumcarro. Such an emptiness occurs not unfrequently in the story of a house once full and echoing with the superabundant energies of a large family; but the father and son afforded a deeper emblem of dullness and desolation than almost any mother and daughter could have done. They were more separated from life. The Laird cared nothing for his neighbours, rich or poor, whether they prospered or were in want. Marg'ret, who had the control of everything, kept indeed a liberal hand, and preserved the reputation of Drumcarro as a house from which no poor body was ever sent away without a handful of meal at least, if not more substantial charity. But her master took no interest in the vicissitudes of the clachan or to hear of either prosperity

or need. She still attempted to carry him the news of the district for the relief of her own mind if not for the advantage of his, for to arrange his room in silence or bring his meals without a word was an effort quite beyond Marg'ret's powers.

"The Rossraig Carmichaels have come to the end of their tether," she told him one morning. "There's a muckle roup proclaimed for next month of a' the farm things. I might maybe send Duncan to see what's going, if there's anything very cheap, and folk say the farm itself."

"What's that you're saying, woman?"

"I'm just telling you, Laird. The Rossraig family is clean ruined—no much wonder if ye think of a' the on-goings they've had. There's to be a roup, and the estate itsel' by private contract, or if nae offer comes—"

"Get out of my room, woman," cried Drumcarro. "Bring me my clothes. You steek everything away as if a gentleman was to be bound for ever in his bed. I'm going to get up."

"Sir!" cried Marg'ret in dismay. "It's as much as your life is worth."

"My life!" he said with a snarl of angry impatience, but as he struggled up in his bed Drumcarro caught sight of himself, a weird figure, lean as an old eagle, with long hair and ragged beard, and no doubt the spring of sudden energy with which he raised himself was felt through all his rusty joints so long unaccustomed to movement. He kept up, sitting erect, but he uttered a groan of impatience as he did so. "I'm not my own master," he said—"a woman's enough to daunt on me that once never knew what difficulty was. Stop you're infernal dusting and cleaning, and listen to me. Where's that lass in London living now? Or is she ay there? Or has she taken up with some man to waste her siller like the rest of her kind?"

"Sir, are ye meaning your daughter Kirsteen?" said Marg'ret with dignity.

"Who should I be meaning? Ye

can write her a letter and send it by the post. Tell her there's need of her. Her father's wanting her, and at once. Do ye hear? There's no time to trouble about a frank. Just send it by the post."

"If ye were not in such an awfu' hurry," said Marg'ret, "there might maybe be an occasion."

"I can wait for none of your occasions—there's little feeling in her if she cannot pay for one letter—from her father. Tell her I'm wanting her, and just as fast as horses' legs can carry her she's to come."

"Maister," cried Marg'ret with great seriousness drawing close to the bed, "if ye're feeling the end sa near and wanting your bairns about ye, will I no send for the minister? It's right he should be here."

Drumcarro sat taller and taller in his bed, and let forth a string of epithets enough to make a woman's blood run cold. "Ye old bletherin' doited witch;" he said, "ye old——" His eloquence had not failed him, and Marg'ret, though a brave woman who had taken these objurgations composedly enough on previous occasions, was altogether overwhelmed by the torrent of fiery words and the red ferocious light in the eyes of the skeleton form in the bed. She put up her hands to her ears and fled. "I'll do your will—I'll do your will," she cried. A letter was not a very easy piece of work to Marg'ret, but so great was the impression made upon her mind that she fulfilled the Laird's commission at once. She wrote as follows in the perturbation of her mind.

Your fader has either taken leave of his senses, or he's fey, or thinks his later end is nigh. But any way I'm bid to summons you, Kirsteen, just this moment without delay. I'm to tell ye there's need of you—that your fader's wanting ye. Ye will just exerceese your own judgment, for he's in his ordinar' neither better nor warse. But he's took a passion of wanting ye and will not bide for an occasion nor a private hand as may be whiles heard of—nor yet a frank that could be got with a little trouble. So

ye will have this letter to pay for, and ye'll come no doubt if ye think it's reasonable—but I cannot say that I do for my part.

P.S.—The Carmichaels of Rosscraig are just ruined with feasting and wasting and their place is to be sold and everything roupit—a sair downcome for their name.

Kirsteen obeyed this letter with a speed beyond anything which was thought possible in the north. She drove to the door no longer finding it necessary to conceal her coming. Marg'ret's postscript, written from the mere instinct of telling what news there was to tell, had already thrown some light to her upon this hasty summons. Drumcarro lay propped up by pillows waiting for her, with something of the old deep red upon his worn face. He was wonderfully changed, but the red light in his eyes and the passion which had always blazed or smouldered in the man, ready to burst out at any touch even when covered with the inevitable repressions of modern life, was more apparent than ever. His greetings were few. "Eh, so that's you?" he said. "Ye've come fast."

"I was told that you wanted me, father."

"And maybe thought I was dying and there was no time to lose." He noticed that Kirsteen held in her hand a newspaper, at which he glanced with something like contempt. A London newspaper was no small prize to people so far off from all sources of information. But such things were at present contemptible to Drumcarro in presence of the overwhelming pre occupation in his own mind.

"I see," he said, "ye've brought a paper to the old man; but I have other things in my head. When ye were here before ye made an offer. It was none of my seeking. It was little likely I should think of a lass like you having siller at her command—which is just another sign that everything in this country is turned upside down."

Kirsteen made no reply, but waited for the further revelation of his news.

"Well," he said with a slight appearance of embarrassment and a wave of his hand, "here's just an opportunity. I have not the means of my own self. I would just have to sit and girn in this corner where a severe Providence has thrown me and see it go—to another of those damned Campbells, little doubt of that."

"What is it?" she said. Kirsteen had lifted her head too, like a horse scenting the battle from afar. She had not her father's hatred of his hereditary foes, but there was a fine strain of tradition in Kirsteen's veins.

"It's just Rossraig—our own land, that's been in the Douglas name for hundreds of years, and out of it since the attainer. I would be ready to depart in peace if I had it back."

Kirsteen's eyes flashed in response. "If it's possible—but they will want a great sum for Rossraig."

"Possible!" he cried with furious impatience. "How dare ye beguile me with your offer, if it's only to think of what's possible? I can do that mysel. Does one of your name condescend to a dirty trade, and serve women that are not fit to tie a Douglas's shoe, and then come to me and talk of what's possible? If that's all, give up your mantua-making and your trading that's a disgrace to your family, and come back and look after the house, which will set you better. Possible!" he cried, the fire flying from his eyes and the foam from his mouth. "For what do you demean yourself—and me to permit it—if it's no possible?" He came to the end on a high note, with the sharpness of indignant passion in his voice.

Kirsteen had followed every word with a kindling countenance, with responsive flame in her eyes. "Ye speak justly," she said, with a little heaving of her breast. "For them to whom it's natural a little may suffice. But I that do it against nature am bound to a different end." She paused a little, thinking; then raised her head. "It shall be possible," she said.

He held out his thin and trembling fingers, which were like eagle's claws.

"Your hand upon it," he cried. The hot clutch made Kirsteen start and shiver. He dropped her hand with an excited laugh. "That's the first bargain," he said, "was ever made between father and child to the father's advantage—at least, in this house. And a lass,—and all my fine lads that I sent out for honour and for gain!" He leant back on his pillows with feeble sobs of sound, the penalty of his excitement. "Not for me," he said, "not for me, though I would be the first—but for the auld name that was once so great."

Kirsteen unfolded the paper tremulously, with tears lingering on her eyelashes. "Father, if ye will look here—"

"Go away with your news and your follies," he said roughly. "You think much of your London town and your great world, as ye call it, but I think more of my forebears' name and the lands they had, and to bring to confusion a false race. Kirsteen," he put out his hand again, and drew her close to the bedside, clutching her arm, "I'll tell you a thing I've told nobody. It was me that did it. I just took and threw him down the linn. Me an old man, him a young one, and as false as hell. He was like the serpent at that bairn's lug; and I just took him by the scruff of the neck. My hand's never got the better of it," he added, thrusting her away suddenly, and looking at his right hand, blowing upon it as if to remove the stiffness of the strain.

"Father!" Kirsteen cried, with subdued horror. "What was it you did?"

He chuckled with sounds of laughter that seemed to dislocate his throat. "I took him by the scruff of the neck—I never thought I could have had the strength. It was just pawson. The Douglasses have that in them; they're wild when they're roused. I took him—by the scruff of the neck.

He never made a struggle. I know nothing more about it, if he was living or dead."

"Ye killed him!" cried Kirsteen with horror. "Oh, it's no possible!"

"There ye are with your possibles again. It's just very possible when a man's blood's up. He's not the first," he said, in a low tone, turning his face to the wall. He lay muttering there for some time words of which Kirsteen could only hear, "the scruff of the neck," "no struggle," "it's hurt my hand, though," till in the recoil from his excitement Drumcarro fell fast asleep and remembered no more.

He had, however, it appeared, to pay for this excitement and the tremendous tension in which he had been held from the time he summoned Kirsteen to the moment of her arrival. His frame, already so weakened, had not been able to bear it. He was seized during the night by a paralytic attack, from which he never rallied, though he lived for a week or more as in a living tomb. All that had been so important to Drumcarro died off from him, and left him struggling in that dumb insensibility, living yet dead. Kirsteen was never able to let him know that, herself as eager for the elevation of the family as he could be, she had at once opened negotiations for the purchase of Rosscraig, though on terms that would cripple her for years. Sometimes his eyes would glare upon her wildly out of the half dead face asking questions to which his deadened senses could understand no answer. She at last withdrew from the room altogether, finding that he was more calm in her absence. And all the time there lay on the table beside his bed, rejected first in his excitement, all-impotent to reach him now, the copy of the *Gazette* brought by Kirsteen from London, in which appeared the announcement that Colonel Alexander Douglas, of the 100th Native Regiment, for distinguished valour and long services, had received the honours of a K.C.B. Had it come but a day sooner, the exulta-

tion of Drumcarro might have killed him (which would have been so good a thing), but at least would have given him such sensations of glory and gratified pride as would have crowned his life. But he never had this supreme delight.

When Sir Alexander Douglas, K.C.B., came home, he found his patrimony largely increased, but both father and mother and all his belongings swept away. The one whom he found it hardest to approve was Kirsteen. Anne with her well-to-do doctor had nothing now to forgive that her brother could see; Mary had fulfilled every duty of woman. Young Jeanie with her young soldier had all the prestige of beauty and youth, and the fact that her husband was a rising man and sure of promotion to make her acceptable to her family. But a London mantua-maker, "sewing," so he put it to himself, "for her bread!" It startled him a little to find that he owed Rosscraig to that mantua-maker, but he never got over the shock of hearing what and where she was. "Any sort of a man, if he had been a chimney-sweep, would have been better," Sir Alexander said. And Kirsteen was a rare and not very welcome visitor in the house she had redeemed. They all deplored the miserable way of life she had chosen, and that she had no man. For the credit of human nature, it must be said that the young Gordons, succoured and established by Kirsteen's bounty, were on her side, and stood by her loyally; but even Jeanie wavered in her convictions in respect to the mantua-making. She too would have been thankful to drown the recollection of the establishment in Chapel Street in the name of a man. "If she had but a good man of her own!" But Major Gordon, soon Colonel and eventually General, as fortunate a man as in piping times of peace a soldier could hope to be, put down this suggestion with a vehemence which nobody could understand. He was the only one to whom Kirsteen's secret had ever been revealed.

In the times which are not ancient history, which some of us still remember, which were our high days of youth, as far down as in the fifties of this present century, there lived in one of the most imposing houses in one of the princeliest squares of Edinburgh, a lady who was an old lady, yet still as may be said in the prime of life. Her eye was not dim nor her natural force abated; her beautiful head of hair was still red, her eyes still full of fire. She drove the finest horses in the town, and gave dinners in which judges delighted and where the best talkers were glad to come. Her hospitality was almost boundless, her large house running over with hordes of nephews and nieces, her advice, which meant her help, continually demanded from one side or other of a large and widely extended family. No one could be more cheerful, more full of interest in all that went on. Her figure had expanded a little like her fortune, but she was the best dressed woman in Edinburgh, always clothed in rich dark-coloured silks and satins, with lace which a queen might have envied. Upon the table by her bed-head there stood a silver casket without which she never moved; but the story of which the records were there enshrined, sometimes appeared to this lady like a beautiful dream of the past, of which she was not always sure that it had ever been.

She was of the Drumcarro family in Argyllshire, who it is well known are the elder branch of all; and she was well known not only as the stand-by of her family, but as the friend of the poor and struggling everywhere. It was a common question in many circles where she was known as to how it was that she had never gotten a man—a question more than usually mysterious, seeing how well off she was, and that she must have been very good looking in her time. She was Miss Douglas of Moray Place, sister to a number of distinguished Indian officers, and to one bookworm and antiquary well known to a certain class of learned readers, but whom Edinburgh lightly jeered at as blind Jimmy Douglas or the Moudiewart—not that he was blind indeed but only abstracted in much learning. Miss Douglas was the elder sister also of the beautiful Lady Gordon whose husband was in command at Edinburgh Castle. There was no one better thought of. And so far as anybody ever knew, most people had entirely forgotten that in past times, not to disgrace her family, her name had appeared on a neat plate in conjunction with the name of Miss Jean Brown, Court Dressmaker and Mantua-Maker, as

MISS KIRSTEEN.

THE END.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

ON GREENHOW HILL.

"*Ohé*, Ahmed Din! Shafiz Ullah ahoo! Bahadur Khan, where are you? Come out of the tents, as I have done, and fight against the English. Don't kill your own kin! Come out to me!"

The deserter from a native corps was crawling round the outskirts of the camp, firing at intervals and shouting invitations to his old comrades. Misled by the rain and the darkness he came to the English wing of the camp, and with his yelping and rifle-practice disturbed the men, who had been making roads all day, and were tired and wet. Ortheris was sleeping at Learoyd's feet. "Wot's all that?" he said, thickly. Learoyd snored, and a Snider bullet ripped its way through the tent wall. The men swore. "It's that bloomin' deserter from the Aurangabadis," said Ortheris. "Git up, some one, an' tell 'im 'e's come to the wrong shop."

"Go to sleep, little man!" said Mulvaney, who was steaming nearest the door. "I can't arise an' expaytiate wid him. 'Tis rainin' entrenchin'-tools outside."

"'Tain't because you bloomin' can't; it's 'cause you bloomin' won't, ye long, lazy beggar, you! 'Ark to 'im 'owlin'!"

"Wot's the good of argifyin'? Put a bullet into the swine! 'E's keepin' us awake!" said another voice.

A subaltern shouted angrily, and a dripping sentry whined from the darkness,—"'Tain't no good, sir. I can't see 'im. 'E's 'idin' somewhere down 'ill."

Ortheris tumbled out of his blanket. "Shall I try to get 'im, sir?" said he. "No," was the answer, "lie down. I won't have the whole camp shooting all round the clock. Tell him to go and pot his friends." Ortheris considered for a moment. Then putting his head under the tent-wall he shouted, as a bus-conductor shouts in a block of traffic,—"'Igher up, there! 'Igher up!" The men laughed, and the laughter was carried down wind to the deserter, who, hearing that he had made a mistake, went off to worry his own regiment half a mile away. He was received with shots, the Aurangabadis being very angry with him for disgracing their colours.

"An' that's all right," said Ortheris, withdrawing his head as he heard the sound of the Sniders in the distance. "S'elp me Gawd tho', that man's not fit to live,—messin' with my beauty-sleep this way!"

"Go out and shoot him in the morning, then," said the subaltern incautiously. "Silence in the tents now. Get your rest, men."

Ortheris lay down with a happy little sigh, and in two minutes there was no sound except the rain on the canvas and the all-embracing and elemental snoring of Learoyd.

The camp lay on a bare ridge of the Himalayas, and for a week had been waiting for a flying-column to make connection with it. The nightly rounds of the deserter and his friends had become a nuisance. In the morning

the men dried themselves in hot sunshine, and cleaned their grimy accoutrements. The native regiment was to take its turn of road-making that day while the Old Regiment loafed.

"I'm goin' to lay for a shot at that man," said Ortheris, when he had finished washing out his rifle. "'E comes up the water-course every evenin' about five o'clock. If we go an' lie out on the North 'Ill this afternoon we'll get 'im."

"You're a bloodthirsty little mosquito," said Mulvaney, blowing blue clouds into the air. "But I suppose I will have to come wid you. Where's the Jock?"

"Gone out with the Mixed Pickles, 'cause 'e thinks 'isself a bloomin' marksman," said Ortheris with scorn. The Mixed Pickles were a detachment of picked shots generally employed in clearing spurs of hills when the enemy were too impertinent. This taught the young officers how to handle men, and did not do the enemy much harm. Mulvaney and Ortheris strolled out of camp, and passed the Aurangabadis going to their road-making.

"You've got to sweat to-day," said Ortheris genially. "We're goin' to get your man. You didn't knock 'im out last night by chanst, any of you?"

"No. The pig went away mocking us. I had one shot at him," said a private. "He's my cousin, and I ought to have cleared our dishonour. But good luck to you."

They went cautiously to the North Hill, Ortheris leading, because, as he explained, "this is a long-range show, an' I've got to do it." His was an almost passionate devotion to his rifle, which by barrack-room report he was supposed to kiss every night before turning in. Charges and scuffles he held in contempt, and when they were inevitable slipped between Mulvaney and Learoyd, bidding them fight for his skin as well as their own,—and they never failed him. He trotted along, questing like a hound on a broken trail, through the wood of the North Hill. At last he was satisfied, and threw himself down on the soft

pine-needle slope that commanded a clear view of the water-course and a bald brown hill-side beyond it. The trees made a scented darkness, in which an army-corps could have hidden from the sun-glare without.

"'Ere's the tail o' the wood," said Ortheris. "'E's got to come up the water-course, 'cause it gives 'im good cover. We'll lay 'ere. 'Tain't not 'arf so dusty neither."

He buried his nose in a clump of scentless white violets. No one had come to tell the flowers that the season of their strength was long past, and they had bloomed merrily in the twilight of the pines.

"This is something like," he said luxuriously. "Wot a 'evinly clear drop for a bullet acrost! How much d'you make it, Mulvaney?"

"Seven hunder'. May be a trifle less, bekaze the air's so thin."

Wop! wop! wop! went a volley of musketry on the rear face of the North Hill.

"Curse them Mixed Pickles—firin' at nothin'! They'll scare 'arf the country!"

"Thry a sightin' shot in the middle of the row," said Mulvaney, the man of many wiles. "There's a red rock yonder he'll be sure to pass. Quick!"

Ortheris ran his sight up to six hundred yards, and fired. The bullet threw up a feather of dust by a clump of gentians at the base of the rock.

"Good enough," said Ortheris snapping the scale down. "You snick your sights to mine, or a little lower; you're always firin' high. But remember, first shot to me. O Lordy! but it's a lovely afternoon."

The noise of the firing grew louder, and there was a tramping of men in the wood. The two lay very quiet, for they knew that the British soldier is desperately prone to fire at anything that moves or calls. Then Learoyd appeared, his tunic ripped across the breast by a bullet, looking ashamed of himself. He flung down on the pine-needles breathing in snorts.

"One o' they damned gardeners o' th' Pickles!" said he, fingering the

rent. "Firin' to th' right flank when he knowed I was there. If I knew who he was I'd a' rippen the hide offan him. Look at ma tunic!"

"That's the spishil trustability av a marksman. Train him to hit a fly wid a stiddy rest at seven hundher, an' he'll loose on anythin' he sees or hears up to two mile. You're well out av that fancy-firin' gang, Jock. Stay here."

"Bin firin' at the bloomin' wind in the bloomin' tree-tops?" said Ortheris with a chuckle. "I'll show you some firin' later on."

They burrowed in the pine-needles, and the sun warmed them where they lay. The Mixed Pickles ceased firing and returned to camp, leaving the wood to a few scared apes. The water-course lifted up its voice in the silence and talked foolishly to the rocks. Now and again the dull thump of a blasting-charge three miles away told that the Aurangabadis were in difficulties with their road-making. The men smiled as they listened and lay still, soaking in the warm leisure. Presently Learoyd spoke between the whiffs of his pipe: "Seems queer about him yonder,—desertin' an' all."

"E'll be a bloomin' sight queerer when I've done with 'im," said Ortheris.

They were talking in whispers, for the stillness of the wood and the desire of slaughter lay heavy upon them.

"I make no doubt he had his reasons for desertin', but, my faith, I make less doubt ivry man has good reason for killin' him," said Mulvaney.

"Happen there was a lass twed up wi' it. Men do more than most for th' sake of a lass."

"They make most av us 'list. They've no manner av right to make us desert."

"Ay! they make us 'list, or their fathers do," said Learoyd softly, his helmet over his eyes.

Ortheris's brow contracted savagely. He was watching the valley.

"If it's a girl, I'll shoot the beggar twice over, an' second time for bein' a fool. You're blasted sentimental all of a sudden. Thinkin' o' your last near shave?"

"Nay, lad. Ah was but thinkin' o' what had happened."

"An' what has happened, ye lumberin' child av calamity, that you're lowing like a cow-calf at the back av the pasture, an' suggestin' invidious excuses for the man Orth'ris's goin' to kill? Ye'll have to wait another hour yet, little man. Spit it out, Jock, an' bellow melojus to the moon. It takes an earthquake or a bullet-graze to fetch aught out from you. Discourse, Don Juan! The a-moors of Lotharius Learoyd! Orth'ris, kape a rowlin' rig'mental eye on the valley."

"It's along o' yon hill there," said Learoyd, watching the bare Himalayan spur that reminded him of his Yorkshire moors. He was speaking more to himself than his fellows. "Ay," said he, "Rumbolds Moor stands up ovver Skipton town, an' Greenhow Hill stands up ovver Pately Brig. I reckon yo've never heard tell o' Greenhow Hill; but yon bit o' bare stuff if there was nobbut a white road windin', is like it—strangely like. Moors, an' moors, an' moors, wi' never a tree for shelter; an' grey houses wi' flagstone roofs, an' peewits cryin', an' a wind-hover goin' to and fro just like they kites. And cold,—a wind that cuts you like a knife! You could tell Greenhow Hill folk by the red apple colour o' their cheeks an' nose tips, an' their blue eyes driven into pin-points by th' wind. Miners mostly,—burrowin' for lead i' th' hill-sides, followin' the trail of th' ore vein same as a field-rat. It was the roughest minin' I ever seen. Yo'd come on a bit o' creaking wood windlass like a well-head, an' yo let down i' th' bight of a rope, fendin' yoursen' off the side wi' one hand, carryin' a candle stuck in a lump o' clay with t'other, an' clickin' hold of a rope with t'other hand."

"An' that's three of them," said Mulvaney. "Must be a bracin' climate in those parts." Learoyd took no heed.

"An' then yo came to a level where yo crept on your hands and knees through a mile o' windin' drift, an' yo come out into a cave-place as big as

Leeds Town Hall wi' a engine pumpin' water from workin's 'at went deeper still. It's a queer country—let alone minin'—for the hills is full of those natural caves, an' the rivers an' the becks drops into what they call pot-holes an' come out again miles away."

"Wot was you doin' there?" said Ortheris.

"I was a young chap then, an' mostly went wi' 'osses leadin' coal an' lead-ore; but at th' time I'm tellin' on I was drivin' the waggon tram i' the big sumph. I didn't belong to that country-side by rights. I went there because—of a little difference at home, an' at fust I took up wi' a rough lot. One night we'd been drinkin', an' I must ha' hed more than I could stand, or happen th' ale was none so good,—tho' i' them days, I never see'd bad ale." He flung his arms over his head and gripped a vast handful of the white violets. "Nah," said he, "I never see'd the ale I could not drink, the bacca I could not smoke, nor the lass I could not kiss. Well, we mun have a race home, the lot on us. I lost all th' others, an' when I was climbin' over one of them walls built o' loose stones I comes down into the ditch, stones an' all, an' broke my arm. Not as I knawed much about it, for I fell on th' back of my head an' was knocked stupid-like. An' when I comes to mysen it were mornin', an' I were lyin' on the settle i' Jesse Roantree's house-place, and 'Liza Roantree was settin' sewin'. I ached all over, and my mouth were like a lime-kiln. She gave me a drink out of a china mug wi' gold letters—'A present from Leeds'—as I looked at many and many a time after. 'Yo're to lie still while Doctor Warbottom comes, because your arm's broken, and father has sent a lad to fetch him. He found yo when he was goin' to work, an' carried you here on his back,' sez she. 'Oa!' sez I, an' I shet my eyes, for I felt ashamed o' mysen. 'Father's gone to his work these three hours, and he said he'd tell 'em to get somebody to drive the tram.' The clock ticked an' a bee comed i' the house,

an' they rung i' my head like mill-wheels; an' she give me another drink an' settled the pillow. 'Eh, but yo're young to be getten' drunk an' such like, but yo won't do it again, will yo?' 'Noa,' sez I, I wouldn't if she'd nobbut stop they mill-wheels clatterin'."

"Faith, it's a good thing to be nursed by a woman when you're sick," said Mulvaney. "Dirt cheap at the price av twinty broken heads."

Ortheris turned to frown across the valley. He had not been nursed by many women in his life.

"An' then Doctor Warbottom comes ridin' up, an' Jesse Roantree along with 'im. He was a high-larned doctor, but he talked wi' poor folk same as theirsens. 'What's ta bin agaate on, naa?' he sings out. 'Brekkin' tha thick head?' An' he felt me all over. 'That's none broken; tha's nobbut knocked a bit sillier than ordinary, an' that's daaft eneaf.' An' soa he went on callin' me all the names he could think on, but settin' my arm wi' Jesse's help as careful as could be. 'Yo mun let the big oaf bide here a bit, Jesse,' he says, when he hed strapped me up an' given me a dose o' physic; 'an' you an' 'Liza will tend him, though he's scarcelins worth the trouble. An' tha'll lose tha work,' sez he, 'and tha'll be upon th' Sick Club for a couple o' months an' more. Doesn't tha think tha's a fool?'"

"But whin was a young man, high or low, the other av a fool, I'd like to know?" said Mulvaney. "Sure, folly's the only safe way to wisdom, for I've tried it."

"Wisdom!" grinned Ortheris, scanning his comrades with uplifted chin. "You're bloomin' Solomons you two, ain't you?"

Learoyd went on calmly with a steady eye, like an ox chewing the cud. "And that was how I comed to know 'Liza Roantree. There's some tunes as she used to sing—an' she were always singin'—that fetches Greenhow Hill before my eyes as fair as yon brow across there. And she would learn me to sing bass, and I was to go to th'

chapel wi' 'em where Jesse and she led the singin', th' old man playin' the fiddle. He was a strange chap, old Jesse, fair mad wi' music, an' he made me promise to learn the big fiddle when my arm was better. It belonged to him, and it stood up in a big case alongside o' th' eight-day clock; but Willie Satterthwaite, as played it in the chapel, had gotten deaf as a door-post, and it vexed Jesse as he had to rap him ower his head wi' the' fiddlestick to make him give ower sawin' at th' right time.

"But there was a black drop in it all, an' it was a man in a black coat that brought it. When th' Primitive Methodist preacher came to Greenhow he would always stop wi' Jesse Roantree, an' he laid hold of me from th' beginning. It seemed I wor a soul to be saved, and he meant to do it. At th' same time I jealoused 'at he were keen o' savin' 'Liza Roantree's soul as well, and I could ha' killed him many a time. An' this went on till one day I broke out an' borrowed th' brass for a drink from 'Liza. After fower days I come back wi' my tail between my legs just to see 'Liza again. But Jesse were at home, and th' preacher—th' Reverend Amos Barraclough. 'Liza said nought, but a bit o' red come into her face as were white of a regular thing. Says Jesse, tryin' his best to be civil—'Nay, lad, it's like this. Yo've gotten to choose which way it's goin' to be. I'll ha' nobody across ma doorstep as goes a drinkin', an' borrows ma lass's money to spend i' their drink. Hod tha tongue, 'Liza,' sez he when she wanted to put in a word 'at I were welcome to th' brass an' she were none afraid that I wouldn't pay it back. Then th' Reverend cuts in, seein' as Jesse were losin' his temper, an' they fair beat me among them. But it were 'Liza, as looked an' said nowt, as did more than either o' their tongues, an' soa I concluded to get converted."

"What!" shouted Mulvaney. Then checking himself he said softly, "Let be! Let be! Sure the Blessed Virgin

is the mother of all religion an' most women; an' there's a dale av piety in a girl if the men would only let it stay there. I'd ha' been converted myself in the circumstances."

"Nay, but," pursued Learoyd with a blush, "I meant it."

Ortheris laughed as loudly as he dared, having regard to his business at the time.

"Ay, Ortheris, yo may laugh, but yo didn't know yon preacher Barraclough,—a little white-faced chap wi' a voice as ud wile a bird offan a bush, and a way o' layin' hold of folks as made them think they'd never had a live man for a friend before. Yo never saw him—an'—an'—yo never seed 'Liza Roantree. Never seed 'Liza Roantree. . . . Happen it was as much 'Liza as th' preacher and her father, but anyways they all meant it, and I was fair shamed o' mysen, an' so I become what they called a changed charácter. And when I think on, it's hard to believe as yon chap going to prayer-meetin's, chapel and class-meetin's, were me. But I never had naught to say for mysen, though there was a deal o' shoutin', and old Sammy Strother, as were almost clemmed to death and doubled up wi' th' rheumatics, would sing out *Joyful! Joyful!* and 'at it were better to go up to heaven i' a coal-basket than down to hell i' a coach-an'-six. And he would put his poor old claw on my shoulder sayin'—'Doesn't tha feel it, tha great lump? Doesn't tha feel it?' An' sometimes I thought I did, and then again I thought I didn't. An' how was that, Mulvaney?"

"The iverlastin' nature av mankind," said Mulvaney. "An' furthermore I misdoubt you were built for the Primitive Methodians, Jock. They're a new corps, anyways. I hold by the Ould Church, for she's the mother of them all,—ay, an' the father too. I like her bekaze she's most remarkable regimental in her fittings. I may die in Honolulu, Nova Zembra, or Cape Cayenne; but wherever I die, me bein' what I am an' a priest handy, I go

under the same orders an' the same words an' the same unction as tho' the Pope himself come down from the dome av St. Peter's to see me off. There's neither High nor Low, nor Broad nor Deep, nor Betwixt nor Between with her, an' that's what I like. But mark you, she's no manner av Church for a wake man, bekaze she takes the body and the soul av him—onless he has his proper work to do. I remember when my father died, that was three months comin' to his grave. Begad, he'd ha' sold the shebeen above our heads for ten minutes' quittance of Purgatory! An' he did all he could. That's why I say it takes a strong man to deal with the Ould Church; an' for that very reason you'll find so many women go there. An' that same's a conundrum."

"Wot's the use o' worritin' 'bout these things?" said Ortheris. "You're bound to find all out quicker nor you want to, any'ow." He jerked the cartridge out of the breech-block into the palm of his hand. "'Ere's my chaplain," he said, and made the venomous black-headed bullet bow like a marionette. "'E's goin' to teach a man all about which is which, an' wot's true after all, before sundown. But wot 'appened after that, Jock?"

"There was one thing they boggled at and almost shut th' gate i' my face for, and that were my dog Blast,—th' only one saved out o' a litter o' pups as was blowed up when a keg o' minin'-powder loosed off in th' storekeeper's hut. They liked his name no better than his business, which was fightin' every dog he comed across—a rare good dog, wi' spots o' black and pink on his face, one ear gone, and lame o' one side wi' being driven in a basket through an iron roof a matter o' half a mile.

"They said I mun give him up, 'cause he were worldly and low; and would I let mysen be shut out of Heaven for the sake on a dog? 'Nay,' says I, 'if th' door isn't wide enough for th' pair on us we'll stop outside,

for we'll none be parted.' And th' preacher spoke up for Blast as had a likin' for him from th' first,—I reckon that was why I come to like th' preacher,—and wouldn't hear o' changin' his name into Bless, as some o' them wanted. So th' pair on us become reg'lar chapel-members. But it's hard for a young chap o' my build to cut traces from th' world, th' flesh, and th' devil all uv a heap. Yet I stuck to it for a long time, while th' lads as used to stand about th' town-end, an' lean ower th' bridge spittin' into th' beck of a Sunday, would call after me—'Sitha, Learoyd, when's ta baan to preach, 'cause we're comin' to hear tha?' 'Hod tha jaw. He hasn't getten th' white choaker on ta morn,' another lad would say. And I had to double my fists hard i' th' bottom of my Sunday coat and say to mysen,—'If 'twere Monday, and I warn't a member o' th' Primitive Methodists, I'd leather all the lot o' yond.' That was th' hardest of all,—to know as I could fight and I mustn't fight. [Sympathetic grunts from Mulvaney.] So what wi' singin', practisin', and class-meetin's, and th' big fiddle as he made me take between my knees, I spent a deal o' time i' Jesse Roantree's house-place. But often as I was there, th' preacher fared to me to go oftener, and both th' old man and th' young woman were pleased to have him. He lived i' Pately Brigg, as were a goodish step off, but he come,—he come all the same. I liked him as well or better as any man I'd ever seen i' one way, and yet I hated him wi' all my heart i' t'other, and we watched each other like cat and mouse,—but civil as you please, for I was on ma best behaviour, and he was that fair and open that I was bound to be fair with him. Rare good company he was, if I hadn't wanted to wring his clever little neck half of the time. Often and often when he was goin' from Jesse's I'd set him a bit on the road."

"See 'im 'ome, you mean?" said Ortheris.

“Ay. It’s a way we have i’ York-shire o’ seein’ friends off. Yon was a friend as I didn’t want to come back, and he didn’t want me to come back neither, and so we’d walk together towards Pately, and then he’d set me back again; and there we’d be till two o’clock i’ th’ mornin’, settin’ each other to an’ fro like a blasted pair o’ pendulums ’twixt hill and valley long after th’ light had gone out i’ ’Liza’s window as both on us had been looking at, pretendin’ to watch the moon.”

“Ah!” broke in Mulvaney, “ye’d no chanst against the maraudin’ psalm-singer. They’ll take the airs an’ the graces instid av the man nine times out av ten, an’ they only find the blunder later—the wimmen.”

“That’s just where yo’re wrong,” said Learoyd, reddening under the freckled tan of his cheek. “I was th’ first wi’ ’Liza, and yo’d think that were enough. But th’ parson were a steady-gaited sort o’ chap, and Jesse were strong o’ his side, and all th’ women i’ th’ congregation dinned it to ’Liza ’at she were fair fond to take up wi’ a wastrel ne’er-do-weel like me as was scarcelins respectable, and a fighting-dog at his heels. It was all very well for her to be doing me good and saving ma soul, but she must mind as she didn’t do herself harm. They talk o’ rich folk bein’ stuck-up an’ genteel, but for cast-iron pride o’ respectability there’s naught like poor chapel-folk. They’re as cold as th’ wind o’ Greenhow Hill,—ay, and colder, for they never change. And now I come to think on it, one o’ strangest things I know is that they couldn’t abide th’ thought o’ soldiering. There’s a vast o’ fightin’ i’ th’ Bible, and there’s a deal of Methodists i’ th’ army; but to hear chapel-folk talk yo’d think that soldierin’ were next door, an’ t’other side, to hangin’. I’ their meetin’s all their talk is o’ fightin’. When Sammy Strother were stuck for summat to say in his prayers, he’d sing out, *Th’ sword o’ th’ Lord and o’ Gideon!* They were allus at it about puttin’ on th’ whole armour o’ righteousness and fightin’ th’ good fight o’ faith. And then, atop o’

’t all, they held a prayer-meetin’ ower a young chap as wanted to ’list, and nearly deafened him till he picked up his hat and fair ran away. And they’d tell tales in th’ Sunday School o’ bad lads as had been thumped and brayed for bird-nesting o’ Sundays and playing truant o’ week-days, and how they took to wrestlin’, dog-fightin’, rabbit-runnin’, and drinkin’ till, at the last, as if ’twere a hepitaph on a grave-stone, they damned him across th’ moors wi’, *And then he went and ’listed for a soldier*—an’ they’d all fetch a deep breath and throw up their eyes like a hen drinkin’.”

“Why is it?” said Mulvaney, bringing down his hand on his thigh with a crack. “In the name av God, why is it? I’ve seen it tu. They cheat, an’ they swindle, an’ they lie, an’ they slander, an’ fifty things fifty times worse, but the last an’ the worst by their reckonin’ is to serve the Queen honest. It’s like the talk av childer—seein’ things all round.”

“Plucky lot of fightin’ good fights of whatsername they’d do if we didn’t see they ’ad a quiet place to fight in. And such fightin’ as theirs is! Cats on the tiles—t’other callin’ to which to come on. I’d give a month’s pay to get some o’ them broad-backed beggars in London sweatin’ through a day’s road-makin’ an’ a night’s rain. They’d carry on a deal afterwards,—same as we’re supposed to carry on. I’ve bin turned out of a measly arf-license pub down Lambeth-way full o’ greasy kebmen, ’fore now,” said Ortheris with an oath.

“Maybe you were dhrunk,” said Mulvaney soothingly.

“Worse nor that. The Kebbies were drunk; I was wearin’ the Queen’s uniform.”

“I’d no particular thought to be a soldier i’ them days,” said Learoyd, still keeping his eye on the bare hill-side opposite; “but this sort o’ talk put it i’ my head. They was so good, th’ chapel-folk, that they tumbled ower t’other side. But I stuck to it for ’Liza’s sake, specially as she was learnin’ me to sing th’ bass part in a

horitorio as Jesse were gotten' up. She sung like a throstle hersen, and we had practisin's night after night for a matter o' three months."

"I know what a horitorio is," said Ortheris pertly. "It's a sort o' chaplain's sing-song, words all out of the Bible and hullabaloojah choruses."

"Most Greenhow Hill folks played some instrument or other, an' they all sung so as you might have heard 'em miles away, an' they were so pleased wi' the noise they made, they didn't fare to want anybody to listen. Th' preacher sung high seconds when he wasn't playin' th' flute; an' they set me, as hadn't got far wi' th' big fiddle, again Willie Satterthwaite to jog his elbow when he had to get agate playin'. Old Jesse was happy if ever a man was; for he were th' conductor, an th' first fiddle an' th' leadin' singer; beatin' time wi' his fiddle-stick, till he'd rap with it on th' table and cry out, 'Now, yo mun all stop, it's ma turn'; an' he'd face round to his front, fair sweatin' wi' pride, to sing th' tenor solos. But he were grandest i' th' choruses, waggin' his head, flingin' his arms round like a windmill, and singin' hisself black in th' face. A rare singer were Jesse.

"Yo see I was not o' much account wi' 'em all exceptin' to 'Liza Roantree, and I had a deal o' time, settin' quiet at meetin's and horitorio-practises, to hearken their talk; and if it were strange to me at beginnin' it got stranger still at after when I was shut on it and could study what it meant.

"Just after th' horitorios come off, 'Liza, as had allus been weakly like, was took very bad. I walked Doctor Warbottom's horse up and down a deal of times while he were inside where they wouldn't let me go, though I fair ached to see her. 'She'll be better i' noo, lad,—better i' noo,' he used to say. 'Tha mun ha' patience.' Then they said if I was quiet I might go in, and th' Reverend Amos Barraclough used to read to her lyin' propped up among th' pillows. Then she began to mend a bit, and they let me carry her on to th' settle, and when it got warm again

she went about same as afore. Th' preacher and me and Blast was a deal together i' them days, and i' one way we was rare good comrades. But I could ha' stretched him time and again with good will. I mind one day he said he would like to go down into th' bowels o' th' earth and see how th' Lord had builded th' framework o' th' everlastin' hills. He was one o' them chaps as had a gift o' sayin' things. They rolled off tip of his clever tongue same as Mulvaney here, as would ha' made a rare good preacher if he had nobbut given his mind to it. I lent him a suit o' miner's kit as almost buried th' little man, and his white face down i' th' coat-collar and hat-flap looked like th' face of a boggart, and he cowered down i' th' bottom o' th' waggon. I was drivin' a tram as led up a bit of a incline up to th' cave where th' engine was pumpin' and where th' ore was brought up and put into th' waggons as went down o' themselves, me puttin' th' break on and th' horses a-trottin' after. Long as it was daylight we were good friends, but when we got fair into th' dark and could nobbut see th' day shinin' at the hole like a lamp at a street-end I feeled downright wicked. Ma religion dropped all away from me when I looked back at him as were always comin' between me and 'Liza. The talk was 'at they were to be wed when she got better, an' I couldn't get her to say yes or nay to it. He began to sing a hymn in his thin voice, and I came out wi' a chorus that was all cussin' an' swearin' at ma horses, an' I began to know how I hated him. He were such a little chap too. I could drop him wi' one hand down Garstang's Copper-hole—a place where th' beck slithered ower th' edge on a rock, and fell wi' a bit on a whisper into a pit as no rope i' Greenhow could plumb."

Again Learoyd rooted up the innocent violets. "Ay, he should see th' bowels o' th' earth an' never naught else! I could take him a mile or two along th' drift and leave him wi' his candle dowsed to cry *Hallelujah*, wi' none to hear him and say *Amen*. I

was to lead him down th' ladder-way to th' drift where Jesse Roantree was workin'; and why shouldn't he slip on th' ladder wi' ma feet on his fingers till they loosed grip and I put him down wi' ma heel? If I went fust down th' ladder I could click hold on him and chuck him ovver ma head so as he should go squishin' down th' shaft breakin' his bones at evry timberin', as Bill Appleton did when he was fresh and hadn't a bone left when he wrought to th' bottom. Niver a blasted leg to walk from Pately,—niver an arm to put round 'Liza Roantree's waist! Niver no more! Niver no more!"

Mulvaney nodded sympathy, and Ortheris, moved by his comrade's passion, brought up the rifle to his shoulder, and searched the hill-side for his quarry. The voice of the water-course supplied the necessary small talk till Learoyd picked up his story.

"But it's none so easy to kill a man like yon. When I'd given up ma horses to th' lad as took ma place and I was showin' th' preacher th' workin's, shouting into his ear across th' clang o' th' pumping-engines, I saw he was afraid o' naught; and when the lamp-light showed his black eyes I could feel as he was masterin' me again. I were no better nor Blast chained up short and growlin' i' th' depths of him while a strange dog went safe past.

"'Th'art a coward and a fool,' I said to mysen; an' I wrestled i' ma mind again him till when we come to Garstang's Copper-hole I laid hold o' th' preacher, and lifted him up ovver ma head and held him into the darkest on it. 'Now, lad,' I says, 'it's to be one or t'other on us, thee or me, for 'Liza Roantree! Why, isn't tha' afraid for thysen?' I says, for he were still i' ma arms as a sack. 'Nay, I'm but afraid for thee, ma poor lad, as knows naught,' says he. I set him down on th' edge, an' th' beck run stiller, an' there was no more buzzin' in ma head,—like when th' bee come through th' window o' Jesse's house. 'What dost tha mean?' says I.

"'I've often thought as tha ought

to know,' says he; 'but 'twas hard to tell tha. 'Liza Roantree's for neither on us, nor for nobody o' this earth. Doctor Warbottom says, and he knows her and her mother before her, that she is in a decline and she cannot live six months longer. He's known it for many a day. Steady, John, steady!' says he; and that weak little man pulled me further back and set me again him and talked it all over quiet and still, me turnin' a bunch o' candles in ma hand and counting them over and over again as I listened. A deal on it were th' regular preachin' talk, but there were a vast as made me begin to think as he were more of a man than I'd ever given him credit for, till I were cut as deep for him as I were for mysen.

"Six candles we had, and we crawled and climbed all that day while they lasted, and I said to mysen, 'Liza Roantree hasn't six months to live.' And when we came into th' daylight again we were like dead men to look at, an' Blast come behind us without so much as waggin' his tail. When I saw 'Liza again she looked at me a minute and says, 'Who's telled tha, for I see tha knows?' And she tried to smile as she kissed me, and I fair broke down.

"Yo see I was a young chap i' them days, and had seen naught o' life, let alone death as is allus a waitin'. She telled me as Doctor Warbottom said as Greenhow air was too keen, and they were goin' to Bradford to Jesse's brother David as worked i' a mill, and I mun hold up like a man and a Christian and she'd pray for me. Well, and they went away, and th' preacher, that same back end o' th' year, were appointed to another circuit, as they call it, and I were left alone on Greenhow Hill.

"I tried and I tried hard to stick to th' chapel, but 'tweren't th' same thing at after. I hadn't 'Liza's voice to follow i' th' singin', nor her eyes a shinin' acrost their heads. And i' th' class-meetin's they said as I mun have some 'experiences' to tell, and I hadn't a word to say for mysen.

"Blast and me moped a good deal, and happen we didn't behave ourselves ovver well, for they dropped us and wondered however they'd come to take us up. I can't tell how we got through th' time, while i' th' winter I gave up ma job and went to Bradford. Old Jesse were at th' door o' th' house in a long street o' little houses. He'd been sendin' th' children away as was clatterin' their clogs on th' causeway, for she were asleep.

"Is it thee?" he says. "But yo're not to see her. I'll none have her wakened for a nowt like thee. She's goin' fast, and she mun go in peace. Thou'lt never be good for naught i' th' world, and as long as thou lives thou'lt never play th' big fiddle. Get away, lad, get away." So he shut th' door softly i' ma face.

"Nobody never made Jesse ma master, but it seemed to me he were about right, and I went away into the town and knocked up against a recruiting-sergeant. The old tales o' th' chapel-folk came buzzin' into ma head. I was to get away, and this were th' regular road for the likes o' me. I 'listed and took th' Queen's shillin' and had a bunch o' ribbons pinned i' my hat.

"But next day I found my way to David Roantree's door and Jesse came to open it. Says he,—'Thou's come back again wi' th' Devil's colours flyin'? Thy true colours as I always telled thee.' But I begged and prayed of him to let me see her nobbut to say good-bye, till a woman calls down th' stairway,—'She says John Learoyd's to come up.' Th' old man shifts aside in a flash, and lays his hand on my arm quite gentle-like. 'But thou'lt be quiet, John,' says he, 'for she's rare and weak. Tha was allus a good lad.'

"Her eyes were all alive wi' light, and her hair was thick on the pillow round her, but her cheeks were thin,—thin to frighten a man that's strong. 'Nay, father, yo' mayn't say th' Devil's colours. Them ribbons is pretty,' she says. An' she held out her hands

for th' hat, an' she put all straight, as a woman will wi' ribbons. 'Nay, but what they're pretty,' she says. 'Eh, but I'd ha' liked to see thee i' thy red coat, John, for tha' was allus my own lad; ma very own lad and none else.' She lifted up her arms, and they come round ma neck i' a gentle grip, and then slacked away and she seemed fainting. 'Now yo' mun get away, lad,' says Jesse, and I picked up ma hat and I came down stairs.

"Th' recruiting-sergeant were waitin' for me at th' corner public-house. 'Yo've seen your sweetheart?' says he. 'Yes, I've seen her,' says I. 'Well, we'll have a quart now, and yo'll do your best to forget her,' says he, bein' one o' them smart, bustlin' chaps. 'Ay, sergeant,' says I, 'forget her.'—And I've been forgettin' her ever since."

He threw away the wilted clump of white violets as he spoke. Ortheris suddenly rose to his knees, his rifle at his shoulder, and peered across the valley in the clear afternoon light. His chin cuddled the stock, and there was a twitching of the muscles of the right cheek as he sighted. Private Stanley Ortheris was engaged on his business. A speck of white crawled up the water-course.

"See that beggar?—Got 'im!"

Seven hundred yards away and a full two hundred down the hill-side the deserter of the Aurangabadis pitched forward, rolled down a red rock, and lay very still with his face in a clump of blue gentians, while a big raven flapped out of the pine-wood to make investigation.

"That's a clean shot, little man," said Mulvaney.

Learoyd thoughtfully watched the smoke clear away. "Happen there was a lass tewed up wi' him too," said he.

Ortheris did not reply. He was staring across the valley with the smile of the artist who looks on the completed work.

MONTAIGNE.

I.

"DEAR old Montaigne," writes Edward Fitzgerald in a letter to Mr. Aldis Wright, and in another letter he says that he found him "very comfortable company." That is just how Montaigne would have had his readers speak of him. "I like your Essays," said the French king, Henry the Third, to him. "Then, sire, you will like me; I am my Essays." Montaigne has never wanted for readers and admirers in this country. Of no French writer have so many direct traces been imprinted on our literature. From Shakespeare and Bacon downwards the tradition has always been kept up. Poets and philosophers, men of letters and statesmen, have found in him a companion and a friend.

It could not indeed be said now, as Peter Coste said in 1724 in the preface to his edition of the Essays, that he meets with a more favourable entertainment here than in his native country. His French is difficult, not merely because it is French of the sixteenth century, but from the peculiar style of the writer, his use not only of local words and idioms, words of his own coining, his love of rapidly-changing metaphor, his frequent digressions, his omissions both in the thought and the language, a style in short which he himself aptly describes "as too compact, disorderly, broken and singular." And this very individuality of style makes it impossible to represent him adequately by a translation. About Florio's version, from the fact that Shakespeare read in it, there clings a precious aroma; it is written too in the rich and royal manner of the Elizabethan age; there are passages in it of noble eloquence. On the other hand it often misrepresents the original; it gives the wrong mean-

ing, or no meaning at all. Cotton is more successful on the whole in understanding his text; but he too misses the mark not infrequently, and he is seldom really faithful, while his language is far more alien than Florio's in spirit to the concentrated and nervous sentences of Montaigne. From the fact, however, that both these translations have been reprinted in a cheap form within recent years, it may be inferred that Montaigne is still read to a considerable extent in our land.

What is the cause of this abiding popularity? In the first place the form of the book, its desultory character, its variety. It is eminently a book to read in at odd moments, to take with you on your travels, or to put by your bedside in case of a wakeful hour. There is no need to read it continuously; if you have had enough of one essay you can pass on to another without any upbraiding of conscience, for that is how Montaigne would have you read him, it is how he himself read. "If one book bores me, I take another." But a deeper source of attraction is the autobiographical interest. "I myself am the subject of my book," says Montaigne in his preface. "What a foolish project was that of pointing himself!" cried Pascal. "What folly to tell us that he liked white wine," murmured Scaliger. The world, however, is not of their opinion. It amuses us to hear even such trivial details about this Gascon gentleman of three centuries ago as that he never used a warming-pan for his bed, that his ears often itched, and that his favourite food was fish not too fresh. But the real interest lies in the delineation of his character. It has been said by M. Taine that, with Shakespeare and St. Simon, Balzac is the greatest storehouse of documents on human nature

that we possess. It is a phrase that we may well use of Montaigne's book ; it is a storehouse of documents on human nature. It sounds paradoxical, no doubt, to put Montaigne in the same category with Balzac as a commentator on human nature, for as against the many hundred characters of the *Comédie Humaine*, which form a world of their own, have indeed a biographical dictionary of their own, he has only one character to show—himself. But it must be remembered that, while the creatures of the imagination are represented for the most part with simple characters, more or less of one piece, with some special characteristic thrown strongly into relief and little or no account taken of others, on the other hand Montaigne's character was a singularly complex one, so complex that no two of his readers would probably agree in their interpretation of it. And it was not only complex, but like most characters in real life, and unlike most characters in works of imagination, it was full of contradictions and inconsistencies. "I give my mind," he says, "sometimes one face, sometimes another, according to the position in which I place it. If I vary in speaking of myself it is because I look at myself in various lights. Every contradiction is to be found in me in turn in some shape or another ; bashful, insolent ; chaste, licentious ; talkative, taciturn ; hard-working, a fine gentleman ; witty, dull ; morose, light-hearted ; mendacious, truthful ; learned, ignorant ; liberal, avaricious and prodigal ; all this I see in myself in some measure, according as I turn myself round." Now this is exactly what our own experience teaches us. The strands of good and evil are so subtly mingled in human nature, they cross and recross so inextricably, that it is difficult for any man looking within his breast to distinguish clearly, as on a map, the good and the evil. But a large proportion of mankind have no strongly marked qualities ; they have nothing but half-developed virtues and half-suppressed

vices, each ever shifting like the shore of the ebbing and flowing sea. It follows then that Montaigne's delineation of himself is far more real than the portrait of any novelist. Even those who best deserve the much-abused name of Naturalist can only give an arrangement of life. Montaigne gives us life itself. He has not, it is true, drawn a finished portrait of himself, but he has given us what is far more trustworthy, a storehouse of documents about his character. The very fact that they are so difficult to piece together makes us all the more inclined to put confidence in them.

But should we assume then that Montaigne had attained to what is commonly supposed to be the height of wisdom, namely self-knowledge ? A man may not know himself as a whole, may not be so good a judge as his neighbour of the appearance that he presents to the world, and yet can give a far more accurate account of the phenomena which underlie and produce that appearance. "Strangers," truly says Montaigne, "can only see actions and external appearances ; every man can put on a good face, though within he is full of fever and fright ; they do not see my heart, they only see my countenance." Again, can we be sure that Montaigne is perfectly honest in his statements ? In the case of a man who has written his autobiography without any thought of publication, without any suspicion that the world will one day look over his shoulder, we may be prepared to accept his self-revelations without question. But was it Montaigne's deliberate intention to paint his own portrait, and to hang it up for the world to look at ? Is it in human nature that he should have drawn every wrinkle, that he should not have heightened some pleasing feature, or toned down some defect ? I admit that it is not, and I further admit that Montaigne was a vain man, and that vanity does not conduce to accuracy in self-portraiture. But while I thoroughly agree with the

caution given by Bayle St. John in his life of Montaigne against accepting his testimony implicitly with respect to his own moral and intellectual qualities, I see no reason to doubt his general statement that his book is one of good faith and that he has brought to it the most sincere and complete accuracy that he could.

Believing then that Montaigne's self-revelations are the most striking and valuable part of his book, I shall devote this paper to a consideration of his character. In a future paper I shall hope to deal with his opinions. Fortunately the *Essays* are not the only record that he has left us of his character. We have another and more unimpeachable source of evidence in the journal of his travels, which was evidently written for his own eyes only, and the manuscript of which was not discovered till near the close of the eighteenth century in an old chest in his house. The first part of the manuscript, about a third, is in the handwriting of one of his servants, who, though he always speaks of his master in the third person, evidently wrote at his dictation. In one place indeed the first person has inadvertently slipped in. The rest is written by Montaigne himself, speaking in the first person; about half of this portion is in not very correct Italian. It was published in 1774, in which year Horace Walpole read it, and said untruthfully that "there was little in it but the baths and medicines he took, and what he had for dinner."

Montaigne was absent on his travels from June 1580 to the end of November 1581. His course lay through Switzerland, Bavaria, the Tyrol and Italy to Rome, where he spent five months. From Rome he went to Loretto, and thence to Bagni di Lucca, where, except for a seven weeks' visit to Florence, Pisa, and Lucca, he resided from May to September 1581, drinking the waters for the benefit of his malady, the stone. In September he received a letter from a private friend telling him of his election to

the mayoralty of Bordeaux. At first he was inclined to refuse the office, but finding at Rome, where he went from Lucca, the official letter announcing his election, he at once accepted it, and straightway returned to France by the Mont Cenis.

The *Journal* contains (at least the first two-thirds, for the remainder is little more than a record of the effect of the waters on Montaigne's malady,) much interesting matter, but here I will only call attention to such passages as serve to throw light on Montaigne's character. To begin with, we have evidence of his vanity in his efforts to obtain the title of Roman citizen, the Bull conferring which is set out in full in the *Essay on Vanity*, and in his presenting to the bath-house at Bagni di Lucca an escutcheon of his arms on condition that it should always be hung up in the room he had used. At Augsburg, too, he left a copy of his arms as a memorial of his visit.

One characteristic which is very noticeable in the journal is his curiosity, "an honourable curiosity to get information about everything," as he terms it in the famous *Essay on Education*. His propensity to diverge from his route whenever he heard of anything interesting was rather annoying to his companions, but he seems to have got pretty much his own way. He took especial delight in talking with strangers, and getting information from them. He was annoyed at finding so many Frenchmen at Rome, in this utterly unlike the ordinary French traveller of to-day, who is never happy unless he can find his own language and habits in the countries he visits. But Montaigne thirsted for novelty and instruction. He even regretted that he had not brought a cook with him to learn new dishes, for he believed that even in cookery there was something to be learnt out of France. He readily adopted the customs and even the dress of the country in which he was travelling. At Augsburg he wore a cap lined with fur; at Lindau he slept under a feather-bed,

of which he highly approved, and drank his wine without water. His open-mindedness with regard to habits, customs, and even religions, is remarkable. He compares them with those of his own country with perfect impartiality.

Montaigne seems to have had little eye for beauty either in art or nature. On his first visit to Florence he cannot understand why it should be called *la bella*; it is not, he thinks, more beautiful than Bologna, and beyond comparison less so than Venice. His second visit, however, convinced him of the justice of the appellation. He can find nothing to admire in the palace at Urbino, either inside or out. In his account of the Campo Santo at Pisa he barely notes the existence of the frescoes. His description of the Certosa of Pavia is very brief, and shows no real appreciation. His study, in fine, as he so constantly tells us in the Essays, was man and man only.

The general impression then of Montaigne that we get from the Journal is that of a man of keen and active intelligence, always on the look-out for information, and especially interested in comparing the social phenomena of different countries, unprejudiced and tolerant to a remarkable degree, quick in his temper, kindly, not a little vain, and somewhat egotistic and selfish. With this impression to start with, let us see what account he gives of himself in the Essays. We shall find, I think, that on the whole it does not materially differ.

It was apparently not till after Montaigne had been at work upon his Essays for some years that he determined to make himself the principal subject of them. In the original edition of the first two Books, published in 1580, there is, with few exceptions, and those chiefly in the Essay on Education, little about himself or his character till we come to the Seventeenth Essay of the Second Book, which can hardly have been written before 1578, seven years after he had begun

his work. In this Essay he gives us for the first time a detailed description of his character, but before doing so he announces his intention in an indirect and apologetic fashion, sheltering himself behind the example of Lucilius. But he evidently felt that so novel a proceeding demanded further justification, and so the next Essay, On Giving the Lie, opens with an elaborate defence of his design, in which he answers the possible objection that though autobiography may be excusable in a great man about whom the world would be glad to have information, it is different with an ordinary man. "This objection," he says, "is very true, but it does not affect me. I am not erecting a statue to set up in the market-place, or in a church, or any public place; it is to be hidden in the corner of a library, for the entertainment of some one who has a particular interest in making my acquaintance; a neighbour, a relation, a friend who will take pleasure in renewing my acquaintance in my portrait. Others have taken courage to speak of themselves, because they have found a subject that is worthy and fruitful; I, on the contrary, from having found it so meagre and barren, that no one can suspect me of ostentation."

The first two Books were, as we have seen, published in 1580, apparently in June. Immediately afterwards Montaigne set out on his tour, returning in November, 1581. In 1582 he superintended the publication of a second and revised edition of the two Books. Except in a few places the alterations are chiefly verbal, and affect the style rather than the matter. In 1588 appeared a new edition, the last published in his life-time, "augmented by a Third Book, and by six hundred additions to the two first." The first two Books in this edition are, in fact, one third as long again as in the original edition. A good deal of the additional matter consists of quotations, of which only sparing use had been made in the earlier editions. "I go about here and there," Montaigne says in a newly

inserted passage, "pillaging from books sentences which please me, not in order to remember them, but to transfer them to my book."

The Third Book is considerably different in character from the two earlier ones. Montaigne writes now like a man who is sure of his public. The Essays grow longer, and he boldly proclaims both his intention and his competence to write about himself. "No man," he says, "ever understood the subject of which he was treating better than I do. In this I am the most learned man alive." The Ninth Essay, On Vanity, and the Thirteenth, On Experience, are rich in details of his life and character. "I tell the truth, not to my heart's content, but as much as I dare; and as I grow older I dare rather more." There is certainly little reticence in this last Book, especially in the Third and Fifth Essays, where, it must be confessed, he tells us things *tacenda* rather than *dicenda*. In fact the Fifth Essay, under the mask of its innocent title, On some Lines of Virgil, is almost as audaciously licentious as anything in Brantôme. The style, too, has grown more mature. If the characteristics of the earlier Essays, the digressions, the ruggedness, the conversational style, are sometimes exaggerated, there is on the whole greater richness and greater depth. The Essay on the Art of Conversation led Pascal to speak of its author as incomparable; the one On Repentance shows a profounder knowledge of human nature than any other; the one On Coaches contains the fine description of the Roman amphitheatre and the eloquent passage on the conquest of Peru and Mexico. But perhaps the finest in the whole book is the Essay on Vanity, with its splendid passage (reminding one of Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*) on the grandeur of Rome.

So far as we know, Montaigne did not write any fresh Essays after the publication of the Third Book, but he went on correcting and adding to the old ones down to his death in 1592, and he left

behind him two copies of the edition of 1588 revised for the press. From one of these, presumably the most complete but not now in existence, Mademoiselle de Gournay, his adopted daughter, published a new edition in 1595. The other, now in the Public Library at Bordeaux, is of great interest for it gives us some information about Montaigne which we should not have suspected. In the Essays he tells us that his handwriting is so insupportably bad that he cannot read it himself. Now the writing in the margin of this Bordeaux copy, which is indisputably Montaigne's own, is not only beautiful to look at, but quite easy to read, even where it is very minute. On this point we have further testimony in two autograph documents of which Payen gives facsimiles in his *Documents Inédits*; one, a letter to the *Jurats* of Bordeaux, which is by no means badly written, and the other, a short estimate of Cæsar's Commentaries, which Montaigne, as his habit was, wrote at the end of his copy of the book, and which is in the same small but clear writing which we see in the margin of the Bordeaux copy of the Essays. Again, Montaigne tells us that he does not bother himself about orthography or punctuation; he knows little or nothing about them; the printer may alter his meaning, or make nonsense of him if he please. "Those who know how indolent I am, will readily believe that I would rather dictate the same number of new essays than take the trouble of revising the old ones for the sake of these puerile corrections." In the face of this declaration, it is amusing and instructive to find in the Bordeaux copy that not only there are general directions to the printer on the matter of orthography, but that frequent changes of punctuation are made in the text, Montaigne even taking the trouble to alter capitals to small letters. That he was perpetually altering his Essays we know already from the evidence of the successive editions; we learn too, from the same

evidence that his alterations often affect, not the subject, but merely the style and the language. But it is interesting to catch him, as it were, in the very act of alteration, which is what the Bordeaux copy enables us to do. The substitution of one apparently unimportant word for another, such as *contention* for *estude*, and *entre* for *parmi* in the preface, and the frequent erasures and alterations in some of the manuscript additions, make it evident that Montaigne was much more concerned with the style of his book than he would have us believe. In the Apology for Raimond Sebond he does indeed say that he often had to alter what he had written, because he had forgotten what he meant by it, but in the Essay on Vanity he professes to take the extreme line which some people would have all poets take. "I add, but I do not alter. Firstly, because when a man has once made over his work to the world, it seems to me that he has no longer any right to it; let him speak better, if he can, in another work and not corrupt the one he has sold. Of such fellows, one should buy nothing until after their death. . . . Secondly, because for my own part, I am afraid of losing by the change." The fact is that Montaigne was evidently a victim to the same form of vanity as Horace Walpole. He wanted his readers to think of him not as a professional man of letters, but as a fine gentleman who amused himself, when the fancy took him, with putting his thoughts on paper. "My studies," he says, "have taught me to act and not to write. I have employed all my efforts in shaping my life; that is my profession and my work; I know less about making books than any other business." Here then we get fresh evidence of Montaigne's vanity and we see how it has affected his statements about himself. But it is ungracious to say more about a defect without which the Essays would have been shorn of half their interest.

Vanity, may, I suppose, be roughly defined as the love of being talked

about. Whether by way of praise or blame does not much matter; the vain man is equally well pleased whether his portrait appears in *Men and Women of the Day* or in *Vanity Fair*. At any rate vanity implies a gallery to play to; Robinson Crusoe, until he met with Friday, had no temptations to this failing. On the other hand conceit and arrogance and the other forms of self-esteem, however much they may be fostered by the good opinion of others, have their basis on a man's opinion of himself. In the Essay on Arrogance (by which we may best render the French word *présomption*), the first essay, be it noted, in which Montaigne speaks at any length about his own character, he first defines arrogance as a too good opinion of oneself, but presently he says that there are two kinds of arrogance, a too high opinion of ourselves and a too low opinion of others. It would have come to the same thing if he had expanded his original definition by the addition of the words "relatively to others." Whether you rate yourself too high and others too low, so long as your estimate of yourself, in comparison with others, goes beyond the true relation, you are guilty of arrogance. Of that form of the vice which consists in the too low opinion of others, Montaigne admits that he is to some extent guilty. "Whether it is," he says, "that the continual intercourse that I hold with the ancient world and the thought of these rich minds of bygone days disgusts me as well with others as with myself; or that in truth we live in an age which produces nothing but mediocrity, certain it is that I know nothing worthy of great admiration." He admits, then, that he has a low opinion of his contemporaries, but to what extent or whether at all he is guilty of arrogance in so doing, depends upon his estimate of himself. The account he has given of his mental capacity cannot be said to be flattering. He has no memory; his understanding is slow; he is ignorant of the most ordinary things, especially of matters

connected with agriculture and country life, though born and bred in the country and for many years a landed proprietor. He is irresolute, indolent, and wanting in perseverance. On the other hand what he does understand, he understands thoroughly; his opinions, if formed slowly, are sound, sensible, and independent, and his intellect, if neither quick nor brilliant, is well-regulated and critical. To this extent only he pleads guilty of the first kind of arrogance, namely that he believes in his own opinions, though elsewhere he says that he does so not because he sets a high value on them, but because he sets a low value on the opinions of others.

Self-depreciation, says Aristotle (and Montaigne has quoted the saying with approval), may arise from arrogance as surely as self-esteem. Let us try and test Montaigne's sincerity with regard to his failings. He has been accused of exaggerating his want of memory, a defect on which he constantly insists, in order to heighten his originality and independence of thought. How, it is said, could a man with so bad a memory have written these Essays, full as they are of apposite illustration? To this it may be answered that the illustrations were, for the most part, inserted, as Montaigne tells us, book in hand, and that at any rate for details he undoubtedly had a bad memory. He did not know whether it was two or three children that he had lost in infancy; he makes a mistake about his father's age at the time of his death; he gives the wrong year for his departure on his travels. Again, when he accuses himself of slowness of intellect and irresolution, this is just what we should expect from a man who always saw two sides to an argument, and inscribed upon the central beam of his library the *ἐπέχω* ("I suspend my judgment") of the Sceptics.

Another defect to which he pleads guilty is want of perseverance. "I am feverishly active where my inclination carries me on, but this point is an

enemy to perseverance. He who would use my services should intrust me with business which requires vigour and freedom of action and the conduct of which is direct, brief, and even hazardous; here I might be of some use; but if it be long, subtle, laborious, artificial, and tortuous, he had better apply to some one else." He says, "that he skims books and does not study them;" and after telling us that he has just read Tacitus through, he adds that it is twenty years since he has read a book for an hour together. He had been urged to write a history of his times, but "for the glory of Sallust he would not take the trouble, being a sworn enemy to obligation, assiduity, or constancy." This characteristic comes out very strongly in the Essays. Montaigne seldom or never probes a subject to its lowest depths; he is a vigorous and original rather than a profound and exact thinker. The style, too, and method of the Essays are even more characteristic than the thought. The difficulty of understanding Montaigne arises chiefly from the little pains he takes to make his thought clear. He leaves gaps, as I have already said, in his argument, writing in fact in the disjointed, incomplete style of a conversation; he diverges on the least provocation into a long parenthesis. He wrote, in short, in much the same way as he travelled, having no fixed route, and no guide but his own fancy. The Essay on Coaches will furnish a good example of this method. After a few general remarks, he asks whence the custom arose of blessing those who sneeze. This leads to a consideration of the cause of sea-sickness. His own experience convinces him that it does not arise from fear. Riding in a coach affects him in the same sort of way. If he could remember enough about it he should like to repeat what histories say about the use of chariots in war. As it is he will only mention how the Hungarians used them against the Turks. A remark or two about the use of coaches for luxury leads to

a discussion on the extravagance and true liberality of princes, followed by an account of the Roman Amphitheatre chiefly taken from the Seventh Eclogue of Calpurnius. A comparison between the ancient and modern world suggests the thought that the modern world has just discovered a new one, and then we have a most eloquent description of the conquest of Peru and Mexico, full of sympathy for the conquered, and of indignation at the cruelty of the conquerors. Finally he recollects that this is an *Essay on Coaches*, so, after saying "Let us fall back on our coaches," he tells us that they do not use coaches in Peru, and concludes with an account of the capture of the last king of Peru in battle. As regards his ignorance about agricultural matters and other details of country life, it merely shows a capacity for shutting his mind entirely to things in which he had no interest.

On the whole, then, I believe, that Montaigne has honestly set down his failings as he conceived them, and without any desire to exaggerate them in order to give greater prominence to his virtues. Such exaggeration as there is is due far more to irony than to arrogance. So, too, I believe that his view of the extent to which he is guilty of arrogance is on the whole a just one. He did think too meanly of other men, but he did not over-rate himself. Certainly he did not over-rate his second self, his *Essays*. Popular though they were from the very moment of their publication, he only says of them, "I rate them sometimes high, sometimes low." As to the praise which he gives himself for his common sense and independence of thought, it is certainly well-deserved. There is no doubt a touch of self-complacency about it, as he himself admits, but it is the self-complacency of a man who knows his own worth. Montaigne, in fact, in not a few points resembles Aristotle's portrait of the lofty-minded man. "He looks down on others, . . . it is his nature to confer benefits,

but he is ashamed to receive them . . . he is frank in his hatreds and his friendships . . . he speaks and acts openly . . . he is truthful except by way of irony, for he is ironical to the many . . . he is not prone to admire, for nothing appears to him great . . . he is not given to praise . . . he cannot live so as to suit another's pleasure, except he be a friend." There is one feature, however, in which Aristotle's portrait is very far from resembling Montaigne. The lofty-minded man "is no gossip; he will talk neither about himself nor about any one else." But if Montaigne had been all of one piece with the character described by Aristotle, he would not have been the charming company which the world finds him. It is just the intermixture of vanity and humility in his character that brings him down to the level of human sympathy and friendship.

What he says about his belief in his own opinions in the *Essay on Arrogance* finds confirmation elsewhere. "He seldom takes advice, and if events turn out ill, he blames his fortune and not his judgment." But though he did not bow to the opinions of others, he was extremely tolerant of them. We have seen how tolerant and free from prejudice he showed himself on his travels. It was in the same spirit that he regarded the great controversy, half political, half religious, which had divided France into two camps. Though he had no doubt that right was on the side of that party which was prepared to maintain the old form of religion and government, he deplored the violence into which the hot passions engendered by party strife had led some even of the honest men on the Catholic side. The furious partisan spirit, for instance, of his friend and fellow Gascon, Monluc, who for several years held a command in Guienne must have been highly distasteful to him. So too he can find much to admire on the other side. He signals out La Noue as one of the few remarkable men among his contemporaries. He twice speaks of Henry the Fourth,

though without mentioning his name, with evident liking and respect, and on two occasions he entertained him in his house. A letter written to him on September 2nd, 1590, five days after he had been obliged to raise the siege of Paris, breathes a noble spirit of independence. "I have never," he says, "received any gain from the liberality of kings any more than I have solicited or deserved it, nor have I had any payment for what I have done in their service, and with which your Majesty is partly acquainted. What I have done for your predecessors I will with far greater good will do for you."

On the other hand Montaigne is in one place betrayed by his love of independence into expressions which certainly savour somewhat of arrogance. "I know no one," he says, "more independent and less indebted to others than I am . . . How fervently I pray God of His divine mercy that I may never owe any thanks to any one." It seems natural, however, to regard this as one of the not infrequent outbursts into which Montaigne is betrayed on the spur of the moment, without a real perception of all they imply. For surely such a complete self-reliance as this sentiment denotes is wholly inconsistent with those ideas on friendship which Montaigne has in several places so nobly expressed. Of his well-known friendship for La Boétie he speaks often and eloquently, nowhere with a truer ring of sincerity than where he says: "If I am pressed to say, why I loved him, I feel that I can only express it by answering,—because it was he, because it was I." Elsewhere he tells us that he is very capable of forming and keeping up rare and exquisite friendships, and in another place he says: "If by such plain tokens I knew of any one who was suited to me, in good faith I would go far to find him; for the charm of a congenial and agreeable company cannot to my mind be purchased too dear. Oh! a friend! How true is that old saying 'That the intercourse of a

friend is more necessary and pleasing than the elements of water and fire.'"

Surely the man who could utter these sentiments cannot have been serious in congratulating himself that he owed a debt of gratitude to no man.

Montaigne certainly possessed many qualities which win a man friends. He always, he tells us, said what he thought, and he hated, with an intensity that was unusual to him, "the new virtue of hypocrisy and dissimulation which in these days is so much accredited." The historian De Thou speaks of him as a frank man, and Pasquier vouches for his veracity. His objections to lying are finely put. "It is a cursed vice, for it is speech alone which distinguishes us as men; it is by speech alone that we hold communication with another." In another Essay this idea is developed. "Seeing that our intelligence is conveyed to one another solely by means of speech, he who falsifies it is a traitor to public society; it is the only instrument by which our wishes and our thoughts are communicated, it is the interpreter of our soul; if it fails us, we are no longer in touch with one another, we no longer know one another; if it deceives us, it breaks down all our intercourse, it loosens all the bands of our government." Lying and obstinacy he thought were the only faults for which children should be severely punished. But even for these, or at any rate for obstinacy, he would not have the rod used. He himself had only been whipped twice, and that gently, in his childhood. In nothing does he show himself more in advance of his age, than in his hatred, not only of the rod as an instrument of education, but of every form of cruelty. Two of his Essays are directed against this vice which he says that he hated as the worst of all vices. He had, he tells us, a marvellous weakness towards pity and tender-heartedness; he could not bear to see a chicken's throat cut, and it pained him to hear a hare crying in the jaws of his dogs.

Another quality which must have endeared him to his friends is his cheerfulness. He has no love, he tells us, nor respect for sadness, and no one is more exempt from it than he is; but though he is not melancholy he is given to reverie, and he is fond of meditating about death. The first Essay in which he freely gives rein to his thoughts, the Nineteenth of the First Book, is entitled, Philosophy is to Learn how to Die, and it ends with a remarkable picture of a chamber of death. During the last fifteen years or more of his life Montaigne carried about him an ever-present *memento mori* in the shape of an incurable malady, the stone, of which he has a good deal to say. He is not the only person of genius who has discoursed about his ailments; but it must be said in his favour that he always does so with complete resignation and cheerfulness.

One of the gravest charges that has been brought against Montaigne is that of selfishness, and his worst accuser is himself. In one place he speaks of the singular affection which he bore himself; in another he says, "that any one who voluntarily gives up a healthy and cheerful life in order to serve others, commits in his opinion a wrong and unnatural action." This statement is almost as frank as that of the candidate for the borough of West Looe, who, putting his hat on his head proclaimed to the constituency that he thanked God that there was nothing in the world for which he cared so much as for what was under his hat. But must we implicitly accept Montaigne's remarks on this point? Of course he is an egotist, for egotism means talking about yourself; he may even be called, as Emerson calls him, the prince of egotists, for his egotism has indeed something princely about it. "This Prince Montaigne" old Samuel Daniel calls him. But is it fair to assume, as it is always assumed, that vanity and egotism were the only motives of his self-revelations? May he not have had to some extent a scientific object? His

chief interest, he often tells us, was the study of human nature; that was his profession, his art. His earliest Essays consist almost entirely of stories drawn from literary sources which illustrate his theme, and all through them there are comparatively few remarks based upon observation of his fellow men. May he not deliberately have formed the plan of studying human nature, not as most men do by the observation of others, but as it was reflected in himself? Is not this, after all, what he claims for his work, and is there any reason why we should not believe him? Moreover, if vanity and egotism are all that is required for truthful self-revelation, how is it that no one has done it since Montaigne's time with anything like the same degree of thoroughness? Rousseau was surely vain enough and egotistic enough; but what value have his Confessions as documents of human nature compared with Montaigne's? It is because Montaigne had a real object in his confessions, and because his vanity and egotism were accompanied and controlled by his extraordinary frankness and sincerity that the result is so invaluable.

The charge of selfishness is much graver, and it is impossible to acquit him altogether of it. He certainly made much account of ease and tranquillity and freedom from constraint, and he shrewdly ordered his life so as to have as much of these as possible. On the other hand he not infrequently gave his services in public matters of some difficulty, on one occasion acting as negotiator between Henry of Guise and Henry of Navarre, and he fulfilled his duties as Mayor of Bordeaux at any rate sufficiently well to be re-elected for a second term of office. Inconsistent too with extreme selfishness is his kindness to the lower classes, his sympathy with their lives and appreciation of their virtues, a trait of character to be found in very few *seigneurs* of the sixteenth century, whether in France or elsewhere. I do not deny that he was selfish; but of that ex-

treme form of selfishness which deliberately pursues its own pleasures at the expense of others, he must, I think, be acquitted. Selfishness is the vice which, more than any other, distinguishes the human nature from the divine. The man who is wholly untainted by it is something more than an ordinary man. But an ordinary man is precisely what Montaigne claimed to be. "The noblest lives," he says at the conclusion of his Essays, "are to my mind those which are ordered after the ordinary human pattern, without miracle, without extravagance." It is true that a large field of human experience is closed to him—the poet's vision and the Christian's hope, the purifying effects of sorrow, the ennobling influence of love; and on the other hand, the tyranny of an overmastering passion, the pangs of an unavailing remorse, the dull misery of despair. Human nature, in short, at either end of the scale is beyond his compass. But

this limitation is the source of his strength and his popularity. It is because of the very defects in his moral character that this one man stands forth as an epitome of human nature. The Pascals hate him, but the Pascals of this world are few. The ordinary man, the man of ordinary virtue finds in him his account. Dean Church, no doubt, goes too far when he says that "Montaigne's views both of life and death are absolutely and entirely unaffected by the fact of his professing to believe the Gospel"; but there is considerable truth in the remark, and there is truth also in Sainte Beuve's remark that he is "the natural man." All men, even those who conform most closely to the Christian pattern, have something of the natural unregenerate man in them, and it is this "touch of human" which draws them to Montaigne. *Chacun à son lopin en lui.*

ARTHUR TILLEY.

THE MODERN SPIRIT IN ROME.

“On days,” says Seendhal, “when I am wholly attuned for sympathy, I would be at Rome; but residing here tends to enfeeble the soul, and plunge it in a sort of stupor; there is nothing like alacrity, nothing like energy, to be seen; everything drawls and languishes.” These words will find their response in the minds of most northerners who sojourn in the famous city of the Cæsars and the Popes. Do what the modern Romans may, they cannot convince us that Rome is like other cities,—a place of commercial activity, of the deep earnest thought that generates among large assemblies of men engaged in practical modes of life, a place, in short, of reality. We do not want that sort of thing here; and so, even if we see a semblance of it when we are among the ruined walls and columns of its past, we turn our backs on these a little pettishly. “If you stay here a week,” say English people who have deserted their own land for Rome, “you will leave with no great regret. Your idea of Rome will be so confusing and formless that it will give you no more satisfaction than a puzzle you cannot solve. If you stay a month, you will begin to get fond of the place. And if you are so circumstanced (happily or unhappily for yourself) that you are able to spend three months among these ruins, and the churches and seminarists that flavour life as it is flavoured nowhere else, you will, it is probable, yield to the kind of Roman fever that keeps men and women spell-bound here for a lifetime.”

Rome and its people are in curious contrast with one another. To be sure, it will not be the fault of the speculative builders if the city does not soon take the character of its people. Twenty years ago this discord was not so marked. Papal Rome

was somniferous to the last degree, an invention was something to be viewed at arm's length, and, when curiosity on the subject was sated, to be slighted and even villified as though it were a sin. Gregory the Fourteenth denounced gas in such terms as his predecessors applied to heretics and evil spirits. It was dangerous to display excessive originality in anything except the turn of an epigram or a sonnet, or the reading of an inscription. They who profit by the doctrine of passive obedience are not likely to look with sympathetic eyes upon men whose abilities do not submit to be tethered. It was due to this that in the old days almost all the flourishing artisans of Rome were foreigners,—men who were tolerated in the city only for the sake of the extortionate taxes that were imposed upon them.

The stern solidity that marked the old Romans as a class is well typified for us in the ruins of Rome that are still to be seen. One is stupefied by the sight of such edifices as the Colosseum and the ponderous walls of the Baths of Caracalla. And yet perhaps it is mere fancy that suggests the concord between a people and its buildings. Else, what of the Peruvians ere Spain came upon them, to put an end to their Incas, and to carry away their gold and silver by the shipload? Even Rome did not use for its palaces and fortifications chiselled rocks forty feet long by eighteen broad and six deep, such as the Indians of the plains of the Andes dragged scores of miles to the city for which they were destined. It is the same in Egypt and elsewhere. The hand of the despot (whether as capitalist or ruler) is declared in the magnitude of a nation's buildings, rather than in the character of the people. If the greatness of the former seem to be connected, like son

and father, with the greatness of the latter, the affinity is one of chance only.

Be that as it may, there is as little resemblance between a modern Roman and his classical forefathers as between the Colosseum and the tall blocks of lath and plaister and cement which speculators are raising so fast in Rome for the modern Romans. One is prone to imagine that the fellow-citizens of the Fabricii and of the first Cæsars would have had more in common with Englishmen than with Romans of the nineteenth century. It were absurd to say this as a vaunt, yet the notion is borne home to one in many ways. One remembers Lockhart's words about Sir Walter Scott and his children, and cannot but apply them here. "The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle." Of stilted pretension, there is enough and to spare everywhere. Modern Italians have no monopoly of it. Indeed, the courtesy of demeanour which is one of the excellences of the Roman may be thought to be in absolute opposition to such a feature of conduct. A young Englishman, and many an old one too, shows much more of it on an average than his Italian coeval. As for the "inactive inglorious humility" of character in the Roman, now that Italy is under a king, that is likely to be less noticeable than formerly when Christian cardinals were the senators of the city. The humility of earlier days was Macchiavelian to the core. No one, except the innocent and those born to be victimised, were deceived by it. The Pope himself, who on gala days rode through the city upon a tranquil white mule, seeming to symbolise his Master's journey in Jerusalem upon an ass, was generally ready enough, when his interests demanded it, to issue an anathema or an inter-

dict in comparison with which a blow on the face was a trifle.

In the Corso or in the Pincian Gardens, you may nowadays chance to see a Roman youth of noble blood, slim, smooth-faced and smiling as any girl, leading a bull-dog ugly as sin, and of such proportions that in the event of a quarrel between the dog and its master, it is not on the latter that you would be inclined to wager. The boy will most likely be elaborately dressed after the latest pattern; and you may be sure that he has not the ghost of an idea that he is as pretty and incongruous a figure of fun as ever tickled the wicked soul of a humourist. A youth like this is sure to be loved by the ladies of Rome as if he were Adonis himself. The doors of a hundred boudoirs are open to him, where he may look into the dark eyes of his adorers without the least thought of the husband of the owner of the dark eyes. The latter, poor fellow, before he surrendered himself into the matrimonial market, was just such a one as he. So long as he could retain his slim, elegant shape, depend upon it, if the state of his family territories allowed him to please himself, he continued to be one of Rome's butterfly bachelors. But the cruel hour arrived when prudence whispered to him that if he desired to make a pretty match he must lose no more time. Negotiations and contracts, and last of all the wedding itself eventually sheared him of two-thirds of his charms. The *cicisbeo* is not quite so accredited an institution as he was a century ago; but he still flourishes, and the Roman wife would, now as then, not hesitate to tell her husband he was an annoyance, if he gave her so much of his society that she was debarred from enjoying other society of her own heart's choice.

When the boy and his bull-dog have therefore sufficiently shown themselves to the fashionable world, he returns to his paternal home, and prepares for those evening hours the pleasures of which he is almost too young to

appreciate. He attains the reputation of a gallant without much effort. The fair dames of Rome tutor him in the ways of the world, and trifle lightly with his affections. Their preference for him is as much a matter for pride and congratulation in the esteem of himself and his brethren, as in England the achievements of a great traveller or a successful general are reckoned to be. As a rule, indeed, the boy may be safely left to the promptings of his own peculiar nature. He is the son of his father, and therefore likely to be at least as selfish as the ordinary man or woman since Adam. His father's maxims about the fair sex have stayed in his memory; those of the married men of his acquaintance run on the same line, and are sure to be amusingly bitter. If his own instincts do not make him accord with the opinion of those better able than himself to judge of womankind, he is an exception among men, and will probably give the ladies much entertainment ere he begins to grow fat and lose his beauty.

In the satire called *Morning Parini*, a hundred years ago, introduced an allegory which was assuredly in his day well applicable to social life in Rome, and which has a certain value as the portraiture of domestic incidents in the present age. Venus, it was said, had two children, the one Hymen and the other Love, who were wont at first to go to and fro in the world, exercising their influence over the human race in company. The child Love, being blind, seemed indeed to be prevented by nature from ever dispensing with such guidance as his sober sister Hymen so gladly gave him. By and by, however, the boy grew peevish, obstinate, rebellious, and vastly self-consequent. "I want to go about alone," he protested to his mother,—“and go about alone I will,” he added. In vain Venus argued against such imprudence. It were a waste of time to capitulate the objections; they were and are so obvious. But the urchin persisted; and so at last, to pacify him, Venus ac-

ceded to his wish. She decreed, therefore, that henceforward Hymen should concern herself with one half of the world, and Love should do his best with the other half; their control being independent, and each working alone. This allegory no doubt serves a fair purpose if it be put forward in explanation of the indifferent figure cut by the southern husband in his own house. Hymen alone is responsible for the match. There is little intercourse of the affections between the husband and the wife. In like manner, the numerous friendships, Platonic and otherwise, formed by the wife, whose hands alone have been tied by Hymen but whose heart is free, are equally clear evidence of the tricks of the blind boy Love in his own capricious movements about the world. And it is another of the incongruities of Love's contriving (though the philosophical student of nature may think differently) that the large, strong-featured Roman dames should find such delight in the society of the thin, little, effeminate dandies who are the surviving representatives of the descendants of the great fathers of Rome.

To some of us Rome is just now profoundly interesting less for its ruins and romance than for the drama that is daily being brewed in it. What a spectacle is that of the head of the Christian Church in bonds! True, the bonds are largely of his own forging, and he has assumed them of his own free will. The phrase "a prisoner in the Vatican" is as mendacious as most popular phrases. No one could prevent his Holiness or any member of his Holiness's palace from leaving it, crossing the Tiber, and going where he pleased in the city, or indeed elsewhere. Contrast this with the old Papal restrictions, whereby the man of talent was compelled either to stay in Rome all his days, or submit to eternal banishment if he presumed to use the permission that was offered him in response to his request for provisional leave of absence. It is policy, and policy alone, that induces

the Pope to cry that all the world may hear him, "I have been harshly and sacrilegiously used," and to turn the other cheek also to the smiter. Many of the Romans, who now find their intellectual sustenance in the lucubrations of M. Zola and the ribald anti-clericalism of their favourite journals, are deterred by no scruples of conscience or respect from villifying the Church in acknowledgment of this apparent invitation of his Holiness.

Meanwhile in most externals life (save at such famous seasons as Holy Week) proceeds here as of yore. One cannot go a hundred paces in the streets without meeting a troop of youths in white or purple, crimson or green—the members of one or other of the colleges for ecclesiastics which still abound in the city. The boys stride to and fro for their recreation, with a self-contented swing of the skirts, and holding their tonsured heads high as they gesticulate and argue with each other about matters of casuistry and faith. Their deportment towards the world is based on good sense rather than Christian teaching. It reminds the writer of one of a series of maxims which he read on the walls of a room in a certain archiepiscopal college of Italy,—“Do not think to win the love of others by rendering them services. You only acquire their envy.” One can imagine this in the mouth of Rochefoucauld or Chamfort; but what has it ethically in common with Christianity, that it should be driven home to the minds of boys who are destined to be exponents of Christ’s doctrines? It savours strongly of that spirit of compromise between Christ and the world by which the disciples of Loyola raised themselves to such a pitch of power. Some think the salvation of the Church in our day depends on the Jesuits. It may be so. Their order is not exactly in the ascendant. But it has by no means bitten the dust; and, as we know, it has the wisdom of the serpent, and, when it pleases, the gentleness ascribed to the dove.

In certain ways the crisis is like to have an invigorating effect upon the Roman intelligence. In the old days, when the Pope was supreme in his own city, there was none of the clashing of mind with mind which evokes strong sparks of thought. It was more decorous to trifle gracefully than to be heroic. Leopardi, in a letter to his father in 1822, shows us something of this. “The frivolity of these creatures,” he says, “is incredible. Were I to give the whole letter to it, I could not tell you of the many ridiculous matters they delight to talk about. For instance, this morning, I have heard a long and grave discussion about the fine voice of a bishop who chanted the mass the day before yesterday, and his dignified bearing while the ceremony lasted. They asked him how he had contrived to acquire this fine characteristic; whether he ever felt embarrassed at the beginning of a mass; and the like. The bishop replied that he had taught himself during a long spell of apprenticeship in chapels; that such training had been very useful to him; that the chapel is a necessary experience for ecclesiastics like himself; that he was not in the least embarrassed; and a thousand other things equally intelligent. I have since heard that several cardinals and other personages congratulated him upon the success of this particular mass. Believe me when I say that I am not exaggerating, and that the subjects of Roman conversation are all such as this.” There is still as much interest in the melody of a bishop’s voice, and the fluency of his periods at a sermon, as there was then; but it is confined to the ecclesiastics themselves. And even they are forced to admit that the dilemma of their spiritual Father is a matter of more general concern than the state of their own throats. It is all very well for the Papal papers to designate his Holiness as “The light of the nations, and the salvation of Italy;” and to scoff at Signor Crispi for saying, as if in retaliation, “Italy is the land of the

starving, and the classic country of misery." It were easier to verify the words of the Prime Minister than those of the editor. Moreover, it is notorious that Rome was full of abuses, crimes, and maladministration that would have been scandalous anywhere, but were monstrous here under the aegis of the Vicar-General of Christ; scandals which thrived more or less until Victor Emmanuel put an end to them. Conceive the Vatican not only tolerating, but even licensing as a monopoly, the exhibition of a board over a barber's shop, announcing that herein boys were mutilated for the service of his Holiness in the Papal Choir! This was not esteemed very gross in the old days. But the writers of King Humbert's reign comment on iniquity like this with all the emphasis that italics can give to a page of print. In Forsyth's day a priest excused the iciness of the spring east-wind at Pisa by pleading that "this cold is a mortification peculiar to the holy season, and will continue till Easter, because it was cold when Peter sat at the High Priest's fire on the eve of the Crucifixion." Perhaps he spoke from conviction. His was an age which still pinned its faith fast to statues of the Virgin with eyes that rolled, and pictures of Christ that sweated blood when erring mortals were to be peculiarly reminded of their weak and wicked condition. The hierarchy would excite sympathy in some of us if they would aver that they recognised in their present loss of temporal dignity the hand of Heaven, employed in mortifying them for their lethargy and sins of commission when they had the happiness and welfare of so many human beings at their disposal.

The change from the rule of the Church to the rule of the Sovereign of their own choice is to the Italian, and especially to the Roman, like stepping from servitude to independence. It is a small matter, relatively speaking, if Rome be less visited by foreigners now than she was when enlivened to the full extent by the fascinating pomp

of the Papacy. True, visitors still supply much of the life-blood of the city. But it is well that the citizens and artisans should be set upon their own legs, and made to try what they can do for themselves when deprived of the sovereigns and napoleons and thalers of the northern nations. They confess that the struggle is a hard one. Rents and provisions are dearer by far than they were when Pius the Ninth was master in Rome. The era of privilege too has passed away. Every man must pay what the State lawfully requires of him. The coat of an *abbé* no longer serves its wearer like a cuirass, impenetrable by the tax-gatherer. The favourite barber of a cardinal can nowadays as little procure an exemption from all such dues for a friend, as he can pretend to shield his patron. This rule of equity is new to Rome, but it will beget strength and self-reliance. If it be true that "the plant man is born more robust in Italy than in any other country," the Romans are not men to sink under certain hardships such as generally follow in the train of political revolution, and especially when, as in this case, the revolution has been a salutary one.

Change of this kind is necessarily one man's meat and another man's poison. You see this signified quite amusingly in Rome's public proclamations. When the King addresses a manifesto to his affectionate people, the preamble runs thus: "In these days of progress and enlightenment, &c." On the other hand, a Papal epistle or placard goes in a minor key: "In these days of infidelity and persecution, &c." Persecution indeed! It may surely be protested that the word is used with some exaggeration. But that will depend upon the standpoint from which you regard the actions that are termed "persecution." If you view the State as supreme, and the Church as essentially subordinate, you may readily justify King Humbert in appropriating for the relief of the State the accumulated lands and properties of

the Church. But if the Church seems to you supreme and inviolate, such seizure is of course both unjust and sacrilegious.

But what of the persecution in the past (considering only the milder forms of it), when it was as much as a householder's liberty was worth to do almost anything without the sanction of the vicar of his parish! Those were the days too of domestic tyranny as well as clerical. The one tyranny begat the other. Writers of our age recall their early experiences with a shudder, and thank heaven for the brightness of the latter half of our century. As the priest ruled the father, so the father ruled his children. The man dared not leave the city without a license; could not eat what he pleased except under penalty of chastisement; if his means of livelihood displeased his vicar, the latter put an end to them; and his very steps in the city were liable to be watched, reported on, inquired about, and bring upon him censures and worse. The child, on his part, having been duly born, burdened with divers amulets as preservatives against witchcraft and the Devil, and endued with earrings for the good of his eye-sight, was sent to school as soon as he was weaned. Here the next seven or eight years of his life were mainly spent. The school discipline was severe, the punishments abominable. Among the latter, flogging in the old style was common enough. One sees the priestly mind in certain other of the recognised means of castigation; for example, the being made to kneel for a painfully long time, sometimes with the hands under the knees (try it for but five minutes on an uncarpeted stone floor, with the knuckles to the ground!), and the being compelled to lick the pavement crosswise, disposing in the best way possible of the dirt and dust that the tongue inevitably gathered to itself. When the pleasure of such a day's schooling was at an end, the boy returned home, ate his supper, and went off to bed. To him his father

was less a being to love than a severe and even terrible personage, whose word in the household was law, whose hand he had to kiss twice a day as if in token of fealty, and who was particular in seeing that he did not have too much to eat. As Signor Silvangi says, in his recent clever studies of Roman domestic life—"Children then spent but little time at home. They rose in the morning and went to school; returned in the evening and went to bed. Many a boy became a young man without ever having seen the moon." The lad's amusements were as curious as his discipline. If he and his school-fellows played at being priests, attired themselves in mock vestments, and even went so far as to celebrate a mock mass, both school-masters and parents were delighted. Nothing could have been more exemplary. It showed that their minds were fitly attuned for the reception of holy things. Such parodies as this, and the religious processions in the streets, with the singing of the rosary and other offices of the church, were the boys' chief solace from educational tasks. Active games were discountenanced. Even nowadays you may see the native seminarists of the Roman colleges watching with unfeigned wonder the exertions of the American or Irish students at base-ball or tennis in the Borghese gardens and elsewhere. Traditional influences have left their mark upon them.

Journeying by such a road, the average boy became a representative son of the Church, and diverged not a step from the high road of external propriety and mediocrity. The training of a girl was of a kindred nature. Even as it was the father's earnest wish (whether with a view to his welfare in this world or his salvation in the next) that his son might become a priest; so it was his and his wife's fondest ambition that their daughters should become nuns. Thereby, as the phrase went, the blessings of eternal life were assured to them. As for the unhappy lad whose nature revolted

against the tyranny of his youthful training, he was forced to play the hypocrite until he could acquire a semblance of the freedom that ought to wait upon manhood. He had no very excellent possibilities of worldly success in a city like Rome, but his mind was admirably bent for the appreciation of the pleasures of intrigue and gaming which were likely soon to ensnare him.

The above may be regarded as typical sketches of the alternative careers of a Roman lad of what we may call the middle-class—the son of an *abbé*, or one of those doctors and advocates who were so much a prey and a fear to the Papal Court. For the children of the nobility there were of course resident tutors, for the most part Jesuits, who had a special interest in keeping the intellects of their pupils in due subjection. The lower classes might in one sense be considered the happiest of all. They at least were free from such educational trammels.

Under King Humbert there is so little restraint upon personal freedom in Rome that some regard the present time as an age of deplorable license. A superior in station is not now a being to fear and cringe to, as well as to respect. It is as much as an official's place is worth to practise the tyranny of the old times. The Press, thanks to what Gregory the Sixteenth prettily called its damnable license, is nowhere more keen upon abuses of all kinds. The vicar of the parish has lost his hold upon the parishioners,—at least upon the masculine portion of them. The relaxation makes itself felt in all sections of social life. The father is more genial towards his child. The boy's schoolmasters are not nowadays priests almost of necessity, and the boy himself is no longer made to perform disgusting penances for his misdeeds. A bolder and more aspiring spirit has developed in the youth of the land. They try their pinions abroad in the world sooner and with more confidence than in the old time.

Not a little of the American ardour of enterprise stirs in them with the first instincts of their manhood. It is not now a sin to desire to grow rich by toiling in other lands. Indeed, offices for the information of emigrants are perhaps a little too obtrusive and numerous in some parts of Italy, considering how imperfectly much of the peninsula itself is cultivated. The consequence is that week by week the steamers from Naples and Genoa carry their hundreds of these sons of the South across the Atlantic, full of hope and determination. Others less venturesome do but climb the Alps in increasing numbers to tempt fortune in the foreign capitals of Europe as organ-grinders, pastry-cooks, and manufacturers of ice-cream.

It is vain for the Church to try to stem this fervour of independence by stigmatizing it as a criminal aspiration. During Lent of last year the Franciscan preacher, Padre Agostino, in his sensational crusade against the Spirit of the Times, dwelt largely upon this subject. In the first of his series of sermons he drew a frenzy of applause from his congregation (composed chiefly of the fair sex) by the following words. "In these days ambition reigns supreme. Everyone wishes to be his own master. Everyone devotes himself entirely to the satisfaction of his own desires. Sublime ideas, magnanimous sentiments, and noble actions no longer serve as a spur to the minds of men. Hence springs anarchy. . . ." The good father's premises may in part be accepted; but his conclusions hardly. He spoke as the mouth-piece of the Pope, and his words had tremendous echo in Rome. But again the changed spirit of the times was shown by the insults as well as the enthusiasm which were his reward. One morning a bomb-shell was exploded in the church; at another time he himself was deluged in filth as he was stepping into the carriage that was to convey him from the church to his monastery; and daily during Lent he was the butt of those

Roman newspapers whose editors have turned their backs on matters of faith, and scoff, with an energy of which we in England have no experience, at all things and influences religious. This lament of the Church in the person of the Friar was continued somewhat oddly by the Papal newspapers of the day. "Gallantry is dead. Men no longer concern themselves about women; they neither converse with them, nor pay them civilities. Politics, business affairs, the money market, the various engagements of practical life fully occupy them." Perhaps the gravity of this paragraph can only be understood by us in the light of that recent utterance of the Pope: "Woman in Europe is the sole hope of the Church." Otherwise one may expect this particular editor to give us a jeremiad of the most heart-rending kind when the Finance Minister of the State is able to announce that he has at last brought the balance between expenditure and revenue to the right side.

Anarchy, however, was not quite the fit word to express the debauch of mental freedom which Italians are enjoying in the present age. They are vastly, indeed extravagantly, exhilarated; but they are not turbulent. For a while they are likely to be led to do and say much that in the after time they will regret; but this is the accompaniment (perhaps in their case the

inevitable accompaniment) of their solid advance upon what we have agreed among ourselves to term the paths of civilisation. They are too bitter about the past to be able to regard it calmly, when they compare it with their present liberty and the promise of their future. It is so undoubted a boon for Italy that Rome is now the seat of a constitutional king that one may excuse the presence of sundry evils which seem to have come with the change. In the Pope's days it would probably have been dangerous to practice the three-card trick upon the peasants of the Campagna in the Appian Way. But brigands and wolves were a more serious pest than than is the occasional card-sharper of to-day. Of old, the Forum was a cow-market and a place for the bestowal of rubbish. Nowadays, on Sunday afternoons you may see the sons of modern Rome listening with rapt attention to the lecture of a fellow-countryman about the history and import of the proud ruins that surround them. Fifty years ago, you might tarry a week in the Holy City waiting for permission to travel fifty miles from it. To-day there are automatic weighing and measuring machines in its railway station for the entertainment of the few minutes you may have upon your hands before your train starts.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

THE AMERICAN TARIFF.

THE days of Protectionism in the United States, I begin to think, are now numbered. The McKinley Bill is the darkness which precedes the dawn. I would rather say that a streak of dawn is already in the sky. Economical truth has been preached in vain. It was preached in vain even by Mr. David Wells, much more by the Cobden Club, to whose tracts the ready answer has always been, that they were put forth in the British interest, though in point of fact Great Britain probably gains more by the handicapping through a suicidal system of her most dangerous rival in the markets of the world than she loses by partial exclusion from the market of the United States. But that which no preachings, however convincing, could effect is now likely to be brought about by the force of circumstances, and especially by the growth of surplus revenue. To those who looked on from a distance the last Presidential election, in which Harrison and Protection triumphed over Cleveland and a Revenue Tariff, might seem a decisive verdict of the nation in favour of the Protective system. To observers on the spot it seemed nothing of the kind. In the first place the election was bought. There is no question about the fact that the manufacturers subscribed a great sum to carry the doubtful States—New York, Indiana, and Connecticut. In the second place, the farmers' vote which, contrary to expectation and to reason, went for the Republican and Protectionist candidate, was given not on the fiscal issue but on the party ground. Words can hardly paint the stolid allegiance of the farmer, both in the United States and Canada, to his party shibboleth, which in many cases is hereditary. More truly significant on the other side was the

increased vote of mechanics in favour of Free Trade. The mechanic has been all along enthralled by the belief, sedulously drummed into him, that Protection keeps up wages. As soon as he sees through that fallacy the end must come, and the last election showed that his eyes were beginning to be opened. After all Mr. Cleveland would probably have won had he been content to stand on the general principle which he first put forth, that the Government had no right to take from the people more than it needed for its expenses. That proposition unquestionably commended itself to the good sense of the people. The mistake was the Mills Bill, which specifically threatened a number of protected interests and scared them into making desperate efforts and subscribing large sums to carry the elections. Republicans were also enabled to appeal to their party, perhaps with some show of reason, on the ground that the Bill was a Southern Bill.

The farmer has paid the cost of the Protective system while he has himself been left to compete unprotected not only with the "pauper" labour of Europe, but with the more than "pauper" labour of the Hindoo. This even his dull eyes had begun to see; and it was evident that unless an interest, or an apparent interest, could be given him in the system, the mere party tie, tough as it was, would not hold him for ever. To give him an apparent interest, and thereby to secure his vote for the autumn elections to Congress, seems to have been the main object of the McKinley Bill.

I was at Washington when the Bill came before the House of Representatives. To me it seemed evident that on the economical or fiscal merits of the question hardly a thought was

bestowed. The only question was how the claims of different local interests could be satisfied and reconciled. The duty was put on hides and taken off again, again put on and again taken off, not because the minds of the legislators were undergoing changes about the fiscal merits of the tax, but because there was an evenly balanced struggle between the Eastern and the Western vote. The perplexity of the framers of the Bill, thus called upon to satisfy and reconcile jarring interests, was extreme. It boded the catastrophe of the whole system. Protectionist legislators who undertook to mete out a fair measure of Protection to every interest in a country so vast and embracing interests so diverse as the United States have a tangled web to weave. The wider the area becomes and the greater grows the diversity of the interests, the more tangled becomes the web. It has long appeared to me that the extension of the field and the multiplication of the objects would in the end prove fatal to the system. A New England Protectionist may talk about native industries and patriotism, but what he wants is the immunity from competition which will enable him to make twenty instead of ten per cent. It matters not really to him whether his competitor is an Englishman, a Canadian, or a man in Illinois or Georgia. It would not greatly surprise me to see New England some day step out of the ranks of Protection and declare for free importation of raw materials and Free Trade.

Between the protected manufacturer and the protected producer of the raw materials of manufactures there is, happily for the ultimate deliverance of the consumer from both their monopolies, an antagonism which nothing can stifle. The Power of Commercial Darkness cannot reconcile the interest of that part of his family which makes cloth or shoes with the interest of the part which breeds sheep for wool or cattle for hides. Nor can the Protec-

tionist politician afford to let any interest drop. If he did, the ring would break, and the jilted interest would at once become the fiercest enemy of the system.

Before leaving the House of Representatives for the Senate the McKinley Bill received a heavy blow. Mr. Butterworth, the Republican Member for Cincinnati, is a very able man and an excellent speaker, but in character not well qualified for a party politician. The Machinists say of him that he is "too high-tipped in his notions, too precarious, and too particular for his political good or for the welfare of his party." He saw, as a man of his intellect and largeness of view could not fail to see, the folly and iniquity of the McKinley Bill. Party discipline, which in America is adamant, constrained him to vote with his party for the Bill, but he was too "high-tipped and particular" to give a silent vote. He delivered himself of a criticism from a friendly point of view which evoked loud echoes of sympathy on all sides, and made the regular politicians gnash their teeth.

It is not unlikely that the reception of Mr. Butterworth's speech encouraged Mr. Blaine to load the bomb which he soon afterwards threw in the shape of a letter addressed by him to the President, and transmitted by the President to the Senate. Mr. Blaine's aim is to signalise his administration by bringing about reciprocal freedom of trade between the United States and all the "nations of the American hemisphere," that is to say with all the South American republics, Canada as a dependency not being included among the "nations." Probably he intends that the closer commercial connection shall bring with it a political approximation. Perhaps at the end of the vista he sees something like the Protectorate over all the American republics which Sir Charles Dilke regards as the destiny of the United States. He had just been holding, in furtherance of his policy, his Pan-American

Congress, though the fruits of that august assemblage appear to have been meagre, not only in the way of closer commercial connection, but even in that of increased amity. The removal, proposed in the McKinley Bill, of the duty on sugar withdrew from Mr. Blaine's hand the lever by which he hoped to move the South Americans to the acceptance of reciprocity. This was the immediate cause of his wrath, and of the launching of his letter. But Mr. Blaine is also a sagacious man, possibly more sagacious than he appears when, as the leader of the Republican party, he defends Protectionism on the stump or in the symposium. He can hardly fail to see that the Protectionist horse is being ridden to death, that the bow is bent to the point of breaking, that the credulity of the people, even that of the farmer, must be nearly exhausted, and that there are signs all round the horizon which show that the day of national awakening is at hand. He must know, too, that if the Republican party falls in obstinately upholding the war-tariff, it will fall never to rise again.

In truth the American people must be in their dotage if they let things go on as they are much longer. Not only are they bearing war-taxation in time of peace, not only are they paying in some cases more than cent per cent on articles which they consume to bloat the incomes of monopolists, but they are being made to squander this year a hundred and nine millions of dollars in pensions in order to get rid of the surplus revenue and avert a reduction of the tariff. The great scandal of monarchical finance is the cost of Versailles. Everybody knows what an effect Mirabeau produced on the National Assembly by his fabulous story about the destruction of the accounts by a horrified Finance Minister. The accounts being now before us, it appears that the total cost did not nearly equal that of the American pension-list for a single year. Yet a

Protectionist Senator the other day proposed an enormous addition to the list. Of the soldiers on whom the pensions are bestowed, a great many served merely for the pay, and had been abundantly remunerated by bounties, especially if they enlisted towards the close of the war. Many thousands were Canadians, and if the statement which I see in the newspapers is correct, a Lodge of the Grand Army has been formed at Ottawa. Much of the money, moreover, goes not to the pensioners, but to the pension-agents, whose sinister trade has been called into existence by the fund. If you venture on the subject with an American politician, he talks to you in a moving strain about national gratitude. You listen with deference, but you feel inclined to ask how it came to pass that national gratitude awoke in such intensity just when the surplus accrued, and when it became evident that unless expenditure could be increased revenue must be reduced, and the tariff must come down.

It is instructive to trace the history of American Protectionism from the green wood to the dry. The first demand was for just Protection enough to shelter nascent industries from the nipping blasts of foreign competition while they were taking hold of the soil; so soon as they had taken hold they promised to dispense with Protection. How has this promise been fulfilled? We have before us a table¹—we give three of the comparative exhibits—showing how it has been fulfilled by “our infant Woollens.” The table exhibits the progress made by the infant from its cradle to maturity—from the tariff of 1789 and 1791, vaunted as the first protected tariffs and the foundation-stones of American prosperity, to 1864, when the war was at its most costly period, and so on to the McKinley Bill.

¹ A tract entitled *Our Infant Woollens*, which comes to me endorsed with the signature of one of the highest commercial authorities in Massachusetts.

ARTICLES.	RATE OF DUTIES UNDER THE TARIFF OF			
	1871.	1859.	1864.	1890.
	Per cent.	Per cent.		
Dress goods of cotton and worsted, costing 15 cents the square yard.....	5	10	55 per cent.	88 per cent.
Same, costing 20 cents square yard	5	19	50 do.	90 do.
Same, all wool or of mixed materials, costing 24 cents square yard.....	5	24	47 do.	100 do.
Same, costing 30 cents square yard	5	24	55 do.	90 do.
Same, costing 60 cents square yard	5	24	45 do.	70 do.
Same, weighing over 4 oz. square yard	5	24	40% and 24 cts. per lb.	50% and 44 cts. per lb.
Ready-made clothing.....	7½	24	40% and 24 cts. per lb.	60% and 50 cts. per lb.
Tapestry Brussels carpets.....	7½	24	50 cts. sq. yd.	28 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Tapestry velvet carpets.....	7½	24	80 cts. sq. yd.	40 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Brussels carpets.....	7½	24	70 cts. sq. yd.	40 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Druggets and bookings	5	24	25 cts. sq. yd.	20 cts. sq. yd. and 30%
Silk goods, including velvets and plushes ...	7½	19	60 per cent.	Average probably 90%
Woolen hosiery and underwear:—				
Costing 32 cents per pound	5	24	90 do.	214 per cent.
Costing 42 cents per pound	5	24	79 do.	175 do.
Costing 62 cents per pound	5	24	62 do.	135 do.
Costing 82 cents per pound	5	24	54 do.	120 do.
Linen goods	5	15	Average 37½ per cent..	50 do.
Cotton hosiery:—				
Costing 62½ cents per doz.	7½	24	35 per cent.	110 do.
Costing 2.10 cents per doz.	7½	24	35 do.	76 do.
Costing 4.10 cents per doz.	7½	24	35 do.	64 do.

It will be seen that the rates proposed by the McKinley Bill are higher by far than those during the war when the Heads of the Government compelled taxation to be raised to the utmost. The more the infant gets the more it wants and the more it is able to extort, since its vote grows larger with the number interested in its trade, and its increased gains furnish it with a more copious fund for political corruption.

Meantime the President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, who is the reputed arbiter of the Woollen Schedule, reports to stock-holders of the Arlington Mills: "I have been your Treasurer for a consecutive period of twenty years, during this period the average earnings have been $20\frac{8}{10}$ per centum on the capital. . . . The earnings last year were nearly three-and-a-half times those of the year previous, and there is every indication that the current year will be the most profitable one in the Company's history." Poor infant, how great is its need of parental protection!

That the wealth of the United States has been growing rapidly all this time is true. But what have been

the sources of its growth; monopoly and high taxation? The sources have been the opening of immense tracts of fertile lands, of prodigious stores of minerals, of great water-powers, with a vast immigration recruited from the most active spirits of Europe. These have been the motive forces of a prosperity which even Protectionism has been unable to repress. The one point which Mr. Blaine made in his tournament with Mr. Gladstone was that Mr. Gladstone had not taken notice of the variations among the circumstances of different countries. But that point was good for no more than this, that Protection had not so much harm when applied to a whole continent with an ever-spreading area of production and new resources daily coming to light, as it has when applied to a nation with a comparatively small territory and near the limit of its development.

In the extract before us the President of the Arlington Woollen Company makes no reference to wages. We cannot tell therefore whether he has shown that the workmen of his mills have profited by monopoly to anything like the same magnificent extent as the shareholders. If he

were on the stump at the Presidential Election, he would strenuously maintain that they had. This, as I have already said, is the hinge upon which, in the political contest which is coming, the question will practically turn.

I had the pleasure the other day of hearing one of the strongest Protectionists and Anglo-phobes (the two things always go together) on his own subject. He was an excellent speaker, vigorous and effective in delivery, as well as fresh and forcible in expression. His main argument was the contrast, the existence of which he undertook to show, between the condition of the working class under the blessed reign of Protection and its condition under the accursed reign of Free Trade. He had hardly got through ten sentences when he gave his whole case away. To be quite fair, he said, he would take his examples from England, "which was the best wage-paying country in Europe." It did not occur to him that if England was the best wage-paying country in Europe, she being the only great Free-Trade country in Europe, the cause of Free Trade by his own showing was won. After tendering the census of British cities as specimens of the industrial life of England, he proceeded to Germany and gave some harrowing instances of the suffering among the poor of that country, forgetting that Germany had a Protection tariff. So he went round demolishing his own fallacy with facts of his own selection, and cutting his own legs with every sweep of his logical scythe. In one part of his discourse he vaunted the high prices received for articles under Protection as a proof that the artisans who made those articles must be receiving high wages; in another part he vaunted the cheapness of protected goods as a proof that Protection did not harm but good to the consumer. He did not tell the audience which was swallowing his fallacies, that if there was a greater pressure on the means of sub-

sistence and consequently more suffering in England than in America, it was not because England was unblest with monopoly but because population there was more than twenty times denser than it was in the United States. Of course he did not compare the state of the working classes in England before Free Trade with their State since; he did not tell his audience that before Free Trade tens of thousands of artisans were out of work, hunger was stalking through English cities, wedding-rings were being pawned by the hundred, and people were even digging up carrion for food.

The orator had not the hardihood to talk about infant industries. But he had the hardihood to assert that Protection by forcing industries into existence diversified the national character, and to pretend that this was one of the motives of the Monopolists. I thought of the glowing passage in De Tocqueville about the American mariner who fearlessly putting to sea in all weathers asserted his ascendancy in the carrying-trade of the world. Where now was that glorious element of the national character? In the pocket of my Protectionist friend. The British Member of Parliament who has terrible visions of an American war-navy may dismiss his fears. America has no commerce for her warships to protect and no seamen to man them.

What has caused this fresh growth of Protectionist delusions, a hundred and twenty years after Adam Smith, which is so disappointing to those who forty years ago looked forward so confidently to the general triumph of Free Trade with peace and goodwill in its train? What has thus caused the shadow to go backward on the dial of opinion? The answer is in the first place, that the work is done to no small extent, not by the perversion of opinion, but by sheer corruption and the agencies which corruption calls into play. In the second place, the extensions of the franchise, whatever may be thought about them in other re-

spects, have inevitably placed supreme power in the hands of men less enlightened and of narrower view than Turgot, Pitt, Peel, and Cavour. Government has been transferred from intelligence to the masses. With the good of the change we must take the evil, one part of which is the renewed ascendancy in fiscal legislation of the blind cupidity of the Dark Ages.

What are the political effects of the Protective system? First and most obviously, ill-will among nations. You will not find a Protectionist in the United States who is not anti-British, or a Protectionist organ which is not always railing at England. The weapon constantly used against Free Traders is the charge of being bought with British gold. No doubt Free Traders like Bright and Cobden, who looked too exclusively at the commercial side of things, overrated the influence of commerce as a peacemaker; yet the influence of commerce as a peacemaker is great. It maintained friendship between the English Monarchy and the Commons of Flanders in an age in which the military spirit was most dominant. But whatever doubt there may be touching the power of Free Trade as a minister of goodwill, there can be none whatever touching the power of Protectionism as a minister of hatred. The Irish in the United States are Protectionists as a matter of course, though, as British factories are full of Irish workmen, in boycotting British goods the American Irish are boycotting the work of Irish hands. It was stated the other day by a Victorian Colonist that there also the Protective tariff had been carried by the Irish vote.

Another effect, as no one can question who knows the United States or Canada, is corruption. All industries pursued by people of the country being equally "home" and equally "native," though a few arrogate to themselves the name, what is to decide which industries are to be picked out for protection and to how much of it each of them is entitled? What but the Lobby?

England had a Lobby perhaps at the time of the railway mania; but commonly she has no Lobby, at least none to compare with the Lobby at Washington. My friend Mr. Bryce, looking on at a Presidential election, was greatly impressed by the spectacle of so many millions of freemen choosing their chief. But did he ask how the choice was determined? It was determined by the money which the manufacturers poured into the doubtful States. Manufacturers, some of them at least, make no secret of the fact. With the Protective tariff a large portion of the corruption which is at present the curse and shame of the country would probably vanish. There would still remain the offices and the office-seekers; but office-seekers do not command the means of bribery which are commanded by the owners of woollen mills with their profits of twenty per cent. In Canada, under our Protective system, corruption, if it is not more extensive than in the United States, is more open. Here a Prime Minister before an election calls together the protected manufacturers in the parlour of an hotel, receives their contributions to his election fund, and pledges to them in return the commercial policy of the country.

Another consequence to the United States is a loss of unity in the National policy which threatens to become legislative disintegration. The Republic is being broken up into a sort of Polish Diet of local interests in which each interest has a veto. Every cabbage-ground and potato-plot, to borrow Mr. Butterworth's graphic words, pursues a selfish policy of its own without regard to the general policy of the nation. This growing evil has its source largely in the struggle for Protection. The tendency has shown itself in a marked way in the dealings of the American Government with Canada, though sometimes, as it has happened, to our advantage. The threat of Retaliation, for instance, held out by the American Government to coerce us on the Fisheries Question

was at once nullified by the interposition of a local interest. National aspiration itself seems to be growing weak compared with the covetous cravings of the local cabbage-grounds and potato-plots. There is no reason for the fear that the national unity will be impaired by the mere extension of territory or increase of population. The extension of territory is amply counterbalanced by the increase of communication, and if three hundred millions of Chinese can hold together under such a government as theirs, surely a hundred millions of Americans can hold together under a government which is highly elastic and allows fair play to local self-development. The only disintegrating force now at work, apart from the Negro question, is commercial antagonism, which is intensified and stimulated by the Protective system.

A revenue tariff there must still be, and one adapted to the circumstances of the country. This qualification must be understood throughout as often as the phrase Free Trade has been used. But to a revenue tariff, if my diagnosis of the situation does not greatly deceive me, the United States are likely soon to come. Let those in England who, in their natural exasperation at the McKinley Bill are tempted

to call for measures of retaliation, possess their souls in patience for the present and see what the next Presidential election will bring forth. For my part, I am not such a purist of Free Trade as to object to retaliation if it will open foreign ports which can be opened by no other means. But it is an ugly sort of remedy: it involves an immediate loss to those who employ it; and in the present case I am sanguine enough to hope that the occasion for its adoption will soon have passed away.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

P.S.—A formidable movement is just now on foot among the depressed and discontented farmers—Grangers, as they are called—who are demanding chimerical measures of legislative assistance. This movement may disturb general politics and upset the balance of parties, especially if it should form a junction with the industrial agitation organized by the Knights of Labour. But, barring this contingency, the general opinion seems to be that the Democrats, who may now be designated as the party of Tariff Reform, will carry the autumn elections for Congress; and this will be the beginning of the end.

MY DESERT ISLAND.

WHEN I say *my* desert island, let it not be understood that it belongs to me. I believe it is a part of the estate of an English gentleman, though none of his tenants seemed to know his name; but so far as deriving any positive benefit from its existence is concerned, it is perhaps as much mine as anybody else's; and, in spite of the fact that as a place of residence it possesses every kind of inconvenience, yet I have that sneaking likeness for it one must always have for a spot where one has roughed it in a thorough-going way, and had experiences that one can contemplate with pleasure in the past without exactly planning to repeat them in the future. Then, again, when I say *desert* island, I do not mean a desert island as described in the story-books. Those desirable freehold estates are usually situated in pleasant proximity to the equator, where a magic climate provides all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life, and everything you want comes to hand just as you wish for it; and the only sense in which they are *desert* islands is that they are unaccountably deserted by human beings, except the lucky few who get comfortably wrecked and live happily there till they get a free saloon-passage home in a calling ship. No; my desert island is barely three-and-a-half miles long and half-a-mile broad, and yet there are sixty or seventy families of natives living on it. As for vegetation, there is not a single tree or shrub on the whole island, the largest plant being a fine cabbage grown by an enterprising lighthouse-keeper. The weather, too, is vile; for the island is nowhere near the tropics, but in about Longitude 8° W., and Latitude 55° N., which brings you to the top left-hand corner of the map of Ireland; and if you look there

you will see Tory Island. That is my desert island.

As from the bold summit of Horn Head you look at Tory Island rising from the blue waves ten miles away, you are struck by its magnificent profile. It suggests an irregular cathedral, with a lofty nave and bold square tower rising at its eastern end. It was the desire to see more closely the wild architecture of Nature among its cliffs, and a wish for seclusion, that led me to trust myself to the care of the six ragged Dunfanaghy boatmen who rowed me across Tory Sound that fine summer evening; and as we neared the eastern end of the island the grandeur of the grim structure became very impressive. Turrets and pinnacles of rock, perpendicular walls of granite with here and there huge niches carved out by the breakers, flying buttresses and arches, with dim visions of mysterious crypts echoing the ceaseless lapping of the waves,—past these we rowed into a little harbour, with a few wicker *curraghs* laid out on the beach, and a little white-haired wrinkled old man running down to welcome us from the mainland with cordial curiosity.

Dominic McCafferty is not a native of the island. Ten years ago he had a small holding in Rossgull, a straggling peninsula of Donegal; but the hard times drove him to Tory Island, of all places. He is therefore considered a travelled man, and indeed his wanderings at harvest-time in England, in the old days before reaping-machines had driven three-quarters of the Irish harvesters from our fields, have given him ideas beyond the limits of his present abode. He is of a simple, amiable, tobacco-loving disposition, with a touch of pride in his character which you will not often meet with in the more flourishing British rustic.

One day after he had been rowing me round the rocks in his frail boat and talking freely all the while of his battles with poverty, I meanly gave him half-a-crown. I shall never forget his nervous horror at the thought that he had perhaps unconsciously been begging; and my shame in pressing the accursed coin upon him was quite equal to his in taking it.

Knowing absolutely nothing as to what accommodation was available on Tory Island, I determined to entrust myself to the willing Dominic,—who would at any rate make an excellent interpreter,—and see what he could do for me; so, shouldering half of my luggage, the little man led me along the excellent gravel roadway that ranges the length of the island, telling me all about everything, including himself, and describing the extreme comfort and “dacency” of the quarters to which he would conduct me. Dennis Diver should be my host, the most decent responsible man in the island,—ay, and a “well” man too; it was even said he had money in the bank. And a kind man he was, and a good friend he had been to him, Dominic; always ready to lend him a bit of turf, or a few potatoes,—ay, and a “shilling o’ money,” if need be. And Dennis’s house was in the wholesomest part of the island, just away from the town,—a metropolis of about thirty cabins which Dominic seemed to regard as a Babylon of iniquity and noise.

By and by we stopped at the door of a thatched cabin, and Dominic entered to speak with the inmates, beckoning me to follow. I stooped and found myself in the ideal Irish cabin. There was the family bed in one corner, with a few dejected fowls roosting for the night on the clay floor beneath it. A large and clumsy loom occupied the opposite corner. Under a rude chimney smouldered a pile of turf, baking a heavy-looking piece of dough in a circular pan that hung from a hook. A table, a broken chair or two, a few stools, and a large

collection of odds and ends hanging from the roof, completed the furniture of the place.

It was like stepping into one of Lover’s stories; and I gazed with interest round the room, till Dominic interrupted me to introduce a stalwart young man with a baby on his knee, as Dennis Diver’s son-in-law. Slowly it dawned upon me that this was to be my abode. A cold shudder shook me as I realised that perhaps this was the best shelter the island offered, and that possibly I might have to choose between a share of that family bed and a rug on the clay floor; and when the young man addressed me in defective English and hoped I would be comfortable, I turned to Dominic and told him plainly it would not do, and that if there was no better accommodation I would try the lighthouse.

“If,” said the young man, looking at me steadfastly, “the gentleman thinks that we would rob him——”

“No, no!” I shouted, and frantically tried to explain myself. A stout elderly woman here entered the fray, and was introduced to me as Mrs. Diver. The excellent matron shook hands heartily with me and added, “You’re walkim, sorr, me bhoy,”—a phrase which she evidently believed to convey a respectful welcome. Her knowledge of English hardly extended beyond this remarkable sentence, though in Gaelic she must be equal to the rest of the island. Understanding what was going forward she adroitly threw open a door and introduced me to another apartment, somewhat superior, in that it had a wooden floor.

I looked round. I was tired and hungry, and could have reposed on an ants’ nest and eaten a mud-pie with gusto. An elderly man who had just entered (Dennis himself) was saying, “Sit down by the fayre and rest yourself a whayle, and tink abote it. Sit down and warrum yourself, and have a cup of tea.” I hesitated; my nostrils were becoming used to the peculiar turfy smell of the air, my

eyes in the twilight to the abundance of dirt. The circle of honest faces calmly awaited me; and finally I decided to trust to luck and the Divers; and shortly afterwards, having imbibed a cup of tea and diminished the contents (lubricated with butter) of the circular pan, I was seated in the family circle round the turf fire, smoking and talking to my host, and listening to the animated Gaelic conversation going on round me.

I slept soundly in a bed of a short and sandy nature, built into the wall, like a berth on board ship. My room was considerably furnished. There was a table at the window to write at, a pretty good chair, a spinning-wheel, and several substantial chests. The door and window had always been kept carefully shut, and the very chimney stuffed up; for the meal-sack and other stores of food were kept in my room, so that it was the centre of attraction to all the animals in the neighbourhood. Did I open my window, a fowl would be sure to flutter on to the sill and stand there clucking and alternately winking at me and looking hard at the flour-bag. Moreover the family kept their Sunday clothes and other finery in my room, and as the members came in and out for whatever they wanted at all hours, I saw a good deal of society.

And the society I thus saw was the best in the island. Dennis Diver possessed, I believe, the only wheelcart in the place, what others there were being "sliders," which carry their loads in a state of unstable equilibrium over the stones, demanding a good deal of attention from the driver. He also had a gun, a saw, a number of odd pieces of wood (very valuable on Tory Island), some glass (saved probably from wreckage), and a weaving-loom, which made all the cloth of the island. With such a collection of rare and valuable properties he was looked on as a man of some means. He and his son-in-law worked with incessant industry, and on a more grateful soil would have be-

come rich in proportion. They seemed to be busy all day, and at night, if it was fine enough, they went out fishing for hours. They slept whenever they had time, and I never once saw the family sit down to a regular meal. I would occasionally find one of them eating cold potatoes, or dubious-looking slops, from a dirty basin. Mrs. Diver went about endless business all day, her only relaxation being to squat down by the cradle and rock and sing the baby to sleep. She made jokes to me in Gaelic, over which we laughed with equal heartiness, and kindly essayed to teach me that language, compared with which Greek is child's play. First, with great care and by dint of repeating it at all hours to all who came in my way, I learnt the Gaelic for "good-night." When I was safe with "good-night" I embarked on the rasping combination of sounds with which a Toryman says "Thank you." But, unfortunately, finding that as soon as I could thus express my gratitude to my fellow-men I was no longer able to bid them "good night," I relinquished these ambitious attempts and contented myself with the simpler (yet unspellable) equivalent for "Where's the baby?"—a remark which was always hailed as a joke.

Torymen seemed to me a most kindly and talkative race. Not a bay or rock round the rugged contour of the island but has its name and story. There are the prints of the feet of the greyhound that leapt from the granite rock over to the mainland opposite, what time the ubiquitous Saint Columba (who of course founded a monastery on Tory, whereof a tower still remains), in virtuous indignation, scoured all the animals from the island. There is the grim-throated Gun, a kind of rugged shaft in the ground to the sea below, which comes up surging and spouting with prodigious noise in stormy weather. Tory is said to have been originally peopled by a branch of the Fomorians, a giant race of pirates from the north of Africa, who in their turn were de-

scended from the tribes of Canaan expelled by the Israelites. Dennis Diver assured me that the race was much diminished in size, and that when he was a boy the men were much larger; but this I took to be a very simple error in mental perspective. The chief of the Fomorians that settled in Tory Island was one King Balor, who, I was informed by a native, was "King of Italy and Norway, and came to Tory Island to make his love." I found out all about King Balor in a guide to the Donegal Highlands, and how he had a basilisk eye in the back of his head; and I recited it to Dominic in place of his mangled version. He was much interested. Before, he had been sceptical about King Balor, though there were still pointed out the ruined foundations of Balor's castle, and the great crack in the cliff which they called Balor's gaol; but so soon as he knew that it was all really down in a book, there could be no further room for doubt.

I believe the islanders regard their barren rock as a paradise. The community is so much akin to a large family, and the relationships so closely interwoven among them, that it would be impossible to induce them to emigrate or separate from each other. It is most interesting to watch the habits of a community in which, from the mere force of circumstances, social arrangements can hardly be developed into other than domestic forms. A society, in which from time immemorial every unit is more or less intimately acquainted with and related to every other unit, is bound to afford a good deal of interest to an outside observer. With complete absence of temptations to any form of immorality repressible by law, any kind of government is very little necessary for Tory Islanders; and in their wild home they enjoy a curious kind of freedom. They pay no rent, no taxes. Until six years ago they owned no authority, for none was before their eyes, and almost absolute equality must have reigned among them. But since then they have been

under the guidance of the good priest of a religion peculiarly adapted, as it seems to me, to their mental requirements. Before he came, whisky-distilling, irrepressible by the police of the mainland, was probably very common. But Father O'Donnell has reformed all this, and not a still is known to exist on the island. Besides being their priest he does their business for them, writes their letters, and acts as general interpreter to the outside world in managing their poor little transactions in kelp, dulse, fish, and pigs. Where the clerical office is so varied there is not much necessity for display. It is a quaint and moving sight on a Sunday morning to see the Father standing at his chapel door, shaking a common tin hand-bell, while the islanders flock to the service in religious silence, the men brushed and washed, the women with all their cheap finery about them, and if wealthy enough disfiguring the natural grace of their movements by wearing ill-fitting boots which transform them at once from free-stepping daughters of liberty to hobbling hired girls.

For me the days went very pleasantly on Tory Island. At eight Mrs. Diver brought me my breakfast, always consisting of two eggs, tea, a kind of soda-bread (fresh-baked and very eatable) and butter, after which I strolled among the cliffs, to return to my work when I felt disposed. About noon Mrs. Diver would disappear to the back of the house, and a frightful commotion would be heard among the poultry. An hour later a boiled fowl was placed steaming before me, flanked by a dish of questionable potatoes and a jug of milk. Having exercised my jaws over this repast (and the toughness of those fowls still haunts my nightmares), I would go for a protracted stroll with Dominic, which generally ended in a bathe or a row round the cliffs, and return at five o'clock to resume my work. Nothing further happened to interrupt me until nine, when Mrs. Diver appeared with a fish broiled across a pair of tongs over a few burn-

ing embers to a degree that would bring tears to the eyes of an alderman. After that final meal I usually paid a visit to the lighthouse, to sit up talking and smoking with the watchman, while the great lenses rolled round and the gas jets hissed and flared overhead.

In a little less than a fortnight my work was done. But the wind had risen and I could not go as I pleased. For two days I watched anxiously for the breaker-lined cliffs of the foreland opposite to appear through the mist and rain. At length it cleared, and I took my seat in the open boat that goes once a week, when it can, to the mainland for letters. Two old women, brightly and bulkily dressed, sat ballast-wise in the bows, fearfully telling their beads and crossing themselves as the boat breasted the waves; and with oar and sail, and a crew of four, we scudded away towards the sandy beach of Magheroarty.

As the island grew smaller my heart grew larger, and I thought of my poor friends on that naked rock as I have often thought since. What will become of them as the years roll by? Will they grow and multiply till they too overflow into distant colonies, and go to make new nations?

I think not. Their struggle for existence is mainly with the elements. I saw them in the summer, when the wholesome air is almost food in itself, and their boats can live in the sea to catch daily surfeits of fish; when they can reach the mainland to spend in

necessaries and cheap luxuries the few shillings hardly earned with the kelp that has been shipped in a passing schooner to Glasgow. But what is their lot in winter? The women and children pining hungry indoors crouching around the spluttering turf that feebly smoulders in the wretched hearth; the men in a chronic condition of being wet through, trying to suck consolatory memories from their empty clay-pipes; and the angry sea driving against the cliffs and sending its spray into every nook and crevice in the island. The islanders are a healthy race, and know but little of malignant disease; but a hard winter will sweep off old and young, and almost arrest the growth of life.

And the demon of cold is growing stronger every year. It is a cruel fact, but yet a fact, that not very far in the future the island will be almost without fuel. Bit by bit the last poor remnants of the rich turf which years ago covered the island to the depth of three or four feet are being cut away, down to the very gravel which gets imbedded in it and makes it splutter as it tries to burn. In a few years, I fear, the rock will be as bare of turf as on the day of its upheaval from the sea. Would that, before that time, those sixty or seventy families of hardy Torymen could be transplanted all together to some congenial climate where the race could spread and prosper.

R. W. K. E.

THE LAST DAYS OF HEINE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF DOCTOR G. KARPELES.)

"WHEN I walk through the streets the pretty women invariably turn to look after me. My closed eyes (the right one is still about the eighth of an inch open), my sunken cheeks, fantastically-cut beard, uncertain gait, all these little details combined give me the appearance of a dying man—which suits me admirably! I assure you I am just now enjoying an immense success as a candidate for Death."

So wrote Heine in the spring of 1847 to Frau Jaubert. All those who visited him in Paris at that period confirm this report, and many are the tales told by them of the terrible ravages made by his illness during the short period of a few months. In spite of this, however, on his good days he was still a convivial companion, and never was better pleased than to offer hospitality to guests with whom he could laugh and jest. "His mind seemed to have remained totally independent of his body, and continued to work with the same untiring energy in a physically ruined dwelling-place, heedless if the roof should give way and crush him." Thus it was that Alfred Meissner, who afterwards became one of his best and most trusted friends, first met him on February 10th, 1847. The circle by which he was then surrounded was chiefly composed of literary Germans who had come to Paris as reporters, and among whom may be found such names as Ludwig Wihl, Heinrich Seuffert, L. Kalisch, Karpeles, &c. The intercourse with celebrated French authors and composers had almost entirely died out during those last few years. Only Hector Berlioz visited Heine from time to time, and the ill-fated Gerard de Nerval, the French

translator of his poems, remained faithful to him until his death.

In January, 1848, Heine paid his last visit to Frau Jaubert, being borne in his servant's arms from the carriage up the two flights of stairs. But the strain was too great; hardly had he been laid on the sofa when one of his fearful attacks came on, commencing with the brain and agonizing the whole body down to the feet. His terrible sufferings could only be allayed by morphia, which had to be administered in ever-increasing quantities. He himself remarked that he annually consumed about forty pounds' worth of this beneficent drug. A few days after this visit, Heine removed to the *Maison de Santé* of his friend Faultrier in the Rue de Lourcine, and there he passed some time in comparative ease until the first storms of the revolution swept over France, rudely disturbing the sufferer's peace. "Miserable fate," he moaned, "to experience such a revolution in such a position; I should have been either dead or well." All letters and articles written by Heine on the occurrences of the day bear the mark of this same state of mind. The aspirations and actions of the world found no answering echo in his heart. That the first outbreaks should have excited him to such a degree that "his blood ran cold, and his limbs seemed subjected to a galvanic battery," was not surprising. But these feelings soon passed away, leaving in their place only the pessimistical view which saw in all the events of the revolution nothing save "universal monarchy, and a general upsetting of things on earth and things in heaven." To escape the excitement, which in his state was so injurious, Heine gave way to

the entreaties of his wife and allowed himself to be transported to Plassy. Much was hoped from this change of air, but very shortly such alarming symptoms showed themselves that he was compelled to return to Paris. A perpetual dread tortured Heine at this time—the fear that his brain would become affected and that he would lose his reason. To all these physical and mental sufferings was added the fact that in consequence of the general disorder prevalent in public affairs he had incurred heavy pecuniary losses. The shares of the Gouin Bank, in which he had invested his small savings, had become almost worthless, and he was obliged to sell out at a ruinous price. As though illness, revolution and loss of money were not enough, yet another torture was his,—an unbounded, and most surely an unfounded, jealousy of his wife. One of his doctors relates the following incident :

What avails our art against the power of an unreasoning love and an uncontrollable jealousy? I know not what false suspicion had taken possession of our patient's mind; I only state the fact. One night he slid, or rather fell from his mattress which was laid on the floor. Exerting all his strength, with the support of his hands he crawled on his stomach to the door of his wife's room, where he fainted away and lay unconscious, Heaven alone knows how long. He is perfectly well aware that his illness must terminate fatally, and I know for a certainty that his courage has not failed him. He is a most remarkable man, busying himself continually with two problems,—how he can keep the state of his health from his mother's ears, and how he can provide for the future of his wife.

His first medical attendant was one Dr. Sichel, who professed to cure his patients without the aid of medicine; unhappily this system of "faith-healing" did nothing for Heine, and he was forced to have recourse to others; above all to his friend Dr. Wertheim, who had established the Cold Water Cure in Paris. As, however, the latter was too much occupied to give the invalid the necessary time and

attention that he required, he was joined in his task by Dr. Gruby, a Hungarian who had long been settled, and held a very high position, in Paris. At the request of both a consultation was held in October of the same year at which two of the greatest medical authorities, Drs. Chomel and Rostan, were present. All four unanimously agreed that but little could be done to ease the sufferer's pain. They urged him to settle in Nizza, but this he at once refused to do, and nothing could induce him to alter his determination. Heine, who possessed truly wonderful powers of endurance, often laughed over the many injunctions and rules laid down for him to follow. "To heal my eyes," said he, "they place blisters on my back." His last removal was to the Rue d'Amsterdam (No. 50), a house which, though not large or elegant, was quiet.

Yet even there he was not free from the visits of curious *litterati* and enthusiastic female admirers; and to contradict the reports circulated by the former in Germany Heine published a most interesting article in several of the leading papers, from which we give the following extract :

I leave it an open question whether people call my illness by its right name, whether it be a family illness (*i.e.*, an illness inherited from one's ancestors), or one of those attacks to which a German is usually subject when from home. Whether it be a French *ramollissement de la moelle épinière*, or a German consumption of the spine, I care not. I only know that it is a very horrible illness which tortures me by day and by night; shattering not only my nervous system but also my brain-power. In the month of May last year I lay down on my bed from which I shall never rise again. Meanwhile I freely confess a great change has come over me. No longer am I a divine biped; no longer am I the "most liberal German after Goethe" as Ruge styled me in better days; no longer am I the great Heine (No. II.) whom people compared to a vine-crowned Bacchus, while they gave to my colleague (No. I.) the title of a grand-ducal Weimarian Jupiter; no longer am I a plea-

sure-loving, somewhat corpulent Pagan who smiled with cheerful condescension on the dejected Nazarenes. No,—I am only a poor Jew sick unto death, a wasted image of sorrow, a miserable man.

Traces of this strange transformation had appeared in the earliest days of his illness, and had kept pace with it in its rapid progress. A friend remarked to Heine how much his conversion was made the subject of discussion and that the world went so far as to declare that he had once again returned to Judaism. "I make no secret of my Jewish proclivities," answered the poet, "to which I have not returned, simply because I never renounced them. I was not baptized from any motives of hatred to the Jews; my atheism was never seriously meant; my former friends, the disciples of Hegel, have proved themselves curs. The misery of mankind is too great. We must *perforce* believe." A better illustration of this change,—better than either letters, articles or confidences,—is offered by the *Romancero* which comprehends all Heine's poems written during the years 1846 - 51. This publication created a tremendous sensation, as it seemed to confirm all the statements made in Germany concerning the return of the poet to the old faith. In the epilogue to this volume Heine made many strange disclosures.

Lying on one's death-bed is apt to render one very susceptible and tender-hearted, and one would wish to make one's peace with God and man. I confess that I have scratched many, bitten many, and have been no saint; but believe me, those much be-praised lambs of meekness would bear themselves less piously did they possess the teeth and claws of the tiger. I can boast that I never used those weapons with which Nature had so bountifully provided me.

Since I myself have been in need of God's mercy, I have conferred an amnesty on all my enemies. Many beautiful poems (directed against persons in very high and very low positions) were for this reason not included in the present collection. Poems containing offensive remarks, however slight, against the Great God

Himself, I have condemned to the flames with nervous celerity. Better that the verses should burn than the versifier! Yes,—I have returned to God—like the prodigal son, after tending the swine for so long with the followers of Hegel.

Was it misery that drove me back? Perhaps a less despicable motive—a craving for the Heavenly home awoke in me and drove me forth, forth through forests and ravines, forth over the most precipitous mountain-paths of dialectics. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but he could not help me. That poor chimerical being is interlinked and interwoven with the world, imprisoned as it were in the flesh, and stands forth before one's eyes helpless and powerless. When one asks a God who can aid (and that is after all the chief requisition) one must accept His Personality, His exemption from the taint of this earth, and His Holy Attributes—All-Good, All-Wise, All-Just. The immortality of the soul, our resurrection after death, these are thrown in as the butcher throws the marrow-bones without payment into his customer's basket, when content with the purchase made.

More clearly than in this epilogue, and in the *Confessions* which shortly followed, the conversion of the poet cannot be shown. In the days of his illness he sought for some shield to protect himself from his own jests, and found—the Bible. With smiles, pathetic in their exceeding sorrowfulness, he returned to the memories of his youth, and to that Deism which is the fundamental doctrine of Biblical Judaism. The Psalms, so full of consolation, the ingeniously sublime words of faith in the Pentateuch, fascinated him unspeakably and filled his soul with lofty thoughts. As, however, the Bible also contains the book of fundamental pessimism, namely the book of Job, Heine's views of life, despite a steadfast religious conviction, continued to be those of a decided Pessimist, indications of which recur in the poems of the *Romancero*, as well as in all his productions of this period, which has been cleverly styled the "cynical-elegiac period." Child-like faith, wild scepticism, constant love, restless hate, fiery enthusiasm, chilling apathy, ideal loftiness of intuitive feeling, trivial

coarseness of wit, artless delight in Nature, and inflexible pessimism, all these contradictions seemed to unite in this one individuality; the combination offering a mysterious, inexplicable, but beautiful whole. To quote a strikingly appropriate saying of Berlioz,—“It was as though the poet turned back at the entrance of his grave to contemplate and sneer once again at the world in which he no longer had a share.”

At times when the physical agony of that long martyrdom asserted its dreadful power, the desponding views of life preponderated, to which the poet gave shuddering expression in demoniacal conceptions, in poems fraught with horror, in weird visions, and in imaginations of frightful beauty. “It is a wail from the grave,” Heine himself said of his last poems,—“the cry of one buried alive, the despairing lamentation of a corpse, or of the tomb itself, which echoes through the still night air.” Numerous friends who sought out Heine during the last years of his life brought these tidings back to the Fatherland. His brothers, Gustave and Maximilian Heine, together with his sister, Charlotte von Embden, saw Heinrich once again on his bed of sickness. But in general the isolation of the poet became greater as time went on. Karoline Jaubert, the Princess Belgiojoso, the Russian Countess Kalergis, Lady Duff Gordon, and, above all, the mysterious being who flits across the pages of his memoirs only to disappear without leaving any trace behind—these were the only friends who cheered his dying hours.

This young lady to whom we have just made allusion was by birth a German, who from her earliest youth had lived in Paris. She first became acquainted with the poet through the medium of a musical composition, and Heine, who was greatly delighted with this lovable and charming young girl, became so fond of her that it was not long before she became absolutely necessary to him. A peculiar intimacy arose between the dying poet and the beautiful and enthusiastic admirer,—one of

those intimacies which may perplex the mind of a psychologist, but to which a literary connoisseur would immediately find a parallel in the relation of the aged Goethe to Ulrike von Levetzow. Each particular detail of this friendship is of great interest and may now be read in the memoirs which, since the considerations and scruples of youth have given place to the more mature reflections of age, have been given to the public by the lady herself under the name of “Camilla Selden.” Being in the habit of using a seal on which was engraven a fly, Heine always called her *La Mouche*, and till a short time ago she was known only by this title. A touching impression is made by the little notes written to her by Heine,—notes full of yearning love, impassioned desire, and pain. The post-script usually consisted of a laconic communication regarding his hopeless condition. *La Mouche* was his faithful friend, spending day and night by his bed-side, reading to him, writing his letters, correcting the French edition of his works, and becoming the object of his most devoted attachment.

At that time, 1855, his condition had indeed become hopeless, and as he lay there in the lonely sleepless nights, an infinite craving for his mother and sister filled his soul. Adventurous plans crossed his fevered brain; he would have a carriage built and padded with mattresses, and so reach home to breathe his last in the arms of those loved ones of his childhood. Seeing the impracticability of this idea he dispatched the most urgent letters, imploring his sister Charlotte to come to him. About the end of October his wishes were fulfilled and she started for Paris under the escort of her brother Gustave. The joy of seeing this beloved sister again was indescribable. Her bed had to be placed in the immediate vicinity of the sick-room, and many nights when waked from sleep by the agonized moans of her brother, she would hurry to his side to soothe and console him. The illness of one of her children forced her to return to Ham-

burg about the end of December. At the parting, which was heartbreaking, Heine told her that by his will he had left the disposition of his writings and papers to her son Ludwig. He gave her many verbal instructions regarding these latter, and expressed a wish that his nephew should come to Paris to discuss many questions of importance with him. This wish was, however, frustrated by his unexpected death a few weeks later.

Next to his own kith and kin it was his Mathilde whose presence made the only bright spot in the fearful darkness of his affliction. "He often assures me," writes Frau Jaubert, "that many times her fresh, clear voice had called him back into life, when his soul was hovering on the borders of the unknown land of shadows. If the bird-like tones of his wife in the adjoining room broke in on the quiet of the sick-chamber, Heine would pause and listen, a pleasant smile would cross his lips, and he would remain silent till the sound had died away. Such moments heralded the birth of those strange, grand poems dedicated to Mathilde, to La Mouche, and those *Last Poems and Thoughts*, which first appeared twenty years later to complete the picture of the poet in so remarkable a manner."

Till the end Heine worked at his memoirs; begun in early life, afterwards burnt, and finally recommenced. But only a portion, namely a sketch of his youth, has as yet been given to the world, notwithstanding prolonged struggles between the members of the family, and a bitter war of words carried on by the leading journals. When one compares the recollections of his boyhood, published in the *Reisebilder*, the fresh-coloured, dashing sentences alive with humour, with the faded records of the older man, so surely the reader will perceive a great and undeniable contrast, and will comprehend the degree of disappointment which the latter called forth. These fragmentary memoirs include an account of Heine's education (1810-1816)

and make much the same impression as an old photograph with the features half blotted out, and only the outlines of the misty figure to be traced.

Meanwhile the loneliness increased around the dying man, and his illness slowly but surely crept on apace, destroying one organ after another in its deadly progress. In the beginning of the year 1856 it was clear that the end was at hand. The attacks of spasms became more frequent, and even morphia lost its efficacy.

One day Frau Jaubert visited him in the forenoon; no one was in the ante-chamber, and the door of the sick-room stood open. A terrible sight met her eyes. Heine's bed had just been made, and one of the nurses in attendance was in the act of carrying him in her arms from the *chaise longue* to the mattress. His body, which had been wasted away in the long suffering, was as that of a mere child; his feet hung down lifeless, and were so distorted that the heel was turned in the place of the instep. This was the last meeting between the two friends. He talked with her as usual, but a strong religious element marked the conversation. Again and again he quoted a saying of La Bruyère on death. As she was taking leave of him, he held her hand for some moments, and then said: "Do not remain too long away, my friend, it would be imprudent."

The next day La Mouche visited him for the last time. "Push back your hat a little that I may see you better," he said, with a caressing gesture, as she rose to go. Then with trembling earnestness he called after her, "Till to-morrow, then, till to-morrow, be sure not later."

During the following night repeated faintings, convulsions, and severe sickness made it obvious to all that this attack would prove fatal. The next day, however, he was in full possession of his intellectual powers, and even commenced writing the first paragraphs of a new will. The nurse, Katherine Bourlois, besought him to rest, but he put her aside with the words, "I have

four more days' work to do; then my task is finished." To the last he retained his love of humour, and when asked by a friend how he stood with God, he answered with a smile, "Do not disturb yourself; *Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*"

Thus the Saturday came round, and the symptoms grew yet more alarming. Heine asked the doctor if the end was near. Dr. Gruby felt that it would be wrong to conceal the truth, and the patient heard the verdict with perfect composure. The weakness increased rapidly. In the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, he whispered the word "write" three times, and then cried out for paper and pencil—these were his last words. On the night of February 17th, at a quarter to five, he passed away. Mathilde who had gone to lie down at one o'clock, saw her husband only after his eyes were closed for ever.

"They took me into a quiet room," writes La Mouche of her last sight of the beloved friend, "where the corpse lay like a statue, enwrapped in the sublime tranquillity of Death. No longer anything earthly in those cold features. No longer any trace to remind one of that spirit which had loved, hated, and suffered. An antique mask, on which the icy hand of Death had imprinted the stillness of a proud indifference, a countenance of marble, the beautiful contour of which brought to one's mind the most sublime masterpieces of Grecian Art. Thus I saw him for the last time."

The funeral took place on February 20th, a cold and foggy day, at eleven o'clock. About one hundred mourners followed the coffin to the cemetery of Montmartre, where the leafless elms bent shivering before the keen wind. The procession was headed by A. Heine and Josef Cohen, who were joined by the friends of the poet. Among the

Frenchmen who, in common with the little crowd of German emigrants, had assembled to pay him the last tribute of respect, were Mignet and Théophile Gautier. On the way Alexandre Dumas took his place in the ranks, and silently they proceeded to their destination, and silently they watched the mortal remains of Heine laid in their last resting-place. His own sad words were indeed verified.

No masses shall the stillness break,
When hence my soul its flight shall take;
No holy chant, no psalm arise,
When cold this shrouded body lies.

In that part of the cemetery consigned to exiles and outlaws sleeps Heinrich Heine. No grand monument, only a simple tablet inscribed with his name, marks the lonely tomb of the German poet. There, since 1883, Mathilde, faithful in death as in life, rests with her husband.

It may be well to add that only since Heine's decease has he been justly appreciated by the German nation, who now honour in him their greatest lyric poet after Goethe. His writings have exercised a great influence on the development of literature; his prose works form an important addition to the history of art, and his poems will live until the language in which they are composed becomes extinct. With prophetic foresight Heine foretold his life, his vocation, and his fate in the lines of that sublime ode which may be chosen as a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch.

I am the sword! I am the flame! I have been a light to you in your darkness, and when the battle raged, I took my place in the front ranks. Around me lie the corpses of my friends, but *we* are victorious. In the exultant songs of triumph wail the notes of the funeral dirge! The trumpets sound afresh! On,—on to the new conflict! I am the sword! I am the flame!

A BALLAD OF THE WERE-WOLF.

THE gudewife sits i' the chimney-neuk,
 An' looks on the loupin' flame;
 The rain fa's chill, and the win' ca's shrill,
 Ere the auld gudeman comes hame.

"Oh why is your cheek so wan, gudewife?
 An' why do ye glower on me?
 Sae dour ye luik i' the chimney-neuk,
 Wi' the red licht in your e'e!"

"Yet this nicht should ye welcome me,
 This ae nicht mair than a',
 For I hae scotched yon great gray wolf
 That took our bairnies twa.

"'Twas a sair sair strife for my very life,
 As I warstled there my lane;
 But I'll hae her heart or e'er we part,
 Gin ever we meet again.

"An' 'twas ae sharp stroke o' my bonny knife
 That gar'd her haud awa';
 Fu' fast she went out owre the bent
 Wi'outen her right fore-paw.

"Gae tak' the foot o' the drumlie brute,
 And hang it upo' the wa';
 An' the next time that we meet, gudewife,
 The tane of us shall fa'."

He's flung his pouch on the gudewife's lap,
 I' the firelicht shinin' fair,
 Yet naught they saw o' the grey wolf's paw,
 For a bluidy hand lay there.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 Wi' the red licht in her e'e,
 Till she stude but a span frae the auld gudeman,
 Whiles never a word spak' she.

But she stripped the claiths frae her lang right arm,
 That were wrappit roun' and roun';
 The first was white, an' the last was red,
 And the fresh bluid dreeped adown.

She stretchit him out her lang right arm,
 An' cauld as the deid stude he.
 The flames louped bricht i' the gloamin' licht—
 There was nae hand there to see!

THE UNATTACHED STUDENT.

IN an ancient university town there lived formerly an Unattached Student. His name was Beggs, but a stranger would scarcely find that out in a year, though he was a sight as well known as the proctors. For he had ten separate nick-names, and men never spoke of him but by one of these. The favourite, however, and that which the most nearly described him, was "The Beam," which took its beginning from the sun-like radiancy and broad universal smile of his huge countenance. In girth and height, in substance and general proportion, he was of the sons of Anak; yet, great as he might appear in cap and gown, hurrying to lecture in the wake of supercilious pigmies, it was nothing to one who has seen him (as I have) wholly cased in white, stalking, gigantic and solitary, to the football-field.

No one was ever seen to speak to him. For though in his absence his existence was recognized as a sort of base necessity, yet the lack of speculation in the eyes of those with whom he daily perforce consorted might lead you to fancy him invisible to them as he moved substantial. He was elder by no mean period to the majority of his fellows, having indeed for some years previous, as master in a national school, been known amongst his co-evals as "poor Beggs"; but the boys, with more candour, called him "that ass Beggs." And he had, but God knows how, collected together enough money to go through his university course, not without hardship, on such a system of bare toleration. Yet, because he was not accustomed to be considered, and was happy in capping a tutor, and even in the very name of undergraduate, these things remained without meaning to him. Moreover

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he had a companion at home, who was all that a companion should be.

He lived in an extremely small house; indeed it could hardly be called anything but a cottage, for there was no passage in it, and you could get to it only by a narrow sloping path that was like the entrance to a mews. But it was not a bad place to live in, especially in the summer. There was a small garden behind; sweet herbs grew in it, and a clump of lavender and some flowers, and behind that again there was the river. I have seen strange effects as the white mist came drifting over the fields at sundown, and sometimes covered them softly like a deep mantle of snow.

Some people said that the place was not healthy, but the widow Beggs always remarked that the mist stopped short at the garden paling, and of course she knew.

There were two steps leading to the cottage door, and they were always beautifully clean and white. Any morning in the year, before the sun rose, you might have seen the Beam kneeling before them with a pail of water. He cleaned the steps with all his strength, a labour of love, which was moreover first-rate exercise in winter; and what an additional glow came over him when the old mother came out and said admiringly, "Well, now! I'd eat my dinner off 'em as soon as look at 'em!"

He then went to his breakfast of pease-pudding, and after that there was a dinner of pease-pudding, and a supper of pease-pudding also. But on Sundays he had herrings for supper. This, said he, was his favourite diet; but for the old lady he provided something better, and since she could not help believing what her son told her, and saw that he became every

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day stouter and redder, she was convinced that it was the best thing for him.

What a son he was, to be sure! Old Mrs. Beggs was certainly the happiest woman in the world when she went out with him. So many people stopped to look at him that the walk was like a triumphal progress, and she has often observed to me that even when there was a pretty girl on the other side of the way, all eyes would turn by preference towards her son.

In the long summer evenings you might see the pair stroll silently in the fields, hand-in-hand. I have seen them walk so in the town, but only once, upon a special occasion.

But in the winter, when the lamp was lit, and the warm small room was full of flickers from the fire, that shone upon the china dogs on the mantelpiece with golden collars and red ears, on the black paper profiles in gilt frames, the big Bible, and the scriptural groups in glazed earthenware of Elijah and the ravens, and Peter with the cock—then the Beam covered the round table with his books and studied. The sense of companionship, the possibility of conversation were agreeable to him, and the old lady was always ready to agree, even when she was dozing. "Listen to this, mother," he would say. "Is it not beautiful?" And he would read a passage from Saint Chrysostom, or Gregory Nazianzen, and she nodded her head, and thought of the talents of her son.

They had sat thus one evening for some time. The fire had burned a little red, and the student sighed and shut the Greek dictionary. His mother was sitting by the fire. She was awake, and when he came and took her hand, she spoke.

"Do you not think, my son," said she, "that you might now engage yourself to be married?"

"Now that you mention it," he replied, "I will certainly see about it immediately. I would have done so before if I had known that you would like it, for the idea is not at all a bad one."

"It occurred to me just now while I sat here looking into the fire," said the widow. "I thought to myself, here is Joshua, who has now nearly gone through the university course, and is about to take his degree; and it seemed to me that considering the good appointment that the Government will certainly give you, it would really be a misfortune if you were not able to settle in life immediately on obtaining it. Dear me! how agreeable it will be to be sitting here with a nice young thing on the other side of the hearth—just we three, you know—And then you will have little ones who will come up to me and say, 'Goodnight, grandmama!' I almost fancy sometimes I hear their little voices."

"That will be charming, mother!" cried the student, and then he fell a-thinking. "It is necessary to consider," said he.

"Take your own time, my dear boy," said the old lady.

After five minutes the student raised his head, and said, "There is Penny Morrison, next door. She's a good girl, mother. Would you like her? It would be neighbourly."

"It is true," said the widow, who had been thinking of no one but Penny Morrison, "that with your abilities you might look higher, my son. Yet, as you say, Penny is a good girl, and I remember that when I went in there to my tea the bread was extremely light—it had been scraped at the bottom, but that was the fault of the oven; and it will be handy for your courting, for even when you are very busy you will be able just to slip in and say 'Good evening!'"

"Certainly, that will be the very thing!" cried the student, "And I will begin to-morrow, mother, before tea, for perhaps it will occupy some time, and I sometimes fancy I am rather a slow person."

"Take your own time, my son," said the widow again, and she patted his large head as she went up stairs to bed.

II.

THE next day the student stood at the door of the Morrisons' cottage. He wore a new neck-tie, and had a polyanthus in his coat, and he also had on his college cap and gown. Mr. Morrison was the foreman of "The Works," for so they were always spoken of; and thus they were superior people.

"I have come," said Joshua, "to inquire after little Ehret; and—is Miss Penny at home?"

"Dear! and it's kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Beggs," said Mrs. Morrison in a tone less loud than its wont. She looked backwards athwart her shoulder into the room, where he heard a low voice. But he could not see within for the figure of Mrs. Morrison.

"Penny's out just now for a breath of air," said she, "for Ehret's been but poorly, and Penny was up with her the most of the night. But come in; the district-lady's there, but don't you mind that, and Ehret's always wild to see you."

Little Ehret lay on a chair-bed by the window, and a young woman sat beside her on a low stool, explaining to her the pictures that she held in her hand. "And so," said she, "whenever he spread out his cloak he had only to wish, and the cloak rose up in the air and carried him wherever he wanted to go."

Little Ehret, who had for half an hour forgot her pain, now began to weep, and said with sobbing, "I'm tired! I'm so tired of this brown room—I want to go out in the sun and see the green fields and hear the birds!"

And then she saw Joshua, who having entered, stood awkwardly without a word, and she stretched out her long lean arms to him. "Take me," said the cripple, "in your great beautiful strong arms, and carry me to the river to see the boats."

"Nay," said Mrs. Morrison, "for shame, Ehret, to plague Mr. Beggs so. And it's downright naughty of you, that it is, to go for to cry like that,

making yourself ill all for nothing, when the lady's been so good to you and all; and she won't come and see you no more nor Mr. Beggs neither, if you're not a good girl and lie down quiet now and go to sleep."

The lady put her arms round the child in a quick gentle manner that she had, and the child clung to her. "I think some fresh air is what Ehretia wants," she said. "Do not cry, Ehret, and I will come to you to-morrow and bring you a custard-pudding that my Mrs. Binny knows how to make better than anybody else in the world. And if you are good, Mr. Beggs will take you out. Will you not?" said she, and as she spoke she looked at him and half laughed. Yet in her eyes there was ever something of shrinking gravity. He now for the first time met them, and they had over him some curious influence. Whether they were grey or blue I cannot tell. They were of the sort that for depth seemed to go through to the back of her head, and that pierced far into the souls of others; much looked out of them for those who were wise or fortunate enough to behold it. The student discovered there in one moment something that he had never known of before. But he lifted little Ehret very carefully, and her mother wrapped her in a shawl, and the lady put in the pin and said, "Good-bye." Again he met her eyes.

Then he carried Ehret down to the river.

III.

"AND what did you say to her, to-day, my son?" asked the widow as she sat in the elbow-chair and looked at Joshua, who was making toast for her tea—for toast is no dearer than bread, and is always a relish.

"She said 'good-bye,' and—who did you mean, mother?" said the student, and he dropped the slice among the cinders. In seeking for it he knelt upon the cat, which he mistook for a foot-stool. "That was very careless," said he. "You were speaking of

Penelope. Yes ; I did not see her to-day, for Mrs. Morrison told me that she was out, but to-morrow I will call again."

"I have been thinking," said the widow, "that she would perhaps take it kindly if you were to make her some little present, for I first came to think of your father from his giving me six pairs of porpoise-hide boot-laces. He was travelling in haberdashery then. And I have got some little things put away here," said she, going to the cupboard and taking down an old grey leather desk, "which perhaps may be of use, just to show, you know—"

"That there is no ill-feeling, mother," suggested the student.

"That is what I mean," she replied.

The widow opened the old desk and took out several folded papers. She opened one. It contained a very few red hairs tied together with a fine piece of blue riband, and was labelled "Joshua Jonathan Beggs, aged three months, five days."

"That is your hair, my son," said she. "I cut it off myself. And here is the first tooth that you lost—and how you cried, to be sure, not knowing that it was the way of all flesh—but it has slipped out of its paper and has got black with lying amongst the pencil-leads. Ah, this was what I was looking for, it is made of my great-aunt Elizabeth's hair. She had two made, one for me and one for cousin Mary, just six months before she died, to remember her by. She always wore a skull-cap, poor old lady, for she was past eighty years of age ; but I know it is her own hair, for she told me that she had always saved her combings from a girl. It is a very handsome brooch, for aunt had intended to leave us each a hundred pounds, but she had the brooches made instead, and left the money to a Blind Institution. But I'd as soon Penny had it as any one, for she's a good careful girl, and in that way it would not go out of the family. Perhaps, however, to begin with, so handsome a present would be premature."

The widow searched in the desk again.

"Here is something else," said she, taking out a small wooden box. "It was brought to your father as a present from China, and is the tooth-powder that the Chinese use, so the gentleman said. But I thought it would be a pity to make use of it, and so I have kept it as a curiosity. She might like to have it, you know ; and then if you found she took it kindly you could offer her the brooch afterwards."

"Certainly," said the student. "And you do not think, mother, that she would consider it personal at all ?"

"You might say, you know," said the widow thoughtfully, "that if it went against her conscience to keep it, put by it would come in nicely for the children ; and then she could do as she liked about it."

"Of course," said he. "That is what I shall say, and she will be very pleased. It was clever of you to think of it. Is there not a secret drawer here ?"

"Yes, that is a secret drawer," said the widow, pressing her finger on a spring which made a small drawer fly out.

"And what do you keep in it, mother ?" said he.

"I do not know why I should keep it here," said the widow, "but I like to know that it is safe. You would not remember to have seen it, for you were but a child when it had to be cut off from my finger, I had grown so stout. It's my wedding-ring ; but I had it mended again so that you would scarcely know."

"There is writing on it," said the student, examining the ring, on the inside of which was a rough design of an eye and the words "May it watch over you."

"Yes," she replied, "I had a fancy for a posy, and these were the words your father chose. It is much too small for me now—but the new ring has no posy. I am an old woman, Joshua," said she, turning the ring

over and fitting it on the top of her finger. "I once thought of asking you to put this in my coffin with me, but it would be selfish, and selfishness was a thing that my husband could not bear; so I will give the ring to you."

"To me, mother! Bless you," said the student, "I could not wear it, you know."

"But there are them that can," said the widow sagely. "No, my dear. Keep the ring till you marry Penelope, which I pray I may live to see. And may it watch over you," said she, kissing him with a tear in her eye.

And while he was gone above to lay the ring by in a safe place she sorted out the contents of the desk with a sentimental expression. For she had her son's first baby-socks there, and her only love-letter, and a score of odds and ends that after she was gone would be thrown out on the rubbish-heap.

IV.

THE student had a soul, and was indeed conventionally aware of it, but it was as yet almost wholly undeveloped. He was in no ill-sense an animal, of noble instincts, not without religion. He had not until now experienced any great emotion that was needed to foster and swell by its warmth the seedling of the God-descended plant that was in him. But from the day that he carried little Ehret down to the river there was within him a new stir of growth. A depth had been pierced that reflected things of a height heretofore not dreamed; a mute string had been touched, that now trembled to sounds of celestial sweetness. He dimly knew of the change, and now indeed for the first time began to think; yet being by nature slow, and wholly unaccustomed to self-dissection, it was not for long, and then only by a kind of chance that he discerned its origin. But none the less it had influence upon all his actions, and lent to his devotion to his mother, which was ever a touching peculiarity, a

grace and fineness of feeling that it had lacked, and that at times surprised even her.

And in the mean time he was courting Penny Morrison.

Penelope was a good girl, as Mrs. Beggs had said; that is to say, so far as any one, and herself also, could at present tell. For she also was yet untried by any love or grief, and many things that were in her remained hid. At home she tended little Ehret, and in her household duties appeared no-wise uncontented. Penelope was a demure girl; but in one corner of her cheek, just where the pink began, there was a dimple, and one should never trust to the demureness of a girl with a dimple.

Penelope was not very clever, but too much brains are no good in a woman—they are apt to work out in unexpected ways, so that you do not know where you are with them. That was what Joshua thought. But there was nothing of this kind with Penny, who was one of your old-fashioned girls, the same one day as another; and most things that occurred she took for granted. The visits of the student soon fell into this category and he himself also, and all things continued smoothly without necessity for explanation. Such a silent acquiescence is to be commended in courtship.

And of another, who also witnessed this sober love-making, I must speak; yet, perchance, with a certain reserve. For I myself knew this lady and loved her, as I might say, too well, did I not hold that our tribulations are ever brought about by too little loving rather than too much. However that may be, she was indeed most fair to look upon; but since it is rare, even with the great masters of writing, to find one that can put before you a face other than as a catalogue of features—item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them. I shall here attempt no description of this one. Yet if every man invest her figure with that nameless charm that hangs about his mistress, I shall therewith be content.

And I count it no small virtue in our poor Joshua that he was by so much excellence inspired with a very lofty passion, of a nature so pure that it no way came between his simple liking and honest intention to Penelope. For this lady was to him nothing human or attainable, but the embodiment of all goodness and beauty, a manifestation of somewhat that he felt, but at best could but dimly understand. I would not say that she was perfect (though haply there is one who to this day holds her so) but rather that her imperfections were of a sort that added grace to her virtues. In her attitude to the student, with whom she soon came to be upon a friendly footing, there was something of a fine raillery, she regarding him, if at all, as a *lusus nature*; perhaps, indeed, believing his uncouthness to arise from that deficiency that goes to make what the country folk call an "innocent." Yet I think she had a sort of compassion for him too. At every meeting (and since little Ehret was now very ailing, and loved to see the "district lady," these often came about) she had for him some little merry quip or jest, as "How do the Ancient Fathers to-day, Mr. Beggs?" or, "I hear that the examiners are preparing papers of especial difficulty to meet your case, but they fear that you will have the better of them yet!"

And the student would grow exceedingly red, and show his two rows of teeth, but at the time no words came to him. Only after, in the stillness of the evening hours, when he sat with his mother over his books, a great laugh sometimes burst from him as he thought of the answer that he might have made.

So the courtship went on from the spring through the most part of the summer, and it was near the time of the examination.

V.

THE autumn of that year was an evil and unwholesome time. After long drought and the scorching suns of

summer, the rain fell as though one had spoken the words that unloosed the clouds, and had forgot the counter charm. Half the town seemed under water, and fogs and ill vapours filled the air. Among the low-lying houses by the river whole families lay sick, some with one ailment and some another; but the most prevailing was a sort of fever that spared not young nor old. And sometimes it attacked them but mildly, yet left them feeble and wan; and again at a touch of its destroying finger a soul was released.

And the student was changed and older, for a great calamity had befallen. The name of Penelope was no longer heard in the two cottages, and her bright-eyed face with the dimple was never more seen there. Instead was a heavy gloom, for the mother was become hard in her trouble, and the father had fallen into worse courses, and a reeling step was often heard down the lane.

And as for Mrs. Beggs, the old lady was as cheerful as before, but the wet season had so increased her rheumatic infirmity that she could no longer keep Joshua company in his studies, being by that imperative necessity in her knee-joints held fast in bed. But when he said, "I have sometimes thought that if I had not been so slow, this would not have happened," she consoled him with her wisdom; and the student none the less worked diligently, and with such force of application that good hopes of his success came to be entertained. But he studied with his back to the chair in which the widow had been wont to sit, lest his mind should be oppressed by its vacancy. Yet an unheroic dread mastered him at times that he would be stricken with the fever, which some held to be infectious; but the doctors were more apt to consider it of those maladies that in unhealthy seasons hang as it were in the air. And since such prognostications do for the most part fulfil themselves, so it was with this. It took him (by good fortune) not until the very day following his examination

in the Schools. In its encounter he was as valiant as he had been timorous at the thought of it. "The examination is over, and the old lady is well so far," said he. The sickness ran its course for days and weeks, and he lay alone and did not speak much.

Only one day a lady came with the doctor, and she brought a posy of autumn roses. She smiled, speaking some kindly words, half jesting, and from that day he began to amend.

"Half of these are for you," said she, "and the rest I shall take to little Ehret. I fear that the child is sickening with the fever, and her mother, you know, is in bed with it. But these grow in the sunny corner of my garden, and they are a certain cure. See! I have put them where the light shines through them—you must look, and smell, and grow strong."

As she went out at the door she turned and said, "You will not forget to let me know the degree-day? For I must certainly be there," and so, with a laugh, she was gone. Once only again he saw her; a pale fair profile, the sweet mouth a little drooping, as she stepped into a carriage, leaning on a strong arm . . . but that was after.

And now, but the shadow of himself, the student could at last descend into the little parlour, and sat there hugging the fire (as the saying is) and anon feeling his pulse. The doctor came upon him sitting thus in the half darkness, and felt surprise at his weakness, not knowing what had been his diet for the three years past.

"You must be exceedingly careful," said the doctor, "and on no account go out at present, for over-exertion, and especially the least chill might be productive of the most serious complications."

"You mean," said the student, "that it would kill me? That would be unpleasant."

"Certainly," said the doctor. But although he was extremely busy just now he stood by the mantelpiece and

turned over in his hand one of the white china dogs.

"It was extremely kind of you to bring the lady to see me, sir," said the student.

"There is no doubt," said the doctor, "that the lady is sickening with a bad form of the fever. I cannot be mistaken, for I have seen many cases. She is worn out with all that she has done amongst the sick; and with the child next door she has been almost day and night. The crisis will be to-night, and she will not leave the child, for it lies between life and death. The mother is in delirium; the father is useless, or worse. In all the town there is not a nurse to be had. I do not know even a respectable woman that is not engaged with nursing, or has not sickness in her own home."

"That is very remarkable," said Joshua.

"By to-morrow," said the doctor, "I could get help from London, but the harm will then be done. To neglect the fever in this first stage—to run the risks of exhaustion, bad air, draughts—"

"You mean —?" said the student.

"But nothing will move her when she believes that a thing is her duty; and she will stay with the child," said the doctor, as if to himself. He put on his gloves. "And your mother," said he to Joshua, "is quite bed-ridden?"

"Rheumatism," replied the student.

"I fear then there is nothing to be done," said the doctor, laying his hand on the door.

"Stay," said the student raising his head.

The doctor came towards the fireplace.

"I am very sorry," said the student, "to hear that the lady is ill."

"Oh!—Good-bye," said the doctor.

"Would a person of skill," said the student, "be requisite to remain with the child for to-night?"

"Not at all," said the doctor, returning again to the fire. "Any one of ordinary intelligence could follow

the simple rules that I would give. It is almost entirely a question of frequent nourishment."

"Then if you will write them down," said the student slowly, "I know of a person who will do what you require."

"If this is so," said the doctor, "I cannot tell how to thank you, for it may be the saving of a most precious life. Where can I find or send to this woman? You are certain that she is perfectly trustworthy?"

"The person that I spoke of," repeated the student, "will do what you require. It will not be necessary for you to send. If you will take the lady away with you in your carriage, I promise that the nurse shall be at the Morrisons in five minutes from that time, and will remain so long as it is necessary."

The doctor remained for some moments undecided, not comprehending the possibility of such an arrangement. He then remembered the sad history of one who had lived at the next cottage. And knowing the relation of Joshua towards her, and his kind simpleness, an explanation of a sudden occurred to him. He understood how a nurse might be at hand who should wish to come and go unseen.

"That is well," said he. "And should this person desire to leave early in the morning, it will be safe for her to go when she hears my carriage come up the road. I shall be there at eight, as nearly as I can say, for just now I must begin my rounds betimes. I should have stayed with the child myself," said the doctor, "but that I cannot tell at what hour of the night I may return, and the roads are heavy."

The rules for the sick child being noted down and explained, the doctor and the student shook hands.

VI.

From the window the student saw the lady enter the carriage.

When he had given his old mother

what she needed and bidden her a cheery good-night, whilst she chid him laughing for retiring thus early to bed, he put on his great coat and a large red and black checked shawl that belonged to the widow. Taking in his hand a book covered in brown paper, he opened the door carefully and closed it also softly behind him. He walked quickly across the small space that divided the cottages, and entered that of the Morrisons.

Here all was quiet except the tick of a clock that stood on the mantel-shelf behind the couch. Beside it, so that the light should not fall on the face of the child, there was an oil-lamp in a tin stand, also a bottle with a spoon and mug. The student removed his wrappings and set the kettle on the fire. A brown tea-pot stood upon the hob.

"A drop of hot tea," said he, "is a most refreshing thing. Also, in case I should at any time feel inclined for a nap, as I am rather apt to do when it grows late, it will certainly keep me awake."

The student looked round the room. "One may as well be comfortable," said he, and he fetched a wooden stool with two supports, and placed it before his chair. He did not, however, take the arm-chair that stood at the head of the couch with a patch-work cushion, tumbled as though some one had lately risen from it.

"Perhaps I should go to sleep if I sat there," said the student. He left it in its place, and took a straight-backed chair opposite, at the foot.

Several hours passed. The student continued to read, yet he watched for any change in the wan face of the child, and gave her every half-hour the nourishment that the doctor ordered. As the night wore on an extraordinary somnolence came over him, so that it became pain to move so much as a finger. He laid aside the book, that he could no longer read with comprehension, and sitting rigid in his chair fastened his whole attention upon the clock.

"The noise of the rain is extremely loud to-night," said the student presently to himself. And indeed there was, beside the tapping of the rain upon the slates and the creak of the elm-trees, a rush and flow of water more than ordinary. But the student did not move his eyes from the clock, and repeated continually: "At fifteen minutes past three—fifteen minutes past three—half a tea-spoonful in a little water."

As the hand pointed to the quarter he rose laboriously, and, his feet falling somewhat heavily from the wooden stool, splashed into a pool of water. "This will never do," said the student, as he administered the medicine. Taking the oil-lamp in his hand he looked round the room. The level of the floor was lower by two steps than the lane, and beneath the door, which did not fit too closely, a small stream of water poured and spread over the room, rippling and frothing like a little sea; already it reached nearly to his ankles. He set down the lamp again, for should little Ehret arouse it would affright her to be left in the dark, and wrapping the red-checked shawl carefully about his head and shoulders, he stepped into the lane.

The rain fell in torrents; the night was black, and the wind blew. He stooped, and turning his back upon it struck a match, that flickered but for an instant, yet enough to show him his position and the cause of the overflow; the remedy being, as he had believed, within his compass. For hard on the threshold was an iron grate that drained the gutters and also received the water which in bad weather trickled down the steep pathway, but to-night was swelled into a torrent. Moreover, the water and the wind had so heaped together small twigs and refuse and the sodden leaves of the elms, that these collecting above the opening had formed a coherent mass and impassable barrier, so that the stream, ever seeking a lower level, unavoidably flowed beyond into the cottage. Joshua bent down, and feel-

ing with his hands in the water sought to remove the obstruction. Yet from the weakness of his late distemper, his knees trembled so beneath him that he was compelled to kneel, and in this position he cleared the grate, sweeping the fragments of the storm beyond the reach of the stream that was now again able to flow in its proper channel. He then arose, yet not without some pain and effort, since his head appeared to him to be floating far away, and his legs of vast length and cumbrous to lift. This phenomenon in some degree disturbed his balance, yet he clung to the wall and so slowly returned to the quiet room. Standing for a moment within the door the position of the chair at the bed-head struck him. "Somehow, I think," said he, "that she laid her head down on the pillow beside little Ehret there."

The room was puddled and damp, yet the most part of the water had escaped by sundry outlets in the ill-built cottage, and by good fortune the fire still burned.

The head of the student was confused, and his mind seemed capable but of repeating monotonously the next hour for the food or draught. When the minute-hand pointed to the figure on which his eyes were fixed he arose immediately and fed the child, arranging the bed-clothes and the pillows, for she was weak and helpless and appeared almost as one dead. He presently picked up his book (that was the work of a great heathen) and, his eyes dwelling on one sentence, the words of it by moments imprinted themselves on his brain, though he was without any sense of their import.

"Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity."

A part of the words continued to

haunt him as the refrain of a song will. "Some one who will make him able . . . to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity." There was a meaning here, but as yet he did not grasp it. And it was the time for the medicine.

The student considered that the soft weather must certainly have changed to a frost, for the room appeared to him excessively cold and his limbs stiffening. When a thing must be done, however, it is generally possible to do it. Also he heard the wheels of the carriage in the road above when at last it was past eight o'clock in the morning, and at the sound he returned to the next cottage.

"I think I had better go to bed," said he, "for it will save trouble."

VII.

THE doctor came running up the stairs in a youthful and at the same time business-like manner. The student lay turned away from him.

"I came in for a moment," said the doctor, "to tell you that the little Morrison will now with care recover. The crisis is safely past; thanks to the careful nurse whom you— Dear me!" said he, "you are worse."

"Doctor," said the student in a hoarse voice, "fetch me, if you will be so good, a small cardboard box from the corner of the drawer in the table yonder. That is right. Put it in your waistcoat pocket, please, for my mother has always said that it must be kept in a safe place. And I shall take it very kind if you will give it to the lady when she becomes better, for I think she is going to be married, and there is a posy,—she gave me a posy once. It was she, you know, who made me able to choose the better life. I do not quite understand what it is yet, for I am slow, you know. But I think I saw it once." He closed his eyes. "It will certainly be a better life," murmured he, "for it is extremely cold and damp here with the water on the floor. I am very glad that she told me of it."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor.

The lady is recovered; or if it were not she whom I saw two weeks back in the street of an ancient university town, why then it was some one very like her.

The student, of course, died. He had passed his examination.

M. A. B.

IDLENESS.

IF there is any type of man I fear, it is Carlyle's favourite Ram Dass, "with fire in his belly." Unmetaphored I grant him to be a fit object for philosophic admiration—a person of vigour, bustle, energy, and other virile qualities to which the professed idler lays no claim. If I do not love the self-made millionaire whose fortune was founded on the half-crown he brought to town with him as a boy, it is neither because of his ignorance which suits me, nor his snobbishness which is amusing, nor from any other of the characteristics that make him an aversion of cultivated people. It is exclusively on account of that same fire in his belly,—that purpose and energy which distinguish him from the rest. Essentially, and with only a slight variation of gift, he belongs to the same class as the heaven-born artist who on his first slate made a caricature of his nurse; as the poet who rhymed jam to ham before he could eat them; as the novelist who romanced to his uncle while still in short-clothes; in a word, as all those whose missions date from the cradle. The whole of them are looped together by the same characteristic. In it you have the origin of the man of mark; and whether he works with paint or soap, rhymes or plots, he is equally offensive to the lover of a quiet progress through life.

The matchless charm of the might-have-been is dearer to me than any joy in mere accomplishment. Of the fortune which is made, the book which is written, the picture which is painted, there is an end so far as personal interest goes. It has emerged from the haze of the contemplated and taken a clear, definite outline; the romance of possibility has gone from it. But that which is undone supplies lasting food to the imagination. It is pleasanter to sit by one's own fire-side of a

winter's night and dissect the latest financial project by which an always-unfortunate, always-hopeful neighbour is prepared to lose another slice of his fortune, than to follow a bragging, smug-faced, successful man about, as with an insinuated boast he shows in turn his furniture, his pictures, his horses, and all his other damning proofs of having lived in direct opposition to the ideal life. And surely to loiter in a woody lane on a summer afternoon and listen to a young poet describing the never-to-be-printed tragedy by which he hopes to electrify London, until you are almost infected with his enthusiasm, is more like real poetry than to stand before an author's book-case and number row upon row of the books by which he has achieved fame. Until the crash actually comes, you have the pleasure of hoping that your neighbour's long ill-luck is at last to turn; and until the young poet becomes disgusted with the return of his manuscripts and goes into a place in the city, it is a delight to sit on the willow-stump by the river and share his dreams. Do not be like the foolish ones who fear to have a pet lest it die and they sorrow; before the climax comes other aspirants claiming your sympathy will have dulled your belief in their predecessors.

Nothing leads more inevitably to a doleful talk than to be asked to discuss any actual or practical idea. It makes one feel as if in a cage. Should imagination flutter a wing it is but to dash it against some iron bar of possibility, and every excursion of whim or fancy is arrested by the auditor's stern concentration on the workable. But to enter with zest and seriousness into the consideration of an impossible project is to afford scope to all the light artillery of the mind. Any fanciful suggestion, any wild notion or odd

paradox, lightly put forward with an "if," may provisionally be discussed without the "if," till when drained of entertaining matter the "if" is brought back to life as an executioner. A frolic mood has full scope where business intent is luxuriously absent, and it is absolutely of no consequence what any one says. Of all talkers the most amusing is the hero of the Unaccomplished.

What one prizes most in the country therefore is the excellent society it affords. I am not a poet, so that Nature is not meant; neither the brown hills which the sun kisses at bedtime, nor the winds crooning among the elms and lamenting on the waste, nor the swallows which nest in the window-nooks, nor the robins which come to be fed, nor indeed to any of the other phenomena whose chief use seems to be for the ornamentation of modern prose. In town the men are what the superior newspapers call accomplished facts. It is not only that the sight of so much crystallised industry disturbs the tranquillity of an idler and almost stimulates him to the exertion he abhors, but when people have adjusted themselves to their tasks and given an adequate taste of their quality, the interest for ever has gone from them. It is the untried racer, the youth whose work is not yet begun and whose power is an unknown quantity, who gives a fillip to surmise and speculation. To dream the dreams of an ambitious boy, to see in imagination the beardless writer of an epic (in manuscript) laurelled and famous, to single out some village ragamuffin as a Whittington; or in another mood, when more active employment is desired, to prefigure the downfall of their cloud-castles, and watch with the mind's eye the bubble reputation glittering far above them, is pleasanter than any show of celebrities. So soon as the time for seeing visions on your own account is over—in other words when you have attained sense—there is no sweeter way of spending a sunny afternoon than to sit on the bole of a

fallen tree under a dome of green and cast golden horoscopes for your friends, weaving romances which will never see Mudie's, and watching a drama played in a theatre of your own building and, like some recent plays, having an adjustable ending tragic or comic as the state of your peptics may dictate. As one generation treads close on the heels of another the characters come trooping to you without the trouble of invention, and while the years are checking one set of forecasts you may be busy fashioning others. If any one asks what is the ultimate gain, reply that there is no such word as gain in your vocabulary, that you prefer to be a hero of the Unaccomplished, that you have row upon row of books in dream-land, and that there is no reviewer so keen as Time.

If one ventures to remark that country life is favourable for study, half-a-dozen quotidian persons take it as a commonplace. Says the fatuous imitator of Jefferies with his dull nod and his customary catalogue: "Ah, yes! One has Nature at first hand there. I lie in a field of yellow broom. Below, in the valley, a ragged bare-legged boy is guddling trout in the stony burn. A cushat is sweetly cooing from the pines on the slope. From an oak beside me to the decayed elm in the next field the cuckoo flies ringing his clear note. A white-throated ouzel skims down the stream and alights on a boulder. Near the burn-side a wag-tail runs and flutters and hops. On the mountain-top a fresh breeze is wreathing the mist into waving veils and spirals," &c., &c., &c., *ad infinitum*. It is a wholesome exercise to lie in early summer at a sunny dyke-back and hear the lambs bleat and the birds whistle, and the cattle low, and the ploughman's cheery voice as his strong team come smartly up to the hedge; but even a lazy man scruples to call it studying Nature, and why men should write or read lists of these miscellaneous sounds and sights it were hard to determine.

There is no more fatal distraction of

one's thoughts in the country than a curiosity about natural history. To enjoy it thoroughly one must resolutely determine to take no thought of what is passing around. If a man feels under any moral obligation to observe every weasel which goes in chase of a rabbit, if the appearance of a strange bird sends him home to consult a work on ornithology, if a kestrel questing a field-mouse excites him, it will be better that he should take an early train homewards. The continuity of his ideas is liable to fracture at the most interesting moment. My most delicious reveries come to me at eventide when the river gleams in the moonlight and the full-leaved willow-bush is like a green fountain in play; but what would become of them if I had a burning anxiety about every warbler which twittered late in the sedges, if the humming of a beetle made me wish to catch it, if I ever asked—Was that the barn-owl which shrieked? Now it is a prime essential—not only to study but even to rural enjoyment—that you have but a negative love of natural history, that it should consist in the absence of any dislike to country sights and sounds.

For example there is a certain house where I love to be alone but which is unbearable with company. Owing to an easily explained cause the wind is always singing mournful tunes at its door. Look out at the windows and you will see why,—woods everywhere, and the heights all round fringed with a row of pines. So everybody who comes is asked to take note of the desolate moaning which never ceases, but swells in storm to a raving howl and sinks in calm to the softest sighing. Now if others are present, and particularly when my attention is drawn to it, the wind comes laden with dreariness. Waste places over which it has blown rise up in imagination; useless force and matter seem piping their lamentation in it; if many people are there it numbs and disheartens one like a wail of hopelessness. And to hear a so-called lover of Nature

posing as a critic of Nature's sorrow! But alone and not consciously listening, the ceaseless accompaniment played upon the pine-trees weaves itself into dream and fancy; pipe after pipe is lit and smoked while an endless procession of figures in shadow-land pass by—dead and living, real and imaginary, jostling one another in this land where all are on equal footing. Yet if one were to say, How sadly the wind sounds to-night!—the spell is broken. Presto! like a troop of ghosts at daybreak, like a flock of conies at a gunshot, they have all fled. To hear and not to know you are hearing, to see and be unconscious of sight, is the only way to taste the delicious influence of Nature.

The companionship of books is not much less of a bore than that of human beings. An intellectual hunger in its mildest form is a distraction, and soon develops into a mental disease. The man who with unassuageable appetite devours book after book is worse than a drudge; he is in the way of becoming a slave to printed matter; his own individuality is lost among the alien spirits with whom he associates. The other kind of reader who is afflicted with a devotion to some favourite author and reads his Shakespeare or his Goethe, his Sterne or his Walter Scott, his Burns or his Tennyson over and over again, who instead of a fresh crisp newspaper takes Edie Ochiltree to breakfast as often as he does eggs and toast, who carries a pocket Shandy when he takes an airing and reads *The Lotos-eaters* in his summer-house (when he might himself look down like an Epicurean god on the human turmoil) is even more to be pitied. His analogue is the habitual playgoer who cries for the fiftieth time at the same well-prepared pathos, or the countryman who, if dowered with Ayesha's gift of years, would still in his second thousand greet the clown's "Here we are again" with a burst of laughter. But we others, the eclectic *connoisseurs*, pass on from flower to flower. A book is inferior to a circus

horse in so far that it is a purely mechanical toy. Though the tricks and capers, the gambols and even the stumbles of a circus-horse are severely regulated and occur night after night in the same order, there is still while he is living a possibility of something new occurring. It is not so with a book. Turn over the leaves, the automatic musical-box arrangement begins to work, and it is utterly impossible for the puppets to deviate into novelty. Suppose that Mr. Steinitz the chess-player had published one of the best of his games with Zukertort, amended and perfected to the utmost of his knowledge, and said, "This is the game Ruy Lopez,"—what a laughing-stock he would have been! In less than a month the most docile of his pupils would have begun to suspect that, deep and crafty as the moves were, there are others as subtle, that any single game, be it the best ever played, is still only one of an infinite number of variations. Yet critics and bookmen are accustomed to write and talk as if every work of genius consisted of what in chess vocabulary may be called forced moves, as if on the great chess-board of life the scores of one game written by a master were exhausted.

I find the main pleasure of books to arise, not from conning over favourite poems or stories till I have them by heart, nor from rummaging in the dust-heaps of literature, but from speculating about the possible variations. How could Shakespeare have worked out his greatest problem without putting Polonius behind the arras? To try and invent for them is almost like wooing the dead from Hades.

There are simpler problems. Among all the poets who have tried, say, to concentrate the whole spirit of autumn into a sonnet or a lyric, has one succeeded? It is easy to answer with a negative for the test is at hand. Morning after morning may be spent in the windy fields and rustling woods, and though the hues of decay become gradually more brilliant, and the leaves

dance before the breeze, and the hedges redden with hip and haw, and the squirrel is busy among the hazel nuts, dream and reverie travel on uninterruptedly, the future, the present, and the might-have-been blended in disorder. But to him who does not seek for it the poem comes at last, suggested perhaps by a trifle—a family of jays flying round the corner of the wood with harsh cry and shining plumage, a flock of rooks tumbling in the October air, a party of gleaners in a neighbouring field. Instead of thinking the Last Load Home an adequate summing up of the suggested vision of work done and the gathered harvest and the inevitable moral, it does not seem to convey a tittle of what the brook sings as with soft and ceaseless lullaby it flows past the village graveyard, where merry harvesters of a bygone time rest like garnered sheaves; and no poem that was ever written more than hints at the broken melodies chanted by our Ophelia of the Ages moving on to her doom. Nature is always sad to those in close communion with her, and all her courtship is only to find a listener for a tale of sadness. Even in spring she seems to whisper; the young lambs, the burgeoning trees, the insects and the birds all drain something from a not inexhaustible source and are indeed but exudations of decay. With her utmost economy, and she flings even dead bodies into the melting-pot for recasting, there must be a continual loss.

My reflections never take this turn unless it be after the mind has been stupefied with too much reading or conversation, or as a corrective of what a bard calls "the wild joy of living." But when they do, whether they stop at an idle musing lit up by a fancy, or travel on to the sorrowful heart of things, they form memories which seem as touchstones and measuring-lines of poetry. No verse expresses exactly what the reader has felt, only a variation of it; but whatever is genuine will awaken or recall those exquisite moments. It is an advantage of resid-

ing in the country, however, that it affords little time for making even unwritten criticisms. Every post brings material for a more charming occupation. What a pother when the Baucis and Philemon of a well-imagined comedy are absorbed in a railway accident, and one has to think out the indications of fate which made a tragic ending inevitable! It involves an almost greater change when some one whom in future history we have treated as a modern St. Francis marries a rich widow, and the tale has to be reconstructed as burlesque.

There are times, however, when the busiest mind grows idle, and not only torpid but irritable. No cheery laugh follows the silly neighbour chasing a soap-bubble; nobody's concerns invite us to build air-castles for him; gone is all meaning from the brook's song; gone the novels and plays in shadow-land; gone everything but the Inane. To emerge triumphantly from that morass—a veritable Slough of Despond—is the crucial test of philosophy. According as the man is, so is his prescription. A visit to town, an evening at the theatre, a cosy dinner at the club, is advice not to be despised. The bookworm's remedy is a lively novel, and even that is preferable to the bombastic child of Nature's recipe—to drink of the atmosphere swathing the pine-trees, to bask in the magical sunlight playing on the mountain-tops, to lie in the kindly lap of earth till the old vigour returns, &c. &c. Is there no better substitute than these for the harp of David when Saul is possessed of the evil spirit? Yes, there is patience.

There are some who would seek an escape from their own moody thoughts by intercourse with the labourers of the hamlet, by interesting themselves in their customs, sorrows, and peculiarities. It is one of their choice pleasures to hear an ailing old woman mumble the mangled version of a ballad, of which a well-printed edition may be had for a few pence. A new variant of the rural legend about the ringdove and the partridge, a childish pastime in which they identify the decayed stump of an ancient usage, a faded superstition paralleled by another in Bulgaria or New Zealand, employ them in collection or comparison, or suggest visions of an earlier England where cot and farmhouse resounded with bursts of now forgotten merriment. And this sober distraction ends by developing into a passion and folklore lulls them into forgetfulness. But the rustics themselves have a superior way of arriving at oblivion. In the days before Sir Wilfrid Lawson they drowned the memory of joyless homes and sordid cares and dull hard labour in drink, but in an era of new enlightenment they have taken to politics by day and opium by night. It is as unpleasant to watch them working under the coercion of need as it is to see others making life even less pleasant than theirs for the sake of wealth or fame. Philosophic idleness finds solace only in itself. Like every other art, that of doing nothing so as never to be tired of it can only be perfected by long and assiduous practice.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

AT THE OWEN GLENDOWER.

THERE are few more charming spots to-day in all Wales than Llanfihangel Bach, and that is saying much indeed. There are moreover, in the whole principality few snugger hostleries than the Owen Glendower. Lastly in that land of fair streams there are none that for all time have been more dear both to native bard and wandering angler than the crystal flood which the Guffyliog pours through scenes of never-ending peace and beauty, and on whose green banks stands the village aforesaid and its famous Inn.

Of Llanfihangels there are in Wales, I believe, four-and-twenty, but Llanfihangel Bach the tourist for some inscrutable reason has not yet discovered, or at least only to a very modified extent. You are still safe as you wander down its lanes from the dust of his waggonet. The *ping* of his bicycle's bell is still an unfamiliar sound as you smoke in the big window of the Owen Glendower, and listen to the rush of the river beneath as it sweeps through the five grey arches of Llanfihangel bridge. Snowdon and Bettws-y-coed, Capel Curig and Llanberis, and all the other famous resorts that are writ large upon the pages of the guide-book are far away. There are points, it is true, upon the hills above the village, where about once a year, if you stand upon precisely the right spot and in the right position, local authorities declare you can dimly see the peak of Snowdon, and more distinctly mark the rocky crown of Cader and the Arans. But Llanfihangel Bach lies far outside the singularly narrow limits of the particular region which, in a country where all is beautiful, the tourist has made especially his own.

There are perhaps twenty people out of the three hundred and twenty in the parish of Llanfihangel who can

speak English, and half of these will probably, through patriotism, modesty, or laziness, deny the soft impeachment. There are even patriarchs in Llanfihangel who can speak the ancient Welsh, which is the original vernacular of the Druids, as David Owen, the village tailor, has always given me to understand, and David Owen is a bard and ought to know. He is president of the village Literary Society, and has taken prizes before now at local Eisteddfods for poetical compositions. Think of having your buttons sewn on and your knickerbockers mended for twenty years, as I have done, by a veritable bard,—a man who has written odes to the sun, the moon, and the stars, odes to the mountains, the woods, and the streams,—who has not only written, but recited heroic stanzas (literally by the hundred) on the stories of those old mountain chieftains, to whose harryings of one another in wild Wales the Saxon historian is so brutally indifferent. Of the quality of the Llanfihangel bard's productions, I can, of course, say nothing. Their quantity however, is a matter of common notoriety, and I can also speak from some experience.

We Saxons talk about our legends and folk-lore : we hug with veneration the few survivals of an Elizabethan or even later age ; but David Owen and his friends would look on such treasures as the trumpery inventions of yesterday. For do not the inhabitants of Llanfihangel Bach still rest under a cloud? And are they not to this day stigmatized by some opprobrious epithet (consisting mostly of consonants) by the men of Llanfihangel Fawr, five miles lower down the valley, for the dark deeds of their ancestors centuries ago? David Owen feels most keenly the slur that still rests upon his native village for having in the

thirteenth century or thereabouts basely betrayed into the hands of the alien invader Thomas Ap Gryffydd, one of the seven Princes of South Wales. Some of the Llanfihangel tailor's finest efforts treat, I believe, of the noble deeds that should have wiped this foul stain from the escutcheon of Llanfihangel Bach; yet such is the fate, I will not say of unappreciated genius, for the praise and the laureateship of at least four parishes is surely something, but of genius with a limited market, that the price of a glass of beer at the Owen Glendower will almost bring tears to the eyes of this ill-paid poet, and he will walk a mile each way to sew on a button and apologise for charging threepence! Poor David! It is some four or five years since in a burst of misplaced generosity, I gave him an order for a Norfolk jacket. He had just translated verbally for my benefit, into somewhat remarkable English, his poem on Llanfihangel bridge. It was under the influence of the emotions aroused by a subject so dear to both of us (there is always a good trout or two just below the centre arch) that I committed myself. Alas! there was too much romance about the Norfolk jacket. It might have suited a poet, but for a commonplace sportsman it left much to be desired.

Across the river from the Owen Glendower, on a long green slope overhung by walls of thick oak woodlands, above whose summits the rocky edges of interminable moorlands make rugged tracery against the sky, stands the old church of Llanfihangel Bach. There is no architectural beauty here; but there is what is better still, the mellowness of antiquity as great as that of the very legends themselves of which David Owen sings. Like so many country churches in Wales there is very little of it, and that little is calculated to appeal to the general imagination rather than to the technical eye of the archaeologist. No carved screen, no quaint brasses, no strange devices are there to arrest the traveller on the

coach-road which runs between the river and the church. One does not want, however, details in a church like Llanfihangel Bach. It is a relic in itself. It may possibly have been an unsightly barn, if so small a building could be offensive, when first erected. But whatever it was in its youth, it is beautiful enough in its decay. The huge oak rafters have sunk a little with their load of centuries, and outside the battered slate-stone roof, bleached white with years, heaves up and down beneath its thick layers of moss. The western end of the building is kept bare enough by the wild winds that pour up the Gyffyllog valley from the sea as through a funnel. But all the rest is covered with ivy so thick and rank, that it would almost seem that the massive walls hidden behind might crumble and yet the roof hardly miss them. There are some yew trees, too, the like of which are not often seen, that throw a black shade over much-trodden mounds where sleep the humble and the unrecorded and the long-forgotten dead. There, too, beside the path are the scooped out "kneeling-stones" that tell of centuries before the Welshman became a Calvinistic Methodist and when his simple orthodoxy never dreamed of salvation outside God's Acre. And in yonder corner, beyond the chancel window, still stands the rude stone shaft on which tradition says the men of Llanfihangel used to whet their swords when the tramp of the Saxon invader was heralded by bonfires up the valley of the Severn and the Dee, and flashed across the lonely moors that guarded then, as they guard now, the ever fertile pastures of the vale of the Gyffyllog.

What can I say about Llanfihangel bridge, except that it is said to have been built by Inigo Jones, and that it has certainly been immortalized in verse by David Owen? No miserable modern suspension bridge is this, with the maker's name and grimy address stamped so large upon the iron work that you can read it for half a mile

down the valley, and over which wagons are cautioned to go slow under a penalty not exceeding twenty shillings. Five stalwart arches of grey stone has Llanfihangel bridge, against whose hoary buttress the winter floods of the Gyfflyliog have flung themselves for centuries in vain. It is also the village trysting-place. If you were to take your stand in one of its angles for a summer day, you would most certainly see everybody who was worth seeing and hear everything that was worth hearing in Llanfihangel Bach,—from the Colonel in his waders to David Owen in his donkey-cart, from the weight of the salmon that was killed at noon in the Parson's to the latest schism in the Methodist chapel. As for the Owen Glendower that stands on the roadway facing the river beyond the bridge, we shall have so much to say about its inside there is no space to linger long without. There is very little indeed of the old Inn to be seen from the front, but a mass of Virginia creeper and a perfect wilderness of ivy. The materials of which it was built count for nothing in its appearance, for it is all the windows can do to peep through the greenery which seems inclined to smother even the board over the porch on which are emblazoned the arms of the famous patriot and the name of the scarcely less famous person, Mr. Evan Reese, licensed to sell, &c., &c.

Before, however, you cross the threshold you ought to glance to the right and down the valley. You will there see rising far above the wooded hills a lofty barren crag. This is the Craig-y-Gwynedd and is generally regarded as the glory of Llanfihangel. Indeed, it is the only thing about Llanfihangel that the guide-books mention. Even the Owen Glendower is only alluded to as "an inn much patronized by anglers from whence this interesting spot may be conveniently visited!" Every good Welshman knows that it was from Craig-y-Gwynedd that Gwynedd ap Reese ap Hugh, Prince of Mid-Wales, flung his grandmother into the foaming

torrent beneath. The old lady had caused her chief bard to compose a poem of ten thousand lines in denunciation of the intended marriage of her young relative with the daughter of a Sassenach noble. The result of such an unparalleled literary feat was this athletic performance,—which was even more marvellous in its nature, for the foot of the cliff is a clear half mile from the river.

The Owen Glendower accommodates from six to eight guests, and except in the winter months and in times of unwanted drought is generally full. There is no law against ordinary tourists, wanderers, or artists putting up there; but it is pretty well understood that should an old client send a telegram, or even a stranger with a bundle of rods appear, the unprofessional gentleman has to vacate.

Indeed, I should be very sorry for any outsider (and by that I mean a man who knows nothing of March Browns or Quill Gnats) who had to spend many evenings in the parlour of the Owen Glendower. A friend of mine, who holds Dr. Johnson's views on the Gentle Art, insisted on coming down there with me for his Easter vacation not long ago. I warned him in solemn accents how it would be. I took the precaution of putting it in writing and kept a copy of the letter. It was no use. Being a devoted hill-climber and lover of scenery, his days he knew would be pleasantly passed, as the two he spent there, I believe, actually were; while as for his evenings, with the pleasant languor of well-earned rest, a good dinner, and a box of cigars, what matter?

We found the old staggers there in force. There was Mr. Topjoint from Chester, Mr. Snapgut from Birmingham, and the Colonel from Shrewsbury. It was an unfortunate combination for the introduction of an unbelieving friend. The Colonel had been down for fourteen consecutive seasons, both spring and autumn, while Mr. Topjoint and Mr. Snapgut had only just ceased to look on him as a new comer.

On the first night the debate was on the long-vexed question whether the salmon that was generally to be moved in the Cefn Coch Pool rose oftenest just above or just below the stone. When B— took his candle and went upstairs the House was still sitting, and had not agreed upon the perplexing matter. He looked a little haggard, but made no complaint. The second night was devoted to combating the Colonel's well-known passion for dressing the March Brown with red legs; Mr. Topjoint and Mr. Snappgut in the patriarchal interest insisted that the ordinary brown hackle was infinitely preferred by every self-respecting trout between Llanfihangel bridge and the rapids of Pant-y-Glas. The various illustrations of these opposing theories lasted till eleven p.m., when B— seized his hat and rushed wildly out into the night. We parted friends, however, when he left after breakfast in the morning for the cheerier haunts of Barmouth and Dolgelly.

I suppose such talk is very terrible to the unbeliever. I have often sorrowed for the stray wanderer who has found himself a chance inmate of the parlour at the Owen Glendower. Often during the serious and silent hour when the appetites of the hard-worked anglers are being appeased, when the Welsh mutton and boiled chickens are gradually disappearing, often on such occasions I have watched with compassion the guileless stranger in a half condescending, half timid fashion, as if to put Mr. Topjoint or the Colonel at their ease, address to these great men questions of an elementary and distinctly frivolous character about their art, questions put evidently not from interest, but with a view only of encouraging these gentle souls to unbosom themselves on the topic nearest their heart as a preliminary to more general conversation. Unhappy wight! Let Mr. Topjoint once settle down into the arm-chair on the right-hand side of the fireplace that he has filled for a quarter of a century, let the Colonel get into his old corner of the big sofa, and Mr.

Snappgut take down the big German pipe that has hung on the same nail for five-and-twenty years; let these preliminaries be once settled, and in less than two hours the unfortunate stranger will begin to wish that he were dead. But after all, these Gentiles have no business in the sacred haunts of the Brethren! So, at any rate, Mr. Snappgut and Mr. Topjoint think, for they regard them no more than they do the stuffed trout above the chimney-piece, or the fox's head over the door. And yet after all they are human beings, though only tourists.

But in connection with the Owen Glendower I write of the angling fraternity only, and not of those who have as yet failed to find salvation. And for the former, for those who haunt it, where is there on the wide earth a spot more dear or more hallowed by traditions than the quaint old parlour, with its black oak rafters supporting the low white-washed ceiling? I sometimes think if it had not been for these venerable and stalwart beams, the roof must surely have fallen and crushed the tellers of some of the fish-stories I have myself heard told without a blush beneath them. Who would not miss, too, the time-honoured engraving of old Sir William Williams-Williams, Bart., erst Lord-Lieutenant of the county, from over the side-board; or the portrait from above the door of the Honble. Morgan Wynne, horn in hand and round him the hounds he was wont to cheer over the rough hills between Llanfihangel and the sea for nearly half a century? The Prince of Wales, too, is there in the bloom of chubby youth, an unmistakable relic of the pedlar period, before the railway reached to Llanfihangel Fawr. Nor would Evan Reese be a Welshman if the faded prints and photographs of deceased Evangelists of the popular faiths did not scowl at you from every vacant space. Beetle-browed saints with flowing manes swept off capacious foreheads, and upper lips of portentous length, and visages that breathe of intolerance and eternal fires.

You will be fortunate indeed at the Owen Glendower, or at any other rural lodging in the land devoted to Calvin, if you can escape the solemn scrutiny of these local saints, made, no doubt, to look more aggressive than the poor men really were by the freaks of local art. They are with you in your waking hours; they haunt your dreams; they are above your wash-stand and above your bed; they glare at you as you brush your teeth; they frown on you as you eat your eggs and bacon; they seem to reprove you as you mix your toddy. In fact you have got to get used to them before you can thoroughly enjoy the Owen Glendower. But it is the stuffed fish in glass cases on the walls of the old parlour that mostly engage our affections, for they tell of famous deeds and of famous men, some of whom are still with us, while others have gone over to the majority. Each trophy is labelled with his weight and the details of his capture. There is the brown trout of four and a half pounds, "caught upon September 3rd, 1856, by H. E. Snapgut, Esq., in the Rectory Pool,"—a time when that worthy's now shining pate was covered doubtless with a wealth of clustering locks (such as men wore in 1856), and he used to travel down from Hereford by coach, and pay three shillings a day for his bed and board, and the fish in the Gyfflyliog, as he is fond of saying, were so plentiful that "they would have risen at your hat, sir!" There is also the remarkable hybrid that none of the great ichthyologists of the day could ever agree about. Whether it is a sea-trout, or a sewin, or a big brown trout with marine tastes, has never yet been settled. But a yellow and faded label still relates that Mr. Topjoint slew it in the Cefn Coch with a minnow on August 11th, 1862. There are other trophies remarkable for size or shape scattered about, slain by disciples whose names were once a household word on the banks of the Gyfflyliog, but whose rods have long ceased to wave over Welsh or any other waters. There are many other

features in the quaint old parlour that are trifles in themselves, but are pleasant to recall amid the din of Piccadilly or the brick wilderness of Kensington. The stone floor, beaten into ridges and hollows by the tramp of generations; the oak side-board that Evan Jones, in spite of much temptation, has clung to as the sole surviving relic of the Pryce Jones', once Lords of the Manor, who hunted and drank and feasted themselves out of their broad acres, like Jack Mytton of Dinas Mawddy.

There is no space here to do more than note the seven celebrated pools that are comprised in the two miles of fishing which belong to the Owen Glendower. The Pant-y-Glas and the Cefn Coch, the Willow Pool and the Rectory, the Gorsgoch, the Penbryn, and the Parson, are all writ large upon the memory of those who are familiar with the banks of the Gyfflyliog. If the long ripples beneath the overhanging alder of the Cefn Coch are most endeared to the trout-fisherman of early spring, it is the Parson that chiefly appeals to the salmon-fisherman who revels in the autumnal floods. Here is the pool above all others responsible for the big fish-stories aforesaid. Here, after the first August flood, the keen-eyed peasant, as he wends his way to turn the soaking shocks in Evan Jones's barley fields, sees deep down in the quivering crystal basin the dark shadowy forms of the salmon fresh from the salt waves that break upon the sandy bars at Aber Gyfflyliog thirty miles away. How he looks and longs for one dark night, at peace from David Pugh, the river-watcher! For Taffy is a fish-poacher to the backbone. In the matter of pheasants and hares he is comparatively virtuous and unskilful; but the sight of a salmon spurs to madness the savage instincts of the Cymru peasant, skilled as he is in every dark method of piscatorial onslaught.

It is here, at the Parson, that Mr. Topjoint and Mr. Snapgut, and Dr. Blades from Shrewsbury (who has not

missed the first August flood on the Gyfflyiog for twenty years) play each other tricks which those respectable gentlemen on any other occasion would blush at the very mention of. In ordinary trout-fishing, or on an October day by the salmon pools, these brotherly sportsmen are so considerate that they will sometimes actually leave a stretch or a pool unfished rather than take precedence of one another. The casual angler at the Owen Glendower would be a rash man indeed if he expected to put the first fly of the day over the Parson on such occasions. When that pool is in order, that is to say, when the water just wets the surface without actually covering the big stone under the second arch of Llanfihangel bridge, Mr. Snapgut, Mr. Topjoint, and the Doctor (the Colonel never could get up in the morning) by mutual consent throw etiquette, courtesy, and all sense of decency to the winds. The wiles they practice in their race for precedence, I hardly like even to hint at, lest the character of these great men should unduly suffer in the eyes of unbelievers who cannot make allowance for their feelings at such momentous times. I must here say that by the unwritten laws of the Owen Glendower this celebrated pool, unequalled for a brief period, ceases to be a profitable cast when half the stone under the second arch of Llanfihangel bridge is dry, which is generally about the fourth day after the river has come into good order. After that period, nothing would induce a well-behaved and self-respected Gyfflyiog fisherman to put a fly over the Parson. I, myself, once upon a time before I was properly imbued with Gyfflyiog principles, when three-quarters of the stone at the bridge was dry, turned over and touched a heavy fish in the Parson. I was sorry I mentioned it at dinner, for the Doctor, who was struggling with a loin of mutton that the butcher at Llanfihangel Fawr had as usual neglected to joint, was so shocked that he sent a shower of gray all over the Colonel. Not much was said, but I

had a bad quarter of an hour. I felt that I lay under the double ban of presumption and, worse still, of—well, strict accuracy has always of course been the leading virtue of the veterans of the Owen Glendower.

But I had my revenge. In the week following the river had run so low that Mr. Snapgut and Mr. Topjoint had resorted in despair to the stone seat on the bridge, and were spending the day in discussing the mysteries of their art and the advisability of going home. The Colonel and the Doctor had gone up the stream with trout-rods and a bag of worms. The stone under the bridge was entirely out of water, and so white and dry that the passing sand-pipers and water-ouzels seemed to go even out of their way to sun themselves upon it. The September sun shone miserably bright, and to make things worse two waggons full of exultant tourists had put up at the Owen Glendower for the ascent of Craig-y-Gwynedd. Profound depression reigned among the angling fraternity, when a stranger with a sandy beard, a salmon rod, and a Doric accent arrived—from Galashiels I think. He treated Mr. Snapgut's proffered counsel with calm contempt. He paid no decent regard even to the orthodox casts, but went down the river with a twenty-foot rod and a light heart, flinging recklessly into spots that had never within the memory of man been known to hold a salmon, what Mr. Topjoint I am sorry to say, called "a d——d Scotch fly as big as a blackbird." The Gyfflyiog salmon, it must be explained, were particular on this point, preferring quality to quantity. Well, to make a long story short, this outrageous Scotchman actually hooked and killed a thirteen-pounder in the Parson—of all pools! David Pugh, the watcher, unfortunately came up just as the fish fastened about two yards below the head of the ripple, so the elders could not console themselves by the reflection that after all he must have caught it in Pant-y-Glas with a bunch of worms. It was a dreadful

blow. I felt really sorry for the patriarchs, but more so, I think, for the red-headed stranger who was inclined, and naturally, to be cheery in the evening, and met with no encouragement whatever in his proposals to sing *Within a mile o' Edinburgh toon*, or *We are a' noddin'*, or some other of those weird melodies with which Scotch anglers in the Tweedside Inns are (or were) wont to solace the evening hours and celebrate the mixing of the second tumbler. He left in disgust the next morning with his thirteen-pounder.

But this is a long digression. I was in the act of confiding to the reader to what wiles the Mammon of Unrighteousness drives even such paragons of virtue and respectability as the elders of the Owen Glendower when the Parson is in order after the first August flood. Upon ordinary occasions careful and even elaborate arrangements are made in the inn parlour over night for a fair distribution of the water; but on these extraordinary occasions human nature cannot stand it,—the human nature, at any rate, of Mr. Topjoint and Mr. Snapgut and the Doctor. Personally I hate fishing before breakfast, but how often have I heard Mr. Topjoint, who with unceasing emphasis and in loud tones the night before had ordered Mary to call him at seven-thirty sharp, how often have I heard him steal past my bedroom door, bootless and with stealthy tread, before the rising sun had tipped even the lofty crown of Craig-y-Gwynedd! How often, too, have I heard the Doctor, who, Heaven forgive him, had gone to bed with the affirmation on his lips that he had lost faith in early morning fishing, glide swiftly and noiselessly down close upon Mr. Topjoint's tracks! Even Mr. Snapgut, who generally takes much rousing, has, it is rumoured, on these great occasions more than once disconcerted and astonished the two rivals by being himself fast in a fish as they arrive, almost together and by different routes, breathless on the shingly shore of the Parson. But it is painful to

write about such things. Let us draw a veil over them, and recall the portly form of Mr. Topjoint and the nimbler figure of the Doctor as we left them last, sitting amicably side by side on the grassy bank of the Cefn Coch, and a nine-pound fish, which the one had just gaffed for the other, glistening on the sward between them.

Certain events there are, however, which rudely break the peaceful harmony of the Owen Glendower. They come, too, with as unailing punctuality as the buds on the willows in the Rectory Pool and the August run of the salmon from the salt waves of Aber Guffyliog, and are much less welcome. Twice a year, and sometimes thrice, do that celebrated pack of otter-hounds with whose deep notes every river-side Welshman from the Carnarvon mountains to the Severn sea has been most of his life more or less familiar, make a descent on the swift streams of the Guffyliog. The Major, who has hunted them as long as any ordinary person can remember, and is the nearest approach to an amphibious mortal probably in existence, has of course always made his head-quarters at the Owen Glendower. Now if there is a thing in the world your regular fisherman hates, it is an otter-hunt. By regular fisherman, I do not mean the frivolously-minded person who takes a rod with him on his holiday, puts it together only when the water is in order, and when it is not goes up mountains and takes photographs, and declares he enjoys himself anyhow. By the regular fisherman, I mean the man who works at his art from morning till night precisely as if he were working for his living, and owned a large family dependent on the result. Of the casual angler, for instance, at the Owen Glendower the good housewife will enquire each morning whether he will want any sandwiches cut, or, in other words, whether or no he goes a-fishing. But no such question is ever put to Mr. Topjoint. His sandwiches (of chopped meat without mustard, and a slice or two of cucum-

ber when attainable) are placed on the left-hand corner of the side-board, and his waders and brogues laid on the chair under the bar, with the same regularity as his shaving-water is taken up stairs. During the month or six weeks of the spring trout season that Mr. Topjoint spends at the Owen Glendower, he would no more think of missing a day, or even an hour, than he would of taking to his bed. The weather may affect his spirits,—that is to say, he may be gloomy when the sun shines and cheerful under cloudy skies—but it would make no difference whatever in his daily programme. If flies fail or are obviously useless, he has varieties of minnows sufficient to stock a Sportsman's Exhibition, and if these prove of no avail he falls back, with reluctance, it is true, but still without a moment's hesitation, on the wriggling worm. These are not dug out of the back garden according to the generally accepted custom, but are of a special breed which Mr. Topjoint has forwarded to him by parcel-post from Manchester at eighteen-pence a gross. Mr. Topjoint, in short, is a thorough-going fisherman. Even when there is a roaring flood and the angry waters are fairly choking up the centre arch of Llanfihangel bridge and sweeping their brown white-crested waves over every familiar water-mark; when pool and shallow, shelving beach and hollow bank are all smothered under the wide-stretching deluge, and the cheery music of the broad chattering stream has deepened into the dull hollow rumble of a resistless flood whose backwaters are surging over the very turnip-drills and oozing up the sippy lanes; when the craggy summit of Craig-y-Gynnedd seems to have vanished for ever into a chaos of tumbling water-logged clouds that come hurtling from the Atlantic and wrap at times the very roofs of Llanfihangel in their wild and wet embrace; when the long lashes of the big willows below the bridge are fairly screaming in the storm and the dark water is surging half way up their rugged

trunks,—even on such days as this, when dauntless disciples like the Colonel and the Doctor are reduced to writing letters and tying flies, Mr. Topjoint, clad in a macintosh and a sou'-wester, may be seen with his stiffest rod and a bag of well-bred, carefully-nourished worms, fighting his way step by step along the margin of the flood. Mr. Topjoint has not studied the Gyfflygiog for thirty years for nothing. He knows of certain backwaters, extraordinary and unlikely-looking spots, where in these times of tumult the tired and weary trout, their ordinary programme disarranged, huddle for peace and quietness.

But of the otter-hounds,—it is not so much the hunting that the patriarchs of the Owen Glendower take umbrage at. Nor is it only that for two whole days the sacred depths of the river, from the Parson to the Cefn Coch, become a pandemonium of rioting hounds, and that the familiar shallows, so tenderly trodden, become a stamping ground for noisy gentlemen in blue knickerbockers and red stockings who care not a straw whether the terrified fish that rush between their feet are trout or red herrings. It is not only that all sorts of people ("from Heaven knows where," as Mr. Snapgut groans), in all sorts of costumes, tread and retread again and again those sequestered paths sacred only to the nailed print of the broad-soled brogue, and rush about and shout without very often knowing why or wherefore. All this is distressing no doubt, but the real crux of the whole affair is the putting up of the Major and his lieutenants at the Owen Glendower. The Major, as everybody knows, is a very great man, and his lieutenants of course reflect to some extent his greatness. They do not sit around in the evening like the patient and lonely visitor, listening to Mr. Snapgut's well-known legends of the thirty-pounder that broke him in the Parson. They do not even take their seats at the social board and

partake of those portions which the Doctor at the head of the table assigns to them. To be brief, for that bitter period the Major and his friends reign supreme. Resistance is hopeless; Evan Reese on this matter is firm. Is not the Major brother to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county and cousin of his own landlord? I forgot also to add that the hounds are domiciled in the barn behind the inn and make the night lively with their music. Sometimes, too, the hunters, while Mr. Snapgut and Mr. Topjoint have gone out to smoke in gloomy silence on the bridge—make the night lively in the parlour, and throw Mr. Snapgut's slippers about and belabour one another with Mr. Topjoint's waders, utterly regardless of the sanctity of these relics. Modern otter-hunting seems to be something of a picnic. In former days we used to meet at five o'clock in the morning, and if the trysting-place was any distance off it was hardly worth while going to bed at all. Nowadays it seems the meet is at eleven, and a big lunch on wheels is a leading item in the performance. Other small things occur from time to time to vex the souls of the veterans. Sometimes a brake full of tourists finds its way to Llanfihangel. They come, no doubt, ostensibly to muse over the spot where the grandmother of David Ap Reese Ap Hugh met with her untimely fate. But as a rule they do not get further than the Owen Glendower, and are quite content to take in the situation from that hospitable vantage-point. Now if there is a thing your regular fishermen hates worse than an otter-hunt it is a "tripper," as Mr. Topjoint calls every one who does not carry his credentials in the shape of a bundle of rods. He regards him as a frivolous person with

no purpose in life, who clamours for sunshine, rejoices in long droughts, and is gay and lively at periods when the angler is sunk in gloom. The latter, too, comes to regard himself as something of a local man with a vested interest in the neighbourhood and is therefore, of course, anxious to "heave a brick" at the stranger. The children curtsy to him; the parson greets him as an old friend; the cobbler has cobbled his shoes, and the tailor has patched his knickerbockers for a generation. They are all old friends. With the very crops in the river-side fields he becomes as familiar as with the farmer himself; he can remember where wheat has followed roots, or where the seeds have been broken up for oats, and how the barley-sample was spoiled in the shock under his very eyes the autumn before. The foals in the pasture have grown up to the collar under his observant eyes, and he feels himself in touch with their owner who drops in now and again at nights to the Owen Glendower for a glass of beer and a pipe, to air his English and perhaps to sing a Welsh song.

After all I have said it will doubtless seem incredible that the penning of this simple record should cause me to begin (prematurely, alas!) counting the days till I shall again listen to the rushing streams of the Gyffyliog and hear the latest poem of David Owen, shall sit again beneath the stuffed trout and the black rafters of the Owen Glendower while Mr. Topjoint and the Colonel tell their oft-told tales enriched by the improvements with which each succeeding season invariably embellishes, and may long, I pray, continue to embellish them.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE STORY OF A REVOLUTION.

REVOLUTIONS have come to be regarded as time-honoured institutions in South America, where hardly any state is so small and unconsidered that it cannot afford to have one now and then of its own. In the Argentine Republic the time of revolution used to be more or less a fixed one. Every six years the supreme power had to be handed over from one man to another, and with the transfer of the Presidency there was a revolution. The election of the new President hardly seemed complete without it. It was a good method of testing his mettle; and as the elections were conducted without any nice regard for honesty and fairness, it was also a good way of discovering the real opinion of the majority of the country. At any rate so the country seemed to consider it, and probably it knew its own business best. And then the Spanish Americans dearly love a little fighting for its own sake, and are never quite so happy as when they are turning their country upside down, presumably from the view that the bottom ought to have a chance of coming to the top every now and then. Moreover they recognized in such disturbances a convenient opportunity for paying off old debts and old grudges, and as it was sadly characteristic of those times that the debtors were generally in the majority, such an opportunity was not to be resisted. But within the last fifteen or twenty years a considerable change has come over the spirit of the country in this respect. The more peaceful professions of farming and cattle-raising began to produce a greater and more certain profit than they had hitherto done. The *gaucho* began to herd sheep and cattle of his own, and to settle down on his own land. The peaceful and industrious members of the community,

largely recruited from the ranks of the foreign immigrants, began to outnumber the idle and shiftless ones; and public opinion, even in the outlying Provinces, began to discourage revolutions. Fighting for fighting's sake or for the sake of pillage was practically at an end. The revolution at the election of a new President was inevitable, because no one could otherwise agree on the country's choice; but it was not needlessly prolonged, and was regarded rather as a necessary evil than an agreeable native institution. The fact was that the Constitution itself was to a certain extent responsible for the trouble that took place so regularly every six years. The different Provinces that go to make up the Argentine Republic, although they differ in neither race nor language but only in name, have a deep-seated belief in their own several and individual importance, and are terribly afraid of being swamped by the undue prominence of the most powerful of their number, when it comes to the question of controlling the destinies of the whole nation. Now the Province of Buenos Ayres, from its position, its history, and the extraordinary rapidity of its growth in wealth and prosperity, is almost of equal importance with all the rest put together. For some time Buenos Ayres actually did succeed in maintaining its position in the government of the nation, being helped doubtless by the fact that the capital of the Province was also the capital of the Republic. But the idea that Buenos Ayres should have a monopoly of the Presidential office by no means commended itself to such Provinces as Cordova and Mendoza which in point of population were almost, if not quite, as influential. The means provided by the Constitution for carrying out the election were not very satisfactory and

open to a good many abuses and trickery. Hence the appeal to force was only too frequently resorted to; with almost unvarying success on the part of Buenos Ayres until the year 1880, when General Roca, a nominee of the Northern Provinces, was duly elected, and after some hard fighting managed to establish himself in the chief seat of authority. That was the last revolution in Buenos Ayres until to-day.

Other causes also helped to bring the era of revolutions to an end. In the old days the disturbances would begin in the more remote corners of the Provinces, and smoulder for a while before breaking out into active flame; then when the worst of the conflagration had been subdued, it would yet be a long time before the embers of the fire could be extinguished. Wandering bodies of irregular horse would begin the fray by carrying on a kind of *guerilla* warfare under pretext of supporting the claims of some candidate for high office; and although the chances of their candidate may have been altogether crushed and disposed of elsewhere, they would still carry on their depredations for the sake of pillage. In 1880 the new railways enabled the Government, or at least the party that had the army at its back, to move their troops sufficiently quickly to stamp out these marauders before they were able to combine and inflict any material damage. But what helped most towards their discomfiture was the net-work of wire fencing which had been erected on all the sheep and cattle farms in the more populous districts, and which rendered it very difficult if not impossible for any large body of mounted men to sweep the country rapidly from point to point as they had been used to do. Juan and José shook their heads sadly when they discussed the subject of wire fences. No more looting of small country towns or robbing fat *estancieros* for them. What was the use of carrying off a man's horses when you could not be sure of getting them away? The wires

effectually handicapped the pursued and helped the pursuers. The more restless spirits of the country, the *gauchos* who would not work either for themselves or others when it came to earning their livelihood by honest labour, cleared out from a civilization that had brought wire fences to spoil their old hunting-grounds and settled themselves in the wilder and less civilized districts. The country was none the worse for their departure, for with them departed its most disturbing element. Hence it was that the revolution of 1880 was confined almost entirely to the struggle for supremacy between the city of Buenos Ayres and the other Provinces, and the scene of the fighting did not extend far from the neighbourhood of that capital. The struggle was a sharp one while it lasted, but it was subdued quickly and thoroughly without any of that lingering warfare on a small scale that used in former days to keep the country in a state of ferment for many months after the centre of the insurrection had been quieted. General Lavalle brought his troops almost into the rebellious city of Buenos Ayres by the help of the Southern Railway, and in a few hours it was at his mercy.

I first arrived in the country shortly after that revolution had been subdued and the Presidency of General Roca had commenced. Even then, recent though the last disturbance had been, people spoke of it and other revolutions as entirely a memory of the past, belonging to the dark ages of the country and never likely to recur again. And it almost seemed that they had reason to speak so, for nothing could have seemed more settled and peaceful than the condition of the country then. Roca had not only been accepted by the capital through necessity, but he had succeeded in making himself almost as popular in Buenos Ayres as in the Provinces. The period of his Presidency bid fair to be the most brilliant that the country had yet known. Everything prospered, and Buenos

Ayres, both town and province, prospered more mightily than any other portion of the Republic. The financial policy that General Roca more or less inaugurated was for the time being eminently successful. The theory of it was simple, and very soothing to the pride of the country. It amounted to declaring that the country could not borrow too much, or spend too much, or incur any obligations which it could not fulfil, because its resources and natural wealth were so boundless that they could be drawn upon with the most prodigal hand without fear of exhaustion.

The country borrowed largely and with the happiest results. The strides made during the first two or three years were something extraordinary. The exports from Buenos Ayres were doubled: attention began to be drawn to the country; and so far from having to solicit loans, the Argentine Republic found itself in the flattering condition of having loans pressed upon it. It did not refuse them. Money and emigrants poured into the country at a rate that was perhaps unprecedented in the history of the world. Free emigration brought in Italians at the rate of one hundred thousand in the year. There was no business connected with the country that could not find capitalists to support it; and very queer businesses some of them were. Everybody seemed to look upon the Argentine Republic as a kind of lucky box into which you dropped a penny and took out twopence; and indeed, to do the country justice, it must be confessed that for a long time the twopences were invariably forthcoming.

Personally I kept aloof from the madding crowd of speculators. I had not gone to Buenos Ayres to live in a town, and my *estancia*, a sheep and cattle farm, kept me generally in the country. However, I found time to travel about a good deal and to see a good deal of the Republic, especially of the province of Buenos Ayres. It seemed to me, generally speaking, that the security upon which the Republic

was borrowing so wildly was a very good one, but one that would not be realizable for some time to come; and that it would require a good deal of astute manipulation of the public money to keep its creditors satisfied until such a time should come. The country had been until then in the position of a man who owns a rich piece of ground but has no means of cultivating it; by borrowing money to pay for implements and labour, he can not only reap a rich harvest for himself, but repay with large interest the money borrowed. But he must be given time by his creditors, for crops do not grow in a day. The harvest of such a country as the Argentine Republic cannot be fully reaped for many years; and though there seemed every probability, even certainty, that it would be a very rich one, the outlay that they were making in machinery and labour seemed to be out of all proportion to their realizable means, although perhaps not so to the possible wealth of the country. The Government gave guarantees to railways that were to cover the whole country, some of them running through districts that were hardly populated at all, commenced harbours and dock-works on an enormous scale, and constructed public buildings at a cost which to an old and sober Argentine seemed fabulous. The assisted and free emigration to the country must have been as expensive as the maintenance of a standing army of some hundred thousand men. None of this ponderous and complicated machinery could be expected to pay any interest on the cost of its construction for a long time, and in the meantime interest had to be paid on the borrowed money.

In 1886 General Roca's administration came to an end. It was not altogether above suspicion; in fact it was more than whispered that, well as he had deserved of his country, he had repaid himself and his family in a manner quite beyond his deserts, and that the demoralization of the public offices was deplorable and complete. But

at any rate he had ruled the country wisely and strongly, and with a more enlightened view of its real interests than had any President before him; for it must be confessed that Sarmiento and Mitré, honest and upright men as they were, were somewhat obstructive and old-fashioned in their ideas of progress. As the time approached for the election of a new President, the people of Buenos Ayres began to get rather nervous on more than one account. The reaction had begun; the financial difficulties of the Government threatened really serious embarrassment; there was an actual want of currency to meet the necessary expenses of the country; and in addition to that the value of the existing currency had been already gravely depreciated in foreign exchange, for the premium on gold had risen to one hundred and twenty-seven. Everybody seemed to agree as to the cause—that they had outrun the constable; most people agreed as to the remedy—immediate retrenchment and a more sober system of public finance in the future. One thing at least was clear, that the new President should be a man both willing and capable of carrying out such a policy. Never did General Roca display his capacity as a ruler more clearly than in that election. Buenos Ayres had a candidate in Dr. Dardo Rocha, ex-governor of that Province; but almost from the first it appeared that his cause was hopeless. A worse candidate at that emergency it could not well have had, for Rocha's name gave no promise of economy. The electors' choice, carried by the undoubted majority of the Northern Provinces, fell upon Dr. Celman, and thanks to the somewhat unconstitutional precautions taken by General Roca, the electors' choice was ratified without an insurrection, and Dr. Celman became President without having to strike a blow. Celman and Roca were bound to each other by other ties than those of family, and it was undoubtedly a very necessary thing in the latter's eyes that his government should not be succeeded by a hostile

critic. That peaceful election was looked upon as the happiest sign of the settled condition of the country, and the very best guarantee of its determination to fulfil all its obligations at home and abroad. Confidence that had been a little shaken was fully restored: the new President pledged himself to a policy of retrenchment and economy; and even Buenos Ayres affected to believe that in Dr. Celman it might have after all the man that it wanted.

Shortly after the election I left the country, not to return until 1889, some three years later. When I left there were already signs of an extraordinary inflation in the value of land and houses, but it was not until the beginning of 1887 that the fever seems to have reached its height. Land in the furthest corners of the Republic, before valued at a nominal sum and practically worth nothing, was selling for about three shillings an acre. Land of real value was exchanging hands at double or treble the prices it had ever reached before, while town building-lots and houses were fetching prices that were perfectly absurd. A good many wise people realized quietly and retired to Europe; but the game of speculation went gaily on, the Government setting the example. Concessions were scattered broadcast; railways were started from the most impossible places in order to run nowhere, until *The Mosquito* (the comic print of Buenos Ayres) invited its subscribers to invest in a railway from that city to the moon, for which it alleged the Government had promised its support and a substantial guarantee. Everybody knew that the corruption in official circles which fostered and encouraged this madness of speculation was growing in extent and shamelessness every day. And yet for long there was no real outcry against it. "We are rich enough to stand anything; we can afford even to support a Government that robs with both hands," was the general idea of the country; and in the mad race for wealth there was no time

to stop and inquire into trifling speculations. Unfortunately the speculations were by no means trifling, as the country was soon to learn to its cost.

Although absent for the first three years of Dr. Celman's government, I was kept well informed of affairs by my many friends and correspondents in the country, and by what were for me not unimportant interests. In 1889 the information I received was so disquieting that I determined to go out there and visit my property with a view to ascertaining the advisability of investing further money in it, a course which at that time seemed necessary. It was rather ominous that I landed at Rio de Janeiro, by the way, on the very day that the revolution was declared in Brazil. The Brazilians do things more quietly. Certainly my friends and I found some difficulty in getting about the town and in finding a tram-car that would take us out of it to the hotel in the mountains where we intended to spend the night; but the fact remains that we did not discover that the city, about which we had been so unconcernedly strolling, was in full revolt until we arrived at its suburb in the evening. Though the Brazilians did things well, they did not do them wisely. If they had known more of the history of the Argentine Republic they would have come to the conclusion that of all forms of government the republican is perhaps the most costly and the least satisfactory, and they would have clung to a monarchy, to which they had at least great cause to be grateful. It is true that the astonishing growth of the Argentine Republic was sufficient by itself to excite the envy and admiration of its neighbours; but that growth owed but little to the Government that ruled it.

On landing at Buenos Ayres some few days later I was astonished at the change that had taken place in the city. It was hard to believe in the financial embarrassments of a place that showed everywhere such abundant signs of prosperity and of lavish expenditure both public and private.

Elsewhere the real signs of the times were only too apparent. Business seemed to have come more or less to a standstill owing to the growing sense of insecurity. The high premium in gold pointed clearly to the state of public credit, while the underground dealing of the Government and its friends, which had been sapping private credit in every direction, had resulted already in one or two disgraceful explosions. Public attention had been painfully called to the manifest shortcomings of their rulers, and the public wrath was rapidly rising. It was not likely to be allayed by the attitude adopted by the President and his Cabinet. The former showed a most callous and cynical disregard of the real significance of the crisis into which he had helped to lead the country. In Buenos Ayres he listened to complaints with a grave face, and promised reform and redress which he next day denied. In the Provinces he had one formula—“*Hombre! no es nada*. It is nothing, nothing at all. There is no crisis. The country never was so flourishing. If it is sick at all, it is sick of a surfeit.” The surfeit was of a dishonest Government; and the country began to think it had really had too much of it.

Suddenly there were made the most scandalous statements as to the management of the Customs, from which the greater part of the public revenue was derived. The exposure which followed showed that the accusations had only been too well founded; it was asserted that in that item alone the revenue had been mulcted of an annual sum of nearly a million sterling. How far that was true or not, I do not know; but I do remember that the Government did not deny the culpability of its officers, and that nevertheless practically no one was punished. Suspicion next fell upon the Free Banks of the Provinces and the National Bank of Buenos Ayres. For a long time these institutions had been suspected by the community at large, to such an extent that the poorer

classes preferred to carry their money in their pockets or hide it in their houses rather than entrust it to such doubtful guardians, with the natural result that a large portion of the currency was withdrawn from circulation which could ill be spared. The Banks were accused of having made illegal and clandestine issues of notes; it was denied, but there was no serious defence to the charge.

During the latter months of 1889 and the first of the new year I was travelling in the more remote corners of the Provinces, but everywhere I heard the same tale and found the same discontent. Railway Companies could not get their guarantees paid, except under great pressure. There was no money and very little credit in the provincial towns, and the impatience of the people was growing every day greater. There are two words in the Spanish language that one soon learns, and having learnt them by bitter experience, one does not soon forget; *Mañana y Paciencia*, To-morrow and Patience. To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow; but to-morrow is never to-day, and by the time that it does arrive patience is apt to get exhausted.

When I returned to Buenos Ayres in April I found that the patience of that town was thoroughly exhausted. It had demanded reform persistently and in no gentle tones; no attention had been paid, and it was preparing for stronger measures. Now there is no doubt that Buenos Ayres had no reason to be pleased with Dr. Celman as a President when he was first elected, and also that with their indignation against a corrupt and incapable ruler there was mixed a good deal of anger and jealousy against the Province that had produced him. Don Miguel Juarez Celman, to give him his full name, was a Cordovese, and on arriving at the Presidency he had filled all the offices with Cordovese friends. That by itself was not likely to endear him to the people of Buenos Ayres; but it must be said to their credit,

that they had not raised any complaint against him until the corruption of his Government had been proved a hundred times over, and that this outbreak of wrath partook far more of the character of honest indignation than of an ancient and rankling jealousy. Moreover in this matter they reflected a discontent which was really felt by the country at large. Of all the Provinces, Buenos Ayres is the most affected by any failure in the public credit, as it represents nearly the whole of the commercial interests of the Republic; but it is certain that at the public meeting that was called in April to consider the state of affairs there were men present who could well claim to represent the feelings of the Northern and Western Provinces.

To an Englishman the way in which their demonstration was announced in the papers was not a little amusing. It was earnestly explained to the public that what was going to be held was a "Meeting Ingles"; a demonstration of the most pacific character to which no weapons were to be brought, and that the only object in view was to discuss calmly and dispassionately the serious situation of the country, and to pass such resolutions as might serve to help and advise the Government—*como hacen los Ingleses*. The Government did not wait to be advised after the English fashion. When it had ocular proof that the meeting was to be attended by some twenty thousand men, and had reason to believe that most of those men were armed with revolvers, it neither attempted to disperse them nor waited to hear their resolutions. The Ministry hastily resigned, and their resignations were read before the meeting, together with a message from the President pledging himself to the reforms demanded. The meeting congratulated itself upon its peaceful success, and dispersed. But before separating the Union Civica was formed. Alem, del Valle, Lucio Lopez, and Goyena, were all names that were known in the country as well as in Buenos Ayres. Under

their auspices and with the support of such names as that of General Mitré, the Union Civica promised to be a really influential means of watching and protecting the country's interests. Some of the Ministers took possession again of the portfolios they had resigned; others were replaced. The one important change upon which everything turned was in the Ministry of Finance. Señor Uriburu accepted that post, and Buenos Ayres saw in his nomination the best guarantee that the Government was going to deal seriously and honestly with the question of reform. There was no absolute declaration of his programme, but it was clearly understood that it did not include a fresh issue of currency—a favourite remedy of his predecessors in office and one that had done infinitely more harm than good—and that it did include a retrenchment in the public expenditure, the stoppage of many leaks in the Government Offices, a revision of an unequal taxation, and above all a searching inquiry into the working of the Free Banks in the Provinces and the National Bank in Buenos Ayres. For some reason the country was not yet altogether satisfied. It is true that the price of gold fell at once and that things were generally easier and more settled, but there was a feeling that the worst had not yet come and that it was far too early to rejoice. When I sailed from Buenos Ayres in May, I left many gloomy faces behind me, and carried with me more gloomy forebodings.

The new era of reform was not long-lived. Early in June came the news of Señor Uriburu's resignation, and with his fall there must have fallen all hopes of a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Señor Uriburu was a very honest and a very able man, but he has always been known to be impulsive and somewhat hot-headed. In this case he was guilty of an imprudence that certainly did more credit to his courage than his discretion. He had accepted office on the condition that the President of the National Bank, Dr. Pacheco, together

with his Board, should be removed before a certain time, and that an official inquiry should be made into the Bank's affairs. This condition was accepted. Whether the Government really intended to sacrifice Dr. Pacheco or not it is impossible to say; one thing at least they were not prepared to submit to, and that was an examination of the Free Bank of Cordova. It was learnt that the Minister of Finance had given instructions that this Bank was to be examined, and if, as it was alleged, there had been an illegal and clandestine issue of forged notes that the manager and all concerned were to be prosecuted. Now this was touching the Government of Dr. Celman and his Cordovese followers in a very tender spot. Instantly the removal of Pacheco was refused. Any other Free Bank but that particular one might have been attacked with impunity. Señor Uriburu resigned.

The resignation of Señor Uriburu and the retention in office of Dr. Pacheco were probably the final causes that led to the revolution. Already the distress in the country had extended from the capitalists to the labouring classes, from the merchants' houses to the streets. The poor in Buenos Ayres for the first time knew what it was to be without work and without food; for such a thing as hunger had hitherto been almost unknown. For months before, while I was still in the country, I remember a furious article in one of the leading newspapers taunting the President with having succeeded in introducing into the country European pauperism. It was on the same day, if I remember rightly, that there appeared in a provincial paper an article headed with the significant title *Is Assassination a Crime?* The exasperation of the capital swelled day by day, until the arrest of General Campos on the charge of conspiracy. Had General Campos been implicated in a conspiracy against the supreme power? I for one should be very sorry to doubt the General's word, for, like Brutus,

he is an honourable man—but it is evident that there was conspiracy in the air. At any rate it needed but a breath to fan that smouldering wrath and hatred into an active flame, and the revolution broke out.

There is no need to repeat here the admirable accounts that were sent home by *The Times'* correspondent, of the uncertain fortunes of the fight, and the fearful slaughter in the streets—by the way, I wonder how many Englishmen there are who remember that in those very streets of Buenos Ayres, in the year 1807, an English army under General Whitelock was cut to pieces and destroyed—of the apparent triumph of the Revolutionists, and of the bitter disappointment, the tragi-comedy, of the empty ammunition-cases. Has ever the world seen such a sight before; a revolution that had neither failed nor succeeded, a government that was neither beaten nor victorious? However, thanks to General Roca, the revolution did finally succeed in its main object, and the government of Dr. Celman and his Cordovan friends is at an end,—not however before they had tried every possible subterfuge to remain in office.

One day in Buenos Ayres, when I was speaking my mind of Dr. Celman rather freely, a friend and neighbour of his in the province of Cordova, took me seriously to task. "You do not know the man," he said. "You should see and know him in his own home, and then you would recognise how unjustly he is regarded. He is one of the best and most generous of men, of the kindest heart, and the simplest tastes in the world. His only happiness is in the company of his humble friends and dependants at his house in Cordova. He is too good and simple a man to be a President." *Quien sabe?* That might have been the explanation—that the man was after all only a puppet in the hands of the unscrupulous gang that

surrounded him; it is a pity though that his simple goodness should have cost the country so dear. At any rate, he is gone, and Dr. Pellegrini reigns in his stead,—Dr. Pellegrini, who is half an Englishman by birth, for on his mother's side he is a nephew of the late John Bright, and who in some ways is more than half an Englishman in character. Though connected with the last Government, he was never suspected of having shared in their malpractices; indeed he enjoys a very high character for scrupulous honesty. He is a thoroughly able man, and is not unknown in London as a financier. What he needs in popularity and influence in the Provinces will be amply supplied by the support and co-operation of General Roca. Under the leadership of those two men the Republic has the best possible chance not only of recovering the ground that it has lost, but of advancing with more steady and careful steps. One thing I take to be very necessary,—some exercise of prudence and discretion on the part of Señor Uriburu in the financial reform which will be expected of him; a little care in the way he attacks and brings to light and punishment certain abuses in Government Offices and National Banks. The evil is not one of recent growth, and is probably more deep-seated than some people suppose. It must be cut out; but it needs the skilful hand of the surgeon for the operation, and not the rough method of an executioner.

"All's well that ends well," and the Republic seems perfectly satisfied and content with the conclusion of the last drama that has been played upon its stage. It is true that there was a certain element of comedy present; but the bloody tragedy that killed a thousand men and wounded five thousand more will not soon be forgotten in the streets of Buenos Ayres.

W. H.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1890.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

CHAPTER I.

THE Five-Year-Old Club in Albe-
marle Street was originally started for
a purpose which, in the eyes of its
founder at least, was one of the most
laudable in the world. The venerable
Earl of Bridgebourne and his equally
venerable crony General Ingoldsbey
were lamenting, as elderly gentlemen
will do upon occasion, the decadence
of the times. They agreed with con-
viction that nothing was so good as it
used to be. The weather was not so
warm, the port was not so well fla-
voured or so wholesome, the young
women were not so pretty as they used
to be. The Most Noble the Marquis
of Becksworth sat by and listened to
the diatribes of his friends, and by and
by offered them a new theme for sor-
row in respect to which all three grew
eloquent. The women, the wine, and
the weather were past mending, but in
the matter suggested by the marquis
there was something to be done. He
spoke of the rarity of mutton killed
for the table at a proper age, and the
venerable earl, in a flush of inspiration,
created by the mere utterance of a
phrase the Five-Year-Old Club. The
association had no other purpose than
the rearing of five-year-old mutton for
its members' eating, but before a month
was over, president, vice-president,
committee, treasurer, and secretary,
were all elected, a goodly list of mem-
bers had enrolled themselves, a breed

of sheep had been selected to experi-
ment upon, and a fair-sized scrap of
land on Dartmoor had been rented by
the club. Then for a month or two
the reports of the head-grazier were
read with an appetising interest, and
the attendance of members fell off rap-
idly as it became clear to the least obser-
vant that a five-year-old sheep took at
least five years to grow up in. Before
six months had gone by since the date of
its foundation the club had grown to be
one of the dullest and most neglected
of resorts. Nobody could talk even
of five-year-old mutton for ever; the
association possessed no other interest,
and very few of its members had any
other theme in common. The call for
the second annual subscription met
with a languid response. Youth is
popularly supposed to be the season of
impatience, but youth at least has time
for waiting. Some of the elderly con-
tingent dropped away by the act of
nature, and a good many others were
doubtful of their own lives being long
enough to bring them to the promised
fleshpots. Some of the veterans
were put upon water-gruel and the
like poor diet by relentless medical
advisers, and under these conditions
found their interest in haunch and
saddle fade rapidly away. In short,
before a single joint of the club-mutton
had ever decorated the club-table the
association itself had practically gone
out of existence.

There was the flock on Dartmoor, its

venerable elders ripe within a month or two for the sacrificial knife; there was the head-grazier sending up a quarterly report to be read by nobody; there was the scrap of moorland experimentally leased for one and twenty years; and there were the club premises rented for the same period. But there was practically no club.

In these circumstances Captain Peter Heaton appeared upon the scene. He was a man of perspicacity and energy, and he had in one way or another a certain little capital at his command. He saw the possibilities of the club as a proprietary concern, and after due negotiation purchased its belongings and was free to use its name. His chief initial difficulty lay in finding somebody to deal with, but that being surmounted the way lay plain and easy before him.

The taste for good mutton not being exclusively confined to the elderly members of the aristocracy, the worthy captain, with his stock-in-trade in hand, found no difficulty in getting about him a company of the younger sort. Excellent names, not quite so well known, so solid or respectable as the earlier, but excellent still, were found for the committee. But whether the new members were drawn towards Captain Peter Heaton by the process of natural selection or not, it is certain that they were a curiously raffish and disorderly set of people. They kept abnormal hours, and drank fancifully-named drinks from the afternoon beginning of their day until the morning close of it. They gambled heavily, and willingly paid to the club proprietor absurd sums for gambling-tools and gambling-time. There were plenty of young men of title among them, and here and there in their ranks an elderly peer who might have been supposed to know better than to waste his time in the pursuits and society of the Five-Year-Old Club. There were dandies from the Guards, the genuine, undoubted, and undoubtable thing; and imitation dandies from outside, whose social coin rang false to discerning ears. There

were florid, vulgar turfmen, and sporting journalists permanently stale with eleemosynary champagne. There were actors there who had walked from the drawing-room to the stage, leaving their breeding midway. There were fledgling youths, innocently knowing in respect to wines, cigars, and horses, and more easily to be made a prey by flattered vanity than any village greenhorn in his ignorance.

It would be a libel to say that there were not good fellows in this curious crowd. There were certain sturdy men of the world who dreamt of robbing nobody, and who would certainly have puzzled the astutest member of the gang to rob them. There were honest, harumscarum, good-hearted lads, who were learning the A B C of the world in that singular seminary, and paying more than they thought of for the tuition they received.

Among these was one Harry Wynne, who was great-grandson to no less a person than the noble founder of the club. The Earl of Bridgebourne had got into the nineties by this time, and the Five-Year-Old Club was about a dozen years of age. The earl had completely withdrawn himself from it years ago, and to his uninstructed fancy it was as respectable, as stately, and as dull as it had been in his own day. The old nobleman naturally went but little into the world, but he kept all his faculties sharp and clear, was extremely proud of the youthfulness of his aspect—he looked not a day over five hundred—and the uncertain activity of his venerable legs. He was a very stately old gentleman indeed; but the pride of youth carried him so far that on coming down to breakfast of a morning he would not disdain to execute a little dancing step or two before his familiars, displaying his youthful vigour and agility with a mirth which grinned the saddest *memento mori*.

The earl was aware of his great-grandson's membership of the club, and at least on one occasion splendidly congratulated him on the precocious good sense which led him to choose the

society of his elders and his betters. The young man perfectly understood the position of affairs, but for his own sake refrained from laughter until he was out of the magnificent old gentleman's presence.

Mr. Harry Wynne, whose fortunes this history proposes to follow, had barely achieved his majority. He stood six feet in his socks, and though at present a shade too thin for his height, gave promise of developing into a rather unusually handsome fellow. He wore his fair hair closely cropped, and had a little golden down upon his upper lip. He had a good, frank pair of gray eyes of his own, well set apart, was gifted by nature with high spirits, and a not inconsiderable share of mother wit, and was altogether a very favourable specimen of the British adolescent, so far as aspect and manners are concerned. He had no profession, and not a great deal of money, and he had been bred in a baddish school. Eton and Cambridge had between them succeeded in inculcating the boy with the notion that debt was the normal condition of a gentleman. Without being in the faintest degree intentionally dishonest, he had learned that so long as a man nursed the intent to pay mere tradespeople their debts, the time of payment stood for next to nothing. In fact, the villainous system of credit, as practised with young men of good families at our public schools and universities, had got into the lad's bones. He had been in debt when he was eight years of age, and had lived on credit ever since, paying away his hypothecated little income cheerfully enough when it came to him, and walking daily deeper and deeper into the mire, in the serene certainty that there was sound land ahead of him.

He got a thousand or two when he came of age, but it had been mortgaged years ago, and he saw next to nothing of it. If he had only known it he had come long since to the end of his tether; but happily or unhappily the tether of youth is elastic, and young Wynne was disposed to stretch his to

the utmost. If he had been in a hurry to go to the mischief he could hardly have chosen a better starting point than the Five-Year-Old Club. Play began there every night pretty soon after dinner, was in full swing at midnight, and went on until all hours in the morning. At two o'clock the club was poetically supposed to close, and from players who desired to continue their game the proprietor exacted a fine of five pounds for the first hour, ten for the second, fifteen for the third, and so on. Captain Peter Heaton found this system work admirably, for the nightly fines alone gave him an annual income of several thousand pounds.

Whenever young Wynne got money he played, and, as a pretty regular thing, he lost, as anybody might have expected and predicted. In spite of his long apprenticeship to debt and the gay carelessness natural to youth, he began to tremble a little at his own prospects. There was nothing for it but to play higher, and he played higher and plunged deeper accordingly; until one melancholy wet autumn morning he walked home to his lodging in Duke Street, St. James's, with an utterly bankrupt exchequer, and a gambling debt of three hundred and fifty pounds on his shoulders. He had to own to himself that things looked as bad as they well could look. His only hope of raising money was by play, and yet until this debt was paid play was forbidden. He got wretchedly to sleep, and won vast sums which profited him nothing on awaking.

His great-uncle, Lord Hounes, the Earl of Bridgebourne's eldest son, was in town, and the boy made a despairing, useless call on him. Lord Hounes had borne his courtesy title for seven-and-sixty years, and had long since felt weary and ill-used under it. He had never entertained any great affection for the earl, and what little he had had been quenched this score of years by his father's unheard-of and selfish persistence in living. For his station he had been poor all his life, and the

old earl had always steadfastly refused to help him. His lordship lived in Eccleston Square, and having reached his door and rung the bell, the boy stood staring at the iron pine-apple at the corner of the area railings, knowing in his heart that he might as well present his petition to it as to his poor and parsimonious great-uncle.

Lord Hounes gave him a sour lecture and a heap of antiquated advice, but beyond these declined to give him anything. The young man went away sorrowful, and carried his hopeless petition to his uncle, Colonel Percy Seaforth.

Colonel Seaforth was a very different person from Lord Hounes, and the lad knew well enough that the one difficulty to be dreaded here was poverty rather than parsimony. Young Wynne was an orphan, and, his own limited resources once exhausted, had no help to look for anywhere in the world but at Uncle Percy's hands. Uncle Percy had a younger brother's income and his pay, and if out of this he allowed his nephew three hundred and fifty pounds a year, he certainly did a good deal more than his cold duty by him. The boy knew that well enough, and felt an added weight of shame as he thought of his uncle's unflinching generosity.

The colonel was at home, and heard his story through with a sorrowful patience, tugging at his gray moustache as he listened:

"Well, Harry, my lad," he said, by way of answer, "you seem to be in a very considerable scrape, and you have nobody but yourself to thank for it. You are my only sister's only son, and I have done what I could for you for your mother's sake. It does not become me to talk about it, but I have done a little more than my duty, and if I say that I can't do any more, it is simply because I can't, and not because I won't. The allowance will go on, but I can't give you that before quarter-day, because I sha'n't have it at the bank till then."

Colonel Seaforth was a bit of a Don

Quixote to look at, a tired and melancholy gentleman who had been overlooked in his profession, and had been saddened, though not soured, by ill fortune. He had a kindly heart, as he had constantly proved to his nephew, and if the young scapegrace had found courage to tell him everything, he would have made an effort to assist him. But the lad, as lads in trouble will, had disguised half his difficulties, and, without meaning to be dishonest, had put altogether too favourable a complexion on the general aspect of affairs.

He went away unhelped, and wandered home, and from there, after a wretched hour or two wandered, out of sheer vacuity, to the club. The class of men who used the Five-Year-Old in the daytime, and the class of men who made it their haunt by night, had certain widely marked differences between them. The daylight contingent was eminently respectable. Its talk was of horses, to be sure, but they talked of them with as much seriousness as men of business talk of notes of exchange, or politicians of the events of the session. They were racing gentlemen, owners of stables, and the like, and followed the pleasure of their life with perfect sobriety and discretion. The names of many of them were known and respected on every racecourse in the kingdom, and they enjoyed a fame which within its limits was as complete as that of Prince Bismarck or Mr. Gladstone. Outside the strange world which lives by and for horses they might be unknown, but within it they were potentates and powers.

Captain Peter Heaton, the proprietor of the club, was as much at home with the one set as the other. An affable, smiling man, of a trifle over the middle height, and a trifle over middle age, iron-gray about the whiskers, perfectly polished in manner, and in full command of face and temper. He was as keen as a razor and shaved as closely, as a score or two of people who had learned him well could tell you.

The gallant captain was seated in his customary arm-chair in the club smoking-room, reading the day's racing quotations, and solacing himself with an excellent cigar and a glass of fine old whiskey judiciously tempered with apollinaris water. Young Wynne dropped into a seat beside him, and nodded rather gloomily in answer to the captain's cheerful and cordial salutation. Heaton, from behind his newspaper, cast a glance at the lad and diagnosed his symptoms instantly. There was a buzz of conversation going on in the room, and when the captain dropped his newspaper and edged with a friendly, confidential manner towards the broken young gentleman, there was no danger of their speech being overheard.

"You were pretty hard hit last night, weren't you?" the captain asked. His manner was sympathetic, and the boy was ready to be sympathized with. Sympathy was likely to do him little good, and yet he felt he needed it.

"I was, by Jove!" he answered. He did his courageous best to look as if it did not matter, but he knew the attempt was a failure.

"Well, you know," said Captain Heaton, with the air of a man of the world, "you really should not play. I don't say you are a bad hand at *écarté* for your years, but it goes without saying that you are no match for a man like Hump or Lanky."

It was one of the delightful peculiarities of the Five-Year-Old that almost everybody in it was decorated with some absurd nickname or other. An ill-tempered critic might be disposed to say that no man who prided his self-respect very high would accept a ridiculous title for himself or assist in conferring it upon another. But perhaps self-respect was not the strong point of the members of the Five-Year-Old, and certainly they were no great sticklers for dignity. They were mostly jaded men, and had a certain palled sense of humour, and if they vented it in that way, they possibly

amused themselves and each other, and outsiders got no harm by it.

The gentleman known as Hump was Mr. Herbert Whale, once a city "financier," and now a bookmaker. He was Captain Peter Heaton's jackal, and did his dirty work for him. He had the social polish of a pot-boy, played an excellent amateur game at billiards, a more than excellent amateur game at *écarté*, was an average good pigeon-shot, and a fair bruiser. He was generally regarded as a hard-fisted, honest fellow, and it was known that if he did a friendly service, he wanted a hundred per cent. for it. If the security were shaky he would go as far as two hundred per cent. to oblige you, and he had command of apparently unlimited sums for investment.

Lanky was Captain Charles Bolder, a person related to one of the noblest families in the kingdom, and a gentleman against whose character nothing had ever been established. He had held a commission in the Blues, and knew every fast man and fast woman in town. He knew a prodigious number of people outside those dubious circles, and was as much at home in the *monde* as in the *demi-monde*. He was a very useful man in getting an aristocratic list of stewards for semi-theatrical balls, or for finding respectable names for the committees of sporting clubs. His luck at cards was known to be peculiar, and nobody turned up the king at *écarté* or the nine at *baccarat* so often as he. If anybody else had imitated him in these achievements it would have been remarked upon.

"Why shouldn't I be a match for either of them?" asked the benighted youth, in answer to the captain's statement. "A man can't play against luck, but if I held such cards as Lanky had last night, don't you think I could have beaten him? Of course I could."

"My dear boy," said the captain, "luck levels itself, and everybody gets his slice of it if he can stay long

enough. But it's knowing what to do with it when you've got it."

"Let me have a slice of it," said Mr. Wynne, not boastfully, but with a resigned despair, "and I'll show you what I'll do with it." He lowered his voice and leaned closer to the captain. "Upon my soul," he said, "I'm very horribly cornered, Heaton. I don't a bit know what to do."

"Don't talk about it here," the captain responded; "drop into my room and I'll join you there directly."

A gleam of hope shot into the lad's mind, and he looked at Heaton gratefully.

He rose from his place and lounged guardedly out of the room, and a minute later he and the captain were closeted together.

"How much is it, Wynne?"

"It's three hundred and fifty."

"Did you drop all that last night?"

"Yes, and a couple of ponies ready beside."

"Whom do you owe it to?" He knew all about it already.

"To tell you the truth," said young Wynne shamefacedly, "I borrowed the chips from the cashier. I gave him my word of honour that I would pay him to-morrow."

"BEGAD," said the captain, "that's worse than I thought. That's very rough indeed, Wynne. You've been to your own people?"

"I went to old Hounes this morning, but he's as stingy as he knows how to be. He won't part with a cent. I've just come away from Colonel Seaforth's. He's as good as the bank, poor old chap, if he'd got it, but I've had a lot out of him already, and he told me plain and straight that he couldn't do it. It's no use going to Bridgebourne. I know I'm down for something there, but if I told him how I stood he wouldn't leave me a shilling."

In naming his relatives he was not altogether without a hope that they might have some little influence upon the captain's mind, but the captain only whistled dolefully at the con-

clusion of his recital, and lifted his eyebrows with an air which seemed to say that the thing was practically done with.

"Do you think you could help me, Heaton?" the lad asked desperately. "Do you? There's a good fellow!"

"My dear boy," said Heaton, "if I could I wouldn't. I'm a poor man, as you know"—the intending borrower knew nothing of the sort, and shrewdly suspected the contrary—"and besides that I've been compelled to make a vow never to lend money in the club. I lose my members and I lose my friends. You see I'm candid with you, but it makes no difference. If I wished it ever so much I couldn't do it. And I've been horribly hard hit myself lately. But"—his countenance was as suddenly irradiated by this inspiration as if he had not led up to it from the beginning—"why don't you go to Hump? He does a little in that way, I know. He may make you pay for it, for he's a bit hard-fisted; but he's a good sort at bottom, and if you can show him anything for it I've no doubt he'll do it."

Any port in a storm. The boy hailed this promise of deliverance in his heart, and crowded on all sail to reach it. The friendly Hump was at that moment in the club, and being sent for appeared without delay. Captain Heaton left the pigeon and the rook together, and in half an hour the business was arranged. At the end of the negotiations Mr. Herbert Whale had parted with his cheque for four hundred pounds, and had undertaken to send to the borrower's house fifty pounds' worth of champagne of a brand as yet unknown, which was guaranteed to beat anything in the market when once it got there, and a half case of cigars, also priced at fifty pounds, and of a quality in both senses unheard of. In return for this young Wynne had accepted a bill at three months for eight hundred and fifty pounds. Hump had been merciful, and had charged him less than four hundred per cent. per annum.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Master Harry found time to think about things he began to see that the helpful Hump had been less generous than he had at the first blush appeared. That the champagne turned out to be utterly abominable, and that the cigars were worth something like a quarter of their professed value, may have helped the process of enlightenment. Even without their aid he could see that to pay eight hundred and fifty pounds for a loan of five hundred for three months was to buy a temporary relief rather dearly. He found that to fill one hole he had dug a larger, and being in the main a reasonable young fellow, he took the matter seriously to heart, and cast about in his own mind and in the world at large for means whereby he might amend at once his ways and his financial position.

He had a little superficial acquaintance with the classics and a pretty knack of turning verses. He had actually been already in print, and readers of one of the lighter journals knew to whom to attribute certain elegant lines addressed to *Inthia*, and signed *H. W.* He had a sort of vague notion that literature was one of the ways to wealth, an idea which says something for the sanguine turn of his mind and for his inexperience.

He was on fairly intimate terms with the editor of the journal in question, and before his financial arrangement with *Mr. Whale* was a week old he called at the office with a little bundle of manuscript which he had selected from the trifles of the last half-dozen years. The editor glanced at them, and tossed them lightly about with an indifference that was somewhat disheartening. This one would do perhaps, and perhaps this other; as for the rest—well, he would look them over. He might find a corner for them. The budding author suggested payment, said something in a vague and general way about the necessity of buckling to at one thing

or another, and expressed his resolution to abide by literature, for which he was modestly convinced that he had a native aptitude. In effect he and the editor did come to actual terms, and the young gentleman found himself engaged on approval at a rate of remuneration which might rise to five pounds per week or sink to three. Obviously there was no *Eldorado* here, but for all that it was better than nothing, and Harry felt a glow of conscious rectitude as he emerged upon the street.

He cut the club almost entirely, and he slaved away at verse and prose under the natural and excusable impression that he was bringing about something like a new era in letters, and that he had at least set his foot on the first rung of the golden ladder.

When this had been going on for about a month he encountered Captain *Peter Heaton*, who hailed him cordially and dropped the friendliest possible little reminder about *Hump's* bill. Captain *Heaton* was sorry to tell the young fellow that *Hump* had been very hard hit, and would be certain to want his money up to time. This was a new shock, for Harry had allowed himself to hope almost with certainty that the bill could be renewed, and had indeed staved off in fancy its final payment to some indefinitely distant period when money would be comparatively a matter of indifference to him.

Being thus enforced to look still more widely afield for ways and means, he called to mind a certain *Fergusson*, a contractor in a great way of business, and a member of Parliament, whom he had met at the house of *Lord Hounes*. This *Fergusson* was a Scotchman—a man of energy and probity, who had one foible. He wanted to associate with people of fashion, and would have given anything for a baronetcy. *Young Wynne* mixed with the best people in England, and when he came seeking employment in *Fergusson's* office he got it without demur, and with it a salary of two hundred pounds

a year, which was at least a hundred more than he was worth to begin with. All the ways opened themselves to the young man, but none of them led to immediate fortune. He could command now an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and if he lived like an anchorite and worked like a slave he could hope to pay off Hump's bill in about a year and a half. He went on trusting to the chapter of accidents, and was warmly applauded by elderly friends and relatives, who knew nothing of the motive which pushed him to such promising efforts.

Sometimes, when the weight of the Hump slipped for a moment from his shoulders, he felt wonderfully happy and virtuous. He had plenty of capacities, and had such stores of health and spirits that no amount of work seemed to overtire him. The more he did the better he grew to like it, and he quite wondered that he had ever thought himself at ease in the old idle, vacuous days.

Whilst this new tide of energy and resolve was running he began to think with greater seriousness than ever about the virtues and personal perfections of Miss Inthia Grey. He had known Miss Grey from her childhood, and even in the days of the Eton jacket and collar had regarded her with thoughts of worship. There had been of course an interregnum in his passion; but when the brutal period of adolescence, at which all girls are despicable in a boy's eyes, was over he had come back to the original shrine and had performed secret rites of adoration there. It was she who had prompted his muse and had given life to the verses signed H. W. in the journal of which he was now a recognized contributor. In the boyish efflorescence of his heart he made great matter of this, and told himself that love had found the way to fame and fortune.

The harder he worked the more he thought of Inthia, and the more he thought of Inthia the more he was inspired to labour.

Of course nobody is expected to share a lover's raptures about his mistress, but making all allowances for natural exaggeration, Inthia Grey was a very charming and beautiful girl. She had at this period of her life a complexion of remarkable purity and brilliance, a colour so rich and fine that it would alone have made her noticeable amongst a crowd of young girls of her age. In addition to this she had the softest, shyest, most speaking and amiable eyes, a figure full of delicate grace and vivacity, and a very jewel of a heart. She was not quite eighteen, but Lady Caroline McCorquodale, who was supposed to know her as well as anybody, was wont to say that she had, under all her airs of quiet submission, a character of unusual firmness and tenacity.

Lady Caroline McCorquodale was the eldest and only surviving daughter of the Earl of Bridgebourne. Her ladyship had united herself early in life to a young Scottish clergyman whom the family influence had brought to the dignity of lawn-sleeves and a seat in the House of Peers. Miss Grey was a niece of the late bishop, and her ladyship, who had no children, had adopted the girl in her very earliest childhood as her own.

The whole family had been aware of Master Harry's infatuation for Lady Caroline's beautiful little ward, and when they were no more than children together had thought his devotion and her acceptance of it a very pretty sight to witness, as no doubt it was. As the young people grew up towards manhood and womanhood the case had begun to assume a graver air. There had been one or two informal family councils, at which the position of affairs had been discussed. It was admitted that if anything should come of the evident preference the young people showed for each other the advantages were all on Inthia's side. Lady Caroline made no secret of the fact that she meant to leave her money to the girl. The late bishop had been a saving man, and

outside the publicly-announced benefactions enforced by his position had spent next to nothing of his income. Inthia would be well to do, and Harry, except for the limited fortune his Uncle Percy would leave him, would have nothing. It would be a brilliant match for the boy therefore, and by no means a brilliant match for the girl. Still the whole thing was in the family, and there was no objection made by the responsible people on either side.

As the time approached for the payment of the bill Harry discovered that he could by no means hope to provide more than a hundred pounds towards meeting it, but he made himself fairly easy about it after the manner of youth under the belief that the holder would renew. He hardly went near the club, but he had casual meetings with his old friends of the Five-Year-Old, and learned to his great rejoicing that Hump had been in extraordinary vein of late, and had been raking in money by the handful. He had no particular affection for Hump, and only rejoiced in that personage's good luck because it seemed likely to be serviceable to himself. He thought that a creditor with his pockets full of money would be pleasanter to deal with than one whose pockets were empty—which again might be accepted as a proof of the young man's ignorance of the world.

But when the day of settling approached, and Harry Wynne met Mr. Whale by appointment, he encountered an unexpected blow in the first sentence that was spoken.

"I was afraid," said Whale, who was a mournfully confidential man, with a high falsetto voice and a habit of boring an interlocutor into corners, "I was afraid that you weren't going to turn up, and I'm so rotten poor that upon my word I don't know where to look for a fiver."

This staggered the debtor for a moment.

"I am horribly sorry to hear it, old fellow, but——"

"For heaven's sake," said the plaintive Whale, "don't tell me you're not

going to do it. I've got nine hundred to find to-morrow, and I don't know more than the man in the moon where to look for the other fifty."

"I thought you'd been winning all over the shop," young Wynne answered feebly. "I haven't been about the club much lately, but when I have met any of the fellows I've heard of nothing but your luck."

"You haven't heard much of my luck," piped Whale, "for this last three weeks, or if you have I haven't. I'm stone-broken, my boy, and that's all about it. I've got to pay Hoskins of Cork Street nine hundred to-morrow, and if you can't meet the bill I must hand it over to him. You know what sort of a fellow he is."

Harry was perfectly ignorant of the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Hoskins, but there was so serious a foreboding in Mr. Whale's tone that his heart quailed at him.

"What can he do?" he asked.

"Do!" said Whale, in his anguished falsetto. "He can't do much. He can only run us both into the Bankruptcy Court, and that means ruin—to me, anyhow. I don't know how your people might take it."

At this point, with an aspect of resigned despair, he commenced a brandy and soda, bit off the end of a cigar with a sudden malicious, spiteful jerkiness, and having apparently forgotten to light it, plunged himself moodily into an arm-chair, and did his best to look wretched and disconsolate.

The pigeon had no need to assume any of the airs the rook was acting. He felt quite overwhelmed by this unexpected turn of affairs.

"Look here, Hump," he said in hopeless apology, "I've got a hundred, and if you can stave the thing off for another three months you're welcome to it. I'm awfully sorry, old man," he added, with unnecessary contrition. "If I had thought I was putting you into a hole I would never have borrowed the money. I'm earning money now, and I shall earn more as I go on, and if I could only have an hour or two

to turn round in I could pay it all without bothering anybody."

"My dear boy," Whale responded, with a voice and air of profound wretchedness, "if they'd only give me a month I'm as safe as the bank. But old Hoskins is worse than a Jew; he'll have his pound of flesh to-morrow, and he'll take it off both of us, and that's all about it."

This was a sufficiently unpleasant prospect, and Harry sat in silence to contemplate it. He glanced now and again at Whale, who preserved throughout a very creditable assumption of despair. Nothing was said between them for perhaps five minutes, when the rook suddenly leaned over and laid a hand upon his companion's shoulder. The youngster, looking up, seemed to read a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"I've got an idea, my boy. I think we can work it. Your credit's pretty good, isn't it? You don't owe much?"

"I don't owe a hundred, outside this," young Wynne answered. "I paid off two or three thousand nine months ago, and I've been going pretty steady since."

"Then we *can* do it," cried Whale, slapping him on the shoulder with a beaming smile. "Butterfield will do it for us."

"Butterfield?"

"Yes, Butterfield,—Conduit Street,—Jeweller."

"What will he do?"

"He'll let a fellow in your position have a bracelet or two, or something of that sort. You needn't tell him what you want 'em for. He'll simply think it's for some girl or other. Attenborough will do the rest."

As before, any port in a storm; but this particular entrance looked perilous, and the mariner was afraid of it for a while.

"Butterfield won't bother you for a couple of years;" and at that assurance all sense of danger vanished. "You'll have to get seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds' worth;" and at that the victim winced a little. "It won't make any difference, my boy. You

can pay interest on it at your uncle's until you redeem it, and then Butterfield will take it back again, and only charge you a commission for it."

"He doesn't know anything about me," said Wynne.

"Oh, yes, he does, my boy. You trust Butterfield. Your name's in Debrett—that's good enough for him."

Master Wynne jumped into a cab, and drove straight to the jeweller's. Mr. Butterfield was the pink of courtesy, and apparently had no suspicion in his nature. He held a pair of white hands up to his chin and smoothed them one over the other with a constant caressing motion, expressive of a fluttered deference. Mr. Butterfield had never before had the extreme honour of dealing with a member of the Bridgebourne family. He was delighted to secure Mr. Wynne's custom, and trusted to satisfy him by their first transaction, as to secure his constant patronage, and he hoped, the patronage of the family. What did Mr. Wynne desire? A bracelet or a *rivière*, or both? The moment was curiously opportune. He had just that moment received from his principal workman a perfect little masterpiece of art. It could be worn as a bracelet, as a brooch, as an ornament for the hair, or as a centrepiece for the *rivière* which accompanied it. The stones were Brazilian, and of the purest water—not the rubbish nowadays imported from the Cape. Mr. Butterfield produced the glittering little object in its morocco case with a lining of sapphire-coloured velvet and white satin. Mr. Wynne could observe its extreme neatness, its—its chastity. The price of this charming little object was, it turned out, phenomenal for cheapness. It was only two thousand three hundred pounds, and Mr. Butterfield declared with fervour that no other jeweller in the West End was in a position to offer such an article for less than three thousand.

Mr. Wynne, nervously caressing his incipient moustache, thought it would serve his purpose admirably. Mr.

Butterfield rubbed his hands the more at this, and with a confidential certainty into which a little air of the most refined and respectful jocularly was allowed to creep, ventured to think that the lady would approve of it.

An hour later the trinket was in the hands of Mr. Attenborough, and the dreaded bill was in ashes in the fire-grate of Harry Wynne's chambers.

Still an hour later Captain Peter Heaton and Mr. Herbert Whale sat in Mr. Butterfield's private room over a glass of singularly fine old Madeira, and amicably arranged the share which should fall to each of them when Mr. Wynne's family should have been compelled to pay for his purchase.

CHAPTER III.

It was two o'clock on the Saturday preceding the Christmas week, and Mr. Fergusson, who was already gloved, great-coated, and ready to depart, had sent a message to Mr. Wynne, requesting a moment's interview.

"I never had a gentleman under my orders until now," said the great contractor, "and when I first engaged ye, Mr. Wynne, I confess that I had a certain misgiving in regard to the enterprise. I've sent for ye to tell ye that I'm very much pleased indeed with your assiduity and your business intelligence. The hill of commercial prosperity, Mr. Wynne, is difficult to climb, and no man can do it by spurts. I'm a pretty quick obsairver, and I'm inclined to think that ye have the root of the matter in ye. I sent for ye on purpose to tell ye of my satisfaction, and as a sign of it ye'll find your salary raised next year to the extent of twelve pounds ten per quarter. Now to a young gentleman of your up-bringing that sum may appear very insignificant, but you may regard it as the first indication of successful merit. I wish ye a merry

Christmas, Mr. Wynne, and a happy new year."

The increase in itself was not magnificent, but it was an earnest of future things, and the kind words which went with it warmed the young fellow's heart. He climbed on to a westward omnibus, and took a certain hardy pride in facing the weather in that economic fashion. He had a fortnight's holiday before him, and gave idleness the first welcome he had ever offered it in his life, having learned its sweets from labour. All his journalistic work was ready beforehand, and his portmanteaux were already packed for a visit to Lady Caroline McCorquodale's house at Norwood, where he would encounter the divine and perfect Inthia. He had come to that loverlike stage by this time in which a young man discovers that he is absolutely unworthy of the regard of the girl he cares for, and when his knowledge of her affection fills him with a profound humility and disposes him to high resolve. The routine of the office was glorified by the thought of her, and when he lashed vice or exalted virtue in his weekly article or his prettily turned verses, Inthia was always with him, and the thought of her, to his own mind, inspired him to an excellence he could never have achieved without her.

Romance is not of much use to a young man of limited income, unless it lead him amongst other things to the study of figures. It had led him in that direction, and he had drawn up a creditably business-like balance-sheet by means of which he saw himself and the world no more than a thousand pounds at variance. He would pay interest on the jewels until such time as he could redeem them, and would then be able to return them to Mr. Butterfield at a sacrifice of perhaps a couple of hundred pounds. His income was increasing—he had withdrawn his expenditure to the narrowest limits; he was working for love's sake, and felt as if

there were no end to energy or success, and in two years at the least he would be clear. He felt mightily experienced at this time, and realized, as he thought, quite clearly, the price he had paid for his whistle. He had had his lesson, so he told himself and had paid for it, and sometimes, though he was not often of a devotional turn, he thanked providence devoutly for having opened his eyes so early. He was young, and the world lay before him to conquer and subdue. There was not a lad in London on that grimy afternoon whose heart beat to a more honestly exultant tune than his.

The hansom was already at the door to carry him and his belongings to Victoria, and he was actually upon the threshold when the postman brought him a letter which completed his beatitude. It came from the editor of a popular magazine, announced that the article he had sent in a week or two before was accepted, and contained the welcome intelligence that it would be paid for. There are writers who receive more than the half-guinea a page offered for Harry Wynne's first contribution to the magazines, but they are veterans or specialists, and no more get flushed with joy over their earnings than a provision-dealer over the profits on the sale of bacon. The budding author felt his cheeks flush and his eye kindle as he read. He was lord of himself and of the world.

With this happy exaltation scarcely subdued he reached his journey's end. Lady Caroline actually came into the entrance-hall to receive him, an act of cordiality and condescension that imposing and stately woman had never before permitted herself. Lady Caroline was of majestic proportions, and strictly clerical in her dress and demeanour, as befitted the relict of a bishop. The sainted doctor had had a severe time of it in his day, and her ladyship had ruled him by the power of the house of Bridgebourne as with a rod of iron. He

had been a man of comparatively humble extraction, and had never overgrown the pragmatical Scottish humility which had distinguished him in his earlier days. A kind of wonder sat upon the good man's soul to find himself the son-in-law of a peer, and legislating under the same gilded roof with him for the benefit of common people. Lady Caroline had taken good care of that amazement, and had always kept it alive and flourishing. Now that the good doctor had escaped her rule he had grown to be a king and a saint among men in her remembrance. His portrait decorated almost every apartment in the house, smiling with a sour, thin, logical look from the family canvas, from the photographer's paper, and in the servants' bedrooms from the framed front pages of illustrated evangelical journals, where the impress of the sainted countenance was dented by the uneven type of the hidden page.

Lady Caroline McCorquodale was ten years younger than her brother Lord Hounes, and was therefore at this time fifty-seven years of age. She carried the muscle of the family, and at one time had had some pretensions to beauty, though these had long since worn away. She always wore her widow's weeds, and what with a natively imperious temperament and a long life of government, had developed a gait and bearing like those of a permanently indignant queen. When she was gracious she was all the more agreeable by contrast; but her amiabilities were rare, and her servants in especial lived in dread of her chill and dignified asperities.

While her ladyship was greeting her great-nephew in the hall an apparition presented itself upon the staircase and drew his eyes and attention that way. Inthia stood smiling at him from the stairway, looking sweetly pretty in a plain dress of Scotch grey tweed. She advanced after a pause of a second

or two, and gave him her hand with a pretty blush. The boy's eyes looked adoration at her, and as the little warm hand nestled in his own for a mere instant he thrilled all over, and was ready to slay dragons. Even her stern ladyship smiled, well pleased at their meeting, and indeed the person would have been hard to please who would not have looked on the young pair with satisfaction. The lad, with his fair close-cropped head, brave forehead, and candid eyes, and his tall slim figure with its promise of manly strength, and the girl, *mignonne* and graceful, with her steadfast look and changeful colour, made a charming picture.

The two young people said little, but they looked a great deal; and when Harry had superintended the unpacking of his belongings he sought the drawing-room, and charmed all ears by a modest recital of his successes. Lady Caroline was proud of him, but was not overmuch disposed to show it.

"In my time," she said, with dignity, "gentlemen were not supposed to enter into commerce or letters or that kind of thing. But in these democratic days things are different. We cannot change the times, and I suppose we must go with them like other people. I trust that I shall always speak of papa with the respect which befits his position and his age; but if I occupied his place I would take care that my descendants, at least during my lifetime, were not obliged to derogate from their own proper place in the world."

Inthia was of a different opinion, and for this three months past had accustomed herself to think nobly of commerce. As for her lover's turn for verses, she compared it to Præd's (which was more than the general public did), and even thought it if anything a little superior. He was altogether a hero in her eyes, and that he should scorn delights and live laborious days made him of course more noble than ever. She glowed over the editor who had accepted the young gentle-

man's first magazine-article, and thought him the most discerning of men.

The dinner and the evening passed as dinners and evenings usually pass. The next day was lovely. There had been a fall of snow during the night. The wind blew keen and bracing from the north, and the sun shone brightly with a reddish tinge, as if his face were blown into light and colour by that exhilarating air. The young lovers walked to church together, leaving her ladyship to drive thither with the late bishop's sister, Mrs. Brotherick, and that lady's daughters, the Misses Arabella and Julia.

Perhaps the whole of their contemplations were not directed towards the service, and perhaps even the periods of the rosy-cheeked curate, delightfully intoned as they were, failed to enlist their complete attention. Pleasanter than the rosy-cheeked curate's periods to the ears of the whole congregation Inthia's voice sounded in the musical service of the morning. And if the whole congregation found those fresh, clear, and natural notes pleasant to listen to, it may be taken for granted that her lover found them at least as agreeable as any other listener. The girl had no more thought of singing for show than the robin-redbreast who, excited by the music within the building, perched himself on a tombstone outside and carolled in the intervals of the service; but simply and quietly as she sang, the notes were so pure and true that they made their way through the general clamour of choir and congregation with as little effort as a beam of light shows when it throws a shaft across the darkness. Harry looked at her and thought of Saint Cecilia and of Reynolds's lovely picture of Miss Lindley, to which indeed she bore some resemblance. If it is heathenish in a young gentleman of two or three and twenty to kneel in spirit at love's shrine in a Christian church it is to be feared that there are many cultured young heathens in the world; and perhaps after all a young

man may be worse occupied even in church than in making honest and manly vows to himself in behalf of the tender and delicate creature whom he means, if he can, to marry. This was certainly Harry's chief spiritual employment for the time being, and by the time the service was over he was in as proper a state of self-abasement and good resolve as if every one of the rosy curate's moral shafts had found a target in his bosom.

Lady Caroline sailed majestically down the aisle when the service was over, followed in a meeker reflected glory by Mrs. Brotherick and the Misses Arabella and Julia. Harry and his sweetheart lingered behind a little, to give them time to drive away. The slide of the box in which the pew-library was kept was opportunely obstinate, and would not close until they had stooped over it for quite a long time, with heads and hands in near neighbourhood. The beneficent obstacle yielded when it had served its turn, and the young people were free to walk home together alone and undisturbed. The curate, who at the bottom of his heart had no love for the practice of oratory, had been merciful to himself, and had preached as short a sermon as he dared, so that the lovers had a clear three-quarters of an hour to luncheon, and could walk by a circuitous and countrified route that fine morning.

They had not much to say to each other, and the few sentences they spoke were uttered by fits and starts. The pretty little girl in her furs and the tall lad in his overcoat looked peculiarly demure, and to the unintelligent eye gave no sign of their inward condition. In their hearts they were perfectly certain of each other, and yet they were full of those tender, plaguing, and delightful doubts with which love is familiar. They were sorely in want of a neutral theme to talk about, and by and by they found one. A remarkably Christmas-looking old gentleman, with trimmed mutton-chop whiskers of a snowy whiteness,

a face red with good living, stout health, and winter weather, and a figure and attire strongly reminiscent of the John Bull of Mr. Tenniel, was in the act of bowing to an old lady who paused at the door of her house to respond to his courtesy. The old gentleman's bow was perfectly polite, but had yet a tinge of friendly respectful waggery and burlesque in it, as if in the amiable exuberance of his heart he rather overdid it. He had just re-covered his shining old head with his broad-brimmed old-fashioned hat, when he turned, and, catching sight of Inthia, bowed again.

"Good morning, my dear," said the old gentleman, with a chuckle in his voice. "You sang charmingly in church this morning. It is a great treat to hear a fine voice in devotional music. I had a voice myself once on a time, but that was long ago."

Harry supposed naturally that this hearty old personage was known to his companion, and stood smilingly to listen to his compliments. The old gentleman, quite *sans gêne*, took from Inthia's hands the book she carried, and fluttered over the pages of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* until he found a certain page, when, with a stout, gloved forefinger following the notes, he began to hum the tune they indicated in a quaint, quavering old tenor, which had yet a husky mellowness in it.

"Fine tune, Old Boston," said the old gentleman. "Many fine tunes here, and I am sure, my dear, that you sing them all delightfully. I wish it were my privilege to hear you. Good morning, my dear, and forgive an old gentleman for complimenting you."

With that the old gentleman gave another sweeping bow with the old-fashioned hat, and walked away radiant, having returned the book to Inthia's hand still open at the page to which he had referred.

"Who is he?" Harry asked, when he had gone out of hearing.

"I don't know him," Inthia responded, her dark eyes dancing with

fun; "but he is a very delightful old gentleman."

They laughed happily together, and walked on with their late uneasiness banished from their minds.

"He's an excellent critic," said Harry. "We must allow him that much, at least. What does he call the tune he was humming?"

He bent his head to look at the page, and Inthia held it open before him in her two little gloved hands. They were quite alone upon the road, for they had naturally chosen the least frequented way, and Harry essayed, in imitation of the vanished eccentric, to hum the tune before him. He sang like a raven, and horribly out of time.

"No, no!" said Inthia, "this is how it goes," and she hummed it slowly, following the notes with her finger as the old gentleman had done a minute or two earlier. "Look," she said; "where the note stands higher than the one before it the voice rises. That is not a very profound lesson in music, but it is true."

She hummed the air once more, pensively and softly, still tracing the notes with her forefinger. The little nail was clearly defined beneath the glove, and the boy traced its outline with the absurdest delightful emotion. He bent down closer and closer, doubtless moved by a desire to master the intricacies of the tune. There was nobody in sight, and the friendly solitude of the fields was all about them. There were high hedges on either side, their bare curves festooned with snow, and glittering in the sunlight like fairy silver. It was uncomfortable to look sideways, and he dropped a half pace behind, so that from his superior height he could look easily over her shoulder. She, to give him a clear view, inclined her head a little to the right, and so gave him a glimpse of her rosy white neck, with a stray tiny curl or two enhancing its fairness by contrast. The young gentleman forgot the tune, so slight a thing will divert the youthful mind from study, but the girl went

on pensively humming it. Then, whether it were the delightful finger that still followed the notes, or the pretty round neck with the black ringlets curling upon it, or the tune of Old Boston so sweetly murmured, or all these together, the young man's arm went suddenly but softly round the girl's waist, and the grave, quiet music stopped in the middle. Their feet stood still together on the snow-covered road, and the boy stole his right hand round her until it reached her right shoulder. Then he drew her gently round, and stooped, to look into her drooping face.

"Inthia, my darling! My dear, dear Inthia."

And that, so far as we have a right to inquire, was the whole of the business.

The winter day had been radiant enough before, but the fresh, bright wind might have blown as balmy as in the summer time and they have known no difference. The glorious winter sunlight danced on the fields, and lit every spray of the hedges and every stark wayside weed with a sort of splendour. They walked in fairyland. We have all been there at one time or another, but no man, or woman either, finds an abiding city there. The moments we spent in that enchanted region were brief, but how sweet they were memory knows.

The young people were late for luncheon, and to be late for anything in which she herself was concerned was a rule among the unpardonable sins in Lady Caroline's eyes. But for once she was disposed to be gracious, and the wonderfully bright, glad countenances of the culprits may have had something to do with the softening of her ladyship's martinet disposition. The presence of a visitor would alone have restrained her from any overt expression of insulted majesty, and as it happened a visitor was present.

Mr. Humphrey Frost was the head of one of the oldest untitled families in Great Britain, and was as solidly

proud of being a commoner as he could have been if his forebears had been decorated with every title royalty can bestow. The Bridgebournes were of an old house, but the roots of the Frost family tree went deep into English soil, and the first bearers of the name of whom history held record were solid franklins in Saxon England generations before the Conqueror's followers found fortunes and titles there. Mr. Frost was not only of a very ancient family, but he was, as the representatives of ancient families sometimes are not, prodigiously wealthy. The railway had made towns of his broad fields, and in doing so had made him a millionaire twice or thrice over. He was not a handsome man, and for his thirty years looked a trifle grizzled and old-fashioned, but he had a thoroughly English *bonhomie*—which by the way is so thoroughly an English quality that there ought to be an English word for it—a smile that illuminated his plain face like sunshine, and a character of sterling, cheerful honesty. In manner he was at once polished and hearty, and there was hardly a man of his time more universally respected. He was a politician, for sheer fault of opportunity to be something more useful, a sound adviser and fair debater, though not brilliant, or likely, apart from wealth and personal influence, to be of striking use to his party.

In the eyes of the maternal population of these islands Humphrey Frost shone with an almost sacred lustre. There were one or two better matches possible for marriageable daughters, but only one or two. And then Mr. Frost's character was unimpeachable, which was more than could be said for all his compeers. He had kept no occult establishment by the side of silver Thames, maintained no stud, and owned no sporting colours. He had always been cheerfully serious, and without being the least little bit of a milksop had led a life curiously pure and free from blame for an unoccupied man who had had the handling

of vast sums of money from his youth upwards. In short he was a gentleman of as old a fashion as his name and family, honourable, chaste, and high-minded, a standing unconscious reproach to half his compeers.

Mr. Frost had so long been the hope and despair of the best families with marriageable daughters on hand, that by this time almost everybody had decided upon his being intractable and a born old bachelor. The net had been spread in sight of the bird so often that he had grown exceptionally wary, even for so old a stager as himself. Of all the wiles and stratagems which are held lawful and honourable in the outer courts of Hymen there was probably not one which had not at some time or other been employed upon him, but he had never been entangled by so much as a feather. The world of matrons desperately resigned itself to let him alone.

Mr. Frost and Lady Caroline were friends of long standing, and Mr. Frost's father had been an early patron of the lamented bishop's, having presented him with his first living, so that there was a tie of friendship between the two houses. Outside the magnificent ægis of Lady Caroline Mrs. Brotherick was socially an inconsiderable person, and she knew nothing, except at second and third hand, of Frost's impregnability to matrimonial assault. Her motherly bosom fluttered when she learned that he was in the house, and had actually consented to stay to luncheon. Was it—gracious powers!—was it Julia, or was it Arabella whose charms had brought the super-eligible young man hither? She was tremulously courteous to him, and did *kotow* before him as if she had been an ambassador and he a heathen potentate. Arabella and Julia fluttered their pretty plumage, and with a fine sisterly abnegation each helped the other to the display of her particular charms and virtues. Such an innocent, unsuspecting, dear little nest of marriageable maiden purity they showed that the eligible *parti*.

whose sense of humour in this regard had been cultivated to the finest, smiled inwardly, and had some trouble not to smile outwardly.

The lovers took the ambrosia and nectar of that feast in a charmed silence, and Lady Caroline had most of the talking. She disapproved of the rosy curate's doctrinal laxity, and triumphantly crushed him in the theological mill bequeathed to her by the late bishop, proving triumphantly by extracts from his published discourses the curate's fallacies.

Mr. Frost took this as he took most things, with a serene good humour, and being alone with her ladyship for a moment after luncheon, he startled that excellent woman amazingly by asking for an immediate private interview. Her ladyship at once accorded his request, and left Mrs. Brotherick and the girls to wonder. A strange conflict of doubt and fear raged in those tender bosoms. Lady Caroline was the recognized and undeniable head of their house. Was it etiquette that an intending suitor should apply to her rather than to mamma? Mrs. Brotherick humbly knew herself to be far removed from the exalted circles in which Lady Caroline had her habitual being. She was ignorant of these *nuances*, and could only wait in agitated suspense.

Humphrey Frost went straight to his point, as was the way with him.

"Tell me, Lady Caroline," he said, "if I am right in supposing that Miss Grey is free to accept an offer of marriage."

CHAPTER IV.

HER ladyship was taken all abroad by this question. She confessed afterwards in narrating the interview that she had never been so amazed in her life before—so transcendently surprised, were her ladyship's own words. Her amazement was so little guarded that she permitted Frost to see it, but she recovered herself, and offered him a counter question.

"May I ask, Mr. Frost, why you put that question to me?"

"I wish to make Miss Grey my wife," said Mr. Frost with straightforward simplicity.

Lady Caroline had been perfectly sure beforehand that this would be at least the gist of his answer, and yet when it came it seemed almost to take her breath away.

"I was quite unprepared for this," she said gravely, collecting herself. "You do Inthia a very high honour, but I am really afraid that you come too late."

"I hope not," said Frost. He was very solid and purposeful in his manner, and at Lady Caroline's hint of failure his colour changed slightly, but not so slightly that her ladyship failed to observe it. It gave her a proof of his sincerity in the matter, and she saw at once that his feelings were really engaged. She took an immediate championship of his cause, even in the self-same instant in which it exasperated her to think that it was probably hopeless. To think that a woman of her perspicacity had allowed herself to look on at that silly calf-courtship of Harry Wynne's, while such a chance as this was ready to present itself! She knew Humphrey Frost well enough to be sure that he had thought long and seriously before speaking, and she had been so blind that she had guessed absolutely nothing.

All this gave Inthia a new value in her eyes. In her own stately, condescending fashion she had approved the girl, but Mr. Frost's proposal set such a stamp of distinction upon her that an unwilling admiration was extorted in the old lady's mind. It placed Inthia in another air to think that she might be to-morrow the enemy of every marriageable girl in England.

"Humphrey," she said, falling back into the familiarity of twenty years ago, "I will do what I can. I had never thought it possible—I had never so much as dreamed of you coming for her. Between ourselves, you and I

need have no disguises about one thing. There is not a girl in England whose parents would not jump at you. Your money and your family entitle you to that, and you have an excellent character. It is so self-evident that it seems absurd to say it, but if I had had to choose a husband for Inthia I should have chosen you. But you must know that the whole family has allowed the thing to go on so long, and Inthia has grown so accustomed to regard it as being settled."

"Let me understand you, Lady Caroline," said Frost with a disturbed and puzzled look. "Miss Grey has no suitor?"

"Indeed she has," responded her ladyship, in an almost querulous tone; "she has been as good as engaged all her lifetime to Harry Wynne."

Mr. Frost smiled, and looked at her ladyship. She, in answer to the smile, shook her head in a sort of vigorous despondency, and Frost became immediately serious.

"Young Wynne," he urged, "is barely out of his teens."

"He is turned two and twenty," responded her ladyship; "and really there is no denying that they are devotedly attached to each other. We have made a sort of family pastime of it. It has been a pretty little sort of pastoral comedy, going on under our noses; and we have all permitted it and petted it and encouraged it until I am afraid that it is past changing."

"They are devotedly attached to each other?" said Frost, who had heard nothing beyond that statement. "That should be enough for a man, I suppose." He was bitterly and evidently disappointed, and his simple and quiet manner emphasized that fact to Lady Caroline's understanding. "It certainly should be enough for me," he pursued, "if Mr. Wynne and Miss Grey were a little older. I think Mr. Wynne has no especial prospects?"

"His uncle Percy allows him three hundred a year," her ladyship answered; "and he is engaged with Mr. Ferguson in the city; and between that and

his verses and magazine-articles he seems to make four or five hundred more."

Humphrey Frost looked at that statement thoughtfully, and for the moment quite unselfishly. To a man of his wealth the provision looked beggarly.

"Can you think," he asked, "of throwing away a girl like Miss Grey upon a prospect of that kind?" He was afraid a second later of seeming unworthy of himself. "I beg you to understand me, Lady Caroline. I quite feel the difficulties of the position, and I would not for the world do anything which should even seem to force your ward's inclination. I know that you are so far superior to any sordid consideration in the matter, that I could not enlist you on that side even if I were disposed to try; but this has made itself a serious question with me, and I wish you to understand that I am very much in earnest. I am willing to wait, and I will ask you to do no more than this—lay my proposal before Miss Grey. Let Mr. Wynne know that it has been made, and let Miss Grey herself at the expiration of half a year be the sole arbitress."

"It is quite possible," said her ladyship, with a quiet desperation in her voice which indicated that she thought it quite sufficiently impossible,—"it is quite possible that Harry may have self-denial and pride, and even affection enough for Inthia to retire. It is of course possible also that Inthia may see the advantages which your proposal offers. But they are a romantic young pair, Humphrey, and they have been so encouraged and spoiled."

Her ladyship broke off short once more, and was a good deal surprised to find within her elderly heart a sentiment she had not suspected there. Intensely as she desired the match between Humphrey and Inthia, there was a secret ambushed hope, which was really too foolish to be recognized, that the girl would not permit herself to be tempted from her earlier allegiance. Just that little touch of romance

lingered in Lady Caroline's stately bosom, only of course to be remorselessly smothered.

"You may perhaps do me one favour, Lady Caroline," said Frost, after a lengthy pause.

"I will do whatever I can, my dear Humphrey," her ladyship answered, all the more eagerly because of the traitorous womanly touch of romance in her own heart.

"It would be a relief to me if you could lay my proposal before Miss Grey this afternoon. Let her know, if you please, all that I desire for the present, and let me know in what manner she receives it. If she should desire a longer period than six months, or indeed should make any conditions, I accede to them beforehand. Of course," he added, with a valiant smile, "Miss Grey will understand that I shall not be in any way a trouble to her."

Her ladyship and he rose together, and she, laying a hand upon his shoulder, looked into his face.

"You care very much about this, Humphrey?"

"My dear lady," he answered, smiling and blushing at the same time, "I care about it very much indeed."

"I will see what I can do," she said, and so left him and went in search of Inthia.

That little foolish compunction was in her breast again, and had to be sternly quenched. But her ladyship knew very well that she would have another sort of respect for the wife of poor Harry Wynne than she would have for the brilliant mistress of Humphrey Frost's half-dozen castles and mansions. She would have to be angry with the girl's romanticism if she clung to the poorer man, but at bottom she would have to love and admire her for it. So in a very compound of feelings, none of which her majestic countenance and person suffered to appear, she made for the conservatory, where she knew she was likeliest to find Inthia. Where Inthia was, Harry Wynne was pretty sure to be, and the girl never evinced in his

absence that marked partiality for the conservatory she displayed at the time of his visits.

They were there sure enough, but at a rather suspicious distance from each other, warned perhaps by Lady Caroline's stiff rustling silks and her hardly sylph-like footsteps.

"Harry," she said, breaking ground at once, "will you leave us for half an hour? I have something to say to Inthia."

A strange gloom settled at once on the boy's heart, a premonition of trouble, associated with no fact or person, but not less genuine on that account. He withdrew at once, of course, and without question, and taking his hat went out of doors, and paced moodily up and down the clean-swept drive, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat tilted forward on to the bridge of his nose. Humphrey Frost, who was doing his four miles an hour on the carpet, cast a chance look out of window and beheld his rival. A touch of momentary shame laid a finger on him. He was using his wealth and position to oust a poor lover; but after all the poor lover was no more than a boy, and he had the common sense of the situation on his side as well as his own passion. What helped him most to shake off shame's clinging finger was the thought of Inthia holding her poor state somewhere in the district of Bloomsbury, buried in a half decent, struggling poverty. He pitied the romantic dream he came to disturb: he had, as perhaps few men in his place would have had, a genuine feeling for it; but he himself was in love, and with mingled egotism and good reason he told himself that at his age love had a much more radical root than it has in the heart of two-and-twenty. Boys change and forget, and, said Humphrey Frost to himself, "I have enough to last me my lifetime."

"Inthia, dear," said Lady Caroline, "I have something to say to you."

Inthia slid an arm about the elderly

lady's waist, and laid her tender cheek against that formidable bosom.

"I have something to say to you, auntie," she answered.

"I have the greatest news for you," Lady Caroline responded.

"You cannot have such news for me as I have for you," said Inthia. "Let me tell mine first."

"Very well, my dear," said the old lady, with a rather cold sinking of the heart.

She divined the news already, and it made her task so difficult that for all her ordinary strength and resolution she felt quite helpless.

Inthia put the other arm about the old lady's waist, and clasped both hands behind her, bending her head so as to hide her eyes, which she knew to be sleepily heavy with the hot blush that mantled on her face. She pressed her cheek closer to the black silk bosom, and told her story in half a dozen words.

"Harry proposed to me this morning."

Oh, luckless coincidence! That the most brilliant offer in the world should come at such a time.

"And you?" said Lady Caroline, tremulously. "What did you say, dear?"

Inthia looked up sweetly and shyly for a mere second, kissed her swiftly, and then hid her own face again.

"I said, 'Yes,' dear."

Lady Caroline gave a heart-breaking sigh. After all, what else on earth could have been expected? The young people had been absolutely thrown at each other from their childhood upward. The whole family, open-eyed, had seen what was coming, and at last it was here. And one of the worst things about it was that there was nobody to blame. Not a creature was in fault from beginning to end, and yet the condition of things was to her ladyship's mind almost cataclysmal.

"My darling," she said, and she found herself so agitated that she spoke with difficulty, "if you had brought

me this news yesterday I should have rejoiced to hear it, and have thought it the most fitting and proper thing to happen in the world."

Inthia had unlocked her hands, and now clasping them before her own bosom, looked at her ladyship with a startled and even terrified air.

"There is nothing to be afraid of, my child. Nothing terrible has happened. On the contrary, there has just been offered to you one of the most brilliant positions in the world. Mr. Frost has laid before me a proposal for your hand."

"Mr. Frost!" Inthia repeated,

"Mr. Frost," said the old lady; "and you must know, my dear, that though we have always looked with the greatest kindness upon Harry, that if we had as much as dreamt of this splendid offer we should never have encouraged his advances for a moment. Now, Inthia, there is nothing to be afraid of, and above all I beseech you not to make a scene. There is nothing I hate like a scene."

The girl's face had gone dangerously pale, and her eyes were wide with fear. Her ladyship was unnaturally petulant at the provoking condition of affairs, but Inthia's look touched her, and brought her back to a moderate and persuasive tone.

"Nothing will be done," she said, "that is not fully and freely of your own doing. Harry will be told of the proposal which has been made, and will I trust have the good sense and right feeling to retire. I think Harry a very manly young fellow, my dear, and I cannot for a moment believe that he will be so selfish as to stand between you and such a prospect. Mr. Frost, to whom I have hinted the position of affairs, is willing to wait for half a year for your decision, but I can tell you, Inthia, I have known Humphrey Frost all his life and there is no better young man in England. I can see that he loves you very dearly. He is a gentleman, and he will never give you any trouble. I shall not ask you for a decisive answer now, of course, but I

shall ask for your serious promise to think it over. I am getting to be an old woman now, and whatever little worldly feeling I may have had has, I trust, long since left me. But I should be blind if I did not see the immense advantages on Mr. Frost's side, and I should certainly be grossly wanting in duty if I did not do my best to impress them upon you."

This harangue had given Inthia time to collect herself.

"I shall be sorry to disappoint you, auntie dear," she answered, "but I shall never marry anybody but Harry now."

"Inthia!" exclaimed her ladyship, "I will not accept an answer of that kind at this moment. It is not what I ask for or desire. What I wish you to do is to consider Mr. Frost's proposal, and to prepare yourself to give him an answer in half a year's time."

"If Mr. Frost cares at all," said Inthia blushing, "it will be far better and kinder to tell him now. I esteem Mr. Frost very highly, and I think that his wife will be a very fortunate woman, but—"

The pretty face was sweetly obdurate, and as she looked at it her ladyship's hopes sank to zero.

"I shall tell Harry," she said, "and expect him to resign his pretensions."

"Auntie dear," the girl answered, with sudden tears in her eyes, "you have been everything to me. Don't let us be angry with each other, and suffer for nothing. If Harry is to be told of this I shall tell him of my answer."

"Inthia!" said the old lady, "you are an ungrateful, disobedient child."

Then there were tears, not on one side merely, and then a reconciliation, and new beseechings on her ladyship's side, but no change on Inthia's.

"You come too late, Humphrey," said her ladyship, when at length she found courage to face the unfortunate suitor. "That dreadful boy has proposed this very morning, and Inthia has accepted him."

"She declines to take my proposal into consideration?"

His face had grown as white as Inthia's had been half an hour before, but his voice was calm and steady.

"She declares, my dear Humphrey, that nothing will change her."

"Tell her, if you please," said Humphrey Frost, "that nothing will change me either. My offer holds good for my lifetime."

(To be continued.)

THOMAS HOOD.

MR. SWINBURNE, in his *Study of Ben Jonson*, has spoken severely, but by no means with extravagant severity, of the ordinary fashion in which English classics are edited. It is bad enough in all conscience; but I do not think I am acquainted with such a bad example of it as the accepted edition of the works of Thomas Hood. To no book known to me is Mr. Carlyle's favourite phrase, "formless agglomeration," more applicable; and one's wrath and despair are not lessened by a preface in which the late Thomas Hood, the younger, announces that the arrangement is "deliberate," is "intended to be of interest to more than the general reader." For the sake of this reader, it would seem, Mr. Hood "diligently traced the order" of his father's works, "added anything that he found of interest bearing upon them," and "left out nothing that may interest the thoughtful and studious." The thoughtful and studious, pleased at these attentions, turn to the text, and what do they find? First of all, three volumes and the greater part of a fourth filled with *Hood's Own*, *Whims and Oddities*, and what-not, served up in any or no order, undated and, so far as can be perceived, unannotated. Then, without any preface, the chronological order appears. From 1821 onwards, poems, essays, jokes, trivial reviews, are huddled together in order of publication, so that we get some sixpenny jests for the *London* cheek by jowl with *Fair Ines*, while the *Comic Annual* for 1839 and *Miss Kilmansegg* appear to be chapters of *Up the Rhine*. As there is no general index a particular piece must be hunted for all over the ten volumes unless its date is known; while for some mysterious reason the original illustrations, which were in Hood's case inseparably connected with

his subject, are stolen from Peter and given to Paul in the most bewildering fashion; the cuts of *Up the Rhine*, for instance, being taken out of it (an unpardonable outrage for all who know the original form) and scattered about *Hood's Own*. I do not, however, know that even this is quite so unpardonable as the inclusion not only of a vast quantity of trivial matter which Hood did republish, but of much that he did not, or as the clumsy arrangement just described, by which work in its kind little short of the first rank, is practically thrown into the dust-bin with work that is almost rubbish. This collection has been reprinted twice or thrice, and in the latest form that I have seen no attempt has been made to remove the blemishes of the earlier. It may be said, of course, that the serious poems and the comic poems have been printed separately and are separately obtainable. But until very recently there was no separate reproduction of *Up the Rhine*, the best of all the children of *Humphrey Clinker*, while separate editions of the comic poems are never complete and vary considerably. Besides, even if it were otherwise, a man ought to be represented best, not worst, in his *Collected Works*.

As a matter of fact, three or four small volumes at the most would contain all Hood's work that a judicious admirer would care to retain. *Tynley Hall* is by common consent worth but little; and no one can forget the burst of generous, if somewhat hasty, indignation with which Thackeray protested against Hood's wasting his time on the jokes of *Hood's Own*. It would not do to banish that book entirely, for some of his best things are in it; but it may, or rather must be, admitted

that there is a very great deal there which is not his best at all, which is hardly good at all. A volume containing all the serious poems, another containing a judicious selection of the comic pieces, *Up the Rhine* by itself with its own illustrations, and a fourth volume containing a selection (more judicious still) from the prose miscellanies would set Hood in his right place. He never can be set in that place by reproductions of such stuff as *The Last Shilling* and *The Contrast*.

Hood's special literary claim appears to me to be twofold, the first part resting on the extraordinary excellence of his comic vein, and the second on its combination, in a way nowhere else paralleled except in the very greatest men of letters, with a vein of perfectly serious and genuine poetry. This combination has, as I have said, existed, though not uniformly, in the greatest men of all; and it may be contended that even in the smaller it is more often than not present in a certain degree. To take Hood's contemporaries, Praed has it, Barham has it (*As I lay a thinkynge*, for all its affectation of antique dialect, is a beautiful thing). Although Thackeray's excellence in the serious kind is shown chiefly in prose, every one remembers touches of it in his verse, and generally it may be said that the keenest humour is always near if not to tears yet to thought. But the remarkable thing about Hood is that his serious verse would deserve for him no mean place if he had never written anything else. Obligated as he was to turn ink into gold, to be "a lively Hood for a livelihood," he did not pursue this vein far; the fact being that no man can pursue serious poetry far if he has to earn a living by his pen in the modern way. Nobody ever has done it yet, and I dare swear that nobody ever will. But between 1822 and 1828 pretty constantly, and afterwards till the end of his life at intervals, he did many delightful things in serious verse. *The Haunted House* stands as much

alone as *The Red Fisherman*, and is still freer from any touch of burlesque; while the greatest poets have not excelled Hood here in the peculiar gift of creating what may be called a musical or rhythmical atmosphere suitable to and inseparable from the matter of the poem. The heavy and stifling air that hangs over the piece, the description just in keeping and not in the least exaggerated, the contrast of vivid touches and dark background, cannot be excelled. Lamb's stately eulogy on *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* is hardly pitched too high. *Fair Ines* I have mentioned, and even *Fair Ines* is exceeded in its own simple way by

It was the Time of Roses,
We plucked them as we passed.

Lycus the Centaur, one of the earliest of all and evidently written under the influence of Keats, has some false notes, but is admirable as a whole; and of *Hero and Leander* it may be said that hardly shall any one come off better in vying with Christopher Marlowe. Here was a man who could write an Ode to the Moon without being ridiculous, and a Hymn to the Sun without being inadequate. He wrote so little of the kind, and was so obviously called away from it by common cares, that it is difficult to decide what he might have done. I cannot quite agree with Thackeray that the "Bridge of Sighs was his Coronna," by which I suppose we are to understand at once the crowning and fatal achievement of his life. That famous poem, as well as *The Song of the Shirt*, seems to me to be vitiated not only by some literary mannerisms, but by a certain sentimentality which is very apparent in much of the writing of that particular day, and which, after going out of fashion for a time, has reappeared of late. *Eugene Aram*, his principal serious piece between his early poems of the kind and the two great lamentations of his last year or two, shows like *The Haunted House* the faculty of creating music to fit

words, while *The Bridge of Sighs* and *The Song of the Shirt* themselves exhibit this same faculty almost unimpaired. Very few indeed save the greatest possess this faculty, the faculty of producing in fit readers when only a few lines of the poem have been read, a sort of pre-science of the music of the whole almost independent (in the case of one or two of Coleridge's and Shelley's fragments it is quite independent) of actual knowledge of the sequel and context. But Hood has it; and though undoubtedly there were some of the blemishes of the Cockney school upon him—an unchastened and sometimes flaccid style, lapses of grammar, confusions of "you" and "thou" and so forth—he belongs, beyond, I think, all question, to the division of the poets who, without being of the greatest, are poets undoubted and unimpeachable.

Of his life there is not much to say, though the *Memorials* which contain the record of it are by far the best executed as well as the pleasantest part of the very faulty collection already referred to. He was the son of a bookseller, also named Thomas Hood, and was born in the Poultry on May 23rd, 1799. His mother was a sister of the not unknown engraver, Robert Sands, to whom as well as to a better known member of the same craft, Le Keux, the poet was afterwards apprenticed. His father died when he was a boy, and his mother does not seem to have been very long-lived. Hood passed the years immediately before manhood with some relations in Scotland. He did not feel much vocation for engraving; and when he was about one and twenty he had a chance, which he took, of changing the graver for the pen. The famous, but up to this very day constantly misrepresented, duel in which John Scott the Editor of the *London Magazine* fell, threw that journal into the hands of Taylor and Hessey the publishers, and they, who were friends of Hood's and had probably had business connections with

his father, offered him the sub-editorship. He contributed to the paper as well, and in both capacities became known to and in some cases intimate with its famous staff, the most brilliant perhaps that a young periodical ever had at one time. He was connected with it for nearly three years; and through it there was brought about a much more lasting connection, to wit, his marriage with the sister of one of the contributors, John Hamilton Reynolds. He was not yet five and twenty, and from the *Memorials* (which frequently share the haziness of the rest of the work in which they appear) it is not quite clear what helved upon when the Magazine ceased to employ him. But he managed to publish the first series of *Whims and Oddities* in 1826 and the second in the next year, with some *National Tales* which are not good for very much. The popular *Annuals* seem to have yielded him profit, and in 1829 *Eugene Aram* appeared in one of them, *The Gem*, while his own *Comic Annual* began at Christmas 1830. It was this that introduced him to the Duke of Devonshire, and so produced the somewhat well-known mock titles for dummy bookcases at Chatsworth. Some of them may not be so very well known now, and it is barely possible that one or two, such as *Bish's Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, may have become unintelligible without comment to more than the common ignoramus. The best of all is *On Trial by Jury, with remarkable Packing Cases*, though perhaps *Pompeii, or the Memoirs of a Black Footman* is the most comical. *Boyle on Steam, Prize Poems in Blank Verse* and *Pygmalion by Lord Bacon* have survived better than most of them.

The Hoods seem to have lived chiefly at Wanstead, in comfortable friendship with Lamb and other famous people, till 1835, when there came upon them trouble vaguely described as "heavy loss by the failure of a firm." This was the genesis of *Up the Rhine*, for Hood set off for the Continent, at once to economise and to

prevent his greedier creditors from troubling, but fully intending to pay all that he owed. Except that it gave us a charming book and some letters scarcely inferior, this continental sojourn cannot be said to have been fortunate. Any saving in actual expenditure was balanced by the difficulty of managing literary work (*Hood's Own* was started during this period), by the still greater difficulty of disposing satisfactorily of that work while the writer's legal status was something dubious, and worst of all by bad health. Hood had never been a strong man, but there can be little doubt that the long disease which eventually killed him developed itself during his stay abroad, and perhaps in consequence of some of the conditions of that stay. The exile, however, lasted for about five years, during which the family head-quarters were first Coblenz and then Ostend for greater nearness to England; though Hood made divers excursions, the best known and longest being that which he undertook in the company of a Prussian marching regiment to Berlin. He made many friends among German officers, the chief being a certain lieutenant Von (Hood calls him *De*) Franck, with whom he kept up after his return to England an extensive correspondence full of his own wildest quips and cranks. The chagrins of the exile were brought to a climax by the fact that owing to legal difficulties the profits of *Up the Rhine* which should have been considerable (for the first edition was sold off at once) were little or nothing. This as much as anything else seems to have determined Hood to return, and he became a resident Englishman (his heart untravelled had always been John Bullish to the core) once again in the year 1840. Another term of the same length was all the further life that was lent him. He passed it first at Camberwell, then in lodgings overlooking Lord's Cricket Ground, and lastly in the Finchley Road. His gains were still very small, and his health

became worse every year. But he was more and more recognised as the prince of his own literary province, he had many friends; and he seems always to have taken life with an utterly unruffled temper and with as much positive enjoyment as a man in the last stages of consumption, with little money and less leisure, can have. His domestic life had always been extremely happy; and the severest critic can only object to it that he used to play ruthless practical jokes on his wife, which is bad, and that she called him "Hood," which would now, though it was not so necessarily in those days, be worse. At Theodore Hook's death he was appointed editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and when after a year or two this post became distasteful to him he started a magazine of his own and named it after himself. In command of this he died. Of his very last days, and of Sir Robert Peel's kindness to him, Thackeray's Essay in the *Roundabout Papers* already referred to gives a sketch which it would be very rash indeed for any one to attempt to rival or paraphrase. The end came after months of heroically borne suffering on May 3rd, 1845, the same year that carried off his only but very different rival Sydney Smith. He had but a few days before written the exquisite lines, *Farewell Life! my senses swim*. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, where some years afterwards they set up a monument to him. It is decorated among other things with a grinning comic mask; in the mouth of which, when I saw it last some years ago, the taste and fancy of the British Public had gracefully placed a half-bitten apple. One's disgust was a little mitigated by reflecting that nobody would have been less hurt or more amused than Hood himself.

In the two years preceding his death there had appeared the two poems which may be said to have made his reputation with the million—*The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*

—the former in 1843, the latter in 1844. I have already said that I do not rate these quite so high as some persons seem to do; and I have hinted at the reason. There is a certain profanity in applying critical tests too narrowly and exactly to work which has produced the poetic effect on so many, which is so undoubtedly poetic, and which, in the case of the later and greater poem, has such remarkable metrical beauty. But both are a little too long (the latter especially could be curtailed with great advantage), the poet occasionally loses sight of strict meaning in producing his metrical and other effects, and there is considerable abuse of the pathetic fallacy in both. There was force, though some brutality, in the answering gibe that however cheap the flesh and blood of shirt-makers and menders may be, it is very difficult and not at all cheap to get a shirt made or mended properly. The same force, and the same brutality, must also be conceded to the comment that most young women who throw themselves into the Thames do it in a fit either of bad temper or of drink or else hoping to be fished out. But to say this is to say little more than that Hood was not Shakespeare, and that these poems are not the last words of Charmian or of Othello. And it is most particularly to be remarked that Hood's humanitarianism had not a streak in it of the maudlin sympathy with crime which so often disgraces that amiable quality. One of his very last fragments, dealing with one of the recurrent epidemics of poisoning, ends with these excellent though unfinished lines:

Arrest the plague with *cannabis*
 And¹ publish this
 To quench the felon's hope—
 Twelve drops of prussic acid still
 Are not more prompt and sure to kill
 Than one good Drop of Rope.

One question of interest—the question of priority between Hood and

¹ Blank in original.

Praed in the peculiar style of anti-theoretical punning for which both are famous,—is not an easy one to resolve. The main facts are these. The *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy*, the most famous example of the style, is of 1824, while Praed's *School and Schoolfellows* is five years later. On the other hand, in Praed's early poems dating before he left Eton and written in 1820 or 1821, when Hood had written or at least published nothing at all or nothing characteristic, there are distinct traces of the same style. I suppose it most probable that similar influences, which it should not be impossible or even very difficult to trace, worked on both; though very likely the definite crystallizing of the style by the more professional man of letters also worked on Praed's impressionable temper. For that *School and Schoolfellows* has no direct indebtedness to the earlier piece is not in nature. On a former occasion I endeavoured to point out some of the differences between the work of these two men, so curiously alike in talent and so curiously different in fortune, and there is no need to repeat the attempt. I have only written this paragraph for the purpose of showing that the almost always silly charge of plagiarism would be sillier than ever in either case. It is practically impossible that Hood should have seen Praed's early work; and though Praed almost certainly saw Hood's finished examples, whatever he took from them only helped to develop and encourage a vein which had independently existed in himself. Whether they ever met I do not know or remember; but their spheres of life lay far apart, and it must have been something of an accident if they did.

This, however, is a matter rather of curiosity than of importance. Other problems there are none in the admirable simplicity of Hood's character and art—a simplicity which actually explains, though it may at a hasty view seem to conflict with, the co-existence in him of the deepest and most un-

forced pathos with abounding humour. The spectacle which his life presents of simple, natural, unpretentious enjoyment of such modest good things as fell to his lot, and of equally natural and unpretentious fortitude in bearing things not good (whereof he had plenty), is not more unbroken than the spectacle of natural simplicity and strength presented by his work. To call him superficial would itself be a piece of superficial impertinence. The quality in him which might be thus misnamed belongs to those who, not being among the very greatest of the world in positive endowment, rise above the great mass of men and of men of letters by an almost absolute freedom from the mental disease which produces problems, contrasts of character and work, mysteries, inequalities, secrets. To Hood's infirm and frail body were united a heart and a mind of flawless sanity and vigour. Despite his command of the regions in which *The Haunted House*, *The Elm Tree*, and parts of his other work have their being, he was absolutely free from anything that can be called brooding or morbid. He had, except for his great and natural metrical gifts, no faculty of elaborate art, and in particular he had hardly any art of constructing a story beyond the range of the merest anecdote. It is this that makes his prose tales, especially the later of them, disappointing, and which disables them from competing in comedy or tragedy, as the case may be, with such contemporary or nearly contemporary work as that of Maginn or that of Poe. There are excellent good things in them: there is not unfrequently a happy single idea to start with; but this idea is seldom or never moulded into a real story, and the whole sometimes seems a mere heap of scattered witticisms. To read *The Friend in Need* founded on the sufficiently promising notion of transfusion of blood between a Quaker and a pugilist and to think what it would have been in the hands of the author of *A Story without a Tail*—to read

A Tale of Terror (a thing improvised to fill a sudden gap in a magazine) and remember *The Man in the Bell* or *The Cask of Amontillado*, is, to speak unaffectedly, afflicting. Vast numbers of the casual jests which Hood threw off, and which have been so ruthlessly preserved, are equally trying, though no one can read far without coming to something as inimitable as the answer (said to be again a mere impromptu insertion to fill up a page) of the cat to the marsupial who asked her why she didn't carry her kittens in a pouch, "*Non omnia possumus omnes*: we're not all 'possums." In these jests, be they good or be they bad, there is the same quality of directness, of simplicity, of genuine reflection of the whim of the moment. It is sometimes the cause of their badness; it almost always gives an additional and peculiar flavour to their goodness. Everything is the first running, and it is often, if not always, a very sprightly running indeed. And it is at least capable of being contended that if Hood had been less under pressure, or had been more naturally disposed to the labour of the file, the loss in freshness would have been more than equal to the gain from the discarding of inferior matter. The laboured joke is not very often the good joke. Now whatever may be said for and against Hood's jokes they are at least not laboured. They slip away from him, even the most extravagant of them, as naturally as water from a spring. "*Rose knows those bows' woes*," itself an enormous puerility, a really blessed and mesopotamian piece of nonsense, did not, I believe, cost him so much as a second thought for the fifth jingle. There is no effort about the suggestion in reference to forged autographs, "how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope!" or in that other piece of really deep wisdom as to the unhappy political journalist, the reward of whose consistency was that "he grew so warped, mind and body, that he could only lie on one side"; or in the disclaimer of

any wish, despite the atrocious conduct of Americans as to copyright "to alter the phrase in the Testament into republicans and sinners." All these examples are taken from his least known works and on the whole his least happy, the prose tales or articles before referred to. The jokes in verse, who knows not? And it may be noted as a curious thing that Hood is happier in what may be called the total effect of his verse-comedy than in that of his prose. The point which in the prose stories is often lost or undiscoverable seldom fails in the verse—as, for instance, in the admirable philanthropist's defence at the end of *The Black Job*, "We mean to gild 'em," or the pathetic and delightful catalogue of the drawbacks of unity with its climax in the impossibility of securing "Frederick B." for the whole unanimous sisterhood. I do not know whether it may seem fanciful or strained, but the puns and quips in these verses produce on my ear an effect not dissimilar to that of rhyme and rhythm in poetry generally—they make a sort of running accompaniment, a setting as it were illustrative but to some extent independent of the actual meaning. In such a recension of Hood as I have suggested I should myself be very tender of the verse, even of the lightest of it; while I confess I should slash with a very desperate hook at field after field of the prose.

There is one division of Hood's humorous work which has been perhaps as much admired as any other, and which certainly deserves the praise of being marvellously original and dexterous in an extremely difficult way. This is the division at the head of which is the famous *Miss Kilmansegg*, while other characteristic examples of it are *The Desert Born*, and that terrific ballad at the end of which the wrecked mariner finds himself on no demon ship but on the *Mary Ann* of Shields. This is the class in which the strongest possible contrast of the grotesque and the terrible is used, the author being comparatively

indifferent whether he leads up through a farcical prelude to a serious termination or *vice versa*. I do not profess any extraordinary affection for this mixed kind; and if anything like it must be done I prefer the handling of *The Red Fisherman*, where there is no actual revulsion, no final change from laughter to terror, or from terror to laughter, but a sustained blending of the two. Nevertheless, Hood's handling of the style is superlatively adroit in its own way, and it would be impertinent to praise the incidental passages which it gives him opportunity to insert, such as those famous ones in *Miss Kilmansegg* and *The Desert Born* especially. But there is a good deal of mere trick in the style—especially in the tragi-comic or happy-ending division of it—and whatsoever is mere trick can hardly be pronounced good in the highest sense. Perhaps the best thing to be said for it is that it seems to have had the power of spurring the author on to the production of the passages aforesaid, an effect not at all difficult to understand, and which he himself would have expounded with many whimsical illustrations, both verbal and figurative.

For Hood's illustrations must never be forgotten in any account of his work. He had had, as we have seen, a regular education in a certain kind of art; but though I do not pretend to profound technical knowledge in that matter, I doubt whether this education had much to do with the peculiar character of the "cuts" with which he embellished so much of his work. They are avowedly caricature; and it is possible that the faults of drawing, which in them merely add to the effectiveness of the work, would have been equally present if the author had attempted things more ambitious. It is also possible that this would not have been the case. At any rate, Hood never to my knowledge produces the effect which Thackeray as an artist produces, and knew that he produced, the effect of a man trying to do what he cannot do. He hits his

intended effect of grotesque full and admirably. It is most natural to compare him with Cruikshank, but however far below that artist he may be as a mere draughtsman and as a composer, he is above him in the felicity with which he proportions his aims to his means. Everybody knows plates of Cruikshank's in which it is quite clear that the artist meant to depict ordinary human beings and in which he has merely depicted monsters. Hood always kept clear of this danger. Nor indeed do I know any artist in grotesque of this peculiar kind during the century who far excelled him, except that admirable designer who is now making laughter for Paris, M. Caran d'Ache. The Polish-Frenchman is of course much Hood's superior as a draughtsman and as an artist; but on the literary side, as artists are pleased to call it, in which he himself is so excellent, he does not go so far beyond the author and illustrator of *Up the Rhine*, of the *Whims and Oddities*, of *Hood's Own* and the rest. It would be difficult to find two artists more unlike in technique and more similar in general spirit and conception.

And yet when all is said and done I confess my own preference for Hood as a writer of serious verse to Hood as a jester, admitting likewise and at the same time that the enjoyment of Hood as a serious writer of verse might be less if we did not know him as a jester. Life would be absolutely worthless without jest, without quip, without (let it be frankly avowed) punning, but fortunately the faculty of these things is not often wholly denied to men of brains who happen also to be of English birth. Borrow says, and I fear it is true, that nothing is so low as a low Englishman. It might be said with equal truth that nothing is so dull as a dull Englishman. Yet there has been vouchsafed to our race in compensation a pretty general ability to laugh and to make laugh. There has rarely been dearth of merriment in England till very late years indeed—

till in fact England became, it may be better or it may be worse, but certainly less English than it used to be. Nor can it be said that Hood's fun, good as it is and extraordinarily abundant as it is in measure, is in any similarly extraordinary way peculiar in kind. It is genuine but not remarkably distinct, fresh and original, but still not very full of idiosyncrasy. It does not touch Shakespeare or Swift or Thackeray or even Dickens. It is in our literature the nearest approach to that quality which in another received the rather unjustly stinted praise that its owner had more than any one else what everybody had. It is perennially and in a superior degree what the cleverest undergraduate has sometimes at very happy moments about two o'clock in the morning.

In the serious verse a similar characteristic produces quite a different result. Here too there is nothing extraordinarily rare or far-brought in kind. We shall not find in Hood anything like the notes never to be forgotten when once heard, of *La belle Dame sans Merci*, of *Oh world! Oh life! Oh time!* of *All thoughts, all passions, all delights*, of *Proud Maisie*. No poem of his attains quite the first rank as a lyric; and in every poem of his not a lyric there are more or fewer blemishes, tediousnesses, inequalities. Yet there is a singular variety in him, and each of the tones which make up this variety has a remarkable charm. It is as though a certain average kind of thought and feeling had suddenly been endowed with the faculty of presenting itself poetically, and had taken the widest possible range in doing so. Hood was not what is called a classical scholar, yet how many classical scholars could have written *Giver of glowing light*? He was not as Moore was a musician, and he does not seem to have had the natural faculty of the Irishman for song. Yet what ballads of their class surpass *Fair Ines*, and *It was not in the winter*, and *The dead are in the silent graves*, and *The stars are with the voyager*? Of *The Haunted*

House I have spoken, but how many poets, even if they had been able to write *The Haunted House*, would have paired it with such a pendant as *The Elm Tree*? In all these pieces the thing that particularly charms me is what I may perhaps be allowed to call the unusually close contact of the commonplace and the poetical—the fact that we have as it were in this poet got hold of the very meeting or parting-place of the two temperaments as they are generally supposed to be. Scarcely any poet—I think none—who was so much of a Christian or an ordinary man as Hood in all relations of life, who had so little of fine frenzy, who was so little sad or bad or mad, who was so far removed from Bohemianism, who lived such a steady-going hard-working existence, has left work of such poetical quality. None who had so little literary culture has such a flavour of genuine literature. And in no poet is there a clearer instance on the one hand of the fact that poetry

can touch any life to its own issues; and on the other, of the curious, the unmistakable, and yet the scarcely to be defined difference between what is poetry and what is not. It is no easy task, taking a piece of, say, Haynes Bayly's and a piece of Hood's, to point out exactly what it is that makes one ridiculous and the other delightful; yet there the difference is, and as there is still a tendency to look down on verse that is not elaborately embroidered, it is always comforting and desirable to come back to such utterly unpretentious and yet unmistakably poetical work, to work so simple, so pure, so strong, as Hood's. We might not care to have all Parnassus peopled with his likes. He has his own place and his own value. But that place and that value are secure so long as any one who at once knows poetry and can read English comes across the right divisions of his work.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE REALITIES OF WAR.

THOSE who know the galleries of Versailles will hardly fail to remember Horace Vernet's important picture of the taking of Constantine. This great canvas has merits which are patent to every one, but, to estimate it at its proper worth, it is necessary to study its scheme carefully and to compare it with earlier and contemporary battle-pieces. When this is done it will at once become obvious that there is a realism in its treatment so frank and so convincing, such a revolt against tradition, so resolute a breaking away from all precedent, as to constitute a new departure, almost a new era, in the representation of battle-scenes.

The interest of this important picture is centred in the figure of General Vaillant, who, seated with his back to the action and watch in hand, counts the time till a new order shall be due. His plan is matured, events are not likely to necessitate its modification, and his whole mind is intent on delivering his blow to the minute. He is the representative of the modern war-spirit, an embodiment of the forethought, calculation, and resource which are a commander's essentials.

To Vernet belongs the credit of being the first to strip off the mask of conventionality under which the face of war had till then been hidden. To deny that conventionality still flourishes in congenial soil would be idle, but the growth of the realism to which Vernet's brush gave life has been of a force and rapidity which make his work almost conventional by contrast, and there is something ruthless and uncompromising in its development which might not have met with favour at his hands. What he brushed aside, the apostle of modern Realism crushes under an iron heel.

We must bridge the chasm, wide and

deep though it be, which divides Vernet from M. Verestschagin, for it is with M. Verestschagin we have to deal, in treating of the modern war-picture, as the most characteristic representative of the new school. So far he has spoken Realism's last word on canvas, as his fellow-countryman, Count Tolstoi, has spoken it on paper. In the work of these two men, whose subjects are often closely analogous, the weird Russian temperament, visionary, melancholy, sardonic and tinged with a strange fatalism, is a constant factor. In common with many of their compatriots they gaze at life's saddest side, and if they look for compensations it is with the opera-glass reversed.

M. Verestschagin must be judged by such of his pictures as were exhibited here three years ago; among them were some ten or twelve great military pieces, and a few others, such as *Crucifixion by the Romans*, *Blowing Prisoners from the Guns in British India*, and *Hanging in Russia*, which may be classed with them as illustrating the same spirit and the same method in the painter. In nearly every picture there is an under-current of political feeling, the expression of a deep pity for the misery and impotence of the man of the people, peasant or soldier, the fly in the wheel of Autocracy. The scenes which one sees here, so represented, make it clear how and why Nihilism was born, lives, and is incapable of death so long as Autocracy survives. A picture like the triptych, *All quiet at Shipka*—three stages in the death of a man on outpost duty, bitten by frost, overcome by drowsiness, buried in the drift—is really rather a piece of political propagandism, though perhaps unconsciously, than a work of art. For art

the subject is too purely terrible. It is indeed a tremendous appeal to pity for the uncomplaining common soldier, an indictment of the system which lets the poor man's lot be what it is. The same may be said of another subject which is similarly treated in a series of three pictures, *The Forgotten Soldier*—the dying man lying on the Indian uplands while the bird of prey wheels overhead, the battle for the victim, and, in the last, the bleached bones in utter solitude. The insignificance of the unit which goes to make the great piece of mechanism called an army, is constantly being urged. It wants more than the loss of a tiny bolt to throw it out of gear; the bolt drops out useless, discarded, and forgotten.

With Count Tolstoi, as with M. Verestschagin, art is not an end in itself. It is a vehicle, delightful in its use to the master-hand, but generally subservient to the gospel of humanity which it preaches. A stern and even exaggerated realism is the necessary corollary of such a view of its functions. The more purely terrible a subject is, the more beautiful it is in a sense; *Le laid est le beau*. With the painter as with the novelist the theatrical is lost in the actual, the scenic accessories of conventional war with its artificial smoke and flame, its flashing swords and rolling drums, have no place in their works. "As he turned he saw a sudden flash of light. 'Mortar,' cried the look-out, and one of the soldiers who was following added, 'It's coming straight at the bastion.' Mikhailoff looked up; the bomb, like a point of fire, seemed at its zenith, at the very moment when to decide what course it was going to take was impossible; for an instant it seemed to stop; suddenly at redoubled speed the projectile approached them; already the flying sparks were visible, and the mournful hissing could be clearly heard, 'Down!' cried a voice." (*Sebastopol, May, 1855.*) There is a calm and terrible truthfulness about this which tells us that the words are those of an eye-witness, the vivid

memory of a not-to-be-forgotten horror. Do we recall the typical war-scenes of fiction, the brilliant charge, the flying enemy, a looted town, a joyous carousal? The testimony of the actor on that stage gives little warrant for such a treatment of the subject. Put yourself under the guidance of Count Tolstoi or M. Verestschagin, and they will show you the naked reality, a moment of fierce joy in a *mêlée*, a few minutes of relief when the shadow of the Destroying Angel has passed away, the consciousness of duty done. This is the wage; and, for service, long days of harassing and wearing suspense, weeks of famine, and sickness, and cold, and the nameless horrors attendant even on the most splendid victory. A striking contrast is drawn in the picture entitled *Skobelev at Shipka*. The general is represented galloping down the line the day after the victory. The men are full of enthusiasm as he thanks them in the name of the Czar; caps are thrown in the air, and hands waved amid repeated cheers. All kept holiday for the time, we are told, except the slain of the previous day, who litter the ground which lies between the soldiery and the vanquished forts. Amid much that was impressive in the exhibition perhaps nothing was more so than the representation of a field-hospital on the day after the third attempt on Plevna—a thing imagination could not have conceived,—thousands waiting their turn in a merciless rain, thirteen thousand passing through hospitals where accommodation had been provided for three, each one impatient to feel the knife, hoping against hope to see his name entered in the book, for to be passed over is to receive a death-warrant. What does M. Verestschagin say about this assault? "The day was cloudy and a fine rain fell, soaking the clayey soil and making it impossible to walk, much less to storm the heights. I remember the Commander-in-Chief exclaiming, as he clasped his forehead with both hands, 'How will our men advance? How can they march in

such mire?' The attack nevertheless was not postponed as it was the Emperor's birthday!" Such pictures as this, and the companion one of the troops lying on the dripping ground before the assault, are revelations. To have studied them carefully is to have been through a mimic campaign, to have felt for a moment almost what the actors in the tragedy feel themselves. Compare with this scene what Count Tolstoi says of the hospital at Sebastopol, the great room, dark and lofty, dimly lit by some three or four candles which the doctors carry as they pass from one to another among the wounded, the pools of blood, the rapid and fevered breathing of hundreds of men, the heavy and reeking atmosphere, the surgeons with sleeves turned up probing the wounds, a major seated at a table apart taking down names and numbers. "*Perforatio pectoris*; Sébastien Séréda, foot-soldier . . . What regiment? But no matter, don't enter his name; *Moritur*; take him away.' . . . The others waited in silence, and from time to time a deep sigh escaped them, as they gazed on this picture." (*Sebastopol, May, 1855.*)

Much of M. Verestschagin's writing is as mournfully eloquent of the miseries of a winter campaign as his painting. His narrative of the march of the defenders of Plevna from the captured town to the Danube bears the stamp of truth unadorned, and is tragic in its simplicity. By ones and twos the unhappy prisoners, too weak to resist the bitter frost, kept dropping down all along the route, moving at first their arms and legs, then only their eyes and lips, and passing from rigidity to welcome death. At every post hundreds were left behind to perish. There was no one to remove the bodies so that "passing carts and gun-carriages crushed them into the snow, and made it impossible to extricate them without spoiling the road." There were some two or three pictures illustrative of this fatal journey, but it is a relief to turn from them to the last of the group composing this

panorama of war, in which a tender chord is struck. On the border of a grassy expanse dotted over with a number of freshly-made mounds, under the canopy of a wide sweep of sky, stands a long-haired priest of the Greek Church who, robed in a dark vestment and with one soldier attendant, swings his censer while he repeats the burial service over those who have lately fallen. Here at least, amid the turmoil of armed strife, is a sanctuary where the spirit of peace broods undisturbed.

So far M. Verestschagin. He has portrayed for us with a stern unbending truthfulness through which glow his strong emotions, and with consummate skill, the true aspects of a campaign, its short-lived and feverish joys, its sorrows long drawn out. He has handled his subject with an earnestness and obviousness of purpose which stand almost alone in modern painting. So far as analysis is possible with the vehicle at his disposal he has analyzed for us the nature of warfare, its elements and their relative importance; but the conditions of his art impose a limit short of that which is possible to the man who paints, not with pigments but, with words. If we want an analysis, other than a superficial one, of the actors in the drama, of their emotions, of their scope and limitations; if we want to see how our common nature bears the test of winnowing and sifting by a life of peril, by opportunities for self-abnegation and unselfishness, we must turn to the novelist whose broad narrative is embroidered with an infinity of detail which, whether entirely convincing or not, shows an admirably clear insight into human nature, a large grasp of the forces which war lets loose, and a full sense of the impotence of the individual to shape events. Perhaps there never was a campaign in which the elements so completely claimed mastery over man, except in so far as he was able to make them serve his purpose, as Napoleon's invasion of Russia. The consciousness of this colours all

Count Tolstoi's *Peace and War*, and perhaps at times leads him into something like paradox. With all this, however, his story is told with a vividness which disarms criticism. We might search literature for a long time without finding a more graphic piece of work than the account of the battle of Borodino. Not only do Napoleon and Koutousow stand before us in flesh and blood, the one, after fifteen years of victory about to teach his troops the possibility of reverse; the other, the old, bowed, heavy-shouldered man, dozing at the Council of War and even at the crisis of the battle, but illumined by a keen insight into the possibilities of the situation, and daring, like Fabius of old, to be the *Cunctator*, the Waiter on Events, in spite of unpopularity and the hardly concealed sneers of his subordinates and even of his fellows. Not only does Count Tolstoi make their personalities stand out with the distinctness of silhouettes, but he conveys in a masterly way all the doubtful swayings to and fro of the grappling armies, the ebb and flow of the French attack, the blind impulse with which the troops hurl themselves again and again at the Russian positions, only to be driven back in confusion, to re-form from mere force of discipline, and to attack again.

Napoleon on high ground a mile away, standing in a glaring sun and shading his eyes with his hand, sees his troops disappear down the incline into clouds of smoke and knows no more. As fast as they go they are swallowed up, as though by some vast Minotaur, and more are called for. He grants them, with reluctance and after refusal; these in their turn, disappear, and still aides-de-camp come riding up incessantly in hottest haste to beg him to grant reinforcements yet again. It was not so at Lodi or Arcola, at Austerlitz or Friedland. No one comes now, as they came then, to announce the capture of whole corps, dragging the enemy's cannon and trailing the standards to his feet, begging for cavalry to hurl on the

baggage-train, not, as now, to feed the devouring guns. In the midst of his reveries he becomes conscious that his moral defeat is even now assured; he is a gambler and the troops are his counters, but he will not risk more; an accident might undo the prestige of a score of victories which is already weakened. Koutousow is equally far from the scene of action, confused and undecided, commanding and countermanding, accepting suggestions and asking advice, but sensible in a general way that the troops are holding their own, and gathering confidence from the expressions of those who come in from the front. He sits down and tries mechanically to eat some food; at this moment comes a certain Woltzogen to tell the old gentleman, for whom he has a lofty contempt, that the principal points of their position are in the hands of the enemy.

Koutousow left off eating, and looked at him with surprise; he hardly seemed to understand what it was he had heard. Woltzogen noticed his emotion and added with a smile, "I think it would be less than right to conceal from Your Highness what I have seen; the troops are routed and flying." "You saw that, you saw that," said Koutousow rising alertly with knitted brows, and making menacing gestures with his trembling hands. "How dare you say that to me, sir?" he cried, gasping for breath. "You know nothing. Tell your general that the news is false, that I know the true state of things better than he does; go and repeat to General Barclay that it is my intention to attack to-morrow." All were silent, and nothing was heard but the laboured breathing of the old man. "The enemy is repulsed along the whole line. I thank God for it, and our brave soldiers; the victory is ours, and to-morrow we will drive him from the sacred soil of Russia." He signed himself, and, as he did so, uttered a sob. Woltzogen shrugged his shoulders, and with a sarcastic smile on his lips, moved away without attempting to conceal the surprise which the blind obstinacy of the old gentleman caused him. (*Peace and War*, vol. III.)

There are not a few life-like little sketches interspersed among the larger

movements of the narrative which bring home to one with great force the blind confusion which reigned where the troops were fighting hand to hand in the smoke. How characteristic is the whole episode of Pierre Bézoukhov's half-panic, half-heroic participation in the battle! A civilian among soldiers, seeking his baptism of fire in the very thickest of the stubborn fight, his brain whirls with excitement; he dares not stop to think, but longs to turn his strength to some account; he flies from the entrenchment to carry out an order which has been given to a soldier; he is thrown down and stunned by an explosion; when he regains consciousness he makes all speed back to the battery in a paroxysm of terror. The colonel is still leaning over the parapet, but the faces of the soldiers are strange to him. A man in a deep blue uniform approaches him, sword in hand. He has fallen among the French troops, he realizes it in a moment, and knows too that the colonel is dead. The French officer drops his sword, and they seize each other. "Is he my prisoner or am I his?" was the thought which passed through the mind of both. The French officer began to incline to the latter supposition, as he felt Pierre's muscular grasp ever tightening on his throat." (*Peace and War*, vol. III.) A bullet whistles by; the Frenchman drops to avoid it, and Pierre runs into the arms of his own friends, as they once more get the upper hand.

Such a state of mind as that of Pierre Bézoukhov, one of almost hysterical excitement, and as far removed from cowardice as from indifference to danger, is a favourite subject of study with Count Tolstoi. Of the existence of pure physical or animal courage,—the courage of the half-developed nature or blunted sensibilities, which was so common and so admired an attribute in the war-romances of our youth—he is almost incredulous; or it may be that he merely passes it over as offering no material for analysis. When he introduces anything of the

sort it is due to lengthened experience, and possibly long immunity from harm, or, as in the case of Melnikoff, the soldier in Sebastopol, who sat by preference in the open ground where the shells were falling, to a settled conviction (possible in the Russian who is a confirmed fatalist) that death will not come by shot or shell. The list might be completed by adding those to whom life offers no attractions, such as the soldier of Antigonus, of whom we read in Plutarch, who displayed such astonishing courage till he was cured of the infirmity which made life odious to him, when he ceased to court danger or to risk his person any more than his fellows.

Count Tolstoi lays it down almost as an axiom that courage is in a great measure due to self-respect, and he does so regretfully. His meaning apparently is that the self-constraint which a sensitive young man exercises with infinite difficulty, when he is almost drawn out of himself by strange terrors, is due to the feeling that, even if the eyes of others are not on him, those of his second self are at least on the watch. The lower and grosser nature in each and every one will strive for the mastery and must be battled down. At moments the young soldier gives way, bursts into tears, looks yearningly for shelter, and accuses himself of cowardice; but even as he does so he is conscious that the epithet is undeserved, and that he would let no one else so much as breathe it. When he finds himself actually in front of the enemy, he feels, as Nicholas Rostow did, "that great and unspeakable joy in the imminence of the attack of which his comrades had so often told him. 'Ah! if it could but come more quickly, more quickly,' he murmurs." (*Peace and War*, vol. I.) Such a man soon ceases to bow to every shell as though it were an old acquaintance; but he is none the less afraid of them, for they represent to him the possible extinction of what is pleasant to him above all things—life. Few there are, who, like "junker Vlang," (*Sebastopol*, August,

1855,) are so unstrung that they can make no effort of self-restraint; and even he, if he had a womanly horror of physical ills, had a love like that of a woman for the young Volodia Kozeltzoff which, at the last steeled his heart, and gave a more than natural strength to his arm. Perhaps the most complete study, as it is certainly the most pathetic, is that of the young Kozeltzoff himself. He is a mere boy, fresh from a military school, eager for glory and advancement and full of patriotic enthusiasm. We are introduced to him at a way-side inn some few hours out of Sebastopol, where he is found by his elder brother who has been absent, wounded, and is on his way to rejoin his own regiment. Michel, the elder, is for going at once. "Well, you had better get your things together," he says, "and we will start." The younger brother reddened and looked confused. "For Sebastopol at once?" he asked at length. . . . "To go straight there," he thinks, "to expose myself to bombs, it is terrible. After all does it matter whether I go to-day or later; at any rate I have my brother." (*Sebastopol, August, 1855.*) The idea of danger had not so much as occurred to him before. Arrived in Sebastopol he is buoyed up by a sense of his importance as one of the defenders of a town on which the eyes of the world are fixed. He and his brother have to go their different ways, and he puts himself under the guidance of a soldier-servant. They arrive at the open ground between the town and the fortifications, and the servant, having pointed out the position of the battery to him, goes back. Kozeltzoff, alone for the first time, with the shells whistling over his head in the chilly dusk, feels his heart sinking. "The sensation of being abandoned in the face of danger, in the face of death, as he believed, weighed on his heart with the icy coldness of stone; he looked about him to see if he was observed, and taking his head between his hands, murmured in a voice which was broken

by fright, 'My God! is it true that I am a despicable coward! a craven! and but a little while since I dreamed of dying for my country, for the Czar, and gloried in it.'" That night he had little sleep; the whizzing of the shells overhead was incessant, every moment he expected the house would be struck by one of them, or that the enemy would break into it; the measured tread of the colonel as he paced to and fro in the room above comforted him but little. He welcomes the morning with rapture. The day is spent with his brother-officers whose kindness is reassuring, and in the evening it devolves upon him to go with a small company of soldiers to serve some mortars in a redoubt on the Malakoff. The acute stage of fright has passed; the consciousness that others are nervous serves to make him the more firm. Every hour of a long night of inaction finds him more at his ease. The next morning he and his men are summoned to the battery. Once at work, all trace of terror is gone. A hot cannonade is kept up on both sides. In his excitement he mounts gaily on the rampart as he gives his orders. The captain, who has been eight months on the bastion and has little enthusiasm left in him, smiles, in spite of himself, at the bright and fearless boy.

Enough, however! With the touching scene of Volodia's death at the taking of the Malakoff we are not concerned. The narrative, so far briefly outlined, has shown us the stages through which every human being must pass when he first comes under fire. The ordeal may be successfully met, or may not; but it can never in ordinary circumstances be avoided.

Amid the almost tragic sketches of character which abound in these pages, there is much that is in a lighter vein. What more artless, more convincingly natural than the cry of Rostow's friend, when they meet after their first brush with the French!

“‘Count, Count,’ cried Berg, showing him his hand wrapped up in a blood-stained pocket-handkerchief, ‘I was wounded in the hand, but I kept my place in the ranks! Look, Count! I am obliged to hold my sword in my left hand.’” (*Peace and War*, vol. I.)

A review of Count Tolstoi's work in the field of Realism would be incomplete without a reference to his treatment of the soldier's death, and the effect on a man of the conviction of its near approach. His view on this part of the subject, so far as can be gathered,—and the death of the elder Kozeltzoff is much to the point—is that the consciousness of duty done, of death braved in a good cause, lifts an apparently mean character out of itself, and gives it a nobility and an unselfishness before unknown to it. So it was with Kozeltzoff, a man at whose hands one would not have looked for self-sacrifice, but who, when it was exacted of him, was happy that it should be so. The most striking death-scene, however artistically indefensible the rude grasp which the novelist lays on so airy and fleeting a gossamer as a man's reflections in the instant of dissolution—*Aut fuit, aut veniet, nihil est presentis in illa*, quotes Montaigne,—is that of Praskoukin. The narrative which immediately precedes this episode has already been given. Mikhailoff and Praskoukin are together when the bomb is seen coming directly at them. “Down!” cries some one, and they fall to the earth as the bomb strikes the ground somewhere near them. It is from this point that Praskoukin's reflections are given us—the fruit of the brief moment between the falling and the bursting of the messenger of death. The strange medley of thoughts and fancies, forgotten memories of trivial incidents recurring and mixed up with the

awful dread of the moment, and with calculations as to the chance of his being hit, and of the expediency of having chloroform if an operation becomes necessary,—all this is told in a masterly way. The bomb explodes, a red glare burns in his eyes, and he is conscious of receiving a terrible blow in his chest. He rises to his feet, staggers, and falls. “God be praised, I am only bruised,” he thinks. He seems to see soldiers coming and fears that they will trample on him; his hands and feet are as though bound; he tries to say, “Lift me,” but, instead of the words, comes a groan so terrible that it strikes him with horror; a moment and he is dead,—killed almost on the instant by a shell received full in the chest.

Such is war, in the words of one who has fought, and the impression left by the novelist is at one with the effect of the painter's handiwork. If it is sombre, it is because war in its essence is sombre, however brilliant the interludes. If the narrative does not deal in heroics, it is because it has to do with flesh and blood, with humanity, not with the creatures of fancy. Count Tolstoi searches out human nature with infinite discrimination and acumen. He states the case for and against it with judicial clearness and impartiality, and human nature, as he presents it to us, needs no apologist. He tells us, indeed, that the men he has depicted are no heroes in either sense of the word, but, as to the spirit in which he approaches his work, let him speak for himself. “The hero of my story, the object of my devoted affection, reproduced, so far as it was in me to do so, in all its beauty, beautiful yesterday, to-day, and always—is the Truth.”

A. E. STREET.

MADAME.

OF all the fair ladies whose portraits we saw in the Stuart Exhibition none has a stronger claim on our interest than Henrietta Duchess of Orleans. Madame, to call her by the more familiar name, belongs so entirely to France by her education and marriage that we are apt to forget the share we have in her. We think of her only as the wife of Louis the Fourteenth's brother, the Madame of Bossuet's *Oraison*, and need to be reminded that she was a royal princess of England. Yet Mignard's portraits, for all their French prettiness, reveal her birth. The long oval face, the thin straight nose, the arched brows, the eyes and hair, all bear a strong likeness to the kingly features which Vandyke has immortalized. And in spite of the liveliness of manner and light-hearted gaiety which she inherited from her mother, her character was, we are inclined to think, more that of a Stuart than a Bourbon. Certainly she possessed in a supreme degree the gift of drawing out the sympathies of those about her which was so marked a characteristic of all her ill-fated race. She had many rivals and not a few enemies, but no one was ever more faithfully served and tenderly loved in life or more deeply and enduringly lamented in death.

The romance of Madame's life begins from her cradle. She was born at Exeter in 1644, at a critical moment of the Civil War. Two months before, on the eve of the battle of Newbury, Queen Henrietta Maria had parted for the last time on earth from her husband, and had reached the loyal capital of the West in the most forlorn condition. The little princess who was born on June 16th, received the name of Henrietta Anne after the Queen Regent of France, Anne of Austria,

who had sent over her own nurse with liberal supplies to her distressed sister-in-law. Before she was a fortnight old the approach of Essex with his beleaguering army forced the Queen to leave Exeter and embark for France, after narrowly escaping the hands of the Parliamentary troopers. Ten days later the King marched to the relief of the besieged city, and found his little daughter left in charge of Lady Morton, a member of the Villiers family. Soon afterwards she was removed to the palace at Oatlands, where she remained until 1646, when Parliament ordered her to be transferred with her elder brother and sister to the care of Lord Northumberland. This, however, Lady Morton was determined to prevent. She disguised herself as a French maid-servant, dressed the little Henrietta in the rags of a beggar-boy, and with her on her shoulders walked to Dover, in spite of the remonstrance of the high-spirited child, who exclaimed that she was no beggar-boy but a royal princess. Fortunately her protestations passed unnoticed. Her brave attendant embarked safely on board the packet-boat to Calais, and a few days afterwards placed the child once more in her mother's arms. Henrietta Maria's confessor, Père Gamache, Madame de Motteville, and Clarendon all record this adventurous escape, and Lady Morton's devotion became the subject of a sonnet by Waller and supplied Bossuet with an eloquent passage in his funeral oration on the widow of Charles the First. But the hardships to which the young princess was exposed were not yet ended. During the siege of Paris in the wars of the Fronde, Henrietta Maria was shut up in the Louvre, where she was found one wintry day by Cardinal

De Retz, sitting by her little daughter's bedside. Their last faggot had been burnt and they had no money to buy any more firewood. Struck with horror at the situation, the Cardinal hastened to plead the cause of the exiled Queen before the assembled Parliament, and a sum of twenty thousand *livres* was voted for the relief of Henry the Fourth's daughter. As a rule, however, the wants of the English royal family were liberally supplied by the Queen Regent, whose heart was touched by the sight of their misfortune and who treated Princess Henrietta with marked affection.

This "child of benediction" as she was called by her fond mother, was brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, and in her education the ecclesiastics who surrounded Henrietta Maria found consolation for the failure of their efforts to convert the young King and his brother. While still a child Henrietta was taken to hear Père Gamache catechise in the chapel of the Louvre, and was greatly distressed because she could not induce her dear Madame Morton to yield to his arguments. "I begin by embracing my governess," she would tell the Queen. "I clasp her round the neck, I kiss her many times, I say—'Do be converted, Madame Morton! Be a Catholic! Father Cyprian says you must be a Catholic to be saved. You have heard him as well as I. Be then a Catholic, *ma bonne dame.*'"

But Lady Morton was too staunch a Protestant to be won over even by those caresses, and soon the little Princess herself was removed from her care and entrusted for her education to the nuns of Chaillot, a convent on the banks of the Seine near Paris which had become the widowed Queen's favourite retreat. As she grew older Anne of Austria seriously entertained thoughts of marrying her to her own son, the young King of France. Louis, however, was already enamoured of Cardinal Mazarin's niece, and despised the pale thin girl who made so poor a figure by the side of these brilliant Italian

beauties. At a ball given by the Queen Regent where the Princess of England, then eleven years of age, appeared for the first time, and his mother told him to open the dance with his cousin, he said sulkily that he did not like little girls. Henrietta Maria, in her anxiety to avert the young monarch's displeasure, declared that her daughter was too young to dance, and had moreover hurt her foot. Upon which Anne of Austria, not to be outdone in courtesy, insisted that since her niece could not dance, the King should take no partner of inferior rank.

This was not the only affront which the royal exiles had to swallow at the French court. Mademoiselle, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, the daughter of the King's uncle Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and richest heiress in France, scornfully rejected the advances of her cousin Charles the Second, and although she owned to a sincere liking for her aunt, "that poor lady who has no joy left her on earth," treated the Princess slightly on more than one occasion. But the lessons of adversity were not wasted on Henrietta. "You saw by her affections," said one who knew her intimately in after years, "that she had been trained in the school of misfortune, and had thus acquired all the knowledge, the sweetness and humanity in which most royal persons are wanting." Visitors to the convent at Chaillot were charmed by the cleverness and gentle nature of the engaging child. Père Gamache dwells with delight on the charms and accomplishments of his *petite princesse*, on her grace and elegance, her skill in music and dancing. Soon she began to attract the attention of others, besides the too partial old priest. Sir John Reresby, who paid a visit to Paris in 1658, describes her as a beautiful girl of fifteen who played the harpsichord and danced well, and allowed him to toss her in a swing between two great trees in the gardens of the Palais Royal. When in 1660 he was present at the ball given by Henrietta Maria in honour of her son's restoration, he remarked that

the English Queen's court was much more popular than those of the two French Queens, Anne of Austria and her newly married daughter-in-law Maria Theresa, for that her own wit and good-humour, and her daughter's great beauty attracted people far more than the stiff Spanish etiquette of the other ladies. A princely suitor was not slow to present himself in the person of Monsieur, the King's only brother. Mademoiselle who had for some time intended to marry him herself, complains in her journal of his obstinate attachment to his English cousin, and of the attentions which he paid to the little girl whom she despised. Even she, however, has the honesty to add that the Princess is certainly very clever and, although extremely thin, so amiable and full of grace that every one who knows her becomes fond of her. Neither Louis nor the all-powerful Cardinal was disposed to favour the alliance, but the Queen Mother approved of it warmly, and herself went to the Palais Royal on behalf of Monsieur, and asked Henrietta Maria for her daughter's hand. Consent was readily given. Monsieur, now Duke of Orleans, was twenty years of age, and exceedingly handsome. In age, rank and fortune he appeared an eminently suitable match, "a husband," says Madame de Motteville, "not to be refused by the greatest princess in the world."

From the day of Madame's marriage her triumphs begin. The pale awkward girl whom no one cared to dance with suddenly found herself the leader of society in the gayest court of Europe. Second only to the Queen in rank, she completely eclipsed the wife of Louis by her personal charms. Maria Theresa was dull and ignorant, a slave to the stiffest traditions of Spanish etiquette. She divided her time between eating, dressing, and going to mass, and made herself ridiculous by the pomposity with which she held out her skirt to be kissed by her own children, or consulted chamberlains before she embraced her nearest

relations. Madame was brilliant and witty, full of life and animation. Her dark, sparkling eyes, her pearly teeth and enchanting smile, her complexion of lilies and roses are praised by all her contemporaries. Her chestnut hair was always dressed in the style which suited her best; the slight defect in her figure was so artfully concealed that, as Mademoiselle says in her caustic way, she managed to make people praise its elegance. If it had not been for that slight deformity, says a contemporary, she would have been a masterpiece of Nature.

The appearance of this brilliant young creature took the Court by storm. All the men were at her feet, and all the ladies adored her. Foremost among her admirers was the King. He, who used to rally his brother on his choice and ask him how soon he meant to marry the bones of the Holy Innocents, was now to be seen at Madame's side continually. When in April the Court moved to Fontainebleau, Madame became the life and soul of the festivities which followed each other in rapid succession through that summer. It was the May-time of the Grand Monarch's reign. The Cardinal was dead, and for the first time Louis felt himself his own master. Madame shared his tastes and entered into his plans with a spirit and vivacity of which the poor dull Queen was incapable. Together they planned masques and serenades, balls and water-parties. Pastoral plays were acted, and *ballets* danced in the forest glades. Molière and Ben-serade wrote the words, Lulli and his violins supplied the music, and the actors of the Comédie Française enlivened these sylvan scenes with their rich and picturesque costumes. The King himself would appear as a shepherd, Madame as Pallas bearing spear and helmet, and surrounded by the fairest maidens of the court. "Ah! quelles bergères et quelles amazones!" exclaims Madame de Sévigné recalling these scenes twenty years afterwards, and then breaks off abruptly to let fall

a tear for poor Madame—"Madame, que les siècles entiers aurent peine à remplacer et pour la beauté, et pour la belle jeunesse, et pour la danse." The courtiers began to look at each other significantly, and to whisper that if Louis had known Madame better a few years before he would certainly have made her his Queen.

And now, too, suspicions began to rise in his wife's and mother's hearts. Maria Theresa grew jealous, and alienated the King still further by her tears and reproaches. Anne of Austria complained that Madame robbed her of her son's heart, and gave her daughter-in-law advice which she resented. More than all Monsieur, whose vanity had at first been gratified at the universal homage paid to his wife, took umbrage and became fearful lest her influence with the King should exceed his own. He turned sulky and quarrelsome, and teased his wife about trifles. For the first time Henrietta saw all the meanness and unworthiness of her husband's character, and in truth a more despicable specimen of humanity it would have been hard to find. From his earliest years Monsieur had been sacrificed to his brother. It had been the policy of the Cardinal and Queen Regent to keep him a child all his life, and bring him up with the most effeminate tastes. They had succeeded only too well, and *le plus joli enfant de France*, as he was called, grew up a miserable dandy. He curled and powdered his hair, rouged his cheeks, loaded himself with ribbons and jewels, and loved to appear in public dressed as a woman. "A woman," writes Saint Simon, "but with all the faults of a woman and none of her virtues; childish, feeble, idle, gossiping, curious, vain, suspicious, incapable of holding his tongue, taking pleasure in spreading slander and making mischief—such was Philip of Orleans, the brother of Louis the Fourteenth."

This weak and frivolous prince was ill-fitted to be the husband of a high-spirited princess. He was often heard to

say that he had never loved his wife after the first fortnight, and Madame de La Fayette observes justly that the miracle of inflaming his heart was given to no woman upon earth. His taste was turned in other directions, and he lavished his fortune and affections upon the most worthless minions. Soon his household became the theatre of a dozen petty intrigues and broils. Madame confided her wrongs to the King, who gave her his sympathy, but felt the need of greater caution in his conduct if family peace was to be preserved. In the tragedy of *Bérénice*, a subject suggested both to Corneille and Racine by Madame herself, the courtiers of Louis saw the glorification of their master's conduct and applauded the passage in which Titus bids the Jewish captive an eternal farewell as the expression of his own sentiments. But while he became more guarded in his relations with Madame, his roving affections found a new object in one of her own ladies, and La Vallière became his first mistress. At the same time the Comte de Guiche, the bravest and handsomest man at Court, dared to lift his eyes as high as Madame, whose devoted servant he professed himself. A great favourite with Monsieur in the first instance, he had every opportunity of becoming intimate with Madame in the early days of her marriage. His sister, the Princess of Monaco, was her chosen friend; his aunt, Madame de Saint Chaumont, became the governess of her children. A gallant soldier and fearless rider, the Count had all the qualities necessary for a hero of romance. Madame was young and thoughtless, and too much used to admiration to resent the devotion which her lover boldly avowed. She had, Cosnac remarks, a certain disregard of conventionalities and a love of independence which led her to commit imprudences careless of what might follow. That winter ill health kept her confined to her couch, and the room in the Palais Royal where she held her court became every day the scene of new intrigues. The King

came there daily, attracted by his growing passion for La Vallière. The Comte de Guiche wrote her letters which she showed to her ladies. One day becoming bolder still, he ventured into her presence. The incident was duly reported to Monsieur, and there was a great scandal. Queen Henrietta scolded her daughter, the Count was banished, and Madame promised to be more prudent in future. Twice over her bold lover returned to Court, each time more desperately enamoured of Madame than before, and risked all to take her hand or even see her pass from one palace to another. The last time he saw her was in 1664, by which time Madame had grown wiser and refused to admit him to her presence. She was only twenty then, and surrounded as she was by spies and scandal-mongers ready to magnify her imprudence, we may be sure if she had been guilty of a darker crime it would have been published abroad. As it is, the worst contemporary writers can say of her is that she did not dislike to be adored. La Fare gives it as his opinion that she was *vertueuse, mais un peu coquette*, a verdict confirmed by her successor, Monsieur's second wife, the rude and out-spoken Princess Palatine, who records her conviction that the world has been unjust towards Madame, for that she had never wronged her husband. Burnet does his best, it is true, in those "pretty jumping periods" of his to blast her character; but his insinuations have been proved to be groundless, and the fact that she was a Catholic and tried to win over her brother Charles to the same faith, was sufficient to incur his spite. After all, the best proof of Madame's innocence rests in the freedom with which she spoke of the Count to her intimate friends. Chief among these was Madame de La Fayette, the accomplished writer of *Zaide* and the *Princesse de Clèves*. From convent days she had enjoyed the privilege of Henrietta's friendship and retained it to the last. Her loving hand has given us a portrait of her friend full

of charm and freshness. We see her in the light and grace of her youth, presiding at those *fêtes* which were never complete without her, and rewarding the victor in the ring with one of those smiles which turned the heads of the wisest and the best; or else entertaining a brilliant company in the lighted saloons of the Palais Royal, while foolish Monsieur struts up and down exulting over the number of his guests, all unconscious that they had come for Madame's sake. We see her foremost in dance and song; we see her, too, in a graver mood intent on the first performance of some new drama, smiling at the mistakes of M. Jourdain, or shedding tears over the sorrows of Andromaque. "The Court," says Racine, in the famous dedication in which he recalls this incident, "regards your Royal Highness as the arbiter of all that is agreeable. The only sovereign rule we men of letters need observe is to please Madame." And Bossuet has paid her the same compliment in almost the same words. This fine taste and genuine love of literature redeem Madame's character from frivolity, and, as Sainte-Beuve has justly remarked, make her far superior to that other charming princess who brightened the close of the great reign,—her own grand-daughter, the Duchess de Bourgoyne. Marie Adelaide was a merry child whose light-hearted gaiety made her the pet and plaything of all, but she belonged, in fact, to another generation of Frenchwomen whose conduct was regulated by the standard of a licentious age. "With Madame," said La Fare many years afterwards, "we lost the only person of her rank who was capable of distinguishing true merit. Since her death all has been gambling, confusion, and bad manners."

Again, it was this serious turn of mind which drew the highest spirits of the Court to her side, which made veterans like Turenne and Bellefonds, and scholars like Tréville and La Rochefoucauld, take delight in her society. These and many others were frequent visitors at St. Cloud. There, among

those green lawns and sunny terraces where her memory still lives, she would enjoy the company of Condé and Bosuet, of Madame de Sévigné and Cosnac, while Monsieur was away on his daily excursions to Paris. There she could console herself for his neglect and ill-temper by making her friends read aloud to her until her pet dog, as she told Madame de Sévigné, used to run away and hide at the sight of the books which robbed him of his mistress's attention. There on summer evenings she loved to wander, listening to the music of the waterfalls, arm in arm with Madame d'Épernon or Madame de La Fayette. And there, long after her death, it was said that she might be seen sitting robed in white at the foot of her favourite cascade.

But the portrait of Henrietta which we find in Madame de La Fayette's memoirs is, fortunately, not the only one which has been left us. Another and very different person, Daniel de Cosnac, Bishop of Valence, has devoted a large portion of his memoirs to Madame, and his vivid narrative forms a valuable supplement to the lady-in-waiting's too brief history. Madame de La Fayette is always cautious and guarded in her expressions, careful not to lift the veil which shrouds the domestic life of these royal personages or to show us Monsieur in his true light. Cosnac, priest and bishop though he be, has no such delicacy. For all his love of intrigue and ambitious character, *ce fou d'évêque*, as Voltaire called him, was no courtier, but frank and plain of speech, with little or no respect of persons. As Grand Almoner to the Duke of Orleans he officiated at his marriage, but the cares of his distant diocese kept him away from Court until May, 1665, when he came to Paris to attend a General Assembly of Clergy and soon made himself indispensable to Monsieur. About this time he was able to render Madame a service which she never afterwards forgot. A libel, called *Les Amours du Palais Royal*, and aimed chiefly at Madame and the Comte de Guiche, had been published in Hol-

land, and a copy was shown her by the King who warned her to keep it from her husband's eyes. Henrietta, who had every right to be indignant with the publication, applied to Cosnac as the ablest and most trustworthy servant about her. Without a moment's delay he sent a confidential agent to Holland who bought up and destroyed the whole edition of eighteen hundred copies. Monsieur, after his habit, not only declined to defray Cosnac's expenses on this occasion, but took occasion of his zeal in Madame's service to borrow further sums. Soon afterwards the Bishop returned to his diocese, but in the following December was hastily recalled to Court to officiate at the baptism of the little Duke of Valois, Monsieur's infant son who had fallen dangerously ill. The poor baby received the names of Philip Charles, and died two days later. Madame was inconsolable, and Monsieur tried to affect a semblance of grief, but it soon became evident that his sole anxiety was to secure the reversion of the allowance which the King had made his son. Cosnac now fell into disgrace, and had the misfortune of seeing an innocent lady involved in his fall. Madame de Saint Chaumont, the governess of Monsieur's children, was dismissed and forced to take refuge in a convent, because Monsieur had the face to tell Cosnac she was suspected of being on friendly terms with him and was known to be fondly attached to Madame. This last blow drove poor Madame well-nigh to despair. It seemed, she said, as if she were destined to bring trouble on the heads of all who had the misfortune to love and serve her.

But now a new phase of public affairs revived hope in her heart, and appeared likely to restore her to more than all her former influence at Court. In order to effect their ambitious designs for the conquest of Holland, Louis and Colbert saw that it was necessary to detach Charles from the Dutch alliance, and fixed on Madame as the most likely person to attain this object. Henrietta entered readily into

the scheme, which was to include the conversion of Charles to the Roman Catholic religion, and she conducted the long negotiations with the greatest skill and discretion. Letters on the subject passed between her and Charles as early as 1668, and by the following summer her visit to England was already resolved upon. Her exiled friends were not forgotten, and we find her writing to Cosnac that she and Madame de Saint Chaumont have hit upon a plan which is to atone for all the wrongs which he has suffered. For among an infinity of affairs which are under treaty between France and England, there is one, she tells him mysteriously, which will presently give her brother the King such influence with Rome that the Pope will refuse him nothing. Foreseeing this, she has already made him promise to ask His Holiness to bestow a cardinal's hat on a friend of hers who shall be nameless. The Merry Monarch must have laughed in his sleeve when he gave his sister that pledge, and even Cosnac smiled when he read Madame's letter, and did not think that cardinal's hat was ever likely to exist save in Henrietta's lively imagination. But these letters of Madame breathe a warmth of heart and innocent confidence in the success of her own plans for her friends, which are the more touching when we see the snares and pitfalls which surrounded her on all sides.

Charles was eager to see his sister, but various causes delayed her journey. The birth of her third child, Mademoiselle de Valois afterwards Duchess of Savoy, took place in August and was closely followed by the death of her mother Henrietta Maria. Then a fresh obstacle presented itself in Monsieur's opposition. It had been impossible to admit this foolish babbling into the secret, and he took offence at his wife's influence and his own seclusion from state affairs. The Chevalier de Lorraine, his favourite minion, grew daily more insolent and dared to speak openly of a divorce between Monsieur and his wife. Monsieur after his wont

repeated this to the King, who suddenly ordered the favourite to be arrested and thrown into prison. Then Monsieur's fury knew no bounds. He carried off his wife to the country and vowed he would leave her no peace till the Chevalier was released. At her entreaty Lorraine was allowed to go into Italy with leave to return to Court at the end of eight years, "By which time," Madame observes in her letters to Madame de Saint Chaumont, "it is to be hoped Monsieur will be cured of his flame or else enlightened as to his minion's true character." Still Monsieur sulked like a spoiled child, and poor Madame had terrible moments of despair. "I have no one about me whom I can trust," she wrote to her friend. "I wish you back a thousand times a day. Believe me at least when I say that I can never forget what you have suffered for my sake." Monsieur's jealousy, she goes on to say, will always be a cause of trouble, while experience has taught her to put little trust in the King's promises. "If his mistresses receive three or four rebuffs a week, his friends can hardly expect to fare better."

But Louis was determined to have his way in this instance. He told Monsieur angrily that Madame's journey was for the good of the State, and extorted a reluctant consent from him on condition that Madame's stay in England was limited to three days.

On June 2nd Henrietta embarked at Dunkirk with a large suite—the whole Court was eager to follow her—and was received at Dover by Charles himself. He welcomed his sister with the greatest affection, and took her to Canterbury, where Queen Catherine and the Duchess of York, with both her little girls, were awaiting her. The three days were, by Charles's express wish, prolonged to twelve, and the time flew by in happy intercourse. Wherever Madame showed herself she won all hearts, and was adored alike by courtiers and people. The King agreed to sign the treaty of alliance with France, and bound

himself to be neutral in case of a Dutch war; but he turned a deaf ear to his sister's entreaties that he would change his religion, telling her that he knew his people better and had no wish to be sent on his travels again. All else he was ready to do for her sake. He loaded her with presents for herself and her friends, and gave her two thousand gold crowns to build a chapel at Chaillot to her mother's memory. At the same time he fell in love with one of her maids of honour, Louise de la Querouaille, whose baby face so charmed him that he asked Henrietta to give him this choicest jewel in her possession. Madame, to her credit, refused, declaring that she was responsible to the girl's parents for her; but after his sister's death Charles remembered the Breton maiden and obtained her appointment as maid of honour to his own Queen. The time for departure came all too soon. Charles accompanied Madame to Dover, took her on board himself, and parted from her with many tears on both sides. Colbert, the French ambassador, who witnessed their leaving, expressed his surprise in his letters at the extraordinary affection which these royal persons had for one another.

So Madame came back to France. On June 16th she reached St. Germain, where Louis received her with every mark of consideration. She talked freely of her brother's kindness, and spoke warmly of his wife and the Duchess of York, and to Mademoiselle's eyes seemed completely restored to health. But Monsieur was in a more evil mood than ever. He refused to accompany the King to Versailles, and carried off his wife to St. Cloud much against her will. The Queen and Mademoiselle were both indignant at his harshness, and noticed the tears in Henrietta's eyes as she bade them farewell. Two days afterwards she wrote her last letter to Madame de Saint Chaumont from St. Cloud.

"My visit to England," she says, "was a very pleasant one. Persuaded

as I was before of my brother the King's friendship, it has proved even greater than I expected. All that he could possibly do for me, he has done. The King here showed me great kindness on my return, but as for Monsieur, it would be impossible to equal the bitterness and injustice of his reproaches. He does me the honour to think I am all powerful with the King, and to say that if the Chevalier does not return it will be my fault. I showed him how little this depended on me, since if I really had my own way, you would not be where you are." And she goes on sadly enough to beg her friend not to write to her little daughter Marie Louise, since mischief-makers have been trying to use her letters to the child to blacken the poor lady's character. The same day she sent a message to Cosnac, through one of her servants, assuring him that his cardinal's hat had not been forgotten, and that she hoped ere long to see him and Madame de Saint Chaumont back at Court. That week La Fare saw her at St. Cloud, enjoying the lovely summer weather and the company of her friends, Turenne, La Rochefoucauld, and the faithful Tréville. Her beauty was as brilliant and her wit as lively as ever; but she complained of a pain in her side to Madame de La Fayette who arrived on Saturday evening, though talking with animation of her visit to England and walking in the garden by moonlight till past twelve. The next morning, Sunday, June 29th, she rose early, talked with Monsieur for some time in his room, and after mass went to see her daughter, whose portrait was being painted by an English artist. Then she paid a visit to Madame de La Fayette, telling her, "with that air of sweetness which made her so full of charm in her sadder moments," that she was very unhappy, but that a talk with her would do her good. After dinner she fell asleep with her head on her friend's lap while Monsieur was talking to her ladies, and when she woke he remarked

how ill she looked. He was in the act of starting for Paris when Madame de Mecklenberg arrived, and he brought her in to see his wife. Madame rose to meet her, and was talking cheerfully when a cup of chicory water, for which she had asked, was handed to her by a lady in waiting. She drank the water, and as she set down the cup was seized with a violent pain in her side. Her ladies rushed to her assistance, unlaced her gown, and laid her on her bed; but her sufferings increased every moment, and to the horror of those about her she said that she had been poisoned and that nothing could save her. The doctors who were summoned hastily declared that there was no cause for alarm, and assured Monsieur this was merely an attack of colic which would soon pass off. But Madame shook her head and asked for a confessor. Her ladies melted into tears, when, turning to Monsieur with the gentlest, most touching look in her eyes, she said, "Alas! Monsieur, you have long ceased to love me, but you were unjust, for I have never failed you." Vallot, the King's chief physician, who had been sent from Versailles on the first news of Madame's illness, ordered her to be bled in the arm, which gave her momentary relief, and left again at half-past nine, satisfied that she was out of danger. But still she insisted that she was dying, and told Condé, who had hastened to see her, that she should be dead before morning.

Meanwhile the news had flown like wild-fire through Paris and Versailles. *Madame se meurt*,—Mademoiselle paints the horror with which the words passed from lip to lip. She was walking with the Queen when a message from Madame reached her, begging them to come at once if they wished to find her alive. They drove to St. Cloud with the King, talking as they went of Monsieur's unkindness to his wife, and of this horrible rumour of poison which had got abroad, and the Queen was full of pity for her sister-in-law, of whom she had lately become very fond.

"You see my state," said Madame, as they entered her bedroom. The King bent tenderly over her as she told him that he was losing a faithful subject, and that the first news he would hear next morning would be that of her death. "Kiss me, sir," she added, "for the last time. Ah, sir, do not weep for me," as Louis turned away, unable to control his tears. Then she spoke calmly to the Queen, and pressed Mademoiselle's hand affectionately, telling her that she was beginning to know and love her well.

Never before had the halls of St. Cloud, that palace of delight, witnessed so strange a scene. The doors were crowded with courtiers, princes and princesses, ministers, ladies of the highest rank, all coming and going, waiting in the passages and listening anxiously for the latest news. Some, frivolous even in the presence of death, laughed and talked, but most faces were clouded with sorrow. And in the darkened chamber within, the King, with tears streaming down his face, was clasping Madame in a last farewell. On the other side of the bed stood the Queen in tears, and Monsieur looking more bewildered than distressed. Mademoiselle knelt at the foot sobbing aloud. Many others who had known Madame in the days of youth and gladness were there now. There were the great soldier Condé and his old rival Turenne, Madame de Sévigné with her friend Madame d'Épernon and Madame de La Fayette, and there, standing apart with a look of silent agony on his face, was Tréville, the brilliant and accomplished Tréville, the wittiest man in France,—Tréville, who had adored Madame from afar, and would have given his life to save her. And there, too,—strange companions in the chamber of death!—were La Vallière and Montespan, the King's rival mistresses, who had both of them once been maids of honour to Madame, and who now came together to see her die. There she lay, with all these familiar faces about her, strangely calm in the intervals of her agony, speaking kindly to each in turn, and

talking naturally of her approaching end. From the first she never seemed to have a hope of recovery, and did not once express regret at the cruel fate which called her away in the flower of her youth. Her presence of mind and thoughtfulness never left her. She took a kind farewell of the grey-headed Maréchal de Grammont, the Comte de Guiche's father and Madame de Saint Chaumont's brother, and then, catching sight of Tréville as he stood there overwhelmed with grief, said, *Adieu, Tréville, adieu!* Both the King and Mademoiselle were now convinced that she was dying, and told Monsieur that a priest must be summoned to administer the last sacraments, for which Madame had asked repeatedly. Monsieur hesitated, and asked whose name would appear best in the *Gazette*. Fortunately he thought of Madame's friend l'Abbé Bossuet, Bishop of Condom, who was then in Paris, and a messenger was sent to bring him to St. Cloud.

Meanwhile Feuillet, a Jansenist canon of St. Cloud noted for his apostolic zeal, who had been sent for by Madame de La Fayette, entered the room. The King and Queen retired. "You see, M. Feuillet," said Madame, "to what a state I am reduced." "A very good state, Madame," replied the austere priest. "You will confess now that all must bow to the will of God." "It is too true," said Madame; "till now I have known God but very little." Just then her own confessor, a Capuchin father, tried to interfere, but Madame stopped him with a smile at Madame de La Fayette, and said gently, "Allow M. Feuillet to speak, my father, and you shall have your turn."

While Feuillet was still speaking to her, the English ambassador, Ralph Montagu, came in. Instantly Madame turned to him, begging him to give her brother, the King of England, a ring which she drew off her hand, and to tell him that in her he would lose the person who loved him best in the whole world. "Madam," said the ambassador in English, "have you been poisoned?" She replied also in English,

that if it were so, he must spare her brother the grief of knowing this, but that if he heard of it, he must not take vengeance on the King of France, who was in no way to blame. Here M. Feuillet, catching the word poison, exhorted her to turn her thoughts from earth, and to forgive all who had injured her. She bowed her head and received the last sacraments, after which she took leave of Monsieur, saying that now she only wished to think of God. "At what hour," she asked presently, "did our Lord die on the cross?" "At three o'clock," said Feuillet, and she said that she hoped she might be allowed to die at the same hour.

Then Bossuet came in. *L'espérance, Madame, l'espérance!* were his first words, as he flung himself on his knees and placed the crucifix in her hands. "I hope in His mercy," she answered. "You see, Madame," said Bossuet, "what this life is. Thank God Who calls you to Himself."

Her sufferings seemed to increase with every moment, but she remained perfectly conscious, and with the same delicacy which marked her in life, she whispered to one of her maids in English, "Give M. de Condom the emerald ring which I have had made for him, when I am dead." That ring was placed on Bossuet's finger the next day by the King himself; and when in his funeral oration over Madame he dwelt on the charming grace with which she knew how to give, his eyes rested for a moment on the gem which sparkled on his hand, and his audience understood his meaning.

"Go on," she said, as the Bishop paused, fearing to exhaust her strength. "Go on, I am listening." And he spoke to her words of hope and comfort, and held the crucifix aloft before her failing eyes. "I believe—I believe!" she said fervently, and then sank back exhausted. "Madame," he said, "you believe in God, you hope in God, you love God." "With all my heart," she answered, and never spoke again. The crucifix dropped from her hands, and as Bossuet

uttered the last prayers, she died. The summer morning which dawned on that scene of agony was long remembered in France. There were grief and consternation everywhere. The King on waking heard the news of Madame's death, and Mademoiselle found him in floods of tears. Never, he said, in all his life had he known so great a sorrow, and the few lines which he wrote to Charles that day express the sincerest grief for this sister whom both kings had loved so well. An hour after Madame had breathed her last Montagu wrote to Lord Arlington giving his version of what he might well call "the saddest story in the world."

And underneath all there was the horrible suspicion of poison which she herself had shared. Sinister reports were spread abroad and every detail was given with frightful accuracy. It was said that D'Effiat, a creature of Lorraine's who was attached to Monsieur's person, had with that prince's knowledge, rubbed a deadly poison sent him from Italy on the silver cup from which Madame drank the chicory water on that Sunday afternoon. Montagu believed the story and remained convinced of its truth until his dying day, and many shared his belief. So general was the impression that Louis ordered the body to be opened in the presence of several English and French physicians and the ambassador himself. No trace of poison was found, and the official report declared Madame to have died of cholera-morbus. But it is worthy of note that Vallot, the chief court-physician, disagreed with the other doctors and drew up a separate statement, which was not published at the time, expressing his conviction that signs of poisoning were visible. In England the report had already gained credence and aroused a storm of popular indignation. Charles, in his first outburst of grief and rage, refused to read Monsieur's letter and passionately execrated his name. Buckingham raged like a madman and was for declaring

war on the spot. In the city the mob rose tumultuously and shouted death to the French! Colbert was seriously alarmed, and a special envoy, the old Maréchal de Bellefonds, well known for his personal attachment to Madame, was sent with letters from Louis giving fuller particulars as to her death and the autopsy of her remains, "in order," remarks Montagu, "to disabuse our Court of what the Court people here never will be disabused of." Charles professed himself satisfied with these explanations, Arlington was sent to the Guildhall to pacify the people of London, and the matter was allowed to drop. But when six months afterwards the Chevalier de Lorraine dared again show his face at Court the English ambassador wrote an indignant letter home. "If Madame were poisoned, as few people doubt, he is looked upon by all France to have done it, and it is wondered at by all France that this King should have so little regard to the King our master, considering how insolently he always carried himself to her when she was alive, as to allow his return." His opinion was shared by Monsieur's second wife, who, writing in 1716, gives it as her opinion that the first Madame died poisoned by Lorraine and D'Effiat, but without her husband's knowledge. Of this, she says, the King himself had solemnly assured her. That Louis had suspicions of foul play there appears to be no doubt. Saint Simon tells a story which has been widely repeated since, of how in the night after Madame's death, Monsieur's *maître d'hôtel* was secretly arrested and brought by a back staircase into the King's closet. Here Louis himself examined him, and charged him on pain of instant death to tell him if Madame had been poisoned. The miserable man owned tremblingly that it was so, and added that D'Effiat had received the poison from the Chevalier. "My brother,—did he know?" asked Louis breathlessly. "No, Sire," was the answer; "no one was fool enough to tell him.

He cannot keep a secret; he would have ruined us all." "That is enough," said the King with a sigh of relief, and the man was set at liberty. But after that Louis was too fearful of consequences to venture on an inquiry, and the thing was hushed up.

Whether the tale be true or not, Monsieur may safely be acquitted of all share in the crime. Bad and vicious as he was, scandalous as his conduct to his wife had been, he was hardly fitted by nature to be a great criminal. His cowardice was too abject, his terror of public opinion too excessive for him to have ventured on a crime which would have made him infamous in the eyes of all Europe. Besides, his conduct on that memorable night was not that of a guilty man. Madame de La Fayette owns that, at the mention of poison, her first impulse was to look at him, and that, narrowly as she watched him, she could detect no sign of fear or confusion. Whether Lorraine and D'Effiat were guilty is another matter. That they were held responsible for Madame's death in the eyes of the great majority of their contemporaries appears certain. On the other hand it must be borne in mind that there was a common tendency at that time to attribute sudden death to violent causes. The same suspicions were aroused in the case of Madame's own daughter, the poor young Queen of Spain, who died exactly at her mother's age, and almost in the same way, and again in that of her grand-daughter the dearly-loved Duchess of Burgundy. And Madame's health, always delicate, had been shattered by grave illness and frequent imprudences. Twice over premature confinements had brought her to the point of death, and, as Mademoiselle observes, she had of late

been almost always ill, but that wonderful courage and spirit which she showed in so remarkable a manner during her long agony probably deceived those about her as to her real condition.

The coldness and heartlessness of Monsieur after his wife's death naturally confirmed people in the belief that he was not sorry to be rid of a princess whose worth he had never known. The very day after her death Mademoiselle found him engaged in trying long mourning cloaks of violet velvet on his little daughters, and with his usual ridiculous love of ceremony he insisted that visits of condolence should be paid them in their nursery. And worse than this, hardly had Madame breathed her last when he seized on the money which she had begged Montagu to divide between her servants, and on the casket of letters which the ambassador had promised her to return to Charles, and refused to give them up. A week later he talked freely of marrying again, and told the King he should like to make Mademoiselle his wife, since at her age she would not be likely to have a child, and he would thus secure the whole of her fortune for himself. Mademoiselle, however, was already in love with Lauzun, and knew Monsieur too well now to consent to become his wife at any price. So five months afterwards he consoled himself by marrying Madame's cousin, the daughter of the Elector Palatine, *cette vilaine Altesse Royale*, whose sharp tongue and rude habits formed so complete a contrast to the lady whom all France remembered with such infinite regret.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THE SHRINE OF FIFTH MONARCHY.

AT Shipbourne, or Shipborne, an old-world village in the Garden of England, amid terraced lawns, where the peacocks strut in the sunshine, stands what was once the abode of the Vanes. The house takes its name from the lawns. It is Fairlawn House, and as such we find it mentioned in more than one writing of the seventeenth century. But beyond its name there is little in the house itself to remind us of the Commonwealth. No memory of Independence or Fifth Monarchy can be said to linger about the trim classical building. It is only in the garden that Vane's name is preserved. There a long alley flanked by close-clipped yew hedges is pointed out as Vane's Walk. Up and down this, according to village tradition, the patriot may be seen pacing at dead of night, carrying his head under his arm, whenever a master of Fairlawn is about to die. The walk was thickly turfed by a former owner in order, says omniscient tradition, that the clink of ghostly spurs might not be heard by wakeful ears indoors.

Standing on the vast square lawn to the south of the house one looks downward through the woods, so luxuriant in this corner of Kent, over a long blue vista of the Weald. Of old Harry Vane himself might have stood thus, gazing over at another stronghold of the Parliament men. For there, beyond the Medway and the red roofs of Tunbridge, stands on its wooded hill-top that Summerhill House which the names of Lord Essex and Regicide Bradshaw had rendered notable long before the day of the Muskerries and De Grammont. In the near middle distance, veiled by trees, lies Shipbourne Common, and at the edge of this, hard by an antique butcher's shop which would gladden the heart of Miss Greenaway, one passes under the

lych-gate leading to the lately-restored church. When the workmen were busy demolishing parts of the old building it was easy to visit the vaults underneath, and many were the pilgrimages made thither from the neighbourhood. Now, however, the ordinary public are not admitted to the two vaults, in the inner one of which lie the confined Vanes.

To step from the bright daylight into the cool and silence of a room of death, with its grey walls and gravelled floor, with its props and tressels and their solemn freight of human dust, is sufficiently strange. But to come suddenly, after a commonplace country walk, into the presence of the dead who made history and met their fate as did Harry Vane, is to feel solemnly subdued even in this pleasantly sceptical nineteenth century. To stand in the presence of the dead, we say. No other phrase so fitly conveys the sense of almost personal acquaintanceship with the departed that reigns in this narrow room. Those who buried and still bury the Aylmer Aylmers of their day and generation, the undertakers who deal in hatchments and old-fashioned funeral pomp, have always been half Egyptian in their methods. It is as though in family vaults they aimed at preserving something of the personality of the departed, something of his actual bodily semblance. Hence the use of the close-fitting leaden coffin. In this Shipbourne vault the leaden shells have nearly all been hidden within velvet-covered and coroneted coffins of the ordinary shape. The Barnards are therefore invisible, as perchance is that Lady of Quality whom Smollett describes and whom tradition says was a Vane. But in two instances,—and those from our present point of view are the most im-

portant—the mummy-like shells lie full in sight devoid of any outer covering. They lie to the left and right of the door as one enters. Nailed to the breasts of both are antique brass plates which bear a pregnant legend. On the left hand one is graven, *Sir Henry Vane, Senr.*, 1656, and on the right hand one, *Sir Henry Vane, Junior*, 1662.

It was but natural that the son should have been laid by the father. And yet it is scarcely fanciful to imagine their juxtaposition to have been the mute sermon of some moralising Puritan sexton, some Southron Old Mortality, who saw in their two careers one of the many sharp contrasts so amply afforded by the troubled seventeenth century. Both men were types of their age, but types widely divergent. Old Sir Henry Vane was the turn-coat *par excellence*, the man "who could not stand erect, could adapt himself to any hole, round or square," the bustling courtier who "smirked, ate good things, made himself useful under Charles, the Commons, and the Protector." His son, young Sir Henry Vane, despite all that may be said in his disfavour, was undeniably a great man,—if not a hero. In all probability the body has lain here since the fifteenth day of June more than two hundred and twenty years ago, when it was brought hither, slung between two horses, on the morrow after the execution on Tower Hill. Let us not look too curiously at the tall form, dimly adumbrated through the dusty lead, at the crude attempt to reproduce the features, at the semblance of crossed hands coarsely punched out upon the bosom. Nay, rather, let the sentimentalist of our party lay a few field-flowers above them! We can afford to pay the tribute now. After all, they were valiant hands. They held no sword as did Oliver's, but with the pen they ruled the destinies of this nation quite as powerfully. Cromwell on his war-horse, Blake on the quarter-deck of the *Triumph*, Vane at White-

hall,—these were the trio who in building up their unpopular Commonwealth laid the foundations of the empire of to-day. No royal Stuart, striving with Machiavellian kingeraft after legitimist ideals, ever wrought for England what these three did.

But it is not merely as the organiser of victory at sea, the man who made our fleets and sent them storming under Blake against the Dutch and their great admiral Van Tromp, that Vane is historically interesting. It is as a *doctrinaire* of the higher sort, as the early advocate of popular government, of the constitutional idea of toleration in religious matters; it is above all as the strangely exalted mystic and as the martyr for ideas believed by him to be a divine trust, that Vane fills so singular a place on the canvas of history. The Knight of Raby's politico-religious mystical writings are full of apocalyptic obscurities, unsurpassable even by William Blake. Plainly, however, but one ideal underlies their strange allegoric tissue,—the dominant ideal of Vane's active life, the dominant Puritanic ideal which makes Hudibras, creature of satire though he be, far more interesting in his absurdity than the witty Restoration which laughed at him. What then was that ideal? Adorned with the old-world phraseology of the Hebrew prophets, it stands out saliently in the preachings of the Fifth Monarchy Men, of whom Vane was often accounted the leader. As Professor Hosmer, Vane's American biographer, points out, they held that "after the domination in the world of the Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman empires, the reign of Christ for a thousand years was about to begin." From the point of view of the present such an ideal or belief so grossly or materialistically stated appears only worthy of Mormons; but we must remember that Vane lived in the seventeenth century, and expressed himself in the language of an age of great activity and change, when theory and its realisations in practice seemed almost

convertible terms. The Protestant mystics, of whom Vane was one, were indeed still under some of the same influences as were the followers of St. Francis. Religious belief was for the Puritans of Vane's stamp far more medieval than modern. Their spiritual brothers were the mystics of the thirteenth century rather than the philosophers, the latitudinarians, and the scientific sceptics of a later day. It is in a lofty medieval strain that Vane ends *The Retired Man's Meditations*,—scarcely in a modern one.

To be more particular in describing the state of things as to the change which does respect the whole creature, during this thousand years, will be needless; considering that the general expressions are so clear and full, that it shall be a glorious, pure, incorrupt state unto the whole creation, which shall then keep a holy Sabbath and rest unto the Lord, a seventh part of the time of the world's continuance, in which there shall be no sowing of the field nor pruning of the vineyard nor exacting any labour from the creature, but what in voluntary service it shall perform by way of homage and worship for the use of His saints, during the thousand years, who are yet in their corruptible natural body, expecting their great change.

Unutterable pathos of death! It is here, under this obscure village church rather than in a regenerate millennial England, that Vane awaits his "great change." But at the time he wrote he was doubtless filled with a lively faith in the immediate material realisation of his transcendent dream, a dream which at all times, and in all circumstances, the world's noblest saints and visionaries, reformers, and Utopians have dreamed and striven to realise. In the light of this belief in the imminent coming upon earth of the Kingdom of Heaven it were best to judge of Vane's career. Refuse to judge him so, refuse him this light, and he becomes the fanatic, the busy-body, the strong, yet fatuous man whom his detractors, with but slight regard to the probabilities of psychology, have generally described. Allow

him this light,—allow that throughout his almost feverish career he sought to bring the people he served into what to him seemed the larger day of a beautiful Kingdom of Righteousness whereof all men, high and low, were co-heirs, equal in the sight of God,—allow him this, and his political intellectuality, his clearness of political speech, his administrative strength, apparently in such utter contradiction to his cloudy mysticism though they be, nay his very occasional casuistry in diplomacy, his occasional pedantry and inconsistency become at once explainable as so many means to a sublime end; while his strange passion for religious tolerance among all who believe in Christ, his equalitarianism, his love of democratic sanctions and of politics having no earthly king—his Independence, in one word, is touched with a glory not its own.

A bias of idealising patriotism is indeed apparent in every part of Vane's career. See him on his return from foreign travel to this same Shipbourne some two hundred and fifty years ago. Born and bred in the purple, he has mixed in courtly circles, and has sucked in at Vienna and in the northern cities of the Empire all the subtle teachings of Jesuitry and antique diplomacy. But his knowledge of ciphers and finessing shall serve not Courts, but that virile Protestantism, learnt by him in Nuremburg and Geneva, which to the imaginative among the Puritans meant the cause of freedom and the oppressed, the cause of the Kingdom of Christ. The elder Vane is scandalised to find his stately mannerly son such an enemy to the Court. So, for conscience' sake, the lad sails for the Puritan England beyond the Atlantic. An anecdote is told of how on ship-board the long golden locks of the gentleman attracted the angry attention of grim Roundhead labourers. But these latter soon found their fellow-traveller to be one with themselves. They grew to love him and made easy his entry into the New England world. Here, his reputation

increasing, he is several times elected Governor of Massachusetts. It is during this tenure of power that he first raises the hitherto undreamed of cry for religious tolerance. He is a brave man to do so, for the colonists, decimated by the Indians, are ready to slay one another because a certain Anne Hutchinson has given vent to the debatable statement "that no sanctification can help to evidence to us our justification."

Back in England Vane rushes forward in the van of Puritan Revolution. He enters the Long Parliament. Young though he be he seals Strafford's fate. Mark him as he rises in disorder to tell the House how their King Pym came by a certain paper, how it was found in a red velvet cabinet of old Sir Henry's by him, the Younger Vane, when he was in search of private papers connected with his approaching marriage. Away with bridal thoughts now! It is but a scrap, yet it bears upon it the great Viceroy's doom, for "there were written two LL's and a T over, and an I and an R, which could signify nothing but Lord Lieutenant of Ireland"; and therewith the fatal words,—“absolved from the rules of government; prosecute the war vigorously; an army in Ireland to subdue this kingdom!”

Who can stand before a Puritan patriot trained amongst the Jesuits of Vienna? Again behold him taking the indictment of Archbishop Laud. Mark him in close converse with Hampden and Pym. Hear him as he thunders against false bishops, as he stings with winged words the sluggish Essex, as he urges London and the Houses to persevere in the war he deems just. See him in Scotland negotiating the Solemn League and Covenant; recognise in him the foiler of every plot against the Commonwealth; mark him in conjunction with Cromwell urging on the passing of that Self-denying Ordinance which is the making of the Puritan armies. Again, he is a commissioner appointed to treat with Charles. The latter

strives to trick him, but no kingcraft can blind the zealous adapter of means to ends. Later he runs a risk,—a risk that is greatly to his credit as a humane man; he refuses to countenance the King's execution, and utters his protest against Pride's Purge. But under the Commonwealth his lofty zeal is as ever indispensable. He is a member of the Council of State; he organises a mighty naval power where no power was before; he is a leader in finance, in war-matters, in care for Ireland, for Scotland, for persecuted Unitarians and Catholics at home. His burning faith in the perfectibility of mankind finds constant vent in planning schemes for an ideal government. No Sieyès was ever more active than he. In fact Vane is everywhere and in everything during that troublous age. Another great Independent, Milton, who probably owed to him his Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues, has laid the seal of his genius on the work of his friend and patron. Who does not know the sonnet, "composed by a learned gentleman" and sent to Vane on July 3rd, 1652?

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel
old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not
arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold.
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be
spell'd;
Then to advise how war may best, upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and
gold,
In all her equipage; besides, to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each
means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which
few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we
owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

Thus John Milton, nobly praising a kindred spirit. Milton's great employer, even Oliver, has spoken too, and his phrase has become historic. "O Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane!

the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" cried the grim Lord General, as in anger and impatience he stamped up and down the Commons House, pouring out a wild torrent of vituperation on the heads of the devoted Rump who were clustered, a dwindled handful, round Speaker Lenthall's chair. Cromwell's oft-quoted ejaculation marks a difficulty which has constantly baffled the critics of politicians with a lofty purpose, but to quote it against Vane, as did his detractors, is surely beside the point. Cromwell was no detractor in that instance. Rather was he indirectly praising. It was as though, Carlyle points out, the stern, practical soldier had cried, "Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!" To the soldier on the eve of a *coup d'état* Henry Vane, with his passion for Parliaments and popular sanctions, appeared far too hard to please, far too unselfish. For Cromwell Vane was "in principles too high to fathom," to quote a phrase from their familiar correspondence.

Death early delivered the man of arms from the criticisms, the stiff principles, the ideal Puritanism of the man of the gown. Oliver died on the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester, September 3rd, 1658,—died, praying for the people. And then after four more years of change and failure came the turn of Harry Vane. The King enjoyed his own again, but the ex-member of the Council of State was too dangerous a man to be covered by the terms of the Oblivion. If it had been hard for the Protector to co-exist with the visionary statesman, how much harder was it for the cynic and voluptuary, enjoying his own at Whitehall, to tolerate this eager and active citizen of the "rose-coloured republic of Christ"!

Vane was seized at his Hampstead seat—he seems to have been but little at Shipbourne—and for two years lay in prison. On June 2nd, 1662, his indictment was read. It charged him with "traitorously imagining and in-

tending the death" of the reigning King, and with "trying to overturn the ancient Government of England." Vane's passionate and learned defence of himself was also that of constitutional rule as now after two hundred years we understand it. He felt, as he stood before his judges, that he was the advocate of the people of England and of their ancient right of self-government. But eloquence and historical learning availed him not with his judicial enemies. Only the payment of blood-money coupled with abject submission might have helped him; and like Algernon Sydney, his neighbour down in Kent, he scorned these with all the strength of his noble spirit.

The day before his death he was visited in the Tower by his wife and children. To them he said,—“You have no cause to be ashamed of my chain, or to fear being brought into the like circumstances I am now in, so it be on as good an occasion, for the name and cause of Christ, and for His righteousness' sake.”

There is a quaintly vivid description in the State Trials of the execution itself. It took place on Saturday, June 14th, 1662. As the sledge bearing Vane to his doom passed within the rails of Tower Hill the air was full of the loud acclamations of the populace. "The Lord Jesus go with your dear soul," they cried. He doffed his hat in acknowledgment of their kindness, and bared his fine head.

Being come to the scaffold, he cheerfully ascends, and being up, after the crowd on the scaffold was broken into pieces, to make way for him, he showed himself to the people on the front of the scaffold, with that noble and Christian-like deportment, that he rather seemed a looker-on, than the person concerned in the execution, insomuch that it was difficult to persuade many of the people that he was the prisoner. But when they knew that the gentleman in the black suit and cloak (with a scarlet silk waistcoat, the victorious colour showing itself at the breast) was the prisoner, they generally admired that noble and great presence he appeared with.

"How cheerful he is," said some; "He does not look like a dying man," said others; with many like speeches.

Then he addressed the great multitude. Gentlemen, Fellow-Countrymen, and Christians, he called them, and proceeded to speak of his doom and his happiness therein. But he soon came to thorny places. At a mention of the way in which the judges had refused to do him right the Lieutenant of the Tower broke in with a furious interruption. When the prisoner persisted in his speech "the trumpets were ordered to sound or murre in his face, with a contemptible noise, to hinder his being heard." Again and again when Vane trenched on forbidden ground the trumpets clamoured in his face, till at last the Sheriff snatched the paper from his hand, and the friends and disciples who were taking notes of his words round the scaffold were ordered to give up their notebooks. "My usage from man is no harder than was my Lord and Master's," he said; "and all that will live His life this day, must expect hard dealing from the worldly spirit."

Then for the last time the trumpets cut him short. He was searched for papers ere he was finally permitted to kneel in prayer. Fortunately the notes for his last speech had been

already copied, and delivered to a safe hand. In them he speaks once more of that Good Old Cause, from which so many of his friends of the Honest Party had latterly fallen away. Rhapsodic though his words be, they are yet a fitting crown to the vision-haunted life of the greatest of the Fifth Monarchists.

I shall not desire in this place to take much time, but only, as my last words, leave this with you. That as the present storm we now lie under, and the dark clouds that yet hang over the reformed churches of Christ, (which are coming thicker and thicker for a season) were not unforeseen by me for many years past (as some writings of mine declare), so the coming of Christ in these clouds, in order to a speedy and sudden revival of His cause, and spreading His kingdom over the face of the whole earth, is most clear to the eye of my faith, even that in which I die, whereby the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.

It is said that when, after long prayer, Vane laid his neck upon the block, the headsman asked him,— "Shall you raise your head again?"

"Not till the final resurrection," he replied.

VICTOR PLARR.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF ORIGINAL SIN ?

ANY ONE who interests himself in education and the literature of education can hardly fail to have been struck with certain aspects of it which give rise to this question. There is a growing tendency to account for what in earlier days would have been called childish faults, and to account for them in such a manner as to transfer the whole burden of responsibility from the child to its teachers. Now this tendency, if allowed to work itself out to its logical conclusion, will be productive of some very curious results; but the small band of enthusiasts who with Froebel hold that in the reformation of the teacher they have discovered a universal panacea for the manifold ills of this much-maligned world, do not always spare the trouble to see what is involved in their premises.

There was a time when men nourished a general belief in the natural depravity of the human heart. Poets might sing of the heaven which "lies about us in our infancy"; but we knew, or thought we knew, in our secret souls that the mother who said, "Go and see what baby is doing and tell him he mustn't," had a far truer insight into the nature of things. Nowadays all this is changed. Like Socrates, we believe that all vice is involuntary; but, unlike Socrates, we attribute it not to ignorance but to knowledge. Education has been the ruin of the world.

But the offender may urge in his defence that he himself was not eternally adult, that his own tastes have been formed, and are therefore clearly due to some one else, and that to this train of reasoning there can obviously never be an end. The ordinary logician would suppose that no other conclusion was possible than a retreat to

the Determinist or Fatalist position which would paralyze every effort at reformation. What is to happen if your character is in every case formed for you? How can you begin to reform when the impulse to do so is not under your own control, when it, like all else, is the product of some one else's teaching? And if the impulse or power to follow it be absent, is not its absence matter for pity rather than blame? But with a fine inconsistency the disciples of Froebel and the rest of the enthusiastic educationalists proceed to argue on the hypothesis that you might mend if you would, that now that the true light has dawned evil will shortly vanish from the world, and that if this happy result be not immediately achieved the fault will lie at the door of the teacher.

According to them the nursery is to be a store-house of wholesome and beautiful influences. Every toy, every picture, every game, is to be selected for its educational value, and made a potent instrument in moulding the mind and the character of the infant. And since you cannot at every moment be sure of an entrance into the nursery, which shall allow you personally to superintend all these details, you must begin so far as possible by educating the parents. We have lately been given a *Parents' Review*, and without disparaging that doubtless excellent periodical, we may point out that the necessity of giving hints out of the depths of his inexperience to the mother of half-a-dozen children will be a serious addition to the burden of the teacher.

Whether in the nursery, then, or in the schoolroom, the children are to be ceaselessly watched; their natural tendencies are to be encouraged; they are to be trained by useful occupations;

and they will never be idle because they will always be interested. They are to live in an atmosphere of sympathy: they will find everything pleasant; but though their school-time will be passed under ideal conditions it will nevertheless serve as an excellent preparation for the struggles of later life. Moral progress will become a steady process of development, not a constant struggle between duty and inclination. There will be no coercion and no punishment, because there will be no mischief and no rebellion.

Now as an ideal this may be admirable; and in so far as it is based upon the true principle that prevention is better than cure, it cannot be denied that there is much to be said for it. Certainly, if we can anticipate the children's faults and nip in the bud all expression of wicked sentiments, we shall prevent the horse being stolen from the proverbial stable, but we cannot prevent the rise of the desire to steal him. This, however, is what Froebel would have us attempt. We are so to surround our little ones with things peaceful and pleasant that their temper shall never be ruffled, their selfishness never awakened, while at the same time their curiosity is roused and their mental faculties in every way quickened. Are these two processes compatible? Is it desirable to remove all obstacles and to smooth away every difficulty? It was an old belief that experience, if a hard, was an excellent teacher, and that the air of the Lotus Island scarcely tended to produce a nation of statesmen and warriors. But now we have grown too tender-hearted to admit the desirableness of pain. We would have everything beautiful and everything pleasant, and we forget that, like Plato's musician, we may be cutting the very nerve out of the souls of our children. It may be said that the pursuit of knowledge in itself involves difficulties enough, and that these cannot be removed. Just so; and will this softly-nurtured, carefully-guarded generation possess the courage and per-

severance required to surmount them? We venture to doubt it. And when the inevitable failure has come, will the whole blame rest upon the teacher? Or shall we at length begin to suspect that though education can do much it cannot do all, that character counts for something, and that there is a certain inherent originating power in human nature which will have to be reckoned with after all? It will be difficult to go on dwelling in that fool's paradise, in which the reformation of the teacher seemed the one thing desirable.

But though we may laugh at the educational theorists and make light of their theories, the very fact that they are thus interpreted, or perhaps we ought in justice to say misinterpreted, and exaggerated by their overzealous disciples, points to a very serious feature of contemporary thought. The question of moral responsibility has attracted much attention in this century, and we fear that the tendency of modern writings has been rather to discredit than to establish it. Froebel's doctrine may be said to argue a beautiful faith in human nature as such. Perhaps it does in the case of the enthusiast with whom it originated; but its general acceptance seems to be more closely connected with this modern tendency to shift responsibility or to get rid of the notion altogether. It is not the child who is to be punished for greediness; its teacher ought to have taught it better, or removed temptation out of the way. It is not the drunkard who is responsible for the degradation and misery of himself and his family; it is generations of port-drinking ancestors. It is the old story over again, "Not I, but the woman"; but the old story enormously reinforced by the doctrine of heredity and by materialist views of the influence of body upon mind. Evil is always inherited, or physical, or the outcome of circumstances; never the expression of the free causal will, which for the time at least chooses to identify itself with imperfection.

And that we do not here adopt a pessimistic view of the signs of the times, let these quotations from some recent writers on ethics be our witness. Mr. Herbert Spencer has told us in terms which admit of no two interpretations, that "the sense of duty or moral obligation is transitory and will diminish as fast as moralization increases." Its present existence is merely due to a lack of correspondence between conduct and environment, a mistake arising from our imperfect evolution, a blunder, not a crime. And the author of *The Service of Man* has declared that "the sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of the better it will be for society and moral education." He proceeds to show that since bad men will be bad whatever may be our efforts to reform them, the welfare of society demands their suppression and the preservation only of the good. In short, when the world has become a farm for the improvement of the human species by mechanical methods, when, according to the old Platonic ideal, we breed only from the best, we shall have not Plato's kingdom of philosophers, but a Positivist society regulated by the laws of Political Economy. And yet another authority may be quoted. Dr. Maudsley has stated, and stated clearly, that "the hidden springs of feeling and impulse . . . lie deep in the physical constitution of the individual, and, going still farther back, perhaps in his organic antecedents; assuredly of some criminals, as of some insane persons, it may truly be said that they are born and not made; they go criminal as the insane go mad, because they cannot help it; a stronger power than they can counteract has given the bias of their being." And if these be the utterances of men who have considered the subject from the standpoint of science and philosophy, what is likely to be the temper of ordinary people who catch up such phrases as "hereditary tendency," "cerebral affection," "evolution of conscience," and the like? The converts will always go

further than the original teacher, more especially when conversion is not wholly unproductive of useful results. It is the holder of Church lands who inveighs against the rapacity of ecclesiastics, and there is no such strong incentive to a rapid change of policy as the conviction of its connection with Office. Can it be affirmed that the firm belief in the theory of heredity to be found amongst many who only know Darwin by name and have heard that Mr. Herbert Spencer sometimes writes for the magazines, is not unconnected with a desire to escape the responsibility of their own particular indulgences?

But without attributing any interested views to this latest school of Fatalists, we may at least be allowed to point out that to draw definite conclusions in individual cases is only possible when first principles are firmly established. Many links still require to be supplied in the chain of evidence upon which the theory of Evolution depends. And although those competent to judge agree that qualities may in some sort be transmitted, the kind and amount of the inheritance is still a matter of controversy. While some would have us believe that we can hand on only what we have received, and others that every acquired quality, every chance modification must inevitably descend to our offspring, how can we suppose the mysterious problems of heredity to be a riddle which every child may solve? Surely it would not be strange if a century of patient scientific research were required before the mystery is made clear. And it is, therefore, hardly necessary to point out the rashness of those who are ready to sit down with folded hands in the belief that no effort of theirs can increase or diminish their inherited capital. Why need we believe that because the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, there is therefore no limit to the power which our ancestors wield over our fate? Such a conclusion could only be drawn by those imperfect

logicians who reason that because every one inherits something, therefore everything is inherited. History may repeat itself as in the case of the man, who, when kicked by his son to the threshold of the house, remarked, "I knew you would stop here, because when I was your age I kicked my father to this very place;" but for our own part we should find it difficult to share in the certainty of this much-enduring father.

But an exaggerated belief in a problematical theory, such as that of hereditary transmission, is not the only cause of the decline of the belief in individual responsibility. This materialist age has in these latter days witnessed a marvellous recrudescence of superstition, often masquerading under the guise of scientific research. Our latest school of psychologists have been at much pains to show that the spiritual is but a function of the corporeal, mind but an aspect of matter. So we are left face to face with the further question, what then is matter? Of what is it composed, and with what powers is it endowed? We have long passed the time when it could be supposed to be a motionless, inert mass, a sort of blank resisting body; nor can we any longer be satisfied with the crude, ordinary conception of it as a something incapable of further analysis, or at any rate not needing to be expressed in any simpler terms. No; in an age which is nothing if not scientific, matter presents itself in the guise of atoms, centres of mysterious and incalculable forces, combining, dividing, and recombining, moving in infinite space, a very fairyland of science. Its properties are as occult and mysterious as those of which the old alchemists and magicians had dreamed. What are we to make of Electricity, of Animal-Magnetism, of Will-Power, of Mesmerism? We know not as yet. And thus a sceptical and materialist age bids fair to become more credulous than the most superstitious believer in a spiritual world. Truly Idealism

is justified even of her mutinous children.

It is hardly necessary to give much time to the selection of instances of this widespread faith in the marvellous and the unseen. Mesmerism and Hypnotism have long been fashionable amusements; they fill the pages of our most popular magazines. Doctors are finding it necessary to protest against the abuse of these valuable powers; and the ordinary world, failing to distinguish the true from the false, seems to fancy that the mind which can thus be controlled is at no time responsible for the volitions which it transforms into acts. As a single instance of this mixture of pseudo-science with the wildest absurdities, we will mention a novel which has achieved sufficient popularity to have run through many editions. The writer of *A Romance of Two Worlds* is a woman and a young woman, but she professes to have made a discovery which will revolutionize Christianity and restore its lost faith to the earth. She finds that the universe is a great electric ring of which the Supreme Spirit is the centre, whilst every individual spirit is provided with a certain amount of electricity. "Internally this is the germ of a soul or spirit, and is placed there to be either cultivated or neglected as suits the will of man. . . . Each one of us walks the earth encompassed by an invisible electric ring—wide or narrow, according to our capabilities. Sometimes our rings meet and form one, as in the case of two absolutely sympathetic souls. . . . Sometimes they clash, and storm ensues, as when a strong antipathy between persons causes them almost to loathe each other's presence." Again: "No soul on the earth is complete alone. It is like half a flame that seeks the other half, and is dissatisfied and restless till it attains its object." This twin flame may be found on earth or it may be a spirit of the air; but pass under its influence we must, and not one of our actions is wholly our own. In accordance with this doctrine the heroine,

a sensitive and impressionable woman, gifted apparently with a large stock of this soul-electricity, surrenders herself to the guidance of an angelic being called Azul, who leads her to her twin-soul. How these twin-souls are to make themselves known is not always very clear; their comings and goings are lost in such rapture and ecstasy. But so far as we can make out, an electric thrill felt in the small of the back has a great deal to do with it, and when the rejected suitor approaches the friend of the heroine, an electric current rushing through him strikes him senseless to the ground. True the author's language leaves us in some doubt as to whether our will is electricity or controls electricity; but as our spirit or self is apparently only a developed electric germ, we shall be forced to decide in favour of the former alternative. What then becomes of individual responsibility? Sometimes we are told indeed that this process of soul-cultivation is one which we may neglect, if we will. Yet again it depends for success upon the presence of beautiful objects—and we hear much of “fruits which gleamed amid clusters of glossy dark leaves,” wines which were “a kind of nectar of the gods,” “heavy regal folds parting in twain with noiseless regularity,” and the like. The perfect life then can be possible only to the few. Most men must be content to be mere bodies; it is only the rich who can afford to have souls.

But probably by this time our readers are asking if it be necessary to take this nonsense seriously. Certainly it would never have occurred to us to do so, were it not for the wonderful collection of letters which appears at the end of the latest edition. One correspondent writes to thank the authoress for her book, and adds: “I feel a better woman for the reading of it twice; and I know others too, who are higher

and better women for such noble thoughts and teaching. . . . People for the most part dream away their lives; one meets so few who really believe in electrical affinity.” Another writes that the book “has filled me with envy and wonder”—and the last feeling is indeed not surprising. Again we hear that the result of reading it has been in another case, “a complete and happy change in my ideas of religion”; and when a clergyman writes that it has saved him from suicide, it is impossible to doubt the earnestness of the writer whatever we may think of his sanity. We hardly require further proof of the credulity of this generation, and we no longer wonder at the ease with which it accepts a doctrine depriving it of the power of controlling its actions. Mysticism and the belief in freedom which moral responsibility requires have ever had little in common. And if these latter days are to see the rise of an almost Oriental occultism, it is likely that they will see also such a surrender of individuality as may be seen in the philosophy of India.

And yet after all we are not without hope that a refutation of this doctrine may still be found, and that Original Sin may some day re-appear exactly where it seems to have been lost. Only let a man loose among a hundred mischievous schoolboys on a hot afternoon, and we doubt not that whatever may have been his educational theories he will come away sadder and wiser. There is nothing like personal contact for dispelling the mists of theory. For our own part we confess to a perhaps irrational conviction that there is some connection between originality and wickedness, and that to part with the second might mean the loss of the first. Rather than see the world thus reduced to a dead level of commonplace, we would ourselves set out to discover our lost Original Sin.

THE MANAGEMENT OF LAND.

I consider that the Land Agent's business is to grow the largest produce on the smallest quantity of land. (*Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on Forestry. No. 1935.*)

There are 26,757,000 acres of waste, barren land, mountain, fences, water, &c., in Great Britain. (*Agricultural Statistics for 1884-85.*)

THE two sentences which I have placed at the head of this paper suggest a train of thought, which if not unduly pushed or exaggerated, may perhaps bring useful reflections. I have not chosen the first of them with the view of suggesting that land-agents do not carry out the axiom there laid down for their guidance, any more than I have chosen the second for the object of showing that all the land now classified as waste might be usefully occupied. I claim no right to speak with authority on the former subject; and I only know enough of statistics to recognize that deductions absolutely wrong in their tendency may be made, and unfortunately often are made, from premises which have been carefully ascertained and which are undoubtedly true. But I have placed them in juxtaposition because I venture to think that there is a connection which a closer acquaintance and comparison might improve to their mutual benefit.

We were told the other day in the House of Commons by the Minister of Agriculture that the proportion of the area of cultivable land in Great Britain, devoted to the raising of wheat, had since the year 1869 declined to the extent of 1,437,000 acres; and we were also told to ascribe this state of matters to the fall in the value of wheat brought about by foreign competition, the cheapness and rapidity of transport, and to causes connected

with the currency. The inference was that these causes were more or less beyond our control, and that they might be expected to operate in a similar direction even more strongly in the future than they have done in the past. Here again I express no opinion; but I may be permitted to point out that causes apparently the most remote exercise influences the most powerful and direct. The American Silver Bill, for example, has, by the raising of the exchange value of the Indian rupee, already to some extent neutralized the bounty conferred by its depreciation from par value on the Indian wheat-grower. And the failure of crops in the Argentine Republic, or other disturbing influences, may at any time cause the agricultural barometer in England to rise with unlooked-for rapidity.

In some minds there lurks a deep-seated belief, which occasionally protrudes itself across the luncheon-tables of Agricultural Meetings, that Protection in some form or other is necessary for our relief; in others there exists a doubt, increasing in intensity on each visit to foreign shores, whether all fiscal wisdom is concentrated in our island. Many of the witnesses examined before the Parliamentary Committee on Hops, openly asked for Protection for that industry; and they must have done so knowing that the principle once admitted could not be confined in narrow limits. But some from the fear of losing their seats in Parliament, others from the fear of losing their reputation, such as it is, as men of sense, keep their heretical opinions to themselves. I will content myself by saying that if the convictions of Free Traders are as strong as they are doubtless sincere, there are further directions, which are now be-

side the question, in which they must necessarily be carried. For the present it is enough to consider whether we have done all we can for our country under these altered and accepted conditions; and whether it is the inevitable destiny of our agricultural rents to dwindle down in ever-increasing proportion, of our rural population to desert the country and to concentrate in embarrassing numbers into our towns, while Emigration and Colonization are held to be the one and only panacea for all the ills of fortune.

The question is a serious one. Twenty-seven millions of acres represent roughly one-third of the whole area of Great Britain; and while it may easily be conceded that the occupation of much of this is hopeless and out of the question, it is a reproach, which an individual proprietor at any rate would not complacently accept, that any of our land, which if used might give occupation to a contented people, should not be made available for that purpose. And the question must be answered. If it is not one to be solved by the People, it must be solved by the State. If it is not solved by the State, it must be solved by the People, through the machinery now provided for them in the County Councils.

Some such thoughts as these, marshalled I may hope in better order, must, I think, have passed through the mind of a witness recently examined before the Parliamentary Committee on Emigration and Colonization. That gentleman, while admitting the difficulty to be solved in the congestion of the population, suggested that we had not given sufficient attention to Emigration, Forestry, or Fishing within the confines of our own country. Let us look at them in turn.

On the first of them I shall have very little to say. Every scheme of Migration, as well as of Emigration, should have powerful features to recommend it. For as a rule, the people to whom it is proposed, prefer to retain their holdings, more especially if they

have descended to them for some generations, in comparative discomfort and poverty. Schemes of Emigration therefore depend mainly if not entirely upon the increased attention which is given to Forestry, Fishing, or other enterprise which will give scope and employment to the Emigrants. And I need not, as the Parliamentary Committee is, I understand, to be re-appointed, discuss them further.

But on Forestry I may perhaps be permitted a few words. For it touches very nearly the kernel of the two sentences which I have placed at the head of this paper. To draft them more closely, let us ask whether land-agents—and in this I of course include landed proprietors—have sufficiently invoked the aid of Forestry to enable them to make the best use of their land. I am prepared to be told that it is absurd to urge the outlay of non-productive capital on the part of proprietors already sorely pressed by adverse circumstances. And I would hardly carry the matter further if I were obliged to concede that the outlay was non-productive. But that is exactly where I join issue. If even for half a century there were no direct gains from planting, except those obtained from thinnings—and I do not even concede this point, for there are many trees saleable long before they are fifty years old—yet the outlay is in the highest degree, and in the broadest sense, productive from the outset. Wet land is planted, and the surplus or stagnant moisture is absorbed by the fast spreading roots and fibres of trees adapted of course to the situation. Exposed land is planted, and even brushwood or the wattle screens used for the protection of the young plants break the winds and give shelter to flocks and herds harbouring under the lee. Light and friable land is planted, and "wash" is prevented either by the trees themselves or by the embankments which, drawn across the ravines, afford them holding-ground in the earlier stages of their growth. Most important of all, waste land is

being occupied, not exhaustively, but in a manner calculated in the highest degree to increase its fertility and its ultimate value. As I have pointed out elsewhere, firs are planted in various parts of France to give rest and vigour to land too long cultivated with cereals and other exacting crops.

But I must not omit one aspect of the case, by far the most formidable one with which I have to deal. The greater proportion of the land which could be used for planting already brings in a handsome and easy revenue to its proprietor, as a deer-forest or shooting-ground. And the proprietor here is an individual having inalienable rights in his property, not a Government holding it in trust. It is easy to say that a Government has no conscience to attack, and is not easily dealt with. But conscience has little to do with it, which perhaps is fortunate. For in this matter of Forestry, more perhaps than in any other, the advantages arising at once to the State and to the People are inseparable and recognizable. Eliminating then this matter of conscience, if my readers will permit me the gratification of believing in its existence, I for one would prefer to deal with a Government. For I could point to a host of precedents, not the least conspicuous and potent of which would be drawn from the experiences of our Indian Empire, which would beat down opposition, and, unless theory be preferred to practice, defy argument. Not, be it observed, the experiences of what the world pleasantly calls wise men; on the contrary, the experiences of men once ignorantly hostile, now strenuous, because appreciative, supporters of a Government policy of Forestry.

Here then is my difficulty. And unless concessions are made on the part of proprietors, I own again that it is a formidable one. In Great Britain, moreover, I have not even Crown Forests to point to as a moral. The idea of a Crown Forest is that of a forest within the limits of which

the authority of the Crown is paramount. Here alone State Forestry, the systematic management of forests, is possible. There is no such forest in England; there is no forest in which, even in theory, the Crown has a free hand. The demonstration then of the usefulness of Forestry can only come from the concession of individuals. I do not say that there is no such demonstration. That would mean that the *ryots* of India and the peasant-shepherds of the Alps were more alive to their own interests than cultured Englishmen. And I have visited forests and woods in Scotland whose proprietors have nothing—nothing that is applicable to their own circumstances—to learn from the Continent. But the Government can do much to foster and encourage such concessions. Why not, for example, forego, at any rate for a time, rates and taxes on lands planted but not immediately remunerative? Why not, for example, provide plants for proprietors willing to put them out, at cost price or at no price at all? Why not in short encourage individuals to give Forestry a fair trial by the grant of subsidies direct or indirect to the enterprise?

Some efforts have recently been made in this direction by private bodies both in England and Scotland. In the latter country, Forestry has always existed, and the intention is to widen the sphere of interest taken in the subject by lectures. In England, examinations in Forestry have been imported into the regular course of training for the ideal land-agent. Both are steps which merit attention and support, and which go to prove that in both countries private aid would not be wanting. Official recognition and consolidation are alone necessary to give the matter a fair trial. But I cannot help thinking that the first step is to prepare the way by a map showing the physical features of the country and explaining, for example, where land has gone out of cultivation or where it is cultivated unremuneratively; where

planting such land is likely to succeed; and where local interest is ready to be enlisted in support of such schemes. The dry bones of statistics are all very well, but they may be saved from misapplication, and they would, at any rate, be clothed with more general interest if they were accompanied by explanatory maps. I was in Prussia the other day in the company of a Government official, and I envied the workmanlike map of his district, which he placed at my service in explanation of the questions I asked him regarding the country.

If there are not mutual concessions on the part of the Government and of proprietors, we need not be surprised to learn that the area of waste land in Great Britain is yearly increasing. And if agricultural statistics and Ministerial statements are alike obliged to confess to this fact, some persons whose verdict will be more telling than mine, may suggest the deduction that the aphorism embodying the duties of a land-agent might be more practically exemplified. And some may even dare to say that the Department of Agriculture, while paying attention to what are really minor and in some cases vexatious details, neglects the development of the resources of the soil. It was surely an omission, for example, not to send an official of the Department to the International Congress recently held at Vienna, during the Exhibition of Forestry and Agriculture.

In any case, be the administrators who they may, the administration of the land should be beyond the challenge either of the tenants who pay the rents—for waste land cannot but affect adversely the cultivation in its immediate neighbourhood—or of the general public who have to lament the loss of outlets for labour, and who are ready to lend too attentive an ear to the declamations of pseudo land-reformers. I shall not toy here with such double-edged tools as political considerations place temptingly within my reach. It is a pure question of admin-

istration, private or public, and ultimately an admixture of both. If we have a Department of Agriculture, let it be loyally supported to the greatest extent possible both by County Councils and by private individuals; and let it in return disseminate for the good of all interested the wisdom and the resources of which it is at once the recipient and the dispenser. It will surely be found that, taking the ground of financial economy only, some of our land at present lying waste may be usefully occupied either by agricultural settlements or by plantations.

Let us now for a few moments leave dry ground. The interests of Fishing in such a small country as Switzerland are deemed sufficiently important to entitle them to a separate sub-heading in the Annual Reports of the Ministry of Agriculture. And in our island the rights of the sea-board proprietors and of the sea-board population are, as compared to those which exist in lakes and rivers, of vastly greater importance. For their maintenance or decadence means the vigorous or weakly pulsation of the hearts of our seamen, the first line of our National Defence.

Do we not—I put it interrogatively, for I am here less than ever able to speak with confidence—do we not sail somewhat on the wrong tack in this matter? Do we not clamour for harbours—admittedly most desirable—while we are in the meantime neglecting the fishing-banks, the oyster and mussel-beds, which yield a living to the seamen in whose interests these harbours are required? Wherever I go, on the coasts of England or Scotland, up comes this question in my own mind so persistently that I am forced to think there must be something in it. Here, for example, not two miles from where I am writing, was (I regret to use the past tense) a long-stretching oyster-bed absolutely inexhaustible had it been treated with average fairness. For many years it resisted the combined efforts of four hundred boats, each carrying three men,

to depopulate it. But the demand grew fiercer and more exacting. Foreign purchasers came, buying oysters large and small, mature and immature, not by number, but by the tubful. Little recked the careless and unrestrained fishermen of the welfare of their successors or even of their own. A standard ring was at length produced by the Government officials, and if a man was found with oyster shells in his possession which would slip through this ring, he was fined and his fish confiscated. But the mischief had already been done. There were then very few shells to go through any ring big or little, Government or private. And the number of boats had decreased to some sixteen or seventeen, the occupation of more than a thousand fishermen had gone, and the resources of the Navy and Mercantile Marine had to that extent been impoverished. And the process is not one only of the past. Here again, not two miles away from where I am writing, are stake-nets catching at every tide in their meshes, which, be it noted, are only the size of a shilling, fish big and small, mature and immature. The foreshore is claimed by the lords of the soil, and far out to sea, in places which can only be reached during exceptionally low tides, run the ropework stockades, terminating in a small enclosure or trap. Formerly the nets were banked up with sea-weed and shingle which retained a certain proportion of water and gave a chance of survival to the captives. Now all this is too much trouble and the water ebbs away without restraint, leaving the fish a welcome but wasteful prey to the attendant sea-gulls, who flock to the table thus liberally spread for them twice in the twenty-four hours.

Yet a very little while and, before a regulation make of net is decided on, there will be very few fish to go through any mesh, big or little, Government or private. Brag and Talk are good dogs, but Holdfast is a better. Our acres both of land and sea are not running away; but the thews and sinews, the intelligence and the capital are running, and are encouraged to run with ever-increasing momentum, with such momentum indeed, that so long as they run somewhere the suitability of that somewhere seems a matter of very secondary importance.

I have put these few thoughts together under what I feel to be the ambitious, perhaps the misleading title of the *Management of Land*; and if what I have ventured to say may happily chance to induce even one manager of land in England to evolve out of their crudeness practical shape, and to give to that shape practical effect, I am willing to undergo the charge of presumption. For I, too, have had the honour to belong to a Department of Government Administration, whose chiefs have made a princely property out of the neglected and wasted jungles; and have in so doing encouraged even the weakest of their coadjutors and subordinates to believe that their assistance was sought, and that their labours were exercised in a direction, not perhaps brilliantly conspicuous, but solidly useful, and in a manner which, with an unavoidable appearance of severity, has indubitably commended itself to the approval of the ruled, as well as of the rulers. This, I take it, is the very essence of the *Management of Land* in our own or any other country.

GEORGE CADELL.

THE LITTLE MARQUIS.

HERVÉ DE VERVAINVILLE, Marquis de Saint-Laurent, was at once the biggest and smallest landlord of Calvados, the most important personage of that department and the most insignificant and powerless. Into his cradle the fairies had dropped all the gifts of fortune but those two without which the others taste as ashes—love and happiness. His life was uncoloured by the affections of home, and his days, like his ragged little visage and his dull personality, were vague with the vagueness of negative misery. Of his nurse he was meekly afraid, and his relations with the other servants were of the most distantly polite and official nature. He understood that they were there to do his bidding nominally and compel him actually to do theirs, pending his hour of authority. With a little broken sigh he envied the happiness that he rootedly believed to accompany the more cheerful proportions of the cottager's experience, of which he occasionally caught glimpses in his daily walks, remembering the chill solitude of his own big empty castle and the immense park that seemed an expansion of his imprisonment, including, as part of his uninterrupted gloom, the kindly meadows and woods, the babbling streams and leafy avenues, where the birds sang of joys uncomprehended by him.

Play was as foreign to him as hope. Every morning he gravely saluted the picture of his pretty mother which hung in his bedroom, a lovely picture, hardly real in its dainty old-world charm, arch and frail and innocent, the bloom of whose eighteen years had been sacrificed upon his own coming, leaving a copy washed of all beauty, its delicacy blurred in a half-effaced boyish visage without character or colouring. Of his father Hervé never spoke,—shrinking, with the uncon-

scious pride of race, from the male interloper who had been glad enough to drop an inferior name, and was considered by his friends to have waltzed himself and his handsome eyes into an enviable bondage. And the only return he could make to the house that had so benefited him was a flying visit from Paris to inspect the heir and confer with his son's steward (whose guardian he had been appointed by the old Marquis at his death), and then return to his city pleasures which he found more entertaining than his Norman neighbours.

On Sunday morning little Hervé was conducted to High Mass in the church of Saint-Laurent upon the broad high-road leading to the town of Falaise. Duly escorted up the aisle by an obsequious Swiss in military hat and clanking sword, with a long blonde moustache that excited the boy's admiration, Hervé and his nurse were bowed into the colossal family pew, as large as a moderate sized chamber, roughly carved and running along the flat wide tombs of his ancestors, on which marble statues of knights and medieval ladies lay lengthways. The child's air of melancholy and solitary state was enough to make any honest heart ache, and his presence never failed to waken the intense interest of the simple congregation, and supply them with food for speculation as to his future over their mid-day soup and cider. Hard indeed would it have been to define the future of the little man sitting so decorously in his huge pew, and following the long services in a spirit of almost pathetic conventionality and resignation, only very occasionally relieved by his queer broken sigh that had settled into a trick, or a furtive wandering of his eyes that sought distraction among ancestral epitaphs.

He was not, it must be owned, an

engaging child, though soft-hearted and timidly attracted by animals, whose susceptibilities he would have feared to offend by any uninvited demonstration of affection. He had heard himself described as plain and dull, and thought it his duty to refrain as much as possible from inflicting his presence upon others, preferring loneliness to adverse criticism. But he had one friend who had found him out and taken him to hereequally unhappy and tender heart. The Comtesse de Fresney, a lady of thirty, was like herself miserable and misunderstood. Hervé thought she must be very beautiful for him to love her so devotedly, and he looked forward with much eagerness to the time of her widowhood, when he should be free to marry her.

There was something inexpressibly sad in the drollery of their relations. Neither was aware of the comic element, while both were profoundly impressed with the sadness. Whenever a fair, a race, or a company of strolling players took the tyrannical Count away from Fresney, a messenger was at once despatched to Saint-Laurent, and gladly the little Marquis trotted off to console his friend.

One day Hervé gave expression to his matrimonial intentions. The Countess, sitting with her hands in her lap, was gazing gloomily out of the window when she turned, and said, sighing: "Do you know, Hervé, that I have never even been to Paris?"

Hervé did not know, and was not of an age to measure the frightful depth of privation confessed. But the Countess spoke in a sadder voice than usual and, in response to her sigh, his childish lips parted in his own vague little sigh.

"When I am grown up I'll take you to Paris, Countess," he said, coming near, and timidly fondling her hand.

"Yes, Hervé," said the Countess, and she stooped to kiss him.

"M. le Comte is so old that he will probably be dead by that time, and then I can marry you, Countess, and

you will live always at Saint-Laurent. You know it is bigger than Fresney."

"Yes, Hervé," said the Countess musingly, thinking of her lost years and dead dreams, as she stared across the pleasant landscape.

Hervé regarded himself as an engaged gentleman from that day. The following Sunday he studied the epitaph on the tomb of the last Marquis, his grandfather, who had vanished into the darkness of an unexplored continent with note-book and scientific intent, to leave his bones to whiten in the desert and the name of a brave man to adorn his country's annals. Hervé was all excitement to learn from the Countess the precise meaning of the words *distinguished* and *explorer*.

"Countess," he hurried to ask, "what is it to be distinguished?"

"It is greatly to do great things, Hervé."

"And what does *explorer* mean?"

"To go far away into the unknown; to find out unvisited places, and teach others how much larger the world is than they imagine."

This explanation thrilled new thoughts and ambition in the breast of the little Marquis. Why should not he begin at once to explore the world, and see for himself what lay beyond the dull precincts of Saint-Laurent? He then would become distinguished like his grandfather, and the Countess would be proud of him. The scheme hurried his pulses, and gave him his first taste of excitement, which stood him in place of a very small appetite. He watched his moment in the artful instinct of childhood with a scheme in its head. It was not difficult to elude a careless nurse and gossiping servants, and he knew an alley by which the broad straight road leading from the castle to the town might be reached over a friendly stile that involved no pledge of secrecy from an untrustworthy lodge-keeper. And away he was scampering along the hedge, drunk with excitement and the glory of his own unprotected state,

drunk with the spring sunshine and the smell of violets that made breathing a bliss.

Picture a tumble-down town with a quantity of little streets breaking unexpectedly into glimpses of green meadow and foliage; rickety omnibuses jerking and rumbling upon uncouth wheels, mysteriously held by their drivers from laying their contents upon the jagged pavements; little old-fashioned squares washed by runlets for paving divisions, with the big names of *La Trinité*, *Saint-Gervais*, *Guillaume le Conquérant*, and the *Grand Turc*,—the latter the most unlikely form of heretic ever to have so shaken the equilibrium of the quaint town; a public fountain, a marketplace, many-aisled churches smelling of damp and decay, their fretted arches worn with age and their pictures bleached of all colour by the moist stone; primitive shops, latticed windows, asthmatical old men in blouses and night-caps in which they seem to have been born and in which they promise to die; girls in linen towers and starched side-flaps concealing every curl and wave of their hair, their *sabots* beating the flags with the click of castenets; groups of idle hussars, moustached and menacing, strutting the dilapidated public gardens like walking arsenals, the eternal cigarette between their lips and the everlasting *sapristi* and *sacré* upon them. Throw in a *curé* or two, wide-hatted, of leisured and benevolent aspect, with a smile addressed to the world as a general *mon enfant*; an *abbé*, less leisured and less assured of public indulgence; a discreet *frère*, whose hurrying movements shake his robes to the dimensions of a balloon; an elegant *sous-préfet*, conscious of Parisian tailoring and much in request in provincial *salons*; a wooden-legged colonel, devoted to the memory of the first Napoleon, and wrathful at that of him of Sedan; a few civilians of professional calling, deferential to the military and in awe of the colonel; the local gossip and shop-keeper on Trinity Square,

Mère Lescaut, who knows everything about everybody, and the usual group of antagonistic politicians. For the outskirts, five broad roads diverging star-wise from a common centre, with an inviting simplicity of aspect that might tempt the least adventurous spirit of childhood to make by one of those pleasant, straight and leafy paths for the alluring horizon. Add the local lion, Great William's Tower, a very respectable Norman ruin, where a more mythical personage than William might easily have been born, and which might very well hallow more ancient loves than those of Robert and the washerwoman Arletta; a splendid equestrian statue of the Conqueror, and a quantity of threads of silver water running between mossy banks, where women in mountainous caps of linen wash clothes, and the violets in spring and autumn grow so thickly that the air is faint with their sweet scent. Afar, green field upon green field stretching on all sides till the atmospheric blue blots out their colour and melts them into the sky; sudden spaces of wood making shadows upon the bright plains and dusty roads, fringed with poplars, cutting uninterrupted paths to the horizon.

The weekly fair was being held on the Place de la Trinité when Hervé made his way so far. The noise and jollity stunned him. Long tables were spread round, highly coloured and decorated with a variety of objects, and good-humoured cleanly Norman women in caps, and men in blue blouses, were shouting exchanged speech or wrangling decorously. Hervé thrust his hands into his pockets in a pretence of security, like that assumed by his elders upon novel occasions, though his pulses shook with unaccustomed force and velocity; and he walked round the tables with uneasy impulses towards the toys and sweetmeats, and thought a ride on the merry-go-round would be an enviable sensation. But these temptations he gallantly resisted, as unbecoming his serious business. Women smiled upon

him, and called him, *Ce joli petit monsieur*, a fact which caused him more surprise than anything else, having heard his father describe him as ugly. He bowed to them when he rejected their offers of toys and penknives, but could not resist the invitation of a fresh cake, and held his hat in one hand while he searched in his pocket to pay for it. Hervé made up for his dulness by a correctness of demeanour that was rather depressing than captivating.

Munching his cake with a secret pleasure in this slight infringement of social law, he wandered upon the skirt of the noisy and good-natured crowd, which in the settlement of its affairs was lavish in smiles and jokes. What should he do with his liberty and leisure when his senses had tired of this particular form of intoxication? He bethought himself of the famous tower which Pierrot, the valet, had assured him was the largest castle in the world. Glancing up the square he saw the old wooden-legged Colonel limping towards him, and Hervé promptly decided that so warlike a personage could not fail to be aware of the direction in which the tower lay. He barred the Colonel's way with his hat in his hand, and said: "Please Monsieur, will you be so good as to direct me to the castle of William the Conqueror?"

The Colonel heard the soft tremulous pipe, and brought his fierce glare down upon the urchin with hawk-like penetration. Fearful menace seemed to lie in the final tap of his wooden leg upon the pavement as he came to a standstill in front of Hervé, and he cleared his chest with a loud military sound like *boom*. Hervé stood the sound, but winced and repeated his request more timidly. Now this desperate-looking soldier had a kindly heart and loved children. He had not the least idea that his loud *boom*, and his shaggy eyebrows, and his great scowling red face frightened the life out of them. A request from a child so small and feeble to be directed to anybody's cas-

tle, much less the Conqueror's, when so many strong and idle arms in the world must be willing to carry him, afflicted him with an almost maternal throb of tenderness. By his smile he dispersed the unpleasant impressions of his *boom* and the click of his artificial limb, and completely won Hervé's confidence, who was quite pleased to find his thin little fingers lost in the grasp of his new companion's large hand, when the giant in uniform turned and volunteered to conduct him to the tower. Crossing the Square of Guillaume le Conquérant, Hervé even became expansive.

"Look, Monsieur," he cried, pointing to the beautiful bronze statue, "one would say that the horse was about to jump and throw the knight."

The Colonel slapped his chest like a man insulted in the person of a glorious ancestor, and emitted an unusually gruff *boom*, that nearly blew little Hervé to the other side of the square and made his lips tremble.

"I'd like, young sir, to see the horse that could have thrown that man," said the Norman.

"There was a Baron of Vervainville when Robert was Duke of Normandy. He went with Robert to the Crusades. The Countess has told me that only very distinguished and brave people went to the Crusades in those days. They were wars, Monsieur, a great way off. I often try to make out what is written on his tomb in Saint-Laurent, but I can never get further than Geoffroi," Hervé concluded, with his queer short sigh, while in front of them rose the mighty Norman ruin upon the landscape, like the past glancing poignantly through an ever youthful smile.

The Colonel, enlightened by this communication upon the lad's identity, stared at him in alarmed surprise.

"Is there nobody in attendance upon M. le Marquis?" he asked.

"I am trying to be an explorer like my grandpapa; that is why I have run away at once. I am obliged to you, Monsieur, but it is not necessary

that you should give yourself the trouble to come further with me. I shall be able to find the way back to the Place de la Trinité."

The Colonel was dubious as to his right to accept dismissal. The sky looked threatening, and he hardly believed that he could in honour forsake the child. But, *sapristi!* there were the unread papers down from Paris waiting for him at his favourite haunt, the Café du Grand Turc, to be discussed between generous draughts of cider. He tugged his grey moustache in divided feelings, and at last came to a decision with the aid of his terrible boom. He would deliver the little Marquis into the hands of the *concierge* of the tower, and after a look in upon his cronies at the Grand Turc and a glass of cider, hasten to Saint-Laurent in search of proper authority.

Hervé was a decorous sightseer, who left others much in the dark as to his private impressions of what he saw. The tower, he admitted, was very big and cold. He did not think it would give him much satisfaction to have been born in the chill cavernous chamber wherein William had first seen the light, while the bombastic lines upon the conquest of the Saxons, read to him in a strong Norman accent, gave him the reverse of a desire to explore that benighted land. With his hands in his pockets he stood and peeped through the slit in the stone wall, nearly as high as the clouds, whence Robert is supposed to have detected the charming visage of Arletta, washing linen below, with a keenness of sight nothing less diabolical than his name.

"I couldn't see anybody down so far, could you?" he asked; and then his attention was caught by the big rain-drops that were beginning to fall in black circles upon the unroofed stone stairs. The *concierge* watched the sky a moment, then lifted Hervé into his arms and hurried down the innumerable steps to the shelter of his own cosy parlour. Excitement and fatigue were telling upon the child, who looked nervous and scared.

The rain-drops had gathered the force and noise of several water-falls pouring from the heavens with diluvian promise. Already the landscape was drenched and blotted out of view. An affrighted peasant, in *sabots* large enough to shelter the woman and her family of nursery rhyme, darted down the road, holding a coloured umbrella as big as a tent. The roar of thunder came from afar, and a flash of lightning broke through the vapoury veil, making Hervé blink like a distracted owl caught by the dawn. Oh, if he were only back safely at Saint-Laurent, or could hold the hand of his dear Countess! No, he would not explore any more until he was a grown-up man. A howl of thunder and a child's feeble cry—

Meanwhile confusion reigned in the castle. Men and women flew hither and thither, screaming blame upon each other. In an agony of apprehension the butler ordered the family coach and was driven into town, wondering how M. le Vervainville would take the news if anything were to happen to remove the source of his wealth and local importance. *Parbleu!* he would not be the man to tell him. Crossing the Place de la Trinité, he caught sight of Mère Lescaut gazing out upon the deluged square. In a happy inspiration he determined to consult her, and while he was endeavouring to make his knock heard above the tempest and to shield his eyes from the glare of the lightning flashes, Mère Lescaut thrust her white cap out through the upper half of the shop door, and screamed, "You are looking for M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent, and I saw him cross the square with Colonel Larousse this afternoon."

"*Diable! Diable!*" roared the distracted butler. "I passed the Colonel on the road an hour ago."

The endless moments lost in adjuring the gods, in voluble faith in calamity, in imprecations at the storm and shivering assertions of discomfort which never mend matters, and at last the dripping colonel and swearing

butler meet. M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent and Baron de Vervainville was found asleep amid the historic memories of Robert and Arletta.

This escapade brought M. de Vervainville down from Paris with a new tutor. The tutor was very young, very modern, and very cynical. He was not in the least interested in Hervé, though rather amused when, on the second day of their acquaintance, the boy asked—"Monsieur, are you engaged to be married?" The tutor was happy to say that he had not that misfortune.

"Is it then a misfortune? I am very glad that I am engaged, though I have heard my nurse say that married people are not often happy."

The tutor thought it not improbable such an important personage as the Marquis de Saint-Laurent had been officially betrothed to some desirable *parti* of infant years, and asked her age and name.

"The Countess de Fresney. She is not a little girl, and at present her husband is alive, but I daresay he will be dead soon. You know, Monsieur, she is a great deal older than I am, but I shall like that much better. It will not be necessary for me to learn much, for she will know everything for me, and I can amuse myself. I will take you to see her to-morrow. She is very beautiful,—but not so beautiful as my mamma—and I love her very dearly."

It occurred to the cynical tutor that the Countess might be bored enough in this uncheerful place to take an interest in so captivating a person as himself. But when they arrived at Fresney they learnt that the Countess was seriously ill. Hervé began to cry when he was refused permission to see his friend, and at that moment M. le Comte, an erratic, middle-aged tyrant, held in mortal terror by his dependants, burst in upon him with a vigorous—"Ho, ho! the little Marquis, my rival. Come hither, sirrah, and let me run the sword of vengeance through your body."

And the merry old rascal began to roll his eyes, and mutter strange guttural sounds for his own amusement and Hervé's fright.

"I do not care if you do kill me, M. le Comte," the boy sobbed. "You are a wicked man, and it is because you make dear Madame unhappy that she is so ill. You are as wicked and ugly as the ogre in the story she gave me last Christmas. But she will get well, and you will die, and then I will marry her, and she will never be unhappy any more."

"Take him away before I kill him—the insolent little jackanapes! In love with a married woman, and telling it to her husband! Ho, ho! so I am an ogre! Very well, let me make a meal of you." With that he produced an orange and offered it to Hervé, who turned on his heel, and stumbled out of the room, blinded with tears.

But the Countess did not get well. She sent for Hervé one day, and kissed him tenderly.

"My little boy, my little Hervé, you will soon be alone again. But you will find another friend, and by and by you will be happy."

"Never, never, if you die, Countess. I shall not care for anything, not even for my new pony, though it has such a pretty white star on its forehead. I do not want to grow up, and I shall never be married now nor—nothing," he cried, with quivering lips.

That evening his friend died, and the news was brought to Hervé as he and the tutor sat over their supper. Hervé pushed away his plate, and took his scared and desolate little heart to the solitude of his own room. During the night the tutor was awakened by his call.

"Monsieur, please to tell me what happens when people die."

"*Ma foi*, there is nothing more about them," cried the tutor.

"And what are those who do not die supposed to do?"

"To moderate their feelings,—and go to sleep."

"But I cannot sleep, Monsieur. I

am very unhappy. Oh, I wish it had been the Count. Why doesn't God kill wicked persons? Is it wicked to wish the Count to be dead, Monsieur?"

"Very."

"Then I must be dreadfully wicked, for I would like to kill him myself, if I were big and strong."

At breakfast next day he asked if people did not wear very black clothes when their friends died, and indited a curious epistle to his father begging permission to wear the deepest mourning for the lady he was to have married. Vested in black, his little mouse-coloured head looked more pitiful and vague than ever, as he sat out the long funeral service in the church of Saint Gervais, and lost himself in endless efforts to count the candles and understand what the strange catafalque and velvet pall in the middle of the church meant, and what had become of the Countess.

After the burial his tutor took him to the cemetery. The bereaved child carried a big wreath to lay upon the grave of his departed lady-love. Kneeling there, upon the same mission, was M. le Comte, shedding copious tears and apostrophising the dead he had made it a point to wound in life. Hervé knelt opposite him, and stared at him indignantly. Why should he cry? The Countess had not loved him, nor had he loved the Countess. The boy flung himself down on the soft earth, and began to sob bitterly. The thought that he would never again see his lost friend took full possession of him for the first time, and he wanted to die himself. Disturbed by this passionate outbreak, the Count rose, brushed the earth from his new trousers with a mourning pocket-handkerchief already drenched with his tears, and proceeded to lift Hervé.

"The dear defunct was much attached to you, little Marquis," he said, and began to wipe away Hervé's tears with the handkerchief made sacred by his own. "You were like a son to her."

"I don't want you to dry my eyes,

Monsieur," Hervé exploded, bursting from his enemy's arms. "I do not like you, and I always thought you would die soon, and not Madame. It isn't just, and I will not be friends with you. I shall hate you always for you are a wicked man, and you were cruel to Madame."

The Count, who was not himself accounted sane by his neighbours, looked at the amused and impassable tutor, and significantly touched his forehead.

"Hereditary," he muttered, and stood to make way for Hervé.

The birds were singing deliciously, the late afternoon sunshine gathered above the quiet trees (made quieter by here and there an unmovable cypress and a melancholy yew, fit symbols of the rest of death) into a pale golden mist shot with slanting rays of light, and the violets' was the only scent to shake by suggestion the sense of soothing negation of all emotion or remembrance. Out upon the road, running like a broad ribbon to the town, unanimated in the gentle illumination of the afternoon, the tutor and Hervé met the Colonel limping along, one might imagine, upon the sound of a prolonged *boom*. Hervé's tears were dried, but his face looked sorrowful and stained enough to spring tears of sympathy to any kind eyes. The Colonel drew up, touched his cap, and uttered his customary signal with more than his customary gruffness. Hervé stood his ground firmly, though he winced, for he was a delicate child unused to rough sounds.

"How goes it, M. le Marquis? How goes it?" shouted the Colonel.

"M. le Colonel, it goes very badly with me, but I try to bear it. My tutor tells me that men do not fret; I wish I knew how they manage not to do so when they are sad. I did want to grow up soon, and explore the world like my grandpapa, and then I should have married the Countess of Fresney if her husband were dead. But now everything is different, and I don't even want to see the tower of

William the Conqueror again. I don't want to grow up. I don't want anything now."

"Poor little man!" said the Colonel, patting his shoulder. "You've lost a friend, but you will gain others, and perhaps you'll be a great soldier one of these days, like the little Corporal."

Hervé shook his head dolorously. He saw nothing ahead but unpleasant lessons varied by sad excursions to the Countess's grave.

The unhappy little Marquis was moping and fading visibly. He could not be got to take an interest in his lessons, and he proudly strove to conceal the fact that he was afraid of his tutor's mocking smile. The news of his ill-health reached M. de Vervainville in Paris, and at once brought that alarmed gentleman down to Falaise. On Hervé's life depended his town luxuries and his importance as a landed proprietor. Was there anything his son wished for? Hervé reflected awhile, then raised his mouse-coloured head and sighed his own little sigh. He thought he should like to see Colonel Larousse. And so it came that one morning, staring out of the window, the boy saw a familiar military figure limping up the avenue. Hervé's worried small countenance almost glowed with expectation as he rushed to welcome his visitor, the sound of whose *boom* and the tap of his wooden leg upon the parquet, as well as his dreadful shaggy eye-brows, seemed even cheerful.

"Do you think, Monsieur," Hervé asked gravely, "that you would mind having for a friend such a very little boy as I?"

The Colonel cleared his throat and felt his eyes required the same operation, though he concealed that fact from Hervé.

"*Boom! Touchez là, mon brave.*"

Never yet had Hervé heard speech so hearty and so republican. It astonished him and filled him with a sense of perfect ease and trust. It was like a free breath in oppressive etiquette,—the child-prince's first mud-

pie upon the common road of humanity. Hervé became excited, and confided to the Colonel that his father had ordered a toy sailing-boat for him, and that there was going to be a ball at Saint-Laurent in honour of his birthday, though he was not quite sure that he would enjoy that so much as the boat, for he had never danced and could not play any games like other children. Still, if Colonel Larousse would come, they could talk about soldiers. Come? Of course the Colonel came, looking in his brushed uniform as one of the heroes home from Troy, and Hervé admired him prodigiously.

The birthday ball was a great affair. Guests came all the way from Caen and Lisieux, and Hervé, more bewildered than elated, stood beside his splendid father to receive them. Ladies in lovely robes, shedding every delicate scent like flowers, petted him, and full-grown men, looking at these ladies, made much of him. They told him that he was charming, but he did not believe them. One cannot be both ugly and charming, little Hervé thought, with much bitterness and an inclination to cry. Their compliments gave him the same singular sensations evoked by the tutor's smile.

"I do not know any of these people," he said sadly to Colonel Larousse. "I don't think a ball very cheerful, do you? It makes my head ache to hear so many strange voices and feel so much smaller than anybody else. My papa amuses himself, but I would like to run away to my boat."

"*Boom! Mon camarade, a soldier sticks to his post.*"

Hervé sighed, and thought if the Countess had been here that he would have sat beside her all the evening and have held her hand. And the knowledge that he would never again hold her hand, and that so many long weeks had passed since fond lips had kissed his face and a sweet voice had called him "Little Hervé, little boy," brought tears of desperate self-pitying pain to his eyes. In these large illuminated *salons*, vexed with the mingled

odours of flowers and scented skirts, by the scraping of fiddles and the flying feet of laughing dancers, un-mindful of him as other than a queer quiet boy in velvet and Alençon lace, with a plain gray little face and owlish eyes that never smiled, Hervé felt more alone than ever he had felt since the Countess's death.

Stealthily he made his escape through the long open window and ran down the dewy lawn. How gratefully the cool air tasted and the lovely stillness of the night after the aching brilliancy within! Hervé assured himself that it was a pleasant relief, and hoped there would not be many more balls at the castle.

The lake fringed the lawn, and moored against the branches of a weeping willow was his toy-boat just as he had left it in the afternoon. It would look so pretty, he believed, sailing under the rising moon that touched the water silver and the blue stars that showed so peacefully upon it. He unknotted the string, and gaily the little boat swam out upon his impulsion. If only the Countess could come back to him, he thought, with his boat he would be perfectly happy. "But I am so alone among them all," he said to himself, with his broken sigh. "I wish somebody loved me as little children are loved by their mammas."

The boat had carried away the string

from his loose grasp, and he reached out his arm upon the water to recover it. A soft, moist bank, a small eager foot upon it, a frame easily tilted by an unsteady movement, the dark water broken into circling bubbles upon a child's shrill cry of terror and closing impassably over the body of poor forlorn little Hervé and his pretty velvet suit and Alençon lace,—this is what the stars and the pale calm moon saw; and over there upon the further shore of the lake floated the toy-boat as placidly as if it had worked no treachery and had not led to the extinction of an illustrious name and race.

"Where is M. le Marquis?" demanded M. de Vervainville, interrupting an enchanting moment upon discovering his son's absence from the *salon*.

A search, a hurry, a scare,—music stopped, wine-glasses at the buffet laid down untouched, ices rejected, fear and anxiety upon every face. M. le Marquis is not in the *salons*, nor in the tutor's apartment, nor in his own. The grounds are searched, "Hervé" and "M. le Marquis" ringing through the silence unanswered. His boat was found and the impress of small footsteps upon the wet bank. M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent and Baron de Vervainville was drowned.

HANNAH LYNCH.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In the preface to the first volume of his *History of the Great Civil War*, Mr. Gardiner apologizes for his battle-pieces. "I cannot," he writes, "describe battles which I have not seen as if I had." The apology was not needed. Mr. Gardiner has done quite enough to satisfy all reasonable demands from a writer who is no professed historian of military affairs, and to whose plan of work the most famous victory is less important than its consequences. As a general rule the more elaborately and circumstantially battles are described the more unintelligible are they to the reader. Mr. Gardiner has pertinently observed that to describe a battle as if he had seen it is no part of a historian's duty. He might have added that, by common consent of all who have made the experiment, few things are harder to do well than to describe a battle that you have seen, especially in days so profuse of villainous saltpetre as these, when in literal verity "all the war is rolled in smoke." Few men have been more successful at this work than Dr. Russell, and this is his conclusion of the matter: "Not even the general who directs the operations can describe a battle. It is proverbially impossible to do so. Who can hope to satisfy every officer engaged, when each colonel sees only what is done by his own men, and scarcely knows even where the next regiment is? He beholds but the enemy before him and that small portion of the regiment which may be next to him at the time." And he then frankly owns that he had made more than one mistake in his account of the battle of the Alma. Many years ago I talked with a private of Hussars who had ridden in the famous Light Cavalry charge at Balaclava.

Out of that terrible hurly-burly he seemed able to remember nothing clearly save that, as they neared the Russian guns, the colonel turned in his saddle to rebuke the men for their language which, perhaps excusably enough in the circumstances, had grown somewhat free.

Elsewhere Mr. Gardiner comments on another of the historian's difficulties, which indeed is but a variation of the same—the topographical difficulty. He conscientiously visited the scenes of Montrose's six great victories over the Covenanters, and even with all the help that local antiquaries (always the most obliging of men) could give him he feels himself compelled to warn his readers not to trust him too implicitly. Modesty is never misplaced; but readers are likely to be as safe with Mr. Gardiner as with any man. Yet the battle-field is commonly a more difficult business than the battle, especially if it be one of those far-off things of which the Highland Reaper sang. The old narrators were very careless of these matters, and very confused in their language, even when themselves had played a part, and an important part, in their story. The colouring of tradition must also be allowed for, and the whims of the local antiquary, who is sometimes obstinate as well as obliging. There are the changes and chances of civilization, too, planting, building, and the like. Mr. Gardiner tells us that the ground where Montrose won his victory at Aberdeen over the Covenanting Lords of the North is now covered with streets and houses. Philiphaugh, where the tables were turned on the Great Marquis by David Leslie is part of a private park, through which, however, the owner courteously allows free right

of way to all who are lucky enough to learn that their way lies there, which they will do from no guide-book that I know of. Macaulay affords a capital instance of this difficulty in his narrative of the battle of Killiecrankie, and, it must be added, without the excuse that the historian of Aberdeen and Philiphaugh might have pleaded. Twice he visited the scene of Dundee's victory and death, the famous pass up which Mackay's army toiled only to descend it at a much quicker rate, the level land and low hills at the top where the two races met in mortal shock, Celt and Saxon, Highlander and Lowlander. No man was ever Macaulay's master in taking pains, and very few have ever brought their pains to better profit. And yet with all his trouble he went wrong, supposing the claymores to have scattered the redcoats on the level ground at the head of the pass, instead of on the lower slope of the hills to the right. It is curious that among the many experts who have laboured to confound Macaulay, no one of them should hitherto have blundered on this handsome opportunity.

Such are the perils that wait for the serious historian, when armed cap-à-pie for his work with all that patient study, natural sagacity, and local learning can avail to keep him straight. And the mere traveller has his perils too, who only seeks to gratify a romantic curiosity, some idle taste for the Passion of the Past. There is his guide-book, and of Mr. Murray's guide-books no one should say a bad word. But it is notorious that these excellent works, crammed with all that history, archæology, and romance can teach them, invariably fail, and perhaps inevitably fail, to supply just the one thing needful. When you reach your destination they tell you all that the mind of reasonable man can desire; but they do not much help you to attain that goal. Then you have to ask your way of the native, and then arise mutual misunderstandings, the source of infinite merriment hereafter,

but at the time grievous to be borne. Comparatively small as is this kingdom of Great Britain it holds many tongues which not even a gift such as that granted to the apostles of old will always enable the stranger to comprehend. My friend K. (should he chance to light upon these leaves) will recall a walk along the coast of Haddingtonshire one fine day in a summer not long past. Our aim was that extraordinary ruin known as Fast Castle, from which Sir Walter is supposed (though apparently without much reason) to have taken his idea of Wolf's Crag. We were at our wits' end, but not our journey's. The last human habitation was some miles behind us, and not easy miles. The hills were on three sides of us and on the fourth the sea. The world, in short, was all before us, and Providence our only guide. We knew that we must be somewhere near the place, but how near, or over which hill the path lay, we knew no more than the Master of Ravensworth knew how to provide a dinner for his guests. But we were not to be without our Caleb Balderstone. Going on we became aware of a small farm in a hollow of the hills, and presently of an old man with long white hair and beard, and in his dress and general appearance something of the Cove-nanter and something of the smuggler about him—the illustration is intended in no disparagement, for, though it suggests ideas of Mr. Thomas Trumbull, our friend, I am sure, had nothing else in common with the owner of the Jumping Jenny. K. proceeded to explain our difficulties to this hoary elder, while I leaned over a gate to listen. It was a comical interview. Never was there a more obliging old patriarch. He poured out all his knowledge in a strange sort of rhythmical chant that rose and fell like some Runic incantation. All I could distinguish was (apparently) the word *Dolore* repeated at intervals in a prolonged sort of wail. However, he seemed vastly pleased both with himself and my friend, and at least his

good intentions were obvious. But, though K. vowed that he could understand his informant, and we certainly did find our way, to this moment I believe, and always shall believe, that it was the instinct of travellers, considerably helped by luck, that eventually landed us at the castle.

A grim place this Fast Castle even now in its ruin; when men lived there, it must have been the darkest, gloomiest, wickedest of all places where those old robber-lords heard the mouse cheep. Hermitage has an evil look in fit keeping with its memories of the wizard Lord Soulis, the Dark Knight of Liddesdale, and the ruffian Bothwell. Its massive walls, still rearing their unbroken strength in that lonely waste, dimly lighted with a few narrow windows pierced high above all chance of escalade, and allowing access only through two small postern-doors, as though jealously guarding the bloody secrets of its fierce masters; the roofless, grass-grown ruin within where a few wild flowers blooming from the mouldering stones but make the desolation more complete—

Something ails it now; the place is cursed.

And yet even Hermitage, I think, haunts the imagination less than Fast Castle. From the sea, says Sir Walter, "it is more like the nest of some gigantic roc or condor than a dwelling for human creatures, being so completely allied in colour and rugged appearance with the huge cliffs amongst which it seems to be jammed, that it is difficult to discover what is rock and what is building." It looks much the same from the land, perched on a little promontory half-way down a steep cliff the upper part of which is covered partly with heather and partly with a scanty crop of oats. From the land side the only access is by a natural bridge of rock that can never have been more than a few feet wide, and is now so broken that it needs a strong head and firm step to carry the curious visitor across when the waves are roaring on either side of him a hundred

feet or more below. As something more than a capful of wind was blowing straight across this perilous path on the day of my visit, I did not make the passage; but my more venturesome companion crawled across on hands and knees. There was nothing to see, he said, that could not be seen just as well from the land; a fragment of the small keep, a few fragments of the flanking wall,—that is all. Of old there must have been access from the sea; but it can only have been available in calm weather, as the full force of the German Ocean beats on those iron rocks, and safe riding even for the smallest boat there is none. No one knows when it was built or by whom. It was once a stronghold of the Earls of Home, and was many times lost and won in the old Border wars, always by surrender or surprise, for a handful of men could have held it against an army while the provisions lasted. More than a handful indeed it could hardly have housed, for close as men were used to pack in those rugged days, it would surely have puzzled more than a dozen men-at-arms to find quarters in it. Fast Castle might have been set down, keep, flanking walls and all, in the inner ward of Norham without unduly crowding Heron's garrison. How they brought their horses in and out, or where they stabled them, is a mystery. It is hard work scrambling down to it for a tolerably active footman, even with the help of the rough steps that have been cut in the steepest part of the hill-side. No horseman could possibly come within a quarter of a mile of it. But how it was built at all is a stranger mystery still; how the materials were conveyed there, how the foundations were laid. The walls rise almost everywhere sheer from the rocks, which in their turn slope almost sheer to the sea. It must have been piled, one fancies, not by the hands of giants, but of spirits, and of monstrous evil spirits too. Apart from standing for the original of Wolf's

Crag (which is, as I have said, but a fanciful supposition, insomuch as Sir Walter always vowed that he had never seen it but from the sea), Fast Castle is best known as the home of the notorious Logan of Restalrig, and would have been known as the prison, and possibly as the grave, of the young king, had the Gowrie conspiracy been carried through. The Ruthvens, so the story goes, had bribed Logan with the promise of Dirleton Castle, on which the old ruffian had set his heart. "I care not for all the other land I have in the kingdom if I may grip of Dirleton, for I esteem it the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland." And a pretty place it certainly is; but it was never to be Logan's.

But to return from the romance of the past to the living troubles of the present. After a few more experiences of this sort we took counsel to address the natives in their own tongue. Sir Walter's novels and the glossary to a copy of Burns's poems that we had prudently taken with us, helped us to a vocabulary, and for accent we trusted to our ears and to Mercury, the patron of travellers. K. was to be spokesman, who had the larger confidence and more imposing presence. But we never gave ourselves a fair trial; our first experiment came to such a humiliating conclusion, that even K. had not heart to make another. We were walking from Selkirk to Newark on such a day as that which stirred the old Harper's soul to song:

When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve with balmy breath
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throistles sung in Hare-head shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh.

We were crossing Carterhaugh, and wished to ask the name of a house whose turrets rose from the woods on the further bank of the Ettrick. A pleasant-faced man was coming down the road with a few sheep, and, after a hasty rehearsal, K. (who has also a pleasant face) marched cheerfully up to him. Our Scotch was every whit as

good as much that does duty in the pages of fiction, and for accent,—well, the best proof is that the man stared as one not comprehending. For he was a Southron, even as ourselves, or even more so. We tried to console ourselves with a pretty fancy that he was Tynedale Snatcher driving a prey, but there was little heart in our jest.

Sometimes, too, the pilgrim suffers from the very abundance of the information bestowed upon him. Instead of being allowed to put the questions he wants answered, a flood of instruction is poured on him about it and about it, till his real point and the road to it is completely lost in the number and variety of the objects he may, can, should and must visit by the way; in a word, he cannot see the wood for the trees. At Flodden, where we found ourselves not long after the rebuff on Carterhaugh, we suffered much from this amiable profusion. We had driven from Kelso, and had overshot our mark. Our driver was a civil and intelligent fellow, but he knew no more than we did where the battle had been fought. Fortunately there lived in a cottage hard by a man evidently accustomed to be pestered by curious travellers. A more learned or obliging guide Mr. Gardiner himself could not have desired. He first mapped out the whole line of the Cheviots, of which Flodden is an outlying spur; an easy digression brought in the fight on the neighbouring hill of Homildon, where the unlucky Tyneman vindicated his name by the loss of an eye; it was only by a sternness amounting almost to discourtesy that we managed to keep clear of the Tyneman's subsequent exploits at Shrewsbury, and brought our informant down to Flodden. Here the waters were let loose indeed. The causes which led to the battle, Lady Heron's treachery and James's romantic folly, the disposition of the two armies, where Howard crossed the Till and where Surrey, what the captain of the Scottish artillery said to the King and how he was answered, the ground where the

battle joined ("awfully at the sound of the trumpet," as Pitscottie says), how nobly Huntley behaved and how scurvily Home, the spot where James fell—my Uncle Toby himself never fought a battle with more circumstance. But the one thing he could not, or would not tell us, was by what road to get to the scene of these high achievements. Every simple question on this head started him on a fresh discourse; and it was only by incidentally discovering the name of the inn where our horses were to bait that we got a clue to the quarter where our goal lay. That inn, I may observe for the benefit of future pilgrims as helpless as ourselves, is the Bluebell, and their proper goal is not the hill of Flodden but the village of Branxton (called in the old chronicles Bramston or Brampton), some two miles to the north. Most pilgrims, however, come probably from Coldstream or Cornhill, where they would be more likely to be put in the right road than at Kelso.

It is all plain sailing when you have reached Branxton. The field lies clear before you, and the place of the battle easy enough to understand. Easy is it also to appreciate the fatal blunder James made in allowing Surrey a free passage across the river. But it is not so easy to see how in the circumstances he could have hindered him. I suspect that the story of James's chivalrous refusal to take any advantage of the English, and his resolve to meet them face to face on open ground, is a devout imagination of old Pitscottie to give the King's bad generalship a romantic gloss. It is not mentioned by any of the English chroniclers, not by Hollinshead or Hall, by Grafton or Baker. Had this been his fancy, he could have gratified it with less risk three days earlier, when Surrey offered battle at Wooler Haugh, and when he could have engaged with the road into Scotland open behind him. Then, however, he made no answer to the Englishman's taunting challenge to come down and fight him on a fair field, beyond some empty vapouring

that it did not become an earl thus to address a king, and that all ground was the same to him. The fact was that his position was at once his strength and his weakness. So long as he kept the high ground of Flodden he was practically unassailable. But while he lay there, all the Scottish Border lay open to Surrey to harry from Berwick to Carlisle. Nor could he lie there for ever. Already he was straitened for provisions, and many of the common soldiers ("fat North-land and Isles-men"), had deserted him on that score. The time he had wasted over the sieges of Norham and Etal, and in his dalliance with the wily Lady Heron at Ford, had enabled the English commander to concentrate his forces and practically to dictate the time and place of battle. If the Scots would not come down and fight on one side of Flodden, then they should come down and fight on the other. After some manœuvring, which was hidden from James by the high ground about Ford, Surrey suddenly changed his route and crossed the Till in two divisions, one, under his son Lord Howard, at Twisel bridge,—which still stands, a massive single arch, with the ruins of Twisel Castle commanding it on the left bank—the other, led by himself, at a ford about a mile nearer Flodden. This was the moment, they say, that James should have chosen. Had he attacked the English when in the disorder of the narrow passage, he might have destroyed them in detail, and

Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!

This might have been so; but Twisel bridge is at least four miles in a straight line from Flodden hill, and had Surrey seen any signs of a downward movement in the Scottish army we may be tolerably sure that so skilful a captain had never risked the venture of the river. Twenty thousand foot-soldiers are not moved four or five miles in a few minutes. Pitscottie tells how Borthwick, the master of the artillery,

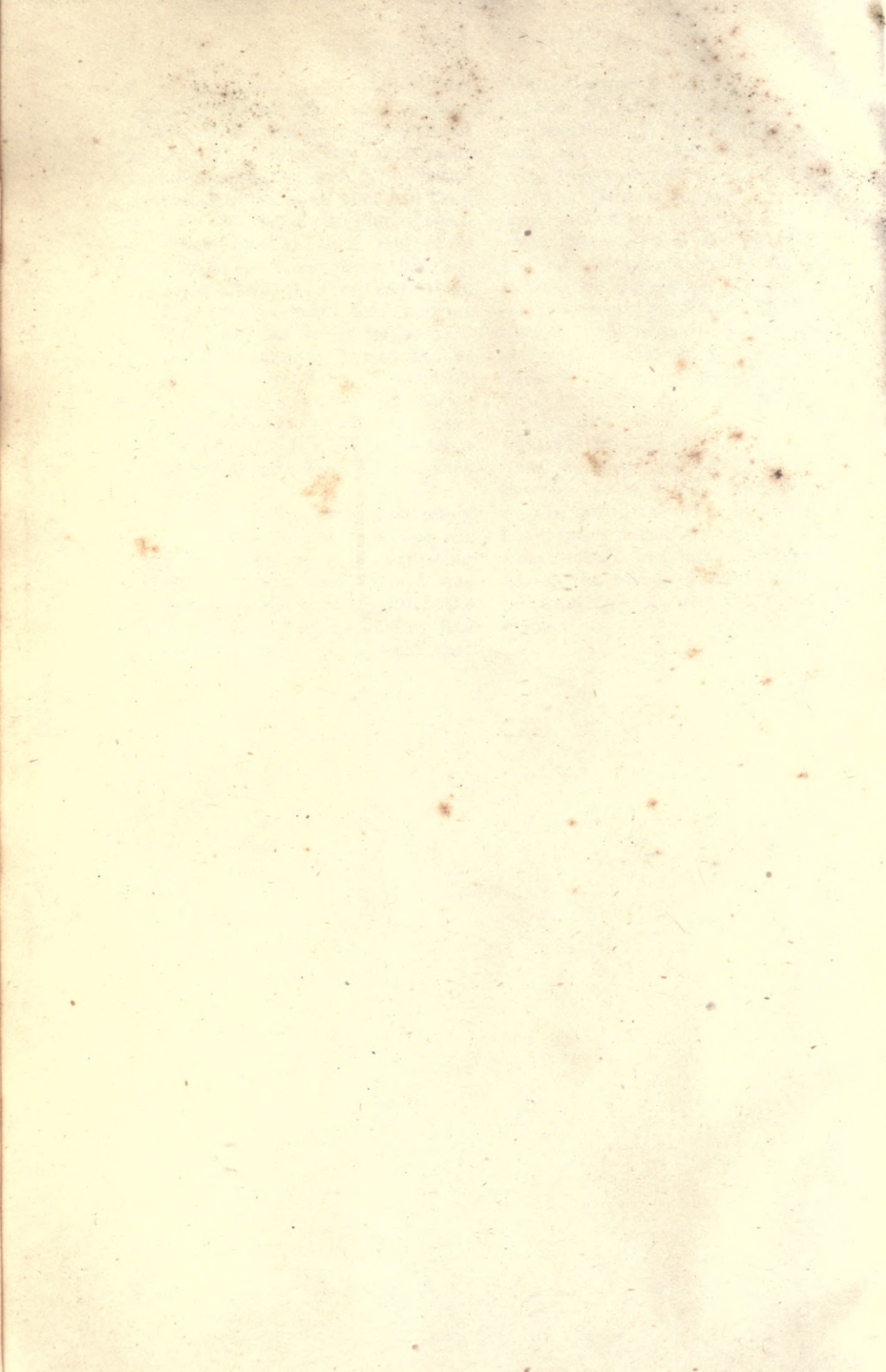
fell on his knees before the King, while the English were still moving over the bridge, and prayed him to let him bring his guns to bear upon their disordered columns; and how James answered, "like a man that had been reft of his wits, saying to him, 'I shall hang thee, quarter thee, and draw thee, if thou shoot one shoot this day. I am determin'd that I will have them all before me on a plain field, and see then what they can do all before me.'" The Scottish cannon, though not so well served, was by Surrey's own confession, superior in make and calibre to the English, but even in these scientific times it is hard to see what mischief could have been done at such a distance.

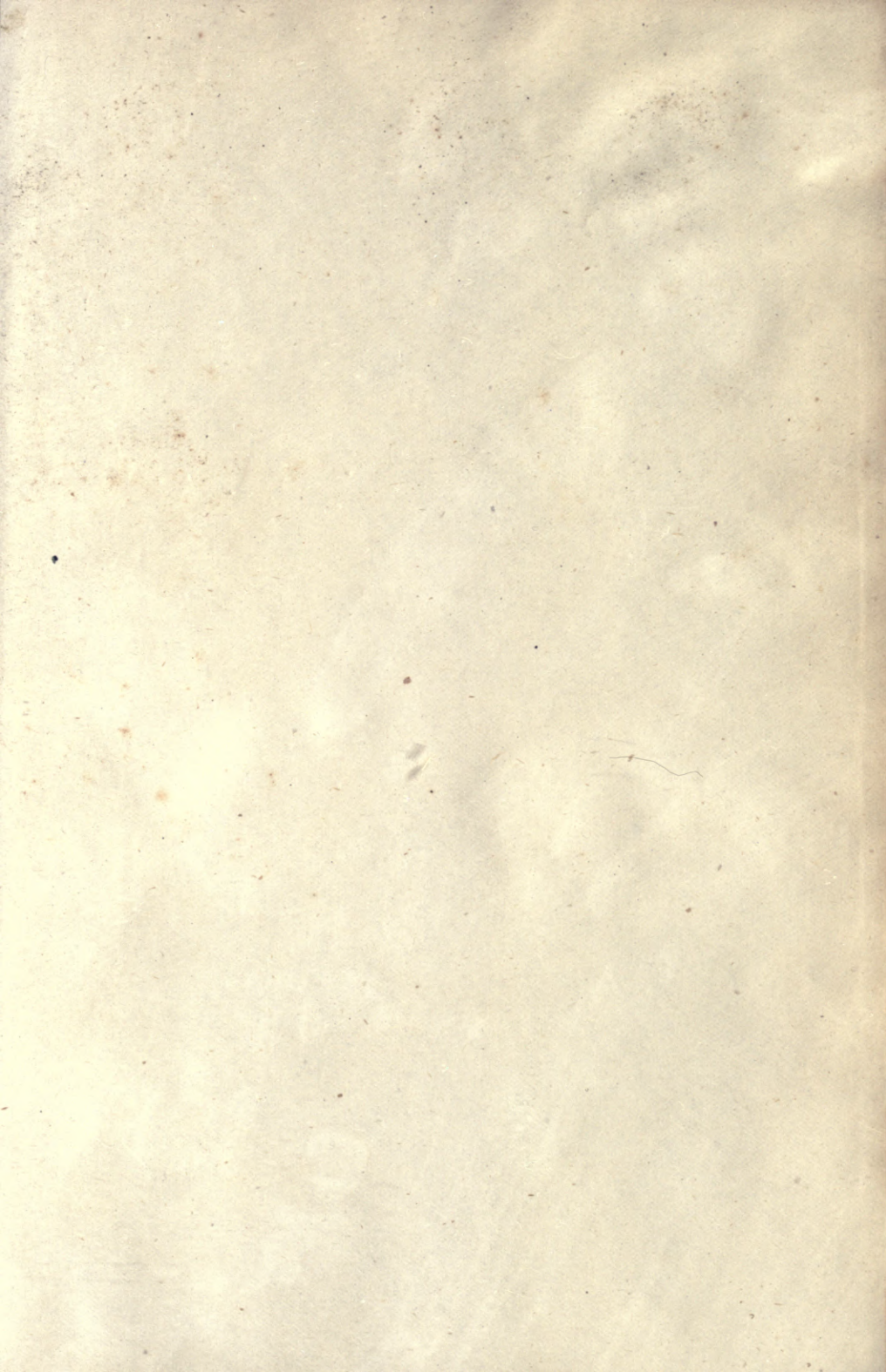
James was, in a word, completely out-generalled. While he kept his ground Surrey was as safe in crossing the Till as if the Scottish host was still camped on the Boroughmuir; the moment he moved down Surrey had been ready for him. It is said that

Giles Musgrave, an Englishman in the Scottish ranks ("a guileful Greek," the nameless old bard of *Flodden Field* calls him), persuaded the doubting King to give battle in defence of his borders. But even James must have seen that when once the enemy had come between him and Scotland, he had no alternative but to fight. As it was, he fought on as favourable terms as were possible in the circumstances. He held the higher ground, and had time to form his line under cover of the smoke from his burning camp while the English were still on the march. And the battle was more doubtful than is commonly supposed. Terrible as was the slaughter in the Scottish ranks, it was not till daybreak on the morrow that Surrey felt sure of his victory; and though he allowed Dacre with his light horsemen to harass the retreating Scots, he was in no condition to press his triumph home.

June 4 1899







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