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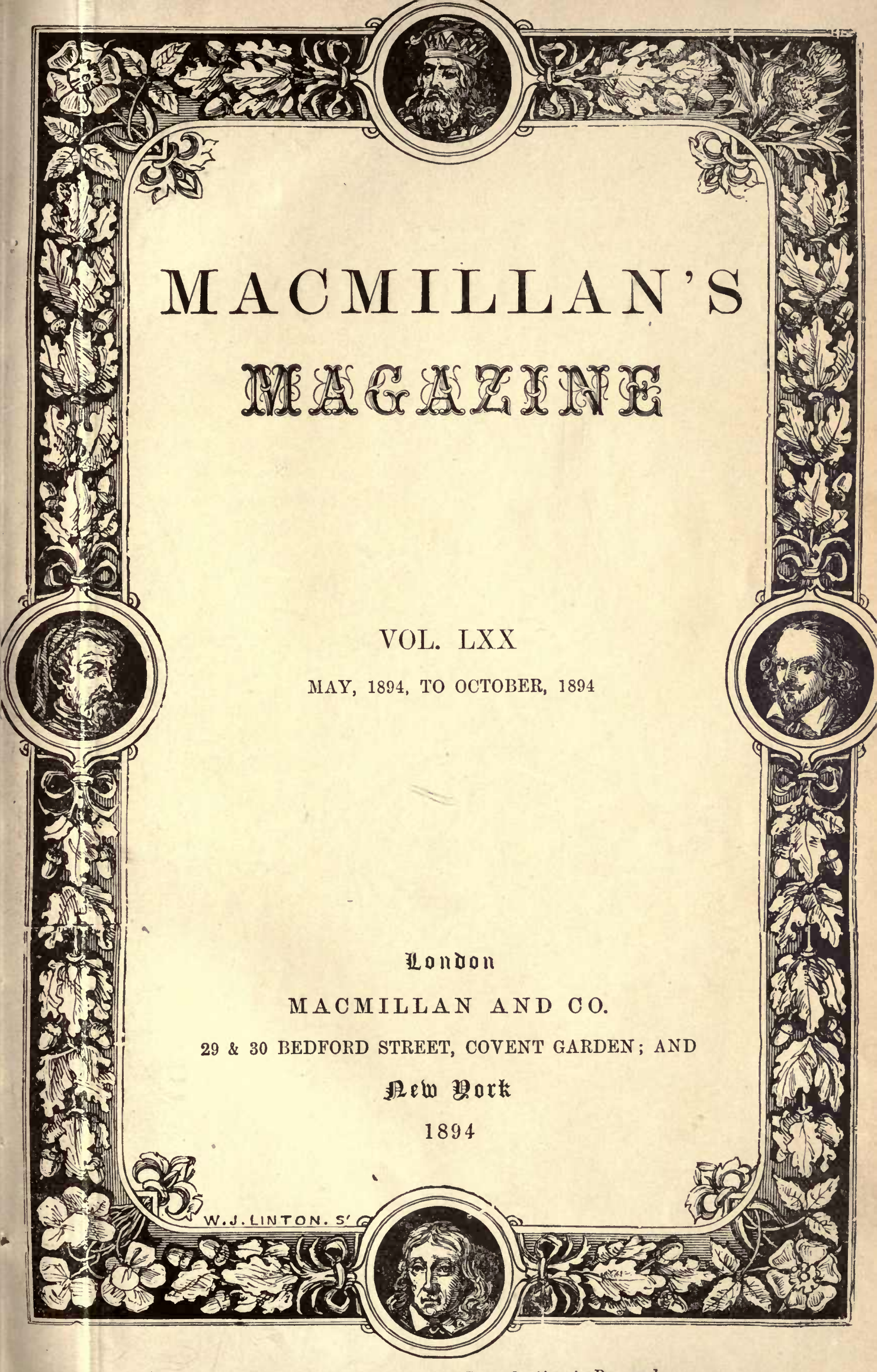
VOL. LXX



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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1894.

# PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A FIGHTING BOUT.

After that mighty crash everybody with any sense left in his head went home. There was more to talk about than Perlycross had come across in half a century. And the worst of it was that every blessed man had his own troubles first to attend to; which is no fun at all, though his neighbours' are so pleasant. The Fair in the covered market-place had long been a dreary concern, contending vainly against the stronger charm of the wrestling-booth, and still more vainly against the furious weather. Even the biggest and best fed flares (and they were quite as brisk in those days as they are now), gifted though they might be with rage and vigour, lost all self-control and dashed in yellow forks, here, there, and everywhere, singeing sometimes their own author's whiskers. Like a man who lives too fast, they killed themselves; and the poor Cheap-jacks, the Universal Oracles, the Benevolent Bountymen chucking guineas right and left, the Master of Cupid's bower, who supplied every lass with a lord and every lad with a lady having a lapful of a hundred thousand pounds,—sadly they all strapped up, and lit their pipes, and shivered at that terrible tramp before them, cursing the weather, and their wives, and even the hallowed village of Perlycross.

Though the coaches had forsaken this ancient track from Exeter to London, and followed the broader turnpike roads, there still used to be every now and then a string of pack-horses, or an old stage-waggon, not afraid of hills and making no fuss about time, but straggling at leisure through the pristine thoroughfares thwarted less with toll-bars. Notably, old Hill's *God-be-with-us* van left Exeter on Tuesdays, with the goodwill of three horses, some few hours in the afternoon, and might be trusted to appear at Perlycross according to the weather and condition of the roads. What more comfortable course of travel could there be for any one who understood it, and enjoyed sound sleep and a good glass of ale at intervals, with room enough to dine inside if he thought fit, than the *God-be-with-us* van afforded? For old Hill was always in charge of it himself, and expected no more than a penny a mile, and perhaps the power to drink the good health of any peaceful subject of the King, who might be inclined to come along with him and listen to his moving tales. The horses were fat, and they rested at night, and took it easily in the daytime; and the leader had three little bells on his neck, looking, when you sat behind him, like a pair of scales; and without them he always declined to take a step, and the wheelers backed him up in that denial. For a man not bound to any domineering hour, or even to a self-important day, the broad-wheeled waggon belonging to old Hill ("Old-as-the-Hills" some flippant younkers called him) was as good an engine as need be for crossing of the country when it wanted to be crossed, and halting at any town or hospitable turn.

That same Shrove-Tuesday (and it is well to mark the day, because Master Hill was so superior to dates) this man, who asserted the dignity of our race by not allowing matter to disturb him, was coming down hill with his heavy drag on, in a road that was soft from the goodness of the soil, when a man with two legs made of better stuff than ours, either came out of a gate across the van, or else fairly walked it down by superior speed behind. "Ship ahoy!" he shouted; and old Hill was wide awake, for he had two or three barrels that would keep rolling into the small of his back (as he called it, with his usual oblivion of chronology), and so he was enabled to discern this man, and begin at his leisure to consider him.

If the man had shouted again, or shown any other symptom of small hurry, the driver (or properly speaking the drifter, for the horses did their own driving,) would have felt some disappointment in him as an inferior fellow-creature. But the man on foot, or at least on stumps, was in no more hurry than old Hill himself, and steadfastly trudged to the bottom of the hill, looking only at the horses, —a very fine sign.

The land being Devon, it is needless to say that there was no inconsistency about it. Wherever one hill ends, there another begins, with just room enough between them for a horse to spread his legs and shake himself with self-approbation. And he is pretty sure to find a crystal brook, purling across the road and twinkling bright temptation to him.

"Hook up skid, and then 'e can jump in," said old Hill in the hollow where the horses backed; and he knew by the clank that it had been done, and then by a rattle on the floor behind him that the stranger had embarked by the chains at the rear. After about a mile or so of soft low whistling, in which he excelled all carriers, old Hill turned round with a pleasant grin, for there was a great deal of good about him. "Going far?" he asked, as an opening of politeness rather than of curiosity.

"Zort of a place called Perlycrass," replied the wooden-legged man, who was sitting on a barrel. Manifestly an ancient sailor, weather-beaten and taciturn, the residue of a strong and handsome man.

The whole of this had been as nearly to the carrier's liking as the words and deeds of any man can be to any other's. Therefore before another mile had been travelled old Hill turned round again, with a grin still sweeter. "Pancake day, bain't it?" was his very kind inquiry.

"B'lieve it be," replied the other, in the best and truest British style. After this no more was lacking to secure old Hill's regard than the very thing the sailor did. There was a little flap of canvas, like a loophole in the tilt, fitted for the use of chawers and the cleanliness of the floor. Timberlegs, after using this with much deliberation and great skill, made his way forward, and in deep silence poked old Hill with his open tobacco-box. If it were not silver it was quite as good to look at and as bright as if it held the freedom of the City; the tobacco, moreover, was of goodly reek, and a promise of inspiration such as never flows through custom-house.

"Thank 'e, I'll have a blade bumbai. Will 'e zit upon that rope of onions?" The sailor shook his head; for the rim of a barrel, though apt to cut, cuts evenly like a good schoolmaster.

"'Long of Nelson?" Master Hill inquired pointing to the places where the feet were now of deputy.

The old Tar nodded; and then with that sensitive love of accuracy which marks the Tar, growled out, "Leastways, wan of them."

"And what come to t'other wan?" Master Hill was capable of really large human interest.

"Had 'un off, to square the spars, and for zake of vamily." He had no desire to pursue the subject, and closed it by a big squirt through the flap.

Old Hill nodded with manly approbation. Plymouth was his birthplace; and he knew that other sons of Nelson had done this; for it balanced their bodies, and composed their minds with another five shillings a week for life, and the sale of the leg covered all expenses.

"You'm a very ingenious man;" he glanced, as he spoke, at the sailor's jury-rig. "I'll war'n no doctor could a' vitted 'e up like thiccy."

"Vitted 'un myself with double swivel. Can make four knots an hour now. They doctors can undo 'e, but 'em can't do 'e up. A cove can't make sail upon a truck-head."

"And what do 'e say to the weather, cap'n?" Master Hill inquired of his passenger, when a few more compliments had passed, and the manes of the horses began to ruffle, and the tilt to sway and rattle with the waxing storm.

"Think us shall have as big a gale of wind as ever come out of the heavens," the sailor replied, after stumping to the tail of the van, and gazing windwards. "Heave to pretty smart, and make all snug afore sunset, is my advice. Too much sail on this here little craft for such a blow as us shall have to-night."

"Can't stop short of Taunton town." Old Hill was famed for his obstinacy.

"Can 'e take in sail? Can 'e dowse this here canvas? Can 'e reef it then somehow?" The old man shook his head. "Tell 'e what then, shipmate, if 'e carry on for six hours more, this here craft will be on her beam-ends, wi'out mainsail parteth from his lashings, sure as my name is Dick Herniman."

This Tar of the old school, better known as "Timber-legged Dick," disembarked from the craft, whose wreck he had thus predicted, at a turning betwixt Perliton and Perlycross, and stumped away up a narrow lane at a pace quite equal to that of the *God-be-with-us* van. The horses looked after him, as a specimen of biped hitherto beyond their experience; and old Hill himself, though incapable of amazement (which is a rapid process), confessed that there were some advantages in this form of human pedal, as well as fine economy of cloth and leather. "How 'a doth get along, nimbler nor I could!" the carrier reflected, as his nags drove on again. "Up to zummat ratchety, I'll be bound he be now. A leary old sort as ever lived. Never laughed once, never showed a smile, but gotten it all in his eyes, he have; and the eyes be truer folks than the lips. Enough a'most to tempt a man to cut off 's own two legses."

Some hours later than this, and one hour later than the downfall of the wrestler's roof, the long market-place, forming one side of the street, a low narrow building set against the churchyard wall between the school and the lych-gate, looked as dismal and dreary and deserted as the bitterest enemy of Fairs could wish. The torrents of rain and fury of the wind had driven all pleasure-seekers, in a grievously drenched and battered plight, to seek for wiser comfort; and only a dozen or so of poor creatures, either too tipsy to battle with the wind or too reckless in their rags to care where they were, wallowed upon sacks, and scrabbled under the stanchion-boards, where the gaiety had been. The main gates, buckled back upon their heavy hinges, were allowed to do nothing in their proper line of business until the church-clock should strike twelve, for such was the usage; though as usual nobody had ever heard who ordained it. A few oil-lamps were still in their duty, swinging like welted horn-poppies in the draught,and shedding a pale and spluttering light.

The man who bore the keys had gone home three times, keeping under heel with his oil-skins on, to ask his wife (who was a woman of some mark) whether he might not lock the gates, and come home and have his bit of bacon. But she having strong sense of duty, and a good log blazing, and her cup of tea, had allowed him very generously to warm his hands a little, and then begged him to think of his family. This was the main thing that he had to do; and he went forth again into the dark to do it.

Meanwhile, without anybody to take heed (for the sergeant, ever vigilant, was now on guard in Spain), a small but choice company of human beings was preparing for action in the old school-porch, which stood at the back of the building. Staffs they had, and handcuffs too, and supple straps, and loops of cord; all being men of some learning in the law, and the crooked ways of people out of harmony therewith. If there had been light enough to understand a smile, they would have smiled at one another, so positive were they that they had an easy job, and so grudgeful that the money should cut up so small. The two worthy constables of Perlycross felt certain that they could do it better by themselves, and the four invoked from Perliton were vexed to have to act with village lubbers. Their orders were not to go nigh the wrestling, or show themselves inside the market-place, but to keep themselves quiet, and shun the weather, and, what was a great deal worse, the beer. Every now and then the ideas of jolly noises, such as were appropriate to the time, were borne upon the rollicking wings of the wind into their silent vestibule, suggesting some wiping of lips which, alas, were ever so much too dry already. At a certain signal they were all to hasten across the corner of the churchyard at the back of the market-place, and enter a private door at the east end of the building, after passing through the lych-gate.

Suddenly the rain ceased, as if at sound of trumpet; like the mouth of a cavern the sky flew open, and the wind, leaping three points of the compass, rushed upon the world from the chambers of the west. Such a blast as had never been felt before filled the whole valley of the Perle, and flung mowstack and oakwood, farmhouse and abbey, under the sweep of its wings as it flew. The roar of the air over-powered the crush of the ruin it made, and left no man the sound of his own voice to himself. These great swoops of wind always lighten the sky; and as soon as the people blown down could get up, they were able to see the church-tower still upright, though many men swore that they heard it go rock. Very likely it rocked, but could they have heard it?

In the thick of the din of this awful night, when the church-clock struck only five instead of ten (and it might have struck fifty without being heard), three men managed, one by one, and without any view of one another, to creep along the creases of the storm, and gain the gloomy shelter of the market-place. "Every man for himself" is the universal law, when the heavens are against the whole race of us. Not one of these men cared to ask about the condition of the other two, nor even expected much to see them, though each was more resolute to be there himself, because of its being so difficult.

"Very little chance of Timberlegs to-night," said one to another, as two of them stood in deep shadow against the back wall, where a voice could be heard if pitched in the right direction; "he could never make way again' a starm like this."

"Thou bee'st a liar," replied a gruff voice, as the clank of metal on the stone was heard. "Timberlegs can goo where flesh and bone be mollichops." He carried a staff like a long handspike, and prodded the biped on his needless feet, to make him wish to be relieved of them.

"Us be all here now," said the third man, who seemed in the wavering gloom to fill half the place. "What hast thou brought us for, Timberlegged Dick?"

"Bit of a job, same as three months back. Better than clam-pits, worn't it now? Got a good offer for thee too, Harvey, for that old ramshackle place. Handy hole for a louderin' job, and not far from them clam-pits."

"Ay, so a' be; never thought of that. And must have another coney, now they wise 'uns have vound out Nigger's Nock. Lor', what a laugh we had, Jem and I, at they fules of Perlycrass!"

"Then Perlycross will have the laugh at thee. Harvey Tremlett, and James Kettel, I arrest 'e both, in the name of his Majesty the King."

Six able-bodied men (who had entered unheard in the roar of the gale and unseen in the gloom) stood with drawn staffs, heels together and shoulder to shoulder, in a semi-circle enclosing the three conspirators.

"Read thy warrant aloud," said Dick Herniman, striking his handspike upon the stones, and taking command in right of intellect; while the other twain laid their backs against the wall, and held themselves ready for the issue.

Dick had hit a very hard nail on the head. None of these constables had been young enough to undergo Sergeant Jakes, and thenceforth defy the most lofty examiner. "Didn't hear what 'e zed," replied the head-constable, making excuse of the wind, which had blown him but little of the elements. But he lowered his staff and held consultation.

"Then I zay it again," shouted Timber-legged Dick, stumping forth with a power of learning, for he had picked up good leisure in hospitals; "if thou representest the King, read his Majesty's words afore taking his name in vain."

These six men were ready, and resolute enough, to meet any bodily conflict; but the literary crisis scared them. "Can 'e do it, Jack?" "Don't know as I can." "Wish my boy Bill was here." "Don't run in my line,"—and so on.

"If none on 'e knows what he be about," said the man with the best legs to stand upon, advancing into the midst of them, "I know a deal of the law; and I tell 'e, as a friend of the King, who hath lost two legs for 'un in the Royal Navy, there can't be no lawful arrest made here. And the liberty of the subject cometh in, the same as a doth again' highwaymen. Harvey Tremlett, and Jem Kettel, the law be on your side, to 'protect the liberty of the subject.'"

This was enough for the pair who had stood, as law-abiding Englishmen, against the wall, with their big fists doubled and their great hearts doubting. "Here goo'th for the liberty of the subject," cried Harvey Tremlett, striding forth. "I sha'n't strike none as don't strike me; but if a' doth, a must look out."

The constables wavered, in fear of the law and doubt of their own duty; for they had often heard that every man had a right to know what he was arrested for. Unluckily one of them made a blow with his staff at Harvey Tremlett; then he dropped on the flags with a clump in his ear, and the fight in a moment was raging. Somebody knocked Jemmy Kettel on the head, as being more easy to deal with; and then the blood of the big man rose. Three stout fellows fell upon him all together, and heavy blows rung on the drum of his chest from truncheons plied like wheel-spokes. Forth flew his fist-clubs right and left, one of them meeting a staff in the air and shattering it back into its owner's face. Never was the peace of the King more broken; no man could see what became of his blows, legs and arms went about like windmills, substance and shadow were all as one, till the substance rolled upon the ground and groaned. This dark fight resembled the clashing of a hedgerow in the fury of a midnight storm; when the wind has got in and cannot get out, when ground-ash and sycamore, pole, stub, and sapling, are dashing and whirling against one another, and even the sturdy oak-tree in the trough is swaying, and creaking, and swinging on its bole.

"Zoonder not to kill e'er a wan of 'e, I 'ood; but by the Lord, if 'e comes they byses," shouted Harvey Tremlett, as a rope was thrown over his head from behind, but cut in half a second by Herniman. "More of 'e be there?" as the figures thickened. "Have at 'e then, wi' zummat more harder nor visties be!" He wrenched from a constable his staff, and strode onward, being already near the main gate now. As he whirled the heavy truncheon round his head, the constables hung back, having two already wounded, and one in the grip of reviving Jem who was rolling on the floor with him. "Zurrender to his Majesty," they called out, preferring the voluntary system. "A varden for the lot of 'e!" the big man said, and he marched in a manner that presented it.

But not so did he walk off, blameless and respectable. He had kept his temper wonderfully, believing the law to be on his side after all he had done for the county. Now his nature was pressed a little too hard for itself, when just as he had called out, "Coom along, Jem; there be nort to stop 'e, Timberlegs," retiring his forces with honour,—two figures, hitherto out of the moil, stood across him at the mouth of exit. "Who be you?" he asked, with his anger in a flame; for they showed neither staff of the King nor warrant. "Volunteers, be 'e? Have a care what be about."

"Harvey Tremlett, here you stop," said a tall man, square in front of him. But luckily for his life the lift of the sky showed that his hair was silvery.

"Never hits an old man, you lie there." Tremlett took him with his left hand, and laid him on the stones. But meanwhile the other flung his arms around his waist. "Wult have a zettler? Then thee shall," cried the big man, tearing him out like a child and swinging his truncheon for to knock him on the head, and Jemmy Fox felt that his time was come. Down came the truncheon like a paviour's rammer, and brains would have weltered on the floor like suds, but a stout arm dashed across and received the crash descending. "Pumpkins!" cried the smiter, wondering much what he had smitten, as two bodies rolled between his legs and on the stones. "Coom along, Jemmy boy; nare a wan to stop 'e." The remnant of the constables upon their legs fell back. The Lord was against them; they had done their best. The next job for them was to heal their wounds, and get an allowance for them if they could.

Now the human noise was over, but the wind roared on, and the rushing of the clouds let the stars look down again. Tremlett stood victorious in the middle of the gateway. Hurry was a state of mind beyond his understanding. Was everybody satisfied? Well, no one came for more. He took an observation of the weather, and turned round. "Sha'n't bide here no longer," he announced. "Dick, us'll vinish up our clack to my place. Rain be droud up, and I be off."

"No, Harvey Tremlett, you will not be off. You will stay here like a man, and stand your trial." Mr. Penniloe's hand was upon his shoulder, and the light of the stars, thrown in vaporous waves, showed the pale face firmly regarding him.

"Well, and if I says no to it, what can 'e do?"

"Hold you by the collar, as my duty is." The parson set his teeth, and his delicate white fingers tightened their not very formidable grasp.

"Sesh!" said the big man with a whistle, and making as if he could not move. "When a man be baten, a' must gie in. Wun't 'e let me goo, Passon? Do 'e let me goo."

"Tremlett, my duty is to hold you fast. I owe it to a dear friend of mine, as well as to my parish."

"Well, you be a braver man than most of 'em I zimmeth. But do 'e tell a poor chap, as have no chance at all wi' 'e, what a' hath dooed to be lawed for 'un so crule now?"

"Prisoner, as if you did not know. You are charged with breaking open Colonel Waldron's grave and carrying off his body."

"Oh Lord! Oh Lord in heaven!" shouted Harvey Tremlett. "Jem Kettel, hark to thiccy! Timberlegs, do 'e hear thic? All they blessed constables, as has got their bellyful, and ever so many wise gen'lemen too, what do 'e think 'em be arter us for

Arter us for resurrectioneering! Never heered tell such a joke in all my life. They hosebirds to *Ivy-bush* cries 'Carnwall for ever!' But I'm blest if I don't cry out 'Perlycrass for ever!' Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Was there ever such a joke? Don't 'e hold me, sir, for half a minute, just while I has out my laugh,—fear I should be too heavy for 'e."

Timber-legged Dick came up to his side, and not being of the laughing kind, made up for it by a little hornpipe in the lee, his metal feet striking from the flints pitched there sparks enough to light a dozen pipes; while Kettel, though damaged severely about the mouth, was still able to compass a broad and loud guffaw.

"Prisoners," Mr. Penniloe said severely, for he misliked the ridicule of his parish, "this is not at all a matter to be laughed at. The evidence against you is very strong, I fear."

"Zurrender, zurrender, to his Majesty the King!" cried Tremlett, being never much at argument. 'Constables, if 'ee can goo, take charge. But I 'ont have no handicuffs, mind! Wudn't a gie'd 'ee a clout if I had knawed it. Zarve 'ee right though, for not rading of thic warrant-papper. Jemmy, boy, you zurrender to the King, and I be Passon's prisoner. Honour bright fust though; nort to come agin' us, unless a be zet down in warrant-papper. Passon, thee must gi'e thy word for that. Timberlegs, coom along for layyer."

"Certainly, I give my word, as far as it will go, that no other charge shall be brought against you. The warrant is issued for that crime only. Prove yourselves guiltless of that, and you are free."

"Us won't be very long in prison then. A day or two bain't much odds to we."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### GENTLE AS A LAMB.

Of the nine people wounded in that Agoräic struggle, which cast expiring lustre on the Fairs of Perlycross, every one found his case most serious to himself, and still more so to his wife, and even solemn in the presence of those who had to settle compensation. Herniman had done some execution, as well as received a nasty splinter of one leg which broke down after his hornpipe; and Kettel had mauled the man who rolled over with him. But, as appeared when the case was heard, Tremlett had by no means done his best; and his lawyer put it touchingly and with great effect, that he was loth to smite the sons of his native county when he had just redeemed their glory by noble discomfiture of Cornwall.

One man only had a parlous wound; and as is generally ordained in human matters, this was the one most impartial of all, the one who had no interest of his own to serve, the one who was present simply out of pure benevolence and a Briton's love of order. So at least his mother said; and every one acknowledged that she was a woman of high reasoning powers. Many others felt for him, as who would have done the same with like opportunity. For only let a healthy, strong, and earnest-minded Englishman (to use a beloved compound epithet of the day) hear of a hot and lawful fight impending, with people involved in it of whom he has some knowledge, and we may trust him heartily to be there or thereabouts to see, as he puts it to his conscience, fair play. But an if he chance to be in love just then, with a very large percentage of despair to reckon up, and one of the combatants is in the count against him, can a doubt remain of his eager punctuality? This was poor Frank Gilham's case. Dr. Gronow was a prudent man, and liked to have the legions on his side. He perceived that young Frank was a staunch and stalwart fellow, sure to strike a good blow on a friend's behalf. He was well aware also of his love for Christie, and could not see why it should come to nothing. While

Jemmy Fox's faith in the resources of the law, and in his own prowess as a power in reserve, were not so convincing to the elder mind. "Better make sure than be too certain," was a favourite maxim of this shrewd old stager; and so without Jemmy's knowledge he invited Frank, to keep out of sight unless wanted.

This measure saved the life of Dr. Fox, and that of Harvey Tremlett too, some of whose brothers had adorned the gallows. Even as it was, Jemmy Fox lay stunned, with the other man's arm much inserted in his hat. Where he would have been without that buffer, the cherub who sits on the chimney-pots of Harley Street alone can say. Happily the other doctor was unhurt, and left in full possession of his wits, which he at once exerted. After examining the wounded yeoman, who had fainted from the pain and shock, he borrowed a mattress from the rectory, a spring-cart and truss of hay from Channing the baker, and various other appliances; and thus in spite of the storm conveyed both patients to hospital. This was the Old Barn itself, because all surgical needs would be forthcoming there more readily, and so it was wiser to decline Mr. Penniloe's offer of the rectory.

With the jolting of the cart, and the freshness of the air, Fox began to revive ere long; and though still very weak and dizzy, was able to be of some service at his own dwelling-place; and although he might not, when this matter first arose, have shown all the gratitude which the sanguine do expect, in return for Frank Gilham's loyalty, he felt very deep contrition now when he saw this frightful fracture and found his own head quite uncracked.

The six constables, though they had some black eyes, bruised limbs, and broken noses, and other sources of regret, were (in strict matter of fact, and without any view to compensation,) quite as well as could be expected. And, as happens too often, the one who groaned the most had the least occasion for it. It was only the wick of a lamp that had dropped, without going out, on this man's collar, and burned a little hole in his *niddick*, as it used to be called in Devonshire.

Tremlett readily gave his word that no escape should be attempted; and when Mrs. Muggridge came to know that this was the man who had saved her master, nothing could be too good for him. So constables and prisoners were fed and cared for, and stowed for the night in the long schoolroom, with hailstones hopping in the fireplace.

In the morning the weather was worse again; for this was a double-barrelled gale, as an ignorant man might term it, or rather perhaps two several gales, arising from some vast disturbance and hitting into one another. Otherwise, why should it be known and remembered even to the present day as the great Ash-Wednesday gale although it began on Shrove-Tuesday, and in many parts raged most fiercely then? At Perlycross certainly there was no such blast upon the second day as that which swept the abbey down, when the wind leaped suddenly to the west and the sky fell open, as above observed.

Upon that wild Ash-Wednesday forenoon the curate stood in the churchyard, mourning even more than the melancholy date requires. Where the old abbey had stood for ages (backing up the venerable church with grand dark-robed solemnity, and lifting the buckler of ancient faith above many a sleeping patriarch,) there was nothing but a hideous gap with murky clouds galloping over it. Shorn of its ivy curtain by the tempest of last Sunday, the mighty frame had reeled, and staggered, and with one crash gone to ground last night, before the impetuous welkin's weight. "Is all I do to be always vain, and worse than vain, destructive, hurtful, baneful, fatal, I might say, to the very objects for which I strive? Here is the church, unfinished, leaky, with one of its corners gone underground, and the grand stone screen smashed in two; here is the abbey, or alas not here, but only an ugly pile of stones! Here is the outrage to my dear friend, and the shame to the parish as black as ever; for those men clearly know nothing of it. And here, or at any rate close at hand, the sad drawback upon all good works; for at Lady-day in pour the bills, and my prayers (however earnest) will not pay them. It has pleased the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, to leave me very short of cash." Unhappily his best hat had been spoiled in that interview with the four vergers; and in his humility he was not sure that the one on his head was good enough even to go to the Commination service. However it need not have felt unworthy; for there was not a soul in the church to be adjured, save that which had been under its own brim. The clerk was off for Perliton, swearing (even at his time of life!) that he had been subpœnaed, as if that could be on such occasion; and as for the pupils, all bound to be in church, the Hopper had been ordered by the constables to present himself to the magistrates (though all the constables denied it), and Pike and Mopuss felt it their duty to go with him.

In a word, all Perlycross was off, though services of the Church had not yet attained their present continuity; and though every woman, and even man, had to plod three wet miles, with the head on the chest, in the teeth of the gale up the river. How they should get into the room when there was a question that never occurred to them. There they all yearned to be; and the main part, who could not raise a shilling, or prove themselves uncles, or aunts, or former sweethearts of the two constables who kept the door, had to crouch under dripping shrubs outside the windows, and spoiled all Squire Mockham's young crocuses.

That gentleman was so upright and thoroughly impartial, that to counteract his own predilections for a champion wrestler, he had begged a brother magistrate to come and sit with him on this occasion; not Sir Edwin Sanford, who was of the Quorum for Somerset, but a man of some learning and high esteem, the well-known Dr. Morshead. Thus there would be less temptation for any tattler to cry, "hole and corner," as spiteful folk rejoice to do, while keeping in that same place themselves; although there was less perhaps of mischief-making in those days than now, and there could be no more.

The constables marched in, with puff and blow, like victors over rebels, and as if they had carried the prisoners captive every yard of the way from Perlycross. All of them began to talk at once, and to describe with more vigour than truth the conflict of the night before. But Dr. Morshead stopped them short, for the question of resistance was not yet raised. What the Bench had first to decide was whether a case could be made out for a *mittimus*, in pursuance of the warrant, to the next Petty Sessions on Monday; whence the prisoners would be remitted probably to the Quarter Sessions.

The two accused stood side by side, peaceful and decorous, as if they were accustomed to it, and without any trepidation admitted their identity. It was rather against their interests that the official clerk was absent (this not being a stated meeting, but held for special purpose), for magistrates used to be a little nervous without their proper adviser; and in fear of permitting the guilty to escape, they sometimes remanded upon insufficient grounds. In the present case, there was nothing whatever to connect these two men with the crime, except the testimony of Joe Crang, and what might be regarded as their own admission overheard by Dr. Fox. The latter was not in court, nor likely so to be; and as for the blacksmith's evidence, however positive it might be, what did it amount to? And such as it was, it was torn to rags through the quaking of the deponent.

For a sharp little lawyer started

up, as lawyers are sure to do everywhere, and crossed the room to where Herniman sat, drumming the floor with metallic power and looking very stolid. But a glance had convinced the keen attorney that here were the brains of the party, and a few short whispers settled it. "Guinea, if 'e gets 'em off; if not, ne'er a farden." "Right!" said the lawyer, and announced himself. "Blickson, for the defence, your Worships—Maurice Blickson of Silverton." The proper bows were interchanged, and then came Crang's excruciation. Already this sturdy and very honest fellow was, as he elegantly described it, in a "lantern-sweat" of terror. It is one thing to tell a tale to two friends in a potato-field, and another to narrate the same on oath, with four or five quills making unknown strides, two most worshipful signors bending brows of doubt upon you, and thirty or forty faces scowling at every word, "What a liar you be!" And when on the top of all this stands up a noble gentleman, with keen eyes, peremptory voice, contemptuous smiles, and angry gestures, all expressing his Christian sorrow that the devil should have so got hold of you,—what blacksmith, even of poetic anvil (whence all rhythm and metre spring), can have any breath left in his own bellows?

Joe Crang had fallen on his knees to take the oath, as witnesses did, from a holy belief that this turned the rungs of the gallows the wrong way; and then he had told his little tale most sadly, as one who hopes never to be told of it again. His business had thriven, while his health was undermined, through the scores of good people who could rout up so much as a knife that wanted a rivet, or even a boy with one tooth pushing up another; and though none of them paid more than fourpence for things that would last them a fortnight to talk about, their money stayed under the thatch, while Joe spent nothing but a wink for all his beer. But ah, this was no winking-time! Crang was beginning to shuffle off, with his knuckles to his forehead, and recovering his mind so loudly that he got in a word about the quality of his iron (which for the rest of his life he would have cited, to show how he beat they Justices), when he found himself recalled and told to put his feet together. This, from long practise of his art, had become a difficulty to him, and in labouring to do it he lost all possibility of bringing his wits into the like position. This order showed Blickson to be almost a Verulam in his knowledge of mankind. Joe Crang recovered no self-possession, on his own side of better than a gallon strong. "Blacksmith, what o'clock is it now?" Crang put his ears up, as if he expected the church-clock to come to his aid; and then with a rally of what he was hoping for, as soon as he got round the corner, replied, "Four and a half, your honour."

"I need not remind your Worships," said Blickson, when the laughter had subsided, "that this fellow's evidence, even if correct, proves nothing whatever against my clients. But just to show what it is worth, I will, with your Worships' permission, put a simple question to him. He has sworn that it was two o'clock on a foggy morning, and with no church-clock to help him, when he saw in his night-mare this ghostly vision. Perhaps he should have said, 'four and a half', which in broad daylight is his idea of the present hour. Now, my poor fellow, did you swear, or did you not, on a previous occasion that one of the men who so terrified you out of your heavy sleep, was Dr. James Fox,—a gentleman, Dr. Morshead, of your own distinguished profession. Don't shuffle with your feet, Crang, nor yet with your tongue. Did you swear that, or did you not?"

"Well, if I did, twadn't arkerate."

"In plain English, you perjured yourself on that occasion. And yet you expect their Worships to believe you now! Now look at the other man, the tall one. By which of his features do you recognise him now, at four and a half in the morning?"

"Dun'now what veitchers be. Knows 'un by his size, and manner of standin'. Should like to hear 's voice, if no object to you, layyer."

"My friend, you call me by your own name. Such is your confusion of ideas. Will your Worships allow me to assist this poor numskull? The great Cornish wrestler is here, led by that noble fraternal feeling which is such a credit to all men distinguished in any walk of life. Mr. Polwarth of Bodmin, will you kindly stand by the side of your brother in a very noble art?"

It was worth a long journey in bad weather (as Squire Mockham told his guests at his dinner-party afterwards, and Dr. Morshead and his son confirmed it,) to see the two biggest growths of Devonshire and of Cornwall standing thus amicably side by side, smiling a little slyly at each other, and blinking at their Worships with some abashment, as if to say, "This is not quite in our line." For a moment the audience forgot itself, and made itself audible with three loud cheers. "Silence!" cried their Worships, but not so very sternly. "Reckon, I could drow 'e next time," said Cornwall. "Wun't zay but what 'e maight," answered Devon courteously.

"Now, little blacksmith," resumed the lawyer, though Joe Crang was considerably bigger than himself, "will you undertake to swear, upon your hope of salvation, which of those two gentlemen you saw that night?"

Joe Crang stared at the two big men, and his mind gave way within him. He was dressed in his best, and his wife had polished up his cheeks and nose with yellow soap, which gleamed across his vision with a kind of glaze, and therein danced pen, ink, and paper, the figures of the big men, the faces of their Worships, and his own hopes of salvation. "Maight 'a been Carnisher," he began to stammer, with a desire to gratify his county; but a hiss went round the room from Devonian sense of justice, and to strike a better balance, he finished in despair,—"Wull then, it waz both on 'em."

"Stand down, sir!" Dr. Morshead shouted sternly, while Blickson went through a little panorama of righteous astonishment and disgust. All the audience roared, and a solid farmer called out, "Don't come near me, you infernal liar!" as poor Crang sought shelter behind his top-coat. So much for honesty, simplicity, and candour, when the nervous system has broken down!

"After that, I should simply insult the intelligence of your Worships," continued the triumphant lawyer, "by proceeding to address you. Perhaps I should ask you to commit that wretch for perjury; but I leave him to his conscience, if he has one."

"The case is dismissed," Dr. Morshead announced, after speaking for a moment to his colleagues; "unless there is any intention to charge these men with resisting or assaulting officers in the execution of their warrant. It has been reported, though not formally, that some bystander was considerably injured. If any charge is entered on either behalf, we are ready to receive the depositions."

The constables, who had been knocked about, were beginning to consult together, when Blickson slipped among them, after whispering to Herniman, and a good deal of nodding of heads took place, while pleasant ideas were interchanged, such as, "Handsome private compensation,"—"Twenty-five pounds to receive to-night, and such men are always generous,"—"A magnificent supper-party at the least, if they are free; if not, all must come to nothing." The worthy custodians (now represented by a still worthier body and one of still finer feeling) perceived the full value of these arguments; and luckily for the prisoners Dr. Gronow was not present, being sadly occupied at Old Barn.

"Although there is no charge, and

no sign of any charge, your Worships, and therefore I have no *locus standi*," Mr. Blickson had returned to his place, and adopted an airy and large-hearted style, "I would crave the indulgence of the Bench for one or two quite informal remarks; my object being to remove every stigma from the characters of my respected clients. On the best authority I may state that their one desire and intention was to surrender like a pair of lambs [at this description a grin went round, and the learned magistrates countenanced it], if they could only realise the nature of the charge against them. But when they demanded, like Englishmen, to know why their liberty should be suddenly abridged, what happened? No one answered them! All those admirable men were doubtless eager to maintain the best traditions of the law, but the hurricane out-roared them. They laboured to convey their legal message; but where is education in a whirl like that? On the other hand, one of these law-abiding men had been engaged gloriously in maintaining the athletic honour of his county. This does not appear to have raised in him at all the pugnacity that might have been expected. He strolled into the market-place, partly to stretch his poor bruised legs, and partly perhaps to relieve his mind, which men of smaller nature would have done by tippling. Suddenly he is surrounded by a crowd of very strong men in the dark. The Fair has long been over; the lights are burning low; scarcely enough of fire in them to singe the neck of an enterprising member of our brave constabulary. In the thick darkness and hubbub of the storm, the hero who has redeemed the belt, and therewith the ancient fame of our county, supposes, naturally supposes, charitable as his large mind is, that he is beset for the sake of the money, which he has not yet received, but intends to distribute so freely when he gets it. The time of this honourable Bench is too valuable to the public to be wasted over any descriptions of a petty skirmish, no two of which are at all alike. My large-bodied client, the mighty wrestler, might have been expected to put forth his strength. It is certain that he did not do so. The man who had smitten down the pride of Cornwall, would strike not a blow against his own county. He gave a playful push or two, a chuck under the chin, such as a pretty milkmaid gets when she declines a sweeter touch. I marvel at his wonderful self-control. His knuckles were shattered by a blow from a staff; like a roof in a hailstorm his great chest rang (for the men of Perliton can hit hard); yet is there anything to show that he even endeavoured to strike in return? And how did it end? In the very noblest way. The pastor of the village, a most saintly man but less than an infant in Harvey Tremlett's hands, appears at the gate, when there is no other let or hindrance to the freedom of a Briton. Is he thrust aside rudely? Is he kicked out of the way? Nay, he lays a hand upon the big man's breast, the hand of a Minister of the Cross. He explains that the law, by some misapprehension, is fain to apprehend this simple-minded hero. The nature of the sad mistake is explained; and to use a common metaphor, which excited some derision just now, but which I repeat, with facts to back me,—gentle as a lamb, yonder lion surrenders!"

"The lamb is very fortunate in his shepherd," said Dr. Morshead drily, as Blickson sat down under general applause. "But there is nothing before the Bench, Mr. Blickson. What is the object of all this eloquence?"

"The object of my very simple narrative, your Worships, is to discharge my plain duty to my clients. I would ask this Worshipful Bench not only to dismiss a very absurd application, but also to add their most weighty opinions, that Harvey Tremlett and James Fox,—no, I beg pardon, that was the first mistake of this ever erroneous blacksmith—James Kettle, I should say, have set a fine example of perfect submission to the law of the land."

"Oh come, Mr. Blickson, that is out of the record. We pronounce no opinion upon that point. We simply adjudge that the case be now dismissed."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### AN INLAND RUN.

"WON'ERFUL well 'e doed it, sir. If ever I gets into Queer Street, you be the one to get me out." This well-merited compliment was addressed by Dick Herniman to Attorney Blickson, at a convivial gathering held that same afternoon to celebrate the above recorded triumph of Astræa. The festal party had been convoked at the Wheatsheaf Tavern in Perliton Square, and had taken the best room in the house, looking out of two windows upon that noble parallelogram, which Perliton never failed to bring with it orally when it condescended to visit Perlycross. The party had no idea of being too abstemious, the object of its existence being the promotion, as well as the assertion, of the liberty of the subject.

Six individuals were combining for this lofty purpose, to wit the two gentlemen so unjustly charged, and their stout ally of high artistic standing, that very able lawyer who had vindicated right; also Captain Timberlegs, and Horatio Peckover Esquire; and pleasant it is as well as strange to add, Master Joseph Crang of Susscot, blacksmith, farrier, and engineer. For now little differences of opinion, charges of perjury and body-snatching, assault and battery, and general malfeasance, were sunk in the large liberality of success, the plenitude of John Barleycorn, and the congeniality of cordials.

That a stripling like the Hopper should be present was a proof of some failure of discretion upon his part, for which he atoned by a tremendous imposition; while the prudent Pike and the modest Mopuss had refused with short gratitude this banquet and gone home. But the Hopper regarded himself as a witness (although he had not been called upon) in right of his researches at Blackmarsh, and declared that officially he must hear the matter out, for an explanation had been promised. The greater marvel was perhaps that Joe Crang should be there, after all the lash of tongue inflicted on him. But when their Worships were out of sight, Blickson had taken him by the hand in a truly handsome manner, and assured him of the deep respect he felt, and ardent admiration, at his too transparent truthfulness. Joe Crang, whose heart was very sore, had shed a tear at this touching tribute, and was fain to admit, when the lawyer put it so, that he was compelled in his own art to strike the finest metal the hardest.

So now all six were in very sweet accord, having dined well, and now refining the firmer substances into the genial flow. Attorney Blickson was in the chair, for which nature had well qualified him; and perhaps in the present more ethereal age, he might have presided in a syndicate producing bubbles of gold and purple, subsiding into a bluer tone. For this was a man of quick natural parts, and gifted in many ways for his profession. Every one said that he should have been a barrister; for his character would not have mattered so much, when he went from one town to another, and above all to such a place as London, where they think but little of it. If he could only stay sober, and avoid promiscuous company, and make up his mind to keep his hand out of quiet people's pockets, and do a few other respectable things, there was no earthly reason that any one could see why he should not achieve fifty guineas a day, and even be a match for Mopuss, K.C., the father of Mr. Penniloe's fattest pupil.

"This honourable company has a duty now before it." Mr. Blickson drew attention by rapping on the table, and then leaning back in his chair, with a long pipe rested on a bowl of punch, or rather nothing but a punch-bowl now. On his right hand sat Herniman, the giver of the feast (or the lender at least, till prize-money came to fist), and on the other side was Tremlett, held down by heavy nature from the higher flights of Bacchus, because no bowl was big enough to make him drunk. "Yes, a duty, gentlemen, which I, as the representative of Law, cannot see neglected. We have all enjoyed one another's good health, in the way in which it concerns us most; we have also promoted, by such prayers, the weal of the good Squire Mockham, and that of another gentleman, who presented himself as *amicus curiæ* (gentlemen, excuse a sample of my native tongue), a little prematurely perhaps last night, and left us to sigh for him vainly to-day. I refer to the gentleman with whom another, happily now present and the soul of our party, and rejoicing equally in the Scriptural name of James, was identified in an early stage of this still mysterious history by one of the most conscientious, truthful and self-possessed of all witnesses I have ever had the honour yet of handling in the box. At least he was not in the box, because there was none; but he fully deserves to be kept in a box. I am sorry to see you smile; at my prolixity I fear, therefore I will relieve you of it. Action is always more urgent than words. Duty demands that we should have this bowl refilled. Pleasure, which is the fairer sex of duty, as every noble sailor knows too well, awaits us next in one of her most tempting forms, as an ancient poet has observed. If it is sweet to witness from the shore the travail of another, how much sweeter to have his trials brought before us over the flowing bowl, while we rejoice in his success and share it. Gentlemen, I call upon Captain Richard Herniman for his promised narrative of that great expedition, which by some confusion of the public mind has become connected with a darker enterprise. Captain Richard Herniman to the fore!"

"Bain't no Cappen, and bain't got no big words," said Timber-legged Dick, getting up with a rattle and standing very staunchly; "but can't refuse this here gentleman under the circumstances. And every word as I says will be true."

After this left-handed compliment, received with a cheer in which the lawyer joined, the ancient salt premised that among good friends he relied on honour bright that there should be no dirty turn. To this all pledged themselves most freely; and he, trusting rather in his own reservations than their pledge that no harm should ever come of it, shortly told his story, which in substance was as follows. But some names which he omitted have been filled in, now that all fear of inquiry is over.

In the previous September, when the nights were growing long, a successful run across the Channel had been followed by a peaceful, and well-conducted, landing at a lonely spot on the Devonshire coast, where that pretty stream the Otter flows into the sea. That part of the shore was very slackly guarded then; and none of the authorities got scent, while scent was hot, of this cordial international transaction. Some of these genuine wares found a home promptly and pleasantly in the neighbourhood, among farmers, tradesmen, squires, and others, including even some loyal rectors, and zealous Justices of the Peace, or peradventure their wives and daughters capable of minding their own keys. Some, after dwelling in caves, or furze-ricks, barns, potato-buries, or hollow trees, went inland, or to Sidmouth, or Seaton, or anywhere else where a good tax-payer had plastered up his windows, or put "Dairy" on the top.

But the prime of the cargo, and the very choicest goods, such as fine Cognac, rich silk and rare lace, too good for pedlars and too dear for country churches, still remained stored away very snugly in some old dry cellars beneath the courtyard of a ruined house at Budleigh; where nobody cared to go poking about, because the old gentleman who lived there once had been murdered nearly thirty years ago for informing against smugglers, and was believed to be in the habit of walking there now. These shrewd men perceived how just it was that he should stand guard in the spirit over that which in the flesh he had betrayed, especially as his treason had been caused by dissatisfaction with his share in a very fine contraband venture. Much was now committed to his posthumous sense of honour; for the free-traders vowed that they could make a thousand pounds of these choice wares in any wealthy town, like Bath, or Bristol, or even Weymouth, then more fashionable than it is now.

But suddenly their bright hopes were dashed. Instead of reflecting on the value of these goods, they were forced to take hasty measures for their safety. A very bustling man of a strange suspicious turn, as dry as a mull of snuff and as rough as a nutmeg-grater, in a word a Scotchman out of sympathy with the natives, was appointed to the station at Sidmouth, and before he unpacked his clothes began to rout about, like a dog who has been trained to hunt for morels. Very soon he came across some elegant French work in cottages, or fishers' huts, or on the necks of milkmaids; and nothing would content him until he had discovered, even by such deep intriguery as the distribution of lollipops, the history of the recent enterprise.

"Let bygones be bygones," would have been the Christian sentiment of any new-comer at all connected with the district; and Sandy MacSpudder must have known quite well that his curiosity was in the worst of taste, and the result too likely to cast discredit on his own predecessor, who was threatening to leave the world just then with a large family unprovided for. Yet such was this Scotchman's pertinacity and push, that even the little quiet village of Budleigh, which has nothing to do but to listen to its own brook prattling to the gently smiling valley, even this rose-fringed couch of peace was ripped up by the slashing of this rude lieutenant's cutlass. A spectre, even of the best Devonian antecedents, was of less account than a scarecrow to this matter-of-fact Lowlander. "A' can smell a rat in that ghostie," was his profane conclusion.

This put the spirited free-traders on their mettle. Fifty years ago that Scotch interloper would have learned the restful qualities of a greener sod than his. But it is of interest to observe how the English nature softened when the smiting times had lapsed. It scarcely occurred to this gentler generation that a bullet from behind a rock would send this spry inquirer to solve larger questions on his own account. Savage brutality had less example now.

The only thing therefore was to over-reach this man. He was watching all the roads along the coast to east and west; but to guard all the tangles of the inward roads and the blessed complexity of Devonshire lanes would have needed an army of pure natives. Whereas this busy foreigner placed no faith in any man born in that part of the world, such was his judgment, and had called for a draft of fellows having different vowels.

This being so, it served him right to be out-witted by the thick heads he despised. And he had made such a fuss about it at head-quarters, and promised such wonders if the case were left to him, that when he captured nothing but a string of worn-out kegs filled with diluted sheep-wash, he not only suffered for a week from gastric troubles through his noseless hurry to identify Cognac, but also received a stinging reprimand, and an order for removal to a very rugged coast, where he might be more at home with the language and the manners. And his predecessor's son obtained that sunny situation. Thus is zeal rewarded always, when it does not spell success.

None will be surprised to hear that the simple yet masterly stratagem, by means of which the fair western county vindicated its commercial rights against northern arrogance and ignoble arts, was the invention of a British Tar, an old Agamemnon, a true heart of oak, re-membered also in the same fine material. The lessons of Nelson had not been thrown away; this humble follower of that great hero first misled the adversary, and then broke his line. Invested as he was by superior forces seeking access even to his arsenal, he despatched to the eastward a lumbering craft, better known to landsmen as a waggon, heavily laden with straw newly threshed, under which was stowed a tier of ancient kegs which had undergone too many sinkings in the sea (when a landing proved unsafe) to be trusted any more with fine contents. Therefore they now contained sheep-wash, diluted from the brook to the complexion of old brandy. In the loading of this waggon special mystery was observed, which did not escape the vigilance of the keen lieutenant's watchmen. With a pair of good farm-horses, and a farm-lad on the ridge of the load, and a heavy fellow whistling not too loudly on the lade-rail, this harmless car of fictitious Bacchus, crowned by effete Ceres, wended its rustic way towards the lowest bridge of the Otter, a classic and idyllic stream. These two men, of pastoral strain and richest breadth of language, received orders of a simplicity almost equal to their own.

No sooner was this waggon lost to sight and hearing in the thick October night, and the watchmen speeding by the short cuts to report it, than a long light cart, with a strong out-stepping horse, came down the wooded valley to the ghostly court. In half an hour it was packed and started inland, passing the birthplace of a very great man, straight away to Farringdon and Rockbear, with orders to put up at Clist Hidon before daylight, where lived a farmer who would harbour them securely. On the following night they were to make their way, after shunning Cullompton, to the shelter in Blackmarsh, where they would be safe from all intrusion and might await fresh instructions, which would take them probably towards Bridgwater and Bristol. By friendly ministrations of the Whetstone men, who had some experience in trade of this description, all this was managed with the best success. Jem Kettle knew the country roads by dark as well as daylight, and Harvey Tremlett was not a man to be collared very easily. In fact, without that sad mishap to their very willing and active nag, they might have fared through Perlycross, as they had through other villages where people wooed the early pillow, without a trace or dream of any secret treasure passing.

Meanwhile that pure and earnest Scotchman was enjoying his own acuteness. He allowed that slowly rolling waggon of the Eleusine dame to proceed some miles upon its course before his men stood at the horses' heads. There was wisdom in this, as well as pleasure (the joy a cat prolongs with mouse), inasmuch as all these good things were approaching his own den of spoil. When the Scotchmen challenged the Devonshire swains, with flourish of iron and of language even harder, an interpreter was sorely needed. Not a word could the Northmen understand that came from the broad soft Southron tongues; while the Devonshire men feigning, as they were bidden, to take them for highwaymen, feigned also not to know a syllable of what they said.

This led, as it was meant to do, to very lavish waste of time and increment of trouble. The carters instead of lending hand for the unloading of their waggon, sadly delayed that operation, by shouting out "thaves!" at the top of their voice, tickling their horses into a wild start now and then, and rolling the Preventive men off at the tail. MacSpudder himself had a narrow escape; for just when he chanced to be between two wheels, both of them set off without a word of notice; and if he had possessed at all a western body, it would have been run over. Being made of corkscrew metal by hereditary right he wriggled out as sound as ever; and looked forward all the more to the solace underlying this reluctant pile, as dry as any of his own components.

Nothing but his own grunts can properly express the fattening of his self-esteem (the whole of which was home-fed) when his men, without a fork (for the Boreal mind had never thought of that) but with a great many chops of knuckles (for the skin of straw is tougher than a Scotchman's) found their way at midnight, like a puzzled troop of divers, into the reef at bottom of the sheafy billows. Their throats were in a husky state, from chaff too penetrative and barn-dust over volatile, and they risked their pulmonary weal by opening a too sanguine cheer.

"Duty compels us to test the staple," the officer in command decreed; and many mouths gaped round the glow of his bullseye. "Don't 'ee titch none of that there wassh," the benevolent Devonians exclaimed in vain. Want of faith prevailed; every man suspected the verdict of his predecessor, and even his own at first swallow. If Timber-legged Dick could have timed the issue, what a landing he might have made! For the coast-guard tested staple so that twenty miles of coast were left free for fifty hours.

Having told these things in his gravest manner, Herniman, who so well combined the arts of peace and war, filled another pipe and was open to inquiry. Everybody accepted his narrative with pleasure, and heartily wished him another such a chance of directing fair merchandise along the lanes of luck. The blacksmith alone had some qualms of conscience for apparent backslidings from the true faith of free-trade. But they clapped him on the back, and he promised with a gulp that he never would peep into a Liberal van again.

"There is one thing not quite clear to me," said the Hopper, when the man of iron was settled below the table, whereas the youth had kept himself in trim for steeeplechasing. "What could our friend have seen in that vehicle of free-trade, to make him give that horrible account of its contents? And again, why did Mr. Harvey Tremlett carry off that tool of his which I found in the water?"

With a wave of his hand, for his tongue had now lost, by one of nature's finest arrangements, the copiousness of the morning, whereas a man of sober silence would now have bloomed into fluency, the chairman deputed to Herniman and Tremlett the honour of replying to the Hopper.

"You see, sir," said the former, "it was just like this. We was hurried so in stowing cargo, that some of the finest laces in the world, such as they calls *Valentines*, worth maybe fifty or a hundred pounds a yard, was shot into the hold anyhow among a lot of silks and so on. Harvey and Jemmy was on honour to deliver goods as they received them; blacksmith seed some of this lace a'flappin' under black tarporly; and he knowed as your poor Squire had been figged out for 's last voyage with same sort of stuff, only not so good. A clever old 'ooman maketh some to Perlycrass; Honiton lace they calls it here. What could a' think but that Squire was there? Reckon Master Crang would a' told 'e this, if so be a' hadn't had a little drap too much."

"Thou bee'st a liar! Han't had half enough, I tell 'e," the blacksmith from under the table replied, and then rolled away into a bellowsful of snores.

"To be sure!" said Peckover. "I see now. Tamsin Tamlin's work it was. Sergeant Jakes told me all about it. With all the talk there had been of robbing graves, and two men keeping in the dark so, no wonder Crang thought what he did. Many people went to see that lace, I heard; and they said it was too good to go underground; though nothing could be too good for the Squire. Well now, about that other thing, why did Mr. Tremlett make off with *little Billy?*"

"Can't tell 'e, sir, very much about 'un," the wrestler answered, with a laugh at the boy's examination. "Happen I tuk 'un up, a'veelin' of 'un to frighten blacksmith maybe; and then I vancied a' maight come ooseful if nag's foot went wrong again. Then when nag gooed on all right, I just chucked 'un into a pool of watter, for to kape 'un out 'o sight of twisty volk. Ort more to zatisfy this young gent?"

"Yes. I am a twisty folk, I suppose. Unless there is any objection, I should like very much to know why Dr. Fox was sent on that fool's errand to the pits."

"Oh, I can tell 'e that, sir," replied Jem Kettel, for the spirit of the lad, and his interest in their doings, had made him a favourite with the present company. "It were one of my mates as took too much trouble. He were appointed to meet us at the cornder of the four roads, an hour afore that or more; and he got in a bit of a skear, it seems, not knowing why we was so behindhand. But he knowed Dr. Vox, and thought 'un better out o' way, being such a sharp chap and likely to turn meddlesome. He didn't want 'un to hang about up street as a' maight with some sick 'ooman, and so he zent un' t'other road to tend a little haxident. Wouldn't do he no harm, a' thought, and might zave us some bother. But, Lord! if us could have only knowed the toorn your volk would putt on it, I reckon us should have roared and roared all droo the strates of Perlycrass. Vainest joke as ever coom to my hearin', or ever wull, however long the Lord kapeth me a'livin'. And to think of Jem Kettel being sworn to for a learned doctor! Never had no teethache I han't, since the day I heered on it." A hearty laugh was held to be a sovereign cure for toothache then, and perhaps would be so still if the patient could accomplish it.

"Well, so far as that goes, you have certainly got the laugh of us," Master Peckover admitted, not forgetting that he himself came in for as much as any one. "But come now, as you are so sharp, just give me your good opinion; and you being all along the roads that night, ought to have seen something. Who were the real people in that horrid business?"

"The Lord in heaven knoweth, sir," said Tremlett very solemnly. "Us passed in front of Perlycrass church about dree o'clock of the morning. Nort were doing then, or us could scarcely have helped hearing of it. Even if 'em heered our wheels, and so got out of sight, I reckon us must 'a seed the earth-heap, though moon were gone a good bit afore that. And zim'th there waz no harse there. A harse will sing out a'most always to another harse at night, when a' heareth of him coming and a' standeth lonely. Us met nawbody from Perlycrass to Blackmarsh. As to us and Clam-pit volk, zoonder would us goo to gallows than have ort to say to grave-work. And gallows be too good for 'un, accardin' my opinion. But gen'lemen, afore us parts, I wants to drink the good health of the best man I've a knowed on airth. Bain't saying much perhaps, for my ways hath been crooked-like. But maketh any kearless chap belave in good above 'un, when a hap'th acrass a man as thinketh nort of his own zell but gi'eth his life to other volk. God bless Passon Penniloe!"

(*To be continued.*)

## THE PARLIAMENTS AND MINISTRIES OF THE CENTURY.

The British Constitution is the grandest example of the type which is not made but grows. It knows not the day of its nativity; it came not forth into the world full-blown from some ingenious and constructive brain; its natural elasticity has never been confined within the range of any document. It is an accretion of accumulated custom and tradition, "broadening down from precedent to precedent," and undergoing changes which are not the less sure because they make no stir. It is, in a word, what jurists have agreed to call a flexible and not a rigid constitution. It is then only natural to suppose that within the present century time's "thievish progress" has left its mark upon it. The great central institutions stand apparently unmoved, but the stream of time runs on, and slowly but surely tells upon the fabric. It looks outwardly the same, but the careful eye can detect the changes which do not lie upon the surface. The present Parliament is the twenty-fifth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. We have therefore had an experience of nearly a century of such Parliaments, and it may be interesting to take a rapid glance backwards, and see what can be gleaned from such a survey of the now closing century of our parliamentary history.

Something in the first place must be said of the relative durations of Parliaments and Ministries. It will have been observed that the twenty-five Parliaments of the century have had an average life of about four years apiece. But their respective fates have been curiously divergent. A few have lived to a green old age, while of others the thin-spun thread has been early cut. Three only have lasted over six years, and only seven over five; so that the proportion of long-lived Parliaments is comparatively small. In three cases life has failed to reach a single year. Having regard to the average it may be said that the Septennial Act has proved of much less importance than might have been predicted. For many years, indeed, during the reign of George the Third it was a common thing for Parliaments to die a natural death, but things are now so altered, that the advocates of triennial Parliaments would gain little satisfaction by the change. Contemporaneously with these twenty-five Parliaments there have been up to the time of Mr. Gladstone's retirement a succession of twenty-nine Ministries; but after making due allowance for reconstructions, and for the fact that prior to the Reform Act of 1867 a dissolution followed upon the demise of the Crown, it will be seen that the number of Ministries and Parliaments has been about the same, and it may be said generally that each Parliament has had its separate Ministry. The one great exception was that of the Earl of Liverpool who took the reins of government in 1812, and continued to hold them for a space of fourteen years, during which period no less than four Parliaments were elected. It was a singular exception which was due to the peculiar conditions of the time, and it is not likely to recur again. The relation of Ministries and Parliaments, and the intimate dependence of the former upon the latter could not be better illustrated than by a careful observation of their contemporaneous histories. An old Ministry will sometimes meet a new Parliament, and a new Parliament will sometimes grudgingly support an old Ministry, but as a general rule they may be said to rise and fall together. Each Parliament is too jealous to tolerate any creation but its own.

A brief and rapid sketch of the Parliaments and Ministries, sufficient to bring into relief their salient characteristics, will enable us to trace the changes which have crept into the spirit and the working of our parliamentary institutions.

The first Parliament of the United Kingdom, which was merely the continued existence of one elected in 1796, met in January 1801, and was dissolved in the autumn of the following year. Pitt was at this time the one indispensable man who alike possessed the King's confidence and the capacity to govern. Addington tried to do it for a while, but Pitt alone was equal to the times, and he was Premier when he sank beneath the cares of office in 1806. This was a year which was marked by events of great constitutional importance. It was then, for the first time since the rise of Pitt in 1783, and for the last time until 1830, that the Whigs held office. As Byron wittily put it,

> Nought's permanent among the human race,
> Except the Whigs not getting into place.

Those who are accustomed to the present uniform swing of the pendulum from one side to the other, may well reflect with amazement upon a time when one of the great parties in the State, with one brief exception, was excluded from office for nearly half a century. It is a fact which is eloquent with a meaning. This Whig Ministry, the "Ministry of all the Talents," with Lord Grenville as Premier and Fox as Foreign Secretary, had a very brief existence. They proposed a measure of Catholic Relief. The King not only forbade them to introduce the Bill, or even to offer him any advice upon the subject, but also endeavoured to extort from them a pledge that they would never presume to do so again. They refused, were dismissed, and a Tory Ministry with the Duke of Portland at its head was appointed in their place. It was in this government, it may be noted, that Lord Palmerston, then a young man of twenty-three, held his first office as a Lord of the Admiralty. This Ministry immediately advised a dissolution, and taking advantage of the favouring breezes of the hour, they succeeded in obtaining a substantial majority. Then ensued in home politics a long period of monotonous routine. If the administration was safe, it certainly was dull. It was an age of respectable mediocrities. Burke's stately eloquence, Fox's generous ardour, and Pitt's administrative genius, were a memory to treasure, and that was all. When the mantles fell, there were none to take them up. The Duke of Portland died in 1809, and was succeeded by Spencer Perceval, a conscientious minister, whose useful services did not screen him from the gibes of the malicious and the witty. It was recorded to his credit that he was "faithful to Mrs. Perceval and kind to the Master Percevals"; but it was somewhat cruelly added that "if public and private virtues must always be incompatible," it were better that "he destroyed the domestic happiness of Wood or Cockell, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys, and saved his country." Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House in 1812, and for nearly fifteen years the country submitted to the soporific rule of the "arch-mediocrity," the industrious Earl of Liverpool. He retired from ill health in 1827, and was succeeded by the brilliant and meteoric Canning, who at least for his contributions to *The Anti-Jacobin* will always find a grateful posterity. A few months of office killed him, and Lord Goderich, whom Disraeli dubbed the "transient and embarrassed phantom," took for a time the vacant place. He made way for the Duke of Wellington in 1828, and for the first and last time a great soldier became Prime Minister of England. For nearly three years he saw to it that the King's government should be carried on, and his administration was marked by an event of great constitutional importance, the passing of the Act for Catholic Emancipation. It was an event of great moment in itself, for it closed a conflict which had lasted for nearly a generation. But the overwhelming interest excited by the passing of the Act has thrown into the shade an aspect of the case which is equally important. George the Fourth yielded where George the Third had stood firm, and in surrendering the position, he marked, as will be seen, the final consummation of a change in our constitutional practice which had long been impending.

The long period of repression and reaction which had followed the excesses of the French Revolution, and which had thrown Liberalism backwards for nearly half a century, was now drawing to a close. The spirit of innovation was everywhere abroad, and the Don Quixotes of Conservatism began to labour heavily beneath the cumbrous armour of a bygone age. The new Parliament of 1830 contained a majority favourable to reform. The Duke of Wellington resigned, and Earl Grey formed a Whig administration. The events which followed are too well known to need to be repeated here. For our present purpose it is enough to note that Earl Grey successfully appealed to the country in 1831, and after a great historic conflict with the Lords passed the first Reform Bill into law. Earl Grey retired in 1834, and Lord Melbourne took his place. This amiable and easy peer, the "indolent Epicurean," who was content "to saunter over the destinies of a nation and lounge away the glory of an empire," had not held office many months when William the Fourth used his prerogative in a way of which something will presently be said. He believed, or affected to believe, that the Commons did not truly represent the opinion of the country. He dismissed the Whig Ministry and sent for Sir Robert Peel, who advised a dissolution. But the King was wrong, and Peel, rather than meet a hostile majority in the House of Commons, resigned. Lord Melbourne returned to power and formed one of the longest administrations of the century. His authority in 1839 began to ooze away, and his Government suffered a virtual defeat on a measure which involved the suspension of the constitution of Jamaica. He resigned; Sir Robert Peel was sent for, and his attempt to form a government gave rise to one of those events which, though trivial in themselves, produce more important consequences. On this occasion it was a question of the removal of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, which, though a purely personal question, constrained Sir Robert to give up his undertaking, and prolonged the Whig Ministry until 1841. In that year occurred an incident which has since been turned into a very formidable precedent. A motion of want of confidence was the first time in the history of the House of Commons successfully carried against the Ministry of the day by a majority of one. This historic resolution, which was moved by Peel himself, deserves particular record. It ran as follows: "That Her Majesty's Government do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem essential to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution." It was a strongly worded claim by the Commons for a paramount position which is now without question accorded to them. The Melbourne Ministry met the new Parliament in 1841, and, being defeated on an amendment to the Address, immediately resigned. Sir Robert Peel succeeded in forming a durable administration which lasted to the summer of 1846, when a parallel event to that which happened in 1886 occurred. Just as Mr. Gladstone split up the Liberal party on the question of Home Rule, so did Sir Robert Peel split up the Conservatives on the repeal of the Corn Laws. The Irish Famine gave his mind the final bias in the direction to which it had previously been tending; as the Duke of Wellington remarked with characteristic frankness, "Rotten potatoes have done it all; they put him in his d——d fright." It is not surprising that Peel's discontented followers looked out for an occasion of revenge, and they found it in a Coercion Bill for Ireland. The Peel Ministry were defeated by a majority of seventy-three votes. It was a rancorous outburst of party spirit which set an evil precedent for the future conduct of parliamentary government.

Lord John Russell now succeeded to the place to which his eminent merits had entitled him. His diminutive stature caused people to wonder how one so great could yet be so little, while his self-confidence was such that men jestingly declared that he was ready to do anything at a moment's notice, from performing an operation to taking command of the Channel Fleet. His administration lasted until 1852, and was marked by an incident unique in the parliamentary history of the century; the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office for his persistent refusal to submit his despatches to his colleagues and the Crown. It was an event which emphasised the right of the Premier and the Crown to be consulted by Ministers on all important matters which come within the sphere of their official duties, and established once for all the practice to be followed in the future. However in 1852 Lord Palmerston had, as he said, his "tit-for-tat" with Lord John Russell. Upon the *coup d'état* in France a Militia Bill was introduced, and the Government was defeated on an amendment proposed by Lord Palmerston himself. They immediately resigned. The Earl of Derby, whose dashing oratory has earned for him the title of the "Rupert of debate," formed a government of mostly untried men, which was styled by the facetious the "Who, Who, Government." To its inglorious existence Disraeli's first adventures in the region of finance speedily proved fatal. As Lord Derby wittily said, Benjamin's mess was greater than all the rest. The general election which followed gave the Ministry so small a majority that they resigned. Parties were now in a state of unequal equilibrium, and neither Conservatives nor Whigs could form a strong administration. Then ensued the uncommon spectacle of a Coalition Ministry. The Peelites under the leadership of the Earl of Aberdeen formed a government by calling in the assistance of the Whigs. Disraeli declared that the English people detested coalitions. They had an evil reputation from the fact that George the Third loved to make use of them in order to set one party against the other. And to this one in particular the country had no reason to be grateful, for it proved responsible for the war in the Crimea. In 1855 the Coalition Ministry fell discredited, on Mr. Roebuck's motion for a committee of inquiry into the conduct of the war, by an adverse majority of one hundred and fifty-seven votes. Consisting as it did of a group of men who were rivals in ability but who disagreed in principle, it contained in itself the seeds of discord, and permitted things to drift. Lord Palmerston succeeded, and held office until 1857, when he was defeated on Mr. Cobden's motion condemning his policy in China. But Lord Palmerston was a man of daring and resource; he knew his countrymen, and to their judgment he appealed. To the amazement of the world he succeeded in reversing the verdict of the Commons, and was rewarded by obtaining a substantial majority. The Manchester School of politicians, who were the proximate cause of the election, were smitten hip and thigh, and Bright and Cobden with the rest were ejected from their seats. It was an almost unexampled triumph for a Minister; but it was short-lived. Once again, in 1858 as in 1852, Louis Napoleon proved fatal to an English administration. The Orsini bombs had an explosive force in more senses than one, and reverberated far beyond the narrow circle of the Tuileries. They were the immediate cause of the introduction of Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, and in the course of the debate an amendment was moved by Mr. Milner Gibson, involving a censure on the Government for its failure to reply to a French despatch which had been laid before Parliament. The amendment was carried by nineteen votes and Lord Palmerston resigned. The significance of the affair lies in the fact that it was an interference by the Commons in an act which belonged purely to the executive, and it is not without its meaning. The Earl of Derby once more formed a brief administration, with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House. On an attempted measure of reform he was defeated on Lord John Russell's resolution by thirty-nine votes. An unsuccessful appeal to the country followed, and when Lord Hartington's amendment to the Address was carried by thirteen, the Derby Ministry resigned. Lord Palmerston again formed a strong administration which, by a curious sport of fortune, exactly coincided in duration with Lord Melbourne's second government, namely, six years and one hundred and forty-one days. Shortly after the dissolution Lord Palmerston died in 1865, and Lord John Russell, who was raised to the peerage as Earl Russell, assumed the reins of power. His former resistance to any extension of the Reform Act of 1832 had earned for him the nickname of "Finality Jack," but this did not prevent him from taking up the subject once again. Reform, however, was a thing which apparently neither side could handle with success. It proved fatal to Lord Russell as it had done to his predecessor, and brought his government to an end within a year. It was a session rendered memorable by the formation of the party of the Cave of Adullam, and by the brilliant rhetoric of Robert Lowe, who electrified the House, and was wittily nicknamed by Disraeli the "Whitehead torpedo." The Earl of Derby now formed his third administration, and boldly grappling with reform, he took, to use a now celebrated phrase, his "leap in the dark." In 1868 his health compelled him to retire, and the opportunity came to Benjamin Disraeli. The "superlative Hebrew conjuror" of Carlyle became Prime Minister of England; and he who was at first laughed down with derision, commanded the respect and obedience of the House. To use his own expression, which is more forcible than elegant, he had climbed to the top of the greasy pole. It proved more slippery than probably even he imagined, and in a very few months he came down with a run, when Mr. Gladstone's resolution on the Irish Church placed him in a minority. Disraeli advised a dissolution, but he declined to meet a new House containing a majority against him. Mr. Gladstone thereupon formed his first administration, which endured for rather over five years and was marked by much legislative spirit. But in 1873 he was placed in a minority on an Irish University Bill. Disraeli was sent for by the Queen, but he prudently declined to form a new administration without a new Parliament. The end was not long delayed, for in February, 1874, Mr. Gladstone gave himself the *coup de grâce* by suddenly determining to advise a dissolution. The result showed a great Conservative reaction which once more brought Disraeli to the front. The events which followed will be within common memory. It must be enough to note the fact that the period which has elapsed since then has been marked by three long administrations, namely those of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and the Marquis of Salisbury; and that the year 1885 was marked by a Reform Act which gave rise to a sharp and short conflict with the Lords. But until the date of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, no other matter of constitutional importance arose.

Such in the broadest possible outline is the history of the Ministries and Parliaments of the century; a map, so to speak, disclosing the main features but ignoring the details of the region which we have rapidly traversed. What then are the most striking characteristics of the scene? One of its most impressive features certainly is the change which has occurred in the position occupied by the House of Commons in relation to Ministers and the Crown. It stands out predominantly like some mountain range which towers above the plain. Here, as almost everywhere throughout the Western world, the people's House has arrogated to itself the first place in the State; a fact which marks a step in the forward march of democracy, and is an unmistakable sign of what, in the absence of a better term, can only be called the spirit of the age. Popular Chambers have everywhere encroached upon rights and privileges which did not formerly belong to them. Sometimes victory has only been wrested with a struggle, but sometimes all has gradually and quietly been conceded. In England the process has a history of its own, and the history of the various ways in which it has manifested itself is the matter which now immediately concerns us.

And first as to the relation of the Commons to the Ministers and the Crown. The House had formerly no practical influence over either of the latter, or at least none legally recognised by the customs and the conventions of the Constitution. The Crown summoned and dissolved the House as it pleased, and Ministers had not much regard for its judgment or its votes. If the Commons wished to have their way, their only resource was to present addresses to the Crown or to cut off the supplies. They might worry the Ministers or the Crown into concessions. But that state of things has long passed away, and from being a mere auxiliary organ of government the Lower House has won its way into an absolute pre-eminence. It has become, to make another use of Lord Rosebery's expression, the "predominant partner" in Parliament. It is upon the House of Commons that every eye is turned; it is there that the centre of political gravity has shifted. There have been no revolutions, no bombastic declamations or watering trees of liberty with blood; but it is an accomplished fact notwithstanding. It now remains to be seen how this has come about, and to note the several steps in the transformation as they have occurred within the present century.

At the outset a distinction must be drawn between an Administration or a Government in general and those leading members of it who are said to form the Cabinet for it is the relations of the Crown, the Cabinet, and the Commons which will now have to be considered. It is in accordance with the illogical character of British institutions that the Cabinet is utterly unknown to the law. Both Pepys and Clarendon use the word, and according to the latter it was first applied, as a term of reproach among the courtiers, to the King's Committee of State in 1640. In like manner too the terms Prime Minister and Premier are not recognised by law. Swift speaks somewhere of the "premier ministers of State," as though in his day the office was beginning to be evolved. The Crown itself first presided in the councils of the Cabinet, and no Minister presumed to occupy the place. Walpole indeed was gravely accused of making for himself the place of a first Minister, a charge against which he indignantly protested.

But he was Premier in fact, if he was not so in name, as no one knew better than himself. As he said, when Townshend was admitted to the Cabinet, "the firm must be Walpole and Townshend, not Townshend and Walpole." During the reigns of the first two Georges, who knew little English and lived mostly at the Hanoverian Court, a free hand was tacitly accorded to English Cabinets in the administration of affairs. But with the accession of George the Third came a very different state of things. That his Ministers were his servants who might be appointed and dismissed solely at his own good will and pleasure, was not merely the preconceived opinion of the new King, but was apparently the generally received doctrine of the day, in which some statesmen themselves were willing to acquiesce. Lord Shelburne, for instance, indignantly declared that "he would never consent that the King of England should be a king of the Mahrattas," who was, he declared, "in fact nothing more than a royal pageant." The Commons sometimes turned restive, as when in 1780 they affirmed Mr. Dunning's resolution "that the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." But feeble protests were of little avail, and when the first Parliament of the United Kingdom met in 1801, the old doctrine of kingship and prerogative was held in all its fulness. The magnitude of the change which has since occurred in our constitutional practice may best be realised by saying that as regards the relation of the Crown to the Cabinet and Commons, that practice has been totally inverted; and the process was accomplished within the first half of the century. At its beginning the Crown appointed and dismissed its Ministers without even deigning to consult the wishes of the Commons; that was a privilege of the monarch with which they were deemed to have no right of interference. Now, though the Crown selects its own Prime Minister, he is to all intents and purposes appointed by the Commons. The party which possesses a majority in the House, in reality indicates the man who must be chosen. On the other hand the Crown would not now dismiss a Cabinet which possessed the confidence of the Commons, but would wait until that confidence was unmistakably withdrawn before venturing on such a use of the prerogative. There is here one of those constitutional conventions which, as Professor Dicey says, are "precepts for determining the mode and spirit in which the prerogative is to be exercised;" while the prerogative is "nothing else than the residue of discretionary or arbitrary authority which at any given time is legally left in the hands of the Crown." Perhaps the most important function of the Cabinet is to form, as it were, a connecting link between the Crown and Parliament. Mr. Gladstone has happily described it as "a clearing-house of political forces," where everything is balanced and adjusted, and the nett result obtained. But of those forces that exercised by the Commons is unquestionably the strongest, and inevitably has a preponderating share in directing the general movement of affairs.

On five occasions within the present century,—in 1806, 1818, 1829, 1834, and 1839—a crisis has occurred in the use of the prerogative, and they are excellent illustrations of the remarkable changes which have gradually transformed our constitutional conventions. In 1806 the Grenville Ministry proposed to introduce a Bill for Catholic Emancipation, an act of policy which drew from Sheridan the remark that he had often heard of people running their heads against a wall, but had never heard before of them building a wall to knock their heads against. What followed has already been narrated, and forms a striking illustration of the way in which the personal dislikes of the Crown to a particular form of policy were allowed to defeat the other forces in the State. A Ministry was dismissed and another was appointed with as little regard to the opinions of the Commons as though they existed in another planet. The King's word was enough, and there was no more to be said; and that was passed without protest which in these days would raise a storm of indignation. Again, in 1818 the Prince Regent performed an act of a very arbitrary kind. The demise of the King was hourly expected, and in order to avoid meeting the existing House, which he would have to summon upon his father's death, and to which it would seem that he had taken a dislike, he went down to Westminster and dissolved Parliament without the slightest notice. Events move on and the scene changes. George the Fourth is King; and in 1829 the Government of the Duke of Wellington is forced to the conclusion that they can no longer avert the necessity for some measure of Catholic Relief. The King refuses to assent to the Bill and the Ministry resigns; he withdraws his refusal and the Bill becomes law. It is perhaps not too much to say that, next to the Reform Act of 1832, this act of the King is the most important political event in the English history of this century. It was a surrender of the citadel; it denoted, as Mr. Gladstone has said, "the death of British kingship in its older sense." Like Cleisthenes at Athens, George the Fourth admitted the people into partnership. From that day to this the Crown has not ventured to veto legislation on the ground merely of personal dislike. Its moral influence over Ministers may be great, but that is almost the limit of its powers. The scene shifts again, and William the Fourth is on the throne. He was a conscientious monarch who probably desired to use his prerogative in strict accordance with the constitutional conventions of the day. But the old kingly spirit still lingered in his mind, and his dislike of the Whigs betrayed him into a serious misuse of his prerogative. The dislike of his father and his brother for the Whigs was unabashed and open, and they almost continuously shut them out of office in a way which is but another illustration of the old absolutist theory. The Whigs were too exclusive to be popular; they were a sort of coterie with its seat at Holland House, not admitting even Burke to their councils in the degree to which he was entitled. But they nobly sacrificed their interests to their principles, and ran counter to the wishes of the Crown. William the Fourth shared the prejudice against them, and in 1834 he found a pretext to dismiss the Melbourne Ministry. Lord Althorp had succeeded his father as Earl Spencer, and the King, declaring his conviction that without him in the Commons the government could not be carried on, suddenly dismissed his Ministers. It was a perfectly legitimate use of the prerogative, but it was nevertheless a serious mistake. The House of Commons had its revenge. Upon the dissolution the Melbourne Ministry had to be recalled to power, and from that time down to the Conservative Reform Act of 1867 the Whigs enjoyed the largest share of office. For the last time in 1839 Ministers were kept out of office on the ground of personal disagreement with the Crown. At that time Sir Robert Peel, who had been asked to form a Cabinet, demanded that the Ladies of the Bedchamber should be changed with the old administration. Her Majesty refused, and the Melbourne Ministry dragged on a discredited existence until 1841. It was the last episode in a contest which is now probably for ever closed.

As the Crown has lost authority, so in proportion has the House of Commons gained it, and this in other ways than those already named. There is, for instance, nothing but the imperative demands of constitutional custom which compels a member of the Cabinet to sit in either House of Parliament; but that custom has almost the force of law; so that, in the case of a Minister who is not a Peer, he is practically bound to find a seat in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone held office from December 1845 to July 1846 without a seat in the House of Commons, and that is the most notable exception to the rule within the present century, and was the fruit of very special circumstances. So, too, a member of the Cabinet must always hold some office, and when Lord John Russell for a brief period once led the House of Commons without holding office, such an irregular arrangement was violently condemned. For it is by such constitutional practices as these that the House of Commons is able to retain its control over the Government. And so too with that paradox of the British Constitution by which the Cabinet, or the central executive body, has become almost the sole source of legislation. It is but a mark of the intimate connection which binds together Parliaments and Ministries. As in nature animals take colour from the objects which surround them, so have Ministries taken colour, so to speak, from Parliament and assumed the livery of a legislative body. Nor is this all, for the House of Commons has invaded the sphere of the executive, as it did when in 1857 and 1859 on the respective motions of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Milner Gibson it upset Ministries on purely administrative measures.

Of the relation of the House of Commons to the Lords it can only be said that there has been very little change. From the way in which the House of Lords is now occasionally spoken of, it might be inferred that that House had been in constant conflict with the Commons. Yet in fact nothing can be further from the truth, for probably a less obstructive second Chamber the world has never seen. It has been infinitely less so than the American Senate or some of our Colonial Legislative Councils. Once only, over the great Reform Act, has there been anything like a serious conflict. The Lords have helped to pass into law all those great legislative measures which, as making for liberty and the emancipation of mankind, will always be regarded as the glory of the age. It is significant that of the Premiers of the century all but eight (and one of these was an Irish peer) have been members of the House of Lords, and, if we may judge from recent circumstances, the fashion does not seem likely to change.

It is then in the relations of the House of Commons to the Cabinet and the Crown that the spirit of the Constitution has within the present century undergone the greatest changes. In the supremacy of the People's House British democracy has, for good or ill, found its triumphant expression. That House is largely influenced by opinion from without, and is sensitive to every breath of popular applause or censure. Less than forty years ago a Ministry, which had been defeated in the Commons, successfully appealed to the country. Lord Palmerston's triumph in 1857 appears to have been the last occasion when the electors clearly demonstrated by their votes that they were not in agreement with the majority of their representatives. Such an event seems unlikely to occur again.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

## A DISCOURSE ON SEQUELS.

"It is the fate of sequels to disappoint the expectations of those that have waited for them." So writes Mr. Louis Stevenson in his dedication of *Catriona*, which was his own sequel to his earlier tale of *Kidnapped*. That authors should go on producing sequels is a matter that need surprise no one. When the world makes friends with a character in fiction, it is only natural that it should desire to hear more of him, and equally natural that the author should be glad to gratify the world's desire. It is hard to say good-bye for ever to a pleasant acquaintance even among mere mortals.

I suppose nobody ever read Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth* without a lively desire to meet Falstaff again. That is just what Queen Elizabeth felt when she saw the play. Being a queen and a Tudor, she incontinently gave command for a sequel; at least tradition says that it is to Elizabeth's command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The tradition, it is true, dates from considerably later than Shakespeare's time. The earliest written authority for it, I believe, is John Dennis's dedication (dated 1702) to *The Comical Gallant*, a new version he made of Shakespeare's play; and it depended for its preservation upon the oral testimony of Nicholas Rowe, who was not born until some fifty years after Shakespeare died. From that day to this, however, the story has been generally accepted. Queen Elizabeth, said Rowe, was so well pleased with the character of Falstaff that she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more and to show him in love. If Rowe was right, and the Queen's desire was to see the fat knight in love, the wish was something less wise and more womanlike than was usual with her. Falstaff in love would be a contradiction in terms, and Shakespeare could not so falsify his conception. This is how Falstaff himself in the play opens his design to Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol at the Garter Inn at Windsor. "My honest lads," says he, "I will tell you what I am about." "Two yards or more," interposes Pistol. "No quips now, Pistol," replies Sir John. "Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation." "The report goes," he adds, "she has all the rule of her husband's purse."

That was as near as Shakespeare could bring himself to the ordained task, and if Elizabeth was satisfied, she was less exacting than she sometimes showed herself. Some lingering after lust there is in the would-be seducer of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, and an unabated craving after lucre; but love!—not for the Queen's command the bare suspicion of it in the two yards' girth of him.

Whether it was the fate of this sequel to disappoint the royal expectation tradition does not say. It may be that the taste that desired to see Falstaff in love was satisfied with the horse-play of these merry wives. At any rate the play was a favourite with Restoration audiences; also with the late master of Balliol. We shall all, I suppose, with Hazlitt admit that it is an amusing play, with a great deal of humour, character, and nature in it. Yet will every right Falstaffian add with Hazlitt that he would have liked it much better if any one else had been the "hero" of it instead of Falstaff. The indignities suffered by Falstaff reminded Hazlitt of the sufferings of Don Quixote. There Hazlitt let his natural zeal outrun his critical discretion. Falstaff is the very last man in the world to be called Quixotic; but in the main Hazlitt is right. Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is not the man he was in *Henry the Fourth.* His degradations are too dishonouring, and how much his wit has degenerated a simple test will prove. Falstaff's sallies of wit are among the most current of the world's quotations. Not one quotation, I think I am right in saying, comes from the Falstaff of the later play. Falstaff's admirers would willingly believe that as the Mistress Quickly that was servant to Dr. Caius was a different person from that other Mistress Quickly, the poor lone woman who kept the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, so it was not Hal's Mentor, but "another fellow of the same name" that was crammed into the buckbasket with the foul smocks; and for all his protestation, that, if he were served such another trick, he'd have his brains taken out and buttered and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift, nevertheless endured the disguise of the fat woman of Brentford and the horns of Herne the Hunter. The most ingenious German commentator has not yet however ventured on so desirable an hypothesis; and indeed the presence of Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol is damning.

If Shakespeare himself did not write a satisfactory Falstaffian sequel, it was, we must suppose, that his heart was not in the job. The tradition, according to Gildon, was that he took only a fortnight about it. Yet let not the profit column of the account be ignored. If Falstaff loses, Slender and Shallow gain. And there is the dear Welshman with his skimble-skamble and pribble-prabbles. So much there is to set to the credit side of sequels.

Cervantes also, another of the immortals, wrote a sequel, as one is reminded by Hazlitt's mention of Don Quixote. That sequels were generally unsuccessful was the opinion even in Cervantes's day. "People say," says the bachelor Sampson Carrasco at the beginning of the second part, "that second parts are never good for anything." But the whole of Spain was clamouring for more about Don Quixote and Sancho. "Give us more Quixotades," people were saying. "Let Quixote encounter and Sancho talk, and be the rest what it will, we shall be contented." So in the fulness of time Cervantes gave them more Quixotades, and the world on the whole has therewith been well contented. To think of Barataria is to class the second part of *Don Quixote* among successful sequels.

True there is a hostile opinion to take account of, an opinion never lightly to be regarded in literary matters, the opinion of Charles Lamb. Lamb could not forgive the practical joking at the Duke's castle, could not bear to see his high-souled Quixote made the butt of duennas and serving-men. He thought Cervantes had been misled by his popular success to sacrifice a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries, to play to the gallery in fact. The whole passage in Lamb is delightful reading. *Incessu patet deus Carolus noster,* open the book of Elia where you will. But besides the impeccable literary critic, there is another Lamb of tender paradox and whimsical tirade, the discoverer of fairyland in Restoration comedy, the ultra-loyal lover of her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle. And one is inclined to say that this is the Lamb who declaims so against the second part of *Don Quixote,* when one finds him talking of the "unhallowed accompaniment of a Sancho" and of the "debasing fellowship of the clown," wishing almost the squire altogether away even in the first part. For the very essence of Cervantes's conception is the balance and contrast between Sancho and his Dapple and Quixote and his Rosinante. And Lamb might have remembered from Sampson Carrasco's discourse that in

Cervantes's own day the knight had his special partisans no less than the squire, and that some there were who would gladly have been spared the full tale of Quixote's drubbings. Lamb, it must be remembered, was not indulging in a set criticism of *Don Quixote.* He was arguing how apt pictorial illustrators were to materialise and vulgarise literary subjects, an interesting contention, well worth consideration. In the pictures, he said, Othello was always a blackamoor, Falstaff always plump Jack. So in *Don Quixote* they emphasised the buffooneries, and showed the rabblement always at the heels of Rosinante.

Therefore I think that we may discount Lamb's displeasure; and when he inveighs against the duchess and that "most unworthy nobleman" her lord, we shall remember that they bestowed upon Sancho Panza the governorship of Barataria, and that but for their bounty we should not have listened to the wisdom of Sancho, which is second only to the wisdom of Solomon. And when Lamb is vexed because Sancho's eyes were opened to know his master's infirmity, it may occur to the reader that this was but the logic of events; that so shrewd a clown as Sancho, in continuing to accompany Quixote upon his sallies, must needs have had his eyes opened pretty wide. And when Lamb complains that people read the book by halves, mistaking the author's purport, which was tears, we shall be inclined to reply that it is no less possible to read the book by halves another way, mistaking the author's purport, which was laughter at least as much as tears. Indeed, who should read *Don Quixote* by halves, hearing only the tears in it, who should wince from watching duennas and serving-men practising on the infirmity of the "Errant Star of Knighthood made more tender by eclipse," if not Charles Lamb, that had himself dwelt within the penumbra of eclipse and devoted a life to tending the sister whose first aberration had been so tragic?

A strange thing happened to Cervantes. Before his sequel appeared it had been forestalled by a sequel from another hand. Cervantes thus had a better excuse for publishing a sequel than the popular wish or a queen's command. He had to oust a bastard claimant. The history is curious. Cervantes's first part was published in 1606, his second part not until 1616; and in 1614 there had appeared a "Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote," purporting to be by "the Licentiate Alonzo de Fernandez de Avellaneda." There was no such man as Avellaneda, and who the ingenious gentleman really was, who devised this very unquixotic sally, has in spite of numerous conjectures remained a secret to the present moment. That a book of this kind should have been published pseudonymously under the highest ecclesiastical sanction in the Spain of that day, seems to Mr. H. E. Watts (a famous student of the Don) proof enough, not only that it was a plot to injure Cervantes, but also that the author was some considerable person; Mr. Watts suggests the great Lope di Vega himself, Cervantes's life-long rival. It is a matter about which the doctors disagree, and disagree fiercely; the Cervantists have indeed been described as a body rent with the fiercest blood-feuds known among mortals. As to Avellaneda's literary merits, it is to be said that the spurious sequel had the esteem of the author of *Gil Blas,* and that it has been printed among the Spanish classics in the national Library of Spanish Authors. As to his motives and moral merits on the other hand, there is clear evidence of malice. The pseudonymous supplanter made personal attacks on the man whose work he professed to be continuing; he cast in Cervantes's teeth his age, his maimed hand and his ignorance, and boasted that he should deprive him of the profits of his work. No wonder Cervantes was hurt. The public was impatient for the preface of Cervantes's new book, expecting resentments, railings, and invectives; but it was destined to be disappointed. Cervantes replied only to the taunts on his age and his wound, reminding his adversary that his hand had suffered fighting for his country in the victory of Lepanto. The provocation considered, the fun Cervantes makes of his rival in the later chapters of his second part is certainly good-humoured.

Apart from the personal motive, it would not be historically just to judge Avellaneda's action precisely as it would be judged to-day. We are far more punctilious and pugnacious nowadays than were our forefathers about proprietary rights in literary conceptions. It has been lately contended, for instance, that nobody but Mr. Thomas Hardy has any business to write about Wessex. Seeing that Wessex was before Mr. Hardy, this is putting the proprietary claim perhaps as high as it will go. When Mr. Walter Besant the other day wrote, greatly daring, a sequel to *The Doll's House,* it was only Mr. Besant's genial controversial method, or fifty thousand Ibsenmen had known the reason why. Throughout the height of Dickens's great popularity his books were accompanied by a crop of imitations, but these were flat piracy. Seriously it is hardly possible to imagine any one but Mr. Kipling venturing to write about Mulvaney, or another than Mr. Bret Harte telling fresh tales of Jack Hamlin or Yuba Bill; nor would anybody but M. Daudet have dared to send Tartarin upon his fool's errand to Port Tarascon. Things were different in the old days of epic and romantic cycles. Then every minstrel was at liberty to try his hand on a new lay of Achilles or Helen, a new romance of Roland or Lancelot, or another geste of Robin Hood. When a hero or heroine caught the world's fancy, the world could not have enough tales about them. There is the secret of the interminable fertility of cyclic poets and romancers. It is not possible to reconcile all the versions of Helen's or Tristram's or Sigurd's stories. Many of the greatest legends and romances grew up by accretions contributed by successive hands. And this sense of common property in the literary stock survived later. The free use made by Shakespeare, who was contemporary with Cervantes, of literary material that he found to his hand and to his purpose, has been the subject of common remark. His contemporary Lodge seems not to have grudged him his own Rosalind. It was Molière, I think, who boasted (and certainly no one could make the statement with stricter truth) that he took possession of his property wheresoever he found it. Indeed, the very same thing that happened to Cervantes happened also in the case of the other Spanish classic *Guzman de Alfarache,* where also the genuine conclusion was forestalled by a sequel from another hand.

The fun Cervantes makes of his rival in his sequel is, as I have said, good-humoured, but elsewhere he spoke of the "disgust and nausea" which the sham Quixote had caused him, and it was unquestionably to prevent further personations that he consented to his own Quixote's death. For despite his defeat by the false Knight of the Moon, there was no real call for Quixote to die. He was just about to turn with hardly diminished zest from the knight-errantry of the romances to the idyllic life of the pastorals; and Sancho, for all the unsealing of his eyes, was steadfast not to leave him, as eager for the curds and cream as the knight was about the shepherdess queens. But now there had risen before Cervantes's eyes the fear of more spurious sequels. So he buried Quixote with sanctions and solemnities, bidding presumptuous and wicked historians and plagiaries beware of profaning his subject and attempting a burden too weighty for their shoulders, expressly warning "Avellaneda" to suffer the wearied bones to rest in the grave. It may have been something of the same feeling that led Shakespeare to give us his true Falstaffian sequel, the inimitable scene in *Henry the Fifth.* There was an end worthy of the beginning, in Mistress Quickly-Pistol's unforgetable description of Falstaff a-dying, and Bardolph's supreme epitaph, "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, in heaven or hell." It was the same feeling that moved Addison to make an end of Sir Roger de Coverley. Foreseeing, we are told, that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it, he said to an intimate friend, his relative Eustace Budgell probably, with a certain warmth of expression, which he was not often guilty of, "By G—, I'll kill Sir Roger that nobody else may murder him!" And so there befel "the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire," and there was not a dry eye in the club when the old butler's letter was read with the bad news.

This extreme precaution is not always sovereign. It is a point not absolutely determined in Shakespearian chronology whether Falstaff was actually dragged from his grave to make an Elizabethan holiday. At any rate Quixote him dragged from his grave to flaunt him on the English stage by no less a person than Henry Fielding. Fielding was properly apologetic about it. He was only twenty-one when he wrote *Don Quixote in England*, and but for the solicitations of the distressed actors of Drury Lane would not have consented to its performance. For five years he had left it on the shelf conscious of the danger of the attempt to rival Cervantes, an opinion in which he was confirmed by Mr. Booth and Mr. Colley Cibber. Yet was it with an adventure not wholly dissimilar that Fielding embarked upon his true career as a novelist. For *Joseph Andrews* was conceived as a satirical sequel to *Pamela,* and Samuel Richardson's feelings towards Fielding were in consequence about as amiable as Cervantes's to "Avellaneda." Nor has Falstaff been left altogether at peace in Arthur's bosom. You will find a letter of Lamb to Coleridge warmly recommending a new volume of *Original Letters of Falstaff.* That sounds a pretty rash adventure, and you might be astonished at Lamb's commendations if you did not remember that James White, the author, was at Christ's Hospital with Lamb, and how good a friend Lamb was. Lamb genially suggested to Coleridge that he might get the book puffed in the reviews. Though a great critic, Lamb was very human. Very likely, as he told Coleridge, these letters were far superior to *Falstaff's Wedding* by a Dr. Kendrick.

The real excuse for such usage is that characters like Quixote and Falstaff become a substantial part of the world's heritage. Their authors really are creators, to use the cant term with which commonplace novelists comfort themselves against the critic's contempt. It is in its way a tribute to the creative gift of Cervantes that Fielding should have written about Quixote in England, just as he might have written about Peter the Hermit in England, if only he had known as much about Peter the Hermit as about Don Quixote. Few historical characters are so real to us as the Quixotes and Falstaffs. Mr. Justin McCarthy's notion of a *Donna Quixote* was, by the bye, anticipated by *The Female Quixote* of Charlotte Lenox (Dr. Johnson's friend), to which Fielding devoted two laudatory columns in his *Covent Garden Journal.*

Balzac had a characteristic idea of

writing a sequel to Molière's *Tartuffe*, in order to show how dull the household was after the expulsion of the hypocrite. Molière himself was not given to sequels, and it is surely no wonder that he left *Tartuffe* alone, seeing what a storm the play roused against him in the religious world. Molière, however, should have been used to storms. There had been no small ado after the performance of *L'École des Femmes*. To that play Molière did write a kind of sequel. He made privately among his friends such dramatic fun of his critics, that the Abbé Dubuisson suggested he might make a play of them. And he did; he put his critics on the boards, and *La Critique de l'École des Femmes* ran merrily at the Palais Royal Theatre for thirty-one nights. A man named Boursault replied with *Le Portrait du Peintre*. Molière, at the personal suggestion of Louis the Fourteenth, rejoined with *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. Not even the interposition of the King put an end to the quarrel, for a certain De Villiers still returned to the attack with *La Vengeance des Marquis*. It was veritably a war of sequels. It is, perhaps, the pleasantest thing that one knows about the Grand Monarch, that as a boy he had his ears boxed by Mazarin for reading Scarron's novels on the sly, and that in his maturity he was so good a friend to Molière.

Thackeray has told us in one of the pleasantest of his *Roundabout Papers* how familiarly he lived with the heroes and heroines of fiction: how he would love to welcome Mignon and Margaret; how gladly would he see Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe stepping in at the open window from his little garden; and Uncas and noble old Leatherstocking gliding in silently; and Athos, Porthos, and Aramis swaggering in, curling their moustaches; and dearest Amelia Booth on Uncle Toby's arm; and Crummles's company of comedians with the Gil Blas troupe; and Sir Roger de Coverley and the greatest of crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha with his blessed squire. A pretty skill in parody testified to his intimacy. Somewhere, I think, he mooted a proposal for a novel to deal altogether with the leading characters of other novels. The method after all is as legitimate as Lucian's and Landor's.

To create characters so much alive is the main business of the novelist, more so even (as M. Daudet has remarked with a pardonable fling at the Flaubertists) than to write fine prose. M. Daudet has confessed the thrill of paternal pride with which he has heard people in the crowd say, "Why, he is a Tartarin," or "a Delobelle." He called his own Tartarin a Quixote of Southern France. For such characters not only live; they beget descendants. Hamlet begat Werther, and Werther Réné, and Réné Obermann, till at the present day the family of Hamlets is past counting. And the Quixotes are nearly as numerous as the Hamlets. Hudibras, and Sir Roger de Coverley, and Uncle Toby, and Dr. Syntax, and Colonel Newcome, and Mr. Pickwick are all descendants of Don Quixote. Thus is Tartarin of Tarascon kin to Mr. Pickwick.

M. Daudet, if all he says be true, had as good reason to leave Tartarin alone as Molière had to leave Tartuffe. The wrath of Tarascon was notorious. This resentment of a whole town lay heavy on M. Daudet's spirit; safe in Paris, he could yet see in his mind's eye, when the good citizens opened their shops of a morning and beat their carpets on the banks of the Rhone, how the fists would clench in his direction and the dark eyes flash. One angry man of Tarascon actually penetrated to Paris on a mission of vengeance; and if a friend of the novelist had not distracted the provincial's attention in a whirl of Parisian excitement, heaven knows what might have happened. Yet in spite of this strong local feeling, M.

Daudet dared to write a sequel; and, whatever Tarascon may have felt about it, Tartarin's other friends were delighted with the fresh tidings of him; for Tartarin in the Alps was quite his old delightful self, and his mountaineering exploits were Tartarinesque to the last degree.

M. Daudet used to give Tarascon a wide berth when he was travelling south. One day, however, journeying with his son and the Provençal poet Mistral, he found to his horror the train stopping at the fatal station. "Father, how pale you are," his son said. Was it any wonder, says M. Daudet pathetically! Over and over again threats had reached him of what would happen to him if he ever dared to set foot in Tarascon. A commercial traveller, who had for a joke signed "Alphonse Daudet" in the visitors' book of his hotel, had been mobbed, and came within an ace of being ducked in the Rhone. Well might the poor author turn pale. If it had been one man he had to deal with, even Tartarin himself in all his exotic panoply, he might have faced it;—but a whole townful, and the Rhone so deep and rapid! Verily a romancer's life was not a bed of roses. When the train stopped and the travellers got out of the station, lo and behold! not a soul was in the place. Tarascon was a desert, the people, as it turned out, having followed Tartarin a-colonising to Port Tarascon. And thus it was that yet another Tartarin sequel came to be written. That was how the perfidious novelist finally avenged himself on the exasperated town, and how Tartarin's great heart came to be broken, and the reader's with it.

Beaumarchais was another writer who was encouraged by the success of a first sequel to proceed to a second, though I dare say many readers perfectly familiar with *The Barber of Seville* and *Figaro's Marriage* have hardly heard of *La Mère Coupable*, the second sequel, in which the immortal Figaro degenerated into respectability and dulness. But if the second sequel was a failure, the first is perhaps the most successful on record. *Figaro's Marriage*, besides being a famous comedy, is acknowledged to be better than *The Barber* to which it was sequel. It was the *Marriage* that Mozart, having first choice, chose for his opera, leaving *The Barber* to Rossini. Assuredly this is the sequel with the most famous history; it is really a vivacious page of the history of France. It was a saying at the time, that great as was the cleverness it took to write *Figaro's Marriage*, it took a great deal more cleverness to get it acted. Possibly M. Daudet's fervid imagination had something to do with his trouble with Tarascon. Cervantes's trouble with the sham Quixote may be regarded by a Philistine world as a storm in the literary tea-cup. But the difficulties of *Figaro's Marriage* were affairs of State, and its production a political event presaging and helping actually to precipitate the French Revolution. It was not without obstacles and delays that *The Barber* had been brought to a performance. Accepted by the Comédie Française in 1772, it was put off from Carnival to Carnival, first owing to the dramatist's quarrel with the Duc de Chaulnes, and afterwards to his quarrel with the Parliament, and was not played until 1775, when it failed completely. People had heard so much talk about the precious *Barber* that when he came they found him prolix and disappointing. Beaumarchais, nothing daunted, revised it, cutting it down to four acts (the Barber had been drawn and quartered, said the wags,) and advertising it as "*The Barber of Seville*, Comedy in Four Acts, Played and Damned at the Théâtre Français." This time it was brilliantly successful, and had an unusual run.

These troubles however were child's play to the stormy career of the sequel. That was a veritable duel of the dramatist with principalities and powers. Beaumarchais had against him the police, the magistracy, the ministry, and the King himself. The play was ready for performance in 1781. The police authorities read it, and perceiving at once its dangerous tendencies in the unsettled state of France, prohibited the performance. Thereupon Beaumarchais threw himself heart and soul into a campaign of intrigue to procure the license. The memoirs of the time are full of the affair with all the moves and countermoves. Beaumarchais circulated a saying of Figaro's that "only little men were afraid of little writings," and, flattering the courtier's foible of independence, won over several leading personages in society to protect and befriend his Barber. There was the Count d'Artois, the personal friend of the Queen, the Baron de Breteuil, Madame de Polignac and her set, and M. de Vaudreuil. Then he set cleverly to work to pique the curiosity of society and the court. It became the fashion to give readings of *Figaro's Marriage* in drawing-rooms. Society talked of nothing else. Everywhere people were to be heard saying, "I have just been," or "I am just going" to a reading of Beaumarchais's new play. The King himself at last could no longer resist the growing curiosity. He sent to M. Le Noir, the lieutenant of police, for the manuscript. One morning when Madame Campan entered the Queen's private room, she found the King and Queen alone, and a chair placed in front of a table with a pile of papers on it. "It is Beaumarchais's comedy," said the King. "I want you to read it. It is difficult to read in places by reason of the erasures and interlineations; but I desire that the Queen should hear it. You are not to mention this reading to a soul." So Madame Campan began, and as she read, the King kept exclaiming at the bad taste of passage after passage; and when she came to Figaro's monologue, with its attack on the administration, especially the tirade against the State prisons, he leaped to his feet crying: "It is detestable; it shall never be played! We should have to pull down the Bastille to prevent the consequences. The fellow makes a mock of everything that should command respect." "It is not to be played then?" asked the Queen. "Certainly not," replied Louis. "Of that you may rest assured." And Beaumarchais outside was saying with unabashed audacity, "So the King refuses his permission; very well, then, my play *shall* be performed." He was confident of winning in the end, and that success was only a matter of time. Society was also sanguine about it, and bets were freely offered on the event. Beaumarchais's backers, continuing to count on success despite the King's refusal, distributed the parts to the Comédie Française; and taking advantage of the tacit good will of the Count d'Artois, M. de la Ferté lent them the stage of the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs, the King's own particular theatre. The rehearsals were almost public. Tickets were issued for a performance on the 12th of June, 1783. Carriages were already arriving, the hall was half full, the Count d'Artois was on his way from Versailles, when an order arrived from the King, who had heard of the affair for the first time that morning, forbidding the performance. Great was the general disappointment, and the King's action was keenly resented. Madame Campan says that not even during the days immediately preceding the downfall of the throne were the words "oppression" and "tyranny" more in people's mouths. Beaumarchais, once more baffled, was furious. "Very well, gentlemen," he cried. "So my piece is not to be played here! Well, I swear that played it shall be, if it has to be played in the choir of Notre Dame."

The King, perhaps foreseeing the end, had said upon one occasion, "You will see, Beaumarchais will prove stronger than the authorities." Well, only three months after the last incident a private performance was given by the Comédie Française before three hundred spectators at the house of M. de Vaudreuil. The Queen was not well enough to be present, but the Count d'Artois was there and the Duchess de Polignac. The performance was winked at upon the pretext that the objectionable passages were to have been excised. Madame Campan's father-in-law, who was there, hearing all the incriminated passages delivered, while everybody kept repeating that they had been cut out, shrugged his shoulders and quoted the well-known remark of the mystified Basile in *The Barber*, "Faith, gentlemen, I don't know which of us is being cheated, but the whole world seems to be in the plot." The points which told most against society, society most vigorously applauded. Beaumarchais was beside himself with his triumph. Madame Vigée Lebrun, an eye-witness, has described how, when somebody complained of the heat, he went round breaking the windows with his cane; hence came the phrase, *Qu'il avait doublement cassé les vitres*.

Encouraged by so much applause and complicity, Beaumarchais chose to construe a vague private remark of M. de Breteuil into an official permission, and boldly arranged a public performance for February 1784. Again M. le Noir and the police were compelled formally to interfere, and the performance once more was stopped. But the siege was on the point of being raised. The King at length withdrew his veto, being apparently sanguine enough to believe, after all that had taken place, that the play would be damned on its merits; and on the 27th of April, 1784, the performance took place.

The excitement was indescribable. Princes of the Blood tumbled over each other in their eagerness for tickets. The author was inundated with personal solicitations from the highest ranks. The Duchesse de Bourbon's footmen waited at the box office from eleven in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon. Great ladies were smuggled into actresses' boxes, taking their dinner with them. Three hundred persons dined at the theatre for fear of losing their places. The performance was very long, but it was one long triumph. The piece ran for over a hundred nights, a run then unprecedented. Beaumarchais, a passed master in the art of advertisement, knew how to keep up the excitement. He took advantage of an application by some ladies for a *loge grillée* to reply, in a letter addressed to a suppositious duke and carefully made public, that he had no consideration for ladies who could demean themselves to view in secret a piece they thought improper. This letter proved a most successful advertisement. When the play reached its fiftieth night, Beaumarchais invented the "charitable performance." He chose "nursing mothers" as the objects of the charity, Rousseauism being the fashion.

Even in the height of Beaumarchais's triumph, the King did him one more bad turn. The dramatist got into controversy about his charitable performance with an anonymous antagonist. That antagonist, unfortunately for him, happened to be the future Louis the Eighteenth, who, stung by Beaumarchais's sharp tongue, appealed to the King. Louis was playing cards at the time. He scrawled on one of the cards an order committing Beaumarchais to St. Lazare, the common prison for thieves and prostitutes; and so the literary lion of the hour was dragged off from a fashionable supper party and thrown into gaol, there to remain for six days amidst the scum of Paris, and then to be liberated without any charge being preferred. It was a monstrous outrage; but Beaumarchais had his revenge. In the first place the King had to pay him compensation to the tune of 2,150,000 livres. But there was other compensation dearer to an author's heart. A performance of *The Barber of Seville* was actually given at the Petit Trianon by the Queen's private company, the Queen herself acting Rosine, the Count d'Artois Figaro, and M. de Vaudreuil Almaviva; and the author was invited! Even Beaumarchais must have been satisfied.

*Figaro's Marriage* was, as I have said, more than a theatrical triumph; it was a political event. You may read it to-day, and find it an amusing play, but with little in it calculated, as you might think, to upset a constitution. But so electrical was the atmosphere that every allusion to the failings of the ruling classes or the institutions of the State became charged with significance. It is matter of history that it helped to precipitate the revolution. Napoleon said that Figaro was the revolution already in action.

The suggestion for this sequel also, by the way, came from without. It was the Prince of Conti who first put the idea into Beaumarchais's head. Figaro's creator took heart and soul to the idea; he had so vivid a conception of his Figaro (who, be it said, bore a strong family resemblance to himself) that he had no difficulty in imagining the versatile barber in the more complicated situations proposed by the Prince. There you have the secret of the sequel in a nutshell. When a character is so real to the author that he spontaneously imagines him in fresh situations, and divines how he will behave therein, the difficulty of the sequel is solved. Thackeray has described the close intimacy in which he lived with the characters of his novels. He was afraid people would say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises and Newcomes." When he was asked why he married Esmond to Lady Castlewood, his answer was,—"I didn't; they did it themselves." There are a dozen similar stories of Balzac. Once Balzac accosted his sister with all the importance of a gossip bursting with a piece of news: "What do you think? Félix de Vandenesse is going to be married, and to one of the Grandvilles, too—a capital match!" Some readers interested in the air of "a man with a past" worn by Captain de Jordy in the novel *Ursule Mirouet,* once appealed to Balzac to tell them what this past has been. Balzac reflected seriously, then remembered that he had not known De Jordy till he came to live at Nemours. And another time, when Jules Sandeau was speaking of his sister's illness, Balzac interrupted him with the absent-mindedness of genius and suggested that they should come back to real life and discuss Eugénie Grandet. Such a real world to Balzac was his *Comédie Humaine;* and that of course is the secret of its producing, in spite of its many marvellous characters and melodramatic occurrences, so strong an illusion of reality on the mind of the reader. The *Comédie Humaine* is a system of sequels and interlacing narratives. The careers of some of the characters, as of Lucien de Rubempré and to some extent of Vautrin, may be traced in a strict series of sequels. The lives of other personages the reader has to piece together from several novels; a biography, for example, of Maxime de Trailles has to be collected from very nearly a dozen. The student of Balzac almost feels as if he were engaged in original research. The same system to a less elaborate extent was employed by Trollope in those lifelike scenes of clerical life, the Chronicles of Barsetshire, and also in his political tales. Indeed Trollope was even more successful almost than Balzac in producing a convincing representation of a substantial world.

Thackeray, for all the company he kept with his Pendennises and Newcomes, did not indulge much in the sequel proper. *The Virginians* is the one example, and in quality it is but a typical sequel for *Esmond.* It contains, however, in the age of the Baroness Bernstein as sequel to the youth of Beatrix Esmond perhaps the cleverest and cruellest development of character in the whole range of sequels. Nor did Dickens write sequels, the ineffectual reappearance of the Wellers in *Master Humphrey's Clock* being, I think, his sole effort in that direction. Nor did Sir Walter, for *The Abbot* is really a distinct novel from *The Monastery*. Scott's great French successor, on the other hand, the inexhaustible and unconfinable Dumas, would carry his sequels through the centuries with amazing vivacity and success. Dumas's secret, you would say, was rather fecundity of invention than the vitality of his individual characters. Yet as you say so, Chicot and the Musketeers rush to your recollection. Chicot's vitality is so considerable, that a successful novel about him has been produced in France within the last few weeks, and the Musketeers are alive enough for anything. A friend of mine who loves each member of this fine Quadruple Alliance, though perhaps he loves Porthos best, is for ever challenging me to produce from the superior pages of novelists who affect to despise incident a finer achievement in character-drawing than the gradual individualisation and divergence of the four characters in the course of the years covered by the eleven volumes. It is a challenge that I have never met to his, nor indeed to my own satisfaction. Are not in truth these Musketeers sufficient of their sole selves to take away the reproach from sequels for ever? One would like to clinch the question by claiming the *Odyssey* as a sequel to the *Iliad*, but between us and that devout consummation flow floods of German ink.

When we acquiesce in the common condemnation of the sequel, I suppose it is hardly of Don Quixote or Figaro or of Balzac or Dumas that we are thinking, but rather of the more ordinary run of sequels, of the thousand and one mechanical continuations wherein industry takes the place of inspiration. Even with so competent a craftsman as Lytton the spirit flags after the five hundredth page. Nay, with a writer of genius like George Sand, after three volumes of *Consuelo* the ordinary reader gladly leaves the *Comtesse de Rudolstadt* upon her shelf. That there is a special danger and difficulty about the sequel, there is no denying. The sequel is likely to disappoint expectations, for the very reason that there are expectations to disappoint. The writer is handicapped by his own record; as Scott said of Campbell, he is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him. The original book robs its successor of the advantage of novelty, and at the same time fixes a difficult standard of comparison. It is not easy to imagine cleverer sequels than *Alice through the Looking-Glass* and *Tartarin sur les Alpes*. If they stand in estimation below the original *Tartarin* and *Alice in Wonderland*, it can surely only be because they necessarily had not the captivating freshness of the earlier books. Herein lies the difficulty of the sequel. And the danger is the temptation to yield to demands from without or the desire from within, and to try to repeat a success mechanically and without inspiration. The most notable example, because following the most notable success, is the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Bunyan tried to repeat his success; but Christiana was always Christian's worser half, and her personally conducted tour is but a poor reflection of her husband's pilgrimage. Many of us may have read recently in Lowell's correspondence, how his friend's and admirers kept urging him to resuscitate Hosea Biglow and to continue the *Biglow Papers*. He was so simple as to try, he said, but found that he could not. When afterwards he did write a belated Biglow Paper, it was clean against his critical judgment. "For" said he, "I don't believe in resuscitations. We hear no good of the posthumous Lazarus."

W. P. J.

## DITAS.

"Is the prairie on fire, Manuelo?"

It was Ditas Patronez who asked the question as the family were sitting down together to the evening meal. For this was the Mexican custom inherited and cherished with more than Spanish conscientiousness from the days of old Spain, that the family and a few of the retainers should eat together seated according to their degree; a shoot of feudalism pushed a long way West.

"You've a good nose, Ditas, to smell that, and the wind the way it is," her cousin replied, glancing at her with suspicion.

"How could it have caught light, I wonder," she replied answering him with equal suspicion. "Have you seen the Señor Inglese?"

"It's no wonder it should catch fire. I should think, Ditas, when we haven't had rain this twenty months. As for the Señor Inglese I should think you were more likely to know where he is than I."

Ditas did not answer him but began to occupy herself with the plate of hashed mutton and the boiled maize which had been passed down to her. It would have been a grave breach of etiquette in that household for one to begin to eat before old Pedro Patronez, the father and head of the family, had helped all round the table and had commenced his own meal. So all had sat with the meat steaming and cooling before them while they watched this little passage of arms between the cousins. The father was deaf but his faculties were alert enough. "Eh, eh," he said, "what was Manuelo saying,—that the prairie was on fire?"

"Yes, sir," the young man answered. "I saw it as I came from driving the horses in for the branding."

"In which direction?"

"Eastward, sir, and north, towards the Rio Grande."

"It won't come near us then, unless the wind changes."

"The wind won't change, sir, at this time of year."

"Where is the Englishman, I wonder? Who has seen him?" the old man asked with some anxiety.

No one answered for a minute, then Ditas said quickly, "He went out with you, Manuelo, this morning."

"That was a long while ago," said the young man sulkily. "We had dinner at Oxener's camp. I have not seen him since."

"He started east from there in the direction of the river, Señor," one of the retainers volunteered from the foot of the table.

"Did he?" replied Manuelo, as if he were very little grateful for the information.

Then Ditas glanced quickly at her father.

"Eh, eh, towards the river, did he? I hope he won't get caught in the fire. He wouldn't know what to do in a fire."

"Oh, he'll be all right, sir: he's got a very good horse, that bay with the white on his forehead; and there's the river always down wind."

"And the banks of the river are like cliffs; you know it as well as I do, Manuelo," the old man said severely.

Manuelo was abashed. He made no answer, but under his breath he said sullenly, "I should be sorry if we lost the horse."

Ditas looked at him reproachfully, but her two brothers, mere lads, who sat one beside her and one beside Manuelo, laughed covertly at his remark. "He'll be done if he's caught;

he can't ride a bit," one of the boys said.

"No, nor shoot either."

"And he's no use at all with a rope," the first added.

"Be quiet, Juan," Ditas said. "If father hears you there'll be no more supper for you to-night."

"Oh—you!" said her brother scornfully. "Of course you're always defending him."

At which the hot blood flew to her face and she bent silently over her plate, Manuelo observing her with keen displeasure.

As soon as supper was over Ditas went away by herself and played with her little gray hawk which lived, chained by the leg, in the pepper-tree outside her window. The little hawk was peacefully sleeping, with its head under its wing, in the starlit odorous night. Yet the little hawk it was, and not any remarkable powers of scent on her own part, that had told Ditas of the prairie-fire. For when she had looked at the bird in the afternoon he was flapping his little wings and tugging at his chain. Ditas knew the signs. The little hawk had never seen a prairie-fire, for Ditas had had him since he was a baby, but he inherited the blood of thousands of ancestors to whom such fires were familiar, who had known well what it was to hunt the wretched scorched-out gophers and lizards among the flames and the smoke. So the smell of the burning spoke to the inherited instincts of the little hawk, though he was too tiny to catch a thing much bigger than a humming-bird, and a humming-bird was too quick even for his lightning dashes. "So the fire is over, *pajarcito?*" Ditas whispered to him, and the little bird drew a quick glancing head from beneath his wing and, seeing before him well-known black eyes as brilliant as his own, put back his head to sleep again, satisfied.

Then the girl went to her room. She had the rare privilege, in Mexican households, of a room to herself, because she was the only daughter. She looked out into the silent night, all the more deeply silent for the myriad-winged hum of insects, and listened expectant for the deep dull thud of the unshod horse cantering home over the prairie. But all was still. If she blushed, none saw it on her beautiful dark face; if she prayed to the Saints for the Englishman whom she loved, the answer was not audible. At rare intervals a chorus of *coyotes* came from a distant patch of ebony trees, a few fireflies danced over the tremulous feathers of the pepper-tree. For the rest the starlit stillness was unbroken.

Meanwhile the Englishman had found some new sensations for himself that day. He had gone from Oxener's camp, as the retainer had said of him, eastward towards the river, to look for the horses which were to be driven into the corral for the branding. Much of what the brothers of Ditas had said of him he would have admitted to be true. He could not ride. He would not have said so when he came out to Mexico a few months ago; he would even have been very angry with any one who had dared to say it of him. He was a good rider to hounds, judged by the English standard; but now he knew the Mexican standard, and, judged by that, had to own that he was lamentably wanting. He could not ride a *broncho* that had never been crossed before, and after three hours of diabolical cruelty bring him in nearly dead, it is true, but sufficiently broken for practical purposes. Neither could he shoot. He could kill rocketing pheasants or driven partridges rather better than most men; but he could not put all the bullets of a six-barrelled revolver into a thin tree-stem as he went at full gallop past it, and this is what they meant by shooting. As for a rope, as they called it, meaning a lasso, he had not seen such a thing until he came to Mexico, and beheld with the awe of ignorant wonder the marvels which Ditas' friends wrought with it. It did not astonish him, he told himself, that she despised him.

Another thing he had not seen until this day, a prairie-fire. It came upon him with a sense of an uneasy hotness in the air, a certain restlessness which he caught from his horse, who knew far more about it than he knew. Then he wondered, while these slight signs grew more emphatic. A few minutes, and birds began to pass him, a *coyote* galloped across his path, a wild turkey scudded by at a hard trot; even the Englishman, ignorant as he was of the ways of the live things of the country, began to marvel. A sort of low humming sounded from windward; his horse began to snort and grew unmanageable, seeming to be infected by the down-wind race of all live things, edging away from his north-easterly track, and making more directly eastward. He was indifferent, the *bronchos* were as likely to be eastward as northward, and let the horse go. Presently it broke into a canter, then into a gallop; moths, bats, nocturnal insects, creatures of all kinds, began to fly past him through the bright sunlight as in a nightmare, and after them dashed all the smaller kind of predatory birds, the cousins-german of Ditas' little hawk. The air grew more and more sultry, and laden with a sulphurous breath. Looking behind him, over the haunches of his now racing horse, he saw a dense thickness, as of fog. Above the density rose a whitish cloud-line; through the density flashed tongues of light; at last a sense of what was upon him dawned: he was flying from a prairie-fire.

As he realised the fact the instinct of the fleeing animals grew infectious for him too. He was all in accord now with his horse's terror, and the rider urged on the pace which he had endeavoured to restrain before. The wind from the west blew with steady strength. The humming sound increased until it became a roar, louder and louder with each mile that he galloped, while still the stream of living things went before it. The smoke grew dark over the face of the sky, the flames and the density came nearer and nearer; still he galloped on. He bethought him of all that he had read in the pages of Mayne Reid and the other writers who had been the delight of his youth. To kindle a fire of his own before him, and shelter himself on the burnt patch thus left barren for the hunger of the pursuing flames, was a scheme which occurred to him, but he dreaded the delay which it would occasion. He knew vaguely that the river was somewhere eastward, and the influence of the terror of the live things who shared his flight was too powerful. He galloped on. Now he saw the broken line of the steep bank of the river and with the sight a new danger presented itself, for the banks, as he knew, were precipitous of crumbling earth. How could his horse descend them, or how could he check his horse in order to dismount and climb down? A patch of ebony trees was to the south, and there he knew the land sloped gently to the river, where it lay in placid cool green peace with the turtles floating on its stream; but there, too, the fringe of prairie grass grew higher, the fire found better fodder, and already there was a wall of flying smoke and flame to shut off that place of refuge. Still he galloped on, and now the smoke and the lurid heat were but some quarter of a mile in his rear. His horse's flanks were heaving with its race, but not a mile before him was the river. A few moments more and the flames and smoke were thick around him, and he and the horse almost on the river-brink. He tugged desperately at the reins, but the horse paid no heed, blind and senseless with terror. They were on the verge of the cliff now; below was the calm blissful water. He shut his eyes and gripped firmly with his knees expecting the fatal fall, when to his surprise he felt a slipping, gentle descent, a struggling of his horse as the pace slackened; and then, before he realised what had befallen, the yielding bank had given way beneath their weight, and horse and rider were struggling in the water. The next instant he was thrown off into the stream. He disengaged himself from his horse, and found himself standing, sinking, swimming in the river, as the water washed away masses of the earth which they had brought down with them. The horse swam away from him down the stream, and he was left, now standing, now swimming, while the smoke went curling over his head and the baulked flames stopped and died away harmless, save for a few fiery missile brands which they shot at him out in the stream.

And so the peril was over. He had but to wait, in the cooling waters, until the fire had burned away and he could safely climb back to land. There were no crocodiles so far up the river. He was safe. As he realised his safety the reaction nearly overcame him, and he had need to summon all his fortitude to save him from permitting himself to be carried helplessly down the stream. And then through the afternoon and all through the still night, over the blackened prairie he walked sadly and steadily homeward to the *hacienda*, which he reached with boots charred and sooty as the *vacqueros* were just setting out on their morning's work.

He slept in a room off the central court-yard of the *hacienda*. It was not a bright room, for it had no window; its occupants went to bed by the light of the stars peeping in through the open door. In each corner of the room slept a man, Manuelo in one, the Englishman in another, and Ditas' two brothers in the other two. Mosquito-netting over each bed lent an air of decency, and there were washing-basins. Into this plain apartment the Englishman stole, as the dawn crept up over the prairie.

"You're late home," Manuelo observed drily.

"Slightly," the Englishman said. Then he threw himself on his bed and slept the sleep of the wearied until hard on the hour for the mid-day meal.

"Got caught in the fire?" old Patronez asked him.

"Yes," he answered. "The horse came back, I hear. I am glad of that."

"We are more glad that you came back, Señor," the host replied gallantly.

"Was I the only one caught?"

"The only one; not even a *broncho* was caught that we could learn. Manuelo fell in with the bands to windward."

"Ah! you were to windward, Manuelo?" This was Ditas' simple remark, but the tone in which it was said made all around the table glance up at her in surprise.

Little more was said of the fire then; they were not unusual things, scarcely worthy of comment; but after the meal was over and most were taking a *siesta* in the shade, Ditas came to the Englishman. "It is not well for you to be to leeward of Manuelo when the prairie is so dry," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I have said it. You are warned," she answered oracularly. "You have escaped once. Do not let him have the chance again."

"You think, then—" he began; but before he had finished a sentence she was gone. "No," she answered lightly, as she fled, "I do not think; I *know*."

She had given the Englishman plenty to think of at all events. He had never been able to quite analyse his feeling for Ditas, nor hers for him. He had a notion that she must despise him because he could not ride, nor shoot, nor lasso beasts as her brothers and Manuelo could. But if it were possible that Ditas' alternations of apparent coldness and interest had another origin, then a light was thrown on Manuelo's probable attitude towards himself; for Manuelo's attitude towards her needed no light to be thrown on it. He was the lover, in the undisguised yet dignified

Spanish style, of his beautiful cousin. And Ditas' feeling was supposed to be reciprocal. Hitherto the Englishman's relations to Manuelo had seemed to him purely those of business; for though he was out here as the guest of old Patronez, working out a return for part of his hospitality by labour on the *ranche*, yet his real business was with Manuelo, who was representative of the older branch of the family owning the mines back in the foothills which it was the Englishman's special mission to inspect. He had come out a month or two before, with the iron-bound boxes for carrying home samples of the ore. He had now these boxes filled, under seal and lock and key beneath his bed. The mines had been thoroughly inspected. It was a constant reproach to him on Manuelo's part that he would tell nothing of the report which he should make to his employers, the English capitalists who might buy the mine. Manuelo might have augured ill from his secrecy, but in truth it was but a part of his English nature. What his opinion of the mines might be Manuelo did not know; he only knew that this secret man had the samples of ore tightly locked and safely kept in that room in which they slept.

The day after the fire, Manuelo left the *ranche*, and went up into the mountains to the mines.

As the days drew on, the Englishman felt that he could no longer with decency prolong his visit. Already he had well out-stayed the limit which he had mentally fixed for himself on his arrival. He was scarcely conscious of the attraction which had kept him lingering on in that fairy-land of humming-birds and fireflies and all fair sights and scents. When he did grow conscious that the attraction was Ditas, the necessity grew but the more patent for breaking it. He must go; the idea that there was anything of a mutual feeling was absurd; he must go before the tie grew more binding.

These great *haciendas* in the midst of a desolation as big as an English county are places of rest and refreshment for all and sundry; all are welcome. The Englishman knew nothing of the customs. He knew not whether to offer payment for the hospitality he had received, but in the end his tact saved him from this blunder. He thanked his host with the gratitude owed to free hospitality and went his way, resolved to send out from England a present which should be something in the way of a return.

Old Patronez sent him in the waggon a day's journey across the prairie, to the station where he could take the narrow-gauge train. In the body of the waggon were his boxes of ore and his personal luggage. By Ditas, as he parted from her, he had sent a farewell message to Manuelo, who was still at the mines. What was the strange look in Ditas' lovely dark Spanish eyes? he asked himself, as he said farewell. Had he answered the question aright, he might never have set out on his journey.

"You will keep a look-out as you drive," she said. "I cannot think what Manuelo is doing. He knows you are going."

"How do you know that he knows?" the Englishman asked.

"I know many things," she answered lightly. "My little hawk tells them me."

"Good-bye," he said. "You will write to me sometimes in England?"

"*Adios!* Yes, if you will write to me." It seemed to the Englishman that her eyes were swimming as she said the words; but it might have been but the swimming in his own which obscured his clear vision. "Good-bye!" He choked down a sob and sprang into the waggon.

Then all through the day, behind the team of six great mules, they jolted and toiled over the prairie, now and again dipping into a clump of ebony, variegated by the white cluster of the San Paolo palm, which has deluded so many a traveller by its likeness to a whitened chimney-top. In the end they came about sun-down to the little station, without a sight of a human being save a horseman, fully armed, Mexican fashion, with sword and pistol as well as rifle, ambling along on a pacing horse.

They were an hour and a half in advance of the train, if the latter were punctual, which was improbable. It grew dark. The Mexican women at their little orange-booths lighted their torch-fires. At length a growing bustle betokened the approach of the time for the train. The station became thinly peopled, chiefly with loiterers come to enjoy the spectacle. The Englishman "expressed" his portmanteau and his precious boxes, keeping charge himself of his hand-valise. Presently the train steamed in. He stepped on board, with his eyes blinking in the unaccustomed gaslight. He went into the Pullman car, where he found a vacant compartment and sat down to await with patience the pleasure of the porter in getting ready his sleeping-berth. He glanced at his fellow-passengers with the incurious eye of a constant traveller, then gave himself over to his thoughts in which Ditas played a cruelly large part. Even now the temptation was strong on him to get off at the next station and go back to try his fortune with her; yet still,—no,—surely her certain scorn of him as a lover would be harder to bear than her tolerance of him as a friend. For an hour he sat so, heedless of the lapse of time; suddenly a thrilling voice (was it the voice of a dream or of his waking sense?) sounded at his very ear, "Señor!"

He started and looked round. Leaning over to him from the seat behind, was the bent figure, shrouded in mantilla, of what seemingly was an old Mexican lady.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the face which the mantilla half shrouded. "Ditas! You!"

"Hush!" she said. "Yes, it is I. I don't know what you will think of me; I don't know what to think of myself. But Manuelo is on the train. I suspected that he would follow you, though I do not know what his object is; and I followed on his track and yours to warn you."

"Oh Ditas!" he said, in a tone which made the warm blood dye the girl's dark cheeks yet more ruddily.

"Hush!" she said, apprehensively glancing back. "I could not warn you before; he was on this car. Now he has gone back in the train. Oh, what are you going to do?" For the Englishman had risen to his feet.

"I am going to look for him," he said with determination; "to ask him what he means by thus dogging me."

"Oh no!" she said. "At least,—well, perhaps that would be as good a way as any. So at least you will meet him prepared. But do be careful!"

"Are you afraid, Ditas, that I may harm him?"

"No," she said, simply; "but that he may harm you."

"Oh, Ditas!"

"Don't speak to me like that,—in that tone," she whispered fiercely, her cheeks aflame. "If you do I shall hate myself for coming. At least I have warned you now; I shall get off at the next station."

The Englishman, cruelly abashed, said no more, but feeling that his revolver was ready to his hand started off through the train on a tour of inspection. He went through one car after another until the last one, looking searchingly at each occupant. None of them was Manuelo. He came back doubtfully to the girl. "You were wrong," he said, "he is not there." Doubt of her motive in coming was again expressed in his words.

"Do you dare not to believe me?" she asked again angrily, her face crimsoning. "Come and see for yourself then." Slowly she rose and followed him down the cars. Their occupants returned their searching looks with interest, but there was no Manuelo.

"You see," he said when they had come to the end, "he is not there."

"It is very strange," she said thoughtfully. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Where are your boxes of the ore?"

"In the express-waggon, I suppose."

"I see! I see it all now!" she said. "It is there that we shall find Manuelo."

"There! Why? But it is all locked; the expressman is forward in the train."

"Is it locked?" she said. "We shall see!"

The Englishman, his heart beating high with excitement, climbed the rail of the hindmost car and along the footboard of the express waggon. Wonderful to say the bars and fastenings of the waggon were all hanging loosely down. The door was but pushed to; in an instant it yielded to his hand. The bright moonlight streaming in showed the figure of a man bending, working away, over an open box which the Englishman had time to recognise as one of his own before the kneeling figure turned, and the flash of a pistol for a moment blinded him, while the report echoed fiercely in the enclosed space. The Englishman felt a sharp red-hot sting in his shoulder, but unconscious of the hurt he sprang on the kneeling figure. The door swung to and they struggled in the darkness. The Spaniard wrenched himself free from the other's grip and dashed out at the door. As he jumped from the train, a second report of his pistol was followed by the shriek of a woman's voice, and at the same moment, the Englishman, dashing after him in the darkness of the waggon, struck his forehead violently on the door as it swung to again, and fell unconscious.

* * * *

"You warn't spry enough with the shooting-iron, you see," was the sound in a strong Yankee accent to which he regained his sense.

"What's happened?" he asked in a weak voice.

"Wall, you see the crittur was fixing it up to work a little improvement in the samples of that there ore you was taking home with you; got dummy keys to the boxes, I reckon. Seems he had some sorter interest in the making it as good as might be—owner of mine or something, from what they say, and he kinder got a bead on you afore you got one on him. That's what happened; but reckon you ain't hurted any."

"Where's Ditas?"

"Ditas? Oh, Ditas, that's the girl, I see! Wall, she's hurted some, I reckon; but not so bad as it might be either."

"Did she get off at the next stop?"

"Next stop? no! nor won't for several stops, I reckon. No one seemed to know where she was going, and there warn't no place to put her off, so as she would be looked after. There's a doctor on board and he's got her into a berth, the forrard berth in the car there. Perhaps you'd like to go and see how she is? You ain't hurted any. The crittur's bullet only skinned you."

The girl was lying in the lower bunk of a sleeping compartment; the upper bunk had not been let down, a rare concession to her wounded state. The bullet had passed through the upper part of her arm, injuring but not breaking the bone. Her face was very white and deathly from the loss of blood, and the long lashes of her closed eyes lay far down upon her cheeks.

"Oh, Ditas!" the young Englishman exclaimed again; and at the words the great dark eyes opened and a smile played on her face. "Oh, Ditas, and all this for my sake!"

In answer, the girl let her other hand stray feebly out over the counterpane.

"Take it, you fool!" said the doctor, as the Englishman, sorely embarrassed by this ingenuous Southern advance, hesitated.

"Where's Manuelo?" she asked in a low voice, when she was satisfied by feeling the hand she sought within hers.

"I don't know; gone—isn't he?" the Englishman asked appealing to the doctor.

"Yes; they stopped the train, but the rascal had got the start of them, I don't expect any of them was in an all-fired hurry to get within shooting distance of him either."

"But how did he get into the express-waggon!"

"How? Squared the expressman, of course. We've got him fixed up all right. He'll be handed over to what they call the law in this country at Laredo."

"I see, I see! Doctor, she'll get well, won't she?"

"Well? Of course she will. There's nothing wrong with her; lost a little blood, that's all. Where's she going to?"

"I—I don't know. She said she was going to get off at the first stop."

"Did she? Oh, well I think I'd better leave you to arrange it with her where she's going to stop off."

"Ditas," said the Englishman, as the doctor withdrew, "you didn't get off at the first stop."

"No," she said simply, "I couldn't."

"You nearly lost your life for me."

"Yes; nearly's nothing."

"Ditas," bending low over her, "will you give it to me altogether?"

A faint flush came into the pallor of her cheeks. "Are you sure you wish it?"

"Sure, my darling!"

"Hush, why didn't you speak before?"

"I didn't dare."

"Oh, stupid!" with a faint smile. "Yes, it is yours, if you will have it, for ever and ever."

"Oh, Ditas!"

# THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

A STRANGE thing is melancholy, and a most subtle and illusive subject. Even Burton, with all his labour and searching, his curious knowledge and extensive citation from ancient writers, has only scratched upon the surface of this field. He has given us the physician's view of the matter; he is more concerned in things corporal than spiritual; he is all for hellebore and purgings of the liver. And even love, with him, is a species of disease, affecting he knows not what part of our bodies. Such materialistic doctrines are not for this age. Yet even he perceived the strange contradiction that melancholy is a sweet sadness, sometimes transporting her victim heavenwards, and again oppressing him with torment. The patient will often be unwilling to be cured of his fantasies, wherein he seems to have command of another world a world dark and mysterious but with a strange magnificence, a shadowy splendour all its own. He loves to wander with Milton away from the pitiless, obtrusive sunlight, where, in harmony with his own thoughts, the day is tempered striking through stained windows, and soft music peals along the vaulted roof. Music, indeed, is commonly his chief solace, for it is the most plastic to our mood of all the arts, and a man finds in solemn organ-chords an interpretation in consonance with the mind he brings with him. But at other times all joys, even such sober ones as these, are denied; the world rings hollow to his ears, and he is filled with remorse for lost opportunities. An unutterable sadness haunts him, and the future looks askance at him in leaden blackness. The world seems paltry, even the visible universe has shrunk in his sight. The goal he has set before him hitherto, fame or wealth or freedom, matters not; it is no longer worth his winning. Idleness is a curse and a weariness; but to what end should he work? At such times he could endure to be healed.

It is curious how pleasant a thing sadness sometimes is; and how some people will hug a sorrow, as a most precious possession, to their breasts. In fact, all emotions, so they be not too strong, are pleasurable; and for that reason it will be mostly among the shallow-minded, who can seldom feel keenly, that we shall find this weak delight in self-pity. For even fear, duly modified, as in a well-told ghost-story, may be held to inspire some not unpleasing sensation, and many enjoy above all things a touch of the pathetic in their reading. We are apt to love those who pluck our heart-strings more than those who merely aim at exciting our laughter; pathos and humour are both good things, but the former we estimate as the higher gift. We have a kind of veneration for the writer that can move us to tears. Thackeray would not be the same man in our eyes if he had not written of Colonel Newcome.

There might appear to be something selfish about this love for the pathetic in fiction; as though the reader should feel a pleasing contrast between his own sense of security and the misfortunes of the imaginary characters in his book. But this is not so in the main. Your true novel-reader identifies himself with each prominent person he reads of, and their experiences, whether of happiness or pain, are his own for the time. For the moment he is Tom Jones, or Darsie Latimer, or David Copperfield; and, even when the heroine steps upon the stage, he strains his imagination to embrace also her personality. More or less, according to his capabilities, he enters into the feelings of fool and villain. It is in proportion to this quality of adaptation, of acting a part insensibly, that the power of really appreciating a romance, or, for that matter, a drama or a historical work, exists. There are some people, it is true, who can content themselves with such subsidiary qualities as erudition, or neatness of style, or power of language, but the main body look to the author's presentment of his actors. If he has drawn them so that the reader can, without violence to his reason, imagine himself in their place, and pass with them through their adventures, then he may rest assured of finding the great majority upon his side. He will be said to have created new characters. And indeed it is possibly here that the chief educational influence of the novel comes in; for as certain players are wont to carry their parts beyond the stage, so it may chance that, even after he has finished his book, our reader may still remain imbued in a sense with the virtues of hero or heroine. In this manner an author may indeed create new characters, or, at the least, regenerate old ones; and thus it is possible for men who read fiction aright insensibly to improve themselves, like men who have mixed for a time with a higher grade of companions than they commonly meet. But those who deliberately remain aloof, and refuse to become one of the party, who persist in criticising the performance solely from the outside, with a curious eye to all the established canons of art, will reap neither profit nor much enjoyment from the barren process. The critic is not likely to be reformed by a work of art. Enthusiasm is foreign to his profession. He will not be the man to laugh at your comic countryman, or burst into tears at the woes of your heroine in distress. A calm smile of approbation, as of Jove enthroned, shall suffice him, if the touch be well brought out; if indifferently, a calm smile of contempt. The author that shall regenerate your professed critic has not yet, in all likelihood, seen the light.

It is a commonplace with some that sadness is merely a product of indigestion, and this is a view that humorous writers in particular are much inclined to affect. With certain kinds of melancholy it may doubtless be so, for as a certain kind of love is fabled to arise from fulness of bread, so also may an inferior sort of gloomy sulkiness. Or as we see sentiment and sentimentality, so may we discern a legitimate from a dyspeptic melancholy. It is true that not all men have the time to cultivate a genteel hypochondria. It is idle to expect a common ploughman to be sad for any but material reasons. Some real deficiency, such as a lack of bacon to his loaf, will be the care that penetrates to his slow mind; even a fear that such deficiency may arise in the near future will not, in general, sensibly affect his peace. It takes an intellect of some refinement to be truly melancholy. Centuries of civilisation go to form that sensitive mind, conscious that the world is out of joint, and burning with a noble discontent at things in general. Most of our great reformers have been stern, sad-faced men. The portraits of Luther, of Knox, of Cromwell, do not show us faces of the lightly humorous cast, nor sleek countenances such as Cæsar loved. About these, and about Carlyle, who from an innate sympathy felt himself designed to be the historian and apologist of such men, there lies ever a rugged, careworn look, as of men who found the world a serious puzzle, and one that they were bound to solve in the interests of humanity. One would not ascribe the sadness of their aspect to unaided indigestion. It is notorious, indeed, that Carlyle was a martyr to dyspepsia; but it is at least equally probable that this was the result, as that it was the cause, of his melancholy. We have seen it suggested that men should train themselves, as it were, for pathetic writing on some food of a particularly unwholesome character, but it would be degrading to suppose, even for an instant, that we owe the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* to imperfectly cooked pie-crust. If that were the case, the world might well hope to secure another *Locksley Hall* by selecting a likely poet, and feeding him conscientiously on a diet of lobster salad and unlimited muffins. We are not inclined to subscribe to such materialistic views as these. But it is true that the human organisation is a delicate piece of machinery enough, and so inextricably interwoven that one cannot without danger separate its individual parts. Body, soul, and spirit are largely interdependent, and are apt to react upon each other to an unimagined extent. It is very likely the case that a sort of nervous derangement has been in some degree responsible for a good many gloomy predictions, and that several lofty and aerial flights (as we imagine them) of the aspiring soul can be traced back in part to a fortunate condition of the stomach. But affections of the body can never be held wholly responsible for the colour of our thought. They are rather like some transparent medium through which must pass the bright rays sent forth from the soul; a sheet of glass sometimes filmed with dust, sometimes of imperfect nature and sending forth a distorted image, rarely indeed pure and clean and altogether free from fault, but which can never do aught but reproduce, in a more or less mutilated form, the figure thrown upon it by the creative power.

The rival camps of the optimist and the pessimist divide the world. It is true, perhaps, that it is mainly a matter of health to which of these two sides the individual man attaches himself. It is noticeable that the former will commonly reproach the latter for a bilious and acrid discontent; and that these will retort upon the dull, eupeptic happiness of their opponents. The world will in general believe the brains to lie with the man who is satisfied at nothing, and thinks your cheery, careless sort a good fellow certainly, but little better than a fool in intellect. In fact, it is easier to attack than to defend, and the sneering critic will usually make a more brilliant appearance than the good-natured friend. Again, the cynic's tub has now become a well-cushioned elbow-chair, and the trade of the pessimist has grown so inviting that many men have adopted it who have nothing much to complain of at heart. They enjoy startling their neighbours with evil omens, with fearful predictions; and with a certain pride they point to the decay of their race, and compare the present state of British morality, or hardihood, or enterprise, with the past. They affect to mourn our decline, but they are not without a subtle consolation in the thought that they have for some time seen the slow sapping of the foundations to which it may be attributed. On the whole, if they are not too serious in their opinions, they play a pleasant enough part. The pain which any chance fulfilment of their prophecies may inflict upon the nation is mitigated in their case by a consciousness of superior wisdom. They are like men who have betted a small amount against their own horse; whatever turn affairs may take, their money is safe. It is a common plan with some people thus to hedge, as it were, against a possible disappointment. They school themselves to believe still that the worst will happen, and by this means discount in anticipation the pain that such a misfortune will bring to them. The process may be pleasing to themselves, but it is extremely painful to their friends. It is something of a damper to the spirits to have a companion who persistently expects unhappiness. Such a man cannot be cheerful himself, neither is he a great incitement to cheerfulness in others. It must seem almost criminal, we think, in his eyes, that in the face of all that is hanging over us, we should thus affect gaiety and light-heartedness; and, for fear of offending him, we subdue ourselves with difficulty to a dull decorum. There is, indeed, more than a suspicion of selfishness in this variety of sadness, as though a man should have all the world walk stiffly because he himself is clothed in armour, or insist upon arousing all his neighbours on account of his own sleeplessness. We may be wrong in suspecting such men of a desire for sympathy,—frequently they would sooner be without it—but the knowledge that a fellow-creature is a prey to groundless grief, as we consider it, acts upon our own feelings and in time produces an irritation which, in spite of ourselves, compels us to share his sorrow.

The pessimist is not always, however, a melancholy man. In fact, his humour is often to pose as a cynic, or general critic of the universe, and in that position he feels himself to be on a plane removed from the rest of the world's inhabitants, and the coming sorrows that he foretells have no concern with him. He regards himself as a mere spectator in the theatre of Life, but a spectator with sufficient insight into things theatrical to guess that the pleasant farce now upon the boards is but the prelude to a tragedy. He is in the world, but not of it, and the strange gambols he witnesses merely produce in him a slight pity tempered with amusement. This scornful attitude has come to be considered the fashionable one for men of any education and originality. It is not, to our mind, a cheerful one. We prefer still, no matter how ridiculous it may seem, the simple creeds of our forefathers. We confess even to a certain faith in the future of the British nation. It is much the fashion now to sneer at our ancient belief in the superiority of our own race, and call it insular prejudice; to ridicule patriotic fervour, and term it blustering conceit. There are some men who object strongly even to the song or ballad that savours of this heresy, and who would school the race to speak with bated breath of past achievements in war, from a fear, presumably, lest they should incautiously hurt the feelings of some ancient foe. They are never weary of insisting that it has always been our fault, and the source of all our misfortunes, this proneness to undervalue our opponents. They flood the daily papers with alarms, and are ever pressing for more men, more ships, more fortifications, in the event of unforeseen contingencies. We do not deny that they may be doing a certain amount of good in this. The old careless optimism had its faults, no doubt. It is just as well that we should be prepared for possible combinations against us in the future. It is not worth while to expose ourselves needlessly, or to imagine that a fortunate audacity will always help us out of a crisis. But there was something heroic in the old creed that any Englishman was worth his half-a-dozen foreigners or so when it came to fighting; and it is in vain to build vessels or enrol troops if we destroy the spirit that used to animate our soldiers and sailors in old time, and that has enriched our annals with deeds of reckless daring by land and sea for centuries.

If it were not for the jealous alarmist, it is possible that the burdens of the world might be lightened considerably. It is these people who keep urging on their respective countries to vie with each other in expensive preparations for war. We wish a plague on all such pestilent fellows. What do we want with new explosives and fresh varieties of implements for destroying life? There is something ridiculous surely in the present position of affairs in Europe, something ridiculous, and at the same time most mournfully sad. These great nations in a condition of armed suspense, still increasing their preparation for war and still hesitating to begin the battle, remind us of nothing so much as of so many frogs gradually inflating themselves in order to strike terror into their rivals. And indeed it is likely enough that one or two will burst with the effort before they come to actual business. War has little enough attraction for any reasonable man now. What with submarine ships and torpedoes, with air-balloons and weapons of precision, there is altogether getting to be too much risk about it. Even a hired soldier likes to have a chance, to have fair play given to him, to be able to give stroke for stroke. There is not much excitement in receiving one's death-blow from a battery six miles distant, or in sharing a common fate with some hundreds of comrades through an inglorious charge of dynamite dropped from the clouds at night-time. To say nothing of the unconscionable burden a modern army (even on a peace-footing) lays upon the tax-payer, it is becoming evident, even from the soldier's point of view, that some return to simpler methods is advisable. As to the romance of war, it received a shrewd blow at the introduction of gunpowder, and, what with the maxim-gun and smokeless explosives,it is like to perish altogether before the next European struggle.

With the bombs of anarchists and the groaning of oppressed tax-payers, it is undeniable that there is a fine field for melancholy in our viewing of the world. Little remains for the onlooker but something of a Stoic calm, to be maintained as well as he is able in the face of adverse circumstances. By hard work it is fortunately possible as a rule to be quit of much unnecessary thought, and in diligently employing ourselves on our own business we may escape the sad conviction of our ultimate ruin. It is hard sometimes to refrain from wishing that the wheels of progress could be stayed, or even set back for some half century or so in their course. Was not the world the happier without a fair percentage of our modern improvements and discoveries? Like timid children reading a tragic story we are afraid to think what the end of the book may bring. To be sure, we have our compensations, facilities in railway travelling, brilliant journalistic and other enterprise, and the penny post. There may be yet lying before us, in the future, fresh triumphs of civilisation, marvellous and as yet unimagined developments of science, by which men shall open communication with the stars of heaven and learn the secrets of the spheres. It is quite possible; and possible also that we shall be perfecting at the same time our various explosive apparatus and arms of precision. So that at the last, in the happy invention of some exceptionally powerful agent, it is likely that some country will contrive to blow itself from off the face of this earth, thereby settling once and for all its own claim to precedence. Such a lesson might prove a salutary check upon the ambition of the rest. But the bare possibility of such an occurrence should suggest to us, as the most reasonable course, the propriety of lagging a trifle behind in the matter of new experiments, or, what were still more to be wished, that we should agree to abandon the further prosecution of such inventions for all time.

## BEGGING LETTERS AND THEIR WRITERS.

We have often been asked in the course of our professional work to define a Begging Letter Writer in precise terms. This is not so easy as might be thought. It is true that they form a class of mendicants distinct from any other, and that they are all persons of blood-sucking propensities and predatory habits. But there our definition must end, for their modes of operation are very various; they are drawn from every rank in life, and they prey on all classes of society from a shopkeeper to a Prince of the Blood.

It is thought by many that the Begging Letter Writer picks his intended victim from the most guileless of philanthropists. This is a delusion. It is within our personal knowledge, for instance, that more than one of the tribe reaps a good harvest by appealing to some of the most eminent administrators of the law; though, of course, only passed masters in the art need hope to succeed in such ambitious flights. We once made the acquaintance of a man who did an extensive business in this way. His plan was to send printed slips of poetry, professing to be of his own composition, of little value indeed in his own estimation, as he declared with engaging modesty, but which had been approved by writers of taste and judgment when the lines were written many years ago. Now, he said, he was an old man, ground down with misfortunes and the miseries of extreme poverty, only just able to keep the wolf from the door by addressing envelopes and such like drudgery. Life was very hard, and should the enclosed sonnet merit approbation from his Lordship, a trifle in recognition of the same would honour, as well as comfort, a humble, destitute member of his Lordship's own profession.

This gentleman lived in a dreary quarter of the East End, in a street mostly inhabited by mechanics and labourers of the better class. A dirty slipshod woman came to the door and answered with an abrupt emphatic negative our question as to whether Mr. D. was at home. We told her then from whom we came, and at the sound of one of the best-known names in England she became as obsequious as she had before been surly, and with many apologies ushered us down some filthy stairs into a basement room, nearly dark though the time was but three o'clock in the afternoon. Here she lit a lamp, and left us to inform Mr. D. of the honour awaiting him.

The room was mouldy, malodorous, and bare, yet there was something about it we had never before seen in a room in this neighbourhood. It contained two pieces of furniture: one, a table covered with green baize much bespattered with ink, on which was a writing-case, pens, and paper in good preservation; the other, an arm-chair very old and worn, but still bearing the outward form of such a chair as might be found in the study of a literary man. On the chimney piece was a meerschaum pipe of good quality and richly coloured; and lastly, on the wall behind, was a small bookshelf, containing three calf-bound tomes on law more than half a century old, and two yellow-backed French novels of the most extreme type.

The door now opened, and a figure, in keeping with the room, entered with the stealthy tread of a cat, and bowed politely. Mr. D. was a man about seventy years of age, tall and stooping. He wore a dressing-gown which looked as old as himself, and slippers in the last stage of decay. His head was small, round, and quite bald; his face a mass of tiny wrinkles, with bright, cunning, shifty eyes. His manners were those of one who in his time had been accustomed to good society.

His first action was to relate without being asked what he called the history of his life. It was a picturesque narrative told with infinite ingenuity. Yet that it was true in the main we have little doubt; Mr. D. was far too clever a man to waste his breath in telling unprofitable lies. He was born, he said, to a good position, his father being a prosperous professional man. He had taken his degree at Cambridge, had read for the bar, and then—fallen. His father died about this time, and the son wasted his share of the money, married a servant, and lost caste altogether. For many years, however, he had been a reformed character and lived by law-writing and copying. Now he was nearly starving.

So far, so good; the case was well put, and no attempt made to excite pity by any obvious exaggerations. But a touchstone had to be applied, to be followed by inquiry and verification. "Have you children?" "Yes." "Any sons?" He frowned: "Yes, but not at home; they have nothing to do with me, sir, nor I with them." "Excuse the question; are they married?" "No." "They are of an age to earn their own living?" "Certainly." "Do they assist you?" "They do not." At this point we looked at one another steadily. Then we asked for the name of one of those sons that we might ascertain why they did not help their father. Mr. D. stared for a moment with an air of great surprise, then, with a sudden change of countenance, moved towards the door. "No, sir!" he said, his voice trembling with righteous anger, "No! I could not tell you that. It is enough. I trouble his Lordship no further; I see your motive as clearly as possible, and I make no terms with you." Here he drew himself up and clenched his hands. "I much regret that I should have confided to you the story of my life. Such confidences are only for the ears of a *friend*. And what is your reply to them? Have you any sympathy with a poor old man? Do you offer me a gift, however small, to make the grinding poverty less terrible for a little while? No! You only ask questions about my family affairs and commit unwarrantable intrusion within the sacred precincts of my home. I refuse, I say, to answer any further questions. If the condition of this room, and my poor person, is not enough to convince you of the truth of my story, leave me to starve; leave me to linger, withering slowly, until in the desperation of want I creep to the workhouse door,—and die."

After this there was no more to be said, and with a few words of polite regret we took our leave. From a working man of our acquaintance who lived in the same street, we subsequently learned that the postman groaned daily over the enormous budget of letters he had to carry to Mr. D., that the sons were respectable young men who had been brought up by an aunt, their father having turned them out of doors when children, and that Mr. D. himself bore the unenviable reputation of being the most drunken, disreputable old reprobate in the neighbourhood.

But the writers of begging letters are by no means all reprobates. There was a man of a very different stamp, an immense number of whose letters fell into our hands, and with whose daily life we were intimately acquainted for several months. He was a person who, though very poor, wore scrupulously clean linen, a well-brushed frock-coat, a silk hat, and black kid gloves. He allowed every inquiry to be made, professing that he had nothing to conceal. As it happened in course of time a queer fact or two did come to light, connected with a sum of money received yearly by him for a certain specific purpose to which it was not applied, and which speedily came to an end when the donor knew how matters stood. But, on the whole, it was proved that he had a most respectable record, and further, that were his appeals to the benevolent to cease to bear fruit and he to be forced to depend upon himself, he might morally recover. It is satisfactory to note that in the end this actually happened. For a long while he was entirely convinced that it was the business of the public to support his family until work which precisely suited his fancy came to hand. But finally, finding that neither the public, nor his own children, took this view of the matter, he managed to procure some regular work, and turned his back, we will trust for ever, upon a mendicant's life. This happened more than six years ago. The latest accounts of him are that, with most of his family about him, he is living an honest life as a hard-working London citizen; and that, though he still bears some grudge to those candid friends who succeeded in spoiling the harvest of his begging letters, he owned to one of them not long ago that it was this action, and this only, which weaned him from a precarious existence of discontented idleness to a healthy life of work and independence.

But, after all, it must be owned that such a man is an exception in the craft. Those whose duty it is to examine these matters are usually faced with the worst side of human nature; whether it be the small fry of the trade, or the accomplished master, every case is marked with the stain of deceit and prevarication.

Take, for example, the following delectable epistle, containing a dirty pawn-ticket. "Dear maam, I hop you will excause this letter from a poor woman today is Christmas day—my husband as been laid up 10 weeks with Rheumatic Fever—I have not a bit of bread or fireing. I was reading today of the Queen haveing 300 pounds of meat roasted in a lump and I thought if she only new how I was placed she would send us something my husband as got a little work to do now to start at once if he could get is tools out of pledge they will cost 15/9 I have sent one of them so that you can see I am speaking the truth—my husband can begin work on Friday morning." &c. &c. When a visit was made at the writer's house a few days later there was plenty of food in the place and a big fire. The man was at home, a strong fellow with no signs of rheumatism or any other ailment about him. He refused inquiry with abusive language. Afterwards it was discovered that the aforesaid tools had been redeemed the week before with money procured from some other source, and promptly pledged again within three days. In fact these tools were a valuable article of commerce. Within three months no less than five letters from the man or his wife, all addressed to different people, fell into our hands. In most instances help had been sent to the writer before inquiry into his condition was thought of.

But there are lower depths of mendicancy even than this. A well-known doctor sent in the following letter for inquiry with the comment that he remembered the name of the man mentioned in the appeal, and would gladly send money to his widow. We give the letter verbatim. "In addressing you I trust that I am not presuming too much upon your kindness, but my poor dear Edgar so often spoke of you (he was house-surgeon and resident accoucheur under you at——— Hospital) that in my utter friendlessness I am impelled to trespass on your generosity and ask your assistance for a poor widow left in destitute circumstances. My dear Edgar, who was in practise at ——— in the county of ——— died suddenly about three months ago and his affairs were found so involved that scarcely anything was left. For my children's sake I must endeavour at once to do something, and as I know a little of dress-making I could with trifling assistance open a small shop in the neighbourhood. Am I wrong in trusting that you will help the widow of one of your old house-surgeons? I have no near relations to whom I can apply, and the prayers of a grateful woman that God's blessing may rest upon you and yours will be ever offered by, sincerely yours, C——— E——— C."

This was an appeal to touch a good man's heart. The address given was visited at once; in answer to the visitor's knock a man mending boots at a window invited him to enter. This man shook his head vaguely at first when asked for Mrs. C., then grinned and nodded. "Oh, I know who you mean; it's those parties who has their letters left here. I don't know where they live, but they call twice a week to see if anything has come. It's a man and a woman, husband and wife, I suppose. They says they lives lower down the street at No. 151, and that as this house is 15, letters might come here by mistake, and might they call now and then to see if any did come. They was here yesterday, or he was. Do you know him? A stoutish chap with red hair, well-dressed for this neighbourhoood. No, I don't know nothing more about them than that. It was you mentioning the name; that was what he called himself. You go to 151, and likely enough you'll find 'em." The cobbler's advice was taken. At No. 151 we found a milk-shop with a stout, decent-looking woman handling the cans. No, the people did not live there, she said; they had asked if they might have their letters addressed here as they had only just come to London, and were moving about a great deal. Their story, she said, seemed straightforward, and several letters had been received and taken away by Mr. C., as he called himself. It was believed that they lived in some buildings near, but they seemed mysterious people. The buildings were searched in vain, and then a report was sent to the benevolent doctor concerning the "widow" which must have surprised him. A few days later a letter in the same hand, and couched much in the same terms, was received by another doctor from another part of London. In this instance a blunder had been made, for this doctor happened to be acquainted with "my poor dear Edgar's" real widow and knew her to be in comfortable circumstances, and not to be living in London at all.

Here was a case of direct fraud. We have since been informed that the appeals have been successfully stopped by the police.

Another large class of begging letters come from workhouses and poor-law infirmaries. The writers send eloquent narratives of their past lives, asking for the smallest trifle to alleviate their present woes, and to enable them to start afresh in life. Sometimes they represent themselves to be broken-down clergymen or missionaries; more often they are discharged soldiers, who give startling accounts of their heroism in defence of their country, but, on inquiry, cannot produce their discharges or be traced at the War-Office. When they receive assistance (which, alas! they often do) they disappear from the workhouse to drink up the proceeds of their eloquent pleadings, invariably returning after no long absence to that unfailing asylum and to the work of composing further appeals.

Women are quite as active as men, even when working single-handed. One day there came to us a woman, who was severely and uncompromisingly respectable in appearance. She had been referred for inquiry by a gentleman in the north of England to whom she had written claiming relationship (a claim he entirely repudiated) and begging for money to procure food.

The manner of Mrs. G. was very austere. It passed her comprehension, she said, why she had been sent for to such a place as this. Inquiry, was that it? Well, she was afraid of nothing; she lived a virtuous life. A lady of this description was not easy to deal with, for she sat down to be questioned with the air of a martyr bound to the stake. At the first question the rose with an indignant sweep of her skirts, and announced her intention of leaving at once. Yet it was a simple question; where had she lived three months ago before coming to her present address? but it was too much for Mrs. G., and after relieving her mind by some severe strictures upon the "charity which gave nothing but crushed the poor with impertinent inquiry," she went away.

A few weeks later a letter (from which the following is an extract) was sent by Mrs. G. to a gentleman in the City, and forwarded to us for verification. "I am in arrears with my rent and have no means of paying any, we have not tasted meat for four weeks only bread and tea, and sometimes only prison fare, bread and cold water. I am entirely helpless and alone, not one friend in this great City of wealth and plenty, will you help me or inform me where I can apply for help to save me from starvation, I am weak and ill from want of common food. I live a quiet virtuous life." We called upon the woman early in the afternoon and contrived, for reasons of our own, to enter her room without more notice than a tap at the door. It was a fair-sized apartment, carpeted and furnished with a sofa, four cushioned chairs, a good table, two beds, and a chest of drawers. A large fire was in the grate though it was summer-time, and on the table, neatly laid on a white cloth, were the remains of a mutton chop, baked potatoes, a glass containing the dregs of half-a-pint of stout, tea, bread, and butter.

Mrs. G.'s face, as she saw our eyes wandering over these signs of starvation, was an interesting study; but she was not in the least abashed. A friend, she said, had just sent in the food, a certain Mrs. Smith; but the name was not given without some hesitation. Where did Mrs. Smith live? That was a question which no one on earth should compel her to answer. It was useless to ask her such questions. Those people who refused to help her unless she endured insult might leave her to starve if they pleased. Others there were, thank God, whose hearts were touched by reading the appeal of a virtuous woman, and who required no other proof of her needs than her word. Upon those truly charitable souls she depended. No one need trouble to call again; and no one ever has.

The most striking feature in this case, and in others of the same class, was the absence of any shame or confusion in the people when they were found out. No coiner or burglar who has served his time could be less abashed than a Begging Letter Writer, even of comparatively short experience, when caught in some palpable lie.

The saddest instance of this came under our notice three years ago. A tradesman of good position in a provincial town became bankrupt through speculation and extravagance, and soon afterwards began to suffer from illness which temporarily incapacitated him from work. His children were all grown up; one son, though married, stood by his father nobly, but the rest were rather an encumbrance to him than otherwise, and the family after tiring out their friends in their native town, drifted to London. When they came they were already ankle deep in the mire of mendicancy. There seemed hope, however, of saving them. A full statement of their difficulties and resources was obtained from Mrs. T. with the help of a lady as gentle as she was firm; but alas! when it came to the choice of a way to help, all our hopes tumbled about our ears like a pack of cards. There were children young and strong, moreover Mrs. T. was not delicate though elderly; and so our kind counsellor (herself afraid of no work that had to be done) suggested that as the head of the house was unable now to keep them all, they should turn to and keep him. This suggestion was met with expressions of extreme disfavour, and finally rejected with a cutting rejoinder that one who had been brought up "a lady" would certainly not consent at her time of life to do menial work.

A gift, even of trifling value, would have been acceptable, and received in a proper spirit; but such treatment as this was not to be endured.

There was no reasoning with the woman, and the T.'s went their own way. Letter after letter came into our hands, giving piteous accounts of their woes from Mr. T.'s afflictions, carefully suppressing the fact that the married son paid the rent and that two grown-up daughters were now at work. One day a new departure was made, calling for special inquiry. "We do not ask for ourselves," the letter ran, "but for a dear son going into consumption, who needs nourishment we cannot give him. We would not write at all, but for the sake of our dear boy." Now, there was one man who had believed in the T.'s and had helped them from time to time. To him we went forthwith, and seldom have we seen any one so indignant as he was when he read this letter. "That son!" he gasped. "Why the young scamp is in regular work at thirty shillings a week, with two meals a day thrown in. He told me so himself last Sunday." This was serious news, and the next step was to call upon the T.'s. We were received with melancholy dignity by Mrs. T., who was dressed as a "lady" should be in a black gown uncommonly like silk, a cap embroidered with white lace, and a light woollen wrapper thrown over her shoulders. The good matron was sitting, with her hands before her, in front of a blazing fire in a room furnished with relics of past grandeur. We drew her attention to the letter, and asked for the son. She sighed deeply, and said he had gone for a walk, also that he had earned nothing for many weeks and had not made eighteen shillings in a week for some months. We watched Mrs. T. closely all the time, impressing her with the necessity for perfect accuracy of statement. She answered nothing except to make a distant bow, as though it were a liberty to appear to doubt her least word. This was the last time we troubled ourselves with Mrs. T. Frightened at length by the thought of possible consequences, she confessed to a friend that she had said what was not true, and a few months later, "the dear son" married, and has now, we believe, a family of his own.

Such is the moral effect of writing begging letters upon people who but a year before would have rejected with scorn the notion that they could, in any circumstances, sink so low. If twelve months will do so much as this, what must the effect be of thirty years? Not long ago certain letters came into our hands so well written, so cleverly put together, and so original, that we hastened at once to pay a personal visit to the writer. We will call him Mr. B.

A paragraph of one of these letters ran as follows: "A really sufficient change of air at the sea or otherwise (involving the company of my attendant as well as that of Mrs. B.) would cost no less than £30 to £40. If Mr.— [a gentleman to whom appeal had been made] viewed the case with enough favour *primâ facie* to say that he would try to raise that sum, or anything like it, for that purpose, amongst his friends subject to my laying before you formal particulars of my needs and circumstances, I may say that I feel the object is so all important that I would do that." It will be long before we forget our visit to this man. In a compact eight-roomed house, in a parlour bedroom furnished with a suite of good mahogany, with shelves on the walls filled with well-bound books and a table at the bedside loaded with oranges, grapes, and cigars, on a bed covered with a soft quilt and sheets of the finest texture, lay the writer of this and countless other appeals. An aristocrat of the profession evidently! He was an old man with snowy hair, broad shoulders, and the reddest face conceivable; a very clever face, with fiery eyes, a hooked nose, and a coarse, hard mouth. He wore a black velvet smoking-cap and a handsome shawl of Scotch plaid was thrown round him, for he sat up in bed in honour of our visit. Indeed, look where we might, there was no sign of poverty visible anywhere.

His polite and stately condescension was so embarrassing that for some time we were glad to let him talk on and gather our scattered wits together. "Allow me to thank you, my dear sir, for your kind visit," he began. "Are you surprised to find me decently clothed and fed? No doubt you are; and a little indignant perhaps. I don't blame you; it is a very natural feeling. Working as you do among the lower orders it must be quite a shock to be confronted with one of your own class reduced by circumstances to appeal to the charitable public."

He then proceeded, with admirable ingenuity and clearness, to explain that he had suffered from serious physical defects all his life; that of late years his health had altered much for the worse, and though he still held a situation of which he made an income sufficient to procure the bare necessaries of life, he was obliged to throw himself upon the charity of the benevolent for "the luxuries, or I may say, necessary comforts which my health and unfortunate position require." This good man had seen fit to marry in spite of his "affliction," and had a son and daughter. By careful questions I learnt that the son, a clerk at £150 a year, had left home suddenly, and married against his father's wish, while the wife and daughter, two gaunt, half-starved, overworked creatures, still remained at home.

We talked together a long time, and by degrees the story of this man's life became plain, and was confirmed by subsequent inquiry. He was a man of capacity and education, and able when he chose to be a valuable servant to the firm who still employed him. But he was without principle or feeling. The ill-health he suffered from was dyspepsia, contracted by systematic over-eating and drinking. He thought of no one but himself, and cared for nothing but his own comfort. He had an income amply sufficient for his wants, but through making the discovery that well-worded begging letters could be relied upon to bring in some return, he became shamefully extravagant, and latterly had been falling into debt and difficulties. The most repulsive feature of the case was his treatment of his wife and daughter. They had coarse food, while he lived on all the dainties of the season; their rooms were as poor as those of the commonest servant, while his were as comfortable as they could be made. As to the son, he was now his father's bitterest enemy.

From such a case as this it is instructive to turn to that of a widow who was saved by the prompt action of two ladies from the degradation which, as we have shown, the writing of begging letters brings upon its followers. This woman was well educated and refined. She is now earning an independent livelihood, and is beyond all fear of mendicancy. Yet once, being in serious trouble, she sent off a letter to a stranger, and it is believed by her friends that had response been made in money to this appeal, which was quite genuine, she would have been ruined for life. Afterwards, the friends who saved her asked what had put it into her head to do such a thing. Her reply was a significant one. She had seen a curate writing appeals broadcast for a church, and, in the desperation of the crisis of her affairs, feeling, she said, that she needed the aid infinitely more than he did, she followed his example and wrote for herself.

This story carries a forcible moral with it, which may be applied to many descriptions of charitable appeal. The ease with which perfectly conscientious and well-meaning persons can slide into exaggerated statements, and even into absolute falsehood, when they once begin to ask for help, however good the object may be, from people not acquainted with the facts of the case, shows how demoralising the effect must be upon those who are writing for themselves.

There is in truth far too much begging going on among "charitable" people. The following instance, with which we will close our article, occurred in the working of a society renowned for its opposition to mendicancy in every shape and form.

A young girl had been apprenticed to a business, and for two years required maintenance and careful supervision. There were two ladies actively interested in this good work. One was visiting the girl, the other arranging the financial part of the business. It so happened, however, that the visitor was asked at a moment's notice to write to a gentleman for assistance who had expressed his willingness to help any case of this kind. A report was sent, very brief and to the point, for the visitor was not versed in the arts of "charitable appeal." A reply came by return of post with a cheque for the sum required. But the donor said he was confused between the letter he now answered and another he had just received from the other lady. This lady was a mistress of the art; it was said that for any deserving object she could obtain £40 within three days, so potent was her pen. Yet she was as honourable a woman in the ordinary dealings of life as you could meet with. Such, however, is the fatal influence which begging exerts upon its votaries that in explaining the case of this girl, who had a worthless father, she asked for help on the ground that it would assist "a poor orphan to establish herself in the world." No wonder the man appealed to was puzzled, for the lady who first wrote to him had distinctly mentioned the existence of this parent. When the lady of too lively an imagination was taxed with her inaccuracy she coolly replied: "It was unlucky that he should hear two different accounts. You ought to have asked me what you were to say. The word orphan, I think, always has a good effect, and as this father of hers cannot perform a father's part, why, really, we may *call* her an orphan, after all!"

## THE CLIFF-CLIMBERS.

Cregby is curiously placed high up on a plateau overlooking the sea. All round the village there is rich farming land, but this ends suddenly to the eastward in a great pale wall of limestone overhanging the sea for several miles with never a break, and forming between the plane of the land above and the plane of the water below a curious vertical world, some hundreds of feet in depth, which belongs to neither. Hither in the breeding season come myriads of sea-birds,—guillemots, razor-bills, puffins, and kittiwakes—in obedience to an instinct which is older than all human history; and here on the bare ledges of the cliffs they lay their great eggs and seek to rear their unshapely chicks. For these eggs there is always a ready sale, and it has been the custom of the villagers for many generations to gather, in due season, this harvest of the rocks during six weeks of every year, in June and the early part of July, earning thereby a greater profit than their ordinary field-labour would give them. This harvest is regulated by ancient custom, and by some curious unwritten law of Cregby certain families have the monopoly of it.

One of the most ancient stems of this climbing aristocracy was the family of the Cowltheads. So far back as the parish registers reached, or the gravestones in the little churchyard were decipherable, there had always been Cowltheads in Cregby; and no one has ever heard of a time when the right to climb the very best part of the cliff has not belonged to them.

Yet in the course of ages it happened to the Cowltheads, as to many another ancient family, that the stock grew feeble, and it had come to pass that although there was still nominally a Cowlthead gang, its leader bore another name. At the time referred to there was but one Cowlthead who climbed, and he, Simon, was a raw youth, clever enough with the ropes as every one owned, but for the rest entirely lacking experience and common sense. So young a man would not have been accepted by the other climbers had it not happened that he was the only one of the family available. His father, Dick Cowlthead, a dull, heavy man wanting in enterprise, had gone to the cliff for several years, but had made no headway, and willingly sank under the guidance of an energetic newcomer without any hereditary claims, a newcomer who was at first only a stop-gap, taken on when another of the old families "ran to women-folk," and could supply no climber. And while yet in his prime the rheumatism (no doubt, had he been a richer man, the doctors would have called it gout,) had stiffened Dick's limbs so that he could no longer work the rope; after which there was nothing for it but to leave climbing and confine himself to such field-work as he could do. But that the family might not altogether lose its much-needed share of the egg-money, it was agreed that his eldest son Simon, a lad of sixteen, should be admitted into the gang.

This lad was by no means a favourite in the village. It was his unhappy fate to have been born with an ancestral taint in the form of an uncontrollable predilection towards waggery, while for the rest he was unfortunately like his father, exceedingly dull and stupid, a heavy-faced, tow-headed country lout of the most pronounced type. Now a joker *with* wit is often more or less of a nuisance, but a joker *without* that quality is always an absolute infliction, especially in a country place. And as the playfulness of a young bullock was grace itself compared with that of young Simon Cowlthead, it is not at all surprising that the inhabitants of Cregby came cordially to detest this ungainly youth, and to visit their displeasure at his mischievous pranks upon various parts of his youthful anatomy. It may be readily imagined that this youth was from the first a constant source of anxiety and annoyance to the shrewd and energetic John Bower, the man who had worked his way to the head of the gang.

The methods of the climbers are so simple and secure that accidents are of rare occurrence. Such as do happen are chiefly small injuries from falling stones dislodged by the friction of the rope as the climber swings himself below. Of the three men who form a gang one descends to do the actual work of gathering the eggs, while the other two remain above at the more arduous, if less dangerous, task of lowering and hoisting their comrade. At the spot selected for a descent a stake is driven into the earth near the edge of the cliff, and to this stake a stout cord is fixed. This is the hand-line, which serves for signalling and to relieve the strain on the main cord. Then the man who is to descend adjusts about him a double loop of rope, or short breeches of canvas, at the end of the much stouter climbing-rope, and sometimes may further secure himself by a strap passed loosely round the hips. All being ready, the climber taking up the hand-line walks down the short slope which caps the precipice, passes over the verge, and is lost to view, while his two comrades, seated above, with feet well planted in little pits cut out of the turf, brace themselves to their labour, making of their thighs and bodies a living brake. And thus they hoist or lower the climber, according to the nature of the signal which he gives. If he be skilful the man below will greatly lighten their labour, by supporting the greater part of his weight on the hand-line at the instant that their effort on the main rope is felt. To work thus in rhythmical unison with the men above, to watch and avoid those terrible missiles, the falling stones, to prevent the twisting of the ropes, and, by keeping the feet in touch with the cliff (for which purpose the legs must be held almost horizontally) to avoid bruising the body and smashing the eggs against the face of the rock,—these are things which mark the expert in cliff-climbing.

Now it is not given to every one, not even though he be born in the village of Cregby, to swing at ease, a living pendulum, at the end of two or three hundred feet of rope with a great precipice still below you, and the blue sea, so strange and dizzy to look upon from this point of view, beneath and around you. Hence when after the two first seasons young Simon, upon trial below, proved, to the surprise of his companions, as capable there as he had been lazy and incompetent at the top, John Bower wisely made the most of the lad's faculty. "He's good for nothing at aught else, so we'd better keep him below," he remarked to his mate.

This arrangement was entirely to the lad's satisfaction. He revelled in the work, for the excitement of it stirred fresh life in his clumsy frame. To any one who had beheld his sluggishness on land, the grace and dexterity with which like some wild ape he bounded from ledge to ledge in that strange middle-world would have seemed incomprehensible. John Bower's explanation was that "climmin' was bred in the bone."

Even when the season was over and the ropes carefully coiled and housed till another year, Simon could not be kept from the cliffs. He would slink away from his proper work on every opportunity, in spite of his mother's tongue and his father's hand, to enjoy the dangerous pleasure of scrambling along the face of the precipice wherever he could find handgrip and foot-hold.

But in the fifth year of his climbing, when the youth had already begun to think himself a man, a terrible occurrence prematurely ended his career in the cliffs.

The Cowlthead gang had worked nearly the whole of that fine June day with excellent results. Towards evening John Bower said, "We'll just try 'Fowerscore,' and then go home." It may here be observed that we have taken such liberties with the speech of John Bower and his mates as may render it intelligible to those who know not the tongue of Cregby.

"Nay," said Simon, out of temper at a recent rough reproof of John's for his careless handling of some eggs, "I've done enough for to-day. Leave Fowerscore till to-morrow."

But John Bower was masterful, as became the chief of a gang. "If thou won't climb Fowerscore, I'll climb it myself," said he. And he led the way to the place.

Now this Fourscore was one of the most difficult spots in the cliff because of the great overhang which the upper part of the precipice had at this point. For this reason the attempts of the climbers to reach its ledges had, until a short time before, always failed. Here the birds finding themselves undisturbed, clustered thickest, until every square inch of rock flat enough to support an egg had its occupant, and the possessors of places had to do continual battle with their envious and less fortunate sisters for their right to remain. But three or four winters previously the frost had dislodged a great slice of rock from the brow, and in the following season John Bower, taking advantage of this fall, had descended, and by a long inswing had gained footing on the ledges, where a rich harvest awaited him. Into the bags slung on either side of him he counted eighty eggs, and with this as a sufficient load, considering the nature of the ascent, he returned to the top, and twice again descended for fourscore more. After that the climbers regularly visited their freshly conquered territory, and whoever descended would have counted it shame to return without a full burden; wherefore as Fourscore the place was known.

When they reached the spot, Simon stood sulkily aside while John and his mate made their preparations. Soon all was ready, and the elder had begun to adjust the rope upon himself when the young man with a bad grace grew jealous and yielded. John handed it over to him at once, and the lad took up the hand-line also and steadied himself down the short upper slope.

"Mind to kick all loose stones down as thou goes, lad, and see that the rope don't rub on them sharp edges below thee, and mind the lines don't swing out o' thy reach when thou lands," was John's admonishment as the young man disappeared over the verge. Then the men at the top braced themselves to the strain, John sitting first with heels well set.

For a short time the rope was paid away in little jerks showing that Stephen had still some hold of the cliff with his feet. "Steady now!" cried John, who had been carefully noting its course. "He'll swing clear in another minute," and as he spoke the rope suddenly became taut. "Let him have it as he swings," he exclaimed; and then at each sway they let out the slack more and more rapidly that the climber might pass the deep bight before the cords began to twist. "Now he's touchin' again!" said John. "Now he's landed! That's all right!" The rope hung slack now, and they knew that Simon had reached the broad ledges and made fast his lines, while he moved independently and comfortably along, gathering his spoil two hundred feet below. But a longer pause than usual followed. "He's restin' a bit," was John's interpretation. Then the cords showed motion again, and immediately a sharp shake of the hand-line gave the signal for hoisting, and the two men began to tug with all their might upon the main rope. It was not light work to raise the weight of a man, with the added weight of a cable, vertically from such depths, and the two men breathed hard as they pulled. They had recovered only a few feet when John was aware of something wrong below. "He lifts unaccountable dead an' heavy," he panted. "He can't be——," with a jerk he had tumbled back on the grass, the other man lay sprawling behind, and the rope made a great leap and then shook light and loosely at the cliff edge.

"My God," said John hoarsely. "It's broken!" In a second he was on his feet and the slack was spinning up through his hands as if it were under the drum of some swift machine. Speedily the end of the rope all frayed and torn came up the slope. "Surely he's stuck to the hand-line!" cried the man in despair, and he seized that cord. But there was no resistance upon it, and in a moment it also lay in a useless coil at his feet.

"Run out to yon nab, Jacob, for heaven's sake, and see if you can't see the poor lad!" And he himself, all shaking, ran out upon a narrow spur in the opposite direction. He crept down the upper slope, and hung most perilously over the very verge with only a handful of grass holding him back from destruction. "Oh, Jacob! can you see aught?"

"Oh, John, nought at all!" came back the woeful answer from the other spur.

"Lord help us, neither can I! Back, man, quick! I must go down!" and he crept up the slope again and ran to the ropes.

"But can I hold——" began his companion.

"Never mind buts!" cried John as he bent a loop on the broken end. "It's no time for buts; manage as best thou can!" With that he slipped his thigh into the noose and with the hand-line in his grasp went over the edge, while the other man held on for the life of both of them. Once and again he swayed as though the running rope must drag him headlong down, but almost instantly the pressure was relieved, and he knew that John had reached the ledges. Anxiously he waited, and by and by the signal for hoisting came and he bent every nerve and muscle to his task. But there was no double load on the rope. Slowly and slowly the slack gathered until at length John's grave weather-beaten face appeared above the edge. "There's nought to be seen down there," he said, "nought at all. You be off as sharp as ever you can to South Bay and get 'em to bring a boat; quick! tide's coming up fast! And I must go and tell his poor mother and father."

So they hurried away each on his sad errand, while the young man whose mangled corpse they believed lay under the plashing waters below, crouched safely in a deep crevice halfway down the steep, and chuckled with the delight of a born humorist at the magnificent success of his little joke. It had so nearly been a failure too, for after he had carefully hammered out the substance of the rope across a sharp rock, leaving just one strand unbroken which he was sure would give way with the slightest strain and so complete the illusion, he had given the signal to the men above, and found too late that he had miscalculated the strength of that good hemp fibre. He felt himself being slowly dragged from the ledge, and had just time to grasp the hand-line at the instant that he was launched away into the air; and when, a moment later, the strand yielded, it was only his hold upon that slender line which saved him from making in stern reality that dreadful plunge of two hundred feet from crag to crag into the sea below. However, for one with Simon's training it was not a very difficult matter to swing himself in again, and he landed on the ledge with a rebound. But the scare took hold of him, and when he had crept into his dark crevice he was glad enough to find himself out of sight for a while of the terrible wall and the pale sea.

Not until he had enjoyed the spectacle of John Bower's pale and awe-struck face, which he saw distinctly as it swung in mid-air before the mouth of his crevice, did he quite recover his spirits. He found it then really hard work to stifle his mirth, until it struck him what a terrible business there would be if John should discover him, and that kept him very still until the danger was past. After that he gave himself up to a complete enjoyment of the situation. This splendid plot had occurred to him quite suddenly as he had descended. It was really a most excellent way of getting even with them for sending him, and he would have the laugh of them all. He had discovered that, though Fourscore was such an awkward place to get into from above, when once landed you could travel with ease for quite a long distance along the ledges, and that in one direction rising steadily step by step, you might even reach a little notch up which it was comparatively easy to scramble to the top of the cliff. He had kept this piece of information to himself, pleased to think how in some respects, at any rate, he was ever so much wiser than the generality of folk; and now he meant to make use of it. When he had given John and the rest of them fright enough, he would scramble up and saunter off home as though nothing had happened. And he would not tell them how he had managed it either.

Such was Simon's pretty scheme, but somehow things did not turn out quite as he expected. In the first place, that sideway climb along the ledges, now that he was compelled to make it, was by no means so simple as he had reckoned upon. When he crept out everything seemed so lonely and still, in spite of the noise of the birds and the wash of the sea below, that it troubled him, and he started violently at such simple and usual things as the whirring of a scout's wings close above his head. Then he discovered that the very ledges, along which ordinarily he would have passed as easily as upon a roadside pathway, were bristling now with difficulties, and when he thought of the far more dangerous places ahead of him he actually shuddered. Clearly until he felt steadier it was no use attempting to tackle them. So finding another cranny wherein he could stretch his length he lay himself down fairly tired, and fell fast asleep.

He did not know how long he had slept when he was awakened from unquiet dreams by the dip of oars and faint sounds rising tremulously from the sea. He heard a sobbing voice and knew that it was his mother's. "My poor bairn! My poor bairn!" it constantly repeated, and then there came the deep broken tones of his father trying to comfort her. "Is this the spot?" asked a strange voice. "Ay! this is where it happened, just to the left of yon green patch," replied another, which he recognised as John Bower's; and then his mother's pitiful refrain broke in again, "My poor bairn!" It turned Simon cold to hear it.

From his cranny he could not see the boat, but evidently it came as close in as the swell on the rocks would permit. Every sound from it swam up to him, thin, yet very distinct. "Poor lad!" he heard the boatman say. "The sea's gettin' what was left of him; it would carry him south'ard wi' this tide. I fear no mair'll be seen on him." And then the sobs and the wail of his mother rose up again, and this time no one tried to soothe her. Simon lay dazed and shivering, not quite realising it all, and before he was fairly conscious of his position the sounds had grown fainter and fainter, and the boat had moved slowly off to southward.

Then it began to dawn upon him that perhaps this wasn't going to be such a splendid joke after all. He sat up and began to ponder in his slow way how it was going to end, and somehow became very uncomfortable. It was very lonesome there. The sea-birds on the ledges all round him cluttered and laughed and barked after their own peculiar fashion, and it struck him that they knew his plight and were mocking him. The woe of his mother still rang in his tingling ears. How could he go home and tell them that he had fooled them? Never, never now dare he do that! But what should he tell them then? Ay, that was going to be a very knotty point! The thought of having to face John Bower's cross-examination with anything less than the truth was positively terrible; he dursn't risk it! Yet to tell the truth was impossible. The more he pondered over it the greater became his perplexity, until he burst into a sweat of remorse and shame. And by and by the birds ceased their cries, all except a single one here and there whose chuckle came strangely to the ear like a nightmare, and the long twilight faded gently, and faint stars twinkled in and out over the sea, and yet his puzzle was not solved. The night brought a feeling akin to relief to him; since now at any rate he must have a few hours respite, for it would be sheer madness to attempt to scale that cliff in the dark. In silent dejection the lad shrank back within his shelter to wait for the morning. The pale flush in the western sky crept round to the north, where he could see it over the sea; and then very slowly moved eastward, gradually gathering strength as it came, until at length under his weary eyes the rocks below lost their blackness and began to look cold and gray in the moist light of dawn, and the crags above him, which all night had pushed out mocking faces whenever he had ventured to look up at them, drew themselves together, stern and decorous, ignoring their midnight antics. Then the guillemots and razorbills began to wing their laboured flight straight out to sea, and their yelping and chuckling began again. A broad-winged gull passed slowly by, as if but half awake, and then a silent thievish jackdaw.

Simon arose now and stretched his cramped limbs. He was aware of keen hunger and bethought himself of the egg-satchels still hanging across his shoulders. He had placed a few eggs in them almost mechanically in passing along the ledges, and a couple of these he broke and swallowed and felt his courage revive. The bags he flung away from him, and they fluttered out and fell into the sea.

Then he crept forward, setting his fingers hard in the crevices, and rose thus steadily ledge by ledge, till the last perilous step was achieved and he reached the dewy slope at the summit. Once in safety his heart gave way, he flung himself face downward into the dank herbage and burst out in a paroxysm of grief. "What shall I do?" moaned this wretched humorist. "What ever shall I do? I never dare go home again! I daren't, I daren't!"

Thus he lay while the daylight brightened, and presently across the rippling water glinted the dull bronze disk of the sun. Then he knew that the village would soon be astir, and that he must remain there no longer if he would avoid discovery. So he rose and shrank off inland under cover of the hedgerows, fetching long circuits to shun the farmsteads; and before the teams were fairly at work on the land he had put several miles between himself and his folk, and still plodded aimlessly forward along the green byways.

## II.

For a time the agitation in Cregby over the loss of Simon Cowlthead was great. Souls came into being and souls departed there, as elsewhere, often enough; but generally they came and went so quietly that the joy or trouble of it scarcely spread from one end of the village to the other. But this was an affair of a very different order. The event was actually chronicled in the great county paper in a paragraph all by itself, with a great head-line thus,—TERRIBLE DEATH OF A CLIFF-CLIMBER AT CREGBY—a thing well calculated to make the Cregby people proud of themselves, for even their greatest stack fire, years ago, when three of Farmer Runch's horses were burned besides several pigs, had been brought before the world only in a scrap a few lines long packed away in a column of local items. Therefore they passed the paper from hand to hand, and studied and criticised every line of the paragraph, greatly gratified to find themselves all at once so famous. And every night in the little kitchen of *The Grey Horse*, though John Bower drank his beer in gloomy silence, the other man gave to the assembled company every incident of that eventful afternoon, and repeated it for the benefit of every new-comer. It seemed as though the village had at last got a topic of conversation other than the state of stock and crops. Then it was whispered among the women that Simon's ghost had been seen near the place where he was lost. The men heard of it from their wives, and said nothing, but avoided after night-fall the fields which lay above Fourscore.

But this could not last for ever. In time the matter grew stale, and even among his immediate kin, where there was real grief for Simon, the cares which each day brought gradually settled down upon his memory and dimmed it. For a week or two the poor mother sat down to have "a real good cry" whenever she could find time, but with her family of six to look to, and turnip-hoeing, and then harvest coming on so quickly, it was but little chance she had, poor soul, until after she got to bed at nights; and even then she had to cry very quietly for fear of waking her goodman, who needed all his rest badly enough after his day's work. He, too, used at first, as he bent to his hoe, often to have to sniff and pause, and under pretence of straightening his cramped limbs draw the palm of his rough hand across his face. And there was a servant-lass at a neighbouring farmstead whose tears sometimes fell into her milk-pail as she leaned her head against the ribs of the unconcerned and careless kine.

But as soon as the news and the grief had lost their freshness, there was, so far as Cregby was concerned, an end to the matter; and except when the story of the great accident was revived to impress some chance visitor with the importance of the place, Simon was forgotten. A better man filled his post, though not a better climber; and every season the birds came to the cliffs to lay their eggs, and the men went down to gather them just as before. For the first few years the Cowlthead gang avoided Fourscore, but after a time even this feeling died out, and they climbed it again in its order as a matter of course. Three and twenty years passed thus. The accident had become almost a legend, but John Bower (Old John every one called him now) was still head-man of the Cowlthead gang. After a long lapse the gang once more rejoiced in the presence of one of the traditional name, for young Stephen Cowlthead, who was born the year after his brother Simon was lost, had come to the cliffs. The men noticed that their luck improved from the day of his coming, and firmly believed that it was the power of the old name. Probably a truer reason might have been found under Old John's oft-repeated declaration that "a better climber than Stephen had never climbed, always barring his poor brother Simon." By this time Cowlthead the father had been gathered to his fathers, and the mother, old and feeble, had found shelter with one of her married daughters and nursed the swarming bairns of another generation. Thus things stood in Cregby when it happened upon a certain day that the Cowlthead gang had once more fixed their ropes to climb Fourscore.

"Now, watch the rope well across that sharp edge just above the big crack," said John, as Stephen stood ready to descend,—a fine strong, good-natured lad, who was better liked by the villagers than poor Simon had ever been. John had repeated this warning so often at this place that it had lost all meaning to the others; but the old man had never forgotten the shock of that terrible day so many years ago. It was this which made him doubly sensitive at Fourscore to every tremor of the line. "What a stroke the lad has, to be sure!" he muttered now as the rope ran rapidly through his hands. "Give him a bit of straight cliff an' he'll all but flee! Now for the slack spot,—steady there, Jacob! There, that's all right! He's on the big shelf now, an' he's cast off to walk to the other end."

While the rope hung idle the two men lit their pipes; but they had scarcely tasted the tobacco before the hand-line struck sharply. "Hup!" cried John casting away his pipe and beginning to haul steadily. After a moment's work he took alarm. "Summut's amiss," he said; "he's in such a hurry; I dreads summut's frightened him. What ever makes him hang so strange and lumpy? Hup, Jacob! Hup quick!"

Faster and faster they swayed to the rope. Speedily a hat, and with the next stroke a head and shoulders rose above the edge. "What the divil!—"exclaimed John, and then words failed him and he stood stock still, though yet holding tight upon the cable. For it was a brown and bearded face that grinned at him, a face altogether strange to him. Without a sound this apparition drew itself forward by the hand-line unaided, and came nimbly up the slope. It stood before them on the sod in the shape of a stalwart middle-aged man, clothed in dark attire of excellent quality, albeit of rather outlandish cut, with a broad gold ring on the little finger and a heavy gold chain depending from the watch-pocket; altogether a figure in striking contrast with the coarse workday aspect of the cliff-climbers. The apparition gazed down with sardonic enjoyment upon the helpless amazement of the terrified men. But a moment later John Bower had recovered his wits, sprung upon the stranger and fettered him securely with two or three sudden coils of the loose rope.

Then grasping the still grinning figure firmly by the arms the old man forced it backward to the very edge of the descent. "Whether thou's the divil, or whoever thou is," he shouted fiercely, "if thou's done aught amiss to that lad down there, over thou goes. Speak out, afore I counts ten, or I chucks thee down! One,—two,—three,—four—"

Whereupon the stranger ceased to grin, and spoke. "It's all right, John Bower," he said. "I'm Simon Cowlthead come up again."

But old John was not satisfied and did not relax his grip. "Play neither divil nor ghost wi' me!" he said sternly. "Is the lad safe? If not——" and he almost shook the startled joker from his perilous foothold.

"Let me go, John! The lad's all right enough. I only borrowed his ropes. Hark! He's shouting now to know what's become of 'em." The truth of this statement was borne out by the sound of a faint hallo from below.

"Come here, Jacob, and hold this chap fast while I get's the lad up," was old John's mandate as he handed over his prisoner to his companion. "We'll larn more about this after that." The trembling Jacob most unwillingly obeyed, only half reassured even when he felt warm substantial flesh in his grasp, instead of anything clammy or ghost-like. John deftly sent down the rope and set it swinging, and in a moment he felt that it had been grasped by a familiar hand below. His countenance upon this denoted his feeling of immense relief; but nevertheless it was not without some anxiety that he watched the edge of the cliff, as a fisherman might watch the water who has just landed one uncanny monster and is afraid that he may have hooked another. But it was "Stephen lad" who came up, and no other; and then the old man turned to their captive and said, "Now let's hear what you have to say, and mind an' tell us no lies."

Thus admonished, the uncomfortable apparition began his history, stammering very much over the earlier parts of it, John Bower watching him meanwhile with severe and contemptuous eye, and the other two with open-mouthed astonishment. He glossed as best he could over the story of the broken rope, pretending that the breakage was really accidental, and that afterwards while waiting he unintentionally fell asleep. No one made any comment upon this, but the speaker read from old John's face that one at least of his listeners refused to accept this lame tale and guessed the truth. Then he told truly enough how, after his night in the cliffs, he had found himself too much ashamed to show his face at home, and had made off to a large seaport, where he got work as a carter, but couldn't settle there at all, yet still was more afraid of coming home than ever, and therefore, as soon as he had scraped enough money together to pay his passage, he took ship for Australia. There he went to farm-work again and liked it; and by and by he got to farm a bit of land of his own, and worked it for a good many years; till a railway came, and a town sprang up all round him, and folks kept worriting and worriting him to sell out. But for a long time he wouldn't; till at last some one went and offered him such a lot for his land that he felt bound to part, and did. But after that he felt unsettled again, and didn't exactly know what to put his money into out there, so he thought he'd come and have a look round and see how things were getting on in the old country,—so here he was, and glad to see 'em.

"But how came you to be down Fowerscore?" demanded John, at the end of this recital.

"Well, you see," explained the wanderer awkwardly, "I felt rather shy even yet about coming back to Cregby, so I've been stopping for a few days at Braston yonder, where an odd stranger more or less isn't noticed; and I walked up here this morning to have a look at all the old spots, and then I tried that way up I knew of; and for a wonder it's as easy to get down there as to get up; and I climbed about and enjoyed myself till I got right on to them big ledges again, and then I saw your ropes come down, and thought, by Jingo! what a joke it would be to give 'em a bit of a surprise! So when the lad there let go and went after eggs, I just came out of a hole, and got hold of 'em, and here I am."

"Ay, there thou is, Simon!" echoed John Bower with contemptuous irony. "There thou is! I thought it was the divil we'd brought up; but it was summat warse,—it was a d——d fool! Folks allus says 'fools for luck'; and that's how it's been wi' thee, Simon. However, we'll climb no mair to-day, lads. This fool's got money, an' he'll have to stand us all drinks an' summat mair besides at *Grey Hoss* yonder for the trouble he's gi'en us. Fools for luck!" So off they went; and once more for a time there was something interesting to talk about in Cregby.

# THE LAST FIGHT OF JOAN OF ARC.

"The Maiden, beyond the nature of woman, endured to do mighty deeds, and travailed sore to save her company from loss, remaining in the rear as she that was captain, and the most valiant of her troop; there where fortune granted it, for the end of her glory, and for that the latest time of her bearing arms." This gallant testimony to the valour of Joan of Arc on the fatal day beneath the ramparts of Compiègne (May 23rd, 1430) is from the pen of the contemporary George Chastellain, a Burgundian and hostile writer. It may be taken as the text of some remarks on the last fight of the Maiden, and on her character and conduct.

Joan has just been declared "venerable" by the Church, a singular compliment to a girl of nineteen, but the first of the three steps towards canonization. The Venerable Joan may become the Blessed Joan, and finally Saint Joan of Arc. But, by a curious accident, one of her most devoted admirers, Monsieur Paul Marin, captain of artillery in the French service, has recently published some reflections on Joan's last fight, which may be serviceable to the *advocatus diaboli.* If that unpopular personage is to pick a hole in the saintliness of the Maiden, it is in Captain Marin's works that he will find his inspiration. The captain would be the last of men to slur the purest of memories, nor does he regard himself as having done so; he writes in the interests of historical truth. Nevertheless the *advocatus diaboli* will take a different view of the matter in hand, which amounts to this question: did Joan, on one occasion at least, proclaim that by direct promise of St. Catherine she was commissioned to do a feat in which she failed; and did she later, at her trial by the Inquisition, equivocate on this point?[1]

In his first volume Captain Marin tells us how he was impressed in his youth by a remark of the Duc d'Alençon. "The fair Duke," for whom, says his retainer Perceval de Cagny, Joan would do more than for any other man, had been the Maid's companion in arms from the taking of Jargeau to the failure at Paris, from May to September 1429. They were then separated by Charles the Seventh and his favourite La Trémouille. In 1456 the Duke deposed on oath that Joan had a knowledge of war, of the handling of troops, and of artillery, equal to that of a captain of thirty years' standing. This opinion struck M. Marin with surprise, and in maturer life he began to study the Maid as a strategist and tactician. The popular idea of Joan, (as in Lord Stanhope's essay,) regards her as simply a brave girl, crying *Forward!* and herself going foremost. But history acknowledges the military value of her plans, and these Captain Marin set about examining in the case of her last campaign on the Oise. His books, however, really treat less of Joan's tactics than of her character, and are of less service to her saintly than to her military reputation. We may examine, in company with Captain Marin, the Maid's last months of active service.

After Easter, 1430, Joan's own desire was to go into the Isle of France, and renew her attack on Paris. For this, at least, we have her own statement at her trial, March 3rd, 1431.[2] She was asked whether her "counsel" bade her attack La Charité, where she failed for lack of supplies. She made no answer as to her "counsel" or "voices"; she said that she herself wished to go into France, but that the captains told her it would be better first to attack La Charité.[1] Thwarted in her wish, whether that wish was or was not suggested mystically, Joan made an attempt on Pont-l'Evêque, where she was defeated by the stout resistance of a handful of English, and she made another effort by way of Soissons, in which she was frustrated by treachery. The object of both movements was to cut off the communications of the Duke of Burgundy by seizing a bridge on the Oise, and thus to prevent him from besieging Compiègne. That city, at the time as large as Orleans, had been many times besieged and sacked. It had yielded amicably to the Maid in August, 1429, and the burghers were determined to be true to their king for the future. The place was of immense importance for the possession of Paris, and Joan hurried to rescue it so soon as she heard of the siege. The question is, did she try to animate the citizens by a false tale of a revelation through St. Catherine, and, at her trial did she quibble in her answers to questions on this matter?

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[1] See *Jeanne d'Arc, Tacticienne et Stratégiste,* par Paul Marin, Capitaine d'Artillerie. Paris, 1889-90.

[2] Quicherat, *Procès*, i. 109.

The topic of dates is important. Joan says that she made her sortie, in which she was captured, on the afternoon of the day when she had entered Compiègne at dawn. This promptitude was in accordance with her character, and her system of striking swiftly. Her friend, de Cagny, is in the same tale; her enemies, the Burgundian chroniclers, put the interval of a whole day between her entry into Compiègne and her sally.

The first witness is Enguerran de Monstrelet, a retainer of that Judas, Jean de Luxembourg, who sold the Maid for ten thousand francs. In or about 1424 Monstrelet himself had robbed on the highway some peaceable merchants of Abbeville.[2] Now just before the affair of Compiègne, Joan had defeated and taken a robber Burgundian chief, Franquet d'Arras. She wished to exchange him for a prisoner of her own party, but her man died. The magistrates of Senlis and Lagny claimed Franquet as, by his own confession, a traitor, robber, and murderer. He had a trial of fifteen days, and was executed; Joan did not interfere with the course of such justice as he got. In one sense Franquet's position was that of Joan in English hands. But he was a robber; she always stopped pillage. She was sold by Luxembourg; he was not sold by Joan. However, Monstrelet, himself a convicted robber, says (like the other Burgundians) that Joan cruelly condemned Franquet to death. The chivalrous highwaymen stood by each other. If a knight was to be punished for theft and murder, the profession of arms was in an ill way. Joan's deposition before her judges as to Franquet d'Arras is a model of straightforward boldness:[3] "I consented to his death, if he had deserved it, as by his own confession he was a traitor, robber, and murderer."

We can now estimate the impartiality of Monstrelet, a Burgundian *routier*, writing about the foe of pillage and of pillagers. Even he dares not stain his chronicle with the sale of Joan by his master Jean de Luxembourg. But he was outside Compiègne when Joan was taken, and should have known the dates. He did not, however, begin his history till ten years after the events.[4]

The question of dates may be summed up briefly. The Burgundian chroniclers give Joan two days in Compiègne, and fix her capture on May 24th. De Cagny also dates it on the same day. But the Duke of

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[1] After Easter, 1430, when her "voices" daily predicted her capture, the Maid generally accepted such plans as the generals preferred, distrusting her own judgment. So she said in her trial, on March 14, 1431.

[2] Quicherat, *Procès*, iv., 360.

[3] *Procès*, i., 158.

[4] *Procès*, iv., 360, namely after 1440.

Burgundy, writing to announce the taking of the Maid, an hour after that event, dates his letter May 23rd. This is conclusive, for the other authorities wrote many years after the occurrence. Again, William of Worcester gives the date of the Maiden's capture as May 23rd.[1] So far, we have reason to trust the accuracy of Joan rather than that of her enemies.

It is obvious, however, that Joan might have passed two days in Compiègne, as the Burgundian writers allege, yet might have delivered no speech about St. Catherine; just as she might conceivably have found time for such a speech in a single day. To understand the evidence for this speech, and indeed for all the incidents of her last sally, it is necessary to explain the situation of Compiègne. Here for the first part of the problem we follow Quicherat.[2]

Compiègne is on the left bank of the Oise. A long fortified bridge, with a rampart, connects it with the right bank. The rampart was guarded by a fosse, crossed by a *pont dormant*, which, I suppose, could not be raised like a drawbridge, though there are tales about "raising the drawbridge." On the right bank is a meadow, about a mile broad, walled in by *la côte de Picardie*. The plain being flat, and often flooded, a causeway leads from the bridge across the meadow. Three steeples are in sight, those of Margny at the end of the causeway, of Clairoix two miles and a half distant, and of Venette about a mile and a half away to the left. The Burgundians had a camp at Margny and another at Clairoix; the English lay at Venette; the Duke of Burgundy was at Coudun, a league away, says Monstrelet. According to M. Quicherat, Joan's plan was to carry Margny and then Clairoix, and finally attack the Duke of Burgundy himself. Now it was five in the evening when Joan rode through the gate, and past the fatal rampart that guarded the bridge. Captain Marin justly remarks (i., 176), that to attack Margny was feasible; it might be surprised, and its capture, cutting the Burgundians, was important; to attack Clairoix, at three times the distance, where the troops would have full warning, was an absurd blunder; to charge through the Burgundians at both places, and assail the Duke himself, was a very wild project, with a handful of men, only five or six hundred. Believing, as he does, in Joan's tactics, he supposes that she merely meant to take and hold Margny, and so cut the Burgundians off from the English. With this purpose she moved late in the day, that the English, in their efforts to rejoin the Burgundians, might be baffled by the dark of night. If Joan had a larger scheme, she chose her hour ill, and, we may add, she had an inadequate force.

Let us now hear what the Burgundian historians have to say as to Joan's speech in Compiègne before the sally. First, Monstrelet, who was present at Coudun where Joan was taken before the Duke on May 23rd, says—nothing at all! Next we have Lefèvre de Saint-Rémi, who was sixty-seven when he began to write his *Mémoires* in 1460, thirty years after the events; he was King-at-Arms of the Burgundian Order of the Fleece of Gold. M. Quicherat praises his account of the sortie, as among the best and most complete. Lefèvre declares that the Maid was in Compiègne for two nights and a day, and on the second day publicly announced that she had a revelation from St. Catherine, assuring her that she would discomfit the Burgundians. She had the gates closed, she assembled the people, she cried that, "God, through St. Catherine, bade her sally out *that day*, that she would defeat the enemy, and capture, slay, or drive in rout the Duke and all his men, and that this was indubitable. About two o'clock the Maid sallied forth. . . ." To ourselves it is plain that, in the opinion of Lefèvre, and of Chastellain (to be quoted next), Joan announced the defeat and capture of the Duke for that day: "*Qu'elle yssist ce jour allencontre de ses ennemis et qu'elle desconfiroit le duc; et seroit prins de sa personne.*" That she should issue forth *that* day, against her foes, and that she would defeat the Duke, who, for his part, would be taken prisoner; these are clearly meant as immediate, not remote, results of the sally. If Joan made these predictions, she cannot have meant merely to hold Margny; and so Captain Marin's praise of her strategy is misapplied. He can only take refuge in a denial that the capture was prophesied *for that day.*

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[1] Cited by Quicherat, *Procès*, iv., 475.

[2] *Apperçus Nouveaux*, p. 85; Paris, 1850.

Either M. Marin, therefore, is wrong in his estimate of the Maid's strategy, or this account of her prophecy is incorrect. The Maid, we conceive, is to catch or kill the Duke *that day.* Now any attempt at such a feat, with such a force as Joan's, was mere recklessness, far beyond her gallant and resolute charge at Orleans in 1429. The Duke was a league away with all his army; between him and her lay Clairoix, Margny, and the Burgundian detachments there. The idea was less than feasible, as Captain Marin perceives.[1]

The next evidence is that of George Chastellain. To this accomplished rhetorician Lefèvre sent the memoirs which he began in 1460. These Chastellain used; he had also Monstrelet before him; had he other sources? Quicherat thought he had no personal knowledge of Joan's last year. Pontus Heuterus (1583) says that Chastellain claims to have seen Joan several times. Captain Marin reposes great faith in Chastellain, because he is called *elegans et exactus*, and because of the well-merited praise given to the style of the official Burgundian historiographer. Captain Marin also lays stress on Chastellain's fine description of "the end of the glory of the Maid" (already quoted) as a proof of his fairness. Now we venture to hold that the differences between Chastellain's version and those of Lefèvre and Monstrelet, are mainly differences of style. By a curious coincidence the present writer, in an account of Joan's last sally, hit on the same piece of rhetoric as Chastellain himself, without having read that author. Chastellain was a writer aiming of set purpose at a style; the other chroniclers were plain men.

Chastellain, then, says that the Maid entered Compiègne by night. She herself says that she entered "at the secret hour of morning." He adds, that after having rested there two nights (that of her entry and the next), the second day after she proclaimed certain *folles fantommeries* (wild spectral foolings.) She told the people that, by revelation of God through St. Catherine, "He wished her *that very day* to take up arms, and go forth to fight the King's enemies, English and Burgundians, and that without doubt she would discomfit them, and the Duke of Burgundy would be taken, and most of his people slain and routed." Then the whole multitude, "all who could carry clubs," went out with her at four in the afternoon, five hundred men-at-arms in all.

This, on the face of it, is absurd. If all who could carry clubs went out, it is odd that Monstrelet says nothing of such a strange levy *en masse.* Probably the five hundred were men-at-arms, exclusive of the mob. That mob, men and women, did sally later, after Joan was taken, and carried a Burgundian redoubt.

To our mind, Chastellain writes as a rhetorician, certainly in his phrase, "*tout ce qui povit porter bastons,*" and probably in his account of the *fantommeries* about St. Catherine, and the prophecy of taking the Duke captive. He has adopted these from Lefèvre, adding his own decorations, and Lefèvre wrote twenty years after Monstrelet, who wrote ten years after the event, but never said a word of these facts. Thus we regard Chastellain's theory of Joan's two days in Compiègne and his date (May 24th) as wholly wrong, contradicted both by Joan and by the letter of the Duke of Burgundy. His tale of a military mob is peculiarly his own; his *fantommeries* are an improvement in sarcastic force on Lefèvre, and that is all.

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[1] i., 170, 171. "Il paraît difficile d'admettre l'accomplissement de ce troisième point."

On this question of *fantommeries* we now turn to Joan's own evidence, given on March 10th, 1431. As to the value of her evidence, in general, we must remember that she refused to depone on oath to matters "not connected with the trial, or with the Catholic faith." Her reasons were, first that she had a certain secret in common with the King; next, that her voices and visions were sacred things to her; even among friends she spoke of them, as Dunois attests, with a blush, and in no detail. Now on the King's secret and on her voices Joan was plied with endless questions, she, being but a girl, nearly starved, (it was in Lent) and weakened by long captivity in irons. Finally, as to the secret sign which she gave the King, she told an obvious parable, or allegory, intentionally mixing up the real event at Chinon, in March or April, 1429, with the scene of the coronation at Rheims three months later. This innocent, and indeed open allegory she later confessed to as a mere parable, if we may trust Martin L'Advenu, the priest who heard her last confession. When set face to face with the rack, she announced that they might tear her limb from limb, but she would not speak, or, if she did, she would instantly contradict whatever might be wrung from her.[1] In her trial, when vexed with these endless questions, she kept replying, "Do you wish me to perjure myself?" To reveal the King's secret would have been to reveal his doubts of his own legitimacy, and not one word on this point was wrung from Joan. For herself, she "openly laid bare her conscience," says Quicherat, made a clean breast of it, as we have seen in her reply about the death of Franquet d'Arras. This is a brief account of Joan as a witness, necessary for the understanding of her evidence about Compiègne. Does she confess to any *fantommeries* there? The fact is that she never was asked if she made a speech at Compiègne.

She was asked on March 10th, "Did you make your sally by advice of your 'voices'?" Her answer, if not categorical, is touching. "In Easter week last, she standing above the fosse of Melun, her voices, the voices of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, told her that she would be taken prisoner before the feast of St. John, and that so it must be, and she was not to be amazed, but bear it with good will, and that God would be her aid." And later, "many a time, and almost daily," she had the same message, but she knew not the day or the hour. Had she known that day and that hour, she said, she would not have gone to Compiègne. Asked whether she would have gone had the voices bidden her and told her also that she would be taken, she said that she would not have gone gladly, but assuredly she would have gone, "would have obeyed, whatever might happen." On that evil day of Compiègne, "*non habuit aliud præceptum de exeundo*, she had no other monition about the sally," except the constant warning of her capture. Nevertheless, in the judges' summary of her guilt, they declare that at Compiègne she made promises and predictions, saying that she "knew by revelation many things that never occurred." [2]

Are we to accept the word of Joan, or the word of her murderers? Probably they had some gossip to go on. There was no confronting or cross examination of witnesses. Into Compiègne the judges could hardly send persons to collect evidence. Can the evidence have been that of her Master of the Household, D'Aulon, of her brother, or of Pothon le Bourguignon, who were all taken with her? It is to be noted that Jean de Mailly, Bishop of Noyon, and Jean Dacier, Abbé of Saint Corneille, priests of the English party, were in Compiègne, it is said, at the time of Joan's sortie, and afterwards sat among her judges. They may have told a distorted tale to her discredit.[1]

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[1] *Procès*, 1., 400.

[2] *Procès*, i., 298.

Captain Marin inclines to think that Chastellain is correct with his *fantommeries*, whether his theory of a two days' stay in Compiègne is right or not (ii. 58). If Joan was daily told by spiritual voices that she would be taken, is it likely, the Captain asks, that she would have run the risk? He thinks it improbable; he underrates Joan's courage. Captain Marin never notices, we think, in this connection a piece of coincident evidence. In the height of her triumph, between the rescue of Orleans and the crowning at Rheims, in the summer of 1429, the Duc d'Alençon sometimes heard Joan tell the King that "she would last but one year, or little more and therefore he must employ her while he might.[2]" D'Alençon gave this evidence on oath in 1456. Now Joan's year was over in Easter week 1430; there remained the "little more." In Easter week her voices first told her that she would soon be taken. Granting her habit of hearing voices, granting her belief, now of a year's standing at least, that she had but one year for her mission, she was bound to receive, or think that she received, mystical warnings of her coming end. She says she did receive them; it is certain that she knew her year was over, yet she never shrank from any danger. Hence there is no contradiction between her warnings and her facing constant risks. As to the nature of her voices we have nothing to say. It is absolutely certain that her prophecy of her wound at Orleans was made, and was recorded, in a dispatch from a Flemish Ambassador, three weeks before it occurred.[3] She had, therefore, reason to trust her premonitions, but they never made her shun a fight.

Thus considered, Joan's sally was not inconsistent with what she said about her voices, but was consistent with and worthy of her character. Captain Marin lays stress on her parable about the King and the crown, as a proof of a certain pardonable shiftiness. But on that one point, the King's secret, Joan many a time gave her tormentors fair warning. She would not speak, or, if she spoke, she would not speak the truth. As to the voices at Compiègne, that was another question.

Thus we believe that, except as to the King's secret, where she gave her judges due and repeated warning, and except in cases where she declined to answer, Joan was frank about her voices. At Compiègne, if she made a speech at all, she probably announced success, as generals ought to do, and she may also have appealed to her many previous victories, and to herself as heaven-sent, such being her belief. That she pretended to a new, explicit, direct promise from St. Catherine of the capture of the Duke, we deny. There is no evidence for the belief; the question was never put to her at all. Naturally she did not mention to her followers her subjective certainty of being taken before St. John's day; she knew not the day and the hour, and she could not discourage her men.

Captain Marin, on the other hand (and here is our quarrel with him), says (iv. 293), "If we consider the events at Compiègne in the light of the various chronicles and documents cited and analysed by us, it is permissible to admit that Joan had entertained her men-at-arms, and the people of Compiègne, with the most magnificent promises of victory. The Maid had assured them that the Duke of Burgundy and his army were a spoil offered to their prowess. This promise Joan never received from her voices . . . she did not announce it formally as an echo of her veritable revelations, but, doubtless, said that on the morning of the sally, she had monitions from her 'counsel' as to the means for securing the victory." Now, at her trial, she denied that she had any "monition." If we agree with Captain Marin, on one occasion or other Joan deserted truth.

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[1] Sorel, *La Prise de Jeanne d'Arc*, p. 179. Paris, 1889.

[2] *Procès*, iii. 99.

[3] See Quicherat, *Apperçus Nouveaux*, p. 76. This and some similar facts cannot be disputed, says Quicherat, without destroying the whole basis of the history of the time.

She habitually used her "counsel," we think, as synonymous with her "voices." There may be traces, in a conversation reported twenty-five years later by D'Aulon, of distinctions in her own theory of her inspiration. About this point Captain Marin writes at considerable length, and in terms of algebra. But if Joan really said, "To-day the Duke is yours, to-day I have advice of my counsel," her men would inevitably believe that she announced an explicit prophecy, like that about her wound at Orleans. Consequently Joan quibbled, to put it mildly, and this we do not believe. At most, if she made the speech which Monstrelet does not report, and about which she was not asked a question, she may have been misunderstood.

Thus, if Lefèvre and Chastellain are right, if Joan promised to bring the Duke of Burgundy back a captive to Compiègne, it is all over with her fame as a tactician which Captain Marin is proclaiming. If their dates are correct, they writing long after the event, the Duke of Burgundy, writing on the day of the event, was wrong. They give particulars, long after the fact, about *fantommeries,* of which Monstrelet, an earlier and better witness, says nothing. On this point they contradict Joan's own evidence, *non habuit aliud præceptum de exeundo,* or they aver that, if she spoke truly at Rouen, she spoke falsely at Compiègne. As to Joan's evidence about her daily fears of captivity, they are not inconsistent with her daring, they are in perfect agreement with D'Alençon's statement about her "one year," and the veracity of her testimony on this point is not invalidated by her allegory about the sign shown to the King. It is unfortunate, perhaps suspicious, that the witnesses in the trial of Rehabilitation (1450–56) say little or nothing about Compiègne. For the rest, we must choose between Joan's evidence and that of some unknown persons who were probably examined in the interests of her accusers.

If Joan really contemplated such a feat as the capture of the Duke, we may take it for granted that she also really had a "monition." Her essential characteristic, as Michelet says, was *le bon sens dans l'exaltation.* Of her own head she never would have made such a wild attempt, and Captain Marin must either give up his theory of her strategic skill, or his Chastellain and Lefèvre. The captain tries, by an algebraical study of Joan's theory of inspiration, to save her character for frank honesty. The *advocatus diaboli* will little regard his system of mystical equations, which contains too many unknown quantities. The *advocatus diaboli* must choose between Joan's word and mere current gossip, backed by two comparatively late "synoptic" and inaccurate chroniclers, one of them a confirmed rhetorician, and by the decision of the judges at Rouen. But *that* has already been annulled by the Inquisition itself, in the trial of Rehabilitation (1450–1456). We must remember, story for story, that, in 1498, two very old men of Compiègne told how, in the church of St. Jacques there, they heard Joan say to a company of children whom she loved: "My children and dear friends, I do you to wit that I am sold and betrayed, and soon will be delivered to death. Pray God for me, I pray you, for never shall I have power more to help the King and kingdom of France." So the old men reported, one being aged ninety-eight and one eighty-six, to the author of

*Le Miroir des Femmes Vertueuses.*[1] And though, as Captain Marin says, Joan was no whiner, we think the story of this sudden burst of feeling in presence of a great company of children as likely a tale as that of Chastellain. Even when at Rheims, we know, she had "feared nothing but treachery."

One other point is most notable. Chastellain and Lefèvre make Joan brag about St. Catherine. Now, in all the accounts of Joan and of her mission, written *before* her trial, not one single word is said about St. Catherine, St. Margaret, or St. Michael. They are never once named, *before* her trial, as the sources of her inspiration. It is certain, on her own evidence, that she spoke of them to her ecclesiastical examiners at Poictiers before she was accepted (March, 1429). These clerics seem to have kept her cherished secret, for to the best of our knowledge, not one of her early lay critics knew that she was in relations with these saints. That only came out at her trial. Is it likely, then, that she made a public speech about her so secret belief? It is incredible.

Was Joan betrayed at Compiègne by Flavy the captain of the town, a man certainly of ill character and of an evil end, but one who held Compiègne stoutly for the King? Quicherat thought the charge unfounded; Captain Marin thinks it extremely probable, if not certain; his verdict at best is "not proven."

The descriptions of Joan's last fight vary considerably, and the modern historians have generally made up their tale by selecting at pleasure from the discrepant accounts. We have Joan's own brief and simple version: we have that of her friend Perceval de Cagny; and we have the synoptic statements of Monstrelet, Lefèvre, and Chastellain. De Cagny was not present, and probably he was on the marches of Normandy with D'Alençon. His account contains some points which are certainly erroneous; on the other hand, his most remarkable statement is in accordance with a reply made by Joan at her trial, and is probably based on the evidence of an actual spectator. Monstrelet, as we know, was at Coudun, a league away from Compiègne, and, though he wrote at least ten years later, and was as subject as other men to the illusions of memory, he is a fairly good witness. Lefèvre wrote much later, and Chastellain, still later, worked on a four-fold basis of Lefèvre, Monstrelet, personal recollections, and rhetorical ambition.

Joan herself, when asked whether she crossed the bridge at Compiègne (did they suppose that she flew or swam?) answered that she crossed the bridge, passed the rampart, and went with her force against the men of Jean of Luxembourg (at Margny) and drove them twice or thrice as far as the camp of the Burgundians, and, in the third charge, *usque ad medium itineris.* This appears to mean a charge, made in the retreat of Joan, by which she repelled her pursuers on the causeway across the meadow. "And then the English who came up cut off the path of Joan and her men, and she, retreating, was taken in the fields, on the Picardy side, near the bridge-rampart: and between the spot where she was taken and Compiègne were the banks of the river, and the rampart itself, with its fosse, and nothing else." That is all. Joan says not a word of treason. If treason there were, even if she did not notice the facts, she would have heard of them from D'Aulon, who remained with her for some time after her capture. But, if treason there were, and if she knew it, Joan was not the girl to complain of false friends in the face of her enemies.

We turn to Perceval de Cagny, writing in 1436, and first printed from the MS. by Quicherat. Very late on the 23rd of May (we have discussed this erroneous date) Joan made a midnight march from Crépy to Compiègne. Her own company of volunteers mustered some three or four hundred lances. If so, what becomes of the multitude of men-at-arms drawn to her in Compiègne by her *fantommeries?* Her whole force of men-at-arms in her sally was but five hundred men, according to Chastellain. Then her reported speech gained for her only one or two hundred men.

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[1] *Procès*, iv., 268. Probably these remarks, if made at all, were made on an earlier occasion.

De Cagny says that the Burgundians knew of Joan's secret arrival, expected an attack, and set an ambush. The Burgundian writers implicitly deny this, averring that no sally was expected. They are probably right. Skirmishing was going on, de Cagny says, when the Maid heard of it, and at nine in the morning sallied forth. This is certainly incorrect. She charged the Burgundians, and the ambushed force intercepted her retreat. Her men told her to gallop back, or all would be lost. In wrath she answered: "Silence! You can defeat them; think only of charging." They turned her horse's head and forced her homewards. The Burgundians and English (from Venette) hurried to the rampart of the bridge. The captain of the town, Flavy, seeing the enemy about to rush on his bridge, feared to lose the place, and had the drawbridge raised and the gate shut. The Maid was alone among a multitude of foes. They rushed on her, and seized her bridle, each crying, "Surrender to me, and give me your faith!" She said, "I have given my faith to another than you, and I will keep my oath to him." She was then dragged to the quarters of Jean de Luxembourg, at Clairoix, who afterwards sold her.

In all this the last words are probably true. When Joan, at Rouen, was offered freedom from her irons if she would pledge her faith, give her parole as we say, not to attempt an escape, she declined, "*Quia nulli unquam fidem dederat* (for to no man at any time had she pledged her faith)."[1] Captain Marin dwells on the many cases in which kings, as John of France and Francis the First, and warriors like Talbot, did plight their faith to a captor, that they might escape death on the field. Joan yielded to no man. She confessed that, when daily warned of her capture by her voices, she prayed that she might die in that hour.[1] Manifestly then, she refused to yield her parole of deliberate purpose, in hope to be slain. That must have been her fixed determination. Later, in disobedience to her voices, she leaped from the top of the high tower of Beaurevoir. Her desire was, either to escape and rescue Compiègne, or to "trust her soul to God, rather than her body to the English." Of such mettle was the Maid; equivocators are fashioned in other material. Joan's own words, spoken to Cauchon, "I never gave my faith to any man," confirm the statement of de Cagny.

Monstrelet makes Joan first attack Margny, where Baudo de Noyelle had his quarters. Jean de Luxembourg and some captains had ridden over from Clairoix on a friendly visit. The noise of battle roused the other Burgundians, and the English at Venette. After fierce fighting, the French, outnumbered, began to retreat, the Maid in the rear, doing her uttermost for her men. "In the end, as I was informed, the Maid was dragged from her horse by an archer, near whom was the Bastard of Wandonne, to whom she yielded and gave her faith." Monstrelet adds that the English had "never feared any captain, nor other chief in war, as they feared the Maid." There is here no word of treason, or of closed gates. The Bastard of Wandonne claimed the Maid, and so doubtless arose the tale that she surrendered to him.

Lefèvre de Saint Rémi wrote at the age of sixty-seven in 1460. In addition to what we have already quoted from him, he tells us that Joan rode "a right goodly charger, with a rich *heucque,* or overcloth, of cloth of red gold." Chastellain adds that the horse was *lyart,* gray.[1] "She had all the men-at-arms in Compiègne with her," which seems unlikely, especially if we can here trust de Cagny. This point, however, if correctly given, is an important one in favour of Flavy. How could he make a sortie and rescue the Maid, if he had no men-at-arms? Margny was surprised, but was reinforced. The French began to retreat; many were taken, slain, or drowned in Oise. In the rear the Maid, behind all her party, sustained the fray, and was taken by one of the Count of Ligny's men (Jean de Luxembourg's), with her brother and her Master of the Household D'Aulon.

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[1] *Procès*, i., p. 47.

[1] *Procès*, i., 115.

Nothing is said here about closing the gates, or about treachery. Chastellain, after his remarks on Joan's *fantommeries* and army of club-men, mentions her harness, her cloth of gold, her gray charger, her bearing, "like a captain leading a great army," her standard floating in the wind. Still expanding, he mentions Baudo de Noyelle and the knights from Clairoix, who, he says, came all unarmed, but, it seems, had hardly reached Margny when the fray began. "There was the Maid broken into the camp, and she began to kill and overthrow men right proudly, as if all had been her own." Thereon the knights from Clairoix sent for their harness, and summoned their forces. There was charge and counter-charge; the fight wavered dubious; even from Coudun reinforcements came, but the Burgundians were already driving the French in orderly retreat towards Compiègne. Then the Maid "did great deeds, passing the nature of women," as we have already heard, but an archer, vexed at seeing a girl bear herself so boldly, tore her from her horse by her rich saddle-cloth. She gave her faith to the Bastard of Wandonne, "for that he called himself *noble homme.*" The French retreated, and we heard not a word about closing the gates.

Here, then, we have silence as to treacherous or unlucky closing of the gates and lifting of the drawbridge on the part of Joan, of Monstrelet, of Lefèvre, and of Chastellain. The circumstance is only mentioned by de Cagny (who is mistaken on every point, except probably on Joan's refusal to surrender,) and by local tradition at Compiègne, in 1498. M. Sorel (p. 294) also says that in 1444, in a lawsuit, an advocate accused Flavy of selling Joan for many ingots of gold! He cites *Bulletin de la Soc. de l'Histoire de France,* 1861, p. 176. Tradition at Compiègne made Flavy sell Joan to the English, which is simply absurd. There is also a *Mémoire* on Flavy, "which may date from the time of Henri II."[1] It is certainly not earlier than 1509, as it mentions a document of that year. After some account of Flavy's captaincy of the town as nominal lieutenant of the royal favourite La Trémouille, the writer of the *Mémoire* describes the headlong flight of the French to the barriers, that is the most external fortification of the bridge, the Maid guarding the rear. But for the archers in boats, who received most of the foot-soldiers, "The foe would have occupied the barriers and endangered the town, wherein were only the inhabitants, who, with the Captain, stopped the fury of the enemy." Did he stop them by raising the drawbridge? Nothing is said about this. The Maid was dragged down by her long skirts, and gave her word to Wandonne.

After this simple statement of the best contemporary evidence, and of the later charges against Flavy, we see that de Cagny is the only early authority for the shutting of the gates, while the charges of treason do not occur till many years after the event, except in the mouth of a hostile barrister. Jean Chartier, writing after 1450, merely remarks that, "some say the barrier was shut, others that the press was too great."

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[1] "The Dinlay snaws were ne'er sae white
As the *lyart* locks o' Harden's hair,"

says the ballad of *Jamie Telfer.* The word *lyart* is also used of a Covenanter's horse in the year of Bothwell Bridge.

[1] Quicherat, *Procès,* v. 173.

In face of the records it is really hardly worth while to discuss Captain Marin's long and erudite charge against Flavy. Joan, it is true, was eternally thwarted by La Trémouille and the Archbishop of Rheims; the latter, after her capture, wrote a letter in which he says that God has punished her for her presumption. To the eternal shame of France no attempt was made to rescue or to ransom her. She may have made herself unpopular with robber-captains by consenting to the death of Franquet d'Arras; but D'Alençon, Dunois, Xaintrailles, were not robber-captains. The-men-at-arms may have murmured at her dislike of their leaguer-lasses. The Court was glad to be rid of her. But that Flavy, to please the Archbishop of Rheims, or La Trémouille, or Jean de Luxembourg, or the English, or in spite, or to keep all the glory of saving Compiègne for himself, deliberately betrayed Joan, is a charge difficult to believe. No fewer than six alternative motives for his treason are alleged. If Flavy was, as is asserted, a tyrant, robber, and violator, Joan was not likely to be on the best terms with him. But the more he was detested the more would myths to his discredit be circulated. Cagny, the only early evidence for the shut gates, does not hint at treachery. On the whole, it is more probable than not, on the face of the evidence, that the gates were not shut at all. Captain Marin conceives that only a few Burgundians, perhaps two dozen, were about Joan, that only a few could never have carried the barrier, that they, even if they had entered the boulevard or redoubt at the bridge-head, could not have held it, the gorge being towards the bridge and the town, and so they were not really dangerous and there was no need of shutting the gates. Again, only a small force of English or Burgundians could charge, the causeway not affording room. So he thinks that Flavy had no reason for anxiety; he should have made a sortie, and kept the gates open, till he had rescued the Maid, and then dispatched her pursuers at leisure.

But we do not know for a fact that the gates were ever shut; we do not learn that any drawbridge was raised. We do know that the boats were rescuing foot-soldiers. We are told that *all* the garrison was out with Joan; who then was to make the sortie? As to the "two dozen Burgundians," Joan herself said that the *English* cut off her retreat. M. Sorel accepts this and blames Flavy for not having checked the English advance by his guns on the walls. Englishmen are not always easily stopped; the *Mêmoire* says that they could not be stopped. We learn that Joan came up last of all, with her brother, D'Aulon, Pothon, and her chaplain, who, though he showed little nerve at her trial, stood by her in fight. We fancy a frantic crowd at the barriers, men flying madly, pursuing furiously, a moving mass wedged tight by fear and rage. Joan comes up last; she cannot make her way through the serried throng; a rush of foemen sweeps her into an angle between the redoubt and the wall, she is dragged from her horse, and all is over. There may have been, perhaps there was, a moment when, through the panic-stricken tide of men, Flavy might have led a sortie, if he had fresh men-at-arms by him, which, as we have seen, some chroniclers deny. We cannot tell. In a second of some strange blankness of resolve the *Victoria* was lost; it may have been so with Flavy; nothing can be known. Why devote volumes to the task of adding, by dint of mutually exclusive theories, another Ganelon to the history of France?

When Joan leaped from the tower of Beaurevoir she was stunned, though not otherwise hurt. Her first thought was for Compiègne, where she had heard that the people were to be massacred. She said to St. Catherine and St. Margaret, "Will God let these good folk die, who are ever so loyal to their King?" Then she was comforted by St. Catherine, who bade her repent of her leap, promising that Compiègne should be rescued by Martinmas, and thereupon "she began to recover, and to take food, and straightway was she healed."[1] Compiègne was rescued, as St. Catherine promised, and we certainly do not envy the acuteness of the critic who may allege that the Maid forged the prediction after the event.[2]

Such was Joan of Arc: her last thought was for herself, her first for Compiègne. Yet the people of Compiègne, writing to the King on May 26th, have not a word of sorrow for the capture of the Maid, do not even mention the terrible event then but three days old.[3] Even her modern admirer hesitates as to whether she did not make a bragging speech about the secret of her soul, St. Catherine, whom she seems never to have mentioned in private to her dearest friends. Is it irreverent to say of Joan of Arc, "She came to her own, and her own received her not"?

A. LANG.

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[1] *Procès*, i., 151, 152.

[2] In 1459 Cardinal Jouffroy, in a letter to Pius the Second, sneered elaborately at the Maid. The French, he says, "*Testimonio Cæsaris, rem auditam pro comperta facile habent.*" Captain Marin (iv., 187) translates "*testimonio Cæsaris,*" "*par la complicité royale.*" Joan was believed in "by the complicity of the King" Charles the Seventh! Jouffroy of course says nothing here about Charles the Seventh, who was not Emperor. He is quoting Caius Julius Cæsar (*De Bello Gallico*, iv. 5.), on the general credulity of the Gauls.

[3] Sorel, in *La Prise de Jeanne d' Arc*; quoted by Captain Marin iv., 283, 284.

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# PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### NEEDFUL RETURNS.

Now it happened that none of these people, thus rejoicing in the liberty of the subject, had heard of the very sad state of things, mainly caused by their own acts, now prevailing at Old Barn. Tremlett knew that he had struck a vicious blow at the head of a man who had grappled him; but he thought he had missed it and struck something else, a bag, or a hat, or he knew not what, in the pell-mell scuffle and the darkness. His turn of mind did not incline him to be by any means particular as to his conduct in a hot and hard personal encounter; but knowing his vast strength he generally abstained from the use of heavy weapons, while his temper was his own. But in this hot struggle he had met with a mutually shattering blow from a staff, as straight as need be upon his right-hand knuckles; and the pain from this, coupled with the wrath aroused at the access of volunteer enemies, had carried him, like the raging elements outside, out of all remembrance of the true sacredness of humanity. He struck out, with a sense of not doing the right thing which is always strengthened afterwards; and his better stars being ablink in the gale, and the other man's gone into the milky way, he hit him too hard; which is a not uncommon error.

Many might have reasoned (and before all others, Harvey Tremlett's wife, if still within this world of reason, and a bad job it was for him that she was now outside it), that nothing could be nobler than the behaviour of this champion wrestler, taking people as we find them; and how else can we get the time to take them? But, without going into such sweet logic of affinity and rhetoric of friends (whose minds have been made up in front of it), there was this crushing fact to meet, that an innocent man's better arm was in a smash.

No milder word, however medical, is fit to apply to Frank Gilham's poor fore-arm. They might call it the *ulna* (for a bit of Latin is a solace to the man who feels the pain in a brother Christian's member), and they might enter nobly into fine nerves of anatomy; but the one-sided difficulty still was there; they had got to talk about it; he had got to bear it. Not that he made any coward outcry of it. A truer test of manliness (as has been often said by those who have been through either trial), truer than the rush of blood and reckless dash of battle, is the calm, open-eyed, and firm-fibred endurance of long, ever-grinding, never-graduating pain; the pain that has no pang or paroxysm, no generosity to make one cry out "Well done!" to it, and be thankful to the Lord that it must have done its worst; but a fluid that keeps up a slow boil by day and night, and never lifts the pot-lid, and never whirls about, but keeps up a steady stew of flesh and bone and marrow.

"I fear there is nothing for it but to have it off," Dr. Gronow said upon the third day of this frightful anguish. He had scarcely left the patient for an hour at a time; and if he had done harsh things in his better days, no one would believe it of him who could see him now. "It was my advice at first, you know; but you would not have it, Jemmy. You are more of a surgeon than I am; but I doubt whether you should risk his life like this."

"I am still in hopes of saving it; but you see how little I can do," replied Fox, whose voice was very low, for he was suffering still from that terrible concussion, and but for the urgency of Gilham's case he would now have been doctoring the one who pays the worst for it. "If I had my proper touch and strength of nerve, I never should have let it come to this. There is a vile bit of splinter that won't come in, and I am not firm enough to make it. I wish I had left it to you, as you offered. After all, you know much more than we do."

"No, my dear boy; it is your special line. Such a case as Lady Waldron's I might be more at home with. I should have had the arm off long ago. But the mother—the mother is such a piteous creature! What has become of all my nerve? I am quite convinced that fly-fishing makes a man too gentle. I cannot stand half the things I once thought nothing of. By the by, couldn't you counteract her? You know the old proverb—

'One woman rules the men;
Two makes them think again.'

It would be the best thing you could do."

"I don't see exactly what you mean," answered Jemmy, who had lost nearly all of his sprightliness.

"Plainer than a pikestaff. Send for your sister. You owe it to yourself, and to her, and most of all to the man who has placed his life in peril to save yours. It is not a time to be too finical."

"I have thought of it once or twice. She would be of the greatest service now. But I don't much like to ask her. Most likely she would refuse to come, after the way in which I packed her off."

"My dear young friend," said Dr. Gronow, looking at him steadfastly, "if that is all you have to say, you don't deserve a wife at all worthy of the name. In the first place, you won't sink your own little pride; and in the next, you have no idea what a woman is."

"Young Farrant is the most obliging fellow in the world," replied Fox, after thinking for a minute. "I will put him on my young mare Perle, who knows the way; and he'll be at Foxden before dark. If Chris likes to come, she can be here well enough by twelve or one o'clock to-morrow."

"Like, or no like, I'll answer for her coming; and I'll answer for her not being very long about it," said the older doctor; and on both points he was right.

Christie was not like herself when she arrived, but pale and timid and trembling. Her brother had not mentioned Frank in his letter, doubting the turn she might take about it, and preferring that she should come to see to himself, which was her foremost duty. But young Mr. Farrant, the churchwarden's son and pretty Minnie's brother, had no embargo laid upon his tongue; and had there been fifty, what could they have availed to debar such a clever young lady? She had cried herself to sleep when she knew all, and dreamed it a thousand time worse than it was.

Now she stood in the porch of the Old Barn, striving, and sternly determined to show herself rational, true to relationship, sisterly, and no more. But her white lips, quick breath, and quivering eyelids, were not altogether consistent with that. Instead of amazement, when Mrs. Gilham came to meet her and no Jemmy, she did not even feign to be surprised, but fell into the bell-sleeves (which were fine things for embracing) and let the deep throbs of her heart disclose a tale that is better felt than told.

"My dearie," said the mother, as she laid the damask cheek against the wrinkled one, and stroked the bright hair with the palm of her hand, "don't 'e give way, that's a darling child. It will all be so different now you are come. It was what I was longing for, day and night, but could not bring myself to ask. And I felt so sure in my heart, my dear, how sorry you would be for him."

"I should think so: I can't tell you; and all done for Jemmy, who was so ungrateful! My brother would be dead if your son was like him. There has never been anything half so noble in all the history of the world."

"My dear, you say that because you think well of our Frankie; I have not called him that since Tuesday now. But you do think well of him, don't you now?"

"Don't talk to me of thinking well, indeed! I never can endure those weak expressions. When I like people, I do like them."

"My dear, it reminds me quite of our own country to hear you speak out so hearty. None of them do it up your way much, according to what I hear of them. I feel it so kind of you to like Frank Gilham."

"Well! Am I never to be understood? Is there no meaning in the English language? I don't like him only; but with all my heart I love him."

"He won't care if doctors cut his arm off now, if he hath one left to go round you." The mother sobbed a little, with second fiddle in full view; but being still a mother, wiped her eyes and smiled with content at the inevitable thing.

"One thing remember," said the girl, with a coaxing domestic smile, and yet a lot of sparkle in her eyes; "if you ever tell him what you twisted out of me, in a manner which I may call,—well, too circumstantial—I am afraid that I never should forgive you. I am awfully proud, and I can be tremendous. Perhaps he would not even care to hear it. And then what would become of me? Can you tell me that?"

"My dear, you know better. You know, as well as I do, that ever since he saw you he has thought of nothing else. It has made me feel ashamed that I should have a son capable of throwing over all the world beside——"

"But don't you see, that is the very thing I like? Noble as he is, if it were not for that, I—well, I won't go into it; but you ought to understand. He can't think half so much of me as I do of him."

"Then there is a pair of you; and the Lord has made you so. But never fear, my pretty. Not a whisper shall he have. You shall tell him all about it with your own sweet lips."

"As if I could do that, indeed! Why, Mrs. Gilham, was that what you used to do when you were young? I thought people were ever so much more particular in those days."

"I can hardly tell, my dear. Sometimes I quite forget, because it seems so long ago; and at other times I'm not fit to describe it, because I am doing it over again. But for pretty behaviour and nice ways, nice people have them in every generation; and you may take place with the best of them. But we are talking as if nothing was the matter. And you have never asked even how we are going on!"

"Because I know all about it from the best authority. Coming up the hill we met Dr. Gronow, and I stopped the chaise to have a talk with him. He does not think the arm will ever be much good again; but he leaves it to younger men to be certain about anything; that was meant for Jemmy, I suppose. He would rather have the pain, than not, he says; meaning of course in the patient, not himself. It shows healthy action, though I can't see how, and just the proper quantity of inflammation, which I should have thought couldn't be too little. He has come round to Jemmy's opinion this morning, that if one something or other can be got to stay in its place and not do something or other, the poor arm may be saved after all, though never as strong as it was before. He says it must have been a frightful blow. I hope that man will be punished for it heavily."

"I hope so too, with all my heart, though I am not revengeful. Mr. Penniloe was up here yesterday, and he tried to make the best of it. I was so vexed that I told him he would not be quite such a Christian about it, perhaps, if he had the pain in his own arm. But he has made the man promise to give himself up, if your brother, or my son, require it. I was for putting him in gaol at once, but the others think it better to wait a bit. But as for his promise, I wouldn't give much for that. However, men manage those things, and not women. Did the doctor say whether you might see my Frankie?"

"He said I might see Jemmy, though Jemmy is very queer. As for Frank, if I saw him through a chink in the wall that would be quite enough; but he must not see me, unless it was with a telescope through a two-inch door. That annoyed me rather. As if we were such babies! But he said that you were a most sensible woman, and that was the advice you gave him."

"What a story! Oh, my dear, never marry a doctor, though I hope you will never have the chance; but they really don't seem to care what they say. It was just the same in my dear husband's time. Dr. Gronow said to me: 'If she comes when I am out, don't let her go near either of them. She might do a lot of mischief. She might get up an argument, or something.' And so I said——"

"Oh, Mrs. Gilham, that is a great deal worse than telling almost any story. An argument! Do I ever argue? I had better have stayed away, if that is the way they think of me. A telescope, and a two-inch door, and not be allowed perhaps to open my mouth! There is something exceedingly unjust in the opinions men entertain of women."

"Not my Frank, my dear. That is where he differs from all the other young men in the world. He has the most correct and yet exalted views; such as poets had, when there were any. If you could only hear him going on about you, before he got that wicked knock, I mean, of course,—his opinions not only of your hair and face, nor even your eyes, though all perfectly true, but your mind, and your intellect, and disposition, and power of perceiving what people are, and then your conversation—almost too good for us, because of want of exercise—and then, well I really forget what came next."

"Oh, Mrs. Gilham, it is all so absurd! How could he talk such nonsense? I don't like to hear of such things; and I cannot believe there could be anything to come next."

"Oh, yes, there was, my dear, now you remind me of it. It was about the small size of your ears, and the lovely curves inside them. He had found out in some ancient work (for I believe he could hold his own in Greek and Latin even with Mr. Penniloe) that a well-shaped ear is one of the rarest of all feminine perfections. That made him think no doubt of yours, for men are quite babies when they are in love; and he found yours according to the highest standard. Men seem to make all those rules about us simply according to their own ideas. What rules do we ever make about them?"

"I am so glad that you look at things in that way," Christie answered, with her fingers going slyly up her hair, to let her ears know what was thought of them; "because I was afraid that you were too much,—well, perhaps that thinking so much of your son, you might look at things one-sidedly. And yet I might have known from your unusual common sense—but I do believe Dr. Gronow is coming back; and I have not even got my cloak off! Wait a bit till things come round a little. A telescope and a two-inch door! One had better go about in a coal-sack and curl-papers. Not that I ever want such things,—curves enough in my ears perhaps. But really I must make myself a little decent. They have taken my things up to my old room, I suppose. Try to keep him here till I come back. He says that I get up arguments; let me get up one with him."

"My orders are as stern as they are sensible," Dr. Gronow declared, when she had returned, beautifully dressed and charming, and had thus attacked him with even more of blandishment than argument. "Your brother you may see, but not to talk much at one time to him; for his head is in a peculiar state, and he does much more than he ought to do. He insists upon doing everything, which means perpetual attention to his friend. But he does it all as if by instinct, apparently without knowing it: and that he should do it all to perfection is a very noble proof of the thoroughness of his grounding. The old school, the old school of training —there is nothing like it after all. Any mere sciolist, any empiric, any smatterer of the new medical course—and where would Frank Gilham's arm be now? Not in a state of lenitive pain, sanative, and in some degree encouraging, but in a condition of incipient mortification. For this is a case of compound comminuted fracture; so severe that my own conviction was, —however no more of that to you two ladies. Only feel assured that no more could be done for the patient in the best hospital in London. And talking of upstart schools indeed, and new-fangled education, have you heard what the boys have done at Perlycross? I heard the noise up stairs, and I was obliged to shut the window, although it is such a soft spring day. I was going down the hill to stop it when I met Miss Fox. It is one of the most extraordinary jokes I ever knew."

"Oh, do tell us! We have not heard a word about it. But I am beginning to think that this is not at all a common place. I am never surprised at anything that happens at Perlycross." This was not a loyal speech on the part of the fair Christie.

"From what I have heard of that Moral-Force-man," Mrs. Gilham remarked, with slow shake of her head, "I fear that his system would work better in a future existence than as we are now. From what my son told me, before his accident, I foresaw that it must lead up to something quite outrageous. Nothing ever answers long that goes against all the wisdom of our ancestors."

"Excuse me for a minute; I must first see how things are going on up stairs. As soon as I am at liberty, I will tell you what I saw. Though I like the march of intellect, when discipline is over it."

Dr. Gronow, who was smiling, which he seldom was except after whirling out a two-ounce trout, went gently up stairs, and returned in a few minutes, and sat down to tell his little tale.

"Everything there is going on as well as can be. Your brother is delighted to hear that you are come; but the other patient must not hear a word about it yet; we don't want any rapid action of the heart. Well, what the young scamps have done is just this. The new schoolmaster has abolished canes, you know, and birches, and every kind of physical compulsion. He exclaims against coercion, and pronounces that boys are to be guided by their hearts, instead of being governed by their—pardon me, a word not acknowledged in the language of these loftier days. This gentleman seems to have abolished the old system of the puerile body and mind, without putting anything of cogency in its place. He has introduced novelties, very excellent no doubt, if the boys would only take to them with intellects as lofty as his own. But that is the very thing the boys won't do. I am a Liberal, so far as feelings go when not overpowered by the judgment; but I must acknowledge that the best extremes of life, the boyhood made of nature and the age made of experience, are equally staunch in their Toryism. But this man's great word is, Reform. As long as the boys thought it meant their benches, and expected to have soft cushions on them, they were highly pleased, and looked forward to this tribute to a part which had hitherto been anything but sacred. Their mothers too encouraged it, on account of wear and tear; but their fathers could not see why they should sit softer at their books than they had to do at their trenchers. But yesterday unluckily the whole of it came out. There arrived a great package by old Hill the carrier, who has had his van mended that was blown over, and out rushed the boys, without asking any leave, to bring in their comfortable cushions. All they found was a great black-board swinging on a pillar, with a socket at the back, and a staple and chain to adjust it. Toogood expected them to be in raptures, but instead of that they all went into sulks; and the little fellows would not look at it, having heard of black magic and witchcraft. Toogood called it a 'Demonstration-table for the exhibition of object-lessons.' Mr. Penniloe, as you may suppose, had long been annoyed and unhappy about the new man's doings, but he is not supreme in the week-day school as he is on Sunday; and he tried to make the best of it till the right man should come home. And I cannot believe that he went away on purpose to-day, in order to let them have it out; but the boys found out that he was going, and there is nobody else they care twopence for. Everybody says, except their mothers, that they must have put their heads together over-night, or how could they have acted with such unity and precision? Not only in design but in execution the accomplished tactician stands confessed. Instead of attacking the enemy at once, when many might have hastened to his rescue, they deferred operations until to-day, and even then waited for the proper moment. They allowed him to exhaust all the best of his breath in his usual frothy oration, for like most of such men he can spout for ever, and finds it much easier than careful teaching. Then as he leaned back, with pantings in his chest and eyes turned up at his own eloquence, two of the biggest boys flung a piece of clothes-line round his arms from behind and knotted it, while another slipped under the desk and buckled his ankles together with a satchel-strap, before he knew what he was doing. Then as he began to shout and bellow, scarcely yet believing it, they with much panting and blowing, protrusion of tongues, and grunts of exertion, some working at his legs, and some shouldering at his loins, and others hauling on the clothes-line, but all with perfect harmony of action, fetched their preceptor to the Demonstration-board, and laying him with his back flat against it, strapped his feet to the pedestal; then pulling out the staple till the board was perpendicular, they secured his coat-collar to the shaft above it; and there he was, as upright as need be, but without the power to move, except at his own momentous peril. Then to make quite sure of him, a clever little fellow got upon a stool and drew back his hair, bright red and worn long like a woman's, and tied it with a book-tape behind the pillar. You may imagine how the poor preceptor looks. Any effort of his to release himself will crush him beneath the great Demonstration, like a mouse in a figure-of-four trap."

"But are we to believe, Dr. Gronow," asked Christie, "that you came away, and left the poor man in that helpless state?"

"Undoubtedly I did. It is no concern of mine; and the boys had only just got their pea-shooters; he has not had half enough to cure him yet. Besides, they had my promise; for the boys have got the keys and are charging a penny for a view of this Reformer; but they won't let any one in without a promise of strict neutrality. I gave a shilling, for I am sure they have deserved it. Somebody will be sure to cast him loose in plenty of time for his own good. This will be of the greatest service to him, and cure him for a long time of big words."

"But suppose he falls forward upon his face, and the board falls upon him and suffocates him? Why, it would be the death of Mr. Penniloe. You are wanted here of course, Dr. Gronow; but I shall put my bonnet on, and rush down the hill to the release of the Higher Education."

"Don't rush too fast, Miss Fox. There's a tree blown down across the lane, after you turn out of the one you came by. We ought to have had it cleared, but they say it will take a fortnight to make some of the main roads passable again. I would not go, if I were you. Somebody will have set him free before you get there. I'll go out and listen; with the wind in the north, we can hear their hurrahing quite plainly at the gate. You can come with me, if you like."

"Oh, it is no hurrahing, Dr. Gronow! How can you deceive me so! It is a very sad sound indeed," said Christie, as they stood at the gate, and she held her pretty palms like funnels for her much admired ears. "It sounds like a heap of boys weeping and wailing. I fear that something sadly vindictive has been done. One never can have a bit of triumph without that."

She scarcely knew the full truth of her own words. It was indeed an epoch of Nemesis. This fourth generation of boys in that village are beginning to be told of it, on knees that shake with time as well as memory. And thus it befell.

"What, lock me out of my own school-door! Can't come in without I pay a penny! May do in Spain, but won't do here."

A strong foot was thrust into the double of the door, a rattle of the handle ran up the lock and timber, and conscience made a coward of the boy that took the pennies. An Odic Force, as the present quaky period calls it, permeated doubtless from the master-hand. Back went the boy, and across him strode a man, rather tall, wiry, stern of aspect, bristling with a stiff moustache, hatted with a vast sombrero. At a glance he had the whole situation in his eye and in his heart, and, worst of all, in his strong arm. He flung off a martial cloak that might have cumbered action, stood at the end of the long desk, squared his shoulders and eyebrows, and shouted—"Boys, here's a noise!"

As this famous battle-cry rang through the room, every mother's darling knew what was coming. Consternation is too weak a word. Grinning mouths fell into graves of terror, castaway pea-shooters quivered on the floor, fat legs rattled in their boots, and flew about helter-skelter, anywhere, to save their dear foundations. Vain it was; no vanishing point could be discovered. Wisdom was come to be justified of her children.

The schoolmaster of the ancient school marched with a grim smile to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key. Three little fellows, untaught as yet the expediency of letting well alone, had taken the bunch of keys, and brought forth, and were riding disdainfully the three canes dormant under the new dispensation. "Bring me those implements," said Sergeant Jakes, "perhaps they may do to begin with." He arranged them lovingly, and then spoke wisely. "My dear young friends, it is very sad to find that while I have been in foreign parts, you have not been studying discipline. The gentleman whom you have treated thus will join me, I trust, by the time I have done, in maintaining that I do not bear the rod in vain. Any boy who crawls under a desk may rest assured that he will get it ten times worse."

Pity draws a mourning veil, though she keeps a place to peep through, when her highly respected cousin, Justice, is thus compelled to assert herself. Enough that very few indeed of the highly cultured boys of Perlycross found themselves in a position that day to enjoy their dinners as usual.

## CHAPTER XL.

### HOME AND FOREIGN.

Six weeks was the average time allowed for the voyage to and fro of the schooner *Montilla* (owned by Messrs. Besley of Exeter) from Topsham to Cadiz, or wherever it might be; and little uneasiness was ever felt if her absence extended to even three months. For Spaniards are not in the awkward habit of cracking whips at old Time when he is out at grass, much less of jumping at his forelock; and Iberian Time is nearly always out at grass. When a thing will not help to do itself to-day, who knows that it may not be in a kinder mood to-morrow? The spirit of worry, and unreasonable hurry, is a deadly blast to all serenity of mind and dignity of demeanour, and can be in harmony with nothing but bad weather. Thus the *Montilla's* period was a fluctuating numeral.

As yet English produce was of high repute, and the Continent had not been barbed-wired by ourselves against our merchandise. The Spaniards happened to be in the vein for working, and thus on this winter trip the good trader's hold was quickly cleared of English solids, and refilled with Spanish fluids; and so the *Montilla* was ready for voyage homeward the very day her passenger rejoined. This pleased him well, for he was anxious to get back, though not at all aware of the urgent need arising. Luckily for him and for all on board, the schooner lost a day in getting out to sea, and thus ran into the rough fringes alone of the great storm that swept the English coast and Channel. In fact she made good weather across the Bay of Biscay, and ran into her berth at Topsham several days before she was counted due.

The sergeant's first duty was, of course, to report himself at Walderscourt; and this he had done before he made that auspicious re-entry upon his own domain. The ladies did not at all expect to see him for days or even for weeks to come, having heard nothing whatever of his doings; for the post beyond France was so uncertain then that he had received orders not to write.

When Jakes was shown into the room, Lady Waldron was sitting alone, and much agitated by a letter just received from Mr. Webber containing his opinion of all that had happened at Perliton on Wednesday. Feeling her unfitness for another trial, she sent for her daughter before permitting the envoy to relate his news. Then she strove to look calmly at him, and to maintain her cold dignity as of yore; but the power was no longer hers. Months of miserable suspense, perpetual brooding, and want of sleep had lowered the standard of her pride, and nothing but a burst of painful sobs saved her from a worse condition.

The sergeant stood hesitating by the door, feeling that he had no invitation to see this, and not presuming to offer comfort. But Miss Waldron, seeing the best thing to do, called him and bade him tell his news in brief.

"May it please your ladyship," the veteran began, staring deeply into his new Spanish hat, about which he had received some compliments; "all I have to tell your ladyship is for the honour of the family. Your ladyship's brother is as innocent as I be. He hath had nought to do with any wicked doings here. He hath not got his money, but he means to have it."

"Thank God!" cried Lady Waldron, but whether about the money, or the innocence, was not clear; and then she turned away to have things out with herself; and Jakes was sent into the next room, and sat down, thanking the crown of his hat that it covered the whole of his domestic interests.

When feminine excitement was in some degree spent, and the love of particulars (which can never long be quenched by any depth of tears) was reviving, Sergeant Jakes was well received, and told his adventures like a veteran. A young man is apt to tell things hotly, as if nothing had ever come to pass before; but a steady-goer knows that the sun was shining, and the rain was raining, ere he felt either.

It appears that the sergeant had a fine voyage out, and picked up a good deal of his lapsed Spanish lore from two worthy Spanish hands among the crew. Besley of Exeter did things well, as the manner of that city is; victuals were good, and the crew right loyal, as generally happens in that case. Captain Binstock stood in awe of his elder brother the butler, and never got out of his head its original belief that the sergeant was his brother's schoolmaster. Against that idea chronology strove hazily, and therefore vainly. The sergeant strode the deck with a stick he bought at Exeter, spoke of his experience in transports, regarded the masts as a pair of his own canes,—in a word was master of the ship whenever there was nothing to be done to her. A finer time he never had, for he was much too wiry to be sea-sick. All the crew liked him, whether present or absent, and never laughed at him but in the latter case. He corrected their English when it did not suit his own, and thus created a new form of discipline. Most of this he recounted in his pungent manner without a word of self-laudation, and it would have been a treat to Christie Fox to hear him; but his present listeners were too anxious about the result to enjoy this part of it.

Then he went to the city to which he was despatched, and presented his letters to the few he could find entitled to receive them. The greater part were gone beyond the world of letters, for twenty-five years make a sad gap in the post. And of the three survivors, one alone cared to be troubled with the bygone days. But that one was a host in himself, a loyal retainer of the ancient family in the time of its grandeur, and now in possession of an office, as well as a nice farm on the hills, both of which he had obtained through their influence. He was delighted to hear once more of the beautiful lady he had formerly adored. He received the sergeant as his guest, and told him all that was known of the present state of things concerning the young Count, as he still called him, and all that was likely to come of it.

It was true that the Count had urged his claim, and brought evidence in support of it; but at present there seemed to be very little chance of his getting the money for years to come, even if he should do so in the end; and for that he must display, as they said, fresh powers of survivorship. He had been advised to make an offer of release and quit-claim, upon receipt of the sum originally advanced without any interest; but he had answered sternly, "Either I will have all, or none." The amount was so large, that he could not expect to receive the whole immediately, and he was ready to accept it by instalments; but the authorities would not pay a penny, nor attempt an arrangement with him, for fear of admitting their liability. In a very brief and candid, but by no means honest manner, they refused to be bound at all by the action of their fathers. When that was of no avail, because the city-tolls were in the bond, they began to call for proof of this, and proof of that, and set up every possible legal obstacle, hoping to exhaust the claimant's sadly dwindled revenues. Above all, they maintained that two of the lives in the assurance-deed were still subsisting, although their lapse was admitted in their own minutes and registered in the record. And it was believed that in this behalf they were having recourse to personation.

That scandalous pretext must be demolished before it could become of prime moment to the Count to prove the decease of his brother-in-law; and certain it was that no such dramatic incident had occurred in the city, as that which her ladyship had witnessed by means of her imagination. With a long fight before him, and very scanty sinews of war to maintain it, the claimant had betaken himself to Madrid, where he had powerful friends and might consult the best legal advisers. But his prospects were not encouraging; for unless he could deposit a good round sum, for expenses of process and long inquiry and even counter-bribing, no one was likely to take up his case, so strong and so tough were the forces in possession. Rash friends went so far as to recommend him to take the bull by the horns at once, to lay forcible hands upon the city-tolls without any order from a law-court, for the deed was so drastic that this power was conferred; but he saw that to do this would simply be to play into the hands of the enemy. For thus he would probably find himself outlawed, or perhaps cast into prison, with the lapse of his own life imminent; for the family of the Barcas were no longer supreme in the land as they used to be.

"Ungrateful thieves! Vile pigs of burghers!" Lady Waldron exclaimed with just indignation. "My grandfather would have strung them up with straw in their noses, and set them on fire. They sneer at the family of Barca, do they? It shall trample them under-foot. My poor brother shall have my last penny to punish them, for that I have wronged him in my heart. Ours is a noble race, and most candid; we never deign to stoop ourselves to mistrust or suspicion. I trust, Master Sergeant, you have not spoken so to the worthy and loyal Diego, that my brother may ever hear of the thoughts introduced into my mind concerning him?"

"No, my lady, not a word. Everything I did, or said, was friendly, straightforward, and favourable to the honour of the family."

"You are a brave man; you are a faithful soldier. Forget that by the force of circumstances I was compelled to have such opinions. But can you recite to me the names of the two persons whose lives they have replenished?"

"Yes, my lady. Señor Diego wrote them down in this book on purpose. He thought that your ladyship might know something of them."

"For one I have knowledge of everything, but the other I do not know," Lady Waldron said, after reading the names. "This poor Señorita was one of my bridesmaids, known to me from my childhood. La Giralda was her name of intimacy, what you call her nickname, by reason of her stature. Her death I can prove too well, and expose any imitation. But the Spanish nation—you like them much? You find them gentle, brave, amiable, sober, not as the English are, generous, patriotic, honourable?"

"Quite as noble and good, my lady, as we found them five-and-twenty years agone. And I hope that the noble Count will get his money. A bargain is a bargain, as we say here. And if they are so honourable——"

"Ah, that is quite a different thing. Inez, I must leave you; I desire some time to think. My mind is very much relieved of one part, although of another still more distressed. I request you to see to the good refreshment of this honourable and faithful soldier."

Lady Waldron acknowledged the sergeant's low bow with a kind inclination of her Andalusian head (which is something in the head-way among the foremost), and left the room with a lighter step than her heart had allowed her for many a week.

"This will never do, Sergeant; this won't do at all," said Miss Waldron coming up to him, as soon as she had shut the door behind her lofty mother. "I know by your countenance, and the way you were standing, and the sideway you sit down again, that you have not told us everything. That is not the right way to go on, Sergeant Jakes."

"Miss Nicie!" cried Jakes, with a forlorn hope of frightening her, for she had sat upon his knee many a time ten or twelve years ago, craving stories of good boys and bad boys. But now the eyes which he used to fill with any emotion he chose to call for could produce that effect upon his own.

"Can you think that I don't understand you?" said Nicie, never releasing him from her eyes. "What was the good of telling me all those stories, when I was a little thing, except for me to understand you? When anybody tells me a story that is true, it is no good for him to try anything else. I get so accustomed to his way that I catch him out in a moment."

"But my dear, my dear Miss Nicie," the sergeant looked all about, as in a large appeal, instead of a steady gaze, "if I have told you a single word that is not as true as gospel may I——"

"Now don't be profane, Sergeant Jakes. That was the custom of the war-time. And don't be crooked, which is even worse. I never called in question any one thing you have said. All I know is that you have stopped short. You used to do just the same with me when things I was too young to hear came in. You are easier to read than one of your own copies. What have you kept in the background, you unfaithful soldier?"

"Oh, miss, how you do remind me of the Colonel! Not that he ever looked half as fierce. But he used to say, 'Jakes, what a deep rogue you are!' meaning how deeply he could trust me against all his enemies. But, miss, I have given my word about this."

"Then take it back, as some people do their presents. What is the good of being a deep rogue if you can't be a shallow one? I should hope you would rather be a rogue to other people than to me. I will never speak to you again, unless you show now that you can trust me as my dear father used to trust in you. No secrets from me, if you please."

"Well, miss, it was for your sake more than anybody else's. But you must promise, honour bright, not to let her ladyship know of it, for it might be the death of her. It took me by surprise, and it hath almost knocked me over, for I never could have thought there was more troubles coming. But who do you think I ran up against to Exeter?"

"How can I tell! Don't keep me waiting. That kind of riddle is so hateful always."

"Master Tom, Miss Nicie! Your brother, Master Tom! 'Sir Thomas Waldron' his proper name is now. You know they have got a new oil they call *gas*, to light the public places of the big towns with, and it makes everything as bright as day, and brighter than some of the days we get now. Well, I was intending to come on last night by the Bristol mail and wait about till you was up; and as I was standing with my knapsack on my shoulder to see her come in from Plymouth, in she comes, and a tall young man dressed all in black gets down slowly from the roof, and stands looking about very queerly.

"'Bain't you going no further, sir?' says the guard to him very civil, as he locked the bags in. 'Only allows us three minutes and a half,'—for the young man seemed as if he did not care what time it was.

"'No. I can't go home,' says he, as if nothing mattered to him. I was handing up my things, to get up myself, when the tone of his voice took me all of a heap.

"'What, Master Tom!' says I, going up to him.

"'Who are you?' says he. 'Master Tom, indeed!' For I had this queer sort of hat on and cloak, like a blessed foreigner.

"Well, when I told him who I was, he did not seem at all as he used to be, but as if I had done him a great injury; and as for his luggage, it would have gone on with the coach if the guard had not called out about it.

"'Come in here,' he says to me, as if I was a dog, him that was always so well-spoken and polite! And he turned sharp into the Old London Inn, leaving all his luggage on the stones outside.

"'Private sitting-room and four candles!' he called out, marching up the stairs and making me a sign to follow him. Everybody seemed to know him there, and I told them to fetch his things in.

"'No fire; hot enough already. Put the candles down and go,' said he to the waiter, and then he locked the door and threw the key upon the table. It takes a good deal to frighten me, miss, but I assure you I was trembling; for I never saw such a pair of eyes—not furious, but so desperate; and I should have been but a baby in his hands, for he is bigger than even his father was. Then he pulled out a newspaper, and spread it among the candles. 'Now, you man of Perlycross,' he cried, 'you that teach the boys who are going to be grave-robbers,—is this true, or is it all a cursed lie?' Excuse me telling you, miss, exactly as he said it. 'The Lord in heaven help me, I think I shall go mad unless you can tell me it is all a wicked lie.' Up and down the room he walked, as if the boards would sink under him; while I was at my wits' ends, as you may well suppose, miss.

"'I have never heard a word of any of this, Master Tom,' I said, as soon as I had read it; for it was all about something that came on at Perliton before the magistrates last Wednesday. 'I have been away in foreign parts.'

"Miss Nicie, he changed to me from that moment. I had not said a word about how long I was away, or anything whatever to deceive him. But he looked at my hat that was lying on a chair, and my cloak that was still on my back, as much as to say, 'I ought to have known it!' and then he said, 'Give me your hand, Old Jakes. I beg your pardon a thousand times. What a fool I must be to think you would ever have allowed it!'

"This put me in a very awkward hole, for I was bound to acknowledge that I had been here when the thing he was so wild about was done. But I let him go on, and have his raving out. For men are pretty much the same as boys, though expecting of their own way more, which I try to take out of the young ones. But a loud singing out, and a little bit of stamping, brings them into more sense of where they are.

"'I landed at Plymouth this morning,' he said, 'after getting a letter, which had been I don't know where, to tell me that my dear father, the best man that ever lived, was dead. I got leave immediately, and came home to comfort my mother and sister, and to attend to all that was needful. I went into the coffee-room, before the coach was ready, and taking up the papers, I find this! They talk of it as if it was a thing well known, a case of great interest in the county; a *mystery* they call it, a very lively thing to talk about—*The great Perlycross Mystery*, in big letters, cried at every corner, made a fine joke of in every dirty pot-house. It seems to have been going on for months. Perhaps it has killed my mother and my sister. It would soon kill me if I were there and could do nothing.'

"Here I found a sort of opening, for the tears rolled down his face as he thought of you, Miss Nicie, and your dear mamma; and the rage in his heart seemed to turn into grief, and he sat down in one of the trumpery chairs that they make nowadays, and it sprawled and squeaked under him, being such an uncommon fine young man in trouble. So I went up to him, and stood before him, and lifted his hands from his face, as I had done many's the time, when he was a little fellow, and broke his nose perhaps in his bravery. And then he looked up at me quite mild, and said, 'I believe I am a brute, Jakes; but isn't this enough to make me one?'

"I stayed with him all night, miss; for he would not go to bed, and he wouldn't have nothing for to eat or drink, and I was afraid to leave him so. But I got him at last to smoke a bit of my tobacco; and that seemed to make him look at things a little better. I told him all I knew, and what I had been to Spain for, and how you and her ladyship were trying bravely to bear the terrible will of the Lord; and then I coaxed him all I could to come along of me and help you to bear it. But he said, I might take him for a coward, if I chose; but come to Walderscourt he wouldn't, and face his own mother and sister he couldn't, until he had cleared off this terrible disgrace."

"He is frightfully obstinate, he always was," said Nicie, who had listened to his tale with streaming eyes; "but it would be such a comfort to us both to have him here. What has become of him? Where is he now?"

"That is the very thing I dare not tell you, miss, because he made me swear to keep it to myself. By good rights I ought to have told you nothing, but you managed so to work it out of me. I would not come away from him till I knew where he would be, because he was in such a state of mind. But I softened him down a good bit, I believe; and he might take a turn, if you were to write, imploring of him. I will take care that he gets it, for he made me promise to write, and let him know exactly how I found things here after being away so long. But he is that bitter against this place that it will take a deal to bring him here. You must work on his love for his mother, Miss Nicie, and his pity for both of you. That is the only thing that touches him. And say that it is no fault of Perlycross, but strangers altogether."

"You shall have my letter before the postman comes, so that you may send it with your own. What a good friend you have been to us, dear Jakes! My mother's heart would break at last, if she knew that Tom was in England and would not come first of all to her. I can scarcely understand it; to me it seems so unnatural."

"Well, miss, you never can tell by yourself how other people will take things, not even your own brother. And I think he will soon come round, Miss Nicie. According to my opinion, it was the first shock of the thing, and the way he got it, that drove him out of his mind a'most. Maybe he judges you by himself, and fancies it would only make you worse to see him with this disgrace upon him. For that's what he can't get out of his head; and it would be a terrible meeting for my lady, with all the pride she hath in her. I reckon 'tis the Spanish blood that does it, Englishman as he is all over. But never fear, Miss Nicie; we'll fetch him here, between the two of us, afore we are much older. He hath always been loving in his nature; and love will drive the anger out."

## CHAPTER XLI.

### THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

Harvey Tremlett kept his promise not to leave the neighbourhood until the result of the grievous injury done to Frank Gilham should be known. Another warrant against him might be issued for that fierce assault, and he had made up his mind to stand a trial, whatever the issue might be. What he feared most, and would have fled from, was a charge of running contraband goods, which might have destroyed a thriving trade and sent him and his colleagues across the seas. Rough and savage as he became (when his violent temper was provoked) and scornful of home life and quiet labour, these, and other far from exemplary traits, were mainly the result of his roving habits, and the coarse and lawless company into which he had ever fallen. And it tended little to his edification that he exercised lordship over them, in virtue of superior strength.

But his nature was rather wild than brutal; in its depths were sparks and flashes of manly generosity, and even warmth of true affection for the few who had been kind to him, if they took him the right way of his stubborn grain. He loved his only daughter Zip, although ashamed of showing it; and he was very proud of his lineage and the ancient name of Tremlett. Thus Mr. Penniloe had taken unawares the straightest road to his good will by adopting the waif as an inmate of his house, and treating her, not as a servant, but as a child. That Zip should be a lady, as the daughters of that Norman race had been for generations, was the main ambition of her father's life. He had seen no possibility of it; and here was almost a surety of it, unless she herself threw away the chance.

Rather a pretty scene was toward for those who are fond of humanity, at the ruined Tremlett mill on the morning of Saint David's day. Harvey had taken to this retreat, and a very lonely home it was, for sundry good reasons of his own; the most important of which was not entrusted even to his daughter, or to the revered and beloved parson. This was to prepare a refuge and a storehouse for Free-trade, more convenient, better placed, larger, and much safer than the now notorious fastness of Blackmarsh. Here were old buildings and mazy webs of wandering; soft cliff was handy, dark wood and rushing waters, tangled lanes, furzy corners, nooks of overhanging, depths of in and out fantiques of nature, when she does not wish man to know everything about her. The solid firm, directed by Timber-legged Dick, were prepared to pay a fine price, as for a paper-mill, for this last feudal tenure of the Tremlett race.

But the last male member of that much discounted stock (or at any rate the last now producible in court without criminal procedure) had refused to consider the most liberal offers, even of a fine run of Free-trade, all to himself, as still it is, for the alienation in fee-simple of this last sod of hereditament. For good consideration he would grant a lease, which Blickson might prepare for them; but he would be—something the nadir of benediction—if he didn't knock down any man who would try to make him rob his daughter. The league of Free-traders came into his fine feelings, and took the mills and premises on a good elastic lease. But the landlord must put them into suitable condition.

This he was doing now with technical experience, endeavouring at the same time to discharge some little of his new parental duties. Jem Kettel found it very hard that though allowed to work he was not encouraged (as he used to be) to participate in the higher moments. "You clear out, when my darter cometh. You be no fit company for she." Jem could not see it, for he knew how good he was. But the big man had taken a much larger turn. He was not going to alter his own course of life. That was quite good enough for him; and really in those days people heard so much of "Reform, Reform," dinged for ever in their ears, that any one at all inclined to think for himself had a tendency towards backsliding. None the less must he urge others to reform, as the manner has been of all ages.

Tremlett's present anxiety was to provide his daughter with good advice, and principles so exalted that there might be no further peril of her becoming like himself. From him she was to learn the value of proper pride and dignity, of behaving in her new position as if she had been born in it, of remembering distant forefathers, but forgetting her present father, at any rate as an example. To this end he made her study the great ancestral Bible, not the canonical books however, so much as the covers and fly-leaves, the wholly uninspired records of the Tremlett family. These she perused with eager eyes, thinking more highly of herself, and laying in large store of pride, a bitter stock to start with even when the course of youth is fair.

But whether for evil or for good, it was pleasant to see the rough man sitting, this first day of the spring-time, teaching his little daughter how sadly he and she had come down in the world. Zip had been spared from her regular lessons by way of a treat, to dine with her father before going, as was now arranged, to the care of a lady at Exeter. Jem Kettel had been obliged to dine upon inferior victuals, and at the less fashionable hour of 11 a.m.; for it was not to be known that he was there, lest attention should be drawn to the job they were about. Tremlett had washed himself very finely in honour of this great occasion, and donned a new red woollen jacket, following every curve and chunk of his bulky chest and rugged arms. He had finished his dinner, and was in good spirits, with money enough from his wrestling-prize to last him until the next good run, and a pipe of choice tobacco (such as could scarcely be got at Exeter) issuing soft rings of turquoise tint to the black oak beams above. The mill-wheel was gone; but the murmur of the brook, and the tinkle of the trickle from the shattered trough, and the singing of birds in their love-time, came like the waving of a branch that sends the sunshine in.

The dark-haired child was in the window-seat, with her Sunday frock on, and her tresses ribboned back, and her knees wide apart to make a lap for the Bible upon which her great dark eyes were fixed. Puffs of the March wind now and then came in, where the lozenges of glass were gone, and lifted loose tussocks of her untrussed hair, and made the sunshine quiver on the worn planks of the floor. But the girl was used to breezes, and her heart was in her lesson.

"Hunderds of 'em, more than all the Kings and Queens of England!" she said, with her very clear voice trembling, and her pointed fingers making hop-scotch in and out the lines of genealogy. "What can Fay Penniloe show like that? But was any of 'em colonels, father?"

"Maight a' been, if 'em would a' comed down to it. But there wasn't no colonels in the old times, I've a' heered. Us was afore that sort of thing were found out."

"To be sure. I might have knowed. But was any of 'em Sirs, the same as Sir Thomas Waldron was?"

"Scores of 'em, when they chose to come down to it. But they kept that mostways for the younger boys among 'em. The father of the family was bound to be a Lord."

"Oh, father! Real Lords? And me to have never seed one! What hath become of the laws of the land? But why bain't you a real Lord, the same as they was?"

"Us never cared to keep it up," said the last of the visible Tremletts, after pondering over this difficult point. "You see, Zip, it's only the women cares about that. 'Tis no more to a man than the puff of this here pipe."

"But right is right, father. And

it soundeth fine. Was any of them Earls, and Marquises, and Dukes, and whatever it is that comes over that?"

"They was everything they cared to be—Barons and Counts and Dukes, spelled the same as Duck, and Holy Empires, and Holy Sepulchres. But do 'e, my dear, get my baccy box."

What summit of sovereignty they would have reached if the lecture had proceeded, no one knows; for as Zip, like a princess, was stepping in and out among the holes of the floor with her father's tin box, the old door shook with a sharp and heavy knock, and the child, with her face lit up by the glory of her birth, marched away to open it. This she accomplished with some trouble, for the timber was ponderous and rickety.

A tall young man strode in, as if the place belonged to him, and said, "I want to see Harvey Tremlett."

"Here be I. Who be you?" The wrestler sat where he was, and did not even nod his head; for his rule was always to take people just as they chose to take him. But the visitor cared little for his politeness or his rudeness.

"I am Sir Thomas Waldron's son. If I came in upon you rudely, I am sorry for it. It is not what I often do; but just now I am not a bit like myself."

"Sir, I could take my oath of that, for your father was a gen'leman. Zippy, dust a cheer, my dear."

"No, young lady, you shall not touch it," said the young man, with a long stride and a real bow to the comely child. "I am fitter to lift chairs than you are."

This pleased the father mightily; and he became quite gracious when the young Sir Thomas said to him, while glancing with manifest surprise at his quick and intelligent daughter, "Mr. Tremlett, I wish to speak to you of a matter too sad to be talked about in the presence of young ladies."

This was not said by way of flattery or conciliation; for Zip, with her proud step and steadfast gaze, was of a very different type from that of the common cottage-lass. She was already at the door when her father said: "Go you down to the brook, my dear, and see how many nestesses you can find. Then come back and say good-bye to Daddy, afore go home to passonage. Must be back afore dark, you know."

"What a beautiful child!" Young Waldron had been looking with amazement at her. "I know what the Tremletts used to be, but I had no idea they could be like that. I never saw such eyes in all my life."

"Her be well enough," replied Tremlett shortly. "And now, sir, what is it as I can do for you? I knows zummat of the troubles on your mind; and if I can do 'e any good, I wull."

"Two things I want of you. First, your word of honour,—and I know what you Tremletts have been in better days—that you had nothing to do with that cursed and devilish crime in our churchyard."

"Sir," answered Tremlett, standing up for the first time in this interview, "I give you my oath by that book yonner that I knows nort about it. We be coom low, but us bain't zunk to that yet."

He met Sir Thomas Waldron eye to eye, and the young man took his plastered hand, and knew that it was not a liar's.

"Next I want your good advice," said the visitor sitting down by him; "and your help, if you will give it. I will not speak of money first, because I can see what you are. But to follow it up, there must be money. Shall I tell you what I shall be glad to do, without risk of offending you? Very well; I don't care a fig for money in a matter such as this. Money won't give you back your father, or your mother, or anybody, when they are gone away from you; but it may help you to do your duty to them. At present I have no money to speak of, because I have been with my regiment, and there it goes away like smoke. But I can get any quantity almost by going to our lawyers. If you like, and will see to it, I will put a thousand pounds in your hands for you to be able to work things up; and another thousand if you make anything of it. Don't be angry with me. I don't want to bribe you. It is only for the sake of doing right. I have seen a great deal of the world. Can you ever get what is right without paying for it?"

"No, sir, you can't; and not always, if you do. But you be the right sort, and no mistake. Tell you what, Sir Thomas; I won't take a farden of your money, 'cos it would be a-robbin' of you. I han't got the brains for gooin' under other folk like. Generally they does that to me. But I know an oncommon sharp young fellow, Jemmy Kettel is his name. A chap as can goo and come fifty taimes a'most, while I be a toornin' round wance; a' knoweth a'most every rogue for fifty maile around. And if you like to goo so far as a ten-pun' note upon him, I'll zee that a' doth his best wi'un. But never a farden over what I said."

"I am very much obliged to you. Here it is; and another next week, if he requires it. I hate the sight of money while this thing lasts, because I know that money is at the bottom of it. Tremlett, you are a noble fellow. Your opinion is worth something. Now don't you agree with me in thinking that after all it comes to this,—everything else has been proved rubbish—the doctors are at the bottom of it?"

"Well, sir, I am afeared they be. I never knowed nort of 'em, thank the Lord. But I did hear they was oncommon greedy to cut up a poor brother of mine, as coom to trouble. I was out o' country then; or by Gosh, I wud a' found them a job or two to do at home."

The young man closed his lips, and thought. Tremlett's opinion, although of little value, was all that was needed to clench his own. "I'll go and put a stop to it at once," he muttered; and after a few more words with the wrestler, he set his long legs going rapidly, and his forehead frowning, in the direction of that Æsculapian fortress known as the Old Barn.

By this time Dr. Fox was in good health again, recovering his sprightly tone of mind and magnanimous self-confidence. His gratitude to Frank Gilham now was as keen and strong as could be wished; for the patient's calmness and fortitude and very fine constitution had secured his warm affection by affording him such a field for skill, and such a signal triumph, as seldom yet have blessed a heart at once medical and surgical. Whenever Dr. Gronow came, and, dwelling on the ingenious structure designed and wrought by Jemmy's skill, poured forth kind approval and the precious applause of an expert, the youthful doctor's delight was like a young mother's pride in her baby. And it surged within him all the more because he could not, as the mother does, inundate all the world with it. Wiser too than that sweet parent, he had refused most stubbornly to risk the duration of his joy, or imperil the precious subject, by any ardour of excitement or flutter of the system.

The patient lay, like a well-set specimen in the box of a naturalist, carded, and trussed, and pinned, and fibred, bound to maintain one immutable plane. His mother hovered round him with perpetual presence, as a house-martin flits round her fallen nestling, circling about that one pivot of the world, back for a twittering moment, again sweeping the air for a sip of him. But the one he would have given all the world to have a sip of even in a dream he must not see. Such was the stern decree of the power, even more ruthless than that to which it punctually despatches us, Æsculapius, less gentle to human tears than Æacus. To put it more plainly, and therefore better, Master Frank did not even know that Miss Christie was on the premises.

Christie was sitting by the window, thrown out where the barn-door used to be,—where the cart was backed up with the golden tithe-sheaves, but now the gilded pills were rolled, and the only wholesome bit of metal was the sunshine on her hair—when she saw a large figure come in at the gate (which was still of the fine agricultural sort) and a shudder ran down her shapely back. With feminine speed of apprehension she felt that it could be one man only, the man she had heard so much of, a monster of size and ferocity, the man who had "concussed" her brother's head and shattered an arm of great interest to her. That she ran to the door, which was wide to let the spring in, and clapped it to the post, speaks volumes for her courage.

"You can't come in here, Harvey Tremlett," she cried, with a little foot set, as a forlorn hope, against the bottom of the door, which (after the manner of its kind) refused to go home when called upon. "You have done harm enough, and I am astonished that you should dare to imagine we would let you in."

"But I am not Harvey Tremlett at all. I am only Tom Waldron; and I don't see why I should be shut out, when I have done no harm."

The young lady was not to be caught with chaff. She took a little peep through the chink, having learned that art in a very sweet manner of late; and then she threw open the door and showed herself a fine figure of blushes.

"Miss Fox, I am sure," said the visitor, smiling and lifting his hat as he had learned to do abroad. "But I won't come in against orders, whatever the temptation may be."

"We don't know any harm of you, and you may come in," answered Chris, who was never long taken aback. "Your sister is a dear friend of mine. I am sorry for being so rude to you."

Waldron sat down, and was cheerful for awhile, greatly pleased with his young entertainer and her simple account of the state of things there. But when she inquired for his mother and sister, the cloud returned, and he meant business. "You are likely to know more than I do," he said, "for I have not been home, and cannot go there yet. I will not trouble you with dark things; but may I have a little talk with your brother?"

Miss Fox left the room at once, and sent her brother down; and now a very strange surprise befell the sprightly doctor. Sir Thomas Waldron met him with much cordiality and warmth, for they had always been good friends, though their natures were so different; and then he delivered this fatal shot. "I am very sorry, my dear Jemmy, but I have had to make up my mind to do a thing you won't much like. I know you have always thought a great deal of my sister Inez; and now I am told, though I have not seen her, that you are as good as engaged to her. But you must perceive that it would never do. I could not wish for a better sort of fellow, and I have the highest opinion of you. Really I think that you would have made her as happy as the day is long, because you are so clever, and cheerful, and good-tempered, and—and in fact I may say, good all round. But you must both of you get over it. I am now the head of the family, and I don't like saying it, but I must. I cannot allow you to have Nicie; and I shall forbid Nicie to think any more of you."

"What the deuce do you mean, Tom?" asked Jemmy, scarcely believing his ears. "What's up now, in the name of goodness? What on earth have you got into your precious noddle?"

"Jemmy, my noddle, as you call it, may not be a quarter so clever as yours; and in fact I know it is not over-bright, without having the benefit of your opinion. But for all that it has some common sense, and it knows its own mind pretty well, and what it says, it sticks to. You are bound to take it in a friendly manner, because that is how I intend it; and you must see the good sense of it. I shall be happy and proud myself to continue our friendship. Only you must pledge your word that you will have nothing more to say to my sister Inez."

"But why, Tom, why?" Fox asked again, with increasing wonder. He was half inclined to laugh at the other's solemn and official style, but he saw that it would be a dangerous thing, for Waldron's colour was rising. "What objection have you discovered, or somebody else found out for you? Surely you are dreaming, Tom!"

"No, I am not; and I shall not let you. I should almost have thought that you might have known without my having to tell you. If you think twice, you will see at once that reason, and common sense, and justice, and knowledge of the world, and the feeling of a gentleman, all compel you to—to knock off, if I may so express it. I can only say that if you can't see it, everybody else can at a glance."

"No doubt I am the thickest of the thick, though it may not be the general opinion. But do give me ever such a little hint, Tom; something of a twinkle in this frightful fog."

"Well, you are a doctor, aren't you now?"

"Certainly I am, and proud of it; only wish I was a better one."

"Very well. The doctors have dug up my father; and no doctor ever shall marry his daughter."

The absurdity of this was of a very common kind, as the fallacy is of the commonest, and there was nothing very rare to laugh at. But Fox did the worst thing he could have done, he laughed till his sides were aching. Too late he perceived that he had been as scant of discretion as the other was of logic.

"That's how you take it, is it, sir?" young Waldron cried, ready to knock him down, if he could have done so without cowardice. "A lucky thing for you that you are on the sick-list, or I'd soon make you laugh the other side of your mouth, you guffawing jackanapes! If you can laugh at what was done to my father, it proves that you are capable of doing it. When you have done with your idiot grin, I'll just ask you one thing—never let me set eyes on your sniggering, grinning, pill-box of a face again."

"That you may be quite sure you never shall do," answered Fox, who was ashy pale with anger, "until you have begged my pardon humbly, and owned yourself a thick-headed, hot-headed fool. I am sorry that your father should have such a ninny of a cad to come after him. Everybody acknowledges that the late Sir Thomas was a gentleman."

The present Sir Thomas would not trust himself near such a fellow for another moment, but flung out of the house without his hat; while Fox proved that he was no coward by following and throwing it after him. And the other young man proved the like of himself by not turning round and smashing him.

(*To be continued.*)

# A VISION OF INDIA.

We cannot profess to emulate the stirring tale which *The Spectator* had to tell last month. Not having enjoyed the thirty years' absence from the East which inspired that memorable prophecy of a new and instant rising of united India against British dominion, the analogy between the situation in 1857 and the situation in 1894 is naturally less clear to us. We know, of course, that the British army in India is still disgracefully weak; that in the whole of the three Presidencies there are, in round numbers, but nine regiments of cavalry, sixty-five batteries of artillery, and fifty-two regiments of infantry, a force but little, if at all superior to that with which we had to face the great revolt of seven and thirty years ago. We know that there are still vast tracts of country and large cities where crowds of European men, women and children are at the mercy of a wavering native force and a fanatic native population, without a single regiment of English soldiers to keep them in check; that the greater part of our artillery is still manned by native gunners; that our magazines and treasuries are still watched by native guards. But this knowledge, which may be learned from books and gazetteers by any man who has never been farther east than the India Docks, really avails nothing. It is the personal knowledge of the native races, of their manners, customs, tempers, thoughts, that really avails. With what eyes do they now regard the march of Western ideas, the blessings of Western civilisation, above all those noble fruits of Western democracy with which the wise and amiable philanthropy of Parliament has during the last ten years or so been enriching their parched and barren soil? Does the new Western wine taste well out of the old Eastern bottles? It is a knowledge of these things that gives a man a right to speak of India. Such a knowledge comes only from a long sojourn in the country, from going to and fro therein with the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart. Thirty years' absence will then but ripen and widen it. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Roberts, Sir Alfred Lyall,—these also are able men and experienced; but their experience has still the bias of the moment; it lacks the mellowing effect of distance.

And indeed we never truly realised how vital to a right understanding of the essential difference between East and West this aloofness is (if we may borrow one of the new coins of our literary mint), till we read a letter in *The Spectator* of the 12th of last May. The article on *India next Week* (published on May 5th) did not please everybody, but to three persons at least it seemed a most wise and timely warning, and especially to one W. P. This gentleman has been for twenty years in business in Calcutta (which of course entitles him to speak with authority on the general condition of India) and during that time has made many friends among the native commercial classes. One of these is a Guzerati Hindoo, with whom he held in the course of last year a most remarkable conversation. The old man saw the heavens very black indeed all round him; but he spoke well and wisely on many things, and notably on that gigantic folly of a Free Native Press. "That my native friend was in earnest," wrote W. P. (too earnest himself to be very choice about his language), "I fully believe, because he undertook to protect me when the row began, and because he shut up on the entrance of his son, who, on listening to a few words of our conversation, said something to his father in Guzerati which I could not understand, but which the father said was to the effect that I would tell the 'Sircar'—*i.e.*, the Government. *I told him he need not fear, that Government would not believe anything till the rails were torn up and the wires cut, and the sooner they got their row started the sooner it would be ended.*" If W. P. really spoke the words we have italicised to his Hindoo friend, he spoke something very like what a plain man would call treason. To be sure he was no servant of Government; but every Englishman in India is under obligations to the Government, and perhaps most of all are the trading-classes concerned in upholding the safety, honour, and welfare of the British dominion. To blacken before its enemies the face of a Power without which we had never been, to which we owe all we are worth, and deprived of whose protection we should not endure for a single day, will seem, we say, to the plain man neither a very generous nor a very politic deed. He will probably think, in his simple unsophisticated fashion, that it is not only the Native Press which goes too freely. But he would be wrong. W. P. is evidently proud of his frankness, and *The Spectator* quotes his letter with approval. And here we plainly see how much more than climate and sky our countrymen change who cross the black water, and how impossible it is for those who have never made the journey to really mark and appreciate the essential distinction between East and West, to Orientalise, as we may say, their sturdy Western natures into the likeness of a W. P.

Well, to such knowledge we at least shall make no pretence. With the little contribution to Indian history which we venture to offer to our readers (if indeed they have any stomach for such simple fare after the high-seasoned hash of *The Spectator*), we are concerned only as the humble channel of communication, and with a few words of introduction our task will be finished. Some few years ago there was published in Calcutta a little anonymous pamphlet with the title of *India in 1983*. Over there it circulated gaily, too gaily indeed, we have been told, for the taste of a Government apparently indisposed to allow the same liberty to the English as to the Native Press; but in England it seems to be hardly if at all known. It has interested us, and it may interest our readers, even in the inadequate form of such a summary as the laws of space, and our own imperfect powers, have allowed us to give to it. The author, it will be seen indulges in the prophetic vein, like *The Spectator*. A prophet, they say, has no honour in his own country, and the prophet of Wellington Street does not seem to have won much yet. To him it may come; but not in our time, nor in the time of our children will honour come to the author of *India in 1983*. Eighty-nine years hence! And the other prophet was content with five days, though he may now perhaps wish that he had slightly extended his margin. Our author, we apprehend, writes partly in a spirit of allegory; some serious folk might say in a spirit of burlesque. Possibly it may be so, but the note of truth is sometimes heard amid the jangle of the jester's bells. These things however are not for us to decide. We leave that to abler heads than ours, and especially to those generous young politicians who have taken the Baboo under their especial care. They know him well, of course, and have studied him carefully. It is for them to say how much, if any, value there may be in this vision of the time they are so generously hastening; the time when, in the graceful words of Bladeenath Laikatal, "lion shall lie down with unicorn," and India shall once again belong to the Indians.

In this famous year of grace, then, 1983, the great Radical dream of a century had become fact. India for the Indians was no longer the cry of a few derided philanthropists, but a glorious reality. A single day had sufficed to consummate this great act of justice. Home Rule for Ireland was still only within a measurable distance, and a handful of Irish patriots still wielded at will the fierce democracy of the United Kingdom. Exhausted by a hot month's fight with the gallant descendants of Mr. Healy and Dr. Tanner (who had vastly improved on their grandsires' primitive methods of combat), the House of Commons had no energy left for any further discussion, and the Lords had long since learned their place too well to presume to discuss anything. Moreover this Bill for the Better Government of India (such was its ample title) had been so fully considered in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, where the great business of the nation was now mainly transacted, and the Perish India League had brought the necessity, as well as the justice, of the act so firmly home to the minds of the Great Unemployed (from whom Parliament now took its cue) that there was really nothing more to be said for it; and nothing of course was to be allowed to be said against it. Only one voice, in a thin and drowsy House of just forty Members, was raised in protest; the voice of a short plethoric gentleman of an old-fashioned military appearance, who stuttered out some primeval foolishness about the country going to the dogs, and was immediately silenced by the closure. One short afternoon therefore sufficed to confer the blessings of autonomy on the people of India. The suzerainty of the English Sovereign was indeed to be maintained; but that, as the Minister in charge of the Bill explained, need trouble no man. It had been maintained in the Transvaal for nearly a hundred years. No harm had come of it there: no man indeed knew precisely what it meant; and no harm might be trusted to come of it in India.

There was the same agreeable absence of opposition among the English officials in India, for the simple reason that there were no longer any in the country. Under a series of liberal and philanthropic Viceroys the fetters of English rule had one by one been broken. The system of administration known as Local Self-Government, introduced in the previous century, had proved so marvellously successful that the Englishman's occupation was gone. The entire public service was now in native hands. Officials, planters, traders, the white usurpers had either removed themselves, or been summarily ejected from a land which would no longer suffer them. Some British troops there still were and a Commander-in-Chief; there were still the Viceroy and the Governors of Bombay and Madras. But these anomalous survivals of the old order were only waiting the passing of the expected Bill to lay down the last vestiges of a power which had long since passed out of their hands. By the end of April in that blessed year of freedom 1983 India was at last after more than two centuries of English tyranny in very word and deed the proud possession of the Indians.

The new system of administration was simplicity itself; a pure Democratic Parliament elected by universal suffrage. The elections had been proceeding merrily during the last months of the Viceroy's unhonoured albeit blameless existence. There was not indeed much enthusiasm among the masses; but the canvassers, or *khanwassurs* in the vernacular, who had rapidly attained to the dignity of a separate caste, proved themselves perfect masters of their business, and with the help of promises which would not have discredited an English Radical soliciting the agricultural vote, and more material inducements in the shape of annas, managed to get the artless ryot to the polls in sufficient numbers. There were some trifling disturbances between Mahomedans and Hindoos, but the former for the most part held aloof in sullen indifference; and when the first Indian Parliament had been duly elected, out of its three hundred and sixty-five members no less than three hundred and sixty were found to belong to the great Baboo class, the most intelligent and best educated class in India, as we all know. There had been some surprise among the Mahomedans at the general exodus of the Sahibs, and many theories to account for it. But one wise old Mussulman explained that the Padishah of Roum (the Sultan of Turkey) had got the King of England prisoner in an iron cage in the bazaar at Constantinople, and that the restoration of India to Islam was the price of the Kaffir's freedom. And this explanation was considered so eminently probable and satisfactory that the sons of Islam were content to wait peacefully on events, though not without some rather significant hints to their Hindoo neighbours as to the possible course those events might take.

At last the day fixed for the meeting of Parliament dawned over Calcutta. There had not been time to build a fitting House, and the Town Hall had been chosen as a temporary Capitol. The streets were filled with crowds, that cheered the Deputies as they drove up, and the principal shops were decked with flags and loyal mottoes, *Thy will be done, God bless the Prince of Wales, Good-bye, dear Sir,* and others equally expressive of devotion to the new order of things. As the President of the Assembly, Baboo Joykissen Chunder Sen, entered the hall he found every man at his desk, whereon stood, with ink, pens, and paper, a copy of Roget's *Thesaurus of Words and Phrases.* The House had been equally divided into Liberals and Conservatives, not without some trouble, for naturally no man wished to be in Opposition. But when the President had explained that an Opposition was essential to government, and that all would in turn hold office and enjoy the sweets of patronage, this little difficulty was overcome. The formation of a Ministry was a more serious affair; and it was only on the express understanding that no Ministry should remain in power for more than a week, that the President had been enabled to make the following selection.

Baboo Bladeenath Laikatal, B.A., *Minister of War.*
Baboo Rathanath Mounterjee, *Under-Secretary for War, and Inspector-General of Cavalry.*
Baboo Seegyen Muchasik, B.A., *Minister of Marine.*
Baboo Thumbuldoon Barrakjee, B.A., *Minister of Public Works.*
Baboo Littleybhai Smakerjee, M.A., *Minister of Education.*
Baboo Datsdeweh Demunny Ghose, B.A., *Minister of Finance.*
Mr. Europe Mookerjee, C.I.S., B.A., *Minister of Things in General.*

The President opened the proceedings with a speech of extraordinary volume and eloquence.

Gentlemen, fellow-countrymen [he began], shall I not say fellow-members of Parliament and Romans, lend me your ears. This is the proudest moment of my *vita, ars longa, vita brevis,* as the poet says, when I see before me your physiognomies and visages all full of constitutional transformation. Indeed I am as it were in a hurly-burly, and say to myself, I am now in a more noble position than Washington when he urged his troops against the myrmidons of Spain,—than Cleon in the Senate when he severely reprimanded the Jacobins for their crimes,—than Cicero when he stirred up his fellow-citizens to make war on the Carthaginians; all this I say is this princely house and more, sitting on its own bottom, and controlling the Financial, Judicial, Revenue, Secret, General, Political, Educational, and Public Works Departments of the Government of India. And now, is there a man with a dead soul who has never to himself said, my foot is on my native heath ? And when I look and see the country where my ancestors bled, and which they won by the sword [his father had entered Calcutta with a single cocoa-nut, and laid the foundation of his fortunes by cutting it into small pieces and selling it to little boys], when I see the fertile plains watered by the rolling Ganges, in the middle of which this best Parliament sits, then I think my bosom beats with patriotic exhilaration ; I am proud of my countrymen who have built up this lofty fabric of constitutional magnificence, and who, I think, will continue to do so pretty well. For we are the advanced thinkers, and we show things to others, and nobody shows nothing to us. We are the heirs of the ancient wisdom of Aryavarta, we are the sons of the Bengal which has conquered India. We are the B.A.'s of the Calcutta University, superior to gentlemen educated at the Oxford, and if any one try to show his better enlightenment, or intelligence, or representative character, or benevolence, let us say, "Pooh, pooh, teach your grandmother to lay eggs." Let us then go on like blazes in the course of civilisation and progress, and guided by the teaching of theology, psychology, geology, physiology, doxology, and sociology, and all the other sciences that the *quidnuncs* boast of, we can confront the unmitigated myrmidons of despotism, and say to the adversaries of freedom and jurisprudence, "You be blowed !" Let us each and all be Norval on Grampain hill, and rejecting rhodomontade, hyperbole, metaphor, flatulence, and hypercriticism, make for the goal of our hopes, where to be or not to be, that is the question. Let us show our *cui bono*, and hermetically seal the tongues of our enemies not to be opened except by *vis major*. When I look round on this imperial, primeval, and financial assembly, I call to mind the saying of my dear mamma, "My son, cut your cloth according to your coat"; and indeed, dear brothers, if not, how can do ? Let us purge our souls with hiccup, so that we can see, and cut up rough when the base detractors of our fame make libel, and say, "This Bengali Baboo no use, we are the superior people." So they go on always showing serpent's cloven hoof and falsehood making, but it is we who have the more lofty magnanimity, we have had the cultivated education.

There was a great deal more in the same impassioned strain, but this may possibly suffice for a sample of the eloquence of one who was acknowledged to be the first orator in Bengal.

When the Baboo had sat down, amid loud cries of "*Shabash* (well done)" Datsdeweh Demunny Ghose proceeded to unfold his financial budget. As one of its chief items was the payment of Members at the rate of Rs. 5,000 a month while the House was sitting, and half that sum when the House was in recess, it was naturally received with general satisfaction. Only one dissentient voice was heard, suggesting that the sum should be Rs. 10,000 a month ; but it was felt that it would be more prudent to begin on the smaller scale, and the original proposition was accordingly carried by acclamation. A large increase in the machinery of government was next proposed, which would greatly accelerate legislation, and provide many honest and worthy men with suitable employment. Some seven thousand places were thus created at a stroke, the appointments to which were to be vested in the Members. To this also there was no opposition ; and an equally cordial welcome was granted to the proposal to make special provision for the marriages and funeral ceremonies of the Members and their relations. So liberal indeed was the Minister, and so complacent the House, that towards the close of the afternoon it was discovered by the Assistant Deputy Secretary in the Financial Department that the Budget already showed a deficit of about eight crores of rupees. It was felt that it would be impolitic to raise a loan so early in the session, and moreover it was not very clear to the House whence the loan was to come. It was therefore determined to cut down expenditure sternly in other directions. This somewhat ungracious duty devolved upon the Minister of War, who accordingly delivered a long and brilliant denunciation of standing armies and the military spirit, which were, he declared, as obsolete as Behemoth or the Shibboleth. "I pronounce," he concluded, in a glowing peroration which carried the whole House with him, "that War is dead and buried, and I make epithalamium over his grave. God is God of Peace, and I will aid Him to carry out His work in this department with all my power." He then proceeded to give effect to this gracious promise of co-operation with the Supreme Being by disbanding one-half of the army, and reducing the pay of the other half by fifty per cent. Having thus satisfactorily balanced their accounts the House rose, in high good humour with their first day's work.

But there were others watching events in a different spirit. The first soldier in India, though not the nominal Commander-in-Chief, was Ahmed Shah, an Afghan of royal blood, who had served through all the ranks of our old Indian army, and now held the important command of the Barrackpore Division in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta. He had his own ambitions, and cared not a jot for his nominal Chief (an effete old Hindoo who lived on his estates near Lucknow and never gave a thought to his command), and even less, if possible, for the Minister of War. But he could afford to wait, for he knew well that he would not have to wait long. When the scramble for power came, as come he knew it soon would if only this precious Parliament were left to itself, the man who could command a compact and disciplined body of troops would be a strong force in the game. So for the present he waited; and his soldiers waited too, with implicit confidence in their chief, and ready to go anywhere and do anything with him when he gave the signal.

On the evening of the first day of Parliament the General was sitting smoking in his verandah and brooding over the future, when his aide-de-camp, whom he had sent into Calcutta for news, stood before him. "What is it, son of Mahomed Ali?" said the General. "Has Scindia declared war on Holkar, or are the Russians marching on Lahore?" It was worse news than this that the son of Mahomed Ali had to report. "Those sons of burnt fathers, may Allah confound them! [it was thus the irate Mussulman spoke of the People's Representatives] have passed a law disbanding half the army, and cutting down the pay of the rest one-half, to spend the money on their own filthy and obscene stomachs." But Ahmed Shah only smiled. "Is this true?" he said. "The Kaffirs! surely Shaitan has blinded the dogs." Then he gave sundry orders with the result that within ten minutes the whole staff of the Division was collected in the General's bungalow. Two hours later, in the gathering night, the rumbling of guns and artillery-waggons, the tramp of infantry and clatter of cavalry were heard in Barrackpore. The entire division was marching straight on Calcutta.

When the Baboos assembled to renew their constitutional labours on the following morning, they found guns posted at the corners of the streets opening into the Town Hall, and all the neighbouring squares and lanes thronged with sepoys smoking and chatting, as it seemed, in the best of tempers. Their first thought was that this was a spontaneous act of homage on the part of the army to their elected rulers; but this pleasing illusion was soon dispelled by the behaviour of the sepoys as they caught sight of their legislators, which certainly suggested anything rather than respect. It then first dawned upon these budding statesmen that the army might object to the rather summary legislation of the previous day, and might express their objections after some unconstitutional fashion; and as they thought on these things the livers of the Elected of the People were turned to water within them. However, they took their places without further misadventure and waited anxiously for the President.

When that illustrious personage arrived (half-an-hour late as befitted his dignity) he found the General and his Staff waiting for him on the steps of the Town-Hall. Ahmed Shah saluted the President with most scrupulous politeness and informed him that he desired, on behalf of the army, to confer with the Honourable House on some important matters of State. The unfortunate Baboo had scarce breath left in his trembling body to inform the General of the forms necessary to be observed by all who would petition the Government. But to these the soldier demurred on the ground that his business was urgent, and that he had no time for children's talk. By this time however the President had managed to sidle up to the door, which was held open from inside, and watching his opportunity bolted like a rabbit into the chamber. The door was then hastily closed and fastened, and the General turned to his Staff with an ominous grin on his face.

Within the Hall all was consternation. The House stared at the President and the President stared back at the House in dumb dismay. Presently a shot was heard, and the whole assembly rose to its feet, and turned with one accord towards the back-door. A chuprassie was sent to reconnoitre. It was nothing, he reported; only a drunken sepoy who had discharged his piece by accident and had been straightway arrested. But, he added, the General was on his way to demand admittance again, and had given orders to the artillery that if he was not inside the door within five minutes they were to fire. At this moment another shot rang out, and almost immediately a sounding summons was heard on the door. It was at once flung open and General Ahmed Shah with his Staff advanced to the centre of the Hall. He saluted the President, looked round the House with an ironical semblance of respect, and spoke. The measures of military reform proposed by the Honourable House did not, he grieved to say, please the troops under his command, who had ventured to submit others in their stead which, he felt confident, would be approved of. Their Excellencies had decreed that one half of the army should be disbanded, and the pay of the other be reduced by one half. He, on the other hand, had to propose that the army be increased by fifty thousand men; that the pay of all be doubled; that the number of officers be increased by one thousand, and that they should all receive promotion and added batta. If these proposals were at once carried into law, the soldiers would remain faithful to their salt and defend the country loyally against all its enemies. But if not, there might be danger, for the troops were impatient.

After some wrangling the General, who continued to profess the utmost respect for their Excellencies, agreed to withdraw, while the House proceeded to consider the proposal submitted to them. But he insisted on taking hostages with him, and he warned the House that there had best be no delay. "Justice," he said, "must be done, and at once." These humiliating terms were agreed to; the soldiers clanked out of the Hall, and the trembling senators were left to themselves.

It may well be supposed that there was no long debate. The Minister of War proposed an adjournment for a fortnight, but that, the President pointed out to be impossible, with the troops outside and the General waiting for instant decision. Eventually it was proposed to adjourn to the next morning, and this was unanimously agreed to. "Very well," said the President. "To-morrow we will meet and confront the danger, and, if necessary, die at our posts. You will all come to-morrow," he added doubtfully, as the House made a simultaneous movement towards the back-door. "Yes, yes," they all shouted with one voice. "To-morrow, to-morrow we will all meet and die at our posts." And the next moment the President was left alone. He sent a hasty message to the General, glanced at the few reports submitted to the House,—

to the effect that Scindia was massing his troops on the frontier, that the Afghans had looted Peshawur, and other such cheerful intelligence—and then the back door claimed him too for its own. The soldiers stayed at their posts all night, being well supplied with food by the trembling citizens.

Punctual to the moment the President arrived next morning at the Town-Hall. On his way there he was more than once tempted to turn his four-in-hand round, drive off into space, and leave India to take care of itself. But he was slightly comforted by noticing a man in the street salaam to him, and duty, he reflected, "Duty, that stern voice of the daughter of God which makes mare to go, duty shall enhance my meritorious responsibility and make things all square." So he saluted the General (who, he observed with a shiver, was on horseback at the head of his men, every bayonet fixed and every gun pointing to the hapless Chamber,) and entered the building.

What a sight met his eyes! The Hall was empty save for the chuprassie; but on the President's table was a heap of official envelopes of all sizes and shapes. "There are three hundred and sixty letters," said the man with a grin. Three hundred and sixty! The exact number of the House less the hostages. With a trembling hand he took a letter from the heap, feeling only too sadly certain what he was to read. It was from the member for Mozufferpore and ran as follows.

Sir,--I have the honour to bring to your notice the following facts, hoping that they will meet with your favourable consideration, and I shall, as in duty bound, ever pray. Your Honour is well aware that I am poor man with large family, and that plenty marriages, according to our custom, take place. My little brother is about to be matrimonially inclined, and no one can consummate his marriage but myself. I therefore beg your Honour's kind permission for three months' leave on full pay, to which I am justly entitled by my long service to the State. I also pray for advance of Rs. 2,000, under kind resolution of yesterday's date, to be debited to No. 2 Sub-head, Civil Contingencies, &c., &c. I have, in anticipation of your sanction, which may kindly be sent by post, left Calcutta and proceeded to my native village. I, therefore, shall be unable, under the kind terms of your demi-official order of yesterday, to die at my post on the date assigned, but when I return after three months' leave, the matter shall receive my earliest attention. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,—Runévé Funkerjee Leeva Pal, B.A.

The next was from the Minister of Public Works:

Honourable Sir,—With reference to your Honour's order, dated 21st April, 1983 (without number) directing me to die at my post, I have the honour to inform you that I am suffering from boils in the hinder parts which disqualifies me from any public duty. I append a medical certificate, showing that I am unfit at present to die at my post. I therefore request that six months' leave on full pay may be granted to me, and that pay in advance (which is admissible under the Code) may be given me. The money may kindly be payable to bearer who is near Parliament House, (round the corner, chuprassie will show him,) who is trustworthy man of a first family, but please give so that bloodthirsty sepoys not see. I have, &c., Thumbuldoon Barakjee, L.C.E.B.A. and M.I.I.C.E.

He opened another and another and read the same story in each. But the unkindest cut of all came from his own familiar friend, the Minister of Marine, his companion at the University, and in those painful studies in equitation once thought necessary for the Government service. This is how that faithless Pythias wrote to his deserted Damon.

Honoured President,—It is with the deepest grief and consternation that I take up my *penna* to inform you that my beloved spouse has gone to Davy Jones last night at 9.30 p.m., Madras time. The life of man has been officially declared to be fifty-five years, but hers was a non-regulation death, for she kicked the bucket at the early age of twenty-seven. *Hinc illæ* *lacrimæ.* So I cannot leave my home, and I deeply regret that I must apply for leave on full pay for some months to manage my household affairs. For how can do? My little daughter aged three months is too young and tender, nor has she the ready-money down, rupee, sovereigns, gold mohurs, or what-not to make both ends of my grandmother meet. Therefore, dear Cock, how can I be with you to die at my post? On the expiration of my leave, if it be not necessary to take an extension, then I will return and die at my post with you, dear chap, good-bye, my dear. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, SEEGYEN MUCHASIK, B.A.

Another and another and still the same, till the wretched President laid his head on his arms and fairly wept. Suddenly a trampling of feet was heard in the square, and the chuprassie came flying in to announce the approach of the General Sahib and his army. The President rose to his feet, "Tell the Gen——" he began, when a shot was fired, and dropping his robes, he made incontinently for the back-door. Then a sudden sense of shame seized him. Should he imitate his cowardly colleagues? Should he not rather, alone as he was among a million enemies, stay and die at his ——? Another shot, and then a blank cartridge from a gun! Again he started to fly, and again he paused. Gathering his gown around him he turned to the chuprassie. "Give my orders to the General Sahib," he began, "that he should at once ——" but the valiant speech was never finished. Another blank cartridge was followed by a loud knocking at the door. It was too much. When General Ahmed Shah burst into the Hall, it was empty save for three hundred and sixty-five seats, desks, and inkstands, and an equal number of Roget's *Thesaurus of Words and Phrases.* The first and last Parliament of India had done its work.

And then, *redeunt Saturnia regna.*

She comes, she comes, the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old!

The golden years return, the years before the white Sahibs had set their accursed yoke on the land, and India belonged in very deed to her own people. Space fails us to tell how they celebrated their freedom: how Scindia warred with Holkar and the Rajpoot princes with each other; how the Nizam wasted Mysore and the Mahrattas burned Bombay; how the Chinese overran Nepaul and the Russians and Afghans harried the Punjaub, sacked Lahore, and marched on Delhi, where Ahmed Shah (who had promptly strangled the old Commander-in-Chief) had installed himself as Emperor. But it is needless. The Eastern temperament is intensely conservative, and any history of India before the days of the English rule will supply the necessary knowledge.

Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all!

# THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## I.—THE INFANTRY.

The British infantry soldier is a person of whom the British public, since it has read Mr. Kipling's stories, flatters itself that it has a certain knowledge and even a certain admiration. How deep this knowledge and how sincere this admiration may be, is another question; but both, at any rate, are something quite new, the dominant feeling of the British people towards its soldiers having hitherto been one of intense jealousy and dislike. Folks are not always quite conscious of the fact; but there it remains, and one proof thereof, which is always present to us, is the circumstance that officers are never seen in uniform when off duty. The practice has been not unreasonably condemned as an anomaly at once absurd and discreditable; but those who blame it ignore the fact that it originally came from a desire to spare a susceptible public the sight of too many proofs of a standing army. And so in time the officer's uniform grew to be regarded as something of a fancy dress, to be paraded on certain occasions for the satisfaction of the tax-payer, who fondly imagines that it is worn at his (and not at the unfortuuate officer's) charges; until finally it has become so extremely ornamental that (as was pathetically observed the other day by a distinguished soldier in the House of Commons) it is impossible to stow away in it so much even as a cigarette or a pockethandkerchief. Similarly the men's uniforms are treated not as the honourable badge of a noble profession, but as a mere masquerading suit, wherewith any man may drape his own limbs, or the limbs of another man, or indeed anything. For we are a commercial nation, and the uniform that has struck terror into foreign warriors may profitably strike terror into native crows. Moreover we are a free nation, and to prevent a man of peace from arraying himself in the dress of a fighting man, with medals, orders, and crosses complete, is an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. Whence did this jealousy of the British soldier arise ? Primarily, beyond all question, from the traditional and almost hereditary horror of the military despotism under which England once groaned for a few short years. In spite of Carlyle and Mr. Frederick Harrison, the nation still shudders at the thought of Cromwell. There is much in the man which it is ready to admire, much that it is willing to condone; but there is one thing that it cannot and will not forgive him, and that is, the creation of the British soldier and the British army.

For the British soldier, the disciplined fighting man in the red coat, dates from the Civil War; and the first British army was the New Model Army organised under the ordinance of the 15th of February 1644–5. On that day, we may fairly affirm, was born the individual whom it is the fashion to call Thomas Atkins; who, to say the least of him, has carried death and his national peculiarities into more lands than ever soldier in the history of the world. His first task was to found the unity of the three kingdoms on the supremacy of England; his next to build up, with his brother the Blue-jacket, the British Empire. We know something of the man as he stands before us to-day at St. James's, with his magazine-rifle and dagger-bayonet; we can mark his buttons, his plume, his facings, or some other distinction, assert with confidence that he belongs to such and such a regiment, and pass on as a matter of course. But what manner of man he was in the year 1645, and how he was made and trained, is not so clear. This is the matter on which we seek to throw a little light.

Were a civilian to be set the task of training and making soldiers nowadays he could purchase for a few shillings at any bookseller's shop a drill-book which would lay his duties plainly before him. Had the citizen soldiers of the Civil War any such text-books? Assuredly they had; bulky folio volumes, sometimes of several hundred pages, such as Ward's *Animadversions of Warre* (1632), Bingham's *Tactics* (1616), as well as one or two others which, though known to us by name, are not to be found even in the British Museum. For the first half of the seventeenth century was for a variety of reasons rather prolific in military writings. Englishmen were serving abroad by thousands in the religious wars on the Continent, and had set up as models for English aspirants to military fame their two most brilliant captains, Maurice of Nassau and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. But if we seek for the authorities to which these in their turn resorted for instruction, we find that Maurice's favourite was Ælian, who wrote in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. Bingham's *Tactics* is simply a translation of the Tactics of Ælian; and in a word, the drill-book of the armies of Europe in the seventeenth century, including the New Model Army, was the drill-book of the Roman legions, which in its turn was borrowed mainly from classical Greece. Probably few infantry officers are aware that when they give the word "Fours" their men still execute the order in the manner prescribed by the martinets of Sparta. So, too, in the drill-books of the seventeenth century the examples adduced for illustration of strategical and tactical principles are those of Alexander, Epaminondas, and Metellus; and Xenophon's *Hipparchicus* is quoted as authoritative in the matter of cavalry manœuvre. It seems difficult at first sight to bridge over the gulf thus opened between the first British army and the present, but none the less we are able to do so. Officers could not lug these huge folios about in service with them, so they made abridgments of them in manuscript for their own use; and finally one such abridgment was printed and published by a certain captain, in such form and compass as that "it could be worn in the pocket,"—a soldier's pocket-book for field-service, two centuries before the appearance of Lord Wolseley.

Having therefore furnished our officer of the seventeenth century with his drill-book, let us see what manner of instruction he had to impart. And let us first premise that we can speak of no officer of higher rank than a captain, and of no unit larger than a company, for the simple reason that the regiment as we now understand the term, was only in its infancy. In the seventeenth century a regiment was simply an agglomeration of companies bearing the colours of one colonel; it might include thirty companies, or it might number no more than four. So, too, a company might muster three hundred men or no more than sixty. Gustavus Adolphus first made the regiment a regular establishment of eight companies, of one hundred and twenty-six men each; and it was the ordinance of 1645 which finally fixed an English regiment at ten companies of one hundred and twenty men. As to battalion or regimental drill, not a trace of it is to be found in any contemporary text-book. The captain and his company are their theme, and must also be ours.

Now the captain, when by threats or by blandishment, and the offer of eightpence *per diem* (equivalent to at least five times that sum at the present day), he had got his hundred and twenty men together, had rather a heavy task before him. For the company itself was compounded in equal parts of men totally distinct in weapons and equipment, namely pikemen and musketeers, or, as they were called, Pikes and Shot, which naturally required an equally distinct training. All, of course, had to be taught the difference between their right foot and their left, a sufficiently difficult matter as our authorities assure us, though the equal step was not yet invented; but this was child's play to the handling of the weapons.

The arms and equipment of the musketeer consisted of a musket with a rest from which to discharge it, a bandoleer with fifteen or sixteen charges of powder, and a leathern bullet-bag; and lastly a rapier. The musket-rest, of course, had an iron fork at its head, and an iron spike at the butt whereby to fix it into the ground. Defensive armour the musketeer had none. The instructions for the use of the musket are very full, very minute, and very voluminous; as may be judged from the fact that they include from fifty to sixty distinct words of command. And all these, it must be noted, were requisite for firing-exercise only, the musket being by no means a parade-weapon. The business of loading was extremely long and complicated, and every motion was regulated to the minutest detail. Such a command, for instance, as "Blow off your loose corns," sounds rather strange in our ears, more particularly when we learn that the order was to be carried out on some occasions by "a puff or two," and on others by "a sudden strong blast." But setting these refinements aside, the command had a real meaning and value, to clear off any loose grains of powder that might remain round the pan after it had been filled, lest when the musketeer was blowing on his match to make it burn up (another distinct motion of the firing-exercise) these "loose corns" might be kindled by a spark and bring about a premature explosion. A still more mysterious word is the contemporary French "Frappez la baguette contre l'estomac," which on examination turns out to mean no more than the orthodox method whereby a man should shorten his hold of his loading-rod. Supposing, however, that a man had duly loaded his piece, according to regulation, and on the word "Give fire," had "gently pressed the trigger without starting or winking," there was still no certainty that the musket would be discharged; and the men had therefore to be taught to keep the muzzles well up while removing their rests and going through the other motions subsequent to firing, lest they should shoot their comrades. In action the fifty or sixty words of command were perforce reduced to the three which, in abbreviated form, survive to this day —"Make ready," "Present," "Give fire!" for as Ward very justly observes, "Should a commander nominate all the postures in time of service, he would have no breath to oppose his enemy." On the march the musketeer carried his musket over his left shoulder and his rest in his right hand, using the latter as a walking-stick, his match (a skein of tinder cord) hanging in a loop between the fingers of the left hand, with both ends, if action were expected, alight and smouldering. And in this attitude he may still be seen in old prints, in short doublet and breeches of astonishing volume.

The pikeman's equipment was very different. He was covered with defensive armour, an iron head-piece, iron "back and breast," and "tasses," a kind of iron apron protecting him from waist to knee. He carried a pike sixteen feet long, with an ashen shaft, an iron head, and a blunt iron spike at the butt-end, whereby to fix it in the ground; and, besides the pike, a rapier. The pike from its great length was a weapon which required deft handling in order to be of effective use, and, as may be imagined, was excessively showy on parade. The modern lance-exercise is a pretty sight enough, but the old pike-exercise, perfectly executed by a large body of men, must have been superb. We are not surprised therefore to find that the postures, or instructions, for this exercise are extravagantly minute. To give one example; at the close of the instruction on the word "Order your pikes," we find after a mass of complicated details, the following conclusion: "You place the butt end of your pike by the outside of your right foot, your right hand holding it even with your eye, and your thumb right up; then, your left arm being set akimbo by your side, you shall stand with a full body in a comely posture." And this, as hundreds of old prints still bear witness, was the typical attitude of the pikeman; standing with a full body in a comely posture, a sight for gods and men and nursery-maids. For, as another authority tells us, "A posture is a mode or garb that we are fixed unto in the well handling of our arms; in which there are motions attendant unto the same for the better grace." The pike-exercise has an historical interest, for that its words of command, "Advance," "Order," "Trail," and so forth, still survive in the modern manual exercise; but it has a still greater interest for that it shows us how, from the first, appeal was made to the darling weakness of the British soldier, to his vanity. The word "smart" was not invented in the seventeenth century, but "handsome" and "comely" made admirable substitutes. Time is prolific; and to that appeal to the comely posture we must trace the ridiculous little curls, which the modern British soldier (by the conversion of one cleaning-rod per company into a curling-iron) contrives to train above the rim of his forage-cap.

It will be seen on reflection that in these composite companies of infantry, one-half, the Pikes, were equipped for the defensive, and the other half, the Shot, for the offensive. The weight of their armour made the Pikes very slow and cumbrous to move, while the nature of their weapons made them comparatively ineffective except when acting in large masses. The Shot, on the other hand, were unencumbered and could work in dispersed order. Shot without Pikes, and Pikes without Shot, were therefore alike at great disadvantage when threatened by cavalry; for the Shot had no defence against horsemen when their muskets were once discharged, for loading was a matter of time; and pikemen, though cavalry might not care to face them bristling in square, could be comfortably shot down by a horseman's pistols at a range little exceeding the length of their pikes. The bayonet, by converting at a stroke every man into a combined musketeer and pikeman, made a revolution in infantry drill and tactics; but it was not introduced into England until a quarter of a century after the Civil War. Pikes and Shot were therefore inseparable at the time whereof we write; and this principle governed the whole of their movements.

The accepted traditions of the British Army are of a thin red line of two ranks of men shoulder to shoulder; but no such thing was known in its early days. Infantry in Cromwell's day was drawn up ten ranks instead of two ranks deep, and the men were generally six feet and never less than three feet apart from each other, whether from right to left, or from front to rear. This was due partly to the cumbrousness of the weapons, which required a deal of elbow-room; partly to the necessity of space demanded for the "doubling of files," that is to say, the process by which in these days the two ranks are converted into four; and the converse "doubling of ranks," the reconversion of four ranks into two. It is expressly laid down that the men are not to be taught to close up shoulder to shoulder, for, as Bingham mournfully says, "when necessity shall require it, they will close themselves but too much of their own accord without command." Any one who knows the extraordinary difficulty of making men keep their distances accurately will understand the trials to which the instructors of those days were subjected. And let it be remembered that all profane swearing met with immediate punishment.

When the men had mastered the elements of their business the captain was left with the task of handling his company to the best advantage, a sufficiently difficult matter. For it was important not to jumble the Pikes and the Shot, it was vital not to separate them too far, and it must have been only too easy to get the whole into hopeless confusion. The rule was, on parade as in the field, to mass the Pikes in the centre, and put half of the musketeers on each flank, both alike in ranks ten deep. An infantry attack was generally opened by an advance of musketeers from each flank, two ranks at a time; the first rank fired and filed off to the rear, the second rank took their place and did likewise; then two more ranks moved up to take their place in turn, and so on *ad infinitum*. Meanwhile the main body of Pikes was slowly but steadily advancing, and the musketeers, as the enemy came closer, gradually dropped back, still firing, till they were aligned with the centre of the column of Pikes. If neither side gave way, matters came to "push of pike," as the contemporary phrase ran,—sure sign of a stubborn fight—and ultimately to a charge, in which the musketeers fell on with the butt, using the musket as a club. In this latter accomplishment the British soldier seems to have excelled particularly.

When threatened by cavalry the musketeers fired under the shelter of the Pikes; but to get them safely and orderly among them, and so to distribute them as to use their fire to the best advantage, was a difficult manœuvre. Plans and dispositions for meeting the attack of cavalry are abundant and ingenious enough; indeed in one French drill-book (*Le Mareschal de Bataille*, 1647), wherein pikemen are designated by red dots and musketeers by black, the plans resemble beautiful designs for a tesselated pavement; but none the less, in spite of all elaboration, the musketeers seem generally to have bolted in among the Pikes as best they could. The manœuvres were so complicated that often it was impossible to get the men to return to one front except by the words "Face to your leader,"[1] which rather reminds one of Marryat's nigger-sergeant, "Face to mountain, back to sea-beach." And yet when skilfully handled, how magnificently these men could fight! Take the one solitary body on the King's side at Naseby, which, when the whole of the rest of the army was in full flight, stood like a rock (to use Rushworth's words) and would not move an inch. This *tertia* could not have been above three hundred strong; but it was not until Fairfax had ordered a strong troop of cavalry to attack it in front, a regiment of foot to take it in rear, and another detachment of infantry to assail it in flank, that at last it was broken and dispersed. There is no finer example of the "unconquerable British infantry," which Napier has so eloquently celebrated.

For the rest the British soldier of that epoch had more in common with his brother of to-day than is generally supposed. Of course the prevalence of religious fanaticism gave occasion for serious mutiny at times; for though the union of the religious with the military conscience is irresistible, yet the conflict of the two means death to military discipline. There was only one remedy for such mutiny, and that was unflinchingly applied. How troublesome this fanaticism was in other slighter ways may be gathered from the following description of a little riot that took place in the City on Sunday, October 16th, 1653. "An anabaptistical soldier was preaching at a little place in St. Paul's Church-yard. The boys

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[1] Cf. the Adjutant of the Scots Greys at Balaclava, "Rally, the Greys. *Face me!*"

[apprentices] congregated, and by their throwing of stones gave interruption to the speaker and his audience; who being assisted by the soldiers routed the boys. Some heads were broken and so much noise made that the mayor and sheriffs not being far from thence at church marched thither. The soldiers desired satisfaction of the 'prentices. 'Twas made answer, ''Twas an unlawful assembly'; and the sheriff said he knew not by what authority soldiers should preach there. The soldier replied, 'By this authority,' and presented his pistol at him, but did not give fire. In fine, the soldiers had the better, cut and beat many and carried with them the marshal of the City, threatening to imprison him; but did not. The Lord Mayor and his brethren are at this minute with the general complaining. The City generally are highly exasperated, but a parcel of tame cocknies." (Thurloe S.P. IV. 139.)

At the same time it is surely a fallacy to look upon Cromwell's army as composed exclusively of saints. It must be borne in mind that throughout the period of Puritan ascendency one of the filthiest sheets to be found in any language was printed and published regularly in London every week, and that there were lewd livers, drunkards, and extortioners in the Long Parliament itself. That the army was well-behaved as a rule there can, we think, be no doubt; but this was principally due to severe discipline rigidly enforced. No doubt there were certain corps which gave a tone to the whole, but dread of punishment had a large share in persuading the others to accept it. Still the full body and comely posture, like the curls above the forage-cap, were too much for many a female heart, and the inevitable result was at least common enough to be made a military offence. Swearing and drunkenness likewise were not uncommon; and all these offences were punished alike with flogging or the wooden horse. Moreover such punishments were inflicted in public so as to combine the maximum of degradation. Thus we hear of men flogged up and down the ranks of the regiment in the High Street of Windsor, or in Holborn; or of their riding the wooden horse at Charing Cross with cans about their necks for being drunk and unruly. The "horse" was simply a triangular ridge of wood, in which men were set astride with muskets tied to their legs. Flogging was not so severe as in the Peninsular days, the historic "cat" having been only just invented for the benefit of the navy. "Running the gantlope" that is, being flogged down the ranks of the regiment, every man being armed with a cudgel, was reserved for offenders against a comrade. Severe as this punishment must have been, Gustavus Adolphus was compelled to make it a capital offence for a man to run the gantlope more than twice, as men could always be found to submit to it (presumably to amuse their comrades) for a few shillings. But insensitive as men may have been to pain in those days, it is by no means so certain that they were equally insensitive to public ridicule and degradation, which was always part of the punishment in Cromwell's time. In those days the newspapers reported the punishment of insubordination with pleasure; now they claim sympathy for the insubordinate. The British public will not suffer the soldier to share its amusements, as being a creature unfit for its noble company; but it joyfully encourages him to mutiny against his officers. It treats him with contempt which he does not deserve; but interposes to save him from punishment which he does. It was Cromwell who made the British soldier's profession an honour to him, and offence against it a reproach. England will never see another Cromwell; but it will be a good day for her when she comes again to recognise all her debt to the soldier whom he created.

# AN UNFINISHED RUBBER.

In ordinary circumstances Ko Shway Ghine would scarcely have given Oo Pyat's story a second thought; groundless rumours of dacoits had been so very frequent lately. Oo Pyat, while cutting bamboos on the river bank above the village that morning, had been hailed by some men passing down in a boat; these told him that a woman, an hour higher up the stream, had bid them take care of themselves, for her brother-in-law's father had just seen with his own eyes Boh Paw and a hundred men marching south, that is towards Sanwah village.

What lent significance to an otherwise commonplace report was the fact that this very morning Anness-lee Thekin, the young English Assistant Superintendent of Police, with ten of the little strangers from the West called Goo-kha, had unexpectedly arrived at Sanwah and were even now resting at the dâk bungalow just outside the village. Moreover, Mr. Annesley immediately on his arrival had sent for Ko Shway Ghine as headman to ask for news of Boh Paw, saying he was told the dacoit chief was in that neighbourhood. Ko Shway Ghine had no news to give then; but now he rose from his mat, and bade Oo Pyat follow him to repeat his story to the English officer.

Sanwah consisted of two rows of dingy brown and yellow huts straggling along either side of a wide weed-grown street, down whose centre an uneven brick pavement stood up like a red backbone. Before it reached the end of the village, this pavement broke off in scattered bricks, giving place to a rough cart-track which meandered along the margin of the paddy-fields to the forest beyond. The dâk bungalow stood back from the cart-track in a ragged compound, whose boundaries lingered in a few clumps of untrimmed bamboo hedge. It was a forlorn-looking house; a shallow story of three rooms and a verandah, gloomy in the shade of the low-pitched roof and elevated on twelve-foot piles. Every one of the Venetian blinds, which did duty as doors and windows, had battens missing; the dust lay thick on the stairs, and the bamboo lattice-work, which ought to have been holding down the thatch, had slipped limply over the eaves. Ramasawmy, the Madras man who had charge of the bungalow, lived with his Burmese wife behind it; but Ramasawmy never even had the rooms swept until a guest was actually in sight.

Ko Shway Ghine and Oo Pyat passed through the ant-eaten shells of gate-posts, and were graciously allowed by Ramasawmy to go up stairs. It was one of those intensely hot close days October brings after the rains, and Mr. Annesley reclined in the wreck of a long-armed chair, undressed in white drill trousers, sleeveless vest, and straw slippers. Shway Ghine, crouching before him, repeated Oo Pyat's story with the trifling alterations required to make it worthy the attention of an English officer. That is to say, he represented that Oo Pyat had been one of the boatmen, and that the woman had herself seen the dacoits. Omission of the remaining links, in his judgment, merely lent the narrative the point and finish essential to ensure it fair hearing. Told with pedantic regard for accuracy of detail, it might, he felt, be dismissed as aligah, —mere nonsense.

Mr. Annesley listened to the story with an indifference which, if disappointing, was at least reassuring. He asked one or two questions, announced his intention of remaining that night at Sanwah, and, having offered the visitors this crumb of comfort, told them they had leave to go. Then he took up the letter he had laid aside when they came in, and began to read again. Oo Pyat's tale, even as edited by Shway Ghine, bore too striking a family resemblance to the wind-borne fictions brought him everywhere to impress him as important.

He was still reading his letter when Ramasawmy came to tell him that another gentleman was coming; he thought it was Mr. Masters the Forests gentleman, because there was an elephant with the baggage. Annesley did not know Masters; but in the jungle all men are friends, and he got up to meet the new arrival. He was a stout, sun-browned man of about thirty; he walked alone in front of his elephant and followers, and his thin white trousers clung about his limbs as though he had just forded the river.

"I'm afraid I've taken the coolest room," said Annesley. "I did not know any one else was coming; but I'll move out at once." For Masters was his senior both in years and service.

"Pray don't move; I'll take the other. Very glad to find a white man here; I haven't spoken English for six weeks. Police, I see," glancing at the Goorkhas below.

They told each other their names and what they were doing; and Masters, having shouted orders to his servants, who sat under a pink umbrella among the baggage on the elephant-pad, went in to bathe and change. Annesley leaned over the verandah watching the men relieve the kneeling beast of a confusion of boxes, bundles, cooking utensils, and gun-cases. He had not been quite twelve months in the country yet and an elephant was still something to be looked at. The clatter of hoofs made him look up, thrilled with vague ideas of dacoit news sent by mounted messenger. A tall thin man on a rough-haired pony was jogging towards the bungalow. The horseman's trousers (he did not wear riding-dress) had wriggled half-way up his calves, and his enormous pith hat had settled down over his ears and half hid his face. He dismounted with an audible sigh of relief, and raised his headgear with both hands.

"Hallo, Colville!" called Annesley, as the new-comer thus discovered himself. "What brings you here?"

"Ah, Annesley! Got an appointment with Boh Paw?"

"Well,—hoping for it; I'm only stopping the night. And you?"

"I'm camped on the line about fifteen miles out. I got a touch of fever sleeping out last night, so came in to roost under cover. If I had known it was twice the distance my men said, I shouldn't have come. How that wretched pony has galled me! He won't walk; dances along like a tipsy ballet-girl. That your hathi?"

"No; Masters of the Forests. He arrived only twenty minutes ago. Government doesn't give us poor devils elephants."

"What an event for Sanwah! I don't suppose it's ever had a white population of three before."

Colville accepted Annesley's invitation to share his room, and, declaring his desire for an immediate bath, borrowed his friend's towels and disappeared. The luxurious splashing had ceased when Colville's men arrived. The bearer, in spotless white, led the way, followed by three coolies balancing luggage on their heads, and a fourth with a grass swathed package from which a deer's hoof peeped.

"What's this?" inquired Masters, who had strolled out of his room. "Venison for dinner to-night!"

"It was a bit of luck," explained Colville, appearing draped in a big Turkish towel. "I was looking for jungle fowl this morning when he got up under my nose. I blew his head nearly off."

"What do *you* want?" inquired Masters of his khitmugar, who had been waiting at a respectful distance till his employer should notice him.

The khitmugar wished to know what his honour would like for dinner that evening. What was there to be had? Doubtless the Protector of the Poor could have whatever he pleased to command.

"Yes, you idiot!" growled the Protector of the Poor. "Dâk bungalow, moorghi, or old goat, eh?"

The khitmugar ventured to suggest moorghi soup, chicken-curry, and roast fowl. Annesley sahib had ordered these for his dinner.

Colville unceremoniously struck in to countermand this banquet. The curry might stand, but when he had venison, and Masters' stock-pot, containing no doubt the basis of soup fit for angels, was staring them in the face from the cook-house doorway, he thought Annesley could do without three courses of hen for once. Annesley agreed; he had feasted on fowls every day for a fortnight, except once when he bought a youngish goat. "I might have had beef at Pyalin the day before yesterday," he added scrupulously; "but the headman confessed that the cow had died a natural death, and I couldn't face it. The whole village was eating it."

"Burmans will eat anything almost," remarked Masters. "See here, khitmugar, get a bottle of simkim shrab from the box, and wrap it up in wet straw, and hang it in the shade. If I come and find the straw dry I'll cut your pay eight annas."

"Who wouldn't be in the Forests!" sighed Colville cheerfully.

"You are supposed to drink champagne when you are out, aren't you?" asked Annesley with involuntary respect.

"We want it, living weeks at a time in these pestilential jungles."

Colville expressed his conviction that the work of Annesley's department and that of the Telegraphs would be far more efficiently carried out if their allowances were conceived on a scale to allow of champagne every night when they were out in the district; and then throwing the towel-fringe over his shoulder, he went in to dress.

The sun was creeping along the verandah floor when Annesley, in his chair, discovered that he had been asleep. The other two were busy writing, so he went out for a solitary stroll. At the farther end of the street, a stone's-throw beyond the houses, the lime-washed pagoda glared white in the evening sun. There is little difference save in degree of dilapidation among village pagodas, but it offered the object of a walk, and Annesley turned in that direction. The village was awake after the heat of the day. The men were squatting in groups about the street, smoking and chatting, and the girls were busy husking rice in the paddy mortars under the houses. The squeak and thump of the heavy foot-pestles, as the levers rose and fell, mingled with the laughter and song of the workers. Here and there a woman sat weaving at the loom under her house, talking across the street to her neighbours as she passed the shuttle in and out. The alarm of the morning had evidently been forgotten.

"Any more news?" asked Annesley of Shway Ghine, who rose to salute as he passed. There was no more, and he walked on to the pagoda. It was deserted save for one elderly woman kneeling at a little distance saying her prayers aloud; she took no notice of the white man as he passed between her and the shrine and wandered round it whistling. The building, shaped like an attenuated bell, was not one to excite admiration. An inverted soda-water bottle on the short iron stab on the apex fulfilled its unwonted purpose by sparkling gloriously in the sun. A few thick tufts of grass and seedlings grew from the cracks in the brickwork, and the moulding about the base was mossy and stained with damp; but the fabric of both the pagoda and the low wall which at a few feet distance surrounded it in four sections, was sound. Ancient brick paving smothered in grass billowed away for thirty feet all round it, and on the side remote from the village the jungle, entered by one narrow footpath, grew close up to this neglected court.

It was dark when Annesley returned to the bungalow. One battered lamp smokily lighted the dark walls and rafters, and showed Masters and Colville lying in their chairs at the end of the verandah.

"That's one great pull you Telegraph Wallahs have over other fellows," Masters was saying; "you can always know, if you like, what's going on in the world. For all I hear when I'm in the jungle, we might be at war with Russia, or the Viceroy might be assassinated, or the world turned upside down generally."

"It cuts both ways. The wire is the chief's apron-string, and you're tied to it. You may be a hundred miles away, but there's the lightning-string, as the Burman calls it, and he can bully you if he wants to. I will say, though, that with Morris at the other end it is more an advantage than a bother. He always posts me up in the latest events."

"What sort of job has it been, laying the new line? There's some difficult jungle on these hills."

"Easy, the last day or two. We hit an elephant-track, and the bamboos are laid as if half-a-dozen traction engines abreast had been going that way every day for months."

"A big herd, I suppose."

"Forty or fifty I should judge. I only hope the hathis will have been considerate enough to go on in our direction. They save a world of work."

Annesley dragged his chair over, and the three reclined in lazy comfort until Ramasawmy came to announce dinner.

"I haven't seen such a respectable party for weeks," remarked Colville, looking round as they drew in their chairs. "Three men in clean white jackets! I've been dining in my shirt sleeves for the last month. A tablecloth too!"

"You don't wear white in the jungle, do you, Annesley?" inquired Masters.

"I do, when I wear a coat at all."

"That's rather rash for a policeman, isn't it? It's too conspicuous."

The talk drifted into other channels and presently turned, as is usual, upon promotion. "Yours is the line for galloping promotion in these days, Annesley," said Colville. "You are in luck being put on to Boh Paw. It's your step if you catch him, I don't mind betting a gold mohur."

"I mean to get my step before next cold weather," replied Annesley with the firmness of a man who has made up his mind.

"Oho! and why before next cold weather?" from Masters.

"Why not?" retorted Annesley, blushing. "Look at Blake," he continued, his tongue loosened by the champagne; "he got his step and four months' sick leave to Darjeeling for a shot through the thigh. Look at Paterson; step and thanks of Government for two fingers and half an ear!"

The others laughed. "I see, Annesley; but go about it cautiously. Risk your legs for promotion, but don't go the whole hog in a white coat."

"You pin your faith on Boh Paw, young man," said Masters. "You'll score better at head-quarters by killing him than by getting cut to bits yourself."

"We'll play whist after dinner," said Colville after a short silence. His tone indicated that he meant to make a night of it. "I've got cards."

So had Masters; he always played patience after dinner in the jungle.

"Well, you're not going in for any dissipation of that kind to-night. Whist, two anna points, and a dib on the rub is the programme."

"Rupee points and a chick,[1] you mean. Two anna points!"

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[1] Chick = Rs. 4.

"I am 'very *poor* man, sah,'" returned Colville, catching the other's eye and nodding at Annesley, who was absorbed in the task of eating a devilled sardine with a two-pronged fork. The pay of an Assistant-Superintendent of Police is limited.

Masters shrugged his shoulders in acquiescence.

"Well," remarked Annesley, laying down his fork with a contented sigh, "this *has* been a dinner, thanks to you fellows. Some one said whist; I'm ready."

The servants carried out the chairs and the party adjourned to the verandah, where Masters' camp-table had been set up.

"Well, young 'un, you and dummy ought to rook us handsomely. Look at it, Colville! Five trumps and a long suit in clubs."

The blue smoke of the cheroots curled softly upwards over the silence of whist. Outside, the glow of cooking-fires in the street reddened the night over the village; the low murmur of voices in the compound, and the blowing of the elephant, like a smithy bellows, were restful. The moon rose, picking out roof-line and tree, and one by one the pariahs raised their dismal baying. The three in the dâk bungalow, engrossed in their game, played on, deaf to the familiar noises and blind to the beauty of the night.

"Two by honours, three by cards," said Annesley, sweeping up the last trick.

"No wonder, considering your hand. Go on, I've cut. Who's got a bit of paper to score?"

"I've got some letters," said Annesley, pulling some from his breast pocket. "Here,—no, not that one, please—take this."

"What's the difference?" growled Masters, making the exchange.

The moonlight strengthened and outshone the fire-glow; the pariahs bayed as though they had never seen a full moon before, and the murmur of voices below died in the silence of sleep. The servants were snoring in the back verandah, and the Goorkha sentry paced up and down, pausing now and again to yawn audibly. The fitful patter of cards went on, broken only by an abstracted request for matches or for a moment's indulgence while the speaker lit a fresh cheroot.

"Now, Annesley, you've had rare luck. Three rubbers with dummy and won them all,—bumpers. How does it go this time? You and Masters. Change seats with me."

"Half-past eleven," said Masters looking at his watch. "One more rubber and then to bed. I want to be off early to-morrow. Go ahead, partner. Attention, please!"

"Pardon, one minute," said Annesley, laying down his hand. "I think I hear something at the other end of the village."

"Fudge! It's only the pariahs baying a little louder. Go on."

But Annesley was already on his way down stairs, and Masters threw down his cards impatiently.

"He's a keen hand," remarked Colville approvingly, seizing the opportunity to mix some whisky and water. "By Jove, Masters, I believe there is something up. Listen!"

The dogs were not baying, but barking, and the villagers were calling to one another.

"Dummyamya," repeated Colville, catching the word from many lips. "Dacoits, *of* course."

"Of course," echoed Masters indifferently, as he pushed back his chair and went to look over the balustrade of the verandah. "A stray buffalo in the jungle, most likely."

A dim figure flitted by in the shadow of the bamboos; another and another, and then a thin silent stream. Annesley came running back from the village, threw an order to the sentry, and sprang up stairs three steps at a time.

"They say it's Boh Paw," he said, as he ran past to his room. "It's my step if it is, I swear."

Women hushing frightened children were hurrying from the village now, some to take shelter under the dâk bungalow, others to go farther and hide in the bushes. A hoarse yell from the other end of the village told that dacoits were there and about to attack. Masters called to his servant to get his guns quickly. The sentry in rousing his comrades had awakened every one, and the bustle was general. Annesley came out buckling the last strap of a new "Sam Browne" belt, his eyes shining with exultation.

"Take off your coat!" cried Colville who, like Masters, had thrown off his to go out in a gray flannel shirt.

One shot, and another, rang from the end of the village, and a hammered bullet shrilled by. "No time now," laughed Annesley, and he ran down stairs with his sword tripping behind. A word to the corporal and, with carbines loaded, the little Goorkhas filed out at a trot.

Masters' bearer, frightened out of his wits by the firing, was slow in finding the cartridges, and the police were half-way up the village when the two started in pursuit.

"It's going to be warm," remarked Colville, as long flashes led reports, and bullets screamed in different keys overhead, or kicked up splutters of earth. Before them rose and fell the dim wave of the Goorkhas in line across the street; it was almost impalpable, bright as the moon was, as it sank and burst into flame, swelled and advanced, to sink and flame again. Annesley's figure, always upright, stood out white and distinct against the shadows. They could hear him curbing the impetuosity of his men when the dacoits ceased to advance, and, hanging for a moment, crowded back upon the pagoda.

"They're going to make a stand," panted Masters. "Look at 'em, taking cover behind the wall."

A halt to fix bayonets let them up with the police, and they fell in at the end of the skirmishing line to obey Annesley's orders. The dacoits' fire spit fitfully over the low wall of the pagoda, but the volume of yells told that the gang was large enough to feel confidence in its strength. Two more volleys and runs brought the police well out upon the open ground beyond the houses, and Annesley's high young voice sang out joyously, "I say, we'll rush it now! Charge!"

The Goorkhas shouted, and sprang forward like one man. A roar came from the pagoda. "The white police-chief! Shoot the white police-chief!" The crest of the wall lightened with a running blaze; there was a clatter of steel on the brick-paving, and Colville, pulling up short, turned to see Annesley fall tearing at the weeds. The Goorkhas, led by Masters, swept on giving yell for yell. The bayonets were left in their dead, and the kookries did what they might on backs and shoulders.

"It is not fighting," the corporal grumbled to Masters, two minutes after. "It is hunting; these dogs cannot fight."

The men were slowly drawing in from the jungle, at whose fringe Masters had stopped the pursuit. Telling the corporal to collect the dead he went back to Colville, who knelt by Annesley.

"Is he much hurt?"

A glance at the now upturned face forestalled the answer. "Dead,—there," said Colville, pointing to a blotch on the breast that showed black in the moonlight.

"Leave the guns for the Goorkhas, and we'll carry him in."

They carried the body back to the bungalow, laid it on the bed, and stood looking at each other across it.

"What is to be done next?" asked Masters.

"I suppose we ought to find out where his people live. He had some letters in his pocket."

He bent over the low camp-stretcher and drew out a budget. Masters took some of the letters, and they glanced through the enclosures.

"No clue among these; they're all in the same hand, and no surname."

"Same with this lot," said Colville, opening the last. "What's that?"

Masters picked up a card which had fallen on the dead man's body, and Colville saw it was worn ragged at the corners.

"Poor chap! No wonder he was in a hurry for his promotion," said Masters, passing it over.

Colville looked, and with shaking fingers put it back in the envelope. "Give me the rest," he said; and shaping the package, he pressed it gently back into the breast-pocket. Then they drew a blanket over the body and went out, closing the door. They helped themselves to some drink from the dining-room table, and lay down in the verandah to smoke in silence for a while.

"I say, Masters, have you got a prayer-book with you by any chance?"

An hour ago either would have laughed at the question. Now it expressed a lack that amounted to a calamity.

"Do you recollect any of,—of the prayers?"

"I suppose I could say 'and now we commit' all right; I've heard it often enough. But,—" Masters broke off with a sigh.

"It would take a man three days to go, and three to come back, if we sent him on my pony to Henzada for one."

"That's out of the question; to-morrow evening is the very latest in this weather. What are we to do? We can't bury the boy like a dog."

The smoke rose over two faces wrinkled with perplexed thought. Presently Colville sat up in his chair and tossed his cheroot away. "I have it. I'll start back to camp now and get old Peter Da Silva, the telegraph-master, to wire out what we want. I'll come back as soon as I get it."

"Good thought! Do you think you can find your way, though?"

Colville did not doubt it in that moonlight; and accepting Masters' revolver, "lest any of those blackguards should have bolted that way," the two went down stairs to saddle the indignant pony.

"Good-night, old fellow. Keep your eyes open and the pistol handy." Colville threw his leg over the sturdy little beast (it was just twelve hands two inches high) and rode out, while the other turned and went slowly up stairs again.

It was past one, but he had no inclination to go to bed. He saw that the lamp was burning in the room where Annesley lay, and shut the door again quietly. He got the cleaning-rods and materials, and wiped out the gun and rifle Colville and he had used, and put them back into their covers. Then he threw himself into a chair and smoked for five minutes; but he could not lie still while *that* lay so much more still within a few feet of him, and he got up to pace the verandah. Passing the table where the cards remained as they had been left, he stopped. "'Gad, what a hand!" he said under his breath. "It's all trumps." The stair creaked. He looked round and saw the Goorkha corporal saluting.

"What is it?"

"Sahib, some men of the village have come back. They say one killed dacoit is the chief Boh Paw."

"I will hear their words in the morning," replied Masters; and the corporal, saluting again, went down stairs.

"Boh Paw killed," he muttered. "Poor boy! Another trump, if he'd been spared to play it."

# TROUT-FISHING IN NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand is a land which has the merit, from an English point of view, not only of receiving kindly any products that may be imported from the old country, but of reproducing them with astonishing rapidity, and of improving them in the process. We speak, be it observed, of New Zealand the country, not of the New Zealand Government or of the Labour Party that rules it, for such remarks would be wholly inapplicable to them. But New Zealand the country is the most English place out of England. Its climate is, to be sure, rather Italian than English, but its insularity (for the English are above all things insular) and its aforesaid capacity for acclimatising things English give it a flavour of home that you will find in no other British possession. "Australia!" said an old New Zealander to us once, with great contempt. "My dear sir, Australia will not grow English grass. New Zealand is the true New England;" and arbitrary as the distinction may sound, there is really something in it. For though, in contradiction to the Latin proverb, the transplanted Englishman suffers change of character under change of climate, yet none the less he loves to surround himself with all that recalls to him the land of his birth; and the more favourable his new home to the natives, animal and vegetable, of the old country, the better he is pleased. It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that New Zealand has shown itself rather too beneficent towards some of the importations from home. The thistles introduced by the sentimental Scotch, and the sweetbriar brought over by the sentimental English, both increase rather too fast, and have become, the latter especially, public nuisances. The British sparrow makes another case in point, and so, still more lamentably, does the English rabbit. Little did those, who once gave five pounds a pair for live rabbits in New Zealand, foresee that they were preparing for the colony an annual loss of a million sterling. In a country so peculiarly ordained by nature that no four-footed thing was found there until the white man introduced it, it is easy to upset but not so easy to restore the balance of nature.

But there is one English importation, due to sentimental attachment to a national sport, which has done nothing but good in New Zealand; and that is the brown trout. The nations that angle are many; the nation that fishes with an artificial fly is but one. Wherever the Briton finds water, there he will throw a fly; and thus the obscurest streams (say, for instance, those that run through the tropical forests of the Caribbean Archipelago) make to their great astonishment the acquaintance of the March brown and coch-y-bonddhu. For centuries, probably, the life of that stream has been undisturbed; but suddenly one day a white man-of-war's boat comes in over the sandy bar, and in a few minutes an enthusiastic officer is at work with the rod, trying every stickle and stone as faithfully and scientifically as if he were on his native Dartmoor. Many are the colonial rivers, tropical and other, where Englishmen have sought to introduce British trout, but in none have they succeeded as in New Zealand. Trout-fishing is pre-eminently the sport of New Zealand, thanks to the small bands of enthusiasts who, under the name of Acclimatisation Societies, set quietly and unpretendingly to work to stock the New Zealand rivers. It is not that your New Zealander loves no sport except trout-fishing. On the contrary he loves horse-racing, if anything, rather too dearly; and he has plenty to shoot at when he chooses to take out his gun. For, apart from indigenous wild-fowl and pigeons, pheasants, Californian quail, hares, and even red-deer have been imported by the indefatigable Acclimatisation Societies; while cattle and swine have strayed into the bush, and, reverting to their primitive wildness, now afford sport that is by no means to be despised. But there are many countries which provide better shooting than New Zealand, while few can show better trout-fishing.

The classic ground of New Zealand fishing is in the South Island, chiefly in the rivers which come tearing down to the east coast from the great central range of the Southern Alps; those terrible snow waters which have given to drowning the name of "New Zealand death," to-day a mere thread in a wide desert of shingle, to-morrow a vast and furious torrent lapping over a mile of trestle bridge. It is in these rivers above all that the trout grow to be monsters. It was in one of them that one rod in a single night took ten fish weighing ninety-one pounds; it was in a lake at the head of one of them that there was netted a trout of thirty-five pounds. But these huge fish have contracted the despicable habit of refusing to take a fly, and must be entrapped with minnow or live bait, and that too at night. In the lakes the monsters refuse to look at any lure offered them by man. We have seen them cruising about of an evening picking up white moths, but we never yet heard that any man had succeeded in capturing one with a rod; and having ourselves failed disastrously in the attempt, we are of course the foremost to maintain the feat to be impossible. But in the smaller tributaries the trout will take the artificial fly, and these are the streams preferred by the enthusiast.

The merits of the waters of the South Island have, however, been sufficiently trumpeted by others; not so the rivers of the North Island. In truth the North Island from a variety of causes, of which the Maori troubles were the chief, was not developed so rapidly as the South, and as a natural consequence lagged behind it in many ways, including the stocking of the rivers with trout. Nevertheless so much has been done in the past few years to make up for lost time that the rivers of the North begin to claim the same consideration as their sisters. It was in the North that we gained our first experience of New Zealand waters, and learned to bless the Acclimatisation Societies. For fate ordained that our residence for some years should be fixed at the capital city of Wellington; and Wellington, though by nature one of the loveliest spots on this earth, is a place from which men are always glad to escape. For in the first place it is the windiest city in the world: in the second, it is a beautiful site defaced by a hideous agglomeration of hideous buildings; and in the third it is pent in so close between lofty hills and the sea that it oppresses every one with the sense of confinement. It is only at the head of the great sound (one might almost say lake) which is called Wellington Harbour, eight miles from the town, that there is at last a break in the ring of precipitous hills, a valley, and a river; and thither accordingly rush the imprisoned of Wellington whenever they can, to enjoy a taste of freedom. The river itself is of some volume and abounds in great trout from three to fourteen pounds in weight, which unfortunately are rather shy of taking a fly. To our British eyes the water so irresistibly suggested salmon, that in defiance of all advice from experts we determined to try the big trout with a salmon-fly, and accordingly flogged it for a whole day (of course in a gale of wind) with a

Jock Scott. Nor was our labour all in vain, for we hooked and lost three good fish; but on the other hand, our creel was empty, and no one had been with us to bear us witness that New Zealand trout would rise to a salmon-fly. In vain we tried to establish this doctrine; our statement was always received with that peculiar readiness of assent which the courteous sceptic assumes to save an informant from the vain repetition of unprofitable falsehood.

But very soon we were introduced to another and far more attractive stream, where fish would take a trout-fly, in a valley lying without our prison-wall of hills. Wainui-o-mata (great water of mata, whatever mata may signify) is its Maori name, generally abridged simply to Wainui. This was the favourite refuge of enthusiastic fishermen in Wellington, when they could escape from the eternal blast and dust of the town; the river being distant but a short half hour by rail, and a short nine miles further by road. The country all round Wellington, though steep and picturesque, is decidedly barren and desolate, the soil being sour yellow clay of the most malignant type. Fifty years ago it was covered with virgin forest; but most of it has been cleared, and the hills now carry little but gaunt charred stumps buried in a tangle of thistles and bracken. Why men should have cleared such miserable country it is hard to understand; but clear it they did, and thus not only opened the Wainui river, but left a little group of plank huts behind them by the water-side, which serve for a camp for the brotherhood of the rod. These huts (known by the Maori name of whares) were, it is true, a little decrepit, and strictly speaking neither wind nor water-tight. Moreover there was always the pleasing prospect that they might catch fire at any moment, the very chimneys being built of wood, and choked with pitchy timber-soot. But the New Zealander loves camping-out, and thinks lightly of such drawbacks as these when a day's sport is to the fore.

It was on a certain 30th of September that we were first introduced to Wainui-o-mata; for the first of October marks the opening of the fishing-season in Wellington and is looked forward to as a great day. On that particular occasion the fishermen mustered in great force, some eighteen or twenty strong, half being of English, half of native New Zealand birth. On arriving at the water that evening every man was careful to inform his neighbour that he, individually, should make for bed early, so as to be first in the river and have the pick of the water next morning. Vain resolve! The sun was hardly down when by some mysterious attraction the whole party of old-countrymen found themselves gathered together in one whare, there to exchange experiences. It was a curious and intensely interesting company; for there were few trades which one or other had not tried, few lands which one or other had not visited. They had fought in India, South America, and New Zealand; they had worked before the mast; they had been bullock-punchers in the South Island, shepherds in New South Wales, stock-riders in Queensland, overseers in Demerara, gold-diggers at Ballarat, editors, surveyors, school-teachers, and what not. So log after log was piled on the fire, and the whisky went round and round, till at last one of the party pulled out his watch and announced that the time was 1 A.M., whereupon there was a hasty adjournment to bunks and blankets.

Fortunately before dawn the wind went round suddenly to the south, which not only covered the hills above us with snow, but drove so keen a blast through the chinks of the plank-huts as to rouse every soul within. So by six o'clock a shivering half-naked figure was in front of every door, splitting kindling-wood for a fire; and half an hour later every soul was on the river. Naturally there was but a small portion of unflogged water available for each rod; but to us, being a stranger, colonial hospitality had characteristically assigned and reserved one of the prettiest reaches on the stream. At the same time we were duly warned not to expect too much on our first essay, for that Englishmen rarely succeeded on New Zealand waters until they had added colonial to English experience. It was therefore with no great expectations that we put on our two old friends, the March brown and black gnat, and prepared for action. And yet it was difficult to believe that Wainui really required exceptional treatment. There it was, just such a rapid mountain stream as one meets in a Devonshire moor, its waters of the same peaty brown, a shade darkened by incessant washing of charred logs, and nowhere so wide but that a fly could be thrown with ease from one bank to the other. So we set our head up stream and made our first cast under a huge charred trunk against the opposite bank. A fish would be at home there in England, but in New Zealand? Yes, he is at home in New Zealand too. Down goes the black gnat with a desperate rush towards the bank. No, my friend! You are a good deal heavier than the fish we look for in English streams of this class, but you shall not go under the bank. He fights desperately with all the dash of a moorland and the weight of a chalk-stream trout; but very soon he slips into the net, firm, fat, and well-shaped, a pound and a half in weight. Not a bad beginning! So we work our way up with the comfortable assurance that English experience is sufficient in Wainui, and presently have hold of another fish, and then another; till we cover the short reach allotted to us and are brought up short by the dam of the reservoir which supplies Wellington with water. The very best water is above us, but young New Zealand has been busy there since 4.30 A.M., so we must be content with what we have got, and wait for another day, when fewer rods will be on the water. In the reservoir itself we can see fish bigger than any we have caught, but they are not to be tempted with a fly; so as man after man comes up, we compare notes and creels, and find that with nine fish weighing twelve pounds we have done as well as any of them. Nor is it until a keen little New Zealander, who started upward from the dam before any one else was up, throws some sixteen pounds' weight of trout on the ground with the complaint that he has not done much good, that we wake to the fact that our catch is but a trifling one.

Such was our first experience of New Zealand trout-fishing, the first of many days that were to make Wainui as familiar to us as the Devon stream on whose banks we were bred. Very soon we were one of a small band that confined itself to the upper waters only. For Wainui was rather a mysterious river. Above the reservoir, though the water was smaller, yet the fish, albeit less plentiful, were much heavier, as well as more difficult to capture. The higher one went, the less thoroughly the bush had been cleared, and the throwing of a fly became more awkward, while progress of any kind without wading became impossible. Moreover the water was not a little choked by fallen trees and snags, all of which told considerably in favour of the fish and against the fisherman. Thus the majority of men were discouraged from trying their luck in so unpromising a field, and willingly left it to those who were weak enough to prefer it. But there was a strange fascination about that upper water. Below, one might without extraordinary effort of imagination have fancied one's self in England; though to be sure there was not the busy bird life of water-ousels, water-hens, kingfishers and herons which cheers an English stream. But above, one was unmistakably in New Zealand, moving at every step nearer to untrodden bush and further from the haunts of men; alone in a silence broken only by the music of the water and the inimitable piping note of the tui, the sweetest song-bird of New Zealand. Within the space of our own life this valley had been a pathless forest with impassable undergrowth of vines and supple-jacks; and now the blackened bones of that forest stared at us reproachfully from river, bank, and hill, lying thicker and thicker as the limit of destruction was at last reached, and the living trees stood across stream and valley to bar further progress.

And there one was, with a ten-foot rod bearing the name of a maker in the Strand, and the same tackle, nay the identical flies, that one would have employed in the beloved Devon river thirteen thousand miles away, casting for a trout under a tree-fern as though there had never been such people as Maoris or such things as Maori wars. And overhead was a blue Italian sky and a blazing sun which in England would have made the water too bright, but in New Zealand seems only to encourage fish to rise the better. Such fish they were too in that water! No pool seemed to hold more than two, but these two, or at least one of them, could be caught, and rarely weighed less than three pounds. It was anxious and delicate work: one had to entice them from under the snags and hurry them away into safer water; one had to wheedle them into staying in safe water when one could find it, or pursue them breathless and desperate when they took it into their heads to follow the swift rush of the torrent down to the next pool and the next again; for one cannot bully a heavy fish with light tackle. Regularly on every fresh day we found two fresh fish established in each pool in place of the two captured on the last visit; whence they came we knew not, but there they were, awaiting our pleasure. Three-pounders were the least for which we looked; four-pounders were frequent enough; five-pounders by no means unknown; and finally, in a deep pit at the very head of the fishable water abutting on the forest, was a monster whom many had hooked but none had taken. We too had a tussle with him in the course of our career; and we well remember the shiver of fright with which we saw him come up from the brown depths, seize the black gnat, and retire to the depths once more. For fully ten minutes we managed to persuade him that it was to his true interest to cruise quietly about the little pool till he felt quite tired, and we saw him in shallow water at our feet,—at least an eight-pounder, as we judged on comparing him mentally with a five-pounder already taken on that day. But alas! he took it into his head to go downward, and the outlet of the pool was hardly six feet across, deep and swift and penned in between huge felled trees. Inch by inch he fought his way down, and nearer and nearer he drew to his refuge under one of them. For a long time the tackle held, light though it was and impaired by a journey half round the world, and for a moment there seemed a chance that the fight might yet be prolonged to the next pool. But at the supreme moment, just as he seemed about to yield, the gut parted and the great fish was gone. How exultingly the sand-flies seemed to attack us as we sorrowfully sat down to repair damages, too heavily smitten for tears or oaths. We sought refuge in tobacco, while a tui perched on a bush close by burst into song; first practising fifths as his way is, then wilfully breaking down and ending with a mocking laugh, which to our ears sounded heartlessly insulting. Many times after that day we tried to tempt that great trout again, but without success; no lost opportunity is more hopelessly irrecoverable than one's biggest fish.

But after all, when one could count on taking on a decent day from twenty to forty pounds' weight of trout either on the upper or the lower water, one could afford to leave Wainui in possession of her unique monster. We must now notice certain peculiarities about these Wainui trout. In the first place those caught above the dam, though fat and thick and not ill-shaped, are peculiarly ruddy in colour, in fact as red as an unclean salmon. Secondly, Wainui fish in general, though their flesh is pink and firm, are singularly uninteresting to eat. Various theories have been propounded to account for this, of which the most sensible, in our judgment, is that these trout cannot get down to the sea. The fish below the dam can of course get down to the mouth of the river, but this is closed by a shingle bar which, though occasionally washed away by a flood, is soon reformed by the action of the surf. But the fish above the dam may be said practically to be imprisoned by it. Nay, it may be asked, but what do ordinary trout want with the sea? We can only reply that these New Zealand trout do beyond all question go down to the sea. They have been caught on the coast of the South Island, sixteen miles from the mouth of any river; and we have ourselves seen them netted out of Wellington harbour, unmistakable red-spotted trout, not sea-trout, in beautiful condition. Some account for this peculiarity by saying that the stock from which these fish were bred came from the Thames; and that they are not trout, but land-locked salmon, which, from long exclusion from salt water, have (to use an expressive phrase) "gone back to trout." But it is not certain either that Thames trout are land-locked salmon, or that New Zealand trout are sprung exclusively from that stock.

Now comes the further complication that the true salmon has never yet been successfully domiciled in New Zealand waters. Why not? Because, it is said, the New Zealand seas do so abound in voracious fish, barracouta, sharks, and the like, that the salmon has no chance of returning undevoured from his first visit to the salt water. But if trout can pass through such an ordeal unscathed, why cannot salmon? It is possible that the trout do not venture to sea so early as the salmon, but only when they have attained to years of discretion and are able to take care of themselves. There must be some reason, could one but discover it. A few years ago there was much talk of trying to solve this problem in New Zealand by an experiment on a grand scale; to wit, by turning down a quarter of a million salmon-fry at once into an unstocked river, and awaiting results. Whether this plan has been put in practice or not we are unable to say; the experiment would be interesting, though expensive, and should lead to some decisive conclusion.

But whatever the fate of the true salmon, it seems to us possible, nay, likely, that the English trout in New Zealand may develope, so to speak, a salmonhood of their own. This view is one which has occurred to many; and has been confirmed in our minds as in that of others, by study of certain trout taken in the Southern rivers. Of one in particular, an eight-pounder, we have a very lively recollection. He seemed to have shed the red spots almost entirely, and to have taken to himself a silver dress more like a salmon's than a trout's. We tried hard to make him out to be a sea-trout: we would gladly have thought him a salmon; but we could not conscientiously pronounce him to be either. That the river in which he was caught had never been stocked with salmon or sea-trout was an objection that we were prepared to waive, on the ground that he might have strayed thither through the sea from some other river. But this fish, though a puzzle, could not be mistaken for either of these. He was well-shaped and in perfect condition, but his flesh was bright orange, and he had not the perfection of form that belongs to the salmon; for there is no denying the fact that a big trout is an ugly, underbred, plebeian brute compared to his aristocratic relation.

"My dear, we never even speak of them, if we can help it," says the lady-salmon of the trout in *The Water Babies*, and proceeds to trace the degeneration of these despised kinsmen to the sloth which kept them from the annual journey to the sea. The phrase always occurs to us when we see salmon and trout side by side; but while pondering over this eight-pounder, it seemed to us that the English trout were rising on stepping stones of Southern seas to higher things.

Finally there is just a very faint foreboding of danger ahead that has occurred to more than one thoughtful fisherman in New Zealand; namely whether the astonishing progress and development of the trout in New Zealand waters may not be succeeded by as rapid a decline and fall. For after all is said and done we know singularly little, even in this omniscient nineteenth century, on the subject of acclimatisation, whether of men or fish or plants. We have already spoken of the bounty of the New Zealand climate towards alien animals and plants imported from England; but there always remains the question whether these strangers may not, so to speak, be killed by too much kindness. Thistles, for instance, once throve in New Zealand with as appalling fecundity and strength as rabbits; but now men of experience will tell you that you have only to let thistles run riot for a time, and that they will soon die out. Rabbits, unfortunately, show no signs of dying out; but it is possible that even their disappearance may be only a matter of time, though such a contingency cannot be reckoned on. But in the matter of trout we have been told of rivers in the South, which were stocked early and left almost untouched, wherein the trout have disappeared completely with the exception of a few useless old monsters. However this may be, the fish-hatcheries are always at hand to stock such rivers afresh; so on this score one may make one's self comparatively easy. Moreover, as population spreads in New Zealand,—spreads, be it observed, not multiplies in overgrown towns after the fashion of Australia and England—fishing should become common enough to keep the rivers properly thinned, more especially when the people really wake to the fact that the trout are a source of national wealth.

And this leads us to our last word about New Zealand trout, namely as to the dangers that may threaten them from the action of men. That there should be a good deal of poaching is of course no more than could be expected, for where labour is so dear it is impossible that the rivers can be efficiently watched. The Acclimatisation Societies were compelled in self-defence to call upon the State to protect their work, and the State duly provided the necessary statutes. But it is one thing to pass an Act of Parliament, and another to carry it into effect; and we fear that the colonial working man, in whose hand the future of New Zealand lies, is inclined to be jealous of rod-fishermen. It is not that either fish or fishermen do him the least harm; on the contrary both bring money into the country; but fishing seems to him to be an aristocratic pleasure, and it is resented accordingly. If this resentment took no more serious form than occasional netting or spearing, there would be little to complain of, though some damage has already been done by netting on a large scale. But when it comes to wholesale and wanton destruction with lime or explosives, the affair assumes a different aspect altogether. Unfortunately, too, there is not one magistrate in twenty who has the courage to enforce the law, even if a case be brought before them, in protection of the trout; and not one minister in forty who would have the backbone to uphold the magistrate, if the latter were seriously attacked. The New Zealanders have many virtues, but moral courage is not one of them; for alas! moral courage is not a plant that thrives on an ultra-democratic soil. It is a pity, for the trout, as we have said, are become a source of national wealth, and the rod-fishermen would gladly see every man in New Zealand take his share of it, so the work of the Acclimatisation Societies be not utterly undone by mere ignorant selfishness.

Lastly, there is always the danger of too much interference from the State. It is always possible that the frantic jealousy which the State feels towards private associations of any kind in the Australasian colonies may damp the ardour of those who have the welfare of the trout most truly at heart. Even four years ago the Acclimatisation Societies were informed that they must be converted into Fishery Boards, so as to bring them more completely under the thumb of the reigning minister,—a change which no one who knows the ways of New Zealand ministers can fail to regret. When one reflects that more than one salmon-river in England has been ruined by the basest form of petty party wire-pulling that ever was dignified by the name of Politics, one cannot but feel a little anxious sometimes as to the fate of the New Zealand waters. Ministers meanwhile are certainly alive to the importance of preserving the trout, for the fish make a conspicuous figure in the coloured advertisements of New Zealand's glories; and so long as individual enthusiasm is not crushed by official ignorance, the trout are safe. It is to be hoped, too, that the sea-fisheries of New Zealand may before long be developed, for hitherto, though the coasts swarm with fish, they have hardly been touched. At present the few sea-fishermen are mostly foreigners, presumably because the profits of the trade are too small to tempt the luxurious Briton; and this is a misfortune because it identifies the industry with a foreign element; and a foreign element means a block vote. The rise of a real fishing-industry and the formation of a fishing-interest would do more to establish the importance of the trout than anything else; for the brotherhood of the net might then discover that they had as much to gain from the abundance of trout as the brotherhood of the rod.

## THE WICKED CARDINAL.

"After six days' reflection I determined to do evil deliberately." Most men, when they range themselves among the goats, make no formal notification of the fact; but Paul de Gondi had peculiar notions as to what was right and seemly. He must also have had a keen dramatic instinct, or he would hardly have chosen that special moment for devoting himself to the evil powers. Six days before, he had been appointed Coadjutor, or Archbishop-designate, of Paris, and had then retired from the world to fit himself, as he said, by prayer and meditation for the duties of his office. It was during this retreat that he arrived at the determination to sternly uproot any sentimental preference for righteous dealing he might hitherto have entertained. His old companion, la Rochefoucauld, would have smiled at the thought of the process being necessary; but then la Rochefoucauld was of a cynical turn and had little faith in others, and none at all in Paul de Gondi. The Parisians were more lenient in their judgment, perhaps more just; and in their eyes the new Coadjutor was the very ideal of all that was brilliant, kindly, and true. They hailed his appointment as a personal compliment to themselves: the clergy of the town went in solemn procession to thank the Queen Regent for giving them such a chief; and, what was much more significant, craftsmen, traders, marketwomen, nay, the very dregs of the population, flocked around her palace with loud cries of gratitude for the favour shown to "our good Gondi." The people kissed his stirrup as he rode through the town, and in later years, when evil days had come upon him, great ladies sold their jewels to bribe his gaolers, while men begged, cheated, stole, nay, even worked, to supply him with money.

Paul de Gondi must be a terrible stumbling-block to a certain class of theorists. According to them he ought to have been a model of all Christian virtues. His father, Philippe de Gondi, was one of the best of men, honest, brave, and profoundly pious; his mother was a good and gentle lady, whose whole life was devoted to deeds of charity; and his first tutor was a saint. Some of the old Gondis, it is true, had been by no means creditable personages; but then they had lived in Florence, where the climate is against the cultivation of moral qualities. One of them, a certain Albert de Gondi, had played an important part in arranging the episode of St. Bartholomew's Eve. He was wont later to speak of that day's proceedings as being of a very unsatisfactory nature; had Catherine de Medici but given him a free hand, he used to say, he would have extirpated heresy root and branch. His fervent zeal for the holy Church did not, however, prevent his entering at the favourable moment the service of the heretic King. Paul de Gondi's grandmother, too, was a notable woman in her day; an angel for beauty, a fox for cunning, and a devil for cruelty. It was perhaps from her that he inherited that subtle fascination of manner which no woman, and few men, could ever resist.

Paul de Gondi, or de Retz, as he was styled after his brother became heir to that dukedom, was born at Montmirel in Brie, on the 20th of September 1613. A few days later, a certain young abbé, one Vincent de Paul, took up his residence in the castle as tutor to the Count de Gondi's sons. "I care nothing for earthly learning," the Countess said to him, as she bade him welcome. "All I wish is that you should fit my sons to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." The future saint no doubt did his best to obey the mother's injunction, but he failed lamentably; skilful teacher though he was, he could not manage the young de Gondis. Perhaps they were endowed with more than their fair share of natural perversity; at any rate by the time Paul was twelve years old, their conduct had become so outrageous that, in spite of the entreaties of the Count and Countess, the abbé went his way, shaking off the very dust from his feet, as a testimony against his pupils. This was a piece of singular ingratitude on his part, if he had only known it; for it was to his ceaseless struggles with these turbulent young ruffians that he owed in part, at least, his infinite patience in dealing with human frailty, a quality which went far to win for him his place among the saints.

Three years before the tutor's departure, M. de Gondi's second son had been killed in the hunting-field, an irreparable misfortune for his younger brother Paul, who thus became the cadet of his family. Among the Gondis the cadets always entered the Church. It was not, however, until he was fourteen that Paul began to realise all that this meant. At that time several rich ecclesiastical sinecures, which belonged to his family, were given to him; and probably his father tried to make him understand the responsibility entailed by their possession. The result was open rebellion. The boy swore fiercely that no power in heaven or on earth should make him enter the Church. But paternal authority was a different thing in those days, and the Count de Gondi was as determined as his son. Paul soon learned that in an open contest with his father he was at a hopeless disadvantage. He therefore changed his tactics; since it was useless to refuse the priesthood, he resolved that the priesthood should be refused to him. For nine years of his life, from fourteen to twenty-three, he devoted all his energy and ingenuity to proving to the world in general, and to the Holy Roman Church in particular, his unfitness for the office. Society was not easily scandalised in those days, but it literally stood aghast at the life led by the young priest. There was no bound or limit to the wickedness into which he plunged. At an age when an English boy would have had no thought beyond his games, he was deep in every kind of intrigue. He attempted to carry off the sister of his brother's wife, hoping that his marriage with her would be an insuperable bar to the vows of celibacy. He wore the colours of women of doubtful reputation, and for their sakes fought duels with all comers. He was implicated in disgraceful incidents of every kind, and openly boasted of his evil doings; all the care men usually employ to hide their vices, he employed to make his public. But it was all in vain: as he pathetically observes, "I could not get rid of my cassock."

It is strange that his father, who was a conscientious man, should in spite of his son's courses have persisted in forcing "the most unpriestly soul perhaps in Christendom," as Paul styles himself, to become a priest. The Count, however, seems to have been firmly convinced that it was the one means of saving him from eternal damnation. He himself retired into a monastery when his wife died.

In the midst of this dissipation Paul de Retz suddenly declared his intention of exercising his right of preaching before the court on Ascension Day. This announcement, which was regarded as a huge joke, threw his friends into a perfect fever of anxiety. To their astonishment, however, the sermon was most successful, and even in its way a masterpiece of eloquence. The ladies of the court sobbed aloud as they listened to the oddly pathetic pleadings of this strange young abbé of whom such marvellous stories were told. It was about this time that, as if to show his scorn for the powers that be, he threw down the glove to the great Cardinal. Richelieu seems at first to have been attracted by his brilliant young subordinate, although when he read his *Fiesque* he pronounced him a dangerous individual. Still he sent him friendly messages inviting him to the palace. But de Retz studiously ignored these advances; nay, he did more, he carried off the honours of the Sorbonne from Richelieu's protégé (a high crime in those days), and at last as a crowning act of defiance, began openly to woo the lady whom the Cardinal honoured with his regard. Then his friends interfered, and smuggled him out of the country; and only just in time if the Bastille were to be avoided.

In Italy he continued at first the life he had led in Paris. He narrowly escaped assassination at Venice owing to an intrigue with "the prettiest woman in the world"; and the first thing he did in Rome was to quarrel with the German ambassador. Up to this time he seems to have been merely a reckless young libertine, whose one object in life was to escape from a profession he detested. While under the influence of the Vatican, however, he changed, developed would perhaps be a better word, and began to show signs of the boundless ambition which distinguished him later. News had come of the illness of Richelieu, and, boy though he was (he was only twenty-three), his imagination was fired. Why should not he rule France as Cardinal-Minister, when this other Cardinal was gone? We hear little for the time being of his leaving the Church; nay, he even throws himself with ardour into the study of theology, and begins to consort with churchmen. After his return to France he added that of conspirator to his other parts, for, finding that Richelieu, instead of dying, was stronger than ever, de Retz was easily persuaded to join the plot by which Louis de Bourbon hoped to rid the King of his autocratic minister. The special duty which fell to de Retz's share in this conspiracy was to win over the populace, and he performed it triumphantly. An aunt of his, the Marquise de Maignelai, who devoted her life to visiting the poor, was surprised one day by her nephew volunteering to accompany her on her rounds. During the months that followed the old lady and the young priest might have been seen in the poorest districts, making their way from door to door, distributing alms and kindly words. It was while on these expeditions that the future Cardinal learned to understand the people, the great mass whose very existence, as he bitterly complains, ministers and courtiers chose to ignore. Ruthless though he might be in his dealings with the great, with the humble he was infinitely pitiful; for he, perhaps more than any man of his century, realised the terrible suffering of the poor, realised, too, the terrible power that very suffering places in their hands. The poor have keen eyes, and it was a true instinct that made them choose de Retz as their hero. To others he might be false, to them he was true; he might use them for his own ends, but he never misused them; they were always in his eyes human beings, nay, brothers.

Meanwhile the plots had come to naught. The first, to assassinate Richelieu, failed through an accident; the second, to raise a rebellion, was rendered futile by the death of Louis de Bourbon. The failure of these plots had considerable influence in deciding de Retz to remain in the Church. He hated his profession as much as ever, but he was now twenty-six, too old, he thought, to change it. Then, two of his pretty friends had just played him false; "Enough to make any man forswear the world," as he says. "I became quite a reformed character, at least as far as appearances went," he continues. "I did not pretend to be a saint, for I was not sure how long I could act up to the part, but I professed the greatest veneration for saints, and that in their eyes is a great proof of piety. I could not get along without my fun;" but at least he threw a veil of decency over his intrigues. Debates were then all the fashion, and the Abbé de Retz had the good luck to come off victorious from one with the famous Huguenot leader, Mestrizat, so that grave ecclesiastics began to smile upon him as one who, free-lance though he were, was doing good service to the cause; and his old tutor, St. Vincent de Paul, was heard to remark, "He has not enough religion, but he is not very far from the kingdom of God."

So long as Richelieu lived de Retz's way to advancement was barred; but, after the Cardinal's death in 1642, he rose high in the King's good graces. Louis the Thirteenth had long regarded him with secret favour, owing to the chivalrous generosity he had once shown to a young girl who had been betrayed into his hands by her relatives. De Retz was paying his court to her, but the moment he discovered she would be an unwilling victim, he took her to the convent of which his aunt was abbess, and never saw her again. This incident, coming to the King's knowledge, had made a great impression upon him. De Retz's star was now in the ascendant; his uncle, the Archbishop of Paris, was an old man, and stood sorely in need of a coadjutor. The King had every wish to bestow the office upon his new favourite, but then his conversion had been so very recent; for decency's sake the affair must not be hurried. Almost the last command Louis issued when he was dying was that the Queen-Regent should appoint de Retz coadjutor. This secured to him the primacy of France after his uncle's death.

The new Coadjutor's lot was no easy one. Archbishop Gondi was both vicious and stupid; he was too indolent to work himself, and too jealous to allow others to do his work for him. "I found," writes de Retz, "the archbishopric of Paris from a worldly point of view degraded by my uncle's vileness, and from a spiritual point suffering grievously in consequence of his idleness and stupidity. . . . . I foresaw endless obstacles to the reformation of the diocese, and I was not so blind as not to know that the greatest and most formidable obstacle of all lay in my own nature." He dearly loved extremes; and it was the knowledge that he could never attain the perfection of his ideal bishop, that drove him to do evil deliberately.

Verily the children of the world are wiser than the children of light. No saint could have done his duty in the diocese more thoroughly than this "perfect fiend," as Anne of Austria used to style the Coadjutor. He set to work at once to redress grievances, and to force his uncle to consent to many pressing reforms. He preached the gospel eloquently, if he did not follow his own precepts; nay, to some extent he did follow them, though in his own fashion. His charity was unbounded; his hospitality knew no stint; the humblest curé was welcomed to his house as a brother; the most lowly was treated there with kindly courtesy. "But I stood too well with Paris to stand long well with the court," he says with truth. From the first Mazarin regarded him with jealous eyes, and there was soon open warfare between the two.

The French nobles, de Retz among the rest, had fallen into the mistake of underrating Mazarin's ability. They had begun by treating him with contemptuous toleration, as a hard-working hireling, and they never realised that he could be a danger to the State, until the Queen-Regent was already hopelessly in his power, whether through love or fear is to this day a mystery. Then, when it was too late, their rage and indignation blazed forth fiercely, and they resolved at any cost to drive the Italian from power. Monsieur, the late King's brother, took the lead among the nobles; de Retz rallied the people to the cause; while all the great ladies of the day threw themselves eagerly into the contest. Nothing was heard in Paris but one loud clamour for the dismissal of Mazarin. But the Queen had already thrown in her lot for better or worse with her favourite; she either could not, or would not, desert him.

Then came the Fronde, gayest, maddest, most reckless, and most ruthless of civil wars; a war distinguished for the treachery with which it was conducted, for the meanness of the objects it was to achieve, and for the strange mingling of cowardice and daring, egotism and devotion, baseness and chivalry, in the characters of its leaders. Madame de Longueville was its heroine, Monsieur its nominal hero, Madame de Sévigné its benevolent observer, la Rochefoucauld its candid friend; while Paul de Retz was at once its originator and director.

There was no lack of pretext for the war, even without the true one, hatred of Mazarin. Injustice was rife on all sides; the court was recklessly extravagant; the people were dying of starvation, yet the Queen would give five hundred thousand crowns to strolling comedians. Men's minds were excited moreover by the news of what measure the English had meted out to the favourite of their King; and such examples are contagious. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the arrest by Mazarin of Pierre Broussel, a parliamentary leader who had opposed an increase of taxation. This arrest was a mistake in tactics, of which de Retz was not slow to take advantage. Accompanied by the curés of the diocese, he went at once to the Queen to demand the surrender of Broussel. "I would sooner strangle him with my own two hands," replied Anne of Austria fiercely; but she changed her mind when she saw that she was face to face with a revolution. Already the people were barricading the streets, and de Retz was by their side, in full canonicals, giving the episcopal benediction to the work. The Regent's conduct proved the truth of the Coadjutor's favourite maxim, "The weak never yield at the right time." She surrendered her prisoner, but not until it was too late: the people had tasted the delights of anarchy, and were in no hurry to return to law and order; and, what was still more important, de Retz had discovered that anarchy was his true element.

As he again and again confesses, he was a born conspirator; he absolutely revelled in party strife, and he soon developed a marvellous genius as a leader. Before long the princes, the nobles, the parliament, the people, even the amazons of the party, were as mere puppets in his hands; he held the strings, and could make them dance at will. During the months that followed the Queen's flight he ruled Paris. Not all his subjects were willing: the Duc d'Aumale and Monsieur le Prince, both sworn enemies of his, more than once attempted to rid themselves of him by murder; Mazarin's agents were plotting against him everywhere; while Madame de Chevreuse, with many another, was in turn his warm friend and bitter foe. Amidst all these dangers his old friends, —watermen, tapsters, and the like— did him good service. They guarded his house, escorted his carriage, and even when he was in the parliament, always remained within hail.

The royal army marched against Paris, and de Retz raised at his own expense a regiment to oppose it; "the Corinthians" he called his troops, and their first defeat, "the first of Corinthians." War now began in earnest. There were sieges and counter-sieges, blockades, battles, even treaties of alliance with foreign powers. If ever there were a man content with his handiwork, it was de Retz in those days. The Emperor made much of him; Spain flattered him; the Stuarts intrigued with him; even Cromwell sought his friendship. "I know only one man in the world who despises me," Cromwell was once heard to say, "and he is Cardinal de Retz." The Coadjutor, however, soon found to his cost that "in party warfare it is harder to get along with one's friends than to fight against one's enemies." From the first it was apparent that the only bond that held the rebels together was hatred of Mazarin; and the moment Mazarin ceased to be feared, they were ready to turn and rend each other. Even Monsieur was no better than the rest. Again and again the Coadjutor's most skilfully laid plans were thwarted by the timid hesitation and childish jealousy of his nominal chief. Every Frondeur had his pet ambition, every Frondeuse her pet vanity, and these must all be gratified, no matter at what cost to the community. Little wonder that de Retz began soon to lend a ready ear to Anne of Austria's advances. She was willing to pay a high price (a cardinal's hat among other things) for his friendship, and he was too heartily wearied of the mean egotism of his allies to feel much scruple about deserting them. Still, to his credit it must be said that he did his best to gain good terms for them.

Anne of Austria had a talent for intrigue which came into full play during her intercourse with de Retz. It was important both to her and to him that the world at large should know as little as possible of their negotiations; she therefore received him at midnight in a lonely convent, and there she would pass hours closeted with him alone. At his entreaty she returned to the capital, without Mazarin of course, and soon it began to be whispered about that he had supplanted the absent Cardinal. Madame de Chevreuse was at this time heart and soul in de Retz's service, and she undertook to make the Queen believe that he had conceived for her Majesty a passionate attachment. She persuaded him to assume the part of a despairing lover, and the Queen, far from being offended by his sighs and amorous glances, was only the more lavish of her smiles. De Retz's hopes rose high; already he saw himself ruler of France, dictator of Europe, supreme in the Church. He was an optimist by nature, and, as we know by later events, absurdly overrated his chances. Still the ball of fortune certainly lay for one moment at his feet; only for one, though; the next, a woman's jealous spite had hurled it miles beyond his reach.

"Mdlle. de Chevreuse, who had more beauty than wit, was practically a fool." This is de Retz's judgment of the woman who had no small share in ruining his life. During the days of the siege, she had been his warmest friend (his devoted lover, said his enemies), but then she was a woman who changed her friends as she changed her gowns, and had a fancy for burning them both alike when tired of them. She was hugely delighted at first with de Retz's scheme for taking Mazarin's place, but before long, either through jealousy or the desire of circumventing her mother, she resolved to thwart it. Her plan of operation was simple. She told a friend, who she knew would repeat it to the Queen, that she had often heard de Retz ridicule her Majesty as "*Une vraie Suissesse* (a Flanders Mare)," and laugh at the idea of any man being in love with her. Mdlle. de Chevreuse died a few weeks later of a mysterious disease which the indiscreet called poison; but her object was achieved. Anne of Austria never forgave what she held to be a piece of flagrant treachery on de Retz's part. She did not quarrel with him openly; she was too cunning a diplomatist for that; he was still received at court, but he was subjected there to many petty slights, and was clearly allowed to see that Mazarin was again omnipotent. This was a bitter blow for the Coadjutor. He had forfeited much of his popularity among his fellows by paying court to the Regent, and what had he gained in exchange? Not even a cardinal's hat!

Chaos now reigned supreme in Paris. The princes were arrested, released, threatened with exile, and then became more powerful than ever. Finding himself helpless in the general confusion, de Retz washed his hands of all worldly affairs, and retired to the monastery of Notre Dame.

He could not stay there long. In Mazarin's eyes a blow to a woman's vanity was no unpardonable offence, and he forced the Queen to appeal to the Coadjutor for help to free herself from the tyranny of the princes. De Retz was not deceived by the Queen's promises; but he saw that peace must be restored, and that could only be done by siding with her against the princes. He set to work at once as a general reconciler. He made speeches without end, wrote pamphlets without number, to show that of all the evils that can befall a nation anarchy is the worst, and that anarchy could only be avoided by all classes rallying around the throne. His voice had lost none of its old magic; and when the young King entered Paris, he met with an enthusiastic welcome.

The Queen was profuse in her expressions of gratitude. She even gave de Retz his nomination for the coveted cardinalate; but she gave it with the firm intention of revoking it before it could be acted upon In that however she counted without her host. Pope Innocent was a warm friend of the Coadjutor; he hastily summoned a consistory and gave him the hat, although he knew that the Queen's withdrawal of the nomination was already in the Vatican. Once a cardinal always a cardinal; the Regent and her minister might gnash their teeth as they chose; Paul de Gondi assumed the purple as Cardinal de Retz.

As soon as Mazarin was in Paris, he and the Queen resolved at any cost to rid themselves of the presence of the new Cardinal. At first they tried bribes, offering to pay his debts, and to appoint him with a high salary guardian of the King's interests in Italy, if he would leave France for three years. De Retz's only reply was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. A bold stroke was then resolved upon. He was summoned to the palace, and was arrested in the very ante-chamber of the Queen on the 19th of December 1652. The news of his arrest spread consternation in the city; the populace clamoured fiercely for his release, and there were all the signs of a general insurrection. But cunning Mazarin effectually quelled the disturbance by causing it to be made known that unless people were quiet their favourite would be straightway shot.

De Retz was taken to the strong fortress of Vincennes, where he was treated with great cruelty. In the coldest weather he was not allowed to have a fire; his food was coarse and scanty; his life was frequently threatened; and his gaolers, evidently acting under orders, subjected him to all sorts of petty annoyances. He must have had a fund of philosophic gaiety in his nature, for even when things were at the worst, he could crack jokes, and make fun of the most ferocious of his guardians. He found occupation in studying the classics, and amusement in tending pet rabbits and pigeons. Meanwhile his friends were active. The clergy of Paris, in spite of the prohibition of the Archbishop who was glad to be quit of his nephew, presented a unanimous petition to the Queen praying for his release; the parliament demanded that he should be put upon his trial, if he had done aught amiss; the people growled ominously when the Regent appeared, and greeted her with loud cries for their favourite. The citizens to a man were on his side, but they lacked a leader; and his most powerful friends preferred relying upon diplomacy, rather than force, for his release.

De Retz was not handsome; he tells us himself that his ugliness was the jest of the court; but no man was ever more loved by women, and their love stood him in good stead when he was in prison. By a lavish use of money, smiles, and every form of cajolery, some of them, with Madame de Pommereux at their head, established in the very teeth of Mazarin a regular system by which he was informed of what was passing in the outside world. It was by their assistance that he was able to secure for himself the Archbishopric. His uncle died somewhat suddenly one morning at four o'clock. At six o'clock Mazarin's agents presented themselves to take possession of the see; but they were just one hour too late; Paul de Retz had already been enthroned by proxy as primate. His friends had obtained, by the aid of an upholsterer, his signature to the necessary documents.

The rage of the court knew no bounds. The election was perfectly valid, and no power on earth could annul it; the only thing to be done was by bribes or threats to induce the new Archbishop to resign his see. Mazarin was equally liberal with both. At first de Retz staunchly refused to yield one iota of his rights; but at the end of a year the close confinement began to tell upon his strength, and, worn out mentally and physically, he signed his resignation. In return the rigour of his imprisonment was at once relaxed, and a promise was given to him in the King's name that, so soon as the Pope had accepted his resignation, he should be set at liberty and receive the revenues of seven abbacies. When de Retz signed this agreement, he was perfectly well aware that the Pope would annul it. He was taken from Vincennes to Nantes, where he was treated with great consideration. But imprisonment to a man of his restless disposition was intolerable, and, once convinced that between the obstinacy of the court and of the Vatican he had no chance of release, he determined to make his escape. By the aid of a cord he lowered himself from the top of the tower in broad daylight. It chanced that a man was drowning in the river at that moment, and, in the general excitement, the Cardinal's flight remained unnoticed. But, although out of the prison he was by no means out of danger, for the country side was thronged with the King's troops, and de Retz was too well known to escape detection. But, as usual, popular sympathy was on his side, and more than once as he passed the cry was raised, "Good luck, my lord! may God bless you!"

He had arranged to go direct to Paris and take refuge in the episcopal palace; but, for this plan to succeed, he must be there before the news of his escape, and this was soon made impossible. He was thrown from his horse and dislocated his shoulder, an accident that entailed a delay of some days, for the stupid surgeon who attended him declared the limb to be only bruised, and, treating it accordingly, threw his patient into a high fever. When he could be removed, his friends transported him to Belle Ile, whence he escaped to San Sebastian in a fishing-boat. He managed to do a little business on his way, for he took with him a cargo of sardines, and with the proceeds of the sale rewarded the men who had helped his escape.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception he met with in Rome. Pope Innocent soon became really attached to him, and, what was of still more importance, he succeeded in winning the favour of both Signora Alympia and the Princess de Rossanne, the two ladies who shared the affections of his Holiness. The Roman world was dazzled by the splendour of his household, and thought the representative of the French King a very unimportant personage by the side of this magnificent fugitive. For the time he was all-powerful at the Vatican. The Pope had even serious thoughts of adopting him as his heir, but died before he could execute his intention.

The conclave that followed the Pope's death afforded de Retz a splendid field for exhibiting his peculiar talents. Some of the cardinals were old hands at dissimulation, but they were as children by his side. He adopted Cardinal Chigi as his candidate, and, although the majority was decidedly against him, carried the election by unscrupulous manœuvring. "Signor Cardinal de Retz, behold your handiwork," were the first words Pope Alexander uttered after his election. But gratitude was not a strong point in the new Pope's character, and, when the time came for him to choose between the friendship of France and that of the man to whom he owed his tiara, he not only withdrew his protection from de Retz, but even threatened to send him to St. Angelo.

Cardinal de Retz was as generous as he was extravagant, and by this time he was at the end of his resources. His friends were willing to help him in reason, but they could not and would not support his magnificence. They advised him that a quieter mode of life would be far wiser in his present circumstances; but he would not be advised. The friends of the unfortunate are hard to please, he complains somewhat unjustly, for there were never more faithful friends than his. His servants, too, began to give him trouble. "I had always lived with my servants as with my brothers," he declares; an ideal arrangement no doubt, if the brothers had been willing to take the rough with the smooth.

All this time there was ceaseless warfare in Paris between his friends and the King's; and the more moderate of both parties had begun to feel that there must be peace at any cost. The prime difficulty was the question of the archbishopric. The court made it essential that de Retz should resign his see. He might then have his choice of the ecclesiastical prizes of the kingdom; but until then it must be war to the knife. To resign his see was the one thing de Retz would not do so long as Mazarin lived. The negotiations therefore soon came to a dead-lock.

When Rome became intolerable on account of his debts, Cardinal de Retz went north and wandered about from town to town in Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Twice he visited England, where he met with a warm welcome. Charles the Second and he had many points in common, and, if tradition speak truly, the King would have been well pleased to keep the exiled prelate at his court. De Retz however, to whom popularity was as the breath of his nostrils, had no fancy for playing the part of a mere creature to the Merry Monarch. He coquetted with the Jansenistes and Molinistes at this time, and even professed to be touched by the beautiful simplicity of the Protestant faith. He was reduced sometimes to living in wayside inns and poor cottages; his caves he used to call them, in memory of the dwellings of the persecuted saints of old. His life was a hard one, no doubt, for he was constantly harried by Mazarin's agents; but it had its pleasures, and he was still the ladies' cardinal. Wherever he went great ladies made much of him, and, as his taste was catholic, when they were not at hand, he could console himself with pretty seamstresses and serving-maids. His friends did not approve of these proceedings, and they were upon the point of making a strong effort to induce him to adopt a more regular course of life, when the death of Mazarin put an end to his wanderings.

To have surrendered his rights to his old enemy would have been dishonour; to surrender them to his King was a graceful act of loyalty. He at once signified his willingness to resign the archbishopric. The terms were soon arranged. The Cardinal received as a reward for his submission the rich abbacies of St. Denis and Chaume, and the accumulated revenue of the see of Paris from the death of

Archbishop Gondi to the date of his own resignation. The article in the treaty upon which de Retz insisted most strongly was the one stipulating that the clergy who had been expelled from their office on his account should be reinstated. While the negotiations were in progress, he established himself at Commercy, and when they were completed he was invited to court.

He went, but he did not stay there long; the atmosphere was too stifling for his taste. The divinity that hedges a king had grown apace since he was last at Fontainebleau, and Paul de Retz was too old a man to adapt himself to the new fashion. He went back to Commercy and set to work to pay his debts. He lived in a very quiet, unpretending fashion, doing little acts of friendly service to his neighbours, of whom he was at once the adviser, law-maker, and judge. As in our own day Count Tolstoi holds his rural parliament, so Cardinal de Retz two hundred years ago used to gather round him in an evening the farmers and peasants on his land, and tell them what was passing in the far off great world. He did not live to be a very old man; his life had been too riotous for that. At the age of sixty-six, in 1679, he passed quietly away. Was it a friend or an enemy who wrote on his grave, "He rests at last"?

# ONE OF THE CLOTH.

Do you happen to know Cavesson of the Native Police, a big burly man with a marvellous command of language and a voice strong enough to stop a steam-roller? If you do, and are intimate with him, you might restrain him from spreading scandalous reports about my character, and also refute his statements that I did my best to ruin his career by foolish practical joking. I promise you that I am entirely innocent, and you may show him this story as a proof. He will most likely not believe you, and, very probably, bid you mind your own business; but in your friend's interests you will not mind that.

I had met him several times before, but this was the first occasion in his official capacity. Was I to be blamed therefore if I failed to appreciate the might, majesty and dominion of the law in the person of one with whom I had disrespectfully skylarked in days gone by? He was, in fact, a man of two lives, in the one as reckless and impulsive as in the other he was clear-headed and determined. So when one night-fall towards the end of summer he rode up to the station accompanied by a dozen or so of his black troopers, I forgot his second capacity and rushed out to offer him a demonstrative welcome. In place of the bluff, hearty man I expected I found a morose Inspector of Police wrapped in an impenetrable blanket of officialdom.

After delivering some orders to his sergeant, he dismounted and preceded me into the house. I placed refreshment and myself at his disposal, and, while doing so, gave utterance to some idiotic joke, which I couldn't help feeling at the time was out of place. He was in no humour for jesting, and said sternly: "Perhaps you are not aware that at this very moment you and your women-folk are in most imminent danger, and that you might all have had your throats cut before I could possibly have reached you."

I was serious in a moment. "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Simply this, that after being reviled by Parliament and the Press for what they call my criminal delay, I have chased the Centipede half way across this colony and now have him boxed up in the Punch Bowl Gully behind your house. By this time, but for the night, he and his gang would have been in my hands."

For a moment I sat dazed. The news was so unexpected that I could hardly realize the extent of our late danger. Centipede, the desperado whose atrocities had for months past been the horror of the Colonies, was a public nightmare. And when I remembered my women-folk and reflected that the Punch Bowl Gully was not five miles distant from the homestead, my feelings may be better imagined than described. "What do you propose doing, Cavesson?" I said at last.

"Speak lower; there is nothing to be gained by frightening the women. This is my plan. The gang, being unaware that I am so close upon their heels, will lie by for a day to spell their horses. I shall billet myself on you to-night; and to-morrow, with my own men and as many of yours as will volunteer, I shall enter the gully and exterminate every mother's son who offers resistance."

"Do you think they'll show fight?"

"If you knew that capture meant Jack Ketch and the lime-pit, would you?"

I looked round my comfortable home while he entered upon detailed particulars of certain episodes in the Centipede's career. "Great Heaven!" I said. "What a risk I've run, and how grateful I should be to you!"

"Don't mention it, old man! You see, your risk is my gain, and if I can collar them it will be the turning-point in my fortunes. By the way, can you spare a man to show my boys a paddock where they can put our horses? It'll be a daylight start in the morning."

We walked down to the hut to give the necessary instructions, and while strolling back I noticed a small dust-cloud breaking across the plain. Presently it formed itself into a horseman galloping furiously towards us. From his actions in the saddle he was evidently no experienced rider. Pulling up in a smother of dust before the verandah, he tumbled headlong to the ground, and then for the first time I noticed his profession.

Imagine, seated in a most undignified attitude, very limp and with a living fear of death in his face, a young curate of the Church of England, possibly twenty-three years of age and clad in full but extremely dusty canonicals, his straw-coloured hair plastered on his forehead, one shoe missing, and his hat, well jammed back on his head, showing two bullet-holes in it.

When he had recovered sufficiently he rose and explained, in a most shame-faced manner, the reason of his being in such condition. His name, he said, was Augustus Randell, and he had only been three months out from home. He occupied the position of curate to the vicar of Mulga Flat, from whence, that morning, he had started on a visit to the surrounding stations. He was the bearer of a letter of introduction to myself, and was on his way to deliver it when his trouble happened. Passing the entrance to a gully in the ranges a number of men had rushed out, bailed him up, and taken everything he possessed. Then, crowning indignity of all, they had forced him to dance a saraband in his shirt. He blushed painfully as he narrated the last circumstance, and almost forgot to mention that, when they permitted him to depart, a volley was fired and two bullets pierced his hat.

"Never mind, Padre," said Cavesson, hugely pleased, as we escorted the victim into the house; "they were mad when they let you get away to give the alarm. But we'll have rare vengeance to-morrow. We'll hew Agag in pieces, take my word for it!"

"But surely you'll never be able to cope with such a band of desperate men. They're most determined, I assure you."

"They'll have to be if they want to get away this time. They're between the devil and the deep sea, Parson, and must fight or go under."

I took his Reverence to a room, and when later he re-appeared, washed and brushed up, he was by no means a bad-looking little fellow. The effects of his awful fright still lingered in his eyes and, though he tried hard not to let us see it, he was very averse to being left alone even for a minute.

The life of a bush-parson is strange and hard. And when you reflect that he is constantly travelling from place to place in the back blocks through the roughest country, living like a black fellow, enduring superhuman hardships and necessarily consorting with the lowest of a low community, you will gather some idea of its nature. He is generally underpaid, may sometimes be well spoken of, though much more often abused; nevertheless, regardless of all, he works, fights, and struggles on with no present thought of himself, labouring only for the reward his belief promises him hereafter. There are exceptions of course, as there always must be, but I am convinced that the majority are such men as I describe.

Before dinner Cavesson and myself were closeted together busily arranging our plan of action for the morrow.

While we were thus engaged, Randell went out among the men and, on his return, informed us that he intended holding a short service at nine o'clock. Out of respect to the cloth, if for no other reason, my entire household attended, and his influence among the men must have been extraordinary, for not one of them was absent. I have reason to remember that service, and, as long as Cavesson continues to abuse me, I shall go on doing so. Even now I can see the little crowd of faces turned towards the preacher and can hear the soft tones of his voice just raised above the murmur of the wind outside. His address was to the point, but, as I thought, unduly protracted. When it was over we returned to the house, and in view of our early start on the morrow were soon all in bed and asleep.

Long before daylight we were about, and, while eating our breakfast, I sent one of my men to run up the horses. The parson surprised us by announcing his intention of returning to the township, and, so soon as the meal was over, secured his horse which for safety he had left in the yard all night, and rode away.

We waited for the appearance of our nags till Cavesson began to grumble at the delay. Half an hour went by, an hour, two hours ; by this time half the station was out looking for them, but the animals were nowhere to be found. Then I decided that all available hands should be sent to run in some spare horses from a distant paddock. Before this was completed dusk was falling, and the Inspector's wrath was indescribable. He told me he was ruined, that he would be accused of conniving at the gang's escape, that it was all my fault, and so on, and so on.

While we were at dinner the mail arrived and brought, among other things, a large brown paper parcel to which was pinned a letter. It was written in a neat clerical hand and was to the following purport :

Dear Sir,—I cannot thank you enough for the hospitality which last evening you so kindly showed to my unworthy self. It will, I hope, live in my memory for many days to come. For reasons which will now be obvious I was compelled to assume, for the time, a profession that, as Inspector Cavesson will agree, is widely different from my own. It may interest you to know that, while your little community were attending my impromptu service my own men were removing your horses to the Waterfall Gully in the ranges, where I have no doubt you will find them if you have not done so already. This was the only plan I could think of to prevent my being forced to burden the Government with my society. And if, as you so ably put it last evening, all is fair in love and war, why not in bush-ranging ?

With kind remembrances to Mr. Inspector Cavesson, I will ask you to believe me to be, very gratefully yours, the Centipede.

P.S. Might I beg you to forward the accompanying parcel to my obliging friend Mr. Randell, whom you will find tied to a leopard tree on the eastern slope of the Punch Bowl Gully ?

# THE CAPE OF STORMS.

Though every school-boy presumably knows to a nicety where the Cape of Good Hope is situated, there does undoubtedly prevail in less enlightened circles some vagueness of conception as to the exact locality of that celebrated headland. Even the gentle reader (to take an instance) is faintly conscious of uncertainty, and answers (if questioned politely) with a briskness not born of conviction: "The Cape of Good Hope? Why, of course I know where it is; down at the end of South Africa."

Gentle reader, you are not very far out, fifty or a hundred miles, perhaps. And, as you say, it is not of the slightest consequence from a practical point of view. In the interests, however, of abstract science, I ask leave to mention (having recently obtained the information on the spot), that the Cape of Good Hope lies at a considerable distance from the end; and is in fact the middle one of three promontories, severally inconspicuous, which jointly terminate a slender peninsula, some twenty miles in length, forming the barrier between False Bay and the Atlantic Ocean on the west. These three headlands, lying near together, and commonly undivided on a map of moderate scale, are locally designated Cape Point. It was here that Bartholomew Diaz first encountered in full force the prevalent south-easterly gales, and denounced the rugged, threatening, three-fold promontory under the sounding appellation of the Cape of Storms; to be afterwards rechristened by pious, trustful hearts, the Cape of Good Hope. The Cape of Storms, the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Farewell! Is there nothing in a name?

As touching old Diaz this brave Portuguese sailor was not, by a good many centuries, the first to double the Cape of Storms. More than two thousand years before him certain Phœnician explorers circumnavigated Libya, that is Africa, from the east, in the reign, and by the command, of Pharaoh Neco King of Egypt. The pages of profane history show nothing more indisputably authentic than their story. It actually corroborates itself; listen to Herodotus. "They sailed," these silent Phœnician mariners, "out of the Red Sea and southward, returning to Egypt in the third year, by way of the Pillars of Hercules [the Straits of Gibraltar]. They reported (a tale to me incredible, believe it who may) that in rounding Libya they had the sun on their right hand." The sun in the north! Good wonder-loving, story-telling Herodotus can believe a good deal, but not this. Through a vista of twenty-three centuries we seem to see him slowly smile and wag his head, and even to catch some muttered, half-audible allusion to the Horse-Marines.

But this is, after all, another story, more interesting to scholars and archæologists than to us. To come to my own; I went down, at George's invitation, to spend a month at his farm, which occupies the whole southern portion of the Cape peninsula. It was a comfort to turn my back upon the dust and noise and manifold offences of Cape Town. The train, slowly skirting Simon's Bay landed me in an hour or two at Simon's Town terminus, not of railroads only, but of roads generally, with all other signs and products of civilisation. Beyond this I had twelve or thirteen miles to walk over an unknown land. A kind of a path there was, for the first mile or two;

but this soon faded in the wilderness, and, finding that it led nowhere, became extinct. It was mid-day and mid-winter, the month of June to wit, elsewhere leafy, but not here. On and on I walked down this strange, stony, flower-bespangled peninsula, a land of songless birds and scentless flowers, of unfamiliar forms and hues. Gorgeous branching hyacinthine blossoms, crimson, orange, and purple, without leaf of green, burst here, there, and everywhere from great white cloven bulbs and burned, unnaturally luxuriant, on the shadeless yellow ground. Short-eared rock-rabbits (mysterious creatures allied to the elephant and rhinoceros) flickered in and out of their stony burrows. Brilliant spotted beetles jaunted on unheard-of legs, high and dry above the dusty soil. The sun himself was crossing the meridian from right to left behind me, and throwing the shadow backward on the dial. As if to enhance the strangeness of the solitude, a single telegraph wire crawled over inaccessible places on great gaunt stilts, eighty or a hundred yards asunder, leaning and straddling in all directions, black as gibbets against the sky. Leading as they ultimately did to the lighthouse, and passing at no great distance from George's farm, these might have guided me, had I been able to follow them; but they suddenly veered to the right, sprawled over an impossible ravine, and sped away to the western coast-line, leaving me to steer southward by the sun.

Strolling hour after hour through this painted desert I mounted at length upon a higher, narrower ground. Here the still blue bay and the mistier ocean closed in on either hand; and the southern half of the peninsula stretched and spread in view before me, lying, tinged with a flush of innumerable flowers, high upon the waste of level sea. Far ahead stood the lighthouse on the extremity, remote and barely discernible, till on a sudden, its lantern returned a ray of the northern sun, and a dazzling white star flashed out in the daylight on the summit of the Cape of Good Hope. As I walked farther, the peninsula lay lower and broader. Nothing was visible here except the sky and the jagged surface of the undulating land. As I surmounted its successive crests, sweep after sweep of rock-strewn valley met my wearied eyes. The twelve miles seemed to have extended themselves at least to twenty, and the sun had nearly completed his course, when at last, in the far distance, I sighted George's house, lying long and white against the opposite slope of a broad low vale. But in proportion as my spirits were raised by the nearness of my goal, so they fell with the increasing irregularity and difficulty of the ground, here cut up into rifts and miniature chasms of the limestone rock, there impeded by loose stones and boulders, choked by yielding heather or altogether hidden by bush. As I lay down to drink at a peaty pool of rain-water, the sun dropped suddenly behind the ridge, and night came on in strides. I stumbled on in the direction of George's farm, now invisible, with every prospect of missing it, and finding myself hopelessly benighted in the wilderness; but, to my great relief a light gleamed forth from a window and guided me through reed-brakes, thickets, melon-patches, potato-grounds, fences (sunk and otherwise), and finally, oh joy! a gate; and then, like a shipwrecked sailor staggering on firm land, I emerged upon a solid gravel path.

Here was George's farm at last, visible in dim outline, apparently a commodious and desirable family mansion springing out of this unearthly waste. Through the large window I espied the back of George's head as he sat reading in an easy-chair. He heard my footstep, rose, and disappeared; while dazzled by the lamp-light, I stumbled over the threshold, and opened the door by the simple process of falling against it.

"Hullo!" said a familiar voice. "Who goes there?" "Friend," I answered, recovering myself. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," said George, grimly smiling, and meeting me with outstretched hand. I had not seen him since he came into his extravagantly out-of-the-way possessions, bought by his father a year before. There he stood, somewhat sterner of mien, and looking considerably older than his twenty-five years, well finished in feature and limb, and as spick and span in this solitude as if he had just returned from a garden-party at Government House.

I threw my knapsack into a corner, and myself into a low chair. "I never was so thankful in my life, as when I saw your house just before sunset. I made sure I should have to camp out in this outlandish desert of yours."

"You did run it rather close," said George; "I expected you two hours before this. You would have found it awkward getting here after dark, at any rate if you had lost the path."

"Path!" I said. "What path? I haven't seen the ghost of a path for the last ten miles at least. I've been steering by the sun (and that went the wrong way) till I saw your light."

"Oh, there's a path right enough," said George, "though I admit it's not easy to find it, if you don't know where to look. There's a waggon-track too, if you come to that, away behind over there." George jerked his head backward towards the west. "You wouldn't have seen my place though from that. Well, here you are anyway; come on and eat."

Supper over, we sat smoking at the open window looking out upon the cool night. The sky, though star-lit, was intensely dark, while low on the horizon a yellower star waxed four times every minute to a steady piercing glow that seemed to cut the darkness like a knife.

"How far off is that lighthouse?" I asked.

"Four and a half miles as the crow flies," answered George. "Which reminds me that Starling (he's the lighthouse-keeper) wants you to go over and stay a day or two with him. He lives up there with his wife and family, and though he has a partner, it's pretty lonely. You'll see him in a few days; he always calls here when he goes to Simon's Town. Let's have a game of cribbage."

He drew a small table up to the window, and we played cribbage for love, with due solemnity and a pervading sense of calm. I know no more tranquillizing game.

After a night of troubled dreams, not uncommon amid strange surroundings, I awoke, rejoiced to find myself at George's farm. I was in a large and lofty chamber on the ground floor; there is seldom a second story in these Dutch-built houses. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the sun shone upon my face, over-topping the rising ground that shut in the homestead on the east and west. I dressed and went out on to the terrace, which ran along the western front of the house. Southward the view was more open, the end of the valley being closed by the promontory, with the lighthouse crowning it, looking curiously near and neat. Scattered on the stony slopes near the homestead cattle were straying untended, grazing on such patches of herbage as they could find. The kraals for housing them stood near by in rather a ruinous condition. A certain space, not large, was inclosed, and cultivated at least to the extent of being clear of stones and bush; elsewhere melon-vines crawled over the barren ground. At some distance George was standing, dressed with great neatness, and superintending the work of two or three Kafirs, who, judging from their merry faces, as well as from the absence of assignable motive, were digging in the sand for fun. George joined me at the gate.

"I wonder what you think of the place," he said. "You see it's all very fine and large, but I can't get anything to grow here, except watermelons and flowers. The property doesn't pay anything, of course, at present; but the governor knows what he is about. They are forming a company to work the limestone down at the Point. They will make a railway down here from Simon's Town, and probably a fashionable watering-place, built on my ground for invalids and people from the colony and from England. I shall be a millionaire," said George gloomily, "if that is any satisfaction to anybody."

"Well, cheer up," I said; "things might be worse than that. Let's go and look over that ridge."

We strolled down the slope and over a plank which bridged a dry groove at the bottom of it. "What is this?" I asked George.

"This is a river," George answered, "belonging to me, the southernmost river on this peninsula. It rises over there to the west, and flows, as you see, beneath this bridge and out into Simon's Bay. Sometimes it contains water, but that is only after rain."

Quitting with reluctance the banks of this delectable stream, we walked up and over the further slope. In less than a quarter of a mile George's farm, so far as it consisted of buildings or other tokens or signs of man's presence, had disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed up in the earth. We stood in the primeval wilderness. The ground sank away to the shore of the bay about a mile distant, and between us and the blue water a herd of antelopes were grazing, apparently on stones. "Look there!" said George excitedly stooping down. "Just my luck! there's a splendid shot for you!" As he spoke the leader threw up his head and sniffed the air; and the whole herd, startled into precipitant flight, swept away and vanished like a ripple over the corn. On the other hand, a great solitary ostrich, black with white wings, stalked slowly past us at no great distance, raising and ruffling his plumage, picking his steps and swaying his supple neck with fastidious deliberation and ostentatiously ignoring our presence. Before us spread the great square expanse of False Bay, with the bold outline of Cape Hangklip standing sentinel at its south-eastern corner, and facing, as if in stern salutation across twenty miles of water, the hither guard on the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope. Even beyond Cape Hangklip a faint line of coast was discernible trending ever south-eastward, and terminated by the summit, just visible above the horizon, of Danger Point.

"I don't know how you feel," said George, "but breakfast is what I am thinking about. We'll take a walk round afterwards with the guns. There's plenty of game on the estate; partridges, pheasants, reetbuck, spring-buck, to say nothing of lions, tigers, and other fearful wildfowl; but for goodness sake, whatever you do, don't shoot a baboon. I shot one last year, and I haven't got over it yet. She was a female, who had come over the fence with a young one after the pumpkins, and I let drive at her from the window. I knew it was murder all the time, and half hoped I should miss her; you know how I mean. Well, she died, screaming for all the world like a woman, and trying to screen her little one, thinking I was going to fire again. Ugh! it makes me feel like Cain."

In spite of this gruesome reminiscence we managed on returning to the house to eat a few pounds of venison-steak for breakfast; and after a matutinal game of cribbage (a relaxation which we allowed ourselves at any odd hour of the day) we took a gun and a rifle and went a-hunting.

"You shoot partridges," said George, "and I'll look after the buck. It's lucky there are two of us now. When I am alone, as sure as ever I go out with the rifle, I put up covey after covey of partridges, but no buck. I take the gun, perhaps, an hour afterwards, and see buck by the dozen, but never a bird, It's a funny world."

"I've known things go contrary, myself," I said. "I wonder which sort of a morning this will be."

It proved to be a partridge morning. The birds were tame, and hard to miss, and it fell to my lot to make the bag. Though we saw spring-buck in the distance, we failed to get within range, or if we succeeded, missed,—no difficult feat at half-a-mile. Having had enough of it, we returned home to dinner, and spent the rest of the day reading novels, conversing, and playing the unfailing game.

I made the acquaintance of Starling one morning when he called in on his way back from Simon's Town. Tall, bearded, and grave of deportment, leading an ass equipped with panniers and accompanied by a villainous-looking black attendant, he reminded me of nothing so much as a Calendar from the pages of *The Arabian Nights*. Originally (indeed for the greater part of his life) he had been a common sailor, a class of men whose excellent qualities are usually exhibited in the rough. Starling was a gentleman, if refinement of mind, showing itself in courtesy of speech and act, give title to the name. He invited me with great cordiality to pay him a visit, and I arranged to go one day in the next week, especially as George had been called away on some unwonted business which would detain him at least two days in Simon's Town.

On the day appointed George rode off northward on his favourite horse, small, wiry, and unshod, and I set out in the opposite direction to visit my friend the lighthouse-keeper on the Cape of Good Hope. Acting on George's advice, instead of making a bee-line across country direct for the lighthouse, I bore westward to the right, and about two miles from the farm struck the waggon-track which winds along the coast. Towards the southern extremity of the peninsula, where the promontory rises higher and higher, the road ascends, well-cut and well-kept, by a gentle gradient up the western face of the cliff. It was by this road that the Government waggon brought stores and material to the lighthouse-keepers every month, and weekly communication was kept up by messenger from Simon's Town.

There was something companionable and exhilarating about this smooth firm road. Cactus, aloes and other foreign-looking vegetation fringed it on the inner side, growing with a regularity which almost suggested the care of man. High on the left the lighthouse with its out-buildings came suddenly into view, whiter than the clouds that flecked the dark blue sky, while far beneath the South Atlantic sparkled and danced in the sun.

As the road curved sharply round the southern angle of the Cape and hid itself from view, the voices of laughing children broke upon my ear; and a slender girl in a white dress and straw hat appeared round the bend, leading a donkey, on which a much smaller boy, perhaps three years old, was riding. Where did these sailor's children, born and bred in the wilderness, get the delicacy of their looks and speech and manner? It was Starling's clear gray eyes that looked at me from under the shade of the broad hat.

"Father told me to say, if I met you, that you are very welcome, and to show you the way to our house. He is busy in the office. Willie, you must kiss this gentleman."

Matters being thus placed, once for all, on an easy and amicable footing, we all turned and ascended the hill together, and emerged on a kind of plateau sloping upwards towards the apex of the promontory, where it was cut short by the precipitous descent. The lighthouse stood nearly at the extremity, mounted high on a tumulus of rock, so that its base was only reached by steps. Below, and some fifty yards northward, two flat-roofed dwelling houses lay just down the western slope, thus protected from the south-east storms. The whole was brilliantly whitewashed, terraced in front, and built with the square and solid regularity of a fort.

I was led in by the children, and made my salutations to their mother of whom I will only say (if I may presume to speak at all) that she filled the position she held, as she would doubtless have filled any other, with womanly kindness and grace. It was not England, but the Cape of Good Hope. A little bed-room had been tastefully decked with flowers for my reception. Everywhere, on every face, there was evidence of that sincerity of kindliness which may underlie the formal politeness of ordinary society, and on the other hand may not.

After we had chatted a good while, about England, George, Cape Town, children, cooking, and other topics of mutual interest, Starling came in from the telegraph-house, and we all sat down to dinner in the little parlour with a feeling (I can answer at least for one of the party) of great contentment and ease. I found, not without surprise, that I was not the only guest. It was characteristic of Starling that, small as were his means, he entertained at his cottage in perpetual hospitality an old sailor-mate of his younger days. "Jimmy" was his unofficial name; the children addressing him as "grandfather," though he was unconnected with the family by any closer tie than the bonds (elsewhere more elastic) of love. Though somewhat bent by years, he was a wiry old man, with a strong, shrewd, kindly face. Jimmy kept himself in the background during the greater part of the meal, possibly out of deference to strangers; but towards the end came forward with an observation,—"There's a donkey down the road hard and fast to a telegraph-post"—and immediately effaced himself.

"That's Peter," said Starling explanatorily to me, alluding to the black servant. "Brown, my mate, sent him in again to Simon's Town the day before yesterday, but I suppose he got on the spree, poor fellow. When he does that, it often takes him two days to get back. He keeps lying down to sleep, you see, but first always makes the donkey fast. He'll be turning up just now, you'll see."

After dinner Starling fetched a telescope, and carefully scanned the road far beyond its limit of visibility to the naked eye. "There they are," he said, "both of them. And now you'll like to see the lighthouse perhaps? Come along this way."

Following Starling closely I entered the lighthouse by a low doorway, and mounted a narrow spiral stone staircase dimly lighted by loopholes in the thick wall. It was like climbing up the tower of an old church, only far cleaner. "Mind your head," said Starling as the darkness dispersed. "Here we are." We stepped into a polygonal chamber about fifteen feet across. Every side was glass, nothing but glass, framed between slender iron pillars which seemed far too slight to support the roof. This, however, with the aid of the plate-glass they certainly did; there was nothing else to support it, except the thin steel shaft which ran vertically up the centre of the room to a socket in the roof.

The first natural impulse was to walk slowly round the chamber, drinking in the view through each separate pane. On the north side the wilderness stretched away to where in the dim distance Table Mountain reared its canopy of cloud. Passing eastward, the eye took in at one survey the vast blue surface of False Bay, hundreds of square miles in extent, and followed the opposite coast-line as far as the grim promontory of Cape Hangklip guarding the entrance on the east. The three remaining quadrants of the circuit, from east by south and west and round again to north, presented an unbroken horizon-line of sea.

After sating my eyes with this magnificent prospect I turned to examine the interior of the lighthouse, and stood lost in admiration at the simple mechanism of the revolving lanterns which flash their warning from the Cape of Storms. Throughout the night, four times every minute, a beam of light streams out to every point within the circumference of the visible horizon, distant at our altitude some five and thirty miles. Yet the light which pierces to this great distance at any given moment on a dark, clear night, is emitted by a flame no brighter and no bigger than the flame of an ordinary duplex drawing-room lamp. Imagine such a lamp burning at a distance of, say, half a mile. Its light is radiating upwards, downwards, north, south, east, west, and in all intermediate directions; so that the eye receives only an inconceivably small fraction of the whole amount of light emitted, nothing like a millionth part. And yet the lamp is seen. What, then, if the whole of the light, instead of being dispersed, were concentrated and directed towards you in a single beam? Its intensity would be enormously increased. No longer seen with difficulty it would glow out with a dazzling brilliance in one direction, and except in that direction it would not be seen at all. All that is required then, to render a lamp visible for thirty, a hundred, yes, in the absence of obstruction, even a thousand miles, is an apparatus that shall collect and divert the whole, or much, of its light into a single narrow beam of parallel rays. Here is the apparatus; these four huge, black, round-ended extinguishers just over our heads. They are fixed horizontally, with open end directed outwards at the extremities of four arms, set at right angles to one another (like four fingers of a sign-post) on the upright central shaft. They are not really extinguishers. On the contrary they are concave mirrors, polished on the inside to the highest pitch of brilliancy, as you can see if you stand on tip-toe and look in. The lamp, an ordinary oil flame, is set far down, almost out of reach. The curvature of that deep mirror is paraboloid; the lamp sits in the focus thereof, and by virtue of a property of the curve called a parabola, all the rays which fall from the lamp on to the mirror,—forwards, backwards, upwards, downwards and sideways, in short nearly the whole of the light it gives out are diverted by reflection into one and the same course, and issue from its mouth a single, brilliant beam of light. There are four lamps with their mirrors; and therefore four beams at right angles shooting to the remotest verge of the horizon. Shaft, arms, mirrors, lamps, and sweeping light-beams are caused to rotate regularly once in a minute, or in any other time required, by simple clock-work mechanism set in motion by a heavy weight which falls down the centre of the tower; and the rate of movement is regulated by this vane, which is made to revolve very rapidly, here on the centre table, and which can be so adjusted as to encounter a greater or smaller resistance from the air.

"You seem to be interested in those lanterns," said Starling, reappearing suddenly at the low doorway.

"Hullo," I said, "you went out very quietly. Yes, I am interested, I confess. My notion of the inside of a lighthouse was something quite different from this. Considering the tremendous distance you can see the light, I expected to find hundreds of lanterns, at least."

"No," said Starling, "only these four; and you only see one of them at a time. It takes a lot of work to keep those mirrors bright and the machinery in perfect order, I can tell you. That is done in the daytime, of course. Then one of us has to be here all through the night. Letting the light out, even for a minute, would mean dismissal, if any ship saw and reported it. It's a lot of responsibility, year after year. Brown and I divide the nights into two watches, from sunset to midnight, and from midnight to sunrise, and we take them alternately. So you see I'm off duty every other day for twenty-four hours at a stretch. It comes less tedious to make a dog-watch of it, instead of taking the same hours every night; and we get time to go to Simon's Town and back comfortably when we want to. You haven't seen Brown? He's off somewhere to-day in his new boat, fishing. That's his wife down there in the yard. Clever woman; knows all the code-signals, and the telegraph too, and works 'em better than he can. Every ship that comes into Simon's Bay signals her name and port of sailing to us, and we telegraph them at once to Cape Town. I'm slow myself at that business."

"We ought to be able to see George's farm from here," I said looking northward. "The lighthouse is plain enough from it."

"Well, so you can see it," said Starling, "over there, just where that dark line ends. That's the vlei, what he calls his river, running past his house. Look through this glass."

With the aid of the telescope I could see the house with surprising distinctness.

"I sometimes see George with the glass," said Starling, "if he happens to be standing against that light face of the house, the end where your bedroom window is. I saw *you* three or four days ago; at any rate I saw George and another man. I knew George by his white helmet five miles away. When a telegram comes from him and I have no messenger to send, I flash to him with a looking-glass. It's easily done in bright sunshine, and if anyone happens to look this way at all, it is bound to be seen. Then he sends up, or rides over himself. It looks quiet enough now," he went on, turning sea-wards; "but you ought to be here when a south-easter is blowing. You'd think the whole point was going to carry away. On the rock, there, the spray actually dashes in your face from the sea below, eight hundred feet, as salt as salt can be. Come down and have a look."

We descended the winding stair, and went out of the lighthouse on to the smooth and nearly level plateau of rock surrounding it. The foot of the hillock on which the lighthouse stood was about twenty yards from the edge. We walked on to where the plateau grew unpleasantly narrow, with a steep slope on one side, and on the other apparently nothing.

"Come and look over here," said Starling, anxious to do the honours of the place, and lounging to the very edge of the precipice. "It's eight hundred and fourteen feet, the book says." He leaned affectionately over the horrid abyss, with his hands in his pockets, jerking his pipe up and down with his teeth. "It goes right slap down," he continued; "if I dropped this pipe out of my mouth, it would fall into the sea without touching anything. Come and look."

"Oh, all right!" I said "I believe you. For the Lord's sake, man, take care of yourself! Supposing that rock gave way!"

"That's firm enough," he answered, stamping hard on it with his great sea-boot, about three inches from the brink. "Come on! You aren't afraid, are you?"

"Afraid!" I answered, with indignation. "I'm simply sick with fear. I wouldn't go a step nearer that beastly cliff if you offered me fifty pounds." So marked an influence had strong emotion on the classic purity of my customary speech.

Starling was visibly disappointed but too considerate to betray his contempt. "Oh well, of course," he said, "I didn't know you felt like that. You've been aloft on shipboard, haven't you, main-top-gallant cross-trees, say?"

"Yes, I have been up there," I

answered; "but I didn't enjoy it, and I took precious good care not to let go the shrouds. There's nothing to hold on to where you are."

"Hold on to me," said Starling.

"And drag you with me to destruction! No, thanks; three yards is near enough for me."

Just at the point where we were standing a vertical scoop, as it were, has been taken out of the promontory clean down to the base, and the cliff is absolutely precipitous. Elsewhere it slopes more or less, so that you can get up and down if you choose to try. Here, just underneath the lighthouse, you could get down with great celerity, but you couldn't get up again. The rock on the top was level, smooth, and clean.

"Lie down flat," said Starling "if you are afraid of feeling queer, and pop your head over. You can see the gulls down there, by the water. I'll hold your legs, if you like."

He was so evidently ashamed of me that I thought it right to feign at least indifference. "Certainly," I said; "I should like to look over of course. Shall I walk to the edge and then lie down, or"—

"Oh, crawl if you prefer it," said Starling patiently.

I crawled. There are not many places in the British Empire where you can see straight down eight hundred feet, at any rate not places easy of access. I looked over, and thought I was in the car of a balloon. The cliff was more than perpendicular; it seemed to be pitching forward; it certainly swayed. There were the gulls, little white specks, down by the sea at the base of the cliff. I could not see the upper half of it at all.

"It's nothing when you're used to it, is it?" said Starling, loosing hold of my legs.

"Oh nothing," I agreed, crawling backward several yards and sitting up, but not too high. "I'm glad I looked over; it's a splendid precipice."

"You'll hardly believe it," said Starling gravely, kicking a pebble into space,—"George doesn't believe it,—I can hardly believe it myself,—but it's true, all the same. Our cat got killing the fowls, so I tied her up in a bag with a stone, and pitched the whole lot over here, just where I am standing now. She turned up next morning without a scratch. That is how it was. I'll take my oath on it, before a magistrate if you like; and there's no more to be said."

"George told me that story," I said, "and I believe it."

"Well, I must say I am glad to hear that," said Starling. "Let's go in now; you'd like to rest and smoke, I daresay. I shall take the early watch to-night; and if you are inclined to give me the pleasure of your company for any part of it, I shall be only too glad."

I sat up till midnight playing euchre with Starling in the lighthouse on the Cape of Storms. The wind had risen since sunset, and roared boisterously round and over the point; but no tremor shook the strong fabric of the lighthouse; and the revolving mirrors crept as smoothly and noiselessly as phantoms above our heads. This efficacy in preventing waste of light was amply demonstrated. In this lantern-chamber, visible over an area two hundred miles in circuit, we played cards by the light of a candle. I went to the plate-glass windows, and peering into the darkness through shading hands gazed at the league-long shafts of light sweeping past as if material things, and giving an impression of stupendous momentum as they swung through the thickness of the night.

Next morning brought a sudden change. We had unanimously carried at breakfast-time a project for a general descent to the beach, down the path which Jimmy had lately invented and warranted feasible for all men. The day was then to be spent in rambling and scrambling round the base of the Cape promontory, fishing from the rocks, picnicking, on the sands, with such further diversions as might prove acceptable alike to old and to young.

Starling and I stepped out to look at the sky. It was clear and calm, wind gentle and northerly, last night's south-easter fallen and left no sign. "One minute," said Starling; "there's the telegraph calling." I followed him mechanically into the office. He rapped back, and set the tape unwinding. "George, Simon's Town," he read out, "to,—I thought so—it's for you. If—you—come—take—horse—find—me—here. That's your message; here it is on the tape."

I asked Starling to inquire if George was there. The answer came "No; written message."

"That means," I said, "that my leave is cut short; and some one from Cape Town has seen George and told him of it. This is the day for letters isn't it, Saturday?"

"Yes," said Starling; "the postman will be here in about an hour I expect."

"If the notice comes for me, I shall have to leave you at once I'm afraid, so as to get to Simon's Town in time for the evening train."

"Every man must do his duty," said Starling, "but I hope they'll spare you a day or two more."

The postman brought the expected summons, sure enough. So there was no more to be said, except "Good-bye!"

They all came out on the terrace, and called after me as I walked away down the rocky path, "Good-bye, good-bye! When shall we see you again?" I could only answer "Some day, please God!" and hasten on my way.

Hours after I turned my horse to take a last look southward from the furthest point of vantage ere riding on to Simon's Town. That faint fire-signal was not lit by the hand of man. It was the setting sun that flashed the last farewell from the lighthouse on the Cape of Good Hope.

# LOUIS KOSSUTH.

A WELL-KNOWN political controversialist and constitutional lawyer writes to me: "The enthusiasm for nationality has, I think, at any rate in Western Europe, spent its force. Kossuth's death accidentally marked the end of an era." The amount of truth in these words can only be determined by a minute consideration of the relative parts played by the integrating and the disintegrating forces in civilised countries during the last forty years. That what has taken place for half a century ought to have taken place we need not here maintain. Justice or expediency may or may not favour the revival of a Heptarchy within our own kingdom; but appeals to recent history on behalf of this anachronism are made either in ignorance or defiance of the most patent facts on either side of the Atlantic. The efforts of the era of revolt among the so-called oppressed nationalities initiated by the Polish insurrection of 1794, seem in our day to have found their close in a partial and modified success; and it is notable that they have been successful almost in exact proportion as they have been associated with an appeal to a new unity. "A united Italy! it is the very poetry of politics," was Byron's cry; it was with Mazzini a watchword even more dominant than "Out, out!" to the Austrians. The deliverance of Greece from the yoke of a purely alien race was due to the sometimes romantic and sometimes interested intervention of the European powers. Internal disintegration was the ruin of Poland. The history of civilised America is one of almost uninterrupted consolidation. The Colonies or original States, of kindred race but existing in absolute independence of one another, were first leagued in resistance to real or imagined wrong. Knit more firmly together in the articles of federation, they were, after an argument of nearly ten years, bound in a close union by their adhesion to a written constitution, in comparison with which that of England is a "tricksy spirit"; a constitution that has been a guardian fetish to the turbulent spirits of the West. The assault by the seceding South was a touchstone of its strength, and the creed that every million may have their own way received its death-blow at Gettysburg. Later, Germany was made one by the national uprising against invasion and the genius of Bismarck and Moltke. These events, with the pacification of Hungary in 1866, by concession to more than half of the demands of Kossuth, made possible the new Triple Alliance, a larger if looser unification which many regard as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe.

Kossuth and his allies were revolutionists, and disruptionists in so far as they strove to break up an empire. Yet they stood on more logically conservative ground than any of their compeers in revolt. Their appeal in argument and in battle was to maintain the ancient rights of a nation which for ages had never been subdued or subordinate, and which was connected with the other fragments of the complex Austrian dominion merely by the fact of an accidental and strictly guarded allegiance to the same monarch. Their contention, never seriously disputed, was that the later representatives of the House of Hapsburg had been continually encroaching on their constitutional rights. In open defiance of these, goaded by fear of the insurrectionary movements of 1848, the

Austrian and Hungarian King proclaimed a dismemberment of his eastern kingdom and instigated against its legitimate authority the revolt of the Slav provinces that had been bound to it for eight hundred years. Waiving antiquarian discussions, it is a patent fact that in intelligence and power the Hungarians were the flower of Austria; they were solid as no other part of the Empire was; their country was equal in extent to Great Britain —equal to that of the rest of the empire; their population was then about two-thirds that of England. In the first phase of their war of liberation they were triumphantly victorious in seven great battles, all fought during Kossuth's governorship. Having almost crushed the Austrian armies in the field, and the levies of the traitor Jellachich, they repelled the first Russian invasion, and were subdued only by the intervention of fresh barbarian hordes summoned to assist despotism in despair. At this juncture the Hapsburgs were for the first time formally deposed, though Francis Joseph as an individual had been deposed at the outbreak of the war in 1848. At a later date, after the massacres of Arad and the execution of Count Bathyany, a republican, and partially a democratic government, for which the way had been prepared by Kossuth's emancipation of the serfs, was proclaimed in preference to a monarchy. On the failure of their respective struggles (due in each case to the intervention of foreign force) Mazzini and Kossuth both became and remained theoretic republicans and denouncers of kings, yet both took refuge under a hospitable monarchy; the one became an exile in England, the other suffered a protecting imprisonment in Turkey. Kossuth never ceased to be grateful to the Sultan, who refused to surrender any one of his five thousand compatriots; but when the Senate of the United States resolved to send a frigate to Constantinople for his conveyance westward, the offer was accepted on condition that his freedom of speech should be in no way restricted. At Marseilles the refugee was informed that the way through France, where ideas of liberty have rarely been cosmopolitan, was barred to him. Arriving in England by sea he spent about a month preaching or lecturing on the Hapsburgs (whose relation to Hungary he compared to that of the sovereigns of Hanover to England), denouncing Russia and diplomacy, advocating a republic, but in the strongest terms abjuring socialism.

Kossuth then went West, on a crusade that has been compared by the editor of his speeches to that of Peter the Hermit. He reached the United States late in December 1851, and left them early in the following June. There is no more splendid or sadder record of the results of oratory than that contained in the history of these six triumphant and fruitless months. From the first day of his landing to the last of his leaving, Kossuth was treated like Martin Chuzzlewit fairly bound for Eden. Batteries were fired on his arrival, regiments of cavalry and infantry escorted him from Faneul Hall to Washington; senators and orators attended and applauded his meetings, and even Daniel Webster acknowledged his master. Kossuth's career in the United States, a country singularly pervious to oratory ("the curse of this country," says one of themselves, "is eloquent men"), was that of a Roman triumph without the captives. He was everywhere received with the acclamations of thousands; everywhere he pleaded, preached, thundered, and prophesied like Demosthenes. From the volume of his addresses there might be made an anthology of modern eloquence, such as may be sought in vain in the parliamentary reports of any English statesman. But though pleased, amused, excited, and also often flattered, the Americans would not march against Philip,—the Czar, the Hapsburg, the despot, the diplomatist. They had their own house to manage, and were already under the shadow of a storm about to shake its rafters. No visitor to the States in those days could escape the question, which Kossuth resolutely refused to answer, "What do you think of slavery?" Almost on landing he said, "I take it to be duty of honour and principle not to meddle with any party question of your own domestic affairs." Almost on leaving, he replied to a protest of the Abolitionists, "I have no more right than Father Mathew had to mix myself up with interior party movements." This sounded very well; but among Kossuth's main arguments was an overstraining of the tenet that one race must not be held in subjection to another. At St. Louis he descanted on the "wrongs of green Erin, the fatherland of Grattan and Wolfe Tone;" adding, "every blow stricken for liberty is a blow stricken for Ireland." There are some things inseparable, and among these is the demand for certain rights among human beings in every land, and, on the other hand, the insistence of the sovereignty of law in all. Kossuth in America tried to conciliate the lawless anarchy of the Celt, and forbore to denounce the lawless oppression of the Negro.

He lived to regret his error. I heard him confess in 1854 that the slave question was in America his great difficulty and stumbling-block, and again in 1856, while denouncing the Papal Concordat he said: "The golden cord of Liberty has dwindled down to two isolated threads—one on the other side of the Atlantic, tinged with the ignominious stain of slavery, the other in England."

Kossuth called on America to interfere, if need be, by force against intervention; his hearers shouted, cannonaded, charioteered, but despite his bribe of Hungary as another United State, they would do no more; and he left them a sadder if not a wiser man.

The success of the Coup d'Etat had dispirited him, and the fulfilment of his prophecies (no less remarkable than those of De Tocqueville) that the usurpation of the French despot would have to seek its establishment in war, and that the Russians would have again to encounter the Turks in battle, were far off in their fulfilment. In his great Scotch crusade of July 1854, when he had bated no jot of energy, if some of heart and hope, he exclaimed: "Neither will I speak to you about evils all our own. Why should I do it? Is it to rouse you to compassionate emotion or to make appeals to sympathy? I have lived too long and too practical a life to do vain things. Sympathy, what is that? A sigh that flutters on the lips of a tender girl, and dies in the whisper of the breeze. Individuals may know of sympathy, but when a people's aggregate sentiments become collected in the crucible of policy, sympathy vanishes in the air like the diamond when burnt, and nothing then remains but an empty crucible surrounded with the ashes of gross egotism." And again: "Expediency! thou false wisdom of the blind and the weak. . . thou who dost always sacrifice to a moment's fear the justice of eternity, and to a moment's rest the security of centuries. Expediency, thy pathway is like the pathway of sin—one step upon the grassy slope and there is no stopping any more; it is Milton's bridge which leads

Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell."

These sentences were spoken at an afternoon meeting in the City Hall of Glasgow, which aroused a storm of enthusiasm that perhaps no one present had ever seen approached. Kossuth's opening words went home to the hearts of an audience accustomed to be fed on meaner rhetoric and more transparent flattery. "I don't know how it comes to pass, but a gloom of melancholy spreads over my soul since I set my foot on Caledonian soil. Is it the mountains there, looking down from afar on me and attracting my life-weary eyes to look up to them, and hence more upwards yet to the everlasting source of consolation and of hope? It is long since I saw a mountain, and yet it is at the foot of a mountain where I was born . . . Or is it perhaps the spirit of your own nation's history

> Glimmering through the dream of things
> that were?"

And yet this afternoon meeting was a mere prelude to a more elaborate oration delivered on the same evening, in which statesmanship distorted, and patriotism never betrayed, by passion were the mingled threads. This speech, perhaps Kossuth's greatest, was delivered at the beginning of the second phase of the Crimean War. A year had passed since the Russians had crossed the Pruth, in vain expectation that Austria would repay the debt incurred by their crossing the Carpathians. The Turks had lost and won several battles; the allied fleets had entered the Black Sea; in March we had drifted into war, and in April the German powers declared their neutrality. This neutrality was, according to the feeling of the time, bought by the assurance of Lord Westmorland (then our envoy at Vienna) that the British Government would oppose any attempt at making the Eastern question subservient to the interests of the so-called oppressed nationalities Hungary, Italy, or Poland. With suppressing the aspirations of the two former, Austria was mainly concerned; Prussia had primarily to deal with the latter. England was therefore accused of purchasing peace in subservience to those despotisms. We were on the eve of entering on our Crimean campaign, in close alliance with Louis Napoleon, whom Kossuth had denounced as "the most inglorious usurper that ever dared to raise Ambition's bloody throne upon the ruins of Liberty." It was therefore natural that the essence of his speech should be an eloquent indictment of British foreign policy in the past, and an exhortation to the democracy to shake themselves free from the toils of diplomacy in the future. A few extracts from this appeal will not be out of place, as they have long been buried in the oblivion of old and now rarely recoverable reports.

The speaker first with one-sided vehemence arraigned the motives and results of the war in which Nelson and Wellington relieved Europe from the incubus of a tyranny which threatened to dwarf that of the Hapsburgs.

> The French Revolution, with which Great Britain had absolutely nothing to do, drove your headquarters into a frenzy of fear; just as the fear of a possible European revolution drives them now into a course of the most mischievous impolicy . . . they called so long on the British nation to save "Order, Order" till the nation got excited to a frantic hatred of I know not what. . . . The war went on for twenty-three years, the most terrible seen for centuries, the most expensive that ever a nation has fought . . . Well, after an ocean of blood spilt, and myriads of millions spent, what was the issue? Simply this: a Napoleon driven away, and a Bourbon replaced . . . all the rest, . . . Cracow a mock republic, hollow promises of thirty-three German princes to make Germany constitutional, and so on, were mere bubbles of a sickly dream. A Napoleon fettered and a Bourbon restored, that was all. . . The Bourbon is a homeless exile, and a Napoleon reigns in France, and is your dear friend and ally. . . That word Liberty was the popular bait—the very Brandenburgs and Hapsburgs spoke of liberty, like as the Evil One in stress when he spoke of becoming a monk.

Later, by one of those dramatic references in which the orator of the Magyars had no match, he essayed to drive the lesson home.

> Comparing your present situation to that in your French wars, you have the consolation not to fight for a Bourbon: that is negative; in return you have got the pleasant and highly liberal task to fight for a Hapsburg: that is positive. Well, a Hapsburg for a Bourbon, it strikes me it does not sound like a Roland for an Oliver. Let me use Shakespeare's words: "Write them together, which is a fair name?

Sound them, which becomes well the mouth? Weigh them, which is heavier? Conjure with them, which will start a spirit?" The Bourbons will start none any more. The Hapsburgs probably may, but it will be the spirit of assassinated nations,—Poland, Hungary, Italy—and violated oaths, and Liberty rising to break her crimson chains.

No words can convey the convulsion of enthusiasm with which this passage was received. Towards the close the speaker ventured on a false prophecy regarding the siege of Sebastopol. "You will be beaten, remember my word. Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Crimean air, as the Russians fall under Turkish bullets and Danubian air. Not one out of five of your braves, immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia again. But I will tell you in what manner Sebastopol is to be taken. *It is at Warsaw that you can take Sebastopol.*" Alma, Balaclava, Inkermann, and the storming of the Malakoff, settled the military question otherwise; but not the political; for mainly, I believe, at the dictation of a power whose latent force and future supremacy was yet undreamed of,—the power of Prussia—we had to patch up a peace to close a nibbling war, and leave the great question in debate for future settlement.

It is easy to laugh at Kossuth's style, as represented in these few disjointed extracts. The modern finical school of critics, whose admiration is a manner of writing "*with* form and void," would condemn it as bombastical. He never spoke a truer sentence than that to the ladies of New York: "It is Eastern blood that runs in my veins." Half his nature was Oriental, his speech almost wholly so. If we compare him with Western precedents, his manner was that of the Elizabethans, among whom he knew Shakespeare almost by heart, and their successors, as Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, rather than that of John Stuart Mill and other modern models. His eloquence, running like a great river, was continually overflowing its broad banks. Every quoted sentence of his loses half its impress divorced from its emphatic delivery. Every word I have heard him utter, in private or in public, owed half to the "large utterance" that gave it weight, and the flash of the eye that fired the whole. As an orator, he towered over all his English compeers. I have listened to John Bright at his best, and his speech, never weak or false, yet seemed of limited range compared, for instance, with that of the great oration at Glasgow. "You should have heard him in Hungarian," said his aide de-camp Ihaz, who followed and attended him with the fidelity of a mastiff.

Kossuth's later career has the melancholy of Hannibal's. For ten years he lingered about in England editing papers (*The Atlas* in particular), in whose columns he found free vent for his henceforth revolutionary views, and delivering a series of remarkable historical lectures. Then came his futile effort during the Italian war of 1859 to convert and negotiate with the French Emperor, the rumour of which is said to have frightened the Austrian into the peace of Villa-Franca. In 1861, in response to an appeal of the Austrian Emperor, one hundred thousand Hungarian bank-notes, issued by Kossuth to promote a fresh rebellion, were confiscated. Later, he withdrew to his refuge at Turin, where he died, scorning to the last, and inciting others to scorn, the proffered amnesty of his own and his country's foes. He spent much of his later years in scientific pursuits, and published a pamphlet in German on the change of colour in stars. He often spoke of his career as a failure; but only his fanaticisms, those of a confirmed Irreconcilable, were ineffectual. His great idea prevailed. He lived to see the old Œsterreich transformed into Austria-Hungary, a dual empire and now, as such, one of the safeguards of Europe.

I have only to add a few personal reminiscences. Being at Turin, on my way home from the Riviera, I ventured to call on Kossuth in the forenoon of Saturday the 12th of April 1890. I sent in my card with some trepidation, for, despite his two visits to the Observatory as my father's guest, I doubted if the old man would remember me. But he remembered everything, and in five minutes "the three-and-thirty years were a mist that rolled away." Age had neither staled the veteran's heart nor marred his memory; he was as full of all interests, as affectionate as when on our parting in London in 1860, where I was then reading for the Bar, he bade me "good speed to the woolsack!" He was in some purely physical respects comparatively feeble, but by no means in the precarious state that some newspapers had chosen to assign to him. A slight failing in the strength, none in the richness of the voice that once held the reins of the full theatre, and a cough that troubled when he spoke too long, were almost the sole signs of his nearly ninety years.

Our talk rambled over many subjects; much of it was personal on both sides, on mine of no interest. Kossuth spoke of his sons studying medicine at Naples and of his plans to visit them having been often broken by doubts of his strength. He had fixed on Turin, despite its eager heats and colds, as suiting his health and his diminished means, and stayed on till it was too late to move. He spoke of himself as old and in exile and poor, but without bitterness and with a proud defence of his refusal to accept the hospitality of the Hapsburgs. Hugo at Guernsey is a partly parallel case; but the Frenchman lived in his fantastic house in comparative luxury, and Kossuth has done more for Hungary than Victor Hugo ever did for France. We talked especially of histories; some Italian works I forget he highly praised. Kossuth was always an excellent critic of history, and besides being a master of political philosophy, was familiar with several works of pure metaphysic, with, in particular, much of Hegel. I have more than once heard him say that during his imprisonment in Austria, being allowed a very few books, he chose the Bible, Shakespeare, and an English dictionary. With lighter verse and prose he was less familiar than Mazzini, because he cared less for them.

The event then foremost in my mind was the fall of Bismarck. The ex-Chancellor, said Kossuth, had to his knowledge some half-dozen times played what he called his trump card, and on every occasion won his will from the old King by threats of resignation. At last he tried the trick once too often, and the young lion roared. "Yet," I ventured, "he is a very great man." "You are not *quite* right," he replied. "You have left out an adjective. He is a very great *German* man; he loves not only himself, he loves his country, that is true; but he cannot look beyond Germany, so there is always something of sauerkraut, something brutal, if not coarse, in his politics." This might have easily opened the controversy between humanitarian philanthropy and national politics that with us takes the place of the old war between poetry and philosophy; but I was there to listen, not to criticise. Despite his partial dissent, Kossuth's own halfway position made him appreciate Bismarck as Mazzini would never have done.

As regards the Emperor, he forestalled what every one was thinking two years later, that William, the successor to the conquests of Moltke and Bismarck, was a young man of remarkable ability, force, zeal, and pride, determined at all hazards to leave a mark, but to what effect remained to be seen. "He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn," is the short Scotch of this part of our discourse. Up to that date Kossuth held that the Emperor had done nothing very original. His reforms pointed well, but would he conduct them to any decisive close? As yet they had been anticipated in England; our unsolved problems bearing on the ultimate relations of Labour and Capital were hardly touched in Germany. "I grant," said Kossuth, "I know the world is sick, but I do not know how to heal it; if I did, I would be God." On France we barely touched, on "the unspeakable Turk," not at all. Of Mr. Gladstone he spoke positively only on one point, that this Optimus Maximus of our age, as some would call him, did not know his own mind. On the Irish question he was inexplicit, but he appeared to me, with a little hesitancy, to lean to some form of Home Rule, regarding details as belonging to a generation later at least than his own. Most Continental "patriots" have taken a similar view. Is it that they have seen clearer, removed from the mists of our passions and prejudice; or is it that their struggles against despotism have led them to favour any kind of revolt? During our interview Kossuth ventured on a prophecy that, in the present drift of things, Ireland would fifty years hence be "one of the United States." For this concession to "the logic of events" Unionists might thank him; but I set it down among a great man's vagaries, with his attempt to "use" Louis Napoleon,—futile as Bacon's to "amuse" Cecil or cajole Villiers. From long ago I recall several passages of arms on the question between him and my father. "Spain will be the first nation free," said Kossuth in 1854. "Who is conducting the revolt?" asked my father. "O'Donnell." "An Irishman? Then it will come to nothing." Kossuth retired and returned with the remark, "Do you know the meaning, Professor Nichol, of all those myriad constellations you have studied? Is there any star without a purpose and a destiny? Is there any nation?" "I do not say they have no purpose," the astronomer retorted, "only I do not always know it."

Personally, through converse and correspondence, I knew Louis Kossuth and Joseph Mazzini about equally. I first met the latter during the early days of the second French Republic, in a London drawing-room along with Louis Blanc overchattering a group of six, and vehement Ledru Rollin. Subsequently we had several arguments, one on the Orsini bombs and assassination, he contending that it was the *ultima ratio populi*, I that it had always miscarried, and been either a desperate resort of anarchy and superstition, as in the cases of James the First of Scotland, and William the Silent, or, in the instance of Cæsar, done more harm than good to liberty. The Hungarian and the Italian were alike yet different. Both were dogmatists, and spoke when called on (neither were at any time intrusive) with the air "Ye have heard it said, but I say unto ye." Each was equally confident of having found the truth, and hence perhaps equally tolerant of contradiction. Both were resolute republicans, intolerant of Aulic councils and of kings; both were inspired by political passions that disdained or waived the restraints of prudence. The one was an orator and a statesman, the other a pamphleteer and an apostle. Of the two, Mazzini had the purer gleam, but slightly streaked by fanaticism, as the splendid patriotism of the other was marred by a practical weakness for the diplomacy which he theoretically denounced. Like most men of genius, both were open to imposition, though never to flattery or to fear. Mazzini in his later days was, however, beset if not spoiled by troops of worshippers, to one of whom he was, at our last meeting, declaiming that Mr. Swinburne's mission was to put into verse the history of religion. His relation to the Carlyles was a strange, and on the whole, as Mr. Froude has shown us, a beneficent one. Carlyle's comments on him are not always, though they are often, astray. Mazzini's visits to Cheyne Row became rarer because the perpetual negations of the Chelsea prophet overvexed his spirit. He was what sentimentalists call "a beautiful soul," a perfervid and magnetic power, swayed by love of sympathy, yet practical enough to have indirectly made a nation. Kossuth was a prouder and more commanding spirit; "the grand style" was his by right. Less perfectly disinterested, personally as well as publicly ambitious, he yet rested in the partial fulfilment of his work. "I have abolished serfdom in my country," he said in 1854; "no one can reverse that." The dual kingdom is even more his creation than united Italy is Mazzini's, for Deak was less essential to the one than Cavour was to the other. In the politics of this century Kossuth, Mazzini, and William Lloyd Garrison represent the side of the truth that Carlyle undervalued or ignored. The grim Scotchman, transferring the religious Calvinism of his parents to his politics, held, and maintained with constantly increasing vehemence, the doctrine that if the masses of men got their deserts few would escape whipping. In the eyes of the panegyrist of Frederick called the Great, revolt was a vice and obedience the chief of virtues. The tyranny most to be feared was that of the many over the few. Aristotle and Plato first gave authority to this creed: long after Kant confirmed it; and later Bismarck and Moltke were its armed soldiers. The preaching of the antagonistic triumvirate was on the other side extreme; they trusted too much in the masses of men, and, though perhaps all three would have repudiated it, they formulated premises to the conclusion (against which Milton and Bacon alike protested) that in numbers lies wisdom, that to be poor is to be good, and that empty brains imply a noble heart: a conclusion clenched in the recent endeavour to make education as well as wealth a ground of disenfranchisement.

Of the few great men I have known Longfellow's was the most gracious, Jowett's the wisest, Mazzini's the intensest, Kossuth's the most spacious nature. The two last were not always in perfect accord; the political philosopher and the poetical philanthropist, each fought first, if not for his own hand yet for his own land. On one occasion they nearly quarrelled, and later there was a public scene of reconciliation. But with all the difference and divergence of the Genoese and the Magyar the Via Mazzini runs in appropriately close parallel to the Via dei Mille in Turin.

The august shades of the two great protagonists more or less dominate, and will long continue to dominate, the future of their respective countries. I venture to conclude by adopting (though perhaps with another application of the close) a sentence of a modern British statesman, always distinguished by his hatred of the oppression of the many by the few in either hemisphere. "They [Kossuth and Mazzini] are to me the two most interesting public figures of the age we have lived in, and the two who can never be forgotten in history, when many reputations now in obtrusively gaudy blossom have fallen pale and withered."

J. Nichol.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XLII.

### HIS LAST BIVOUAC.

"Have I done wrong?" young Waldron asked himself, as he strode down the hill, with his face still burning, and that muddy hat on. "Most fellows would have knocked him down. I hope that nice girl heard nothing of the row. The walls are jolly thick, that's one good thing; as thick as my poor head, I dare say. But when the fellow dared to laugh! Good heavens! what are people coming to? I dare say I am a hot-headed fool, though I kept my temper wonderfully; and to tell me I am not a gentleman! Well, I don't care a rap who sees me now, for they must hear of this affair at Walderscourt. I think the best thing that I can do is to go and see old Penniloe. He is as honest as he is clear-headed. If he says I'm wrong, I'll believe it; and I'll take his advice about other things."

This was the wisest resolution of his life, inasmuch as it proved to be the happiest. Mr. Penniloe had just finished afternoon work with his pupils, and they were setting off: Pike with his rod to the long pool up the meadows, which always fished best with a cockle up it; Peckover for a long steeple-chase; and Mopuss to look for chalcedonies and mosses among the cleves of Hagdon Hill, for nature had nudged him into that high bliss which a child has in routing out his father's pockets. The parson, who felt a warm regard for a very fine specimen of hot youth, who was at once the son of his oldest friend, and his own son in literature (though Minerva sat cross-legged at that travail), he, Mr. Penniloe, was in a gentle mood, as he seldom failed to be; moreover in a fine mood, as behoves a man who has been dealing with great authors, and walking as in a crystal world so different from our turbid fog. To him the young man poured forth his troubles, deeper than of some classic woes, too substantial to be laid by any triple cast of dust. And then he confessed his flagrant insult to a rising member of the great profession.

"You have behaved very badly, according to your own account," Mr. Penniloe said with much decision, knowing that his own weakness was to let people off too easily, and feeling that duty to his ancient friend compelled him to chastise his son; "but your bad behaviour to Jemmy Fox has some excuse in quick temper provoked. Your conduct towards your mother and sister is ten times worse, because it is mean."

"I don't see how you can make that out." Young Waldron would have flown into a fury with any other man who had said this. Even as it was, he stood up with a sullen countenance, glancing at the door.

"It is mean, in this way," continued the parson, leaving him to go if he thought fit, "that you have thought more of yourself than them. Because it would have hurt your pride to go to them with this wrong still unredressed, you have chosen to forget the comfort your presence must have afforded them, and the bitter pain they must feel at hearing that you have returned and avoided them. In a like case your father would not have acted so."

Waldron sat down again, and his great frame trembled. He covered his face with his hands, and tears shone upon his warted knuckles; for he had not yet lost all those exuberances of youth. "I never thought of that," he muttered; "it never occurred to me in that way. Jakes said something like it; but he could not put it as you do. I see that I have been a cad, as Jemmy Fox declared I was."

"Jemmy is older, and he should have known better than to say anything of the sort. He must have lost his temper sadly, because he could never have thought it. You have not been what he calls a cad; but in your haste and misery you came to the wrong decision. I have spoken strongly, Tom, my boy, more strongly perhaps than I should have done; but your mother is in weak health now, and you are all in all to her."

"The best you can show me to be is a brute; and I am not sure that that is not worse than a cad. I ought to be kicked every inch of the way home; and I'll go there as fast as if I was."

"That won't do at all," replied the curate smiling. "To go is your duty; but not to rush in like a thunderbolt, and amaze them. They have been so anxious about your return that it must be broken very gently to them. If you wish it, and can wait a little while I will go with you, and prepare them for it."

"Sir, if you only would—but no, I don't deserve it. It is a great deal too much to expect of you."

"What is the time? Oh, a quarter past four. At half past I have to baptise a child well advanced in his seventh year, whose parents have made it the very greatest personal favour to me to allow him to be 'crassed,' as they express it. And I only discovered their neglect last week! Who am I to find fault with any one? If you don't mind waiting for about half an hour, I will come back for you, and meanwhile Mrs. Muggridge will make your hat look better; Master Jemmy must have lost his temper too, I am afraid. Good-bye for the moment; unless I am punctual to the minute, I know too well what will happen; they will all be off, for they 'can't zee no vally in it,' as they say. Alas, alas! and we are wild about missions to Hindoos and Hottentots!"

As soon as Mr. Penniloe had left the house, the youth, who had been lowered in his own esteem, felt a very strong desire to go after him. Possibly this was increased by the sad reproachful gaze of Thyatira, who, as an old friend, longed to hear all about him, but was too well-mannered to ask questions. Cutting all consideration short (which is often the best thing to do with it) he put on his fairly re-established hat, and cared not a penny whether Mrs. Channing, the baker's wife, was taking a look into the street or not, or even Mrs. Tapscott, with the rosemary over her window.

Then he turned in at the lych-gate, thinking of the day when his father's body had lain there (as the proper thing was for a body to do), and then he stood in the churchyard, where the many ways of death divided. Three main paths, all well-gravelled, ran among those who had toddled in the time of childhood down them with wormwood and stock gilly-flowers in their hands; and then sauntered along them, with hands in pockets, and eyes for the maidens over tombstone-heads; and then had come limping along on their staffs; and now were having all this done for them without knowing anything about it.

None of these ways was at all to his liking. Peace, at least in death, was there, green turf and the rounded bank, gray stone, and the un-household name to be made out by a grandchild perhaps, proud of skill in ancient letters, prouder still of a pocket-knife. What a faint scratch on soft stone! And yet the character far and away stronger than that of the lettered times that follow it.

Young Waldron was not of a morbid cast, neither was his retrospective, as (for the good of mankind) is ordained to those who have the world before them. He turned to the right by a track across the grass, followed the bend of the churchyard wall, and, fearing to go any further lest he should stumble on his father's outraged grave, sat down upon a gap of the gray enclosure. This gap had been caused by the sweep of tempest that went up the valley at the climax of the storm. The wall, being low, had taken little harm; but the great west gable of the abbey had been smitten and swung on its back, as a trap-door swings upon its hinges. Thick flint structure and time-worn mullion, massive buttress and deep foundation, all had gone flat, and turned their fangs up, rending a chasm in the tattered earth. But this dark chasm was hidden from view by a pile of loose rubble and chunks of flint, that had rattled down when the gable fell, and striking the cross-wall had lodged thereon, breaking the cope in places, and hanging (with tangles of ivy and tufts of toadflax) over the interval of wall and ruin, as a snowdrift overhangs a ditch.

Here the young man sat down, as if any sort of place would do for him. The gap in the wall was no matter to him, but happened to suit his downcast mood and the misery of the moment. Here he might sit and wait, until Mr. Penniloe had got through a job, superior to the burial-service because no one could cut you in pieces directly afterwards, without being hanged for it. He could see Mr. Penniloe's black stick, standing like a little parson (for some of them are proud of such resemblance) in the great south porch of the church; and thereby he knew that he could not miss his friend. As he lifted his eyes to the ancient tower, and the black yew-tree still steadfast, and the four vanes (never of one opinion as to the direction of the wind in anything less than half a gale), and the jackdaws come home prematurely, after digging up broad-beans, to settle their squabble about their nests; and then as he lowered his gaze to the tombstones, and the new foundation-arches, and other labours of a parish now so hateful to him, heavy depression, and crushing sense of the wrath of God against his race, fell upon his head, as the ruin behind him had fallen on its own foundations.

He felt like an old man, fain to die when time is gone weary and empty. What was the use of wealth to him, of bodily strength, of bright ambition to make his country proud of him, even of love of dearest friends, and wedded bliss, if such there were, and children who would honour him? All must be under one black ban of mystery insoluble; never could there be one hearty smile, one gay thought, one soft delight; but ever the view of his father's dear old figure desecrated, mangled, perhaps lectured on. He could not think twice of that, but groaned—"The Lord in Heaven be my help! The Lord deliver me from this life!"

He was all but delivered of this life; happy or wretched, it was all but gone. For as he flung his body back, suiting the action to his agony of mind, crash went the pile of jagged flint, the hummocks of dead mortar, and the wattle of shattered ivy. He cast himself forward, just in time, as all that had carried him broke and fell, churning, and grinding, and clashing together, sending up a cloud of powdered lime.

So sudden was the rush, that his hat went with it, leaving his brown curls grimed with dust, and his head for a moment in a dazed condition, as of one who has leaped from an earthquake. He stood with his back to the wall, and the muscles of his great legs quivering, after the strain of their spring for dear life. Then scarcely yet conscious of his hairbreadth escape, he descried Mr. Penniloe coming from the porch, and hastened without thought to meet him.

"Billy Jack!" said the clergyman, smiling, yet doubtful whether he ought to smile. "They insisted on calling that child Billy Jack; William John they would not hear of. I could not object, for it was too late, and there is nothing in it uncanonical. But I scarcely felt as I should have done when I had to say, 'Billy Jack, I baptise thee,' &c. I hope they did not do it to try me. Now the Devonshire mind is very deep and subtle, though generally supposed to be the simplest of the simple. But what has become of your hat, my dear boy? Surely Thyatira has had time enough to clean it."

"She cleaned it beautifully, but it was waste of time. It has gone down a hole. Come, and I will show you. I wonder my head did not go with it. What a queer place this has become!"

"A hole! What hole can there be about here?" Mr. Penniloe asked, as he followed the young man. "The downfall of the abbey has made a heap rather than what can be called a hole. But I declare you are right! Why, I never saw this before; and I looked along here with Haddon not more than a week ago. Don't come too near; it is safe enough for me, but you are like Neptune, a shaker of the earth. Alas for our poor ivy!"

He put on his glasses, and peered through the wall-gap, into the flint-strewn depth outside. Part of the ruins, just dislodged, had rolled into a pit or some deep excavation, the crown of which had broken in, probably when the gable fell. The remnant of the churchyard wall was still quite sound, and evidently stood away from all that had gone on outside.

"Be thankful to God for your escape," Mr. Penniloe said, looking back at the youth. "It has indeed been a narrow one. If you had been carried down there head-foremost, even your strong frame would have been crushed like an egg-shell."

"I am not sure about that, but I don't want to try it. I think I can see a good piece of my hat, and I am not going to be done out of it. Will you be kind enough, sir, to wait, while I go round by the stile and get in at the end? You see that it is easy to get down there, but a frightful job from this side. You won't mind waiting, will you, sir?"

"If you will take my advice," said the curate, "you will be content to let well alone. It is the great lesson of the age but nobody attends to it."

The young man did not attend to it; and for once Mr. Penniloe had given bad advice, though most correct in principle, and in practice too, nine times and a half out of every ten.

"Here I am, sir. Can you see me?" Sir Thomas Waldron shouted up the hole. "It is a queer place, and no mistake. Please to stop just where you are; then you can give me notice if you see the ground likely to cave in. Halloa! Why, I never saw anything like it! Here's a stone arch and a tunnel beyond it, just like what you've got at the rectory, only ever so much bigger. Looks as if the old abbey had butted up against it, until it all got blown away. If I had got a fellow down here to help me, I believe I could get into it. But all these chunks are in the way."

"My dear young friend, it will soon be dark, and we have more important things to see to. You are not at all safe down there; if the sides fell in you would never come out alive."

"It has cost me a hat, and I won't be done. I can't go home without a hat till dark. I am not coming up till I know all about it. Do oblige me, sir, by having the least little bit of patience."

Mr. Penniloe smiled. The request, as coming from such a quarter, pleased him. And presently the young man began to fling up great lumps of clotted flint, as if they were marbles, right and left.

"What a volcano you are!" cried the parson, as the youth in the crater stopped to breathe. "It is nothing but a waste of energy; the hole won't run away, my dear Tom. You had much better leave it for the proper man to-morrow."

"Don't say that; I am the proper man." How true his words were, he had no idea. "But I hear somebody whistling. If I had only got a fellow to keep this stuff back, I could get on like a house on fire."

It was Pike coming back from the long pool in the meadow, with a pretty little dish of trout for supper. His whistling was fine, as a fisherman's should be, for want of something better in his mouth; and he never got over the churchyard stile without this little air of consolation for the ghosts. As he topped the ridge of meadow that looks down on the river, Mr Penniloe waved his hat to him over the breach of the churchyard wall; and he, nothing loth, stuck his rod into the ground, pulled off his jacket, and went down to help.

"All clear now; we can slip in like a rabbit; but it looks uncommonly black inside, and it seems to go a long way underground," Waldron shouted up to the clergyman. "We cannot do anything without a light."

"I'll tell you what, sir," Pike chimed in. "This passage runs right into the church, I do believe."

"That is the very thing I have been thinking," answered Mr. Penniloe. "I have heard of a tradition to that effect. I should like to come down and examine it."

"Not yet, sir, if you please. There is scarcely room for three; and it would be a dangerous place for you. But if you could only give us something like a candle——"

"Oh, I know!" the sage Pike suggested, with an angler's quickness. "Ask him to throw us down one of the four torches stuck up at the lychgate. They burn like fury; and I dare say you have got a lucifer, or a promethean."

"Not a bad idea, Pike," answered Mr. Penniloe. "I believe that each of them will burn for half an hour."

Soon he returned with the driest of them, from the iron loop under the covered space; and this took fire very heartily, being made of twisted tow soaked in resin.

"I am rather big for this job," said Sir Thomas, as the red flame sputtered in the archway. "Perhaps you would like to go first, my young friend."

"Very much obliged," replied Pike drawing back; "but I don't seem to feel myself called upon to rush into the bowels of the earth among six centuries of ghosts. I had better stop here, perhaps, till you come back."

"Very well. At any rate hold my coat; it is bad enough; I don't want to make it worse. I sha'n't be long, I dare say; but I am bound to see the end of it."

Young Waldron handed his coat to Pike, and stooping his tall head with the torch well in front of him, he plunged into the dark arcade. Grim shadows flitted along the roof, as the sound of his heavy steps came back; then the torchlight vanished round a bend of wall, and nothing could either be seen or heard. Mr. Penniloe, in some anxiety, leaned over the breach in the churchyard fence, striving to see what was under his feet; while Pike mustered courage to stand in the archway, which was of roughly chiselled stone, but kept himself ready for instant flight, as he drew deep breaths of excitement.

By and by, the torch came quivering back, throwing flits of light along the white flint roof; and behind it a man, shaking worse than any shadow, and whiter than any torchlit chalk. "Great God!" he cried, staggering forth, and falling with his hand on his heart against the steep side of the pit. "As sure as there is a God in heaven, I have found my father!"

"What!" cried the parson. "Pike, see to the torch, or you'll both be on fire."

In a moment he ran round by way of the stile, and slid into the pit, without thinking of his legs, laying hold of some long rasps of ivy. Pike very nimbly leaped up the other side; this was not the sort of hole to throw a fly in.

"Give me the torch. You stay here, Tom; you have had enough of it." Mr. Penniloe's breath was short, because of the speed he had made of it. "It is my place now; you stop here, and get the air."

"I think it is rather my place, than of any other man upon the earth. Am I afraid of my own dear dad? Follow me, and I will show him to you."

He went with a slow step, dazed out of all wonder, as a man in a dream accepts everything, down the dark passage again, and through the ice-cold air and shivering fire. Then he stopped suddenly, and lowered the torch, stooping his curly head in lowliness behind it; and there, as if set down by the bearers for a rest, lay a long oaken coffin.

Mr. Penniloe came to his side, and gazed. At their feet lay the good and true-hearted colonel, or all of him left below the heaven, resting placidly, unprofaned, untouched by even the hand of time, unsullied and honourable in his death, as in his loyal blameless life. The clear light fell upon the diamond of glass (framed in the oak above his face, as was often done then for the last look of love), and it showed his white curls, and tranquil forehead, and eyelids for ever closed against all disappointment.

His son could not speak, but sobbed and shook with love, and reverence, and manly grief. But the clergyman, with a godly joy, and immortal faith, and heavenly hope, knelt at the foot, and lifted hands and eyes to the God of Heaven. "Behold, He hath not forsaken us! His mercy is over all His works; and His goodness is upon the children of men."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### TWO FINE LESSONS.

At the Old Barn that afternoon, no sooner was young Sir Thomas gone than remarkable things began to happen. As was observed in a previous case, few of us are yet so vast of mind as to feel deeply and fairly enjoy the justice of being served with our own sauce. Haply this is why sauce and justice are in Latin the self-same word. Few of us even are so candid as to perceive when it comes to pass; more often is a world of difference found betwixt what we gave and what we got.

Fox was now treated by Nicie's brother exactly as he had treated Gilham about his sister Christie. He was not remarkably rash of mind, which was ever so much better for himself and friends, yet he was quick of perception; and when his sister came and looked at him, and said with gentle sympathy,—"Oh, Jemmy, has Sir Thomas forbidden your banns? No wonder you threw his hat at him!"—it was a little more than he could do not to grin at the force of analogy.

"He is mad," he replied, with strong decision. Yet at the twinkle of her eyes, he wondered whether she held that explanation valid in a like case not so very long ago. "I have made up my mind to it altogether," he continued, with the air magnanimous. "It is useless to strive against the force of circumstances."

"Made up your mind to give up

Nicie, because her brother disapproves of it?" Christie knew well enough what he meant; but can girls be magnanimous?

"I should think not. How can you be so stupid? What has a brother's approval to do with it? Do you think I care twopence for fifty thousand brothers? Brothers are all very well in their way, but let them stick to their own business. A girl's heart is her own, I should hope; and her happiness depends on herself, not her brother. I call it a great piece of impudence for a brother to interfere in such matters."

"Oh!" said Christie, and nothing more. Neither did she even smile; but went to the window, and smoothed her apron, the pretty one she wore when she was mixing water-colours.

"You shall come and see him now," said Jemmy, looking at the light that was dancing in her curls, but too lofty to suspect that inward laughter made them dance. "It can't hurt him now; and my opinion is that it might even do him a great deal of good. I'll soon have him ready, and I'll send his blessed mother to make another saucepanful of chicken broth. And, Chris, I'll give you clear decks, honour bright."

"I am quite at a loss to understand your meaning." The mendacious Christie turned round, and fixed her bright eyes upon his most grandly; as girls often do, when they tell white lies, perhaps to see how they are swallowed.

"Very well, then; that is all right. It will save a lot of trouble; and perhaps it is better to leave him alone."

"There again! You never seem to understand me, Jemmy! And of course you don't care how much it upsets a poor patient never to see a change of faces. Of course you are very kind; and so is Dr. Gronow; and poor Mrs. Gilham is a most delightful person. Still after being for all that time so desperately limited—that's not the word at all—I mean, so to some extent restricted, or if you prefer it prohibited, from—from any little change, any sort of variety of expressions, of surroundings, of, in fact, society——"

"Ah, yes, no doubt! Of etcetera, etcetera. But go you on floundering till I come back, and perhaps then you will know what you mean. Perhaps also you would look a little more decent with your apron off," Dr. Fox suggested, with the noble rudeness so often dealt out to sisters. "Be sure you remind him that yesterday was Leap-year's day; and then perhaps you will be able to find some one to understand you."

"If that is the case, you may be quite certain that I won't go near him."

But before very long she thought better of that. Was it just to punish one for the offences of another? With a colour like the first bud of monthly rose peeping through its sepals in the southern corner, she ran into the shrubbery, for there was nothing to call a garden, and gathered a little posy of Russian violets and wild primrose. Then she pulled her apron off, and had a good look at herself, and could not help knowing that she had not seen a lovelier thing for a long time; and if love would only multiply it by two (and it generally does so by a thousand) the result would be something stupendous, ineffable, adorable.

Such thoughts are very bright and cheerful, full of glowing youth and kindness, young romance, and contempt of earth. But the longer we plod on this earth, the deeper we stick into it; as must be when the foot grows heavy, having no *talaria*. Long enduring pain produces a like effect with lapse of years. The spring of the system loses coil from being on perpetual strain; sad proverbs flock into the brain, instead of dancing verses. Frank Gilham had been ploughed and harrowed, clod-crushed, drilled, and scarified by the most advanced, enlightened, and practical of all medical high-farmers. If ever Fox left him, to get a breath of air, Gronow came in to keep the screw on; and when they were both worn out, young Webber (who began to see how much he had to learn, and what was for his highest interest) was allowed to sit by and do nothing. A consultation was held, whenever the time hung heavily on their hands; and Webber would have liked to say a word, if it could have been uttered without a snub. Meanwhile Frank Gilham got the worst of it.

At last he had been allowed to leave his bed, and taste a little of the fine spring air flowing down from Hagdon Hill and bearing first waft of the furze-bloom. Haggard weariness and giddy lightness, and a vacant wondering doubt as to who or what he was, that scarcely seemed worth puzzling out, would have proved to any one who cared to know it that his head had lain too long in one position and was not yet reconciled to the change. And yet it should have welcomed this relief, if virtue there be in heredity, inasmuch as this sofa came from White Post Farm, and must have comforted the head of many a sick progenitor.

The globe of thought being in this state, and the arm of action crippled, the question was—would heart arise, dispense with both, and have its way? For a while it seemed a doubtful thing, so tedious had the conflict been, and such emptiness left behind it. The young man, after dreams most blissful and hopes too golden to have any kin with gilt, was reduced to bare bones, and plastered elbows, and knees unsafe to go down upon. But the turn of the tide of human life quivers to the influence of heaven.

In came Christie, like a flush of health, rosy with bright maidenhood, yet tremulous as a lily is, with gentle fear and tenderness. Pity is akin to love, as those who know them both, and in their larger hearts have felt them, for our smaller sakes pronounce; but when the love is far in front, and pauses at the check of pride, what chance has pride, when pity comes, and takes her mistress by the hand, and whispers, "Try to comfort him"? None can tell who are not in the case, and those who are know little of it, how these strange things come to pass. But sure it is that they have their way. The bashful, proud, light-hearted maiden, ready to make a joke of love and laugh at such a fantasy, was so overwhelmed with pity that the bashfulness forgot to blush, the pride cast down its frightened eyes, and the levity burst into tears. But of all these things she remembered none.

And forsooth they may well be considered doubtful, in common with many harder facts; because the house was turned upside down before any more could be known of it. There was coming and going and stamping of feet, horses looking in at the door, and women calling out of it; and such a shouting and hurrahing, not only here but all over the village, that the Perle itself might well have stopped, like Simöis and Scamander, to ask what the fish out of water were doing. And it might have stopped long without being much wiser; so thoroughly everybody's head was flown, and everybody's mouth filled with much more than the biggest ears found room for.

To put it in order is a hopeless job, because all order was gone to grit. But as concerns the Old Barn (whose thatch, being used to quiet eaves-droppings, had enough to make it stand up in sheaf again,)—first dashed up a young man on horseback (and the sympathetic nag was half mad also) the horse knocking sparks out of the ground as if he had never heard of lucifers, and the man with his legs all out of saddle, waving a thing that looked like a letter, and shouting as if all literature were comprised in *vivâ voce*. Now this was young Farrant the son of the churchwarden, and really there was no excuse for him, for the Farrants are a very clever race; and as yet competitive examination had not made the sight of paper loathsome to any mind cultivating self-respect.

"You come out, and just read this," he shouted to the Barn in general. "You never heard such a thing in all your life. All the village is madder than any March hare. I sha'n't tell you a word of it. You come out and read; and if that doesn't fetch you out, you must be a clam of oysters. If you don't believe me, come and see it for yourselves. Only you will have to get by Jakes, and he is standing at the mouth with his French sword drawn."

"In the name of heaven, what the devil do you mean?" cried Fox, running out, and catching fire of like madness, of all human elements the most explosive. '"And this—why, this letter is the maddest thing of all! A man who was bursting to knock me down scarcely two gurgles of the clock ago; and now, I am his beloved Jemmy! Mrs. Gilham, do come out; surely that chicken has been stewed to death. Oh, ma'am, you have some sense in you; everybody else is gone off his head. Who can make head or tail of this? Let me entreat you to read it, Mrs. Gilham. Farrant, you'll be over that colt's head directly. Mrs. Gilham, this is meant for a saner eye than mine; your head-piece is always full of self-possession."

Highly flattered with this tribute, the old lady put on her spectacles, and read, slowly and decorously.

BELOVED JEMMY,—I am all that you called me, a hot-headed fool, and a cad; and everything vile on the back of it. The doctors are the finest chaps alive, because they have never done harm to the dead. Come down at once, and put a bar across, because Jakes must have his supper. Perlycross folk are the best in the world, and the kindest-hearted, but we must not lett them go in there. I am off home, for if anybody else was to get in front of me, and tell my mother, I should go wild, and she would be quite upsett. When you have done all you think proper, come up and see poor Nicie. From your affectionate, and very sorry,—T. R. WALDRON.

"Now the other, ma'am!" cried Dr. Fox. "Here is another from the parson. Oh, come now, we shall have a little common sense."

MY DEAR JEMMY,—It has pleased the Lord, who never afflicts us without good purpose, to remove that long and very heavy trouble from us. We have found the mortal remains of my dear friend, untouched by any human hand, in a hollow way leading from the abbey to the church. We have not yet discovered how it happened; and I cannot stop to tell you more, for I must go at once to Walderscourt, lest rumour should get there before us; and Sir Thomas must not go alone, being of rather headlong, though very noble nature. Sergeant Jakes has been placed on guard, against any rash curiosity. I have sent for the two churchwardens, and can leave it safely to them and to you to see that all is done properly. If it can be managed, without undue haste, the coffin should be placed inside the church, and the doors locked until the morning. When that is done, barricade the entrance to the tunnel; although I am sure that the people of our parish would have too much right feeling, as well as apprehension, to attempt to make their way in after dark. To-morrow, I trust we shall offer humble thanks to the Giver of all good for this great mercy. I propose to hold a short special service, though I fear there is no precedent in the prayer-book. This will take a vast weight off your mind, as well as mine, which has been sorely tried. I beg you not to lose a minute, as many people might become unduly excited. Most truly yours,—PHILIP PENNILOE.

P.S.—This relieves us also from another dark anxiety, simply explaining the downfall of the S.E. corner of the chancel.

"It seems hard upon me, but it must be right, because the parson has decreed it," Dr. Fox cried, without a particle of what is now called "slavish adulation of the Church," which scarcely stood up for herself in those days, but by virtue of the influence which a kind and good man always gains when he does not overstrain his rights. "I am off, Mrs. Gilham; I can trust you to see to the pair of invalids up stairs."

Then he jumped upon young Mr. Farrant's horse, and leaving him to follow at foot leisure, dashed down the hill towards Perlycross. At the four cross roads, which are the key of the position and have all the village and the valley in command, he found as fine a concourse perhaps as had been there since the great days of the Romans. Not a rush of dread and doubting, and of shivering backbones, such as had been on that hoary morning, when the sun came through the fog and showed churchwarden Farmer John, and Channing the clerk, and blacksmith Crang, trudging from the potato-field, full of ghostly tidings, and encountering at that very spot Sergeant Jakes, and Cornish, and the tremulous tramp of half the village afraid of resurrection. Instead of hurrying from the churchyard, as a haunt of ghouls and fiends, all were hastening towards it now with deep respect reviving. The people who lived beyond the bridge, and even beyond the factory, and were much inclined by local right to sit under the Dissenting minister (himself a very good man, and working in harmony with the curate,) many of these, and even some from Priestwell, having heard of it, pushed their right to know everything in front of those who lived close to the church and looked through the railings every day. Farmer John Horner was there on his horse, trotting slowly up and down, as brave as a mounted policeman is, and knowing every one by name called out to him to behave himself. Moreover Walter Haddon stood at the door of the Ivy-bush, with his coat off, and his shirt-sleeves rolled, and ready to double his fist at any man who only drank small beer, at the very first sign of tumult. But candidly speaking this was needless, powerful as the upheaval was and hot the spirit of inquiry; for the wives of most of the men were there, and happily in an English crowd that always makes for good manners.

Fox was received with loud hurrahs, and many ran forward to shake his hand; some who had been most black and bitter in their vile suspicions, having the manliness to beg his pardon and abuse themselves very heartily. He forgave them with much frankness, as behoves an Englishman, and with a pleasant smile at their folly, which also is nicely national. For after all, there is no other race that can give and take as we do; not by any means headlong, yet insisting upon decisions of the other side at any rate, and thus quickening the sense of justice upon the average in our favour.

Fox, with the truly British face of one who is understood at last but makes no fuss about it, gave up his horse at the lych-gate, and made off where he was beckoned for. Here were three great scaffold-poles and slings fixed over the entrance to the ancient underway; and before dark all was managed well. And then a short procession, headed by the martial march of Jakes, conveyed into the venerable church the mortal part of a just and kind man and a noble soldier, to be consigned to-morrow to a more secure, and ever tranquil, and still honoured resting-place.

This being done, the need of understanding must be satisfied. Dr. Fox and Dr. Gronow, with the two churchwardens and Channing the clerk, descended the ladder into the hole, and with a couple of torches kindled went to see the cause and manner of this strange yet simple matter,—a four-month mystery of darkness, henceforth as clear as daylight. When they beheld it they were surprised, not at the thing itself, for it could scarcely have happened otherwise in the circumstances, but at the coincidences which had led so many people of very keen intelligence into, as might almost be said, every track except the right one. And this brought home to them one great lesson—"*If you wish to be sure of a thing, see it with your own good eyes;*" and of yet another,—but that comes afterwards.

The passage, dug by the monks no doubt, led from the abbey directly westward to the chancel of the church, probably to enable them to carry their tapers burning, and discharge their duties there promptly and with vestments dry in defiance of the weather. The crown of loose flint set in mortar was some eight feet underground, and the line it took was that adopted in all Christian burial. The grave of the late Sir Thomas Waldron was prepared, as he had wished, far away from the family vault (which had sadly undermined the church), and towards the eastern end of the yard as yet not much inhabited. As it chanced, the bottom lay directly along a weak, or worn-out part of the concrete arch below; and the men who dug it said at the time that their spades had struck on something hard, which they took to be loose blocks of flint. However, being satisfied with their depth and having orders to wall the bottom, they laid on either side some nine or ten courses of brickwork, well flushed in with strong and binding mortar; but the ends being safe and bricks running short, to save any further trouble they omitted the cross-wall at the ends. Thus when the weight of earth cast in pressed more and more heavily upon the heavy coffin, the dome of concreted flints below collapsed, the solid oaken box dropped quietly to the bottom of the tunnel, and the dwarf brick sides having no tie across, but being well bonded together and well-footed, fell across the vacancy into one another, forming a new arch, or more correctly a splay span-roof, in lieu of the old arch which had yielded to the strain. Thus the earth above took this new bearing, and the surface of the ground was no more disturbed than it always is by settlement. No wonder then that in the hurried search by men who had not been down there before, and had not heard of any brickwork at the sides, and were at that moment in a highly nervous state, not only was the grave reported empty (which of course was true enough), but no suspicion was entertained that the bottom they came to (now covered with earth) was anything else than a rough platform for the resting-place. And the two who could have told them better, being proud of their skill in foundations, had joined the builders' staff and been sent away to distant jobs. In the heat of foregone conclusion, and the terror created by the blacksmith's tale, and the sad condition of that faithful little Jess, the report had been taken as final. No further quest seemed needful; and at Squire Mockham's order, the empty space had been filled in at once, for fear of the excitement and throng of vulgar gazers gathering and thickening around the empty grave.

Such are the cases that make us wonder at the power of coincidence, and the very strange fact that the less things seem to have to do with one another, the greater is their force upon the human mind when it tries to be too logical. Many little things, all far apart, had been fetched together by fine reasoning process, and made to converge towards a very fine error with certainty universal. Even that humble agent or patient, little Jess, despised as a dog by the many who have no delight in their better selves, had contributed very largely to the confluence of panic. If she could only have thrown the light of language on her woeful plight, the strongest clench to the blacksmith's tale would never have come near his pincers. For the slash that rewarded her true love fell, not from the spade of a churchyard-robber, but from a poacher's bill-hook. This has already been intimated; and Mr. Penniloe must have learned it then, if he had simply taken time, instead of making off at five miles an hour, when Speccotty wanted to tell his tale. This should be a warning to clergymen; for perhaps there was no other man in the parish whose case the good parson would thus have postponed without prospect of higher consolation. And it does seem a little too hard upon a man that, because his mind is gone astray unawares, his soul should drop out of cultivation, That poor little spaniel was going home sadly, to get a bit of breakfast and come back to her duty, when trespassing unwittingly upon the poacher's tricks at early wink of daylight, she was taken for a minion of the Evil One, and met with a vigour which is shown too seldom, by even true sportsmen, to his emissaries. Perhaps, before she quitted guard, she may have had a nip at the flowers on the grave, and dropped them back when she failed to make sweet bones of them.

Without further words, though any number of words, if their weight were by the score, would be too few, the slowest-headed man in Perlycross might lay to his heart the second lesson, read in as mild a voice as Penniloe's, above. And without a word at all, he may be trusted to go home with it, when the job is of other folk's hands, but his own pocket.

"*Never scamp your work*," was preached more clearly by this long trouble and degradation of an honourable parish, than if Mr. Penniloe had stood in the pulpit for a week of Sundays, with the mouth of King Solomon laid to his ear, and the trump of the Royal Mail upon his lips.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### AND ONE STILL FINER.

If it be sweet to watch at ease the troubles of another, how much sweeter to look back from the vantage-ground of happiness upon one's own misfortunes! To be able to think,—"Well, it was too bad! Another week would have killed me. How I pulled through it is more than I can tell, for everybody was against me! And the luck—the luck kept playing leap-frog; fifty plagues all upon one another's back, and my poor little self at the bottom. Not a friend came near me; they were all so sorry, but happened to be frightfully down themselves. I assure you, my dear, if it had not been for you, and the thought of our blessed children, and perhaps my own—well, I won't say 'pluck,' but determination to go through with it—instead of arranging these flowers for dinner, you would have been wreathing them for a sadder purpose." The lady sheds a tear, and says,—"Darling Jack, see how you have made my hand shake! I have almost spoiled that truss of hoya, and this schubertia won't stand up. But you never said a word about it at the time! Was that fair to me, Jack?" And the like will come to pass again, perhaps next year, perhaps next week.

But the beauty of country-life, as it then prevailed (ere the hungry hawk of the Stock-exchange poised his wings above the stock-dove), was to take things gently, softly, with a cooing faith in goodness both above us and around. Men must work; but being born (as their best friends, the horses, are,) for that especial purpose, why should they make it still more sad by dwelling upon it at the nose-bag time? How much wiser to allow that turbulent bit of stuff, the mind, to abide at ease and take things in, rather than cast them forth half chewed in the style of our present essayists?

Now this old village was the right sort of place to do such things without knowing it. There was no great leading intellect (with his hands returned to feet) to beat the hollow drum, and play the shrill fife, and set everybody tumbling over his best friend's head. The rule of the men was to go on, according to the way in which their fathers went; talking as if they were running on in front, but sticking effectually to the old coat-tail; which in the long run is the wisest thing to do. They were proud of their church, when the Sunday mood was on, and their children came home to tell about it. There she was;

let her stand, if the folk with money could support her. It was utterly impossible to get into their heads any difference betwixt the church in the churchyard, and the one that inhabits the sky above. When a man has been hard at work all the week, let his wife be his better half on Sunday.

Nothing that ever can be said, or done, by the most ardent "pastor," will ever produce that enthusiasm among the tegs of his flock, which spreads so freely among the ewes and lambs. Mr. Penniloe would not be called a *pastor;* to him the name savoured of a cant conceit. Neither did he call himself a *priest;* for him it was quite enough to be a clergyman of the Church of England, and to give his life to that. Therefore, when the time came round, and the turn of the year was fit for it, this parson of that humbler type was happy to finish without fuss the works that he had undertaken, with a lofty confidence in the Lord, which had come to ground too often. His faith, though fine, had never been of that grandly abstract quality which expects the ravens to come down, with bread instead of bills, and build a nest for sweet doves *gratis.* To pay every penny that was fairly due, and shorten no man of his Saturday wage towards the Sunday consolation; to perceive that business must not be treated as a purely spiritual essence; and to know that a great many very good people drip away (as tallow does from its own wick) from their quick flare of promises; also to bear the brunt of all, and cast up the toppling column, with the balance coming down on his own chest,—what wonder that he had scarcely any dark hair left, and even the silver was inclined to say adieu?

When a man, who is getting on in years, comes out of a long anxiety about money, and honour, and his sense of right, he finds even in the soft flush of relief that a great deal of his spring is gone. A Bachelor of Arts, when his ticks have been paid by a groaning governor, is fit and fresh to start again, and seldom dwells with due remorse upon the vicarious sacrifice. His father also, if of right paternal spirit, soars above the unpleasant subject; leaves it to the mother to drive home the lesson (which she feels already to be too severe) and says, "Well, Jack, you have got your degree; and that's more than the Squire's son can boast of." But the ancient Master of ten lustres, who has run into debt on his own hook, and felt the hook running into him, is in very different plight, even when he has wriggled off. Parson Penniloe was sorely humbled, his placid forehead sadly wrinkled, and his kindly eyes uncertain how to look at his brother men even from the height of the pulpit, when in his tremulous throat stuck fast that stern and difficult precept, "Owe no man anything." Even the strongest of mankind can scarcely manage to come up to that, when fortune is not with him and his family tug the other way. The glory of the Lord may be a lofty prospect, but becomes a cloudy pillar when the column is cast up, and will not square with cash in hand. Scarcely is it too much to say that, since the days of Abraham, it would have been hard to find a man of stronger faith than Penniloe, except at the times when he broke down (in vice of matters physical), and proved at one break two ancient creeds—*Exceptio probat regulam,* and *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

While he was on the balance now, as a man of the higher ropes should be, lifting the upper end of his pole that the glory of his parish shone again, yet feeling the butt inclined to swag by reason of the bills stuck upon it, who should come in to the audience and audit but young Sir Thomas Waldron? This youth had thought perhaps too little of himself, because those candid friends, his brother-boys, had always spoken of his body so kindly, without a single good word for his mind; but now he was authorised, and even ordered, by universal opinion to take a much fairer view of his own value.

Nothing that ever yet came to pass has gone into words without some shift of colour, and few things even without change of form; and so it would have been beyond all nature if the events above reported had been told with perfect accuracy even here. How much less could this be so in the hot excitement of the time, with every man eager to excel his neighbour's narrative, and every woman burning to recall it with her own pure imagination? What then of the woman who had been blessed enough to enrich the world, and by the same gift ennoble it, with the hero who at a stroke had purged the family, the parish, and the nation? Nevertheless he came in gently, modestly, and with some misgivings, into the room, where he had trembled, blushed, and floundered on all fours over the old gray Latin steps which have broken many a knee-cap. "If you please, sir," he said to his old tutor, who alone had taught him anything, for at Eton he had barely learned good manners; "my mother begs you to read this. And we are all ashamed of our behaviour."

"No, Tom, no; you have no cause for that. Your mother may have been a little hard at first; but she has meant to be just throughout. The misery she has passed through none but herself can realise."

"You see, sir, she does not sing out about things, as most women do; and that of course makes it ever so much worse for her."

The young man spoke like some deep student of feminine nature; but his words were only those of the good housekeeper at Walderscourt. Mr. Penniloe took them in that light, and began to read without reply.

Truly esteemed and valued sir. With some hesitation of the mind I come to say that in all I have said and done, my mind has been of the wrong intelligence most largely. It always appears in this land of Britain, as if nobody of it could make a mistake. But we have not in my country such great wisdom and good fortune. Also in any other European land of which I have the acquaintance, the natives are wrong in their opinions sometimes.

But this does not excuse me of my mistake. I have been unjust to you and to all people living around my place of dwelling. But by my dear son and his very deep sagacity, it has been made manifest that your good people were considered guilty, without proper justice, of a wrong upon my husband's memory. Also that your good church, of which he thought so well in the course of his dear life, has treated him not with ignominy, but with the best of her attention, receiving him into the sacred parts, where the priests of our religion in the times of truth conversed. This is to me of the holiest and most gracious consolation.

Therefore I entreat you to accept, for the uses of so good a building, the little sum herewith committed to your care, which flows entirely from my own resources, and not from the property of my dear husband, so much engaged in the distribution of the law. When that is disengaged, my dear son Rodrigo, with my approbation, will contribute from it the same amount for the perfection of the matter.

"One, two, three, four, five,—and every one of them a hundred pounds! My dear Tom, I feel a doubt——" Mr. Penniloe leaned back and thought. He was never much excited about money, except when he owed it to, or for, the Lord.

"I call it very poor amends indeed. What would ten times as much be, after all that you have suffered? And how can you refuse it, when it is not for yourself? My mother will be hurt most dreadfully, and never think well again of the Church of England."

"Tom, you are right," Mr. Penniloe replied, while a smile flitted over his countenance. "I should indeed convey a false impression of the character of our dear Mother. But as for the other £500—well——"

"My father's character must be considered, as well as your good mother's." Sir Thomas was not strong at metaphor. "And I am sure of one thing, sir. If he could have known what would happen about him, and how beautifully every one behaved, except his own people—but it's no use talking. If you don't take it, I shall join the Early Methodists. What do you think of that, sir? I am always as good as my word, you know."

"Ah! Ah! It may be so," the curate answered thoughtfully, returning to the mildness of exclamation from which these troubles had driven him. "But allow me a little time for consideration. Your mother's very generous gift I can accept without hesitation, and have no right to do otherwise. But as to your father's estate, I am placed in a delicate position by reason of my trusteeship, and it is possible that I might go wrong; at any rate, I must consult——"

"Mrs. Fox, sir, from Foxden!" Thyatira Muggridge cried, with her face as red as a turkey's wattles, and throwing the door of the humble back-room as wide as if it never could be wide enough. For the lady was beautifully arrayed.

"I come to consult, not to be consulted. My confidence in myself has been misplaced," said the mother of Jemmy and Christie, after making the due salutation. "Sir Thomas, I beg you not to go. You have some right to a voice in the matter; if, as they tell me at Old Barn, you have conquered your repugnance to my son, and are ready to receive him as your brother-in-law."

"Madam, I was a fool," said Tom, offering his great hand with a sheepish look. "Your son has forgiven me, and I hope that you will. Jemmy is the finest fellow ever born."

"A credit to his mother, as his mother always thought. And what is still better for himself, a happy man in winning the affections of the sweetest girl on earth. I have seen your dear sister—what a gentle darling!"

"Nicie is very well in her way, madam; but she has a strong will of her own. Jemmy will find that out, some day. Upon the whole, I am sorry for him."

"He talks in the very same way of his sister. If young men listened to young men, none of them would ever marry. Oh, Mr. Penniloe, you can be trusted at any rate to look at things from a higher point of view."

"I try sometimes, but it is not easy; and I generally get into scrapes, when I do. But I have one consolation; nobody ever takes my advice."

"I mean to take it," Mrs. Fox replied, looking into his gentle eyes with the faith which clever women feel in a nature larger than their own. "You need not suppose that I am impulsive; but I know what you are. When every one else in this stupid little place condemned my son without hearing a word, there was one who was too noble, too good a Christian, to listen to any reason. He was right when the mother herself was wrong. For I don't mind telling you, as I have even told my son, that knowing what he is, I could not help suspecting that he,—that he had something to do with it. Not that Lady Waldron had any right whatever,—and it will take me a long time to forgive her, and her son is quite welcome to tell her that. What you felt yourself was quite different, Sir Thomas."

"I can't see that my mother did any harm. Why, she even suspected her own twin-brother! If you were to bear ill-will against my mother——"

"Of such little tricks I am incapable, Sir Thomas. And of course I can allow for foreigners. Even twenty years of English life cannot bring them to see things as we do. Their nature is so,—well, I won't say narrow, neither will I say 'bigoted,' although——"

"We quite understand you, my dear madam." Mr. Penniloe was shocked at his own rudeness, in thus interrupting a lady, but he knew that very little more would produce a bad breach betwixt Walderscourt and Foxden. "What a difference really does exist among people equally just and upright——"

"My dear mother is as just and upright as any Englishwoman in the world, Protestant or Catholic," the young man exclaimed, having his temper on the bubble yet not allowing it to boil against a lady. "But if his own mother condemned him, how—I can't put it into words, as I mean it—how can she be in a wax with my mother? And more than that; as it happens, Mrs. Fox, my mother starts for Spain to-day, and I cannot let her go alone."

"Now the Lord must have ordered it so," thought the parson. "What a clearance of hostile elements!" But fearing that the others might not so take it, he said only—"Ah, indeed!"

"To her native land?" asked Mrs. Fox, as a Protestant not quite unbigoted, and a woman who longed to have it out. "It seems an extraordinary thing just now. But perhaps it is a pilgrimage."

"Yes, madam, for about £500,000," answered Sir Thomas, in his youthful Tory vein not emancipated yet from disdain of commerce. "Not for the sake of the money, of course; but to do justice to the brother she had wronged. Mr. Penniloe can tell you all about it; I am not much of a hand at arithmetic."

"We won't trouble any one about that now," the lady replied with some loftiness. "But I presume that Lady Waldron would wish to see me before she leaves this country."

"Certainly she would, if she had known that you were here. My sister had not come back yet, to tell her. She will be disappointed terribly, when she hears that you have been at Perlycross. But she is compelled to catch the Packet; and I fear that I must say 'good-bye.' Mother would never forgive me, if she lost her voyage through any fault of mine."

"You see how they treat us!" said Mrs. Fox of Foxden, when the young man had made his adieu with great politeness. "I suppose you understand it, Mr. Penniloe, though your mind is so very much larger?"

The clergyman scarcely knew what to say. He was not at all quick in the ways of the world, and all feminine rush was beyond him. "We must all allow for circumstances," was his quiet platitude.

"All possible allowance I can make," the lady replied with much self-command. "But I think there is nothing more despicable than this small county-family feeling? Is Lady Waldron not aware that I am connected with the very foremost of your Devonshire families? But because my husband is engaged in commerce, a military race may look down upon us! After all, I should like to know, what are your proudest landowners but mere agriculturists by deputy? I never lose my temper; but it makes me laugh, when I remember that after all they are simply dependent upon farming. Is not that what it comes to, Mr. Penniloe?"

"And a very noble occupation, madam. The first and the finest of the ways ordained by the Lord for the sustenance of mankind. Next to the care of the human soul, what vocation can be——"

"You think so? Then I tell you what I'll do, if only to let those Waldrons know how little we care for their prejudices. Everything depends upon me now, in my poor husband's sad condition. I will give my consent to my daughter's alliance—great people call it *alliance*, don't they?—with a young man who is a mere farmer!"

"I am assured that he will make his way," Mr. Penniloe answered with some inward smile, for it is a pleasant path to follow in the track of ladies. "He gets a higher price for pigs than either of my churchwardens."

"What could you desire more than that? It is a proof of the highest capacity. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilham shall send their wedding-cards to Walderscourt, with a prime young porker engraved on them. Oh, Mr. Penniloe, I am not perfect. But I have an unusual gift perhaps of largeness of mind and common sense, and I always go against any one who endeavours to get the whip-hand of me. And I do believe my darling Christie gets it from her mother."

"She is a most charming young lady, Mrs. Fox. What a treasure she would be in this parish! The other day, she said a thing about our church——"

"Just like her; she is always doing that. And when she comes into her own money—but that is a low consideration. It is gratitude, my dear sir, the deepest and the noblest feeling that still survives in these latter days. Without that heroic young man's behaviour, which has partly disabled him for life, I fear, I should have neither son nor daughter. And you say that the Gilhams are of very good birth?"

"The true name is *Guillaume*, I believe. Their ancestor came with the Conqueror; not as a rapacious noble, but in a most useful and peaceful vocation; in fact——"

"Quite enough, Mr. Penniloe; in such a case, one scorns particulars. My daughter was sure that it was so. But I doubted; although you can see it in his bearing. A more thoroughly modest young man never breathed; but I shall try to make him not afraid of me. He told my daughter that, in his opinion, I realised—but you would think me vain, and I was justly annoyed at such nonsense. However, since I have had your advice, I shall hesitate no longer."

Mrs. Fox smiled pleasantly, because her mind was quite made up to save herself a world of useless trouble in this matter, and yet appear to take the upper hand in her surrender. Wondering what advice he could have been supposed to give, the mild yet gallant parson led her to the Foxden carriage, which had halted at his outer gate and opposite the school-house. Here with many a bow they parted, thinking well of one another and hoping for the like regard. But as the gentle curate passed the mouth of the Tænarian tunnel leading to his lower realms, a great surprise befell him.

"What has happened? There is something wrong. Surely at this time of day, one ought to see the sunset through that hole," he communed with himself in wonder, for the dark arcade ran from east to west. "There must be a stoppage somewhere. I am almost sure I can see two heads. Good people, come out, whoever you may be."

"The fact of it is, sir," said Sergeant Jakes, marching out of the hole with great dignity, though his hat was white with cobwebs; "the fact of it is that this good lady hath received a sudden shock——"

"No, sir, no, sir; not at all like that, sir. Only as St. Paul saith in chapter five of Ephesians—'This is a great mystery.'"

"It is indeed; and I must request to have it explained immediately."

Thyatira's blushes and the sparkling of her eyes made her look quite pretty, and almost as good as young again, while she turned away with a final shot from the locker of old authority: "You ought to be ashamed, sir, according to my thinking, to be standing in this wind so long without no hat upon your head."

"You see, sir, it is just like this," the gallant sergeant followed up, when his love was out of hearing; "time hath come for Mrs. Muggridge to be married, now or never. It is not for me to say, as a man who fears the Lord, that I think He was altogether right in the institooting of wedlock, supposing as ever He did so. But whether He did it, or whether He did not, the thing hath been so taken up by the humankind, women particular, that for a man getting on in years 'tis the only thing respectable. Thyatira hath proven that out of the Bible many times."

"Mr. Jakes, the proper thing is to search the Scriptures for yourself."

"So Thyatira saith. But Lord! she findeth me wrong at every text, from looking up to women so. If she holdeth by St. Paul a quarter so much as she quoteth him, there won't be another man in Perlycross with such a home as I shall have."

"You have chosen one of the few wise virgins. Jakes, I trust that you will be blest not only with a happy home in this world, but what is a thousand-fold more important, the aid of a truly religious wife to lead a thoroughly humble, prayerful, and consistent Christian life."

"Thank 'e, sir, thank 'e. With the grace of God, she will; and my first prayer to the Lord in heaven will be just this—to let me live long enough for to see that young fool of a Bob the butcher a-hanging from his own steelyard; by reason of the idiot he hath made of hisself, by marrying of that silly minx Tamar Haddon."

"The grace of God is boundless, and Tamar may improve. Try to make the best of her, Mr. Jakes. She will always look up to you, I am sure, feeling the strength of your character and the example of higher principles."

"She!" replied the sergeant without a blush, but after a keen reconnoitring glance. "The likes of her doesn't get no benefit from example. But I must not keep you, sir, so long without your hat on."

"This is a day of many strange events," Mr. Penniloe began to meditate, as he leaned back in his long sermon-chair, with the shadows of the spring night deepening. "Lady Waldron gone, to support her brother's case in Spain because she had so wronged him; a thousand pounds suddenly forthcoming, to lift us out of our affliction; sweet Nicie left in the charge of Mrs. Webber, who comes to live at Walderscourt; Christie Fox allowed to have her own way, as she was pretty sure to do; and now Thyatira, Thyatira Muggridge, not content to lead a quiet, useful, respectable, Christian, and well-paid life, but launched into matrimony with a man of many stripes! I know not how the school will be conducted, or my own household, if it comes to that. Truly, when a clergyman is left without a wife——"

"I want to come in, and the door won't open," a clear but impatient voice was heard. "I want to see you, before anybody else does." And then another shake was given.

"Why, Zip, my dear child! Zip, don't be so headlong. I thought you were learning self-command. Why, how have you come? What is the meaning of all this?"

"Well, now they may kill me, if they like. I told them I would hear your voice again, and then they might skin me, if it suited them. I won't have their religion; there is none of it inside them. You are the only one I ever saw that God has made with his eyes open. I like them very well, but what are they to you? Why, they won't let me speak as I was made! It is no good sending me away again. Parson, you mustn't stand up like that. Can't you see that I want to kiss you?"

"My dear little child, with all my heart. But I never saw any one half so——"

"Half so what? I don't care what, so long as I have got you round the neck," cried the child as she covered his face with kisses, drawing back every now and then, to look into his calm blue eyes with flashes of adoration. "The Lord should have made me your child, instead of that well-conducted waxy thing—look at my nails! She had better not come now."

"Alas! Have you cultivated nothing but your nails? But why did the good ladies send you home so soon? They said they would keep you until Whitsuntide."

"I got a punishment on purpose, and I let the old girls go to dinner. Then I said the Lord's Prayer, and slipped down the back stairs."

"And you plodded more than twenty miles alone! Oh, Zip, what a difficult thing it will be to guide you into the ways of peace!"

"They say I talks broad a bit still sometimes, and they gives me ever so much roilying. But I'd sit up all night with a cork in my mouth, if so be, I could plaize 'e, parson."

"You must want something better than a cork, my dear,"—vexed as he was, Mr. Penniloe admired the vigorous growth and high spirit of the child—"after twenty-two miles of our up and down roads. Now go to Mrs. Muggridge, but remember one thing; if you are unkind to my little Fay, how can you expect me to be kind to you?"

"Not a very lofty way for me to put it," he reflected, while Zip was being cared for in the kitchen; "but what am I to do with that strange child? If the girl is mother to the woman, she will be none of the choir angelic, contented with duty and hymns of repose. If 'nature maketh nadders,' as our good people say, Zippy[1] hath more of sting than sugar in her bowl."

But when the present moment thrives, and life is warm and active, and those in whom we take delight are prosperous and happy, what is there why we should not smile, and keep in tune with all around, and find the flavour of the world returning to our relish? This may not be of the noblest style of thinking, or of living; but he who would, in his little way, rather help than harm his fellows, soon finds out that it cannot be done by carping and girding at them. By intimacy with their lower parts, and rank insistence on them, one may for himself obtain some power yielded by a hateful shame. But who esteems him? who is better for his fœtid labours? who would go to him for comfort when the world is waning? who, though in his home he may be lovable, can love him?

Mr. Penniloe was not of those who mount mankind by lowering it. From year to year his influence grew, as grows a tree in the backwood age, that neither shuns nor defies the storm. Though certain persons opposed him still, as happens to every active man, there was not one of them that did not think all the others wrong in doing so. For instance Lady Waldron, when she returned with her son from Spain, thought Mrs. Fox by no means reasonable, and Mrs. Fox thought Lady Waldron anything but sensible, when either of them differed with the clergyman and the other. For verily it was a harder thing to settle all the important points concerning Nicie and Jemmy Fox, than to come to a perfect understanding in the case of Christie and Frank Gilham.

However, the parish was pleased at last to hear that everything had been arranged; and a mighty day it was to be for all that pleasant neighbourhood, although no doubt a quiet and, as every one hoped, a sober one. On account of her father's sad condition, Christie as well as Nicie, was to make her vows in the grand old church, which was not wholly finished yet, because there was so much more to do through the fine influx of money. Currency is so called perhaps, not only because it runs away so fast, but also because it runs together; the prefix being omitted through our warm affection and longing for the terms of familiarity. At any rate the parson and the stout churchwardens of Perlycross had just received another hundred pounds when the following interview came to pass.

It was on the bank of the crystal Perle, at the place where the Priestwell brook glides in, and a single plank without a handrail crosses it into the meads below. Here are some stickles of good speed and right complexion, for the fly to float quietly into a dainty mouth and produce a fine fry in the evening; and here, if any man rejoice not in the gentle art, yet may he find sweet comfort and release of worldly trouble by sitting softly on the bank, and letting all the birds sing to him, and all the flowers fill the air, and all the little waves go by, as his own anxieties have gone. Sometimes Mr. Penniloe, whenever he could spare the time, allowed his heart to go up to heaven, where his soul was waiting for it and wondering at its little cares. And so on this fair morning of the May, here he sat upon a bank of spring, gazing at the gliding water through the mute salaam of twigs.

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[1] This proved too true, as may be shown hereafter.

"Reverend, I congratulate you. Never heard of a finer hit. A solid hundred out of Gowler! Never bet with a parson, eh? I thought he knew the world too well."

A few months back and the clergyman would have risen very stiffly, and kept his distance from this joke. But now he had a genuine liking for this "Godless Gronow," and knew that his mind was the worst part of him. "Doctor, you know that it was no bet," he said, as he shook hands heartily. "Nevertheless I feel some doubts about accepting——"

"You can't help it. The money is not for yourself, and you rob the Church if you refuse it. The joke of it is that I saw through the mill-stone, where that conceited fellow failed. Come now, as you are a sporting man, I'll bet you a crown that I catch a trout in this little stickle above the plank."

"Done!" cried Mr. Penniloe, forgetting his position, but observing Gronow's as he whirled his flies.

The doctor threshed heartily, and at his very best; even bending his back as he had seen Pike do, and screwing up his lips, and keeping in a strict line with his line his body and his mind and whole existence. Mr. Penniloe's face wore an amiable smile, as he watched the intensity of his friend. Crowns in his private purse were few and far between, and if he should attain one by the present venture, it would simply go into the poor-box; yet such was his sympathy with human nature that he hoped against hope to see a little trout pulled out. But the willows bowed sweetly, and the wind went by, and the water flowed on, with all its clever children safe.

"Here you are, Reverend!" said the philosophic Gronow, pulling out his cart-wheel like a man. "You can't make them take you when they don't choose, can you? But I'll make them pay out for it when they begin to rise."

"The fact of it is that you are too skilful, doctor; and you let them see so much of you that they feel it in their hearts."

"There may be truth in that. But my own idea is, that I manage to instil into my flies too keen a sense of their own dependence upon me. Now what am I to do? I must have a dish, and a good dish too, of trout for this evening's supper. You know the honour and the pleasure I am to have of giving the last bachelor and maiden feast to the heroes and heroines of to-morrow, Nicie and Jemmy Fox, Christie and Frank Gilham. Their people are glad to be quit of them in the fuss, and they are too glad to be out of it. None of your imported stuff for me. Nothing is to be allowed upon the table unless it is the produce of our own parish. A fine fore-quarter, and a ripe sirloin, my own asparagus, and lettuce, and sea-kail, and frame-potatoes in their jackets; stewed pears and clotted cream, grapes, and a pine-apple (coming of course from Walderscourt)—oh, Reverend, what a good man you would be, if you only knew what is good to eat!"

"But I do; and I shall know still better by and by. I understood that I was kindly invited."

"To be sure, and one of the most important. But I must look sharp, or I shall never get the fish. By the by, you couldn't take the rod for half an hour, could you? I hear that you have been a fine hand at it."

Mr. Penniloe stood with his hand

upon a burr-knot of oak, and looked at the fishing-rod. If it had been a good, homely, hard-working, and plain-living bit of stuff, such as Saint Peter might have swung upon the banks of Jordan, haply the parson might have yielded to the sweet temptation. For here within a few clicks of reel was goodly choice of many waters, various as the weather—placid glides of middle currents rippling off towards either bank, petulant swerves from bank or bole, with a plashing and a murmur and a gurgling from below, and then a spread of quiet dimples deepening to a limpid pool. Taking all the twists and turns of river Perle and Priestwell brook, there must have been a mile of water in two flowery meadows, water bright with stickle-runs, gloomy with still corners, or quivering with crafty hovers where a king of fish might dwell. But lo, the king of fishermen, or at least the young prince, was coming! The doctor caught the parson's sleeve, and his face assumed its worst expression, perhaps its usual one before he took to church-going and fly-fishing. "Just look! Over there, by that wild cherry-tree!" he whispered very fiercely. "I am sure it's that sneak of a Pike once more. Come into this bush, and watch him. I thought he was gone to Oxford; why, I never saw him fishing once last week."

"Pike is no sneak, but a very honest fellow," his tutor answered warmly. "But I was obliged by a sad offence of his to stop him from handling the rod last week. He begged me to lay it on his back instead. The poor boy scarcely took a bit of food; he will never forget that punishment."

"Well, he seems to be making up for it now. What luck he has, and I get none!"

Mr. Penniloe smiled as his favourite pupil crossed the Perle towards them. He was not wading, in such small waters there is no necessity for that, but stepping lightly from pile to pile, and slab to slab, where the relics of an ancient weir stood above the flashing river. Whistling softly, and calmly watching every curl and ripple, he was throwing a long line up the stream, while his flies were flitting as if human genius had turned them in their posthumous condition into moths. His rod showed not a glance of light, but from spike to top-ring quivered with the vigilance of death. While the envious Gronow watched, with bated breath and teeth set hard, two or three merry little trout were taught what they were made for; then in a soft swirl near the bank that dimpled like a maiden's cheek, an excellent fish with a yellow belly bravely made room in it for something choice. Before he had smacked his lips thoroughly, behold another fly of wondrous beauty, laced with silver, azure-pinioned, and with an exquisite curl of tail, came fluttering through the golden world so marvellous to the race below. The poor fly shuddered at the giddy gulf, then folded his wings and fell helpless. "I have thee," exclaimed the trout; but ah! more truly the same thing said the Pike. A gallant struggle, a thrilling minute, silvery dashes, and golden rolls, and there between Dr. Gronow's feet lay upon Dr. Gronow's land a visitor he would have given half the meadow to have placed there.

"Don't touch him," said Pike, in the calmest manner; "or you'll be sure to let him in again. He will turn the pound handsomely, don't you think?"

"A cool hand, truly, this pupil of yours!" quoth the doctor to the parson. "To consult me about the weight of my own fish, and then put him in his basket! Young man, this meadow belongs to me."

"Yes, sir, I dare say; but the fish don't live altogether in the meadow. And I never heard that you preserve the Perle. Priestwell brook you do, I know; but I don't want to go there, if I might."

"I dare say. Perhaps the grapes are sour. Never mind; let us see how you have done. I find them taking rather short to-day. Why, you don't mean to say you have caught all those!"

"I ought to have done better," said the modest Pike; "but I lost two very nice fish by being in too much of a hurry. That comes of being stopped from it all last week. But I see you have not been lucky yet. You are welcome to these, sir, if Mr. Penniloe does not want them. By strict right, I dare say they belong to you."

"Not one of them, Mr. Pike; but you are very generous. I hope to catch a basketful very shortly—still, it is just possible that this may not occur. I will take them provisionally, and with many thanks. "Now, will you add to the obligation, by telling, if your tutor has no objection, why he put you under such an awful veto?"

"My boy, you are welcome to tell Dr. Gronow. It was only a bit of thoughtlessness, and your punishment has been severe."

"I shall never touch cobbler's wax again on Sunday. But I wanted to finish a May-fly entirely of my own pattern; and so after church I was touching up his wings, when in comes Mr. Penniloe with his London glasses on."

"And I am proud to assure you, Dr. Gronow, that the lad never tried to deceive me. I should have been deeply pained if he had striven to conceal it."

"Well done! That speaks well for both of you. Pike, you are a straightforward fellow; you shall have a day on my brook once a week. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"Yes, sir, unless it is too much to ask; and perhaps Mr. Penniloe would like to hear it too. Hopper and I have had many talks about it, and he says that I am superstitious. But his plan of things is to cut for his life over everything that he can see, without stopping once to look at it. And when he has jumped over it, he has no more idea what it was, than if he had run under it. He has no faith in anything that he does not see, and he never sees much of anything."

"Ha, Master Pike, you describe it well," said the doctor, looking at him with much interest. "Scepticism without inquiry. Reverend, that Hop-jumper is not the right stuff for a bishop."

"If you please, Dr. Gronow, we will not discuss that now," the parson replied with a glance at young Pike, which the doctor understood and heeded. "What is it, my boy, that you would ask of Dr. Gronow, after serious debate with Peckover?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing. Only we would like to know, if it is not disagreeable to any one, how he could have managed from the very first to understand all about Sir Thomas Waldron, and to know that we were all making fools of ourselves. I say that he must have seen a dream, like Jacob, or have been cast into a vision, like so many other saints. But Hopper says no; if there was any inspiration, Dr. Gronow was more likely to have got it from the devil."

"Come now, Pike, and Hopper too,—if he were here to fly my brook,—I call that very unfair of you. No, it was not you who said it; I can quite believe that. No fisherman reviles his brother. But you should have given him the spike, my friend. Reverend, is this all the theology you teach? Well, there is one answer as to how I knew it, and a very short one—the little word *brains*."

Mr. Penniloe smiled a pleasant smile, and simply said, "Ah!" in his accustomed tone, which everybody liked for its sympathy and good faith. But Pike took up his rod, and waved his flies about, and answered very gravely, "It must be something more than that."

"No, sir," said the doctor, looking down at him complacently, and giving a little tap to his grizzled forehead; "it was all done here, sir—just a trifling bit of brains."

"But there never can have been such brains before," replied Pike with an angler's persistence. "Why everybody else was a thousand miles astray, and yet Dr. Gronow hit the mark at once!"

"It is a little humble knack he has, sir, just a little gift of thinking," the owner of all this wisdom spoke as if he were half-ashamed of it; "from his earliest days it has been so. Nothing whatever to be proud of, and sometimes even a trouble to him when others require to be set right. But how can one help it, Master Pike? There is the power, and it must be used. Mr. Penniloe will tell you that."

"All knowledge is from above," replied the gentleman thus appealed to; "and beyond all question it is the duty of those who have this precious gift, to employ it for the good of others."

"Young man, there is a moral lesson for you. When wiser people set you right, be thankful and be humble. That has been my practice always, though I have not found many occasions for it."

Pike was evidently much impressed, and looked with reverence at both his elders. "Perhaps then," he said, with a little hesitation and the bright blush of ingenuous youth, "I ought to set Dr. Gronow right in a little mistake he is making."

"If such a thing be possible, of course you should," his tutor replied with a smile of surprise; while the doctor recovered his breath, made a bow, and said, "Sir, will you point out my error?"

"Here it is, sir," quoth Pike, with the certainty of truth overcoming his young diffidence, "this wire-apparatus in your brook—a very clever thing; what is the object of it?"

"My *Ichthyophylax?* A noble idea that has puzzled all the parish. A sort of a grill that only works one way. It keeps all my fish from going down to my neighbours, and yet allows theirs to come up to me; and when they come up, they can never get back. At the other end of my property, I have the same contrivance inverted, so that all the fish come down to me, but none of them can go up again. I saw the thing offered in a sporting paper, and paid a lot of money for it in London. Reverend, isn't it a grand invention? It intercepts them all, like a sluice-gate."

"Extremely ingenious, no doubt," replied the parson. "But is it not what a fair-minded person would consider rather selfish?"

"Not at all. They would like to have my fish, if they could; and so I anticipate them, and get theirs. Quite the rule of the Scriptures, Reverend."

"I think that I have read a text," said Master Pike, stroking his long chin, and not quite sure that he quoted aright; "the snare which he laid for others, in the same are his own feet taken."

"A very fine text," replied Dr. Gronow, with one of his most sarcastic smiles; "and the special favourite of the Lord must have realised it too often. But what has that to do with my *Ichthyophylax?*"

"Nothing, sir. Only that you have set it so that it works in the wrong direction. All the fish go out, but they can't come back. And if it is so at the upper end, no wonder that you catch nothing."

"Can I ever call any man a fool again?" cried the doctor, when thoroughly convinced.

"Perhaps that disability will be no loss," Mr. Penniloe answered quietly.

THE END.

# THE FOUNDERS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND

On July 24th, 1694, a charter was first granted by Parliament to the Bank of England; and thus one of the most remarkable of our national institutions completes this year the second century of its history. A vast amount of criticism has lately been lavished on the Bank not by any means from the historical or antiquarian point of view alone, but rather indeed with reference to its actual relations towards the commerce and finance of to-day. It is not our intention to discuss that criticism, which, whether justified or not, is inevitable in view of the position held by the Bank in our money-market; we wish rather to recall some of the salient points of its earlier story, and especially to consider the circumstances of its origin. Probably the most severe of its recent censors, reviewing the two hundred years during which the Bank of England has played a prominent part in the political and social economy of the country, would not deny that it has been distinguished among the financial institutions of the world for the patriotic loyalty of its attitude in crises of the national history, for the indispensable assistance it has rendered to successive Governments, and the succour it has afforded to our commerce in times of disturbance and panic. Although, strictly speaking, it is not a Government institution, its course has almost invariably been determined not by any narrow view of the private interests of its stockholders, but by larger considerations in which the general welfare has been paramount. An ordinary acquaintance with the history of the last two centuries is all that is necessary to indicate the character of these services, and to show how constantly the enormous financial transactions of the nation have been made easy by the resources of this great establishment. It is manifest that only such resources could have sufficed for the scale of the national finance in periods like those of William the Third's Continental campaigns or of the long struggle with Napoleon, not to speak of the various restorations of the coinage, or the wholesale conversion of the Debt. Moreover, the commanding position of the Bank of England, though modified inevitably by the rise of great banks around it and by the vast increase in our trade, has not been radically altered. Notwithstanding the development of joint-stock banking during the present century,—a development that has more than kept pace with the growing wealth and commerce of the country—the enormous mass of the Bank's paid-up capital, the caution of its methods, and the success with which it has throughout avoided the more serious risks of business have given it a claim to the first place as yet unapproached by any rival institution. But perhaps at this point we touch the fringe of some recent controversies. To come then to our immediate purpose, the early history of the Bank will repay, we think, a brief study. It is the story of a great experiment boldly carried out amidst extraordinary difficulties. That the success of the Bank of England was immediate and permanent, is a testimony both to the public necessities which it met, and to the skill and prescience of its founders.

The period in which the Bank arose is one of the heroic ages of English history. The energy and vitality of the nation have never shown themselves more unmistakably than in the period of the Revolution. The great questions which then demanded settlement were solved as only great men could solve them, and it is to this period we have to trace some of the most important principles affecting the political and social life of our own time. In many vital matters the reign of William the Third marked a dividing line between ancient and modern ways. It gave a Parliamentary basis to the Monarchy, established the power of the House of Commons, and originated the idea of a homogeneous Cabinet and a responsible Ministry, laying thus the foundations of our political liberty. Religious toleration is another notable conquest to which the closing years of the seventeenth century can lay rightful claim; while freedom of trade and a sound currency, essential factors in our economic and social progress, owe much to the clear demonstration of principles which then proceeded from the vigorous minds of Locke and Newton. Precisely the same qualities which appeared in the administration of national affairs, were shown in the clear understandings and steady prudence of the men who established a system of banking which in its leading features has seen little essential change from that time to the present.

The Bank took its rise directly from the necessities of the Government. The great struggle with France, to which William's whole life was devoted, could not be maintained without a vast expenditure, and the means had to be obtained sometimes by methods that were felt to be exceedingly troublesome and humiliating. These terms were certainly applicable, if not to the raising of money by lotteries, at any rate to the practice to which the Lords of the Treasury resorted, of "going, cap in hand, with the Lord-Keeper to raise a loan among the thriving citizens." It was, therefore, when the Government saw the prospect of immediate assistance to be derived from a public Bank, that the project, to use a modern phrase, came within the range of practical politics. Various schemes of the kind had been drawn up many years earlier, and had from different causes failed; one of these was considered by Cromwell's government in the year 1658.

Quite as pressing, however, as the necessities of the administration, were the requirements of a rapidly developing commerce. It was plain to the merchants of London that these were not adequatoly met by the existing system of banking. Not only were the goldsmiths, in whose hands the financial business then rested, extortionate in their terms, but, from the insufficiency of the capital at their disposal, insolvency was not infrequent among them to the grievous loss and often to the ruin of their customers. The petty operations of Lombard Street in the seventeenth century must often have been compared very unfavourably with the vast scale and well proved stability of the great continental banks. When the Bank of England was at length established, it took such a form as proved how beneficial had been the long period of preliminary discussion; a form which rendered it of far greater practical utility to the commerce of the country than if it had been made, as some at first proposed, a servile copy of the public banks already existing in Europe. In his "Wealth of Nations," Adam Smith gives a full description, though not from his own pen, of the most famous of these, the Bank of Amsterdam. We there learn that like two older institutions, the Banks of Venice and of Genoa, it was a bank of deposit merely. It received, we read, "both foreign coin and the light and worn coin of the country, at its real intrinsic value in the good standard money of the country, deducting only so much as was necessary for defraying the expense of coinage, and the other necessary expense of management," and the balance was placed to the credit of the depositing merchant. The latter was thus enabled to pay his bills as they fell due, in "bank money" of which the value was certain. This was no doubt an inestimable advantage to commerce; but it did not cover what we now understand as the functions of a banker. The Bank of Amsterdam did not trade with its deposits or any part of them. A wholly different practice had already rooted itself in English banking, for the goldsmiths did not pretend to keep unused in their hands the balances of their customers, but only such a proportion of them as they found needful to meet daily demands,—a varying quantity which experience would speedily enable them to gauge with fair exactness. "It was this practice," says Thorold Rogers, "which distinguished the theory and habit of banking in England from its earlier types in foreign countries." It is practically certain, also, that long before 1694 the experience of the goldsmith and his customers had taught them the utility of bank-notes and cheques. The free use of cheques, which effects so vast an economy in our currency, is to this day a feature distinguishing the English banking system from that of Continental countries. We find in an interesting volume by a London banker, Mr. J. B. Martin, the following account of the steps by which this advance in banking practice must have been accomplished. "The early goldsmith's deposit note passed on the credit of the goldsmith only, but neither in its entirety, nor when subdivided into smaller amounts, could it always exactly meet the requirements of the holder. This difficulty was, no doubt, aggravated by the prevailing scarcity of coin to which reference has already been made, and it must soon have become obvious that it was more simple to pay an obligation by a letter of demand on the goldsmith drawn by the depositor, than by the undertaking to pay of the goldsmith himself. On the other hand it was practically a matter of indifference to the goldsmith whether he discharged a debt, for payment of which he was bound to hold himself constantly prepared, on presentation of his own promissory note, or on the demand of his customer. The consequence was the invention of the cheque system, which grew up side by side with, but ultimately outstripped, the deposit or bank-note system on which it was originally founded. The earliest drawers of cheques found a model ready to their hand in the bill, or more correctly, letter of exchange, of which the following, taken from Mr. Martin's pages, is a specimen: "*Bolton, 4th March,* 1684. At sight hereof pray pay unto Charles Duncombe, Esq., or order, the sum of four hundred pounds, and place it to the accompt of your assured friend, WINCHESTER. *To Captain Francis Child, near Temple Barre.*" This was a remarkably close approach to modern usages, and it was too valuable a reform to be lost. If, indeed, a public bank had been projected on the foreign model, it would, although of narrower utility than that which was eventually established, have served a useful purpose as a place of safe deposit, the want of which was then keenly felt. To provide such a place was beyond the resources of the goldsmiths, while the action of both Charles the First and his successor had demonstrated that money deposited either in the Mint or in the Exchequer was liable to be arbitrarily borrowed, or confiscated, by the King. Those who projected the Bank of England had thus two precedents or models to guide them, and they may be said to have combined the advantages of both, for with the massiveness of the great foreign institutions they united the freer practice of the Lombard Street goldsmiths.

When at length, in June, 1694, the scheme was placed before the public, the necessary capital was forthcoming with what must have appeared in those times a startling rapidity. Three days after the books were opened more than half was provided, and a week later, on Monday, July 2nd, the full amount of £1,200,000 was subscribed. It was manifest that the plan, which had met with so much opposition in both Houses of Parliament, commanded at least the enthusiastic support of the City, where its merits could best be judged, and where alone could be found the funds to carry it to a successful issue. Very different was the fate which two years later befell the rival scheme of Chamberlain's Land Bank. By its specious promises of universal prosperity it took both Government and Parliament captive, but fell dead before the common sense of the moneyed classes. The Land Bank undertook to raise a loan of £2,564,000 for the Government; the amount which was actually subscribed by the public to the foolish project was £2,100. No better criterion of the shrewdness of the commercial community of that day could be desired than the respective issues of these two undertakings.

At its first establishment the inexperience of its founders was by no means the worst peril which the Bank had to encounter. It was surrounded by enemies whose opposition arose partly from political, and partly from selfish motives. The goldsmiths, in whose hands the banking of London, such as it was, had developed into a most profitable trade, were naturally disposed to set every obstacle in their rival's way. They contended that an institution on so large a scale was likely to assume the control of all financial business to a degree most threatening to the common interests of the country, and to attain so much power as would give to it a dangerous authority and influence even with the national government. They pretended to foresee that as soon as it was firmly established, it would so raise the rate of interest as to cripple industry, while filling its own coffers by usury. And in this there was no doubt some reason, for many of them had grown wealthy by the very methods they now denounced. Some of them employed their means freely in endeavours to embarrass the Bank, and their plots were occasionally successful enough to bring their new rival into danger. One of the most unscrupulous of its enemies was Sir Charles Duncombe, who had lately purchased a magnificent estate out of the profits of his own banking business. On one occasion he is said to have sold his entire holding of Bank Stock, amounting to £80,000, in order to discredit its reputation, and, some years later, to have conspired with others to create a run by collecting and presenting on one day £300,000 in notes of the Bank. Another section of its foes consisted of the promoters of rival schemes. These plots ended in failure, but they were only foiled by troublesome and expensive expedients. The real danger in these crises arose from the exceedingly limited reserve of cash which the Bank retained to meet its outstanding notes. An account presented to the House of Commons in December, 1696, showed a debt on notes issued, and on money deposited or borrowed, approaching £2,000,000, while the amount held against it in actual money was no more than £36,000. The lesson had not yet been learned, that a bank must not rest content with being actually solvent, but must hold its resources in a sufficiently liquid form to enable it to meet large and sudden demands with absolute promptitude. It was evident here, as a pamphlet of the day ingeniously and accurately expressed it, that "the Bank confounded the credit of their stock with the credit of their cash."

But the Bank had other enemies besides those to be found in the trading community. It was regarded from the first as a Whig institution, and a bulwark of the settlement of 1689. The merchants of the City, whose confidence and support were the strength of the Bank, were the Nonconformists and Liberals of the time. It was natural enough, therefore, that an institution which was thus committed to the side of the existing Government should have been hated by those who would have rejoiced to see that Government overthrown. The instinct which prompted the fervent opposition of the

Jacobites was a sound one, as was clearly proved before the new Bank had been long in existence. The loan of £1,200,000 to the Government, in consideration of which the charter was granted, was only the first of many important services to King William. It was in itself an immense gain to have a strong and wealthy corporation which might be resorted to by a needy Treasury, in place of the petty expedients which had hitherto prevailed; and even in the first half-dozen years of its course the Bank had many opportunities to give substantial proofs of its devotion to the cause of the King. In fact, the Government and the Bank were bound together by the strongest ties of mutual interest. If the former had succumbed to its enemies and James had returned, the latter might consider its capital as good as lost. On this ground, therefore, as well as from a genuine attachment to the principles of the Revolution, its founders threw themselves with ardour into the Whig cause, and spent their resources lavishly in support of it. A political bias was absolutely inevitable in so important an institution at such a crisis. Burnet touches on the matter with his usual shrewdness. "It was visible," he says, "that all the enemies of the Government set themselves against the Bank with such a vehemence of zeal that this alone convinced all people that they saw the strength that our affairs would receive from it." Burnet's criticism confirms the natural inference that the line of political cleavage, which was never more strongly marked at any period of our history, was also the line which divided the friends of the Bank from its foes.

The credit of successfully combating the opposition thus arising from many quarters, is in great part due, Thorold Rogers shows, "to those honest, God-fearing, patriotic men who watched over the early troubles of the Bank, relieved it, by the highest shrewdness and fidelity, from the perils it incurred, and established the reputation of British integrity." But among its founders it is possible to distinguish two or three leading spirits, who in their different spheres contributed mightily to its success, and were admirable representatives of the financial and commercial skill of their time.

By the general consent of tradition the principal share in the original scheme of the Bank of England is to be credited to William Paterson, a native of Tinwald in Dumfriesshire. Paterson is unfortunately best remembered as the projector of the disastrous scheme for the colonisation of Darien, and his reputation has suffered accordingly. But even Macaulay, in his unsparing criticism of that wild venture, has not denied its projector great natural intelligence, a perfect knowledge of accounts, and scrupulous honesty. Paterson had, in truth, the genius of the pioneer, a mind bold, active, and fertile. His native gifts had been developed by a very varied experience of life. After the best education his parish school could afford him, his early manhood from the age of eighteen or thereabouts had been spent abroad, first on the Continent and afterwards in America and the West Indies; and his writings, of which many remain, testify to his close observation of the trade, finance, resources, and governments of the countries he visited. From the very first his attention had been chiefly directed, as he himself tells us, to "matters of general trade and public revenues." In an incidental passage of his works, Paterson has written a description of the character of an enlightened merchant, which gives us an idea of the kind of man he himself aspired to be,—one "whose education, genius, general scope of knowledge of the laws, governments, polity, and management of the several countries of the world, allow him sufficient room and opportunity not only to understand trade as abstractly taken but in its greatest extent, and who accordingly is a zealous promoter of free and open trade, and consequently of liberty of conscience, general naturalisation, unions, and annexions." Even in his conduct of the unhappy Darien scheme a certain mental breadth and magnanimity are plainly discernible. He was a free trader in an age when protection reigned supreme, when almost every great enterprise took the form of a monopoly. It showed a still more notable superiority to the prejudices of his time when he determined that in the colony of Darien "differences of race or religion were to be made nothing of." Nearly two centuries before the Panama Canal of M. Lesseps was projected, Paterson had considered the possibilities of such an undertaking, and had written concerning it, that three-fourths of the entire distance across the isthmus consisted of land "so level that a canal might easily be cut through," and that the remainder was "not so very high or impracticable ground but that a cut might likewise be made were it in these parts of the world, but considering the present circumstances of things in those, it would not be so easy." It is a further proof of his judgment in matters of finance, that he perceived the mischiefs of an inconvertible paper currency, and wrote vigorously against its adoption. In view of these facts, the theory of Paterson's career, which has been sometimes accepted, that he was merely a needy adventurer, first of all a pedlar in his native country, then a buccaneer in the West Indies, and finally an untrustworthy financial adviser of governments and a promoter of insane enterprises, is obviously untenable. All the circumstances of his life equally discredit it. Such a theory might be consistent with the fact that all Paterson's schemes did not make him a rich man, but it is contradicted by the respect and esteem which he enjoyed not only in the West Indies, where his influence was great, but through the United Kingdom and on the Continent of Europe. It is further disproved by the confidence which was reposed in him by the shrewd merchants and capitalists of London whose colleague he became on the directorate of the Bank of England, and by the support which was always freely accorded to his projects. Long before he had brought his Darien plan to public notice, he was widely known for his proficiency in those subjects which are now included under the general term of political economy. He was not discredited even by his failure in Darien. In later years he was elected a member of the United Parliament as the representative of the Dumfries boroughs, and until the end of his life he maintained an active advocacy of those principles of finance which observation and experience had taught him.

In the year 1694 Paterson published a pamphlet, entitled, "A Brief Account of the Intended Bank of England," in which he writes with authority on the views of its founders. In contravention of the assertions of its opponents, he contended that the interest of money would be lowered by it, and trade developed; and it is worthy of notice, that he put very clearly the necessity of an ample metallic reserve,—a point on which discussion has been so lively in recent years.

Paterson became one of the twenty-four original directors of the Bank, and held £2,000 in its stock. A year later he sold his stock, and resigned his position on the board, the account which is generally accepted of the severance being that, in a difference of opinion with his colleagues upon important points in the Bank's operations, he was outvoted, and considered it necessary to emphasise his protest by withdrawal. The story shows that he was not merely concerned in the first design, but for a time an active sharer in the Bank's administration.

When the scheme had so far progressed that it could be brought before the House of Commons, statesmen were fortunately found capable of perceiving the advantages that might accrue from it both to the Government and the community. Undoubtedly the most obvious point to them was the benefit which the administration would reap in immediate financial assistance. Yet this obvious gain, as has been already said, was in one way a hindrance to the adoption of the measure by stimulating and embittering the efforts of the Opposition. It was by the skilful tactics of Charles Montague, and by the exercise of his then unrivalled authority in Parliament, that these difficulties were surmounted. The name of Montague is entitled to stand high in the illustrious list of the Finance Ministers of the country. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in April, 1694, and the passage of the Tonnage Act in that year, containing clauses which assured a charter to the Bank, only confirmed a reputation already earned by him for financial ingenuity and astuteness. In 1692, when a Lord of Treasury, he had devised the Million Loan, raised by an issue of life annuities to which he added the attraction of a tontine. As the annuitants died, their annuities were to be divided among the survivors, until their number should be reduced to seven, when the remaining annuities as they fell in were to lapse to the Government. It may be interesting at the present juncture to note, that in order to secure these annuities, it was found needful to impose new duties on beer and other liquors, a resource which our financiers do not yet appear to consider exhausted. The Million Loan was the starting-point of our National Debt.

Montague was the first Chancellor to issue Exchequer Bills, a convenient form of negotiable paper which has held its ground ever since, although it is not now issued for the small amounts, varying from £5 upwards, which at that time found favour. They met a great necessity in the years of the re-coinage, when currency of any kind was scarcely to be had. The small Exchequer Bills, therefore, which bore interest at the rate of threepence per cent. per day, were eagerly welcomed, and the monetary pressure was much mitigated by means of them. Montague was a young politician, but his youth, coupled with the wonderful successes of his parliamentary career, only better fitted him for a bold innovation. In the course of a very few years after his entrance into public life he rose to the highest positions which the House of Commons had to offer, and the ease and rapidity of his rise must have given him the confidence which is so powerful a reinforcement to ability. He was an opportunist in the best sense of the word. If not a man of the highest originality of mind, he was quick to recognise and turn to good account the ideas and teaching of men of genius. This is the proper work of a statesman. As Macaulay truly says, "We can scarcely expect to find in the same human being the talents which are necessary for the making of new discoveries in political science, and the talents which obtain the assent of divided and tumultuous assemblies to great practical reforms." In fact, the relation between Montague and Paterson, with the other promoters of the Bank, is a typical example of the usual course of political reforms in a free country. It might not unfairly be compared to the relation between Cobden and Peel in the abolition of the Corn Laws, with the exception that Montague was not a late and reluctant convert, but a sympathetic coadjutor. The pioneers, the discoverers and advocates of a new or neglected truth, who prepare the public mind for its reception, are entitled to all honour, but not to the exclusion of the statesmen who discern the proper moment for giving it effect in legislation. Both fulfil an indispensable function. In the history of the re-coinage of 1696–8, perhaps even more clearly than in his management of the Act establishing the Bank, we can see the stuff of which Montague was made.

The re-coinage in William the Third's reign was a heroic business. The currency had fallen into a condition that made it not only a disgrace, but a positive danger to the country. It was worn and clipped to such an extent as to have fallen to less than half its proper value; and its restoration could not be accomplished without an expenditure that must have seemed in those days appalling. The actual cost exceeded £2,700,000. "Such a sum," says Thorold Rogers, "was nearly equivalent to a year and a half's ordinary revenue, and was as serious at the end of the seventeenth century as a public loss of a hundred millions would be at the end of the nineteenth." So soon as the necessity was fully recognised, the problem was faced by Montague with boldness and promptitude. To devise the means of such a provision tasked even his ingenuity, and laid a tremendous burden upon the struggling nation; a burden, however, which was cheerfully borne when it became evident that the expenditure would bear fruit in prosperous trade. It was a still greater triumph for Montague, that he defeated the cowardly proposals of the currency fanatics of his day. The debasing of the currency, by lowering the weight while retaining the denomination of the coin, found powerful advocates in high places. It is to his everlasting credit that, fortified by the counsels of such men as Somers, Newton, and Locke, Montague could not be drawn into this folly.

The ultimate success of the Bank could not, however, be secured by the approval of Parliament or by the prompt subscription of its stock, but had to depend on the wisdom of those who were charged with its management after the initial difficulties had been overcome. We have the amplest evidence that no great institution was ever happier in the character of those who presided over its birth and directed its earliest years. The original directors were among the leading merchants and the most influential citizens of London. No fewer than seven of the twenty-four were chosen, between the years 1696 and 1719, to fill the office of Lord Mayor; two others were members of Parliament. There could not have been found anywhere a body of men better qualified to conduct the new institution. They were the moneyed men of the community; they were thoroughly skilled, by daily practice, in matters of commerce and finance; and they knew, as well as any could know, with which of the merchants and traders of London it was safe and desirable to do business. Some of them, too, were able to defend with literary skill and effect the principles on which the Bank was based. The most distinguished of them all was Michael Godfrey, the first Deputy-Governor, whose name would be remembered even for the ability of his writings if it were not still better known by the tragic circumstances of his death. He died in the trenches at Namur on the 17th of July, 1695. Along with two of his colleagues, he had been sent to the King's head-quarters in Flanders, in order to make arrangements for the payment of the troops. On the day of his death he had dined with the King in his tent, and had accompanied him out of curiosity into the trenches, where he was struck down by a cannon-ball. His death was regarded as a grave national loss, and brought about a fall of two per cent. in the price of Bank Stock. Whatever his practical ability as a banker may have been, it is abundantly evident from his pamphlet, "A Short Account of the Bank of England," that no one better understood the utility of the new institution, the principles by which it ought to be guided, and what answers should be given to those who attacked it.

He describes the Bank as "A society consisting of about thirteen hundred persons, who having subscribed £1,200,000 pursuant to an Act of Parliament are incorporated by the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, and have a fund of £100,000 per annum granted them, redeemable after eleven years, upon one year's notice, which £1,200,000 they have paid into the Exchequer by such payments as the public occasion required, and most of it long before the money could have been demanded." In an able argument he confutes the contentions of its enemies, pointing out, by a reference to facts, how it would serve both public and private necessities. Instead of making money dearer, it not only would lower the rate of interest but had already done so, thereby encouraging industry and improvements, and, by a natural consequence, raising the value of land and increasing trade. An economy had, he maintains, already been effected in the currency, for "the Bank bills were serving for returns and exchanges to and fro from the remotest parts of the kingdom," and would, it might reasonably be expected, be likewise accepted in foreign countries, and thus lessen the export of bullion for maintaining the army abroad. The scandalous condition of the currency had not escaped his notice, and he estimates that one day or other it must cost the nation a million and a half or two millions to repair it. The Bank, moreover, would "facilitate the future supplies by making the funds which are to be given more useful and ready to answer the public occasions and upon easier terms than what has been done during the war."

Sufficient has now been said of those concerned in the founding of the Bank, to prove that the prosperous issue of their enterprise was no chance success, but a natural result of the well-directed efforts of prudent and discerning men. It might well be matter of surprise to us to find that the merchants of the seventeenth century had so firm a grasp on sound principles of commerce and banking. Much still remained to be learned from experience, but remarkably little had to be unlearned; and, in spite of some serious errors, the chief of which (an insufficient provision of ready cash against the notes issued) has been already mentioned, the beginnings of the Bank were worthy of the illustrious career of two hundred years that was to follow. Even now, great as have been the advances of commerce and finance in our own time, no other financial institution can properly compare with it. Its capital of £14,553,000, with the addition of its rest, or reserve fund, of £3,000,000, exceeds the united capital of the State Banks of France and Germany, and is nearly equal to the entire paid-up capital and reserve of the five largest English joint-stock banks together. The stability conferred by these immense resources has made the Bank of England the bulwark of our commerce in times of disturbance and panic, and earned for it the unshaken confidence both of the Government and the nation.

# LORD CHATHAM ON THE SURRENDER AT SARATOGA.

The following letter from Lord Chatham to Lord Shelburne was written after the receipt of the news of the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga. It appears to have been separated many years ago from the rest of the collection at Lansdowne House; and, therefore, not to have been seen by the editors of the Chatham Correspondence, published in 1838-40, who had access to that collection. The letter was lent for use by counsel in the case of the Attorney-General *v.* Ryves, and was returned to Lansdowne House in 1866, after the completion of the proceedings connected with that trial. But it again got separated from the rest of the collection. The existence of it was therefore not known to me when I was writing the Life of Lord Shelburne; nor was it again seen till 1893, when I accidentally found it. The probability is that the interest of the contents caused it to be specially put aside, and that no record of this having been made, the precautions thus taken were, as sometimes happens in such cases, themselves the cause of the temporary loss of the letter.

General Burgoyne surrendered on October 17th, 1777. The first report of the disaster reached England on December 2nd, and was fully confirmed on the 12th. The reception of the news greatly stimulated the activity of the party in Parliament, led by Lord Rockingham, which leaned to the recognition of the independence of the Colonies; while Lord Chatham and his friends still believed in the possibility of conciliation.[1]

Edmond Fitzmaurice.

## The Earl of Chatham to the Earl of Shelburne.

Hayes, *Dec.* 18, 1777.

My Lord,

I cannot, though at dinner-time, suffer your Lordship's servants to return, without expressing my humble thanks for the favour of your very obliging and interesting communication. How decisive and how expressive are the ways of Providence! The sentiments and the conduct of the American Colonists, full of nobleness, dignity, and humanity! On the side of the Royalists, native English spirit, not to be extinguished,—thank God—by *enslaving* principles, and *peremptory nonsensical orders!* When will national blindness fall from our eyes, and the *gutta serena* be taken off that sight which should behold all with an equal view? If Vaughan has made good his retreat, it is a better fate than I expected; perhaps better than his *merciless* conduct deserved. I think Howe's situation most critical, Carleton's almost desperate. But more time, which is everything *in extreme cases*, is perhaps afforded him. I expect that he will use it well, and that *firmness* and *resource* will be called forth to save a very valuable Province, *absurdly* and *unjustly* distracted and alienated by an ill understood plan of *illiberal Tory principles.*

I saw Mr. Walpole here on last Monday, when I learnt all that your Lordship's communication from him contains. I am much obliged for the imparting it, and I beg leave to express the fullest sense of your Lordship's goodness in taking such a trouble.

I rejoice that the Americans have behaved *in victory* like men who were actuated *by principle:* not by motives of a less elevated nature. Every hour is big with expectations. Howe's army is besieged, and I expect a disgraceful and ruinous catastrophe to that *devoted body* of troops: the last remains of the all conquering forces of Great Britain. If the *Undoers of their country* ought to be pitied, in any case, my Lord, I may be well entitled to some compassion. I am all gout, but I hold out: going abroad for air. I have not much of the cordial of hope, and trust more to *Sir Walter Raleigh* than to a higher power, Providence excepted.

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[1] See Chatham Correspondence, iv. p. 489-493. Life of Lord Shelburne, iii. p. 12-15.

The last day in the House of Lords put an end to my hope from the *public.* I wish I might be permitted *to live and die* in my village, rather than sacrifice the little remnant I have left of Life to the hopeless labours of controversial speculation in Parliament. If I can avoid it, I mean to come little to Parliament, unless I may be of some service. I know that I cannot alter in the point, and if others who have as good a right to judge cannot either, I had better stay away. I shall thereby do less mischief to the public. I will as soon *subscribe to Transubstantiation as to Sovereignty* (*by right*), in the Colonies. Again and again, humble thanks to your Lordship, for the favour of your most obliging letter. I am, ever with all respect, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

CHATHAM.

# THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## II. THE CAVALRY.

"YOUR troops are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality: do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still." Thus spoke Captain Oliver Cromwell of Troop No. 67 of the Parliamentary Horse to his friend Mr. John Hampden, at the opening of the Civil War. Given two armed mobs, that which has courage, honour and resolution will beat that which has none of these virtues; if you wish to beat gentlemen you must meet them with disciplined soldiers. Mr. John Hampden thought the idea impracticable; "he was a wise and worthy person," but he could not rise to so novel a conception as this. Captain Cromwell thought otherwise, and set to work to put his theories into practice; and the result was the creation of the first English Cavalry soldier. Let us try, with what meagre material we can find to our hand, to conjure up some vision of the process.

We have seen that Cromwell began his military career as captain of a troop of Horse, his own troop being numbered the sixty-seventh of the seventy-five into which the Parliamentary Horse was originally organised. For the troop of Cavalry, and similarly the company of Infantry, were the units at the beginning of the war, only developed by later experience into the regiment and the battalion. The troop indeed was of quasi-feudal origin, a body of men raised by a landowner from among his neighbours and dependents, serving under a troop-standard (called a cornet) which bore his arms or colours, and commanded by him in the field. It has its modern counterpart in the troop of Yeomanry which a landlord enlists from among his tenants, he himself being their captain. Yeomanry, of course, are now reckoned by regiments, indeed by brigades; but the force is really no more than a congeries of troops.

Such a troop did Oliver Cromwell raise among his neighbours in Huntingdon, his recruits being "mostly poor men or very small freeholders," whom he armed and mounted at his own charge; and in enlisting them he picked out such only "as he judged to be stout and resolute." A legend survives of the first parade of this troop and of the stratagem whereby Cromwell put their courage to the test. "Upon the first muster of them, he privily placed twelve resolute men in ambuscade (it being near some of the King's garrisons), who upon a signal, or at the time appointed, with a trumpet sounding a charge, galloped furiously towards the body, out of which some twenty [out of a total of sixty] instantly fled for fear and dismay. From these he took their horses and got them mounted with others more courageous."[1] It was probably of this troop that Cromwell, when promoted some time in the winter of 1642–43 to be colonel, made the nucleus of his two famous regiments, known to us as the Ironsides. For in those days, and for a century after, not only the captains, but the majors and colonels, nay, the very generals, had troops of their own, though the lieutenant of a colonel's or general's troop had the titular rank of captain, and was known as captain-lieutenant. It is only reasonable to assume that the two regiments known as the Ironsides were raised troop by troop, the colonel's being the first and giving the standard and model for the rest. But Cromwell's recruits for the Ironsides were drawn from a better class than that which he had used for Troop No. 67; for they were small freeholders, in fact yeomen, the class most nearly corresponding to that whereof our present Yeomanry force (at least such small fractions thereof as come not from the towns) is now composed. If we may judge from subsequent enactments for the organisation of the Cavalry we may set down the troop as one hundred strong. Now let us see what manner of task Oliver Cromwell, having duly studied the contemporary drill-books, had before him to convert these hundred men into cavalry soldiers.

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[1] *The Perfect Politician;* by Slingsby Bethell.

We may safely assume that all the men knew more or less how to ride; but probably they had few ideas as to the training of a troop-horse or of his rider. Here is a contemporary picture of the ideal seat and bearing of a trooper of the seventeenth century "at attention." "He should sit his horse in a comely posture, carrying his body upright; the right hand bearing his pistol or carbine couched upon his thigh; the left hand with his bridle-reins under the guard of the pommel of the saddle, and his legs close and straight by his horse's sides, with his toes turned a little inwards. His horse is to be so well managed that he will constantly stand without rage or distemper: then he [the horse] is to be made sensible, by yielding of the body or thrusting forth his [the rider's] legs, how to put himself into a short or large trot; then how, by the even stroke of both spurs, to pass into a swift career. . . . how to turn with speed upon one or the other hand. . . . to retire back," and so forth.

The training of the horse to endure fire, to "stand constantly without rage or distemper," and generally to demean himself as a good troop-horse should, was to be accomplished so far as possible by patience and gentleness. But there were occasions when a different treatment was enjoined, as the following extract explains. "If your horse be resty so as he cannot be put forwards, then let one take a cat tied by the tail to a long pole: and when he [the horse] goes backward, thrust the cat within his tail where she may claw him: and forget not to threaten your horse with a terrible noise. Or otherwise take a hedgehog, and tie him strait by one of his feet to the inside of the horse's tail, that so he [the hedgehog] may squeal and prick him."

So much for jibbing. Kicking, which is always a trouble in Yeomanry ranks, and striking, which was common in those days when many of the troop-horses were stallions, were remedied after a different fashion. It is advised that the horses afflicted with these failings should "have a little bell placed upon the crouper behind, that such as know not their qualities may beware of their jadish tricks." There would be a merry sound of tinkling in some Yeomanry regiments if this custom were still followed; but no doubt Cromwell's troopers, like our modern yeomen, had their own methods of correcting vice. This however was by no means the hardest thing that they had to learn. The Cavalry drill of those days was so extremely difficult, not so much to grasp in principle as to execute in practice, that good training and perfect command of the horse must have been indispensable.

The drill was in fact the same for Cavalry and Infantry, and was derived from classical times. But the system had the weak point of ignoring the fact that a horse has four legs while a man has only two, and that therefore a row of horsemen knee to knee cannot turn about, each on his own ground, like a row of footmen shoulder to shoulder. Nowadays, of course, a rank of Cavalry is told off into divisions of threes or fours, which can be wheeled about with the minimum loss of ground; but this is, comparatively speaking, a modern innovation. In Cromwell's time the troop, one hundred strong, was, for purposes of manœuvre, drawn up in five ranks, giving a frontage of twenty men, with six-foot interval between man and man, and six-foot distance from rank to rank. In civilian language, every man was six feet from his neighbour to front, flanks, and rear, six feet (two less than our present allowance) being then the conventional length of one horse. Each of the five ranks bore its own name: 1st, Leaders; 2nd, Followers to the front; 3rd, Middlemen; 4th, Followers to the rear; 5th, Bringers-up. The object of the six-foot interval was to enable the whole troop to take ground to flanks or rear by the simple words, "Right (or left) turn," "Right (or, left) about turn." Thus the open formation was indispensable for the execution of the simplest manœuvre. If it were desired to wheel the troop entire, the files were closed till the men were knee to knee, and the ranks closed till horses were nose to croup. This was called "close order," and may fairly be said to have deserved the name. Think of the feelings of men in the vicinity of horses with bells on their cruppers!

But, reverting to the open order, we must briefly notice the formation for attack, which was accomplished by "doubling" one rank into another. As a rule the second rank passed into the intervals of the first, the fourth into the intervals of the third; and thus the five ranks were reduced to three, of which the first and second had a frontage of forty instead of, as originally, twenty men. Any rank could thus be passed into any other according to circumstances; and as the best men were always either in the front or the rear rank, it was customary on critical occasions to double the fifth rank into the first, so as to gather all the best men together. By movements the converse of doubling ranks, the files could be doubled till the men were ten ranks instead of five ranks deep; the frontage being thus reduced to ten men only, fifteen feet apart from each other.

No great experience of human or equine nature is required to understand how extremely difficult, not to say impossible, the simplest manœuvres must have been without great perfection in drill; for everything turned upon the correct preservation of distances and intervals, which is of all matters in drill the hardest and most wearying. "That the troop may move orderly and keep their distance truly, let the whole troop move at an instant," reiterates Colonel Ward perpetually in his drill-book. It is rare enough even now to find a squadron in the British army wherein the rear and leading troops of a column of troops can be got into motion simultaneously. "The exercising of a troop of horse," observes Ward, "is tedious and painful for a captain to perform;" and indeed we can well believe it, for he had not much assistance. His officers were three, lieutenant, cornet and quartermaster; his non-commissioned officers were also three, corporals. For administrative purposes (not for drill) the troop was divided into three squadrons, whereof the captain, lieutenant and cornet each had charge of one, with a single corporal to help him. The word cornet, it may be mentioned, is employed indifferently to signify the troop-standard itself, the officer who carried it, and the troop which served under it. Why it should have been struck out of our military vocabulary after two hundred years of honoured usage is a secret known only to the military reformers who confound change of system with change of name.[1] Happily the old fashion which excluded the rank of sergeant from the Cavalry still survives in th three regiments of Household Cavalry, wherein the non-commissioned officers are to this day known only as corporals of various grades.

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[1] It is curious and instructive to find that in Scotland a Captain of Horse was sometimes described as a Rittmaster (Rittmeister), the term still employed in Germany.

The work imposed on these few officers and corporals must have been hard enough, for they were few indeed to instruct a hundred men. The mere labour of shouting to so large a body in such dispersed order must have been considerable; and there was no relief by resort to the trumpeter, for the trumpet was not yet employed in field-movements. There were in all but six trumpet-sounds, known by foreign names. (1) "*Butte sella*, Saddle," corrupted to "Boot and saddle." (2) "*Monte Cavallo*, Mount." (3) "*Tucquet*, Warning for a March." (4) "*Carga*, Charge." (5) "*Alla Standarda*, Rally on the Cornet." (6) '*Auquet*, Watch-setting."

As a natural consequence, the officers fell back on signals (a system which has within the last year or two been restored), and we are told that the standard was employed to make these signals. In order to distribute the officers as efficiently as possible for the necessary supervision, their posts in the field were assigned as follows; captain on the right front, cornet in the centre, senior corporal on the left front, one corporal on each flank, lieutenant and quartermaster in the rear.

And the men in their turn must have endured much, for it is not likely that Cromwell spared them. A morning's troop-drill in a cuirass so weighty that it could not be worn without a protective buff coat beneath it, with a heavy sword dangling over one shoulder, and perhaps a heavy carbine over the other, can have been no joke, especially when ranks and files were compressed into "close order." There must have been plenty of jostling and colliding, with the inevitable loss of skin and temper; and withal no swearing permitted. Trooper Bind-their-kings-in-chains might come bounding into his place alongside Trooper Hew-Agag-in-pieces and nearly knock him off his horse; but they could not exchange the muttered oath that flies so swiftly along the ranks in these days. Trooper Sword-of-the-Lord-and-of-Gideon might think six feet to be dangerously near the bell on the crupper of Trooper Break-them-like-a-rod-of-iron's jadish sorrel, but the lieutenant could not curse him for not keeping his distance. In Colonel Cromwell's regiments "not a man swears but he pays his twelve-pence," amounting to half a day's pay.

The business of riding and of drilling being mastered, there remained still that of learning the use of weapons. It is not quite certain how Cromwell's men were equipped, but it is tolerably clear from odd notices that they were Light Cavalry, in the sense according to which the phrase was then understood; that is to say, they wore an iron helmet, gorget, and back and breast, and carried a brace of pistols and a sword. Heavy Cavalry men were dressed in complete armour and rode horses not less than fifteen hands high; but there were none of these except Sir Arthur Haselrigg's troop of "Lobsters" in the days of the Civil War. The Cavalry-man of those days was taught to rely mainly on his fire-arms, for the use of which most careful instructions were laid down. The minuteness of those may be inferred from the fact that there are twenty distinct words of command between the drawing of the pistol from the holster and the order to "give fire." In the matter of marksmanship it was enjoined upon the captain that if he were not a good shot himself and did not try to make his men good, his labour was to little purpose. Men armed with pistols were taught to engage an adversary on the right side, as the side on which he could best be fired at; men armed with carbine or arquebus, on the other hand, were taught to keep an enemy on their left, as they had to hold the weapon to their right shoulder, resting it on the bridle-hand. In engaging a man in complete armour the trooper was taught to withhold his fire until within three or four paces of him, and then to aim at his ear, arm-pit, or the lower part of the belly beneath the cuirass, or, better still, simply to shoot his horse.

The fire-arms empty, the time was come to use the sword. This was quite a secondary weapon, as was natural when men fought in armour, and there is no trace of instruction in sword-exercise beyond the hint that "the principal thing required is to disable your adversary by hacking in two the reins of his bridle or the buckles of his pouldrons [shoulder-pieces], whereby he shall be disabled from making any resistance." *Hacking* was necessary, because bridle-reins were strengthened by a wire chain. Of lances we hear little, the fact being that they were out of fashion at that time, and only employed when no better weapon was to be found. Fire-arms were the rage of the day, and it is expressly mentioned in the instructions for raising the Scotch army that no man should carry a lance who could furnish himself with any other weapon.[1] Of inferior arms the pole-axe was a favourite among officers.

This preference for fire-arms accounts for a great deal that sounds strange in the history of the war, and helps us to get rid of a good many false notions. In the first place the formation of the troop into five ranks was based on the principle that five ranks of men with two pistols apiece were equal to ten ranks of men with one musket apiece, the latter being the normal formation of Infantry. Hence the ordinary Cavalry attack was delivered by ranks; each rank fired its two pistols[2] and filed or countermarched to the rear, leaving the next rank to do likewise. Anything more remote from "shock-action" can hardly be conceived; and indeed we know from a variety of evidence that shock-action was not the rule. "A cuirassier usually giveth his charge upon the trot," says Ward. And again: "When the enemy shall charge you with one of his troops, do not you rush forward to meet him, but if your ground be of advantage, keep it." It is often said that Cromwell altered the system of Cavalry attack from an exchange of volleys to shock-action, but we question if this can be maintained by facts. Cavalry actions, we find, were generally opened by a preliminary fire of Dragoons, who were simply mounted Infantry, armed with the musket, drilled like foot-soldiers, and placed on horses only to give them greater mobility. Here is an account of one such action in which Cromwell nearly lost his life. "Both the enemy and we had drawn up our Dragooners, who gave the first charge [fired the first shot]; and then the Horse fell in. Colonel Cromwell fell with brave resolution upon the enemy immediately the Dragooners had given him the first volley; yet so nimble were the Dragooners that at half pistol-shot they gave him another. His horse was killed under him, &c." Now the range of the old musket was short enough, and the weapon took a long time to reload; so it is plain that Cromwell could not have advanced to the attack very swiftly. Here is another account from his own pen of an engagement wherein with twelve weak troops he fought twenty troops of Royalists. "After we had stood a little above musket-shot the one body from the other, and the Dragooners had fired on both sides for the space of half an hour or more, they not advancing towards us, we agreed to charge them. And advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troop a pretty round trot, they standing firm to receive us. And our men charging fiercely upon them, by God's providence they were immediately routed, and we had the execution of them three or four miles." Now it is pe fectly plain that Cromwell, if he really adopted shock-action as a principle, might have galloped down on these troops, which stood so invitingly firm, and dispersed them at once, instead of waiting for an hour before advancing at a "pretty round trot." Possibly this action taught him something, for at Naseby he did not wait to be attacked, but took the initiative himself. But at Marston Moor he fought on the old principles. Rupert attacked him in front and flank, with the result that both sides "stood at sword's point a pretty while hacking one another," and evidently doing each other little harm; till Cromwell's men, probably from superior discipline, at last broke through.

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[1] Rushworth.

[2] The American prejudice in favour of the revolver as the Cavalry weapon is therefore only a return to an old fashion.

Nor does it seem to us that we are quite correct in looking upon Rupert as a kind of Murat, as the usual fashion is. Take for instance his attack at Naseby. He advanced up a slight incline, and he "came fast" as we are expressly told, probably at a trot. Ireton, who was opposed to him, also advanced down the hill. On seeing him, Rupert halted, thus giving Ireton the chance of plunging down upon him with irresistible force. But Ireton also halted in his turn, partly on account of "the disadvantage of the ground, partly to allow some of his troops to recover their stations." Had Rupert continued his advance he would have found Ireton in disorder; but as it was he gave him time to get his troops together. Then he charged Ireton and routed him; but as usual he made no attempt to rally his men, and ultimately appeared alone before the Parliamentary baggage, having doubtless penetrated thus far through the superiority of his own equipment and of the horse which he rode. Cromwell, though by repute less dashing, would never let his troops out of hand; and having the last reserves to throw in, carried all before him on his own wing. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable feature in the handling of the Cavalry at Naseby was the total ignorance of the Parliamentary leaders as to the ground over which their force was to advance. Ireton's left was overborne without difficulty, "having much disadvantage by reason of pits of water and other pieces of ditches which hindered them in their order to charge." Cromwell on the other wing fell into similar difficulties. Many of his divisions being "straitened by furzes, advanced with great difficulty, as also by reason of the unevenness of the ground and a cony-warren over which they were to march." Evidently "ground-scouts" were a thing unknown.

Altogether it seems to us certain that Cavalry charges, in the sense of swift, sudden onslaught, were the exception in the Civil War. Fashion, as has been said, was against it, owing to the prejudice in favour of fire-arms; and thus the lance was treated as an obsolete relic of bygone days, much like a muzzle-loading rifle at the present time. Nevertheless, there were a few troops of Lancers engaged in the Civil War; and it is interesting to note the consummate success of their old shock-tactics. Thus at Marston Moor, Fairfax, with a small body of Lancers, crashed through the opposing cavalry on his own wing, passed right round the rear of the royal army, and fell upon the rear of the Horse on the other wing. So too at Dunbar, the only troops that made any impression on Cromwell's Cavalry were one or two that carried lances in the front rank. Still, speaking generally, shock-action was the exception rather than the rule; and quite apart from all military rules or prejudices it is probable that the size, condition, and speed of the horses, which had to carry a great weight and yet were mostly under fifteen hands high, wrought strongly against it.

As a curious link between the Middle Ages and the seventeenth century, it may be mentioned that the old chivalric fashion of a preliminary combat of champions found not infrequent example in the Civil War. Thus Rupert and Massey once galloped out to meet each other in front of their armies, and shot each the other's horse dead. The combat being thus drawn, the two principals exchanged polite messages through a trumpeter. On the other hand Colonel Morgan's instructions for a Cavalry charge in 1654 bring us nearer to modern days. These were "that not a man should fire till he came within a horse's length of the enemy, and then to throw their pistols in their faces and so fall on with the sword."

It remains to consider the method of attacking Infantry. The tactics prescribed are those practised by the Macedonian Cavalry of Alexander the Great, the formation, for instance, of the troops into wedges and other strange shapes; but we doubt if anything so complex was really attempted in the Civil War. The Soldier's Pocket-book of Captain John Vernon recommends a different plan, namely, to divide the attacking troop into three bodies. Of these three, one was to gallop up to the bristling square of pikes and halt; the officer was then to give some word of command (no matter what), the effect of which was (or was expected to be) that the pikes would close up towards the threatened quarter, leaving a weak spot for one or other of the divisions to assail. If the Infantry were dispersed in skirmishing order, then and then alone it was orthodox to form the whole troop in a single rank ("rank entire" is the old term, which still survives in full use), and swoop down upon them in line.

Finally we come to reconnaissance duties, which seem to have been recognised as among the trooper's functions, but are very vaguely described. "The duty of the troops," we read, "is always to scour and discover the highways and avenues by which the enemy might come; and to be ever hovering about the enemy's army." The same writer, Captain John Crusoe, also dwells on the importance of never losing touch with an opposing army when once it is found, thus anticipating present ideas by two centuries. But little is really said on the subject; and it is only from our Soldier's Pocket-book, a minor authority, that we discover that vedettes were posted then, as now, in pairs. It is perhaps characteristic of the genius of the nation that Cromwell in one letter declares his preference for a good "foot-intelligencer" over any number of Cavalry scouts; and that Fairfax was given £1,000 wherewith to buy his intelligence. Foreign critics still reproach us for our general adherence to the same principle, in the Peninsular War and at other times.

We are now in a position to judge more correctly of the British Cavalry soldier, as Cromwell originally made him. We should seek our ideas of the man not in modern pictures which make a cavalry action of the Civil War as headlong a matter as the charge of the Greys at Waterloo, but in the old pictures of Wouvermans, where the cavaliers caracole about firing pistols in each other's faces. We must get rid of all such fancy sketches as Whyte Melville has drawn in "Holmby House," where Cromwell is presented as halting the Ironsides at the end of an advance in line. We very greatly doubt if either regiment of Ironsides[1] ever went through a regimental field-day in its whole life; certainly there is not a word of instruction to the colonel for the conduct of such a field-day. But that there was troop-drill in abundance under the eye of a vigilant and critical colonel, there can be no doubt. "I have a lovely company," wrote Cromwell of the mother troop of the Ironsides, with all a soldier's pride. We must picture to ourselves dense columns of horsemen moving slowly and steadily in extended order, now closing up and now again opening out. And at the end of each manœuvre no short, sharp, peremptory barking of "Eyes centre, dress," but "Silence, and even your ranks," "Silence, and straighten your files," for military brevity was not yet a proverb and the word "Attention" was not invented. So, too, there was no so unmannerly caution as "Wheel to the right, follow and cover," but "Gentlemen, in your wheelings, be careful to follow this rule, always observe your right-hand man and your leader." For your Cavalry-man was then, as now, a superior being, and not to be classed with a mere Foot-soldier. If he were degraded it was to nothing worse than a mounted Infantry-man or Dragoon; though such fall was low enough in all conscience, since it carried with it a reduction of pay from two shillings to eighteenpence a day, service under an ensign instead of a cornet, and obedience to the homely drum in place of the nobler and more dignified trumpet.

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[1] Ironside, as Mr. Gardner has taught us, was Rupert's nickname for Cromwell; and the word would be more properly written Ironside's, *i.e.* Cromwell's, regiments being called after their colonels.

Colonel Cromwell, we may be sure, looked very sharply to the behaviour of all his troops, and spared no man, knowing his duties as a commanding officer better than any drill-book could teach him. One order in particular we may be confident that he did not neglect: "On the Sabbath the Colonel is to have a sermon in his tent morning and afternoon; and every officer of his regiment is to compel all his soldiers that are free from guard to repair thither; and no sutler shall draw any beer in time of Divine Service and Sermon."

So the famous regiments were gradually hammered, troop by troop, into proper shape. It is likely enough that Cromwell received help from Dutch corporals trained in the school of Maurice of Nassau, for he had a relative, Colonel John Cromwell, in the Dutch service; but the master-spirit that controlled them was his own. At Marston Moor they went into action and gave Rupert his first severe check; but we do not know what their losses were. We know only of the manner of one young subaltern's death, told in Cromwell's own plain words. "Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son [young Walton] by a cannon shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died. . . . . At his fall, his horse being killed by the bullet, and as I am informed, three horses more, I am told he bid them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run." A good stamp of subaltern, this poor boy, probably one of the lighter and more dashing elements in that corps of stern disciplined troopers, whose great strength lay in their ability not only to charge, but to rally.

Then in less than a year came the organisation of the New Model Army, wherein the two regiments of Ironsides were blent into one, and handed over to the Lord General Fairfax; "Your regiment, which was mine own," as Cromwell once writes to him of it. As such it appears at the head of the list of regiments of Horse, six troops, six hundred strong in all. We may write it down in the modern fashion.

Colonel Sir Thomas Fairfax, General
(his troop commanded by Captain-Lieutenant Gladman).
Major Desborow.
Captain Laurance.
,, Brown.
,, Packer.
,, Berry.
(Uniform *scarlet*, Facings *blue*.)

Shortly after, it fought at Naseby and in the campaign of 1645–46 in the West, moving in swift progress from victory to victory. And by this time the men of the Cavalry regiments, well equipped and disciplined, began to feel pride in themselves as soldiers, and huge contempt for the unfortunate Royalist troopers, whose condition grew worse as fast as their own grew better. What must have been the spirit in the ranks when the Parliamentary trooper could describe a Royalist detachment in such terms as these: "First came half-a-dozen of carbines in their leathern coats, and starved, weather-beaten jades, just like so many brewers in their jerkins made of old boots, riding to fetch in old casks: and after them as many light horsemen with great saddles and old broken pistols, and scarce a sword among them, just like so many fiddlers with their fiddles in cases by their horses' sides. . . . . In the works at Bristol was a company of footmen with knapsacks and half-pikes like so many tinkers with budgets at their backs; and some musketeers with bandoliers about their necks like a company of sow-gelders."

The most clownish of Yeomanry privates could hardly extort more contemptuous criticism from the smartest of Hussar-sergeants at the present day. It gives us a lively picture of the New Model trooper in his new red coat faced with his colonel's colours, his great boots and huge clinking spurs; a soldier before all things in spite of the texts on his lips. It seems a far cry from this Light Cavalry-man of the seventeenth century to the Hussar of the present day, yet they may not be so distant after all. Though he had no opportunity of wearing an infinitesimal forage-cap and of plaiting his lines (in defiance of all regulation), yet it is difficult to believe that Cromwell's troopers did not sometimes sit in an extra comely posture when the right woman was looking on. And though the Hussar has never yet been called upon to face the highest and most reckless spirits of his own countrymen, yet under their leadership he has, as at Villiers-en-Couche and Balaklava, cheerfully charged an army. We can hardly expect more of any man.

# THE WIT OF MAN.

I MET her at a garden party, not a joyous gathering of tennis-players and girls laughing to the sun, but the gloomy affair of the morbidly select. In bright red she blossomed with all the sweets of a woman magically feminine. Her crisp, black hair seemed ready to fly out against conventionalities, against hats particularly, and her brown eyes were golden with the joy of life; wit had chiselled her features, so excellently irregular in the roundness of their curves, to pointed nose and chin. I could not but enjoy, as a relief from all the elaborate angles of her stiff surroundings, the rapid undulations of her lithe figure, her expressive arms, dancing little feet, as she sat there, a wild gipsy, fashionable and polished, but still untamed by society. Pouting like some playful child over lessons, her mouth rigidly set against the flickering dimples of irrepressible laughter, she listened to the pompous old Duc de Retz, or answered his wise sentences at random, with a wave of her hand.

"Who is she?" I inquired of M. Pimodan de St. Ouen, a walking edition of *Le Tout Paris*, tightly bound in frock-coat.

"Why, that is *la belle Comtesse de Crequy de Canaples*; a widow, *mon cher*, young, rich. If you admire her, here's your chance. The Duke is dying to talk politics with the Dowager de Baudricourt. Forward, to the rescue!" And M. Pimodan emitted that short, dry note which serves him as laugh or cough, while I stepped up to M. de Retz who gratefully introduced me. "Dear cousin! Mr. Castlehigh,—Comtesse de Canaples."

And he retired, as Madame de Canaples smiled up at me with her humorous eyes. Her voice was fluently musical as she gaily said, "We are not quite strangers, for I have met your charming sister at the Plot-Chandieus." Before I could frame a compliment, she suddenly added: "Do you love her?"

"Who?"

"Your sister, of course. I like every man to love his sister."

"Well, I hope I do."

"You only *hope!* Are you an Englishman?"

"More or less."

"Less, decidedly *less*. An Englishman with blue eyes like yours, should not only be honest and brave, but *sure*, sure of everything. Don't you see, don't you understand what strength, what manliness there is in being absolutely sure, even if you are quite wrong? It is healthy; everything strong and absolute is healthy. What are you then?"

"Well, a cosmopolitan."

"Ah bah!" she exclaimed with a toss of her diminutive head, as she surveyed me good-humouredly. "And that means that you are not interested in anything but the surface of things; that your sentiments are paradoxes; that your aspirations go no higher than a lift will carry you; that your feelings, philosophy, life, love, lounge in a mental *Hôtel Métropole*, and never work at home. Have you no preference for any country?"

"I think I prefer France."

"For shame; you a Castlehigh, you whose very name seems rooted in Saxon soil! Ah," she added, with another of her kindly smiles, "I see it all; you think to flatter. But why should you not speak the truth? I adore the truth! You cannot possibly love anything better than your birthplace, your family, your home!"

I laughed, saying: "You see my mother was French."

She seized my hand and shook it frankly, as she exclaimed: "Then you really did love your mother? You love her country? 'Tis well! All human greatness of man is in his devotion to his mother. France then seems to enfold you in her arms; the very air caresses, soothes, and nurses you! But nevertheless you are an Englishman. This mixing of races and names breaks traditions of hereditary faith. Man must be steadfast. Only a woman may capriciously adopt and passionately follow her love across the seas, may be irresponsible, except to God, herself, and her husband. Man must be the rock to which we cling. He is our country, our name, our heart. Remember that song of your people:

'In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
He remains an Englishman.'

How nice of him! You know there are temptations, for England means duty—But I am preaching, excuse me! You have such a real, honest British face that I cannot help feeling disappointed at finding you a mere cosmopolitan. Go back to England; there is the place for the clever and the brave."

"You flatter!"

"Never!"

"But *I* feel flattered."

"You should feel ashamed then, as flattery commences where truth ceases. Are you not clever, are you not brave?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, at any rate you have enough false modesty to please most people of the world."

I blushed.

"Have I hurt your feelings?" she said, with her hand on my arm, in soft, gentle tones. "I am so sorry! I only wished to spur you out of this nonchalant attitude. I am sure 'tis only a pose, that you really have ideals. Come now, don't let me do you an injustice; I hate misunderstandings. Admit it, you are a worker, not simply a walking gentleman; you have something beneath the crown of your hat. What do you do, tell me?" And she leaned forwards, her eyes intent on mine.

"Well, I write a little poetry," I stammered.

Her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, she clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming in a musical roulade: "You love your mother and you are a poet! I knew your English eyes expressed ideals, strength and health. Poets may be cosmopolitans; indeed their home is in all nations' hearts. Have you published? Not yet? Oh, then do bring your manuscripts to my house; could you come to-morrow, Tuesday? Yes? How good of you, when every moment may be precious gold. Thank you, and *au revoir*."

And as I held that small hand in mine, I felt that I had made a friend.

When I called next day Madame de Canaples was in her boudoir. She listened to my reading, silently, attentively, almost, it seemed, reverently; and when I left the house after dinner, I felt very great. The next morning we met in the Bois and rode together; the same night we danced a cotillon at Madame de Plot-Chandieu's. Fate seemed determined to make us meet, and perhaps we helped her.

If a man and woman see much of each other, they invariably talk of themselves, wax sentimental by waltz-music and imagine themselves in love after supper. But I am tired of flirtations, sick of telling a woman, whom I only admire, that I love her. So one evening, as we discussed sentiment over *pâté-de-foie-gras*, I told her how much I regretted that two great minds should slavishly follow the example of the stupid. She agreed. "If we remain on our present footing, one of us may fall in love." She opened her innocent eyes smiling. "Yes," I continued, "in love; what else can happen? Whereas if we go off somewhere together and live naturally, unconstrained by the world, we shall know ourselves truly and enjoy a few days of rest."

"Oh, the wit of man!" she cried, gaily clapping her hands, her whole face beaming with delight.

The next evening we started by rail for Fontainebleau. Soon we were both fast asleep, only to wake at our destination. She took a room at one hotel, I at another. The next day we drove in the forest, silently watching the royal trees, till our eyes grew tired and we fell asleep. We stayed there a fortnight, driving, sleeping, barely saying a word, and yet quite happy.

When we were back in Paris, she asked, "And why did we go to Fontainebleau for *that*?"

"Because," I replied, "at Fontainebleau we kept regular hours, allowed ourselves no cerebral excitement, drank no champagne, heard no one whisper, 'Little Castlehigh is awfully in love with Madame de Canaples,' or 'The Countess is decidedly sweet on *ce cher garçon!*' I have simply proved, dear lady, that Society was forcing us, with its champagne and talk, to think of each other, whereas Nature left us to follow our own individual and separate thoughts. Oh, that fortnight in Fontainebleau! We scarcely spoke twice a day. Silence is repose, and repose is bliss. To think that we might have been vulgar lovers! A few more days of Paris, and my fate, at least, was sealed. But I understood the dangers of our situation. Could anything be more paradoxical and modern than our elopement to Fontainebleau? Carry off a woman mysteriously at night, two hours by rail to a strange town, remain there a fortnight *en tête-à-tête!* And all that not to become lovers, but on the contrary to escape the necessary, the historical development of a situation without issue. Don't you think that our late adventure gives us incontestable superiority over the greatest wits of our age?"

She seized both my hands and fixed my eyes. It was a rapid, searching, wondrous look; only her irregular and mobile face could have such expression; and for half a second she seemed to tear open my soul, take a peep, see it all, and shut it up. Then she sat down on the sofa and gazed meditatively at me. Humour and disappointment were blended in her dimpled smile. She crossed her arms, nodded her head, examined her little feet slowly one after the other, and sighed, "The wit of man!" She shrugged her shoulders most charmingly as she reiterated, each time with a quite new and singular intonation: "The wit of man, the wit of man!"

Most people would have been put out by the obvious double meaning of this remark, but I am a psychologist; in fact I pride myself not a little on my penetration. I understood that she smiled at my wit, compared me to others, and sighed as she regretfully reflected how few men are really capable of such subtle conduct with women. They are few indeed!

Then she buried her face in her hands to think. And, with equal unexpectedness, came softly to me and kissed my cheek. "Thank you," she said in a strangely far-off voice; "though a youth, you are a great philosopher. Henceforth we are friends; we will never allow Society to make us pose one to the other, but meet sometimes and rest together."

She tripped away out of the room. But the door suddenly re-opened and she leaned forward, offering her exquisite figure to my view like a bouquet, as she smiled with her sweet red lips. "The wit of man, ha! ha!" she laughed as she ran down stairs.

## II.

NEARLY every day Madame de Canaples comes to sit in my study. Her work-basket and favourite books are in a corner; even when absent, the atmosphere of her pervades the room like a spirit and soothes me. We are usually quite silent, but when I do speak she listens, as she did when I first read my poems to her, and the flickering gold in her brown eyes seems to light my memory, and colour my expression. The other day she said: "I know exactly the position which I occupy between your books and cigarettes." Her tone was somewhat bitter. But I proved to her that she is my most precious friend; for she never bores me, following all my moods and indulging them in a manner most surprising when I think of it. Really I am so thankful that for once I resisted the temptation of flirting. Love would have spoiled our friendship as it does everything. Even Madame de Canaples torments her lover. For she is going to marry Jacques de Chandieu; at least she tells me so. But on this subject she lavishes all the caprice and childishness which friendship seems to have drowned in her with me. Sometimes she speaks passionately of *le beau Jacques*, who is a dashing officer of Chasseurs, somewhat brainless, very handsome, and quite spoiled by Madame de Plot-Chandieu. At other times Madame de Canaples says that she hates him; and her sudden reversions of feeling are really beginning to torment him into a man of thought. He obeys her like a faithful dog; she snubs him, as a woman does a man who loves her. Whereas with me she is unfailing in her gentle consideration, ceaseless in her delicate attentions. And the moral of all this is: *If you like a woman don't make love to her; if you love her don't marry her.* I told her so the other day; she blushed and laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks, saying as usual, "The wit of man!" as she wiped her eyes and composed herself back to the letter which I was dictating to my London tailor.

But I do wish she would marry Jacques and be done with it. Her capricious treatment of him and appeals to my sympathy are rather teazing. She always wants to know what I think. Now that is just what I don't do when she is by me; I then simply take repose in her society from all mental exertion. It has become a habit, and these constant demands on my reasoning faculties, though flattering, bore me. Can no woman ever leave well alone?

When she came in this afternoon, I saw by the way she hovered about my chair before sitting down, that something was on her mind. She wore a red dress very like that which she had on the day I first met her at Madame de Retz's garden-party. She struck me as prettier than ever, and her charming figure was a joy to my eyes as she lay on the sofa, or leaned over to read my last poem. There is about her something suavely womanly which acts like a charm on man. She has that fragrance of body and soul which makes me feel as though life is really worth living when she is at my side.

"I am decided to marry Jacques," she said as she poured me out a cup of tea.

"At last! Allow me to congratulate you," I remarked with a vast assumption of interest.

"No! I am very miserable," she sighed as she passed me the cup.

"Why?"

"Because I don't love him enough."

"Why marry him, then?"

"Because, because I am lonely, Reginald!" and her expression was piteous as she repeated, "Oh so lonely!"

"Did you love Monsieur de Canaples?"

"No; I was too young."

"Have you ever loved any one?" I inquired airily after a pause.

She jumped to her feet like a startled deer and confronted me with burning eyes. "Yes," she said fiercely. "*Yes!*"

"Was he married?"

She shook her head.

"Dead?"

"No."

"Why don't you take him then?"

She slowly answered with downcast eyes, "He doesn't love me."

"Are you sure?"

She looked up at me. "Yes!" she said. "I am quite sure."

"Well then try and make him."

"I have!" she retorted sharply.

"Without success? You astonish me! I was only just thinking how fascinating you are." She blushed. "There is something about you which particularly appeals to man. We are all such vain creatures, that any woman, particularly you, with a few smiles might reduce the most indifferent of us to a desperate condition." She shrugged her shoulders. "Have you tried everything with him?"

She turned on me curiously. "Now really what do you suppose I have been doing? Does a woman ever give up anything but a losing game?" She laughed a trifle sardonically and repeated wearily, as she let herself fall back on the sofa. "Yes, I *have* tried everything, Reginald dear, *everything!*"

"You have even told him you love him?"

"Certainly not."

"Try that."

"But," she answered, turning round on me, "I have insinuated it. And if he won't see it, 'tis because he can't love me, and doesn't wish to trifle with my affections by raising false hopes."

"A rare gentleman, if such is the case."

"You approve of him then?"

"Don't we agree in everything?"

"Yes," she answered sadly. And then she began to cry like a child, violent, hot tears of rage and grief. My whole soul swelled to sympathy. I took her hands and softly kissed them. Perhaps I am a little in love with her; at least I thought so at the time; but then I know women's sensitiveness too well to allow *my* love to burst on *their* unhappiness. Perhaps my kisses were a trifle passionate, for she turned pale and pushed me away, her eyes brilliant and gigantic, as she looked at me astonished. "Don't, please don't, Reginald!" she pleaded.

"I beg your pardon." She smiled and I continued eloquently. "I wish that man was not such a fool. If he only knew what a fine creature you are; if he only understood you as I do! Tell me his name? I will become his most intimate friend for your sake. And you know between men, we have so many means of conveying an impression, exciting a curiosity about some woman. I am sure that I could make him fall in love with you, my dear, without his guessing that I even knew you, except as a casual acquaintance."

With both hands upraised to the ceiling she laughed outright, as she flung herself out of the room, exclaiming in a voice that I shall remember to my dying day, "The stupidity of man!"

I am afraid that her verdict on my sex is just, though I may flatter myself that there are a few exceptions.

# SCHOLAR-GIPSIES.

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine ; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew ;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired ;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone ;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Thyrsis.*

THE outlandish figure which a distinguished poet has added to our literature has been seen, or imaged, probably by many people. It is pleasing to think of such an inhabitant of the wilds ; and if we do not now see his gray cloak among the trees, we can still think of him as near us in all our wanderings abroad,—just behind that ridge of hill or beyond that tangle of underwood—a shadow which shuns our inquiry. For, in truth, he is an enchanting figure, with his antique habit, his haunting face and wild keen eyes which see many things that are hidden from others. He is a scholar, too, and a good one, for he carries books in his cloak ; and if we came up with him by some happy chance, we might find him reading Theocritus from an antiquated text of three centuries ago.

It is many a day since the story "ran through Oxford halls," and the Scholar-Gipsy has long since ceased his wanderings. Yet his spirit by some occult transmigration is still abroad in the world and in many unlikely places. Like the young Will o' the Wisp in Andersen's story, no rank, no profession is a safeguard against it. Sage men of law, scholars, divines,—all have felt this wandering impulse, which would lead them, like Waring, to slip off "out of the heed of mortals" and see the world of which they know so little. And some who are wise in their generation, like this old scholar, seek to see both sides of existence, and add to their scholarship that knowledge of natural life, which is becoming rarer as we travel further from the primeval simplicity.

In former times this gipsying was part of a scholar's life. He was compelled to journey over half of Europe, it might be, to the college of his choice, in a time when journeying was not always pleasant and seldom safe. The laws against begging were relaxed in his favour. He had no baggage except a book or two, and with his staff in his hand he trudged merrily forward on his adventurous way. These men were the most cultured of their age. The head that was covered by that tatterdemalion bonnet might be debating grave points in the Aristotelian logic, or with Plato framing immortal commonwealths. A sun-browned scholar was not apt to suffer from pedantry or unreal visions of things ; while to sustain him on his way he had his love for learning and many rich eclectic stores to draw on for his entertainment. In days nearer our own some few members of the fraternity still survived. Goldsmith, fresh from his desultory college life, tramped through many countries with his flute in his pocket, and gained that large kindliness which makes one of the best features of his work. In our own day one of our most ingenious story-tellers has gone far and wide in many unchristian latitudes in search of wisdom and adventure. But after all, of the many who follow the life few ever attain to any reputation; for among other good things they acquire a genial contempt for fame, which is peculiar to men of genius and this disreputable brotherhood.

It is not that this wandering spirit is rare to-day, for it is essential to the natures of great men of science, travellers, explorers, and many men of action. These in pursuit of their callings travel in rough, far-away places, and live with a careless scorn of the luxuries of civilisation. But the scholar is overmuch a man of books and colleges; pale-faced and dull-eyed, lacking the joys and humanities of life; yet still, it may be, with a drop of gipsy blood in his veins, which warms at the tale of wars and gallant actions and makes its possessor feel that his life is a very one-sided affair. Yet the way for him is easy; down one street and across another; and thence to the open country, to the green woodland, where the air is free and the great Earth-Mother as gracious as the Muses.

The union of the two lives is fraught with so many rich and apparent advantages, that its apologist is almost unneeded; for neither is perfect, and the defects of each are remedied in great part by the other. The scholar has a mind filled with many creations of romance and poetry. He can people the woods with beings of his own, elves and kindly fairy folk, which are gone nowadays from our theology, but still live in the scholar's fancy. That rare classical feeling, which one finds in Milton and Tennyson, which sees the fair images of an older economy in common things of to-day, is only possible for the scholar. The old wandering minstrel had his share of it. Nicol Burne the Violer, who wrote the ballad of *Leader Haughs*, and may have been for all we know the original of Sir Walter Scott's Last Minstrel, has a way of introducing the divinities of Greece and Rome into the scenery of the Border country, which is distinct from any false classical convention.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
  And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
  The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
  Sing to the sun good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield
  Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side,
  Surmounting my descriving,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
  Like Daedalus' contriving;
Men passing by do often cry,
  In sooth it hath no marrow;
It stands as sweet on Leader-side,
  As Newark does on Yarrow.

Further, nothing can so clarify and perfect the intellectual senses as the constant association with beautiful natural sights. A strange sunrise or sunset is a greater element in the education of a man than most people think. Every appreciated object in nature has an influence, imperceptible it may be but none the less real, on the mental culture. Truth of perception, which was commoner among our grandfathers than with us, is one of the least of the benefits of nature. A larger sense of form and colour and the beauty thereof, a finer feeling for the hidden melodies which may be heard hourly in any field, and a vastly increased power of enjoyment of life are things which some would not count too dear at any price.

The sadness, the continuous tragedy, which is inseparable from all natural life is bereft of its pain by the equipment of religion or an elevated philosophy with which we may suppose the scholar to be furnished. The savagery of natural people like the gipsies is no imagined thing; this wanton cruelty and callousness to the pain of others forms the darkest blot on their lives. The robustness of healthy outdoor life is in no way weakened if tempered with a sensitive sympathy for weaker folk.

As for the gipsy part, its advantages are far in excess of the somewhat slender stock that the scholar brings with him. The wandering among the fields and hills carries with it a delicate and abiding pleasure that to some means more than the half of life. The blessedness of mere movement, free and careless motion in all weathers and in all places is incomparably great. One morning sees a man in a country of green meadows and slow lowland streams, where he may lie beside a tuft of willows and dream marvellously; and the next finds him in a moorland place, high up above the valleys, where the air is like new wine, and the wide prospect of country gives the wanderer a sense of vast proprietorship. Whether the heather be in flower and the wilderness one great purple sea, or whether the bent be gray and wintry and full of pitiful black pools, it is much the same to him; for one of the marks of this spirit is its contentment with the world at all seasons. He may arrive tired and hungry at some wayside inn, and taste the delicious sleep of utter lassitude; or he may make his bed for the night in some nook in a wood among green brackens, and wake with a freshness which makes him wonder at the folly of man in leaving the open air for the unworthy cover of a house. For him there is no restraint of time or place. He can stay an hour or a week, as it suits him; he can travel fast or slow; he can turn, if the fancy takes him, away from the highroad down green, retired lanes, and enjoy the satisfaction which comes from long hours of leisure in the height of summer.

To the artist in life, the connoisseur of sensations and impressions, this manner of spending his days commends itself. There is a subtle influence about every place which dwells long in a man's memory, and which he may turn to time upon time and not exhaust its charms. Each type and shade of weather and each variation of scene leave an indelible impression, so that soon he will have a well-stocked gallery in his mind to wander through, when the dull days come and he is bound hand and foot to his work in a commonplace town. Every sound carries with it for him a distinct sensation; the crowing of cocks about a farm, the far-off bleating of sheep on a hill-side, the ceaseless humming of bees, and the plash of the burn among the gray rocks. Rhymes run in his memory, confused lines of great poets which acquire a meaning never grasped before; and he himself gets into a fine poetical state, and dreams pleasant things, which are vast nonsense when written down, but which seemed to him there and then to be of the essence of poetry. What philosophical system of life, though it be followed ever so rigidly, can make a man so high and free in spirit? It must needs be that one who lives among great sights should win something of their greatness for himself. The artist, too, whether in colours or words, gains a becoming humility. He feels the abject powerlessness of his brush or pen to express, in anything like their pristine beauty, many of the things he meets with. Not dazzling summer days or autumn sunsets, for these come within the limits of his art; but the uncommon aspects, like the dim look of the hills on certain days in April,—such make him feel the impotence of language.

The man who is abroad at all hours and seasons meets with many things which other folk never think of. Apart from mere fantastic sights, curious unions of earth and sky and weather, he begins to delight in the minutiæ of observation. He loves to watch the renascence of life, the earliest buds, the first flowers, the young, perfumed birch leaves, the clear, windy skies. He can distinguish the call of the redshank or the plover among a concert of birds on a moor. He can tell each songbird by its note amid a crowd. Being out of doors at all times he becomes a skilful fisherman, though his tackle is often rude enough in all conscience; for by the riverside he learns something of the ways of a man with a fish. He takes pleasure in long wanderings after a mythical bird or fern, for to him the means are no less pleasing than the end. Every object in the world acquires for him a personal charm. He is interested in the heron as in some fellow-fisherman; the ways of the wren and linnet are not below his consideration; he has actually a kindly feeling for the inherent depravity of the crow. And behind all, like a rich background, come days of halcyon weather, clear, ineffable April evenings, firm October days, and all the pageantry of the "sweet o' the year."

But above all such temporal blessings, there is that greatest endowment, which Wordsworth and Thoreau and Richard Jefferies sought and found,—the sense of kinship with nature. Our attitude is too much that of aliens wandering on sufferance in a strange country, or rather like children looking through the bars of a gate into a rich demesne. Now there is a great deal of very whimsical nonsense talked on this subject, but there is more than a little truth. Most people witness fine natural sights as exiles, feeling with a living regret that such are foreign and beyond their narrow world. But to the man who is much abroad these come with pain or pleasure, according to their nature; but not as scornful, uncontrollable giants who mock his impotent wonder, but rather as forms of the great mistress whom he seeks to know. Rough shepherds on the hills have a way of talking of streams and weathers with a personal tone, as things which they meet in their daily life and have attained to some considerable knowledge of. Surely this is an enviable degree of kinship.

As a man's mind is richly advantaged, so also is his body. He loses the sickly humours, the lassitude, the dulness, which oppress all sedentary folk. His sinews grow firm and his nerves strong. Tramping many miles over heather and inhaling the wholesome air of the uplands, or basking in sunlight among the meadows, makes his frame hardy and active and his skin as brown and clear as a moorland trout-stream. He begins to feel the gaudium vivendi, the joy of living, that the old Greeks felt, who in their wisdom built the palæstra beside the school. All immoment philosophies, nugatory and unsatisfying endowments born of the dreams of dyspeptic townsfolk, are banished from his brain; and he goes on his way with a healthy clarity of mind. He is not careful to seek an answer; nor is he perplexed by the ravings of a vitiated decadence; for he seeks only the true and strong in nature and art. But if he lacks in this he has other things at his will. His brain is a perpetual whirl of airy notions and wayside romances, which like the sounds in Prospero's island, "give delight and hurt not." In his wanderings, he meets with all sorts of odd people, whimsical and grave; and he gets some little insight into the real humour and pathos which habit in the lowliest places.

But after all it is more a matter of feeling than of practice. A man may live in the town eleven months of the year and yet be at heart one of this old romantic brotherhood. It is ingrained deep in the nature of some; others are so cumbered about with wrappings of convention that they take years to get free. They are seldom talkative people, at least in houses and among strangers, so they go on their pleasant way for the most part undisturbed, though their wide toleration, acquired from their manifold experience of life, wins them some few friends. The class is of necessity a limited one; for the majority of mankind are dull, equable folk, whose only romance in life is its close. But the eager, insatiable scholar and the wild, gipsy spirits, when in some rare case they come together, produce a union so enchanting that it is apt to seem to onlookers the very secret of life.

For, if the one exists without the other, there come those tantalizing regrets, those vistas of unused pleasure, which go far to make life a burden. Often when a man is sunk in town-life and thinks of nothing beyond, the mere sight of a bronzed face, a breath of the country, the glimpse of leaves or brown heather, and the old glamour of the greenwood is upon him and he grows weary with unsatisfied longings. Or, when one has been living for weeks in the heart of the natural world with a heathenish disregard of man and all human inventions, a stray book in the corner of an inn, a chance sight of an old friend, recalls to him that he has been living in error and he sets about mending his ways with all speed.

As for the end of life, when the strong man bows within us, surely it is they who have passed their days in ignorance of pain or true pleasure in a methodical existence, who have never felt the high hopes and the warm humanities of the scholar and the gipsy, who have never followed impossible ideals and eaten of the tree of knowledge whose fruit is for life,—surely it is they who will find it hard to die. The man who has lived the best moments of his life abroad with nature sees no occult and terrible import in its end, regarding it as the passing, the dying unto life, which falls to the lot of all natural things. So, like Mr. Stand-fast, when "the time comes for him to haste away and he goeth down, there will be a great calm at that time in the River."

In a gray university town in the north it was once my good fortune to know one who passed among his fellow students with something of the air, I fancy, that the Scholar-Gipsy of Matthew Arnold must have had when by a rare chance he fell in with his friends of past years. He was courteous and kind to all, with a gracious condescension which was not that of a great man to an inferior but rather of a stranger from some wiser planet who had strayed for awhile among us. With his keen, handsome face he passed through the gaunt quadrangle amid the crowd of pale, over-worked weaklings, as one to whom learning came easily. He was a ripe scholar, beyond us all in classics, in philosophy, a lover of strange lore, learned in the literatures of many tongues; but beyond these tangible acquirements there was that baffling sense of deeper knowledge which lurked in his presence, and puzzled the best of us with its evasive magic. In many of our memories his inscrutable figure long remained till it was effaced by more sordid impressions.

Some years afterwards I met him. It was one golden afternoon in the end of July, as I returned to the inn from the river with my rod and a scantily-furnished creel. Sitting outside I saw my friend of former years and hastened my steps to meet him. He was much changed. His face was thin and his back bent, but he had still the same kindly look and smile. We passed the evening together in the garden thick with Jacobite roses; and, as we talked, he told me bit by bit the history of his past.

His parents had died when he was young and left him a sufficient patrimony; and his boyhood and youth had been passed much as he pleased in a moorland country. Here he had grown up, spending his days between study and long wanderings over a romantic countryside. In his college vacations it had been the same; seasons of grim work varied with gipsying journeys, fishing and travelling in high, wild places. He became learned in the knowledge of the woods and many other things not taught in the schools, though he read his books with a finer zest and a widened humanity. After an honourable course at our college he had gone to one of the southern universities, and there after a career of unusual distinction he had settled down to the profession on which his heart was set.

But while his life was yet beginning he was mortally stricken with the national disease of which the seeds were in his race; and young, rich, brilliant as he was, he had to face the prospect of a lingering death. His mind was soon made up. To him the idea of ending his life in the town, like a rat in its hole, was too awful to be endured. He got together some few necessaries and books, and quietly, with no false bravado, set out on his last journey. He was able to go only short distances at a time; so through all the pleasant spring and early summer he travelled among the lowland country places, gaining contentment and a gallant cheerfulness from the companionship of nature. When I met him he had reached the borders of the great upland region in which his boyhood had been passed. He had only a few months at the most to live, but, though as weak as a child in body, he had lost not a whit of his old, gay humour.

The next morning I bade him goodbye; and as I watched his figure disappearing from view round the bend of the road, I uncovered my head, for of a truth he of all men had found Natura Benigna, the Kindly Mother.

In all times from the dawn of civilisation and the apportioning of humanity in towns, men have clutched at this idea of the life of nature and culture. This is the truth which lies at the bottom of all the wondrous erections and systems of life which artists and philosophers have wrought for themselves. This is the true Bohemia; all others reek of foul air and bad tobacco, but this is filled with the very breath of Athena. The "plain living and high thinking," the "mens sana in corpore sano,"—all the varied shibboleths of the philosophies which have any consistent truth, are here realised in part or in whole. This, too, is the perfected doctrine of Epicurus, though the aim of its followers is less pleasure than completeness of life; to explore the heart of this fair, divine kingdom, and not to dwell in a churlish and half-hearted manner in the outlying lands.

J. B.

# A VISIT TO HIS PROPERTY.

BY A SMALL LANDLORD.

THE absentee landlord has few friends. And it must be owned that of the many hard things said of him, some at least may be justified. Probably no one is readier to admit this than the unfortunate man himself, certain as he is to hear of his delinquencies from his Liberal friends, who object (on altruistic grounds one may hope) to his residing elsewhere than in Ireland, and who seldom stay their criticism to inquire whether there happens to be an untenanted house on his few paternal acres to cover him, or any prospect of occupation there sufficient to prevent his vegetating entirely. But all that is nothing compared to the dilemma that confronted a certain feeble unit of this much-abused class when, having conscientiously resolved to visit his property and proceeded with that aim to a certain market-town in the eastern half of county Donegal, he had mounted a car and begun to instruct the driver as to the position of his own estate. The agent who manages it is engaged on business elsewhere: the bailiff, who was to conduct him, is waiting no doubt (in Irish fashion) at the very place he wants to be directed to; and a previous visit, made some years back in the agent's company, has left the landlord with a sadly inadequate knowledge of the locality. The landlord, it must be noted, is a small one; the car-driver in all probability has never heard of him, perhaps takes him for a commercial traveller; at all events it is quite beyond the range of the landlord's audacity to name his own estate as the goal of the car's journey, and so with due humility he mentions the largest man among his tenants, whom (thank heaven!) the driver has a vague impression of having heard of. On that the car jolts away through a bare wind-swept tract of country where the treeless hillsides look strange and grim to an eye accustomed to the wooded slopes of pastoral England. The weather is Irish, that is, an interminably gray sky which one fancies will break into rain five minutes hence, but which the natives pronounce certain to keep fine; and under this melancholy pall the country rolls on in a perpetual sheet of undulating green, without form and void almost. There seems to be no end to these fields, one's own property lying presumably somewhere among them. After a good hour's jolting the landlord grows conscious of the uncertainty of the driver's geographical knowledge. That worthy believes Mr. W. is to be found about two miles further on; but one now reflects with growing disquietude that the W.'s are probably as frequent in eastern Donegal as in their ancestral Lowlands. Suppose the landlord should spend the day hunting for his own property in this endless chequer-board of green pasture and oats, and hunt in vain; what an anecdote for the local papers!

And indeed the car-driver's Mr. W. proves to be the wrong man altogether. We turn back with increasing disquietude, but also with directions how to find another W. some mile or two away. The car jolts us furiously along a by-road and draws up at length before a comfortable farmhouse, a villa almost, with a garden before it in which, though the grass looks unkempt and rank, there are bushes of crimson rhododendron flowering nobly. The farmer comes to the door, a gray-haired, substantial person with a canny expression that does full justice to his North-British surname. "Have I the pleasure of being your landlord?" the visitor inquires modestly. "That may be," answers the prudent Scot, declining to commit himself all at once although the landlord has mentioned his name. But the visitor is hospitably admitted, and one hazards some inquiries as to crops. "I got your notice about the rent," W. remarks, evidently thinking that likely to be one's ruling idea. The notice is produced, but the signature is altogether strange to the landlord. It is not his agent's at all events, and the truth now becomes apparent that the canny W. is not quite certain who his landlord is. One may have succeeded to another "unbeknown;" he cannot tell. At length the repetition of one's name rouses a dormant echo in his memory. "It'll be my brother next door ye want," he exclaims, and, grasping at this prospect of further light, the landlord departs with profound apologies to his involuntary host, who, however, insists on escorting him to his brother's house close by. This is an equally substantial residence, fronted by its garden. The W's. in fact, if tenants are also owners of land, "warm men," and curiously enough both bachelors, living thus within a stone's throw of each other. W. the second, actually one's tenant at last, proves to be a stout rubicund person with a grizzled head and jovial face, a certain shrewd calculating air being apparent behind it however. He hospitably produces whisky, and jokes are cracked as well as biscuits. It is a most amicable meeting; but the conversation turns presently to graver themes, namely to the question of purchase.

The landlord has heard something of this before in an epistolary form, and has meditated upon it, not without disquietude. W. preserves all his bluff cheerfulness as he descants on the advantages of purchase to the tenant who gains, he says, four shillings in the pound (Irish for twenty per cent.) by the reduction, as compared with present rent, in the instalments he pays to Government as a purchaser of his holding under the present Act. Generous Government! The landlord of course loses more by investing whatever sums he may receive for his land, say, at three-and-a-half per cent. interest; but that naturally does not come into W.'s calculations. He supposes one would not wish to stand in the way of an advantage to the tenants. Meanwhile, whatever economists may imagine, it is not the ultimate possession of the land (at the end of forty-nine years) that he is thinking of in the least; it is the four shillings to be possibly got off the pound he dreams of, a great boon to the poorer tenants, says the man of substance. With farming in its perennial state of exceptional depression (so tenants assure him, though others whisper of prices rising again,) the landlord feels himself a monster of depravity for not closing at once with this beneficent proposal. He mildly temporises; it would be as well to go over the property first, to inquire as to the working of the purchase scheme in detail, and so forth. There is a solicitor in the neighbouring town who could furnish information; refilling the landlord's glass with a liberal measure of whisky, the tenant names the man (another W. curiously enough), and a gleam of memory turning back to certain letters reveals the fact that he happens to be the speaker's own legal adviser. The landlord privately reflects that half the game in Ireland just consists in swallowing one's whisky and keeping a cool head meanwhile.

By this time the bailiff has appeared on the scene, adopting a profoundly reverential attitude towards the assembled company, which now sallies out to inspect what is still courteously described as one's property. We pass over several well-looking fields, partly pasture, partly down in oats or flax. W., however, who accompanies our march, dashes the landlord's pride of possession by observing that "he has made the land himself" by draining, &c., or at least he and his ancestors made it; "Eighty years ago," he says, "you wouldn't have known it." It may be observed in passing that the Ulster tenant-farmer's belief in his own achievements in the way of "making land" seem at moments to trench very nearly on the prerogatives generally attributed to the Deity. It may be observed also that the rents on this particular property have not been raised for sixty years or so, which after all makes a difference. Whoever made it, the land now looks pleasant enough, bare of trees except along well-watered valleys, as North Ireland generally is, but green everywhere and soft-looking, made brilliant too at this season by the gorse, which forms the greater part of the hedgerows, and with its large yellow blooms adds a vivid touch of colour to the landscape. The landlord, however, walks only half observant, and half meditative, for the words of Mr. W., the land-maker are disquieting. A rather curious side-light is thrown on them, by the way, by the reflection that of the two parties in that dialogue concerning purchase it is W. himself, and by no means the landlord, who is enriched by the produce of the soil; in all probability W. is considerably the wealthier of the two. And if he is dissatisfied with his financial position what of the poorer tenants? Does one's exiguous income, then, really constitute an oppression? Meanwhile the bailiff, now the landlord's sole companion, is giving his account of things, and, hovering as he does between the two interests, his account is certainly more encouraging. Still it is as hard to get plain facts from an Irishman as the breeks from a Highlander, that is without being positively rude to him. The bailiff is not prepared to assert that prices have risen, though he considers that the farmers have not been doing so badly. But the prices of some twenty years ago are now, alas, no more! That golden age of the Ulster tenant-farmer when beasts sold well is now a pathetic memory, driven from the realm of fact by stress of American competition.

Then we go on to another farm, with a smaller type of house, whitewashed and thatched, but the talk here hardly concerns itself at all with bad times, and keeps altogether clear of the dismal subjects of purchase or reductions. The landlord is received with a kind of enthusiasm which is almost disconcerting to his modesty; and his appearance seems to have driven out the well-calculated schemes of bettering their position which one expected, on W.'s assurance, to find the main interest of the tenantry. If one were not an absentee, the landlord is driven to reflect, one would lose all the glamour of a quasi-supernatural apparition. He finds his previous visit remembered through the lapse of years with a clearness which leaves him a little abashed. "Ye've grown up finely since then," he is assured; and a good lady, who is a tenant on her own footing, very frankly observes, "Ye're not so soft-looking as ye were," which is possibly true, for the landlord's last visit was made in his days of callow undergraduateship when, by the way, he was by no means accustomed to consider himself unwise. And it is to be observed that under existing conditions, with the Land Court close at hand, these people have nothing in the world to gain by their friendliness. Or if they have an ulterior object, they at least forget entirely to mention it.

Chief among surrounding figures S. looms up in memory, a Scotchman by descent, who has somehow contrived to become all but entirely Irish. His high cheek bones and rather rigid outline of face seem to proclaim his northerly origin, but his bearing is full of a cheerful alacrity, a certain nimbleness, which is visible too in the rapid leapings of his tongue from one topic to another; he is altogether too sympathetic and approachable to be other than Hibernian. S., the bailiff, and landlord proceed to inspect the former's holding, the bailiff holding himself judiciously back with an air of arbitration; and S. conducts the party with promptitude to the worst land he has to exhibit. "It's no use to me," he explains, indicating a marshy streak lying along a stream, below its level indeed; and unprofitable stuff it appears, sure enough, with the rank grasses growing thickly over it and the black sticky trenches yawning everywhere, out of which the water visibly declines to run. The landlord rises palpably in S.'s esteem by jumping sundry of these ditches of his own unaided vigour. "I've taken on the twenty acres down here," S. explains confidentially, "and four of them good for nothing." The landlord is visited by a timely inspiration. "And what did you give for the tenant right of them, Mr. S.?" he inquires. "Five hundred pounds," S. replies rather bashfully, his respect clearly rising with a gigantic bound on finding himself driven to this admission. After this he becomes extremely amicable and conducts the landlord home to partake of tea, whisky being produced once more while this meal is preparing. "We keep some in the house in case of sickness," S. explains. He is, it appears, an Elder of the neighbouring Presbyterian chapel, but the landlord has no claims to especial seriousness, and S., tacking round with true Irish quickness, grows jovial and eloquent on many topics, frequently grasping his guest's hand, or knee, or whatever else to enforce his remarks. It is the landlord now who alludes to the fated topic of purchase, for this tenant farms in a large way and is a leader of men on the property second only to W. himself; but after a sidelong meditative stare for some moments, S. eludes it altogether, gliding away recklessly to more congenial themes. He is wrapt up apparently in the more immediate duties of hospitality; and certainly tea in an Ulster farmhouse, with uncounted eggs fresh beyond a Londoner's belief, is an admirable institution. When it is over the landlord feels sufficiently revived to carry out his original intention of walking back to the town. But no; "Shure, I wouldn't be happy if ye travelled away like that," S. exclaims, and the kindly offer of his own jaunting-car is driven home with a force which proves irresistible.

While the mare is being put to, a visit is paid to the one tenant on the property who has been into "the Court," and has had his rent consequently reduced. Some little friction had led to his appealing to the Commission, a step by the way as distasteful to tenants hereabouts as everywhere to landlords, but a few words are enough to restore harmony. The landlord is going to be married when he is rich enough, so he informs the tenants to their great jubilation; on the other hand the tenant who has got his judicial rent has recently brought home a youthful bride. "You're luckier than I am, Mr. C.; I'm only going to be married," the landlord remarks with the happiest results. "I'm sorry I can't trate ye," the judicial tenant keeps exclaiming at intervals of the conversation, in allusion to the absence of whisky which, along with obstinate bachelorhood, appears to be quite a leading characteristic in these temperate latitudes. Curiously enough the only two houses on the property with children in them were the two poorest. As S.'s car whirls along the white level road in the fading twilight, the same subject re-emerges. "There's one favour I've to ask ye," he says, remitting his attention to the mare for an instant. "Good heavens, twenty per cent. at least!" thinks the landlord clinging desperately to the bounding vehicle. "It's to drop me a line when ye marry," S. reassures him. "Shure I'll be having a bit of bonfire on the hills, something for the bhoys to look at." Even to diligent students of the newspapers it may come as a surprise that the "relations of landlord and tenant" should be anything like that; certainly in this instance the discovery was a little surprising to the landlord himself.

Another townland has to be visited, lying well apart from the first, and requiring another day for its inspection. It is reached through a strip of really beautiful country, where the course of a stream between hills is thickly lined with wood; and the road winding above it through leafy avenues, bright even under the gray Irish sky, brings one in view of all manner of woodland dips and delightful slopes of coppices where the bluebells grow thick as grass. Once more we drive rather vaguely in search of the principal tenant. Once more uncertainty prevails; it has indeed reached the critical point at which the driver drops at once his claim to omniscience and his reins, and gets off to make inquiries, when a burly peasant-like individual comes suddenly upon us. His aspect is humorous, albeit shabby. "Good-day to yer honour, an' it's long since yer honour has come to the property," he exclaims, being in fact the bailiff duly in wait for our appearance. "Shure ye're the head landlord of all," he says, with a kind of rapt enthusiasm on being invited to mount the car beside the personage himself; and the landlord feels privately abashed (one humbly appeals to the more imaginative Radical for credence) at finding his own appearance the object of so profound a satisfaction.

But the look of the townland is worth noting before we go further. It consists partly of valley, partly of hillside; the bottom where the stream runs, is rich and green, fine pasture, arable land bearing oats at least in abundance, dotted with small orchards; good land naturally and by no means wholly depending on "improvements" for its productiveness. Then, as happens frequently in Ireland, a few hundred yards ascent up the slope brings one to a poor and ragged-looking soil. Gorse appears plentifully, in hedges first, then in broad patches straggling over unprofitable corners, elbowing out the cultivable fields; what is worse, rock crops out here and there through the surface, betraying mere primeval ruggedness just below the few inches of thin reluctant soil. Above again, if the rock sinks lower, it is only to give place to boggy moorland black with peat, covered with rank pasture on which a few head of cattle may browse, but with small profit to themselves, or to any being, landlord or tenant, beside. The gray bare hillside lying above the farms is, in fact, valuable only for the peat which of course serves the townland for fuel.

Thus half a mile's walking at most brings one to a region which is the antipodes, in the agricultural sense, of the place one started from, each district presenting a wholly different set of economical conditions and, naturally, of problems. To this contrast add another, that of racial character; for the farms even on this bit of hillside are tenanted by men of two palpably distinct nationalities, Catholics with Irish names on the one side, and Protestants with Scotch names on the other. A glance at the fields and farm-buildings makes the difference apparent. Some way up the hillside for instance one enters a farm tenanted by a Catholic, a term which in Ulster stands, broadly speaking, for Irish. From the outside the house looks rickety and cramped, with low white walls sloping at eccentric angles and threatening dilapidation. Inside, the room is unceiled, the rafters are straight above one's head, and the thatch promises only a dubious protection from the weather. The floor is a kind of concrete pavement, spasmodically rising and falling with the ground beneath it. If the pig is invisible, swarms of young fowl are running in and out, and broods of yellow turkey-chicks chase one another round wooden settles, or waddle un-blamed about the legs of the sheep-dog slumbering before the fire of glowing peat. With the obscure streak of daylight penetrating through the few low windows to lose itself in the smoky corners of the roof, the whole has a kind of Rembrandtesque aspect, comfort being clearly sacrificed involuntarily to the interests of the picturesque. The landlord's mind is naturally disturbed at the starveling, necessitous look of such a place; surely the tenant of a farm like this has little to gain in his struggle against the unkindness of nature. But one's arrival at any given conclusion appears so often the signal for the appearance of contrary facts that put it promptly to the rout. One goes further up the hill, the land becoming naturally poorer at every hundred yards. The next farm is in the hands of a tenant whose name plainly declares him a descendant of Scottish settlers, or, as people say in Ulster, a Protestant. Before the trim-built white farmhouse lies a garden stocked with abundance of currant bushes and wallflower; a few Scotch firs struggling up behind the house do their best to give an air of warm shelter to the blank situation. Inside the house displays all the glamour of the highest respectability, with horse-hair arm-chairs in the parlour and specimens of the superior type of oleograph on the walls; everything is prim, well-dusted, and solid; there is even a piano to assert, mutely perhaps, the higher interests of cultivation. It may be noted that this farm is not larger than those on which stand the crazy cabins aforesaid in anything like the proportion suggested by the contrast; twice the number of acres perhaps for a maximum, and in some instances of positively worse land, but improved and drained by the thrifty Scotchman with striking results.

The farmer himself is a sandy-haired man, colourless and unmirthful, with most of the expression of his features run to calculation. He is rather negatively than positively polite, and the interval spent in his decent parlour is a good deal occupied with ransacking one's brains for something that can be said to him. Respectable, trustworthy, and thriving as the Ulster Protestant, in the fullest development of his type, may be, a visit to him suggests the reflection that the art of farming in these latitudes is barely compatible with the merely ornamental arts of life. With the unthriving Irish the case is singularly different. They offer the landlord a wooden settle to repose himself on, but with a cordiality and grace quite unknown to the substantial possessor of arm-chairs. Their talk flows with a natural brightness; half Saxon as the landlord must confess himself at best, his tongue is unloosened with them, and with the sympathetic Irish smile ready to welcome one's poor efforts it suddenly becomes easy to be humorous. If they offer whisky, as may happen, it is out of pure good fellowship, with no suspicion of an ulterior object to be gained by confusing their visitor's intellect. There is a curiously intense, perhaps an unreasoned, feeling about the landlord, which the enemy may if he chooses call "feudal," without thereby detracting from its reality. On a previous visit the present writer was greeted by the father of the townland, an old man with silver-white hair, who advanced extending both hands with all the tokens of extreme regard. "Shure," he exclaimed in almost melodramatic accents, "Shure I never thought to see one of the family." A joke even against one's self still remains a joke; there were reasons besides, which need not be precisely stated, to make the presence of one of the family an ideal difficult of realisation; still it is doubtful if the octogenarian in question was himself alive to the pointed humour of his remark. It is true that on that occasion reductions were demanded, and received; this time, however, no word on the subject was breathed, and the old-fashioned sentiment remained the same. It is among the aged that it prevails, especially among old women who cling to the landlord's hand with something like a passionate devotion, a posture of affairs rather disconcerting to a person not peculiarly conscious of desert. It is more than doubtful if such feelings have survived in anything like an equal manner with the present generation; in a few years, probably enough, the "critical sense" will be triumphant even in Ulster.

The townland has its black sheep, one at least, "an honest man over-addicted to whisky," the landlord is warned. Accordingly, on entering one of the hillside farms, a more than usually inconvenient and smoky habitation, one meets with a downright hostile reception from a middle-aged person, with a mottled face and grizzled hair tied round with a piratical looking red handkerchief, who remains obstinately seated, uttering speech quite the reverse of complimentary. Luckily owing to the combined influences of dialect and liquor his remarks are mainly unintelligible; but Roddy (the short form of his Christian name which he commonly goes by) glances unutterable things through his muddled eyes. He seems to fancy that the landlord has arrived to claim the rent at the point of his umbrella; he has grievances about turf-cutting besides, and his wrath is unassuageable. His wife stands meanwhile holding him by the shoulder, sorely ashamed and naturally displaying a kind of stubborn hostility towards the visitor who has come to witness the uncouth spectacle. At this point of his progress the landlord is accompanied by a gentleman-farmer who rents the land down below in the valley, and is a mill-owner besides, and a Justice of the Peace, and is consequently an object of almost as much veneration as the landlord himself. This personage attempts to quiet Roddy's truculence. "He's not saying anything about the rent at all," he frequently explains; but Roddy in his whisky-drenched brain finds it difficult to believe that, and the interview is brought to a close among hardly subdued growlings. As we retreat down the lane the Justice moralises. "Among the Catholics down South," he says, "two or three tenants like Roddy will embroil a whole property, the others standing in with them from pure neighbourly sentiment." The landlord, it appears, may think himself fortunate if the result is not a general refusal of rent, and a consequent stimulus to "remedial legislation." One indeed sees clearly that the emotional forces which swell the popularity of a fairly harmless landlord may just as easily be aroused against him. In Ireland after all it is not facts which create sentiment, so much as sentiment which colours, or conceals the fact.

Turning about on the hill-top one glances over a widely extended horizon. The treeless hills look bleak and gray under clouds through which the sun's rays gleam pale and rare; the distant mountains show faintly purple; the brighter greens, where chestnuts cluster round some homestead in the valley, are subdued now and merged in the prevailing quietude of the landscape. As the bare uplands meet the clear gray clouded sky, the whole sweep of the country comes to wear a look of sadness. Like the race indeed, the country has its playful sparkling moments and its winning smile; but the ground-tone of it is mournful, and one seems to catch its significance best when some wider expanse of it communicates its touch of subdued pathos and, as it were, the note of resignation that pervades it. It is of the North of course that one is speaking; it may be however that the secret of the whole country, and of the Irish race as well, is latent in this aspect of the Donegal landscape. This is Ulster, indeed, but how Irish! One fancies that Ulster after all has felt the Celtic charm, and has contrived to become almost Hibernian, until one finds the people expressing their antagonism to the South, to Home Rule, for example, in phrases that have all the ring of Irish reasoning. "It would bring devastation in the country, sorr," they exclaim, speaking of the great remedial measure; or else, "If the Catholics had Home Rule they would turn us all out of the country, sorr,"—vaticinations that surely betray a quite Celtic imagination. Pressed for some concrete explanation they fall back vaguely on the danger of the Catholic Church being established, discoursing of that prospect in a strain of indefinite alarm that somehow inevitably suggests the fifth of November. But it is hard to induce an Irishman, or an Ulsterman, to explain himself: he invariably prefers to change the conversation; and if so much may be said of the repeated dangers of Home Rule, the case is probably much the same with the public conception of its benefits.

Another incident throws a curious side-light on the religious difficulty. The last house reached is that of the bailiff, who rents a few acres of land besides pursuing the trade of blacksmith, which, even in combination with his official duties, can hardly make him wealthy. His cottage in fact is crazier and dingier than any other on the property. Nevertheless he loyally produces whisky (to be drunk neat in wine-glasses) for the landlord's refreshment, and his ardent hospitality sweeps away one's prudence. But the most striking feature of the visit is brought out by a more serious circumstance. The bailiff's wife is lying ill, has indeed long been bed-ridden. Poor soul! the face of a fresh visitor is something to her; and the Justice, who still accompanies us, and is besides an Elder of the Presbyterian body, feels himself called upon in a simple primitive fashion to say a few words of the nature of religious consolation. He comments on the providential character of affliction and duly cites his texts; what is strange however is that the bailiff, who listens with marked edification and produces his good words tersely and unaffectedly in his turn, is a Catholic himself. And so the dialogue goes on between Catholic and Protestant for some five minutes perhaps, each, if one may so phrase it without irreverence, capping the other's pious sentiments with one or more drawn from the same perpetual source. The sentences they pronounce are doctrinal enough, yet they utter them without any allusion to, without indeed any perceptible sense of, the sectarian difference between them; and one is left to wonder whether controversy has ever penetrated deeply into the healthy neighbourly quiet of a country-side like this.

Even in this age of so much writing and discussion, it still apparently remains true that experience is the sole mother of wisdom. Summing up his personal experiences, the landlord confesses himself somewhat perplexed at the curious difference between the fact itself, revealed in actual plodding from farm to farm, and the general tenor of public discussion about the fact. Possibly it is only the grievances of tenant-farmers that find their way into print. Who after much reading of newspapers would expect to find anything in the Irish fields except "agrarian problems" and seething discontent? The division of this particular country returns a Home Rule member to Westminster, and our "collective wisdom" no doubt draws its inferences with sagacity. But one circumstance goes a long way to account for the favourable reception accorded to the small landlord who has put these jottings on paper. The rents on this property had not been raised during a period of some sixty years; and the greater, perhaps the most well-founded grievance, of the Irish tenant-farmer is that an increase of rent constitutes an appropriation by the landlord of the tenant's own improvements. An improvement is effected, the value of the land rises, and the rent with it. Curiously enough, after all that has been heard of remedial legislation, the Land Commission fixes its rents on this perfectly unjustifiable basis, and regards two-thirds, or perhaps even three-fourths, of the value of the tenant's improvements as legally belonging to the landlord. Of course in one sense the tenant's argument is one-sided. He affirms that his improvements, draining for example, have made the land, whereas it may more fairly be contended that they have merely set free the capabilities of production that were naturally latent in it. It is an argument that offers a singular parallel to the dogma so frequently in the mouths of those who profess themselves the working-men's champions, that, whatever pre-existent conditions labour may require, the man who actually works, or makes a thing with his hands, is the only person entitled to enjoy it; an argument that in future years their own labourers may perhaps turn against themselves, to the gasping astonishment of the tenant-farmer. Meanwhile the popular landlord in Ireland is the man who, not having raised his rents in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, cannot reasonably be said to have appropriated to himself the fruits of any man's labour. Yet even he will occasionally hear something of the improvements effected by his tenant's grandfather.

But all arguments and clashing of interests set aside, it remains true that a visit to Ireland is a singularly pleasant experience even to an absentee landlord; perhaps, paradox as it seems, to that well-abused person more than to another. Whether it is true that a leisured class is merely an assemblage of parasites, or otherwise, the people are undoubtedly glad to see you. With all the advantages of the Purchase Act before their eyes, it looks at moments as if they actually preferred to have a landlord. Curiously enough it appears, in this individual case at least, to be the wealthier men who are discontented; the feudal sentiment has a comparatively small place in their composition, and being men of substance, they take it hard that the times do not permit of their making money. The smaller tenant has no idea of making money; simply to make a living is enough for him, and if he would probably remain chilly towards a landlord speaking to him from the aristocratic elevation of a dog-cart, he is genuinely and warmly interested in one who approaches him in a human and unstilted fashion. If you ride out on your own wheels to inspect the property, the tenants will probably talk to you of reductions. Walk out to see them, and they will drive you back with enthusiasm.

# MADAME DU DEFFAND.

If words, as Trench said long ago, are fossil history, there is an extraordinary significance in the multiplicity of meanings attached to the word philosophy in the last years of the eighteenth century in France. "You will think the sentiments of the philosophers very odd state-news," writes Horace Walpole from Paris in 1765. "But do you know who the philosophers are? In the first place, the term includes *almost every one*; in the next, it means men who, avowing war against popery, aim, many of them, at the subversion of all religion, and still many more at the destruction of the regal power."

The definition is not scientific; yet, read by the light of 1793, it seems fairly adequate. The philosophers themselves, however, would scarcely have accepted it. They posed only as men who would submit all questions of morals, politics, and religion to the test of reason and natural instinct, rather than of authority and revelation. But their philosophy was not the nymph of the solitudes, but of the salon, the coffee-house, and the mess-room. The dilemma that ensued was an ancient one; the test of reason was of varying value in such a world of unreason. It was applied with very different results by the scientific and by a society which played at being intellectual; by the fine lady, who added a piquancy to her toilet by pondering over the last volume of Rousseau and Voltaire between the powder and the patches; by the fine gentleman untrained in politics and all the practical arts of life; by the young enthusiast, wearied of too much civilisation, eager for action, and condemned to inglorious ease. The philosophers found themselves in strange company and confronted with unexpected issues. It is well known that those who survived to see the outbreak of the Revolution were as much taken by surprise as the less enlightened public. Yet they were accused of having deliberately conspired to produce it. The conspiracy, it was said, originated in the salon of the Baron d'Holbach, and was promoted by such men as Grimm, La Harpe, and Lamoignon. It is easy to be wise now and to realise how impossible it was that such a stupendous upheaval could have been caused by the conspiracy of a clique; but at the time the accusation was considered of sufficient importance to be seriously refuted, and only the development of events was to show the true character and extent of the influence of the philosophical doctrines upon a society sated with luxury and inaction, and upon a starving and exasperated people.

It is the social history of these opinions which makes the interest of the life of Madame du Deffand; the curious spectacle of a revolution wrought in thought and opinion long before it was translated into action; of an intellectual and pleasure-loving society anticipating in theory almost every revolutionary movement, and fearlessly invoking the spirits which were afterwards to take such monstrous shapes.

"Your Espinasses, Geoffrins, Deffands play their part too," says Carlyle in his cumbrous phrase; "there shall in all senses be not only philosophers, but philosophesses." One of her own countrymen says more gracefully that Madame du Deffand is the most characteristic figure in French society from the days of the Regency to the first years of Louis the Sixteenth; and indeed she seems to intensify in her own person the brilliancy, the restlessness, the intellectual curiosity, the devouring ennui of her world. It was her fate to live in a society in fermentation, "incredibly active in mind"; to have been touched in her youth with the pitch of its defilement; and in her old age to preach in spite of herself, from her cynic's tub, on the vanity of the world, although, poor woman, she hated sermons, and made a stipulation even on her deathbed to be spared them. "M. le Curé," she says, when he comes for her last confession, "you shall really have no cause to complain of me, but do let me beg you to spare me three things, questions, arguments, and sermons."

In the span of her eighty years Madame du Deffand had witnessed great changes. She had seen the gloom of the last days of Louis the Fourteenth, the wild excesses of the Regency, and she lived to hear with unheeding ears the first mutterings of the Revolution. Without decided beauty, she had yet contrived to subjugate princes and philosophers by her wit and her brilliant eyes. But her greatest social triumphs were won when she was old and blind. It was in the last twenty-seven years of her life, in her rooms in the Convent St. Joseph, Rue St. Dominique, that she gathered round her "tub of Diogenes," as she loved to call her high-backed chair, foreign princes, ambassadors, ministers, encyclopedists, all that were worth knowing in Paris in the last quarter of a century before the Revolution.

At the age of seventy she conceived a passionate fondness for Horace Walpole, and in the intervals of his visits corresponded with him from 1766 till almost the day of her death in 1780. During that time she kept him so thoroughly informed of French affairs, that when, at the time of the disgrace of the Duc de Choiseul, with whom she was intimately connected, Walpole's rooms in Arlington Street were mysteriously ransacked of papers, it was generally supposed that the thieves were agents of the French government. Madame du Deffand's letters, however, survived that disaster, and have preserved, as all lovers of such literature know, an extraordinary picture of the last years of the Ancien Régime. Side by side with this, they have the minor interest of an epistolary drama, in which Walpole plays the ungrateful part of Madame de Grignan, and Madame du Deffand that of Madame de Sévigné with a difference. The plight of the undemonstrative Englishman, thus posed as a reluctant idol, is sometimes not a little ridiculous, and that of his disappointed worshipper not a little painful; yet the most sympathetic portrait we have of this curious product of French civilisation is from Walpole's pen.

> Madame du Deffand [he writes to Gray in 1766] is now very old, and stone-blind, but retains all the vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions and agreeableness of her youth. She goes to operas, plays, suppers and Versailles; gives dinners twice a week, has everything new read to her, makes new songs and epigrams very admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years; corresponds with Voltaire, dictates letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him, or to any one else, and laughs both at the clergy and philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong; her judgment on every subject is as just as possible: on every point of conduct as wrong as possible, for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved,—I don't mean by lovers—and a vehement enemy but openly. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; she humbles the learned, sets to right their disciples, and finds conversation for everybody. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude or ennui is insupportable to her: with the most delicate frame in the world her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me if I were to stay here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in

the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard, or the Foire, because it is too early to go to bed.

In the memoirs of her own countrymen Madame du Deffand is a familiar figure, but their treatment of her is not so uniformly sympathetic. It is perhaps a little like that she was accused of applying to her own friends. "Madame du Deffand," says M. Thomas, "reminds me of an ingenuous speech of a doctor I once knew. 'My friend fell ill; I doctored him; he died; I dissected him.'" For dissection was the vogue; it was natural in a people living so incessantly in society. The memoirs and correspondence of those days are full of portraits (often extremely insipid), and they were the constant amusement of fashionable wits. The tendency took its most morbid form in the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau; but this love of analysis, of going back to first principles and first experiences of the senses, was the keynote of much of the literature, as well as the science of France in the eighteenth century. It would seem that the condition of society was so mortal, that it must brood upon its own symptoms and analyse every sensation, if so it might find out what ailed it. Whenever we can penetrate behind the gaiety and talk, the ceaseless stir of pleasure, it is the same story; a restless retrospection, a craving to solve somehow the miserable mystery of humanity, to find some foothold in the bottomless pit of the unknown, lies behind this brilliant social life of which we hear so much. It drove men, who had thrown off every form of ancient belief and custom as an intolerable burden, to the mystical doctrines of Swedenborg or St. Martin, to dreams of the possibility of communication between men and spirits, of the universal efficacy of the animal magnetism of Mesmer, or of the infallibility of the utterances of somnambulism. "France," says M. de Ségur, who lived through so many stages of the revolutionary fever, "was in those last years visibly tormented with that restlessness, that uneasiness, that extravagance of feeling, which precedes great moral and political crises."

The salons, which had been the centres of intellectual life since the days of Louis the Fourteenth, took the fever seriously. They were seized with a passion for philosophy, for philanthropy, for all the whims which were taking shape in the storm-laden air of those days before the flood. They embraced the deism of Voltaire, the materialism of Diderot and D'Holbach, the pure atheism of Helvetius; or they dreamed with Rousseau and St. Pierre of a renovated humanity yielding to every impulse of nature, and by that means returning to its pristine innocence. It is not only Walpole who grumbles that the French were no longer the same people, that they had lost their vivacity, and were for ever discussing. "They talk philosophy at balls," says Ségur again, "and moral science in boudoirs." These people of quality, "who know everything without the trouble of learning," established clubs for the study of natural science; they attended the most learned discussions at the Academies; one marquise goes to see dissections performed; another dissects with her own hands.

And philosophy was quite ready to meet them half-way. The most serious scientific works were dedicated to women, and some of the profoundest speculations in the imaginary dialogues of Voltaire and Diderot were put into the mouth of the marquis or the maréchale. It was a part of the philosophic faith that the methods by which scientific truth might be attained were so obvious, so clear to the most uninstructed understanding, that, given the facts, no more trouble was needed than the power to follow out the successive links of an argument. Even women, it was said, might thus be made to understand its mysteries. The deepest subjects were discussed not only in the salons frequented by the encyclopedists, but in those presided over by women. It was natural that under such an influence the expression of the thought, the art of style, should become of supreme importance. "Pour faire passer 'L'Esprit des Lois' Montesquieu faisait de l'esprit sur les lois," says Madame du Deffand. As a result, the man of science in France could not be the mere student, the line of demarcation between the literary and the scientific man ceased to exist. Voltaire makes scientific experiments with the prism of Newton and the thermometer of Réaumur; he sends pamphlets to the Academy of Science on the Measure of Motive Force and the Nature and Propagation of Heat. The mathematician D'Alembert writes upon elocution, the naturalist Buffon upon style, the psychologist Condillac on the art of writing; and men of science, morals, politics, each and all had the habit of writing, speaking, and thinking before a fashionable audience. Philosophy popularised itself for society, and in return society had a passion, not only for philosophy, but for philosophers. When Hume was in Paris, as secretary to the embassy of Lord Hertford, "no lady's toilet was complete without him," and the "peasant of the Danube" became the rage, in spite of his homely manners and bad French. Every lady of quality must have her "tame author (auteur du logis)." Madame Necker has Gibbon, Marmontel, and Thomas in her train; the Duchesse de Choiseul has l'Abbé Barthélemi; D'Alembert was for a long time the constant companion of Madame du Deffand; Madame du Châtelet, "the divine Emily," triumphantly enthrals Voltaire.

With the applause of such allies, society was gaily content to turn the weapons of philosophy against the fabric and foundation of its own existence. Above all, the "great souls" of the young generation gloried in the friendship of the plebeian philosophers. "They preferred a word of praise from Diderot or D'Alembert to the most marked favour of a prince." It was for them that the earlier watchword, "Liberty, Equality, Humanity," was coined. "The spirit of Equality had struck deep roots among the nobility long before it reached the Third Estate," says Ségur. Literary titles in some instances took precedence of those of the nobility, and literary men, even of the second and third grade, were treated with infinitely more distinction than a provincial noble could hope to win in the salons of Paris. With this exception, the wide division between the middle class and the nobles remained unbridged; but among themselves the sole pre-eminence recognised by the nobility was the ancient right of the Peers to seats in the Parliament and to the honours of the Louvre, while duchesses claimed the tabouret, the privilege of a seat in the presence of Royalty. In all other respects, a perfect ceremonial equality was observed. The state-ball on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin was the signal for a kind of social revolt, because, as the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was to open the ball, the bride was suspected of wishing to establish the precedence of the House of Lorraine. Thus the first mortification that the unhappy Marie Antoinette was to suffer on French soil, was at the hands of the nobility; for the resistance on this point was so obstinate that it had finally to be conceded, that, though the Princess should open the ball, it should be solely on account of her relationship with the Dauphiness, and should not be considered as a precedent for the future.

On the whole, however, it was this very spirit of equality which made Paris so attractive to foreigners. At no other capital does there seem to have been so much ease, such an absence of the constraint which comes from social assumption, as at Paris during the last decade before the Revolution. Walpole notices a marked difference in the reception given to strangers in his later visits to Paris. At this time there was a craze for English fashions and the English Constitution: the philosophers had introduced the English philosophy; and society was substituting with enthusiasm the comparative simplicity of the English dress for the imposing costumes of the French Court, and the wild nature of an English garden for formal alleys and trimmed trees. The communication between London and Paris became incessant, for the "French disease," as the newspapers called it, had quite as strong a hold upon English society, and the prosperity of the country round Boulogne was attributed to the incessant passage of English milords.

This was the whimsical aspect of a deeply-rooted influence. "If anything," says Ségur, "could sharpen our burning impatience for the reign of liberty and tolerance, it was the comparison of our present situation with that of the English. Montesquieu had opened our eyes to the advantages of the British institutions; the brilliant but frivolous life of our nobility, both at Court and in Paris, could not satisfy our self-respect, when we thought of the dignity and independence, the useful and important existence of a Peer of England, of a Member of the House of Commons, and of the calm and proud liberty of all the citizens of Great Britain."

The part taken by the philosophical party in foreign politics is a curious page in the history of their opinions. But there were some aspects of this drawing-room philosophy which more nearly affected the life of Madame du Deffand. While still a child at her convent, beautiful, piquant, and witty, she found it impossible, even at the age of ten, to understand religion. Those were the last years of Louis the Fourteenth, when such doubts were already in the air, when the reaction had set in from the enforced austerities which a remorseful King was practising by proxy on an unwilling Court. The seventeenth century had been a century of devotion; the eighteenth began with infidelity, and Mademoiselle de Vichy-Chamrond in the recesses of her convent faithfully reflected its spirit. The great Massillon was sent to reason with her; and, says Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Voltaire in 1765: "My spirit shrank before his. Yet I did not yield to his reasons, but to the imposing personality of the reasoner." She was never in fact convinced, but the only apparent alternative was submission to a Church which still persecuted heretics and the scepticism of some of whose prelates was notorious. The demand upon her stock of faith was too great; her reason revolted against its accepted superstitions; she lapsed into that green-sickness of the soul, an incapacity to form an opinion. "I suffer my mind to float in a very limbo of indecision," she says. "Doubt appears to me so natural that I dare not dispute an assertion for fear I should in my turn be tempted to assert." Madame de Genlis, who knew her only in her old age, thought her unworthy even to be called a sceptic, since she had never taken the trouble to study any religious question profoundly.

The infidelity which was the fashion in society was of much the same character. "Don't fancy," says Walpole, "that persons of quality,—the men at least—are atheists. Happily for them, poor souls, they are not capable of pushing argument so far. But they assent to a great many enormities because it is the fashion, and they don't know how to refute them." For the materialists had decreed that in the processes of nature there was no exterior directing force, but only an interior developing force; and in obedience to their impulse society had agreed to abolish Providence long before the goddess of Reason was enthroned on the altar of Notre Dame. "The vision is dispelled," writes Walpole with a curious prophetic instinct. "The want of fervour in the religious, the solitude that one knows proceeds from contempt, not contemplation, make the churches and convents appear like abandoned theatres, destined to destruction. The monks trot about as if they had not long to stay there, and what used to be holy gloom is now but dirt and darkness."

For her part, Madame du Deffand, with her usual sense of the fitness of things, never paraded her incredulity in a society which considered it a mark of advanced thought to be atheist. It is her letters which are full from end to end of what Grimm calls "that dumb disquiet which is agitating men's minds, a phenomenon characteristic of our times." She professes to adore philosophy, yet is forever falling foul of the philosophers. One boasts in her presence of having destroyed a whole forest of prejudices; "And so," she says, "you bring us all these silly tales instead." She calls them the "livery servants of Voltaire." "Never were men," she writes to him, "less philosophical, less tolerant; they crush all those who do not cringe to them; they preach equality because they love to dominate; they believe themselves to be the very first men in the world, because they think what every one else thinks, who think at all." At another time she sends Voltaire a letter from the President Hénault, with words that show how she is haunted with the horrors of a godless universe. "Ah! at least Heathenism had one resource. Pandora would have left us Hope at the bottom of her box; she was hidden under all the evils as if kept back to make up for them. But we, a thousand times more barbarous, we destroy all, and have saved only the miseries of life. We have destroyed spirituality; the universe is nothing now but senseless matter formed by chance. Nothing speaks to us, nothing hears us; we are surrounded by the ruins of a world." "And you, M. de Voltaire," she adds, "declared lover of truth, tell me honestly, have you found her? You have been frightening and destroying error, but what have you put in its place? Is there anything real? Is not everything an illusion?" With one breath she is mocking at the deism of Voltaire, with the next she is wishing with pathetic inconsequence that she were religious, "the happiest condition," she says, "which seems to me possible in the world." And she tells Walpole, who has more sympathy with that point of view than most of her correspondents, that she means to have recourse to the practices of religion, in the hope of finding in them "some consolation, or at least a remedy for ennui."

The terror of the future for ever haunts the brilliant little Frenchwoman. "As for me," she says over and over again, "I have but one feeling, one grief, one misfortune, and that is the misery of having been born. There is no part that one might play on the theatre of the world which I should prefer to extinction; and yet, inconsistent as it may seem, if I could receive the most conclusive evidence that I must suffer it, I should not the less dread death." It is the skeleton, the corpse at her feast, which comes in like that ghastly intruder of which some one tells us in the "Correspondence of Madame Mère du Régent." Everywhere they were dancing, at the theatre, in the town, at Court. But for a moment these pleasures were interrupted by an unexpected scene. It was at a masked ball; there came in six masks, two carrying torches, the others a litter on which lay a man with a mask and domino; they put down the litter in the middle of the room and went out. Immediately the gay crowd surrounded the masked figure upon the litter and begged him to dance, but he made no reply. They snatched off his mask, and behold it was a corpse! "The horrible jest," adds the chronicler, "stopped only for a moment the mad rush for pleasure." But that was in the days of the Regency, and the world grew more sober. Yet still the grim dance of Death threads its way amidst those perfumed and powdered figures. The Marquis d'Argenson tells the story, in his Memoirs, of Madame du Prie, who had been an associate, if not a friend of Madame du Deffand. For two years she governed France in governing the Duc de Bourbon, Louis the Fifteenth's first minister after the death of the Regent. At the end of that time they were both disgraced, and she exiled to Courbe Épine in Normandy. "Then she took the resolution to poison herself in such a month, on such a day, at such an hour. She announced her death, as a prophecy, but none believed her, for she was always full of gaiety, and one could not suspect it to be assumed, for she seemed incapable of sustaining a part so long. But with a foolish vanity, she wished to make herself renowned by her death, by following what we called the 'English fashion' of suicide. Meantime she held high festival at Courbe Épine. People from Court [and among them Madame du Deffand] came there, and they danced and dined and played comedies. She herself appeared upon the stage two days before her voluntary death, and recited three hundred lines with as much feeling and as accurate a memory as if she were perfectly happy." Then at the very hour she had fixed she dies in tortures by a virulent poison. "It makes one think," says D'Argenson, "of those compacts with the devil, who comes at the appointed moment to wring his votary's neck."

It is not only in these high quarters that philosophy has such unexpected issues. Two private soldiers kill themselves in an inn at St. Denis, after dining together, and leave a curious document, showing their "perfectly reasonable and philosophical motives" for taking their own lives. "This is perhaps an example of what a too daring philosophy may do to ill-regulated and partially taught minds," says Grimm.

Madame du Deffand's anticipations of a too daring philosophy had been preluded after the not uncommon fashion of those times. Her marriage was a failure; one in which, as she says, "everything was perfectly suitable, except the dispositions of the people concerned, which did not agree in the least." It seems that ennui, which she calls the cause of all her faults, had been the chief reason of her separation from her husband, and perhaps also of her proposal to him, a few years later, that he should return to her. The proposal was accepted with alacrity, but the second attempt was not more successful than the first. For six weeks, according to her friend, Mademoiselle Aissé, it was the most charming friendship in the world. At the end of that time, she became bored to extinction, and took an extraordinary aversion to her husband. She was not actively disagreeable, but assumed such an air of desperation and melancholy, that her husband decided to return to his father.

Then followed a time which must remain unchronicled. "Without any deliberate system, she pursued a line of conduct which was extremely philosophical," says Madame de Genlis, using the word in one of its many accepted senses. But her world was one in which almost everything was forgiven to wit and distinction such as hers; and as soon as she had established herself in the Convent St. Joseph, she began to make her mark in Parisian society. In the midst of an apparently brilliant success, surrounded by friends, she suddenly felt herself solitary and melancholy, and one fine day deserted Paris, made a descent upon her brother the Comte de Vichy in Burgundy, and resolved to bury herself for ever in the country. Her friends in Paris remonstrated, and some of their letters are curious reading. "You are moping yourself to death," writes D'Alembert, "and why? Why are you afraid of coming back? With your wit and your income, can you possibly want for acquaintances here? I don't speak of friends: I know how rare that commodity is; but with a good supper, one can get all one wants and can, if one likes, laugh at one's guests afterwards."

This high-minded advice does not seem to have been immediately followed. Twice with despairing restlessness Madame du Deffand changed her abode, but provincial life was impossible to her; and in 1753 she is again in Paris, having persuaded Mademoiselle l'Espinasse to follow her and to form a part of her household as reader and companion. Her connection with that remarkable person lasted ten years; their separation divided all that society into two camps. The most curious part of their quarrel was the sensation it created. In the minor annals of the Ancien Régime it becomes an affair of quite wide-spread importance. It was the signal for the desertion of almost all the Encyclopedists who had frequented Madame du Deffand's house, which had hitherto been their meeting-place with people of high rank and philosophical tendencies. The only friends, however, whom she actually lost were D'Alembert, Turgot, and Marmontel, who were fervent partisans of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. Her sole crime, according to them, was in being too charming. Quarrels are apt to be dull reading, but M. Thiers, in his preface to Madame du Deffand's correspondence with Horace Walpole, makes this one of some importance. He imputes to it almost entirely her dislike for the philosophers. He seems anxious to account for so unreasonable an aversion in so intelligent a person. But in 1760, four years before the separation of the ill-assorted friends, Voltaire is accusing Madame du Deffand of being the enemy of the Encyclopedists; and it would be easy to quote much pungent abuse of them in her early letters. The truth is, her attitude towards them was founded upon something deeper than feminine spite, though M. Thiers is ready to accept that simple explanation.

Madame du Deffand belonged essentially to the Ancien Régime. Her tone is that of the age that was passing, not that which was to come; and that older generation was antagonistic to the new philosophy, some from disgust at the character of its professors, others from the instinct of an enlightened selfishness. Madame du Deffand's interest in it was purely intellectual. She had no share in the growing tendency towards philanthropy. There is not the smallest trace in her letters of any sort of sympathy for the poorer classes of society; for her, they may be said not to have existed. "I hate the people," she says somewhere to Walpole; but that was a passing whim. More truly it may be said that they were a part of the universe lying outside her range of vision. She had therefore no common ground with the philosophers in their nobler sympathies, in their enthusiasm for humanity, and their ideal of a perfect commonwealth. But she was shrewd enough and cynical enough to see the flaws in their theories of liberty and equality, and sincere enough to be wearied with the hollow enthusiasms of this fashionable philosophy. She resented with a keen sense of their incongruity from men who recognised but few restraints in their own conduct, "these fine speeches about good and evil, the origin of the passions, of prejudices, of morality, and such rigmaroles, with which these good people fill the journals and libraries, with the object of teaching us all what virtue is!"

It is not only that her sympathies are too narrow to apprehend the wider issues and inevitable results of the movement; but her keen and fastidious intelligence is revolted by paradox and sophistry, by exaggerated sentiment and impracticable theories. Above all, she must be amused, and the "livery servants" of Voltaire do not amuse her. But so long as Voltaire will supply her with witty pamphlets, it matters little enough what sacred relics he may be destroying. It is this incurable lack of intellectual earnestness which makes her grasp of the political situation so insufficient, just as it paralyses her apprehension of religion. She sees with lightning-glance a false analogy, an irrelevant argument, an absurd conclusion; but to disentangle a truth from its swathings of error, to recognise the ideal struggling to free itself from a corrupting mass of materialism, is impossible to her.

"What makes you fancy that I hate philosophy?" she asks Voltaire. "Though it is useless enough, I adore it, but I object to its being disguised in empty paradox and sophistry. I want it as you give it us, closely following in the footsteps of nature, destroying systems, confirming us in doubt, and making us less liable to error, yet without giving us the false hopes of attaining truth."

There is something sinister in this "Sibyl of the convent St. Joseph" for ever uttering her cynical despair of all things in heaven and earth. She seems the very high-priestess of the captious spirit which possessed that whole society; that essentially French art of casting stones, by which public opinion was employed in destroying every form of prejudice in morals, religion, and politics. "It was those accursed carpings of the French people against Louis the Fifteenth which brought Louis the Sixteenth to the scaffold," writes the Prince de Ligne, who could remember the days before the Revolution. "It was the fashion to resist; people hurried to wait upon the Duc de Choiseul at the very first posting-station, when he was on his way to exile; they went in crowds to Chanteloup." It was round these latter events that the whole political interest of Madame du Deffand's life centred. For twenty years she corresponded with the Duchesse de Choiseul; and when their exile began in 1770, this correspondence becomes a kind of secret history of the opposition until the early years of Louis the Sixteenth.

It is full, as are her letters to Walpole, of the "little libels" which were handed about, the little shafts of satire which seem now such curiously feeble weapons. Yet Maurepas had been exiled for five and twenty years and Marmontel sent to the Bastille for lines quite as inadequate as this parody on the King's letter to the revolted Princes of the Blood:

Ne venez point ici, mon cousin,
C'est mon ordre suprême;
Et dites à mes autres cousins
Qu'ils en fassent de même, mon cousin.
Sur ce, je prie Dieu, qu'il vous ait, mon
  cousin,
En sa sainte et digne garde.

The final exile of the Parliament of Paris was consummated in 1771 by an inundation of lettres de cachet; and soon Madame du Deffand is writing to the Duchesse de Choiseul a story of the ridiculous shifts to which the Court had recourse to find respectable members for the new Conseils Supérieurs, by which the Chancellor Maupeon was superseding the provincial Parliaments.

A certain M. Charpentier, some petty official from Châlons or Soissons, came to Paris a few days ago. The day after his arrival, a sergeant-at-arms was announced, who terrified the poor man with an order from the Chancellor to wait upon him the next morning. He arrived at the audience quite beside himself with terror, trembling like a leaf, and bowing down to the ground. "Ah, my friend," says the Chancellor, clapping him on the shoulder, "what luck for me that you have come to Paris! I am in hopes you will do me a most important service." "I, monseigneur! how can I possibly be of any use to you?" "In the most important matter; I want you to help me to make my peace with the King." "I, monseigneur!" "Yes, you! You know that his Majesty is establishing Conseils Supérieurs. I have to bring him the list of possible members. The other day I presented the list for the Conseils Supérieurs of Châlons, he read it and threw it back to me with indignation. 'What are you thinking about?' he said, 'I do not see M. Charpentier's name! A man of most distinguished merit, an excellent judge, fit for the highest places in the magistracy!' 'Ah, sire! I confess I am wrong. It is a most unpardonable piece of forgetfulness, but it may be remedied'. So you see, my friend, you must at once accept a place in the Council . . . not as a Councillor, as you may well believe; you must take something much more important, you must be President! And what is more, as I know your powers of discernment, I empower you to choose nine or ten members, who will be needed to make up the Council. You must leave to-morrow to execute your commission." The great Charpentier is overwhelmed with gratitude, starts off the next day, arrives at Châlons, swelling with importance and announces his new dignity. He is received with hoots and every mark of scorn and contempt. With shame and confusion he hurries back to monseigneur, gives an account of his success and sends in his resignation.

In Paris the new Council was so unpopular that its members had to be protected by a guard of soldiers, as they proceeded through the streets with the Chancellor at their head, and even thus were hissed and otherwise insulted. There was no doubt that France was weary of Louis the Fifteenth. But there is a significance in the watchword of this New Fronde, "Liberty, Property, Equality," which was caught up with a sort of enthusiasm at this crisis by a society in revolt. No one dreamed of a revolution, yet in public opinion it had already begun among the upper classes, and the situation was emphasised by the growing poverty. The disorder in the finances, which dated from the wars of Louis the Fourteenth and the wild schemes of Law under the Regency, had a very direct effect upon society because of the immense number of pensions which all kinds of people received from the royal treasury. It is not easy to see on what principle these pensions were given when we find Madame du Deffand herself in receipt of one, and that the Duc de Choiseul had charitably procured one for Mdlle. l'Espinasse when she established herself in a house of her own. We read of twelve thousand livres for Madame de Luynes, in order that she may not be jealous of Madame de Chevreuse who has eight thousand; or a courtier has to be consoled for not being allowed to take part in some piece of diplomacy; or it is a dowry to this or that lady of the Court who has married to the King's satisfaction. Such pensions were naturally dropped in times of scarcity before those granted in recognition of service done; and when the Duc de Choiseul was disgraced, the friends of Madame du Deffand were full of anxiety lest she should lose her pension. "The distress here," writes Walpole in 1771, "is incredible, specially at Court. The King's tradesmen are ruined, his servants starving, and even angels and archangels cannot get their pensions and salaries, and sing woe! woe!" Besides, the inevitable had happened. The nobility were beginning to reap the results of leaving their estates in the hands of intendants, and of squandering their revenue at the gaming-tables of Paris, while in a lower grade of society the exile of the Parliament was not only a blow to the Constitution but an immense loss to trade.

A letter from Madame de Choiseul gives yet another view of the situation. "We have every reason to be alarmed," she writes in this same year, "when we see the President Hogier at Compiègne deprived last year of an office which he had bought with his own money, which the King had confirmed by two consecutive letters, one of which he received only fifteen days before the office was given to another; when we see the Chancellor deprive M. de Vaudreuil of the presidency of the Parliament of Toulouse, by virtue of a resignation which he had not accepted and which the latter had withdrawn; when we have such an edict as that of the 3rd of December, which declares the King sole master of the laws, to break or create them at will without the help of any tribunal, a declaration which makes all the citizens slaves of a despot, by asserting the principle upon which all the arbitrary acts which preceded it were done, and giving the pretence of legality to all that has followed it; when the confiscation of the offices of the Parliaments has deprived their members, some of a part, others of the whole of their patrimony; offices which they could not lose but by a legal decision, or upon conviction of treason. There has been no tribunal to judge them. There has been no sentence pronounced. There has been no accusation brought forward. Instead, there has been a sentence ad libitum executed by force of arms. This is indeed an attack upon property which may well carry alarm into the hearts of every citizen."

With all the clear insight into the political situation which Mme. de Choiseul shows in this and many other passages of her letters, it is curious to see how blindly she accepts the morality which allowed of the sale of public offices. It is the enormity of depriving men of such legally bought property at the will of a king which shocks her. As to this latter point, her tone is openly republican, "Philosophically speaking," she says, "it is indifferent to a nation, who governs it. The ruler is never anything but a representative unless he is a conqueror or a legislator; that is to say, either a curse or a divinity. It is the laws only which really govern."

This is the political creed of philosophy from the lips of a fine lady; the test of reason applied to a time-honoured monarchy, hitherto guarded by the intangible but all-powerful shield of tradition and sentiment. A dishonoured king had not only forfeited his right to loyalty: he had broken the charm which had bound the nation to the throne; and perhaps the climax of this social opposition was reached when under the virtuous Louis the Sixteenth, the Comte de Ségur saw "with some astonishment" the whole Court at Versailles applauding with enthusiasm Voltaire's tragedy of *Brutus* especially the lines:

> Je suis fils de Brutus, et je porte en mon cœur
> La liberté gravée et les rois en horreur.

He adds that the most zealous defenders of the ancient order of things forgot, after the Revolution had broken out, to what an extent they had themselves impelled the people towards that fatal precipice at the brink of which it was no longer possible to check their headlong descent.

The human interest of this other epistolary drama might tempt us, if there were space, to forget politics in the vivid picture of the splendid exile at Chanteloup, and above all, in the charms of "the little Queen of an allegory," as Walpole calls the Duchesse de Choiseul. According to his pretty and fanciful picture of her, this serious politician, whose letters are full of the sternest common-sense, was "the gentlest, amiable little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg." Fantastically she constitutes herself Mme. du Deffand's "grandmother", and alternately pets and scolds her for the mistrust and self-tormentings with which she was apt to make herself and those about her miserable. The jest is carried on through the whole correspondence, and a picture long existed at Strawberry Hill in which the beautiful young Duchess is presenting to Mme. du Deffand, in her curious chair, an enormous doll! The cynical old woman, who had the reputation of being quite heartless, shows always the sunny side of her nature to this youthful "grandmother," who believes in her and humours her with unfailing patience. The shadow of her protecting affection has indeed reached very far, for Mme. du Deffand would not present a very attractive personality to posterity had not Mme. de Choiseul managed to inspire us with her own feeling of profound pity for a soul for ever craving to love and to be loved, seeking rest and finding none in the pride of intellect and the ceaseless search for pleasure, yet torn with the seven devils of despair and distrust in humanity and Heaven.

## A BIT OF LAND.

HE stood in the hot yellow sunshine, his air of modest importance forming a halo round his old rickety figure, as with one hand he clung to a plane table, old and rickety as himself, and with the other to one of those large-eyed, keen-faced Indian boys who seem to have been sent into the world in order to take scholarships. The old man, on the contrary, was of the monkey type of his race, small, bandy-legged, and inconceivably wrinkled, with a three days' growth of gray beard frosting his brown cheeks; only the wide-set brown eyes had a certain wistful beauty in them.

In front of those appealing eyes sat a ruddy-faced Englishman backed by the white wings of an office tent and deep in the calf-bound books and red-taped files on the table before him. On either side discreetly drawn apart so as to allow the central group its full picturesque value, were tall figures, massive in beards and wide turbans, in falling folds of dingy white and indigo blue; massive also in broad, capable features, made broader still by capable approving smiles over the old man, the boy, and the plane-table. So standing they were a typical group of Jat peasantry appealing with confidence to English justice for the observance of Indian custom.

"Then the head-men are satisfied with this ad-interim arrangement?" asked the palpably foreign voice. The semicircle of writers and subordinate officials on the striped carpet beyond the table moved their heads like clockwork figures to the circle of peasants, as if giving it permission to speak, and a chorus of guttural voices rose in assent; then, after village fashion, one voice prolonged itself in representative explanation. "It will be but for three years or so, and the Shelter-of-the-World is aware that the fields cannot run away. And old Tulsi knows how to make the Three-Legged-One work; thus there is no fear." He thrust a declamatory hand in the direction of the plane-table, and the chorus of assent rose once more.

So the matter was settled; the matter being, briefly, the appointment of a new putwari, in other words the official who measures the fields, and prepares the yearly harvest-map, showing the area under cultivation on which the Land Revenue has to be paid; in other words again, the man who stands between India and bankruptcy. In this particular case the recently defunct incumbent had left a son who was as yet over young for the hereditary office, and the head-men had proposed putting in the boy's maternal grandfather as a substitute until the former could pass through the necessary modern training in the Accountants' College at head-quarters. The proposition was fair enough, seeing that Gurditta was sure to pass, being already head of the queer little village school, which the elders viewed with incredulous tolerance. And to tell the truth, their doubts were not without some reason; for on that very day when the Englishman was inspecting, the first-class had bungled over a simple revenue sum, which any one could do in his head, with the aid of course of the ten God-given fingers without which the usurer would indeed be king. The Master had explained the mistake by saying that it was no fault of the slates, and only arose because the boys had forgotten which was the bigger of two numbers; but that in itself was something over which to chuckle under their breaths and nudge each other on the sly. Ari hai! the lads would be forgetting next which end of the plough to hold, the share or the handle! But Purumeshwar[1] be praised! only upon their slates could they forget it; since a true-born Jat's hand could never lose such knowledge.

So, underlying the manifest convenience of not allowing a stranger's finger in their pie, the elders of the village had a secondary consideration in pleading for old Tulsi Ram's appointment; a desire, namely, to show the world at large and the Presence in particular that there had been putwaries before he came to cast his mantle of protection over the poor. Besides, old Tulsi, though he looked like a monkey, might be Sri Hunumân[2] himself in the wisdom necessary for settling the thousand petty disputes, without which the village would be so dull. Then he was a real saint to boot, all the more saintly because he was willing to forego his preparation for another world in order to keep a place warm for his grandson in this.

And after all it was only for three years! They, and Tulsi, and the Three-Legged-One could surely manage the maps for so long. If not, well, it was no great matter, since the fields could not possibly run away. So they went off contentedly in procession, Tulsi Ram clinging ostentatiously to the plane-table, which, by reason of its straighter, longer legs, looked for all the world as if it were taking charge of him, and not he of it.

It looked still more in possession as it stood decently draped beside the old man as he worked away at the long columns of figures; for the mapping-season was over, and nothing remained but addition, subtraction, and division, at all of which old Tulsi was an adept. Had he not indeed dipped far into "Euclidus" in his salad-days when he was the favourite disciple of the renowned anchorite at Janakpur? Gurditta by this time was away at college, and Kishnu, his widowed mother, as she cooked the millet-cakes in the other corner of the courtyard, wept salt tears at the thought of the unknown dangers he was running. Deadly dangers they were, for had not his father been quite healthy until the Government had insisted on his using the Three-Legged-One? And then, had he not gone down and wrestled with it on the low, misty levels of newly-reclaimed land by the river-side, and caught the chills of which he had eventually died? Thus when the rainy season came on, and the plane-table, still decently draped, was set aside for shelter in the darkest corner of the hovel, it looked to poor Kishnu like some malevolent demon ready to spring out upon the little household. And so, naturally enough, when Tulsi went to fetch it out for his first field-measurements, he found it garlanded with yellow marigolds, and set out with little platters of curds and butter. Kishnu had been propitiating it with offerings.

The old man looked at her in mild, superior reproof. "Thou art an ignorant woman, daughter," he said. "This is no devil, but a device of the learned, of much use to such as I who make maps. Thou shouldest have known that the true Gods are angered by false worship; therefore I counsel thee to remember great Mahadeo this day, lest evil befall."

So he passed out into the sunlight, bearing the plane-table in debonair fashion, leaving the abashed Kishnu to gather up the marigolds. Baba-ji she told herself, was brave, but he had not to bustle about the house all day with that shrouded thing glowering from the corner. However, since for Gurdit's sake it was wise to propitiate everything, she took the platters of curds and butter over to Mahadeo's red stone under the big banyan tree.

Nevertheless, she felt triumphant that evening when old Tulsi came in from the fields dispirited and professing no appetite for his supper. He had in fact discovered that studying text-books and making practical field-measurements were very different things, especially in a treeless, form-less plain where the only land-marks are the mud boundary-cones you are set to verify, and which therefore cannot, or ought not to be, considered fixed points.

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[1] The universal God.

[2] The Monkey-god.

However, he managed at last to draw two imaginary lines through the village, thanks to Purumeshwar and the big green dome of Mahadeo's banyan tree swelling up into the blue horizon. Indeed he felt so grateful to the latter for showing clear, even over a plane-table, that he sneaked out when Kishnu's back was turned with a platter of curds of his own for the great, many-armed trunk; but this, of course, was very different from making oblation to a trivial plane-table. And that evening he spent all the lingering light in decorating the borders of the map (which was yet to come) with the finest flourishes, just, as he told Kishnu, to show the Protector-of-the-Poor that he had not committed the putwari-ship to unworthy hands.

Yet two days afterwards he replied captiously to his daughter's anxious inquiries, that there was naught wrong; only that one of the three legs had no sense of duty, and he must get the carpenter to put a nail to it. Despite the nail, however, the anxiety grew on his face, and when nobody was looking he took to tramping over the ploughs surreptitiously dragging the primeval chain-measure after him; in which occupation he looked like a monkey who had escaped from its owner the plane-table, which, with the old man's mantle draped over it, and his pugree placed on the top, had a very dignified appearance in the corner of the field; for it was hot work dragging the heavy chain about, and old Tulsi, who was too proud to ask for aid and so disclose the fact that he had had to fall back on ancient methods, discarded all the clothing he could.

And after all he had to give in. "Gurdit's father did it field by field," said the head-men carelessly when he sought their advice. "Fret not thyself, Baba-ji. 'Twill come right; thou art a better scholar than ever he was."

"Field by field!" echoed Tulsi aghast. "But the book prohibits it, seeing that there is not verification, since none can know if the boundaries be right."

A broad chuckle ran round the circle of elders. "Is that all, Sri Tulsi?" cried the head-man. "That is soon settled. A Jat knows his own land, I warrant; and each man of us will verify his fields, seeing that never before have we had such a settling-day as thine. Not an error, not an injustice! Purumeshwar send Gurditta to be as good a putwari when he comes!"

"Nay, 'tis Gurdit who is putwari already," replied Tulsi uneasily; "and therefore must there be no mistake. So I will do field by field; peradventure when they are drawn on paper it may seem more like the book where things do not move. Then I can begin again by rule."

There was quite a pleasurable excitement over the attested measurement of the fields, and old Munnia, the parcher of corn, said it was almost as good as a fair to her trade. Each man clanked the chain round his own boundary, while his neighbours stood in the now sprouting wheat to see fair play and talk over the past history of the claim; Tulsi Ram meanwhile squatting on the ground and drawing away as for dear life. Even the children went forth to see the show, munching popped corn and sidling gingerly past the Three-Legged-One which, to say sooth, looked gigantic with half the spare clothes of the community piled on to it; indeed the village women, peeping from afar, declared Kishnu to have been quite right, and urged a further secret oblation as prudent, if not absolutely necessary.

So she took to hanging the marigolds again, taking care to remove them ere the old man rose in the morning. And the result was eminently satisfactory, for as he put one field-plan after another away in the portfolio Tulsi Ram's face cleared. They were so beautifully green, far greener than those in the book; so surely there could be no mistake. But alas! when he came to try and fit them together as they should be on the map, they resolutely refused to do anything of the kind. It was a judgment, he felt, for having disobeyed the text-book; and so the next morning he rose at the peep of day determined to have it out legitimately with the Three-Legged-One. And lo! it was garlanded with marigolds and set out once more with platters of curds and butter.

"Thou hast undone me, ignorant woman!" he said with a mixture of anger and relief. "Now is it clear! The true Gods in despite of thy false worship have sent a devil into this thing to destroy me." So despite Kishnu's terror and tears he threw the offerings into the fire, and dragged the plane-table out into the fields with ignominy.

But even this protestation failed, and poor old Tulsi, one vast wrinkle of perplexity, was obliged once more to refer to the circle of head-men.

"Gurdit's father managed, and thou hast twice his mettle," they replied, vaguely interested. "Sure the devil must indeed be in it, seeing that the land cannot run away of itself."

"It hath not run away," said Tulsi dejectedly. "There is not too little, but too much of it."

Too much land! The idea was at first bewildering to these Jat peasants, and then sent them into open laughter. Here was a mistake indeed! and yet the lust of land, so typical of their race, showed in their eyes as they crowded round the map which Tulsi Ram spread on the ground. It was a model of neatness: the fields were greener than the greenest wheat; but right in the middle of them was a white patch of no-man's-land.

"Trra!" rolled the broadest of the party after an instant's stupefaction. "That settles it. 'Tis a mistake, for look you, 'tis next my fields, and if 'twere there my plough would have been in it long ago." A sigh of conviction and relief passed through the circle, for the mere suggestion had been disturbing. Nevertheless, since Gurdit's father's map had never indulged in white spots, Tulsi's must be purged from them also. "Look you," said one of the youngest; "'tis as when the children make a puzzle of torn leaves. He has fitted them askew, so let each cut his own field out of the paper and set it aright."

Then ensued an hour of sheer puzzledom, since if the white spot were driven from one place it reappeared differently shaped in another. The devil was in it, they said at last, somewhat alarmed, since he who brought land might be reasonably suspected of the power of taking it away. They would offer a scapegoat; and meanwhile old Tulsi need not talk of calling in the aid of the new putwari in the next village, for he was one of the new-fangled sort, an empty drum making a big noise, and, as likely as not, would make them pay double, if there really was extra land, because it had not come into the schedule before. No! they would ask the Master first, since he had experience in finding excuse for mistakes. Nor was their trust unfounded, for the Master not only had an excuse in something he called "a reasonable margin of error," but also a remedy which, he declared, the late putwari had always adopted; briefly a snip here, a bulge there, and a general fudging with the old settlement-maps.

The elders clapped old Tulsi on the back with fresh laughter bidding him not try to be cleverer than others, and so sent him back to his drawing-board. But long after the dusk had fallen that evening, the old man sat staring stupidly at the great sheet of blank paper on which he had not drawn a line. It was no business of his what Gurdit's father had done, seeing that he too was of the old school inwardly, if not outwardly; but Gurdit himself when he returned would allow of no such dishonesties, and he, Tulsi, was in the boy's place. There was time yet, a month at least before inspection, in which to have it out with the plane-table. So when the wild geese from the mud-banks came with the first streak of dawn to feed on the wheat they found old Tulsi and his attendant demon there already, at work on the dewy fields; and when sunset warned the gray crane that it was time to wing their flight riverwards, they left Tulsi and the Three-Legged-One still struggling with the margin of error.

Then he would sit up of nights plotting and planning till a dim, dazed look came into his bright old eyes, and he had to borrow a pair of horn spectacles from the widow of a dead friend. He was getting old, he told Kishnu (who was in despair), as men must get old, no matter how many marigolds ignorant women wasted on false gods; for she had taken boldly, and unchecked, to the oblations again.

But in the end inspection-day found that white bit of land white as ever, nay, whiter against the dark finger which pointed at it accusingly; since, as ill-luck would have it, what only the natives themselves may call a Black Judge was the inspecting-officer; a most admirable young Bachelor of Arts from the Calcutta University full to the brim of solid virtue, and utterly devoid of any sneaking sentimental sympathy with the quips and cranks of poor humanity, those lichens of life which make its rough rocks and water-worn boulders so beautiful to the seeing eye. "This must not occur," he said, speaking, after the manner of the alien, to his clerk in English in order to enhance his dignity. "It is gross negligence of common orders. Write as warning that if better map be not forthcoming, locum tenens loses appointment with adverse influence on hereditary claims." Adverse influence on hereditary claims! The words, translated brutally, as only clerks can translate, sent poor old Tulsi into an agony of remorse and resolve.

A month afterwards Kishnu spoke to the head-men. "The Three-Legged-One hath driven the putwari crazy," she said. "Remove it from him or he will die. Justice! Justice!"

So it was removed and hidden away with obloquy in an outhouse, whereupon he sat and cried that he had ruined Gurdit, Gurdit the light of his eyes!

"Heed not the Bengali," they said at last in sheer despair. "He is a fool. Thou shalt come with us to the big Sahib. He will understand, seeing that he is more our race than the other."

That is how it came to pass that Tulsi Ram sat on the stucco steps of an Englishman's house, pointing with a trembling but truthful finger at a white spot among the green, while a circle of bearded Jats informed the Presence that Sri Hunumân himself was not wiser nor better than their putwari.

"And how do *you* account for it? I mean what do *you* think it is?" asked the foreign voice curiously.

The wrinkles on Tulsi's forehead grew deeper, his bright yet dim eyes looked wistfully at the master of his fate. "'Tis an over large margin of error, Huzoor, owing to lack of control over the plane-table. That is what the book says; that is what Gurdit will say."

"But what do *you* say? How do *you* think that bit of land came into your village?"

Tulsi hesitated, gained confidence somehow from the blue eyes: "Unless Purumeshwar sent a bit of another world," he suggested meekly.

The Englishman stood for a moment looking down on the wizened monkey-like face, the truthful finger, the accusing white spot. "I think he has," he said at last. "Go home, Tulsi, and colour it blue. I'll pass it as a bit of Paradise."

So that year there was a blue patch, like a tank where no tank should be, upon the village map, and the old putwari's conscience found peace in the correct total of the columns of figures which he added together; while the Three-Legged-One, released from durance vile at his special request, stood in the corner garlanded with the marigolds of thanksgiving. Perhaps that was the reason why, next mapping season, the patch of Paradise had shrunk to half its original size; or perhaps it was that he really had more control over the plane-table. At any rate he treated it more as a friend by spreading its legs very wide apart, covering it with his white cotton shawl, and so using it as a tent.

And yet when, on Gurdit's return from college with a first-class surveyor's certificate, Paradise became absorbed in a legitimate margin of error, there was a certain wistful regret in old Tulsi's pride, and he said, that being an ignorant old man, it was time he returned to find Paradise in another way.

"But thou shalt not leave us for the wilderness as before," swore the Jats in council. "Lo! Gurdit is young and hasty, and thou wilt be needed to settle the disputes; so we will give thee a saintly sitting of thy very own in our village."

But Tulsi objected. The fields were the fields, he said, and the houses were the houses; it only led to difficulties to put odd bits of land into a map, and he would be quite satisfied to sit anywhere. In the end, however, he had to give in, for when he died, after many years spent in settling disputes, some one suggested that he really had been Sri Hunumân himself; at any rate he was a saint. So the white spot marking a shrine reappeared in the map to show whence the old man had passed to the Better Land.

F. A. STEEL.

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# SIR SIMON'S COURTSHIP.

## I

"SHE is a good-looking girl."

"Yes, she is pretty; but she is better than pretty; she is good. I assure you, my dear Sir Simon, that it has been a real pleasure to me to watch that young person. I don't know that I have ever seen any one so devoted to her work as she is."

"Devoted to it, eh?"

"Quite devoted. The way in which the modern young woman spends her time must give occasion for sadness to any thinking person. Golf, lawn-tennis, riding, hunting even, dancing, —anything that is exciting and frivolous and useless."

"Shocking!" said Sir Simon, a pause coming which he saw he was expected to fill up.

"Quite so, most demoralising. But Miss Shaw has nothing of this kind about her. She will doubtless marry some day; I hope so; but not yet awhile; she is far too ardent in her studies to find any room for silly sentimentalities at present. You may depend upon it the man who wins *her* will not be chosen for his looks, or for his prowess in games of strength. Not a bit of use, my dear sir, for a mere athlete to try to gain favour in her eyes."

"Not a bit," echoed Hood. He had a long stick in his hand with which he remorselessly cut down every dandelion or thistle which came within his reach.

"Poor girl! And yet one need not be sorry for her now. I did feel at first for her, coming among strangers, and leading such a lonely life. But she has found her vocation."

"Always messing among old books," suggested the Baronet.

"Always *working* among them," replied the Rector, laying some emphasis on his verb.

"It seems to me a very extraordinary thing that any one should care for such a life. I mean," noticing a frown gathering on his companion's brow, "in a young thing like that. Of course it's quite different with *us*."

"It grows on you; it's quite astonishing how the fascination grows on you. I can remember quite well when I myself cared nothing for books,—for books *as* books, that is to say. But the love for them had seized me by the time I was fifteen, and since then it has never left me. I could show you the very branch of the lime-tree on which I used to sit on half-holidays, with a little Elzevir Horace in my hand, while the rest of my schoolfellows were playing fives or cricket, or bathing in the river."

"Ugh!" said Sir Simon, in a manner which might be taken to express wonder, or admiration, or disgust. "So you think Miss Penelope is in no hurry to marry?" he went on after a long pause.

The Rector's mind had flown back those fifty years; he seemed to be conscious once more of the fragrant scent of the old lime-tree, to hear again the music of its innumerable bees, and the cool ripple of the water below. "Oh no, quite the contrary. Let me see; she is now twenty-five; I should give her ten years. And I think I could make a pretty fair prophecy as to the sort of man her husband will be."

"What sort of a man?"

"Not a mere student. It cannot be good for any one to devote himself to a single pursuit to the exclusion of all others. That is why I occupy myself with gardening as well as parish-work. Her husband will probably, I should say, be a good deal older than herself; a man of experience, well read of course, in the highest sense, and able to direct her studies to the best possible advantage."

"A kind of literary father," suggested Sir Simon.

"Well,—a guide as well as a husband, able by his more ripe scholarship to uphold her uncertain steps. To lead her along the pleasant paths of literature; not scorning, or being impatient with her, even in her lightest moods, but gradually communicating to her his own enthusiasm and affection for the most serious studies. What could any woman want more?"

Simon thought they might, some of them, want a great deal more, but he did not say anything. The two men, the little black-coated parson and the tall soldier, walked on together to the Rectory, and behind them lay a wreck of many fair autumn plants cut down by the ruthless stick. Mr. Kemp was a kind-hearted irascible old bachelor. Any one looking at him almost might know this; and any one talking to him for half an hour would further discover that if he was not a bibliomaniac he came very near to being one. He divided his time into three portions—for his parish, his garden, and his library, repaying the latter in winter for any neglect which long spring and summer days devoted to his flowers might cause. This garden was a charmingly old-fashioned place, and its owner did not fail to point out to his companion how, when the great enclosure at the Hall was nearly bare of them, *his* carnations still stood up in masses of cream and pink and yellow from their dull green leaves. "And I can gather violets here nearly every month in the year," said their owner, pointing with honest pride to clumps full of sweet white and pale blue flowers.

But it was not to show the soldier his flowers that the Rector had decoyed him down here. "Walk home with me," said Mr. Kemp. "You've nothing to do this afternoon, and I'll give you some tea, and we can have a talk about those books in which you seem interested. And I'll give you something better than tea; I'll give you an old volume to take back with you which may be—who knows!—the nucleus of a great library. Ah, what a chance you have! youth, leisure, and wealth. If I, with my small means and opportunities, have been able to collect what I have, what might you not do? You might become a second Lord Spencer, a second Beckford."

So Sir Simon had his tea in the dark old library where books were the sole ornament. And as he looked at the long lines of shelves, each heavily laden and crowded with divers battered volumes, he thought that in all his life he had never seen such a depressing sight. The great collection up at the Hall was a much more cheerful affair; there was plenty of colour there, scarlet, and blue, and green morocco, and gilding, while here and there room was found for a picture or some china. Mr. Kemp despised china: he had no space for pictures; and, not being able to afford fine bindings, he affected to despise them also.

The Rector climbed cautiously up a creaking step-ladder, and after a short hunt withdrew out of its hole a small volume. It seemed to Sir Simon to be the dullest-looking and the most forlorn of all the books in the room. Its owner blew the dust off the top leaves, and handled it as delicately as if it had been a live thing. "See," he said, "my little NOCTUAE SPECULUM; my old Howleglass, I shall be loath to part with you and your quaint woodcuts. I picked up that book, Sir Simon, in Sheffield, a most unlikely place, when waiting one afternoon for a train. I got it for ten shillings, but you will find it marked at more than six times that sum in Mr. Quaritch's catalogue. And I give it to you, my dear sir, trusting it may be the means of stimulating those dormant faculties we were speaking of just now."

After another loving look he carefully wrapped it up in many folds of paper, and formally handed it over to its new owner, who endeavoured to express what he felt—or indeed rather took the greatest trouble *not* to express any such thing. Hood thanked the donor as enthusiastically as he could, and then had to spend half an hour more in looking at various other treasures, all of a subfusc hue outside, and quite unintelligible when you opened them.

Now the Baronet noticed that his friend became more and more silent as the time for parting drew near, and if he had been a more acute observer he would have seen that the old gentleman cast many a look at the parcel containing Howleglass, which betrayed itself by the bulge in the pocket where it lay. At last his feelings became too strong for him. "I tell you what I shall ask you to do," said he. "I'll beg you to give me that book back again, and I will either have it nicely bound for you, or find another which will be more suitable for my little gift. On second thoughts I do not think that that little work is so much in your line just now, as something else might be. Exchange, you know, is no robbery," said the parson, laughing rather nervously, and wondering whether his little plan would succeed. But Sir Simon handed over the parcel with great alacrity; he was delighted to get rid of it. Its old owner joyfully received back his treasure, and quickly restored it to its proper place. The thought of that empty space would have given some unhappiness to the bibliophile, might perhaps have cost him some hours of sleep that night.

## II

SIR SIMON HOOD had been born when Venus was in the ascendant. The fairies who had attended at his birth had been very bountiful to him; they had given him health, and beauty of a manly kind, and riches, and a good position in the world. But then, as a set off to these good things, that other fairy, for whose presence on our natal days we have all had sometimes to groan, appeared, and added a too susceptible heart; a small counterbalance, it may be thought, for so much that was good. This fairy willed it that, when her godchild came under the eye of a woman with any pretensions to comeliness, he came also under her influence. He fell in love with his nurse, and with his dame at Eton; though possibly there was something politic in the last admiration. He fell in love with his tutor's daughter before he got into the army, and with his colonel's daughter after he had performed that feat. It was a perpetual source of wonder to his friends how he managed to get out of the many scrapes into which the blind goddess led him; and certainly, if the malignant fairy had had her way altogether, her victim must have passed down the corridors of time as an awful example of the effects of love.

Miss Shaw's coming to Casterton had caused something of a sensation in that quiet neighbourhood. When old Mr. Sunbridge, the librarian at the Hall, died, his successor was immediately sought for. Mr. Kemp wrote voluminous letters to various correspondents in all parts of the kingdom; Sir John's London lawyers busied themselves in the same direction, and even Sir John himself made inquiries in his own lazy fashion. And one and all of these people took it for granted that the new guardian of the books was to be something like the old; like the old thin bent man who had haunted the library from a time to which few knew the contrary, who was rarely seen out of it, and who seldom raised his voice above a kind of whisper, unless when defending the rarity, or authenticity of one of the treasures in it. So, when one fine morning Sir John announced that inquiries might cease, and that he had come to an arrangement with a lady, the neighbours stood agape. Things looked still more dubious when the lady arrived; and if Miss Shaw had heard one half the things which were said about her she would have found an occupation in blushing for the rest of her life.

"Really, my dear Blunt," said the Rector, "I fear you have been rather rash. I say nothing about her experience, though I doubt if she has a single qualification for the work."

"Oh, she'll learn," said Sir John, cheerfully.

"But she's so young,—and good-looking."

"She'll mend of that too, my dear Parson, especially of the first."

"And it's a risky thing introducing her into a house where there is no mistress."

"Why, my dear Kemp, you talk as if Casterton was a monastery. I suppose between housemaids, and dairymaids, and scullerymaids, to say nothing of laundrymaids and a cook, there must be twenty women in the place."

"Yes, but there is a housekeeper to look after them."

"And there's an aunt coming to look after this young woman. And besides, she isn't going to live in the house."

When the aunt came it didn't mend matters very much. There is no absolute necessity that the word should connote an elderly female with spectacles and mittens, and yet this is what most of the people interested in the matter had expected. And when a lady of prepossessing appearance, and looking only two or three years older than Penelope, arrived, tongues wagged more freely than ever. But Sir John had quite half a century of rigidly respectable life behind him; and he was, moreover, even if his record had not been so satisfactory, too big a magnate in the county to be interfered with, much less quarrelled with, unless it was absolutely necessary to do so.

So the cold shoulder was given to the girl, not to him, and her life at first, in the little lodge which was handed over to her, was a dreary one, especially when her *chaperone* was away. After seeing her niece established in her new home that lady returned to London, and only made her appearance in the country at rare and brief intervals. But there was in reality no mystery in the matter. The new comer was neither Sir John's daughter, as some hinted, nor his mistress, as other better informed busybodies asserted. The truth was too uninteresting and matter-of fact for the good people of the district to take in. Penelope had seen the advertisement, had obtained an interview with the Baronet, and applied for the situation. She had been told that it was quite impossible, and had pleaded anew; she had been told that it was impossible, and had reiterated her appeal; Sir John then said he would consider the matter and let her know, whereupon, with tears this time, Penelope had implored him to give her a favourable reply at once. And a very much surprised man was Sir John, as he walked that morning down the drive an hour late to meet his keepers, to think that he had done so.

We may be sure that Miss Shaw was well watched during her first few weeks at Casterton. Many curious eyes were on her, and on her goings out and comings in. But even the most accurate and censorious failed to find in her behaviour any traces of the many deadly sins for which they searched. She was regular in her attendance at the library; she rarely went far from home; she came to church whenever it was fairly possible to get there, and some hearts at any rate were touched by her look, as she sat there, Sunday after Sunday, by herself. The Rector called as in duty bound, and found no signs of the cloven hoof; the Doctor's wife was almost disappointed in her correct behaviour. And so it came to pass that, a year or so after Penelope's arrival, she had settled down into a resident, entitled almost in her turn to turn up her little nose at new-comers; liked by most of the country folk, disliked certainly by none, — unless temporarily by some village maiden, who found that her new hat and jacket looked, somehow, common and gaudy, when contrasted with the Londoner's quiet and plain attire.

In the three-volume-novel a long description of the personal appearance of the heroine is expected; in this humble narrative it is not necessary to devote half-a-dozen pages to such an account, but still something must be said on the subject. Penelope was neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin. An envious or ill-natured person could find many faults with her figure and her features. She was not handsome or stately, and certainly she was not beautiful, while the word *pretty* seems to convey something of diminutiveness to which also she was a stranger; yet *pretty* would be the adjective most commonly applied to her, unless the observer was old-fashioned enough to use its synonym *comely*. The aforesaid three-volume people lay as a rule stress on a girl's hair, on her nose, and mouth, and eyes, and on the whiteness or otherwise of her skin. Penelope's hair was of a sufficiently common shade of brown. It is very hackneyed nowadays to say that a young woman's nose is tip-tilted or turns up. One of Mr. Locker-Lampson's maidens had a "fascinating cock" to her nose. Penelope had a cock to hers, whether fascinating or not depending on the humour and mood of the observer. Her mouth was a good useful mouth; when she was ill her lips were pale; when she was well, which she nearly always was, they were as red a little pair as you could meet with anywhere. And her eyes looked various colours, according to the various lights in which they were seen. We once heard an old Highlander say, as he looked admiringly at a beautiful little pig, which he had drawn out of the scalding-tub and carefully scraped, "She's as white's a leddy!" And we can say no more or less about Penelope. Finally, to wind up somewhat too long a list, her feet peeped in and out beneath her petticoats just as unlike mice as they could be.

## III.

"Dearest Julia,—You will never guess what happened to me yesterday. I went to a dinner-party! I was sitting in the library in the morning, wishing that all the books in the world (especially the old ones) were burnt to ashes, when Mr. Kemp came in in a tremendous hurry to say that a friend of his, a great bibliomaniac (only he didn't use that word) was going to dine at the Hall, and Sir John wanted me to come too! I thought, in a second, of that shabby old black frock,—don't you know every stitch of it!—and I said I really couldn't. I think he fancied that I didn't like going without any other ladies, or wanted a formal invitation, for he went off and in a short time Sir John came in, and was very kind, and said he hoped I would come, and he would ask old Mrs. Merryweather (that's an old lady who lives in one of his houses) as a *chaperone*. I still thought of that poor old garment, and a little of whether I ought to go; but I did want to, *so* much,—I *did* want to speak to a man who wasn't old and bookish, or like that hateful young doctor here—and I said I would. So I asked if I might stay away that afternoon and look after my things, and he laughed, and said that old Mr. Sunbridge stayed away whenever he wanted, and slept in the little room all through the winter like a bear (or is it a squirrel?), and that I could do the same if I liked. Then I ran off home as hard as I could, and—Oh, Ju!—I cried when I got out that frock! But it was too late to retreat then, and besides I would sooner have gone without any dress at all than have given up my outing. A carriage was sent for me, and I went up in state. I was uncertain whether to go into the drawing-room very early, or just when dinner was announced, but I thought the first was the least formidable, so I crept in about a quarter to eight. There was one man there already; a great big 'soldier man' as Billy would call him (how is sweet Billy? hug him well for me). It was Sir Simon Hood. I have told you about him before; he is one of Sir John's greatest friends; he is in a cavalry regiment, I believe, and what we should call a great swell. He has immensely long legs, which he is very fond of admiring, and he has a kind, rather red, face. He told me about the shooting that day, and said they hadn't got as much as they ought to have,—though I believe they killed more than seven hundred pheasants, and any number of rabbits and things. Then he began to tell me about the Professor, and then the others came in. Sir John introduced me to two of the other men; one had a nice kind face, and the other, who was very good-looking, stared at me as if I had been the wild girl of the woods. One of them was a lord with a queer name, but I couldn't be sure which,—I hope it was the nice one. Sir John took me in to dinner, and I felt just for a second, as we marched across the great hall, as if we were married and half of everything belonged to me! So there I was with a good deal of my fright gone, wondering who would be on the other side of me. Will you believe it! Mr. Kemp actually came hurrying up, and said I really must sit between him and the Professor! Was ever such an unlucky girl! I almost cried out, 'Oh no!' Fancy if I had! Then Sir John laughed, and said he supposed he must give me up, and that learned people ought to be together. How I hated Mr. Kemp! But I hated the Professor worse. He was a pretty old, and rather fat man, who spoke in such a queer kind of a whisper that I could hardly make out what he said; and he and Mr. Kemp talked to one another across me all the time about books, and now and then threw a remark to me just as if I had been a school-girl! There were eight other men besides these two. I forgot to say Mrs. Merryweather had a cold and couldn't come, which made me dreadfully conspicuous. The other men all talked very loud, and laughed a great deal, and ate and drank a great deal too. Sir Simon was just opposite me. I saw him hesitate when some ice was offered to him, and give a little kind of groan as he refused it, and I am sure it was because he felt sorry he couldn't eat any more. However, I think that old Dr. Grumper ate and drank as much as any of them, and he hadn't so much excuse as they had for he had been in the library all the afternoon. He talked to me more towards the end, and I had to put my head quite near him to catch what he said. We must have looked most confidential. Sir Simon was always staring at me; I am sure my seams must have looked quite white in that strong light.

So at last the immense dinner was over, and I hadn't enjoyed it one bit. When dessert came I didn't know whether to go at once, or wait for a little. However, I soon got up, and then all the men stood up; I felt a little proud then, and tried to sail out of the room as if I had been a great lady! Then, Ju,—have a little patience and I'll soon finish—I didn't know whether to go to the drawing-room again or not. However I peeped in, and there was the old housekeeper, who was so horrid to me when I came first, but we are great friends now. I think she had been having a doze on a sofa. She said coffee would come in a minute, and that the brougham was ordered for me at eleven. It was about ten then. So I wandered about, and looked at the lovely china and pictures with a book in my hand, and whenever I heard any one, I flopped down into the nearest chair. Such pictures! An immense Raeburn,—a lovely girl in a white dress—one of the Casterton people. Several by Sir Joshua, and a Meissonier, but I hadn't time to look at half, for I was always afraid of being caught spying. At half-past ten no one had come, and I began to feel a little sorry. But soon after they all trooped in, and Sir John came up, and was so pleasant, and said he was so much obliged to me for coming to talk to Dr. Grumper. That was horrid again, but worse was to follow. Mr. Kemp, whose face was as red as a Reine Marie Henriette, came to me and,—pity me!—asked me to go with him and his friend to the library to look at some fusty old books! I *had* to go too. Dr. Grumper called me 'a fine girl' when he went away! I do believe I could be Frau Grumper if I wanted! Or perhaps it was the wine that put him in such good humour, and made him squeeze my hand so hard! Then I went off in my brougham, with a footman to let me out. I wasn't sure whether I ought to have given them something for making them come out so late, but of course I hadn't anything with me, and so I didn't. Should the footman have had it, or the coachman?

So, Ju, you see how what might have been such a pleasant little outing was spoiled. I am afraid I must be a very bad girl, and that this was a kind of punishment for me. Oh, how I do wish I was rich! and had a beautiful place, and pictures and carriages, and hadn't to wear a dress till it got so threadbare you could see the things beneath it!"

## IV.

"Well," said Mr. Kemp, as he and his brother in literature stumped their way home through the park, "we have given one young person a happy night at any rate." His wrinkled old face beamed with satisfaction at the thought.

"So I hear you are in for it now," said Sir Simon to his nearest neighbour in the smoking-room an hour or so afterwards. "I thought you told me the young woman wouldn't have anything to say to you?"

"No more she would then. She said our ways were different, and all that. So I found out what hers were. She was a district visitor then, and went into the East End, into Whitechapel way, you know."

"I know,—slumming."

"That sort of a thing. Well, there's nothing like giving way to their foibles when you're courting them, even if they are rather peculiar; so I got Cappadocia to come with me and a couple of detectives, and we made a night of it."

"What kind of a night?" inquired Hood.

"Oh, we went to all sorts of places, —went to a thieves' lodging-house for one thing; there were seven hundred of them in it, and all those that weren't thieves were murderers. So they said, and I can quite believe it from the look of 'em,—you never saw such chaps. Then we went to some places near the Docks, and we saw a poor devil with nothing on but a cask."

"Nothing on but a cask!" said Sir Simon, interested.

"Not a thing. He had come ashore with a lot of money the day before, and got into the hands of some crimps, and they had drugged him, and robbed him, not only of his brass, —fifty pounds he said it was—but of his very clothes and boots. And there he was,—in this old bottomless barrel—wandering up and down till he met some Christians. Cappadocia wanted to go and get into the crimp's house and break his neck; but the police said we couldn't do that, and besides we didn't know where he lived. Then we went to a Jews' dancing-place, a club, you know. They were rather unwilling to let us in at first; there were a good many good-looking Jewesses there,—and we had a fine time of it altogether."

"Did you tell Lady Mary about that?"

"Rather; went off there the first thing. Mary said that that wasn't at all the kind of district-visiting *she* meant, and that she would have to take me herself some day, and then I saw it was all right. She knew I had done what I could to please her. That's the kind of thing they like, my dear Simon, when they see you've taken up with their whims."

"But it might be very awkward sometimes. Some women have such queer fancies that way."

"Well, you've got to humour them, or you won't have a chance."

"Supposing," said Sir Simon, "a young woman had a rage for"—(*books*, he had nearly said, but pulled up just in time)—"gardening; now what would you do then?"

"Just go and garden, of course; wheel an empty barrow about with a spade in it, and nail gooseberry-bushes up to the wall with strips of a red flannel petticoat."

"That would be a most infernal nuisance. Suppose it was Ascot week, and you wanted to go?"

"Why, you'd have to want,—that's all. But of course this is only when one's courting; when one's married, you know, it's different. Marry in the slack time, old chap, and then you'll be all right. Who's your young woman?"

"When *is* the slack time?" asked Hood, ignoring the question. "Well—I'll tell your missus what you've told me, and advise her to insist on a good long courtship."

"Humour their whims!" said Hood to himself as he went up to his room. "It'll be a terrible business, worse than district-visiting, I doubt. But I suppose it must be done."

## V.

Sir Simon had lost his heart yet once again; his poor heart which ought to have been so battered and worn after all it had gone through, and yet which now seemed so fresh and young, and beat so strongly. He was continually running down to Casterton in the autumn to shoot, and soon after Penelope came he had met her. On some of his visits he had never seen her; on others, when there had been ladies in the house, she had been sometimes asked to lunch or to tea. The soldier had at first regarded her with careless eyes. But bit by bit he had found something attractive in her, and it was not wonder on his part or disapprobation of the shabby frock, which made his glance so often meet hers at the dinner-party. And he had come to look at her (he had as yet had few opportunities for conversation) through the Rector's spectacles, as an earnest and learned young woman, whose bright eyes and merry mouth were traitors when they said that their mistress loved amusement and fun better than dry old books. Hood had in his clumsy way often made the girl the topic of conversation when with Mr. Kemp, who, for one reason or another was almost daily up at Casterton; and if the latter had not been so deeply engrossed in his own views he must have seen that it was more than chance which led the talk so often about her. But the Rector, sharp enough in many ways, was blind as a mole here. It did not seem in the least strange to him that a young cavalry officer, whose tastes had hitherto lain entirely in the direction of field-sports, should suddenly develope a yearning to penetrate into and understand the mysteries which surround book-collecting; and that therefore he should be interested in everything which pertained to the fascinating pursuit, even in a young female librarian. He really thought that Sir Simon was bitten by what he would have scorned to call a mania; and so it came to pass that one fine autumn morning the young soldier found himself standing in a crowded London street, looking at a bit of paper on which was written in Mr. Kemp's minute hand the address of a bookseller, and trying to remember some of the advice which had accompanied the address, and the strange words which had been used.

Before going in at the door he examined the windows. One was full of huge folios,—atlas, elephant, megatherium folios. They were for the most part magnificently bound, and the inscriptions on their backs might as well have been written in Hebrew for any information they gave to their present viewer. As a contrast, a foil as it were, a few modern low-priced books stood in another corner. But there was nothing outside to occupy Hood's attention long, so he opened the door and went in.

"I want the book on Bibliofolia."

"About *what*, sir?" asked the man.

"About Bibliofoliology," said Hood, thinking he must have made some mistake in the arrangement of the letters.

"I'm afraid we haven't got such a work," said the man, after thinking a little. "You don't mean Bibliography?"

"That's not it, but it may do," said Hood carelessly, as if he would be able to extract what he wanted out of any book.

"Or Bibliomania perhaps?"

"That's it,—that's just what I want; let me have it, please."

"What particular one do you want?" asked the bookseller.

"I'll take them all," replied the man of war.

"Perhaps you will kindly step this way," said the bookseller, wondering if the purchaser whom he had often met in dreams had actually appeared in real life. "These," pointing to a long row of shelves, "are all connected with the subject."

Sir Simon stared in surprise at the dense array. "I couldn't possibly buy all that lot," he said in a tone of remonstrance: "why, they would half fill a house!"

"No, sir," said the anxious shopkeeper; "but you will be able to make a fine selection; and you couldn't have come at a better time; we have just got in our purchases from the celebrated Wetterhorn collection."

"Oh, have you," said the Baronet; "that's very fortunate."

"Yes, and some of them are extremely rare. I dare say you would like to begin with this copy of Dibdin?"

"I think I should," replied Hood, rather glad he remembered a song of his.

"Well, this is a splendid set of the whole works, it is a large-paper copy, uncut, and if not absolutely unique most extremely rare."

"Which is the one with the songs in it?" inquired Hood, staring at the mighty volumes.

"Songs!" repeated the man. "I don't think he wrote any songs, sir."

"Oh yes he did, lots of 'em; I've heard 'em sung myself, scores of times. There's Tom Bowling, you know, and Sally—"

We have often thought that the assistant bookseller in that establishment would have made a fine actor if he had taken to the stage early in life; he listened to his customer with a perfectly unmoved countenance.

"I think, sir, you'll find that *that* gentleman was another gentleman. I could get you a copy of *his* works, after we have done here."

"Oh, I dare say I did confuse the names. Well, how much is that lot there?" A set of the learned Doctor's works of this calibre is by no means to be had for nothing, and Hood opened his eyes wide at the sum named "How much?" he cried.

"You see, sir," said the other, speaking very rapidly, and with great earnestness, "it's not once in twenty years that a chance of this kind turns up; if that set was sold you might search all the kingdom through and not find another. I don't suppose, if you take it away with you, that I could find another in ten years, not if Lord Rothschild himself was to want it!"

"The devil you couldn't!" said Hood, thinking it would be foolish of him to lose such an opportunity. "Then I suppose I had better have it. But I had no idea it would be so much."

"Books of this kind," said the man, replacing the one volume which had been taken out, "have to be looked at differently from ordinary copies. They are an investment, better than most investments. Mr. Wetterhorn bought that set in 1848 for thirty guineas, and see what it has risen to since! But it will be no good filling your shelves with a lot of rubbish you will never read or refer to. What you want are just a few good standard works which it will always be a pleasure to you to look at."

"Just so," said Hood.

"Of course in fine condition. Now here's a nice copy of Lowndes; a cheap set this, though it is a large-paper one. We can put it in at fifteen guineas."

"I say,—you know—" began the Dragoon.

"Of course, as you are well aware, Lowndes is indispensable to an amateur. He gives the prices of all books, of all books worth mentioning. Can you think, sir, of any work the value of which you would like to see?"

"I think you might look *him* out then," said Hood, poking his cane into the middle of the shelf where the relation of the poet had his habitation.

"Oh, certainly!" said the assistant, a good deal taken aback; "certainly, certainly, certainly!" rummaging through the leaves of the first volume he happened to get hold of. "But of course, as you know, we must take what he says about Dibdin with some salt. Lowndes, sir, disapproved of Dibdin's principles, and showed it by knocking something off the prices of his books in the catalogue. And besides, he is rather out of date."

Hood had a fine opening here, if he had seen it; but he did not, and the seller went on. "Now" said he, putting the two names down as a memorandum, "you want a good authority on a different class of books. Here's Brunet,—you couldn't have a better one—Brunet, twelve volumes, uncut, £20."

"Haven't you got him at less than that?" asked Sir Simon, somewhat staggered at the magnitude of these demands on his purse.

"We *could* let you have a cheaper set," said the man, laying some stress on the second word, "but you wouldn't thank us in the long run. If you have one set in large paper have them all so; and then, when you have a sale, you get all their value back, and more."

"Oh do you!" said Hood, a little cheered at this idea.

"You want now," the seller continued, "this Renouard, three guineas—this fine copy!"

The Baronet poked it doubtfully with his stick. "I really think I hardly want it," he said.

"How will you be able to make out the value of your Aldines without his help?" asked the man.

"Well, there's something in that," said the sufferer. "All right, in with him. And now I have enough."

"When you have this Italian treatise—"

"N—no, I don't think I want that."

"A short one; to enable you to distinguish the earlier examples of the Italian presses. A short one, sir."

"Quite a short one, eh?"

"Very short, sir, and very cheap; only fifty shillings."

Then Hood escaped. But the indefatigable assistant had one more shot at him when passing a certain row of shelves. "Are you quite sure you are wise, sir, in leaving this set?"

"What is it?" demanded the raw Bibliomaniac faintly.

"It's the BIBLIOTHEK DES LITERARISCHEN—"

"Is there much of it?"

"Ninety-six volumes; but—"

"No, no!" cried the worm, turning at last. "Ninety-six,—what the devil should I do with ninety-six volumes in German when I can't read a single word of it! I tell you I won't look at another book to-day. You had better put them up, and I'll have a hansom. You won't mind a cheque?" The man was sure they would not, but he went to see his employer, who had just come in. And that great authority, having had extensive dealings with Sir Simon's grandfather, was very pleased to make the acquaintance of his successor.

So Hood wrote a cheque for,—well let that be a secret between himself and his banker. The indefatigable assistant, who had not been long in the shop, expected his master to be somewhat overpowered by the magnitude of the transaction in which he had been the agent; but the latter, being accustomed to deal in thousands and even tens of thousands of pounds, maintained his calmness. "I am very pleased to see you here, Sir Simon, I can assure you. The late Sir James was a good customer of mine."

"I suppose so," said Hood. "He had a terrible lot of books."

"I see you have made an interesting collection," said the great man, glancing at the list in his hand. "That's a fine set, that Dibdin."

"Yes," said Hood, "I thought it best to get a big copy of him, you know, and then it will fetch a better price at one's sale."

"You must have a fine library by this time?"

"Well, curiously enough the old boy left it away from me; I got everything *but* the books. Fact was I hadn't developed the taste for them I have now, so I suppose he thought I wouldn't have cared for them. But I've taken to them amazingly lately, never so happy as when I'm reading."

"Well, you will excuse me," said the chief. "There is a sale at Sotheby's, and my time is nearly up. Take a seat, Sir Simon, while they pack the books. Here's the last catalogue on Syrian ethnological rarities which you will find very interesting."

"Thank you, thank you," said Hood, taking the proffered pamphlet with some reluctance. "Much obliged to you; I *will* sit down. But I find this kind of print rather trying to the eyes when one does too much of it. I think I'll just have a look at the papers; you don't happen to have a SPORTSMAN about, do you?"

After a bit the packer came in. "The cabman says he can't take your box, sir," he said. "The top of his cab is not meant for heavy luggage, and he's afraid of it breaking through."

"Put it in a growler then," said Hood, "and I'll follow."

"It's the Dibdin that makes up the weight so much," explained the man.

"I thought he looked pretty heavy," replied Hood, and off he went with his treasures.

## VI

THE Dragoon, when he was once more safe in his quarters refused two invitations to dinner, and spent the time so gained in studying his purchases. At the end of two days' cramming he began to confuse a Collation with an Incunabula. "By Jove!" he said, examining his face in a glass with some anxiety. "Why, I'm looking quite haggard! I shall be as gray as a jackdaw in another week. I really mustn't let this infernal thirst for learning do me any harm. I think I'll take a run down to those steeplechases after all, and have a day off."

"Holloa! what are you up to now?" said a brother officer coming suddenly into Hood's room the day after his return from the steeplechase, and finding him sitting in an easy chair, with a big book on his knee contemplating nothing.

"Oh, it is you, Brotherton! I say, look here, fancy a man giving £2,260 for a Boccaccio!"

"It's a stiffish figure," replied the Major; "but if she comes of a good sort he might do worse. A Diebidale filly, ain't it?"

"Diebidale grandmother, you old thickhead; you're always thinking about horses! It's a book, man!"

"A book! What, two thousand guineas for a book!"

"Yes, old Boccaccio; he wasn't a woman either. Bound in faded yellow morocco." And then Hood began to read the account of the dinner party which the Duke of Roxburghe gave to Lords Sunderland and Oxford, and its results.

"What sort of stuff is that?" asked the Major, after waiting a minute in the hope of something interesting turning up. "Let's look at him." He examined the great volume with a distrustful and prejudiced air. "This seems poor kind of fun," he said. "What's the joke of it?"

"Joke! Why it isn't a comic book. He's a great authority, old Dibdin; he was Lord Spencer's librarian, you know, and knew all about books."

"Did he write all that?" inquired the Major.

"Yes, and a heap more too. Look at that row," and Hood with some pride pulled aside a curtain which hung before the voluminous efforts of the learned Doctor.

"Lord bless my soul!" said the Major, staring at them.

"Big paper, you see," explained Hood.

"Very big," said the Major, having another stare. "Weigh half a stone each, I should think."

"I mean in the margin, you know; lots of room there, you see."

"Lots; what are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing particular; but it adds to their value, makes a lot of difference. Books without that are only worth half the money."

"What's the reason of that?"

"Well, I can't exactly say;—fashion I suppose; you can write notes on them, you see, much better when they're broad."

"What kind of notes?" demanded the persevering one, beginning to think his old friend was not quite as he ought to be.

"Oh, all kinds of interesting things. Look here,—I made one myself." And, with a pride that was touching rather than arrogant, Hood turned over the leaves till he came to it. It was not difficult to find the page; it was well creased, and there, in huge sprawling inky letters,—the sight of which in such a work would most assuredly have thrown Mr. Kemp into a fit—was recorded the last price fetched by the Boccaccio.

The Major stared at the note, and then at its author, and then at the note again. "Look here, old man," he said at last, "come along with me to the club, and drop this kind of thing, or we'll be having a Commission of Lunacy coming to sit on you. I hope to goodness it won't get about in the regiment that you've taken to reading books,—and making notes in them! Get the infernal things away somehow, and I give you my honour I'll never say a word of what I caught you doing."

"Commission of lunacy, you old codfish!" cried the indignant owner of the treasures. "Get them away! You're a drivelling old idiot yourself. Why, I gave more than a hundred pounds for them!"

Then Major Brotherton went off in search of the Doctor. "You had better have a good look at Hood to-night," said he. "I've not been quite comfortable about him lately, and I went in this afternoon to see what he was doing."

"And what was he doing?" inquired the Doctor.

"Reading," replied the Major. "Mind you, I shouldn't say so much about *that*, by itself, though it ain't what one would expect to find Hood doing at three in the afternoon. But it was the book."

"A very bad one, eh?" asked the Doctor. "You get hold of it for me and I'll just run my eye over it, and tell you what I think."

So the other, running considerable risk of detection in the act, managed the theft, and secured the volume, or one like it, and at midnight the Medico arrived back with it and with a somewhat disappointed face.

"It's a queer kind of book," quoth he; "as you say, not the kind of thing a man like Hood should read. It ain't quite as immoral as I thought it would be from your description, but it's written in such a queer lingo that I'm half afraid it may be all the more dangerous. Vice concealed, you know, is a terrible business. Far better out with it, like Kock and the other chaps. But I'll keep my eye on him, depend on that, and if I notice anything bad I'll let you know at once."

"Do so, do so," said the Major with some emotion. "It's a terrible thing to see a fellow like old Simon going wrong."

"Not a better shot in the regiment!"

"Or a better rider, for his weight!"

"And as rich as Crœsus!"

"Yes, that's the worst of it, or he wouldn't be able to buy books of this kind; why, he gave a hundred pounds for that one!"

"You don't tell me so!" cried the Doctor, almost tumbling off his chair. "A hundred pounds!—there *must* be more in it than I've noticed. I think I had better take it back, and make another examination."

## VII.

PARTLY owing to the remonstrances of his friends, but chiefly owing to his own feelings, Sir Simon got to hate the sight of those dearly-purchased volumes, and began to think he must take advice, and get rid of them somehow. Happiness might after all be purchased too dearly. Very likely Penelope would have nothing to say to him after all his slaving. She would scorn his feeble efforts to follow in her steps, and, dismissing him, turn without another thought to the abstract treatise she happened to be engaged in. Besides, he could not yet quite make up his mind to give her a chance of rejecting him. He knew little or nothing about her, and his affection might pass away in due course as other affections had done before. But it showed no signs of doing so yet; in the morning, and in the evening, and between whiles, there was continually rising up before him the image of the young mistress of the old library.

What was he do with these most infernal books? So long as they stood in his room he felt he had no business to go away to shoot, or hunt, or even to dine. Give them to the regimental library? The regimental library, after all it had heard about them would have scorned to touch them. To the British Museum? To the Sailors' Home he had heard about in Whitechapel? Why not give them to Sir John? Or, happier and better thought, why not give them to Miss Shaw, and then have done with the whole business, both as concerned them, and as concerned her? Whether she would take their owner or not she would be glad enough to take *them*, if they could be presented in a sufficiently delicate manner. In that lay the difficulty. However Hood got an immense box, and packed them carefully in it (he was ashamed to ask his servant to do it), and then waited till the next winter-shooting came off at Casterton, to which he had been bidden. And to Casterton, when the summons came, he departed.

"Sir Simon has brought plenty of cartridges this time," said the head-keeper as he surveyed the great case in the gun-room where it had been taken with the other shooting paraphernalia.

"Those ain't cartridges," said the new-comer's servant, who had heard his master hammering, and noticed the gaps in the shelves. "They're books."

"Books!" exclaimed the keeper.

"What does he want with books here?"

"Goodness knows," said the other, shaking his head; "I don't. I doubt there's something wrong with Sir Simon."

It happened that on this visit a married sister of Sir John's presided over indoor affairs, who was glad to have Penelope in the drawing-room sometimes to talk to, and so Hood saw a little more of her than usual. He met her now and then in parts of the house which she had never entered except when, as it were, a guest of the family; and once or twice when, shooting near home, they came into lunch, he found her in the dining-room. The little he saw added some fuel to the fire which he found was still burning within him with a strong but uncertain flame. But somehow or other he could never find an opportunity for the presentation.

Then the last day's sport arrived; the last cartridge was fired, guns were packed, servants tipped, and six men were off to town by a morning train. Sir Simon said he would stay till the evening. Sir John was down at the office with his agent; his sister was comfortably reading the MORNING POST in her boudoir. Now was the time for action.

Hood made up a little speech as he walked down the long corridor which led to the library. Penelope was sitting over the fire, engaged in some feminine work in worsteds, and she looked rather guilty at being caught idling.

"Miss Shaw," began the soldier, "I wish you'd let me make you a small present; a return for nearly shooting you, you know, the other day when you were going home."

Penelope looked, as she felt, much astonished, and did not know at all what to say. "It's very kind of you," at last she said.

"Oh no, not at all. I've always felt I was in your debt for frightening you so much. And now I've got something I know you'll appreciate, if you'll only accept them."

"I really wasn't frightened," said the girl, picking out a bright yellow thread for the eyes of the owl she was fashioning.

"I'm sure you must have been. Many gir— many ladies wouldn't appreciate them, but I know you will. I can quite understand your feelings, too, though I began rather late; it's wonderful how it grows on one. I'll go and fetch them." So he departed, leaving Penelope in a state of marvelling curiosity. What could he be going to give her?—how very queer it all was. Presently she heard a heavy tread outside, and a great bump against the door. It opened, and in came Sir Simon with a very red face, staggering, mighty man though he was, under the weight of his enormous box. "There!" he exclaimed, setting it down in a way that made all the furniture in the room rattle.

All ideas of a bracelet or a ring, if ever such had entered Penelope's mind,—all ideas of *anything* faded away as she surveyed the box. It looked rather like one of those "kists" in which flitting servants carry their possessions. It might have held the supply of linen necessary for a considerable household.

Hood proudly threw back the lid. "Now then!" he exclaimed, with an air of triumph, taking out one of the Dibdins; "here's a set of books that you can't get in all London, if you died for it!" Penelope bent low over her owl to hide her face, and she began to put a scarlet eye into the wise bird's head.

"Ah!" said Hood, blowing at the opened page (he had seen Mr. Kemp blow the dust off the top edges). "It's not often one gets a chance of looking at a book like *this!* So wide! So long! So deep! So—" here his vocabulary failed him. Penelope now discovered her mistake, and began to pick out the yellow eye which was rightly in. "You don't know, Miss Shaw, what this book tells you; all the prices of all the books in the world! At least that's not in this one, but in the other lot," squinting into the box. "All the books in the world! And there are seven more volumes as big as this! And ten nearly as big! And seven——"

"Oh, I *hate* them!" cried Penelope, dropping her owl, her scissors, and her carefully assorted wools. "I can't understand a word about them! What does it matter if you can't read them whether they are long or short! I just *hate* and *detest* the whole lot!"

"What!" cried Sir Simon, hardly believing his ears.

"Oh, Sir Simon!" cried the girl. "If you had only been driven *mad* with them as I have been! Watching people lest they should take them away when they come to look at them! And writing answers to stupid people who asked about them! And carrying them about, as if they were babies, to be looked at! Oh, I am going to give them up—I am going away—I can't stand them any more!"

"Going away! Where to?" demanded Hood.

"To a nunnery!" cried the girl in desperation. And then they stared at one another.

"So you really *do* hate them?" he said at length.

"I can't help it," said Penelope, with something of entreaty now in her voice, as she picked up her work again.

"And so do I!" shouted the Baronet, tossing the heavy volume recklessly back into the box. "I detest the very sight of them! When I think of the years I've wasted——"

"Years!" exclaimed Penelope with large eyes of astonishment.

"Well, perhaps weeks; oh, of course, if you're so very accurate—well —days then—when I think of the time I've wasted over them when I might have been hunting or shooting, I feel quite—quite——"

"Ashamed," suggested Penelope.

"Ashamed. But I'll never do it again. Well, there's the end of *that!* And I thought you'd be so pleased with them! I got them for you!"

"Oh, Sir Simon!"

"I did really. I didn't mean to give you them,—but to work up the subject. And now I must give you something else." Penelope went on with her work; the owl's countenance was assuming a most extraordinary appearance, for the red eye had extended almost up to the ears. "What can I give you? You really couldn't call that boxful a set-off for the fright I gave you?"

"No, I really couldn't," replied Penelope.

"What would you like?"

"I think I want a new pair of scissors," said the girl.

"Let me see," said Hood. He took the work from her as well, and examined it. "Well, I never saw such a creature in all my life!"

"I don't know what owls' eyes are like," said the girl. "What colour are they?"

"I couldn't tell you. But then I couldn't tell you what any one's eyes are like. What colour are mine?" They stared at each other again.

"I'm not quite sure," said Penelope. "I think they're a kind of——yellow."

"Oh no,—they aren't yellow,—look again."

"Well then,—they're green."

"They are not,—they are gray,—so are yours." A queer kind of feeling began now to creep over the Dragoon, half pleasant and half frightening, and a small voice seemed to say within him, "Simon Hood, if you want to get out of this room a free man, get out now." "Will you let me give you a ring?" he said. "Let me see your hand." One solitary little ring adorned one finger; he tried to pull it off, but it stuck, and required a good deal of pushing, first one way and then another. "You are done for now," the small voice seemed to say; "no use struggling any longer!"

"I want more than the ring" cried the man. "I want you!" and whether his face, or hers, or the owl's eye, was the reddest at that moment, it would have puzzled the President of the Royal Academy to say.

Gilfrid W. Hartley.

# THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

## I.—THE DAYS OF IGNORANCE

Who wrote the first Historical Novel? The orthodox, and perhaps on the whole the sufficient, answer to this is, Xenophon. And indeed the Cyropædia does in many ways answer to the description of a historical novel better than anything, at least anything extant, before it, and as well as most things for more than two thousand years after it. It is true that even nowadays hardly the most abandoned devotee of the instructive novel, would begin a book with such a sentence as, "It occurred to us once upon a time how many democracies have come to an end at the hands of those who wished to have some kind of constitution other than a democracy." But perhaps that is only because we are profoundly immoral and sophisticated, while the Greeks were straightforward and sincere. For the very novelist who artfully begins with a scrap of dialogue, or a description of somebody looking over a gate, or a pistol-shot, or a sunset, or a tea-party, will before many pages are turned plunge you fathoms deeper than ever classical plummet can have sounded in disquisition and dulness. Still, there is no doubt that not merely on this earliest, but on every early example of the kind there weighed a certain character of amateurishness and novitiate. Not till within the present century, in the hands of Miss Austen and Scott, did prose fiction of any kind shake itself entirely free from the trammels of secondary purpose, without at the same time resigning itself to the mere concoction of amusing or exciting adventure. Even Fielding, though he would let nothing interfere with his story, thought it desirable to interlard and accompany it with moral and philosophical disquisitions.

It is not therefore wonderful that Xenophon, who was quite a different person from Fielding, and was moreover simply exploring an untried way, should have subordinated his novel to his political purpose. In fact it is perhaps rather excessive to regard him as having intentionally written a novel, in our sense, at all. He wanted to write a political treatise: he was a pupil of Socrates; and vastly as the Socrates of Plato and the Socrates of Xenophon differ, they agree in exhibiting a strong predilection for the use of fictitious, or semi-fictitious literary machinery for the conveyance of philosophical truth. The Cyropædia is in fact a sort of Emile of antiquity, devoted to the education of a king instead of a private person. It may even be argued that such romantic elements as it does contain (the character, or at least personage, of Panthea, the rivalry of Araspes and Abradatas, and so forth,) are introduced less for any attraction they may give to the story than for the opportunities they afford to Cyrus of displaying the proper conduct of a ruler. And it is scarcely necessary to say that the actual historical element in the book is very small indeed, scarcely extending beyond the parentage, personality, and general circumstances of the hero.

Such as the book is, however, it is the nearest approach to the kind that we have from classical times. Some indeed would have it that Quintus Curtius has taken nearly as great liberties with the destroyer as Xenophon did with the founder of the Persian monarchy; but the things obviously belong to different kinds. The CYROPÆDIA is a philosophical romance for which its author has chosen to borrow a historic name or two; the other (if indeed its author was a real classical writer and not a mere re-arranger of medieval fable) is a history which admits unhistorical and romantic details. Nor can any of the extant Greek Romances, as they are generally called, be said to possess a historical complexion. They may sometimes, for the convenience of the authors, allude more or less slightly to historical facts; but their general story and their characters have nothing to do with anything of the kind. The remarkable adventures of the conventional pair of lovers need no such admixture; and Anthea, Chariclea, Leucippe, Chloe, and Hysmine are won and lost and won again without any but glances (if even that) at historical characters or incidents. Some things in Lucian's TRUE HISTORY and other burlesques have led to the idea that the Historical Novel may have been more fully represented in works that have perished; but there is little evidence of this.

It does not require very long or elaborate reflection to show that things could not well have been different. The attraction of historical subjects in fiction, for the writer to some extent and still more for the reader, depends entirely upon the existence of a considerable body of written history, and on the public acquaintance with it. Now although erudite inquiry has sufficiently shown that the ancients were by no means so badly off for books as it pleased Dr. Johnson and others to assume, it is perfectly certain that they cannot possibly have had such a body of history. Except some scraps of chiefly Persian chronicle and a certain knowledge of affairs in Egypt, the Greeks had no history but their own, and this latter they were making and writing, not reading. They left the Romans a little more, but not much. There was thus little for a Roman, and next to nothing for a Greek Scott or Dumas to go upon even had he existed; no materials to work up, no public taste, imagination, or traditions to appeal to. Even if instincts and desires of the kind did suggest themselves to any one, the natural region in which it was sought to gratify them was mythology, not history, while the natural medium was verse, not prose. Apuleius, who worked up the legend of Cupid and Psyche so charmingly, might no doubt, if it had occurred to him, have done something of the same kind with Appius and Virginia, with the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ, with a hundred other Greek and Roman incidents of romantic capabilities. He would have had, too, the immense advantage of being (modern as he was in a way) on the right side of the gulf, of being, as our jargon has it, more or less "in touch" with his subjects, and of being free from the laborious and yet ineffectual gropings which have marred all post-medieval attempts at the Historical Novel with a classical theme. But he did not; and if he did not there was certainly no one else who was likely to do it. The Historical Novel of Greece is as we have seen a philosophical treatise; the Historical Novel of Rome is an epic, an epic differing in merit as ÆNEID from THEBAID and THEBAID from BELLUM PUNICUM, but still alike in being an epic, and not a novel.

When the kind revives after the deluge of the barbarians it shows us one of the most curious and interesting evidences of the strange fertilising power of that deluge. The very identical separation which in some five centuries dissolves and precipitates Latin into Romance, begets the romance itself at the same time. No doubt the new historical novels at first seem to be epics, like their predecessors, in so far as they had any. They are first in verse; but before very long they are in prose also. And what is more, one of the most essential and formative characteristics of the Historical Novel appears in them.

The Virgils and their followers had gone a thousand years back for their subjects; even Silius Italicus had selected his at a prudent distance of hundreds. But the epics (before very long to become prose romances of the Carlovingian and Arthurian cycles) attack comparatively recent times; and when the Crusades begin, by one of the most interesting things in literature, contemporary event actually transforms itself into romance. The story of fact seems to become alive, to twist itself out of the hands of the chronicler who has actually seen the fearsome host of the Tafurs before Antioch, and ridden "red-wet-shod" into Jerusalem. Moreover it takes to itself all manner of strange legendary accretions, and becomes (as in LES CHÉTIFS and other parts of the Crusading cycle) a historical novel with some personages and incidents strictly matter-of-fact, and others purely and obviously fictitious.

There is no more difficult question than that of deciding in exactly what manner these Romances were received by our forefathers. These forefathers were not by any means fools, a dim consciousness whereof appears to be at last dawning on their descendants; though the belief that they were so may still survive in company with the kindred beliefs that they never took baths, that they were extremely miserable, and so forth. They knew perfectly well that these things were, as they said themselves, *trovés*, invented, sometimes by the very person who sang or said them, always by somebody like him. At the same time they knew that there was a certain amount of historic truth about some of the personages. Probably (the gods not having made them critical about things where criticism could well be spared) they took in the thing pretty much the same delight that the modern reader takes in the mixture of truth and fiction which distinguishes the Historical Novel itself, and did not care to separate the constituents thereof.

It would take far too much space, and would be less strictly appropriate to a handling of the Historical Novel than to one of the Romance generally, to sort out in any detail the different kinds of medieval story and their exact relation to our particular kind. And the investigation would be a little perplexed by the incurable medieval habit of putting everything into verse, science as well as fiction, imagination as well as history. Perhaps the nearest approach to the Historical Novel proper is to be found in the Icelandic Sagas, where the best authorities seem to agree that simple and sober family and provincial history is tricked out in the most inextricable and bewildering manner with sheer Scaldic invention. But the explanation is, as I have already hinted, that criticism was not born or reborn. Some, I believe, would be well pleased if it never had been; but that is neither here nor there. Has not Professor Flint, the most learned and painstaking of investigators, just told us that he can find no trace of systematic historical criticism before Ibn Khaldun, that erudite Arab and contemporary of Chaucer? Now as without a considerable stock of history and some general knowledge of it there is no material for the Historical Novel, so without a pretty distinct criticism of history, of what pretty certainly has happened as distinguished from what very certainly has not, it is impossible for this kind of novel to attain a distinct and separate existence. And you never (or at any rate very seldom) can put your finger on any part of any medieval history, in prose or verse, whether it be avowedly chronicle or half-avowedly fiction, and say, "Here the man consciously and deliberately left his facts and took to his fictions." The difficulty, the impossibility, as it seems to me, of satisfactorily tracing the origins of the Arthurian story lies precisely in this. Your Nennius, your Caradoc of Lancarvan even, very possibly, nay most probably, believed that he was giving simple history. Perhaps your Archdeacon Walter (always supposing that he ever existed) did the same. But what are we to make of Geoffrey of Monmouth and persons like him? Was Geoffrey a merely uncritical chronicler, taking details from record and romance alike? Was he, whether plagiarist in the main, or plastic artist in the main, a "maker," a conscious inventor? Or was he a historical novelist before his time, taking his facts from Nennius and Walter (if Walter there was), his inventions partly from Welsh and Breton poetry, partly from his own brains, and weaving it all into something like a whole? That is exactly what no one can say.

But I cling to my own contention that it is impossible to find out how much in the average medieval writer was intended history, and how much deliberate romance, for the precise reason that he had never as a rule bent his mind to consider the difference between them. "The French book said" it or the Latin book, and he took the saying, comparatively indifferent to its source, and handed it on a little increased, or at any rate not diminished, like the thrifty personage at the beginning of the REPUBLIC.

It will therefore be clear that so long as this attitude of mind prevailed no Historical Novel in the proper sense of the term was possible. History and Romance passed into each other with too bewildering a metamorphosis; what is pedantically called "the respect of the document" was a thing too absolutely unknown. In the days when the Homeric tale of Troy expanded itself through Dictys and Dares, through Benoit de Sainte-More and Guido Colonna, into endless amplifications; when the already rather romantic Alexander of Curtius (always supposing the order not to be the reverse one) acquired twelve Paladins, and discovered the Fountain of Youth, and all but achieved the Earthly Paradise; when the merely poetical history of the CHANSON D'ANTIOCHE branched off into the sheer legend of LES CHÉTIFS and the endless imaginations of the CHEVALIER AU CYGNE, there could be no special Historical Novel, because everything was at once novel and history. The peculiarities of romantic handling had become ingrained, were as it were inextricably blended with and joined to the literary forms in common use. Not merely a superhuman genius like Dante, when he throws contemporary event and feeling into a form which seems to belong to all time or none, but lesser and more strictly practical persons like Froissart and Guillaume de Machault, when the one tells the contemporary prowess of the English in France in brilliant prose, and the other sings the contemporary exploits of Peter of Lusignan at Alexandria in not very ornate verse, share in the benefits or the drawbacks of this romantic atmosphere. Without any scuffling they change rapiers; and you cannot tell which is which.

A kind which the restless ingenuity and fertile invention of the Middle Ages had not discovered was very unlikely to find existence in the dulness of the fifteenth century. That age, so far as intellectual work is concerned, was occupied either in tedious imitation of the products of medieval genius, or in laborious exhumation of the products of the genius of the ancients. To history proper it did not pay very much attention, and its chief achievement in fiction, the AMADIS cycle, is mainly remarkable for the way in which it cuts itself altogether adrift from history. The older romances, in conformity with the stock tag of one of their writers about "the sayings and the doings and the ways of the ancestors," tried to bring themselves from time to time into a sort of contact with those central and accepted points of older romance which were almost history. But Lobeira or Montalvo, or whoever he was, with his or their followers, hardly do this at all. Their world of fantasy suffices them. And perhaps, if anybody likes critical paradox, they may be said to have in a way accelerated the real Historical Novel by rejecting, half unconsciously no doubt, the admixture of novel and history in the undistinguished and indistinguishable fashion of the Middle Ages.

The sixteenth century was too busy with the actual, and (in that which was not actual) with its marvellous outburst of poetry and drama, with its passionate devotion to religious, political, philosophical and other learning to pay much attention to the comparatively frivolous department of prose fiction. Even if it had done so the old constraints and disabilities waited on it still. It was, however, getting rid of them pretty rapidly. It was accumulating a great mass of historical information which the Press was spreading and making generally accessible: it was gradually forging and exercising itself with the weapons of criticism; and side by side with this exercise, it was developing the natural corrective and supplement in an intelligent and affectionate retrospect of the past from the literary point of view. This last is a thing of which we find little trace either in classical or in medieval times. The most obvious ancient indications of it are to be found in Alexandria, that curious microcosm of the modern world, and especially in the writings of the Hellenist Jews; but it begins to appear or reappear in the sixteenth century, and with it comes the promise of the Historical Novel.

The promise, but not the performance. Among the scanty fiction of the sixteenth century the work of Rabelais and Cervantes (for though DON QUIXOTE did not appear till a year or two after the century had arithmetically closed, it belongs thereto) towers with a supremacy not merely born of the want of rivals. But each is (so far as class goes) only a parody of the older and especially of the AMADIS romances. The philosophical fictions, whether they be political like UTOPIA or social and educational like EUPHUES, are equally far from our subject, and obviously do but copy the forms of Plato and Xenophon. Nearly all the rest is but tale-telling, with an imitation of the Greek pastoral here and there, blended with other kinds as in ARCADIA and ASTRÆA and DIANA.

The immediate descendants of these latter did indeed in the next age attempt to give themselves historical form, or at any rate historical names; and the names if not the form prevailed for a considerable period. Indeed LE GRAND CYRUS and CLÉOPATRE and CLÉLIE, if we take their glances at the present as well as their nominal references to the past, are doubly historical; and this double appeal continued in the ordinary French novel for a long time. Thus the characters of the famous PRINCESSE DE CLÈVES (the first modern novel as some will have it to be) were all real persons, or most of them, once upon a time, as well as having real doubles in the court of Louis the Fourteenth. But it was in the latter, not in the former bearing of them that their original readers took interest, while the writers here and elsewhere cared not in the very least for any historical verisimilitude whatever. And this continued to be the case throughout the eighteenth century. The Novel of Sensibility, either out of mere habit or for some other reason, was rather fond of taking historical names and even in a very broad and general way historical incidents to help it; but nothing could be less like the Historical Novel.

In England, as is very well known, the seventeenth century gave us, properly speaking, neither novel nor romance of the slightest importance. It allegorised; and on one occasion its allegory shot up into the mighty creation of THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. It pursued its explorations in fictitious political geography from UTOPIA to ATLANTIS and from ATLANTIS to OCEANA. It told a story or so as the humour took it. But it was not till the next century that the country which has since been the school of every kind of novel to every other country in Europe, and has in the past hundred and fifty years probably produced more novels than all the countries of Europe put together, began seriously to devote itself to the kind. And even then it did not for a long time discover the real Historical Novel. Defoe, indeed, hovered around and about this kind as he did around and about so many others. The MEMOIRS OF A CAVALIER is a historical novel almost full-fledged, and wanting only a stronger dramatic and personal element in it. That unequal and puzzling book ROXANA is almost another; and if the MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN CARLETON are fiction, they may perhaps take rank with these, though at a greater distance. But either Defoe's own incurable tendency to mystification, or the appetite of the time seems to have imposed upon him the need of pretending that everything which he wrote was true in the first place; while in the second he never attained to that important variety of the novelist's art which consists in detaching and isolating the minor characters of his book,—an art which is nowhere of more consequence than in the Historical Novel. If Roxana's Amy, and William the Quaker in CAPTAIN SINGLETON stand out among his characters, it is because by art or accident he has been able to impart more of this detachment and individuality to them than to almost any others. And as we shall see when we come presently to consider what the Historical Novel ought to be, there is hardly any qualification so necessary to it as this.

But Defoe, as is well known, exercised little direct influence on English literature, for all his genius, his immense industry, and the multifarious ways in which he was a precursor and innovator. He was read, rather than imitated or critically admired; and even if his influence had been more direct, another current would have probably been strong enough to drive back or absorb the waves of his for a time Le Sage with GIL BLAS taking up and enforcing the previous popularity of DON QUIXOTE; Marivaux with his lessons to Richardson; and the strong satiric allegory of Swift slightly sweetened and humanised but not much weakened by Fielding, still held the Historical Novel aloof, still kept it "a bodiless childful of life in the gloom." And part of the cause was still, unless I greatly mistake, that which has been already assigned, the absence of a distinct, full, and tolerably critical notion of history such as the eighteenth century itself was hard at work supplying.

Nor was the mere accumulation of historical facts, and the mere diffusion of knowledge of them, the only work of preparation for this special purpose in which the century was engaged, though it was the greatest. Few people, I think, quite realise how little history was read and known in England before the middle of the last century. It was then that Johnson could mention Knollys (a very good and interesting writer no doubt, but already antiquated and certainly not of the first class,) as our best if not our only historian on the great scale. And it was only then that Hume and Robertson and Gibbon by ushering the Historic Muse in full dress into libraries, and Goldsmith by presenting her in rather careless but very agreeable undress in schoolrooms, were at once taking away this reproach and spreading the knowledge of the subject; in other words were providing the historical novel-writer with material, and furnishing the historical novel-reader with the appetite and the modicum of knowledge necessary for its enjoyment. Yet it may be doubted whether this would have sufficed alone or without that special additional stimulus which was given by what is vaguely called the Romantic movement. When in their very different ways Percy and Walpole and Gray, with many others, directed or excited public curiosity about the incidents, the manners, and the literature of former times, they made the Historical Novel inevitable; and indeed it began to show itself with very little delay.

Want of practice, want of the aforesaid historical knowledge, and perhaps, above all, want of a genius who chose to devote himself to the special subject, made the earliest babblings of the style very childish babblings indeed. THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO itself is in essence a historical novel with the history omitted; and a good many of its imitators endeavoured to supply the want. For a time they did it with astonishing clumsiness and want of the historic sense. Even Godwin, a historian by profession and a man of really very considerable historical knowledge, appears to have had not the remotest notion of local colour, of antiquarian fitness, of the adjustment of atmosphere and style. ST. LEON, for instance, is in its opening scenes to no small extent historical, and keeps up the historic connection to some degree throughout; but, except for a few bare facts, the whole thing is a gross anachronism only to be excused on the inadequate ground that in "a romance of immortality" you cannot expect much attention to miserable concerns of time. There is not the least attempt to adjust the manners to those of Francis the First's day, or the dialogue and general incidents to anything known of the sixteenth century. The age still told its novels as it mounted its plays with a bland and complete disregard of details such as these. And Godwin was a purist and a pedant in these respects as compared with the great Anne Radcliffe. The rare lapse into older carelessness which made the sun set in the sea on the east coast of Scotland in THE ANTIQUARY is a peccadillo not to be named beside the astounding geography of the MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO, or the wonderful glimpses of a France such as this gifted lady imagined it to have been in the time of the religious wars. Clara Reeve, the author of the once famous OLD ENGLISH BARON, writing years before either Godwin or Mrs. Radcliffe, and on the direct and acknowledged model of Walpole, threw the lessons of her master (who really did know something both about medieval history and manners,) entirely to the winds; and though she took Henry the Sixth's youth and the regency of Bedford for her time, made her picture one of no time at all. Her French contemporaries were doing just the same or worse; and all over Europe the return to the Middle Ages was being made to a Middle Age entirely, or almost entirely of convention.

If we could attach quite as much importance to Scott's intromissions with QUEENHOO HALL as he himself seems to do in regard to the genesis of WAVERLEY, the performances of the Reeves and the Radcliffes might be credited with a very large share in determining the birth at last of the genuine Historical Novel. For there can be no doubt that it was because he was shocked at the liberties taken and the ignorance shown in these works, that that eminent and excellent antiquary, Mr. Joseph Strutt, determined to show the public how their ancestors really did live and move and have their being in the romance of QUEENHOO HALL. I am ashamed to say that my knowledge of that work is entirely confined to Scott's own fragment, for the book is a very rare one; at least I hardly ever remember having seen a copy catalogued. But the account of it which Scott himself gives, and the fragment which he seems to have very dutifully copied in manner from the original, are just what we should expect. Strutt, probably caring nothing for a story as a story and certainly being unable to write one, busied himself only about making his language and his properties and his general arrangement as archaically correct as possible. His book therefore naturally bore the same resemblance to a Historical Novel that Mr. Oldbuck's CALEDONIAD, could he ever have got it done according to his own notions and without Lovel's assistance, would have borne to an epic poem.

And now as we have brought the

Historical Novel safely through that period of ante-natal history which some great authorities have thought the most important of all, as we have finished the account of the Days of Ignorance (to adopt the picturesque and pleasing Arab expression for the period of Arabian annals before Mohammed), it would be obviously improper to bring in the Prophet himself at the end of even a short preliminary inquiry. And there is all the more reason for not doing so because this is the place in which to consider what the Historical Novel is. It will not do to adopt the system of the bold empiric and say, "the Novel as written by Scott." For some of the best of Scott's novels (including GUY MANNERING and THE ANTIQUARY) are not historical novels at all. Yet it may be confessed that Scott left but little in a general way to be found out about the style, and that his practice, according as it is less or more successful, may almost be translated into the principles of the art.

We have already seen something of what a historical novel ought not to be and is not; while the eighty years which have passed since the publication of WAVERLEY, if they have not shown us all possible forms of what it ought to be and is, have probably gone very far to do so. For the possibilities of art, though quite infinite in the way of detail, by no means include very many new things in their general outlines; and when an apparently new leaf is turned, the lines on that leaf are apt to be filled in pretty quickly. Periclean and Elizabethan drama each showed all it could do in less than the compass of a lifetime, though no doubt good examples were produced over a much longer period than this. And though I hope that good historical novels will be written for hundreds of years to come, I do not think that they will be written on any very different principles from those which showed themselves in the novels produced during the forty years which passed between the appearance of WAVERLEY and the appearance of WESTWARD HO!

We have seen how the advent of the Historical Novel was delayed by the want of a general knowledge of history; and we have seen how in that fate of QUEENHOO HALL whereof Scott himself is the chronicler, the opposite danger appeared when the first had been removed. The danger of too much history lay not merely in the way of too much pedantry like that of the good Strutt, but in that of an encroachment of the historic on the romantic element in divers ways. This, if not so destructive of the very existence of the thing as the other danger, is the more fatal of the two to its goodness when it does exist.

The commonest and most obvious form of this error is decanting too much of your history bodily into your novel. Scott never falls into this error; it is much if he once or twice approaches it very far off. But Dumas, in the days when he let "the young men" do the work with too little revision or warning, was prone to it: G. P. R. James often fell into it; and Harrison Ainsworth, in those painful later years when his dotages fell into the reluctant hands of critics who had rejoiced in him earlier as readers, was simply steeped in it. It made not merely the besetting sin, but what may be called the regular practice (unconscious of sin at all) of writers like Southey's friend, Mrs. Bray; and the unwary beginner has not shaken himself or herself free from it even now.

This, however, is so gross and palpable a fault that one could but wonder at its deceiving persons of ability and literary virtue, if the temptations to it were not equally palpable and gross. A much subtler, though perhaps an even worse mistake, comes next, and ruins books that might have been good and very good to this day, though Scott himself, besides the warning of his practice, showed the danger of it in more than one place of his critical introductions, and though all the better critics from Joubert and Sainte-Beuve downwards have repeated the warning. This is the allotting too prominent a position and too dominant an interest to the real persons and the real incidents of the story. It is, I suppose, in vain to repeat the aforesaid warnings. Within the last two or three years I can remember two books,—both written with extreme care by persons of no ordinary talent, and one of them at least introducing personages and a story of the most poignant interest—which were failures because the historical attraction was not relegated to the second place. If Scott himself had made Mary the actual heroine of THE ABBOT, had raised George Douglas to the position of hero, and had made their loves (practically fictitious as they would have been) the central point of the story, I do not doubt that he would have failed. I have always thought it a proof of the unerring tact which guided Sir Walter in general on this matter, that he never once, save in the case of ROB ROY (and there the reality was but a little one), took his title from a real person, and only twice in the suggestive, but not hampering instances, of KENILWORTH and WOODSTOCK from a real place. For THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE and THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH contain obvious fiction as their main appeal. His successors were less wise; and they paid for their want of wisdom.

The canons negative and affirmative will then run somewhat thus: "Observe local colour and historical propriety, but do not become a slave either to Dryasdust or to Heavysterne. Intermix historic interest and the charm of well-known figures, but do not incur the danger of mere historical transcription; still more take care that the prevailing ideals of your characters, or your scene, or your action, or all three, be fantastic and within your own discretion." When these are put together we shall have what is vernacularly called "the bones" of the Historical Novel. In another paper or two we may go on to see what flesh has been imposed on this skeleton by nearly three generations of practitioners. For the present it may suffice to add that the Historical Novel like all other novels without exception, if it is to be good, must not have a direct purpose of any sort, though no doubt it may, and even generally does, enforce certain morals both historical and ethical. It is fortunately by its very form and postulates freed from the danger of meddling with contemporary problems; it is grandly and artistically unactual, though here again it may teach unobtrusive lessons. Although, oddly enough, those imperfect French examples of it to which we have referred incline more to the novel than to the romance and busy themselves with a kind of analysis, it is of course in its nature synthetic and not analytic. It is not in the least limited by considerations of time or country; it is as much at home on a Mexican teocalli as in an English castle, though it certainly has, hitherto, exhibited the odd peculiarity that no one has written a first-rate historical novel of classical times. While inquiry and research maim the chances of art in many, perhaps in most directions, they only multiply and enlarge the fields for this. In the drudgeries of the very dullest dog that ever edited a document there may be the germ of a QUENTIN DURWARD; while our novel in itself is perhaps the most purely refreshing of all reading precisely because of its curious conjunction of romance and reality.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## III. ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.

On no point in the history of the Civil War, and of the British Army to which it gave birth, is information so scanty and unsatisfactory as in respect of the Artillery. The very word Artillery appears but rarely, the expression "the Train" comprehending all that we now include under that term. Looking under the heading of the Train in Sprigge's Army-List of 1645, we find the names of a few officers, a Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, a Comptroller, a Master-Gunner of the field and so forth; but not a sign of an organised force of Artillery nor the least mention of guns. Two regiments of Infantry, two companies of Firelocks (the only corps without the red coat), and one company of Pioneers, with their officers, are indeed set down as belonging to the Train; but with the Artillery proper these cannot have had any concern. Indeed it is only from chance mention in a newspaper that we learn that Fairfax, when he marched on his Naseby campaign, had with him ten brass pieces. The fact is that Field-Artillery as a manœuvrable force was unknown in England at the time, the guns being cumbrous and their mobility uncertain. On the Continent Maurice of Nassau had awoke to the value of light Field-Artillery. We learn that he had fifty or sixty small pieces cast, which he used to place between his battalions; and these were found "of great service in the time of fight; for two or three men could easily wield one of them as they pleased, both in advancing it forward and drawing it back as occasion served." A contemporary English writer, Robert Ward, gentleman and commander, who is nothing if not an army-reformer, recommends the adoption of this novelty in England, which shows that it was unknown.

We are therefore driven to form such conception of the Artillery-man as we can from the old works on gunnery, of which there are not a few, and from occasional chance notices in the chronicles of the war. First it must be premised that the guns of the period were not necessarily constructed of metal, leather being an alternative material, preferred principally on account of its lightness. These leathern guns are somewhat of a curiosity, the honour of having invented them being a matter of dispute between the nations of Sweden and Scotland. According to one account, they were built of the most hardened leather, girt about with hoops of iron and brass; according to another, they had a core of tin and were bound round with cordage. In neither case could they be expected to last long, though we are told that they could be "brought to discharge" as often as ten times in succession; but when we reflect how few are the rounds that can be fired from the monster guns of our own day without renewal of the inner tube, we cannot afford to sneer at the shortness of their life. They were at any rate mobile; for they could be carried on a pony's back or stacked together by the half dozen in "barricados of wood," borne on wheels. Moreover they did good service more than once, as, for instance, at Newburn and at Cropredy Bridge. Later on they seem to have fallen into disrepute, for we hear of the "leather guns by which the King and Country hath been cheated;" though even at Killiecrankie Mackay had some of "Sandy's Stoups" (as they were called) with him. We may remember that in the French Revolution there were enthusiasts who proposed to set all the coopers in Paris to work at the construction of wooden guns. Milton seems to have had something of the sort in his mind when he describes the artillery of the rebellious angels.

> Like to pillars most they seemed,
> Or hollowed bodies made of oak or fir
> With branches lopped;

but the guns themselves were "brass, iron, stony mould."

However our business lies not so much with these experimental weapons, as with the legitimate ordnance, which has come down to us under very strange nomenclature. For in the early days of Artillery, we learn, guns were named according to the will of the inventor, after his own name, as, for instance, the Cannon;[1] or by the names of birds and beasts of prey for their swiftness and cruelty, as the Falconet, Falcon, Sacker, and Culverin[2] for swiftness of flying, or as the Basilisk, Serpentine, Aspic, and Dragon for cruelty. The poetry of the conception is obvious enough; but unfortunately such names help us little towards any understanding of the weight and calibre of the guns brought into the field. In fact they are as vague as they are poetic. We read, for instance, that after Naseby the Parliamentary Army captured the whole of the King's Artillery, twelve pieces in all, two demi-cannons, two demi-culverins, and eight sackers. We turn to our standard works of the period to seek explanation of these terms, and find that no two of them agree. However, to give some notion of these guns, a brief description (from Colonel Ward) of the three aforesaid is here set down.

(1) *A demi-cannon:* weight 5000 lbs.; length 11 feet; bore 6 inches; weight of shot 24 lbs.; team 9 horses. (2) *Demi-culverin:* weight 3000 lbs.; length 11 feet; bore 4½ inches; weight of shot 11¾ lbs.; team 7 horses. (3) *Sacker:* weight 1900 lbs.; length 8 feet; bore 3¾ inches; weight of shot 5¼ lbs.; team 5 horses.

It will be seen that the guns were very long and very heavy, the extreme length and consequent great weight being due to the bad quality of the slow-burning powder. But in the matter of construction experts state that they were little inferior to the guns made at the time of the Peninsular War. Our authorities of the seventeenth century, however, are careful to warn students that pieces of ordnance are not always truly cast, and that in such cases, where one side of a gun is thicker in metal than the other, "she [the gun] ought to have but such a proportion of powder as the thinnest side will bear, otherwise it is in danger of breaking. Moreover [and this is important] she will never shoot straight, but will convey her bullet to the thicker side." And here follows an elaborate series of tables for correcting such errors, providing even for a deviation of fifty paces at a range of five hundred, which it is to be hoped was an extreme case. Thus every gun had to be studied as an individual weapon; and, as one of our authorities says, "A gunner ought to have an entire and perfect knowledge of the conditions of his piece, made by former practises in her." But granted that the guns were fairly accurate, they were at any rate extremely heavy and difficult to move. It seems a little doubtful whether they travelled on two wheels or four, contemporary drawings showing instances of both. In either case, however, there was nothing like what is now called a limber, the team being harnessed apparently to the trail. The ammunition was brought along in ordinary waggons, the powder sometimes made up in cartridges, but more often carried simply in barrels which were unloaded behind the guns when in action. As to teams and drivers, these seem to have been wholly untrained, and merely impressed or hired for the occasion; in fact, it is on record that the London hackney coachmen did duty as artillery drivers more than once. In some contemporary prints of guns drawn by long teams, there is a driver to every alternate pair. There remains one minute detail to bring the Artillery of the Civil War and of the present day together; gun-carriages were painted from the first of a "fair lead colour."

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[1] Another derivation is *canna*, a reed.

[2] *Sic;* but *couleuvrine* (culverin) is generally classed with the basilisk.

As to the Artillery-men, it is pretty generally agreed that skilled gunners were woefully scarce on both sides during the Civil War. The crew or detachment told off to each gun seems to have consisted of three men; the gunner, his mate, and an odd man "to serve them both, and help them charge, discharge, mount, wad, cleanse, scour, and cool the piece being overheated." One of the most important duties of this odd man was to cover up the powder barrels with a hide, or some similar protection, between each discharge of the gun, to obviate the danger of a general explosion. Nevertheless there was a proper system of drill with thirteen words of command, for the wielding of ladle, sponge, and rammer; and there were little dandyisms and smartnesses such as delight the heart of the drill-sergeant. A gunner, we are told, should go to work *artist-like* to charge a piece: there must be no clumsy handling of the ladle and spilling of loose grains of powder, for instance; "for it is a thing uncomely in a gunner to trample powder under his feet." The ladle, when filled with powder and pushed well home to the bottom of the bore, was turned upside down; and some skill was needed to withdraw it without at the same time bringing some of the powder back with it, "a foul fault for a professed gunner to commit." Finally we are enchanted to find the usual appeal to the gunner's vanity and self-respect. "Let the gunner endeavour to set forth himself with as comely a posture and grace as he can possibly; for the agility and comely carriage of a man in handling his ladle and sponge, and lading his piece, is such an outward action as doth give great content to the standers-by." How the perennial human nature peeps out in these little exhortations! Before all things be the onlooker's feelings consulted, and the common citizen, male and female, properly impressed. "No object is more beautiful than a well-shouldered musket," says the Serjeant in Whyte Melville's DIGBY GRAND, true exponent of the traditional æsthetics of the barrack-yard.

For the rest we gather that the pay of the Gunner was one shilling per day, being rather more than that of the Foot-soldier, and less than that of the Dragoon and Cavalry-man. Truth compels us to add that the Gunner at that period enjoyed the reputation of being sadly given over to profane swearing. One writer seems to hint, unless we misunderstand him, that dealing with explosives in large quantities (gunpowder being in its nature infernal) may have had something to do with this habit; but it is more probable that the imperfectness of their organisation brought Gunners less rigidly under discipline than the rest of the army.

As to the employment of Artillery in action, commanders seem to have been extremely vague. The military authorities of the period appear to have recognised that in a pitched battle guns were, potentially at any rate, a serious matter, and deserving of serious treatment. Thus Ward perpetually enjoins that the first thing to be done in a general action is to draw out a certain number of horse and foot to surprise the enemy's ordnance. "In which they are not bound to keep any array or order, but to run disbanded and pell mell upon the enemy, whereby his ordnance shall be disabled from shooting more than once." But speaking generally, commanders seem to have been rather at a loss to know what to do with their guns. The common practice, apparently, was to post them in small detachments between the battalions of infantry. This is the place assigned to them in the old sketch plans of Naseby; and also in some contemporary orders for a sham fight in Hyde Park. Some writers were in favour of posting guns always on an eminence, if possible, "because the shot come with a deal more power down-hill than up-hill; and a bullet [cannon-shot] shot from a hill-side may go through two or three ranks, when that which is shot upward cannot pass through one." This argument appears sound enough at first sight, till we find ourselves confronted by the objection that if guns were posted to fire down a hill-side, the shot was liable to roll out of the muzzle; to which Ward scornfully retorts that in such a case "they are simple men that charge [load] them." The controversy on the subject was evidently rather acrimonious.

Upon a review of the whole matter, we cannot avoid the conclusion that in the field the Artillery counted for little during the Civil War. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of some good work done by it, but on the whole very rarely. At Newburn the leather guns did some service; and at Marston Moor there was, at least, one cannon shot which made havoc among the Ironsides; but we hear little enough of them in other actions. At Naseby "there were not seven pieces of ordnance shot off all the fight." Charles had left his guns behind at Leicester; and the Parliamentary generals either could or would do little with theirs, or they would have brought them up to shatter the stubborn body of Royalist Infantry which still stood fast when the rest of the army was in full flight. In the different sieges the cannon, of course, played a more important part, but it would seem that even here they did not greatly shine. The reason possibly was, in part, that it was difficult, without a great number of guns, to keep up a continuous fire. "One may make ten shots an hour if the pieces be well fortified and strong; but if they be but ordinary pieces, then eight is enough; always provided that after forty shots you refresh and cool the piece, and let her rest an hour, for fear lest eighty shots should break the piece, not being able to endure the force and heat." Accordingly we find that Latham House, with three hundred men and eight guns, held out for three months against two thousand besiegers and a whole train of Artillery. A thousand great shot again were discharged against the walls of Donnington Castle without further damage than beating down some of the older portions thereof; and it was said to have cost Cromwell five hundred rounds before he could make a practicable breach for the storm of Basing House. In other sieges the difference of opinion between besiegers and besieged as to the efficacy of the Artillery practice is for the most part hopelessly irreconcilable; though at Bristol one Royalist account confesses that the royal ordnance did little beyond the slaying of one of the hostile cannoniers, who was "vapouring about in his shirt at the top of the fort." The story, as delivered to us, seems to imply that this foolhardy gunner would have escaped, had he been content to do his vapouring in his ordinary costume. In another siege we hear from one of the besieged that one thousand great shot were spent against the town, and yet none slain but an old man who was making his will. At Gloucester, again, the besiegers maintained that their guns had done great execution; while the besieged averred that they had killed nothing but an old woman and a pig. But such is the humour of every siege. At the same time the war gave inventive artillerists a great stimulus towards experiment in the construction of extra powerful guns. One such, a "special large piece of ordnance," the 110-ton gun of its day, was brought into position before Oxford in May, 1645, whither General Fairfax himself with the head-quarter Staff went to witness its performance. The great gun was placed on a height, and sent its shot "right over the town, a mile from thence," to the great astonishment and satisfaction of all present. One can imagine the rubbing of hands, the congratulations, and the Scriptural texts, appropriate and inappropriate, that passed on the height above Oxford on that spring day. But let modern artillerists console themselves. Within three weeks the monster gun broke down, cracked at the breech.

What is rather curious to note, however, in the story of the war is the sentiment which the rank and file felt about guns, small as was the part played by the latter in the field. Thus on one occasion the Parliamentary leader captured the whole of Prince Maurice's Artillery. A few days later he had occasion to send a trumpeter to the Prince with a message; which trumpeter, on being blindfolded according to the practice of war before being allowed to enter the enemy's camp, "begged not to be taken among the ordnance for fear of breaking his shins." Maurice's men, so far from seeing the joke, were so incensed that they threatened to hang him. So, too, when the Parliamentary troops had a chance of recapturing the guns lost in Essex's disastrous campaign in Cornwall, they rushed at them with a will to give them the Cornish hug, as they expressed it, and rejoiced mightily over their recovery. By a strange irony, while the once celebrated march of the New Model Army to the West in the winter of 1645-46 remains buried in the depths of Sprigge's Anglia Rediviva, the King's proclamation of thanks to his loyal Cornish subjects still hangs in many a Cornish church, and may be read in gilt letters to this day.

With this we must pass from the Artillery to the second scientific branch of the service, the Engineers. Strictly speaking it cannot be said to have enjoyed any organised existence. There were officers borne for engineering service, the chief in that department being evidently a foreigner,—Peter Manteau van Dalem by name—who had probably been brought over by some English comrade from the service of Maurice of Nassau. That there were also English Engineer officers of some skill is beyond all doubt; and so there should have been, for there were plenty of books for them to learn from, with elaborate treatises and even catechisms. For example: "*General.* Good sir, I pray you show me how you would batter the point of a bulwark, and give me some reasons as well defensive as offensive. *Captain.* I am willing to give your Lordship content and say, &c. *General.* I am of your mind, and prefer such a battery before all others, &c." So do these worthy men discourse of fortification as mildly as though of angling, no doubt with great profit to the reader. But here we feel that we are treading on the ground hallowed by Uncle Toby's sentry-box and the Widow Wadman's scissors. One cannot read a page of these old books without recognising how inimitably Sterne has caught their solemn pedantic tone; and that, whether he intended it or not, the conversations of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, with their marvellous little touches ("the best engineers call them gazons," and the like,) partake largely of the nature of parody.

As to the rank and file of the Engineers, the Pioneers, we know but little; and that little is to their discredit. For it is plain from more than one notice that they were the scum of the army; the regular punishment for a bad character in the Infantry being degradation to be a Pioneer. There was but one company of Pioneers in the New Model Army; so that the origin of the Sappers from every point of view must be admitted to be humble. To no branch of the army has time brought greater changes; for that which began almost as a penal company, fit for nothing but spade-work, has developed into the corps which now bears the highest reputation of all for conduct and intelligence.

In the matter of Field-Engineering we do not remember to have encountered more than one feat that seemed the least worthy of mention; and that one was accomplished by a Royalist officer. Nevertheless our fragmentary remarks on the Engineers could not perhaps be more fittingly closed than by the fragment from a newspaper of March 1644–45, in which the said feat is described.

"Prince Maurice [Rupert's brother] invented a new-fashioned bridge that was never seen before, in this manner. He placed a boat on each side of the river Dee, and fastened cords to them from one side to the other; and upon the cords laid strong canvas drawn out and stretched so stiff and hard, and which was so firm that three men could walk abreast on it." Over this frail structure Maurice sent nine companies of Infantry; which will be admitted to have been a pretty good test of its strength. If the story be true, this bridge would seem to stamp him as a man of no ordinary resource. But it is just possible that the English War-Correspondent had not yet attained to his present standard of infallibility.

# THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURIST.

It has been not unreasonably observed that seriousness is the true passport to success in life; and that could a man but contrive to preserve a grave demeanour under every provocation, the world would infallibly impute it to him for wisdom rather than dulness. Indeed, if we look about us, we shall see instances enough of puzzle-headed, owl-like men who have attained to high places, and some few perhaps of bright and ingenious spirits who have in general estimation failed to fulfil their early promise. For there is a tendency to regard a light humour as something dangerous that, like a bomb, may explode suddenly at any moment and with consequences more serious than were intended. Your humourist, some would say, with his sly insinuations and hidden apologues, is a standing menace to Church and State. There is far too much uncertainty about him. He may attack some day by implication more than he dreams of, and his shafts of ridicule (pretty fireworks though they may be) are not precisely the things we like to see shooting about near this great powder-magazine of Society. For which reason, it may be, neither Jonathan Swift nor Sydney Smith attained the Episcopate.

But though from a worldly point of view a humourous temperament may be a bar to advancement, there can be little question that it conduces to the personal happiness of its possessor. Indeed we may regard a capacity for seeing the ridiculous side of things as a most useful lubricant, a kind of oil that greases the wheels of life and takes us over even the most rugged portions of this road of ours in quite a passable fashion. Just consider, for example, what is gained in a quarrel if we can but make our opponent laugh, and how anger frequently melts away thus of itself, irreconcilable with the infectious jest. A sly suggestion of humour is often effectual where serious reasoning, even of the most potent, only adds fuel to the fire of his wrath. But it is noticeable that to this end your humour must be of the infectious order. It is of no avail, or seldom, that you employ satire or sarcasm. It is not polished wit that you want, but something common enough and ready to the hand, so it have a certain mirth-provoking incongruousness. Even if you succeed only in inspiring a good-natured contempt, it may serve your purpose. A man will commonly let his anger cool if he conceives his adversary to have thus, as it were, admitted his inferiority in argument. At the worst, if milder methods fail, you may play a sure card by relating some story directed against yourself, thus securing peace at the voluntary sacrifice of your reputation for common sense. And not only is a turn for humour actually useful, as in such cases, but it is also an undeniable blessing in the ordinary circumstances of life. A good wholesome joke dissipates as by magic the thousand petty troubles that environ us day by day; and where your sober moralist will fret secretly, or fill his tender ears ostentatiously with philosophic cotton-wool, the humourist will catch some note of the ridiculous in the jarring discord, and be off laughing among his friends at the comicality of his own misfortunes. Indeed, it is strange how sensible a difference is made in this manner to the real facts of life. A touch of this potent alchemy, and the substance we were regarding does actually change form and colour to us, and appears no longer formidable, but even friendly. A good caricature shall inspire in you a sneaking kindness for your worst enemy. And even the most awful occasions, such as the morning of your wedding-day or the few hours before your first public speech, will be found to lose in great part their terrors if you can but bring yourself to regard them from the point of view of the humourist.

At the same time, it is to be noted that there is such a thing as an inopportune joke, and that it is necessary or at least advisable to know with whom you are dealing in this method. A humourous answer does not always turn away wrath. This is a singular world, and one has need to walk warily in order to arrive at one's destination. Some are so unhappily born, or have so schooled themselves, as to have no appreciation of the ridiculous at all, while to others certain forms of humour alone are acceptable. There are quite a number of dull pedants who are persuaded, for example, that they cannot endure a pun, and who if they suspect one to be imminent, will compose themselves consciously to meet it with the gravest fortitude. Now and again it may be possible to catch them unprepared, but even then they will do their best to laugh grudgingly, or check your friendly overture with a frosty smile. These men also have to be reckoned with, and their crotchets consulted. It may be well to take them seriously; yet sometimes by persistent battering the incorrigible punster may wear down their defences and win them to a burst of open laughter; and they too will become friendly, for a time.

We are inclined to think that the most engaging of all humourists is he who lets fall his pearls as it were by accident and unconsciously, so that you cannot always be certain whether his words were intended for a jest or no, and whether the comicality was prompted by design or chance. There is a something modest and graceful in this; the personality of the speaker is not obtruded upon your notice, nor does he seem to be calling upon the audience to admire the sharpness of his intellect. The majority of men, moreover, prefer to enjoy a joke quietly and at their leisure; and the sign of true appreciation is often not the sudden roar of laughter following hard upon your word, but the quiet chuckle that begins some few minutes later and continues to break out again at intervals through an hour or so. To the hearer there is an added value in the jest slipped out thus, unostentatiously and without immediate recognition, in that he may, if he please, imagine the humour of the application to be his own, or at the least that he is in a kind of partnership with the author. There is also a pleasing air of reserved force about the man who can tell a laughable story with an unmoved face. But there are many varieties of the unconscious humourist, and they do not all adopt this method from choice. There are some men endowed with a lack of sensibility to the ridiculous, or who are not sufficiently educated to perceive the point of what they utter. There are several who furnish an abundance of good stories by their own ineptitudes, acted or spoken. And there are many who seem to possess the gift or knack of habitually conveying a double meaning, and who do, in fact, occasionally perpetrate a quite witty remark without intending more than a very ordinary repartee. They are in the position of a sportsman who brings down a brace of birds where he had only aimed at one. And certainly, as they are ever on the watch for an antithesis, it is strange if they do not stumble sometimes upon an epigram. Such men may almost be said to have educated themselves into wit, and by assiduously practising upon a multitude of tolerable jokes, come at last to say the right thing instinctively. Let any one cultivate the habit of cynical speech, and it will go hard but some day he will startle himself and his companions by some sentence containing unexpected depths of meaning. And as in this game it is the successes alone that are remarked, while the less fortunate attempts are speedily forgotten, it follows that in general a man of no more than common ability should readily acquire a substantial reputation for impromptu sallies, provided that he can school himself to make use of every opportunity offered.

But the most truly unconscious humour of all, and that which seems to cause the sincerest pleasure, is perhaps that afforded by the blunders of the half-educated. The mistakes of a schoolboy appear to be an unfailing source of amusement to the general public. Indeed the chronicling of these bids fair to open quite a new vein of literary employment, and several schoolmasters, examiners, and the like have evinced remarkable talent in the narration (or invention) of ridiculous answers. There is a large field before them, and, with the ever-widening scope of Board School education, it bids fair to be inexhaustible. So long as weak intellects are compelled to learn a little of everything, there is bound to be confusion; and fortune contrives in general that the confusion shall be ludicrous. With careful management we suppose that most examiners could obtain results suitable for publication, if they set themselves to do so, from the majority of their subjects. In the same way any one who occupies a position for which he is mentally unfitted, or who is urged by ambition to attempt something outside his proper province, may be held to be a potential humourist. There is always a chance that your amateur magistrate may expose his weakness in law, or that a barrister may find himself veritably at sea in some shipping-case. But there is, to our mind, a touch of ill-nature in those who find much amusement in such mischances, even though they may have been induced by carelessness or temerity. And we cannot acquit those who laugh at a schoolboy's blunders from some suspicion of intellectual pride. There is commonly something of the Pharisee in their attitude, and they hasten to show all men by their smiles how they are tickled by such ignorance. Some, yet more cunning, will even contrive to throw a spice of sadness into their countenance, intimating that there is to them a touch of pathos in this confusion of mind, not appreciated by the general crowd. It is notable also that these latter would frequently be hard put to it to explain the error or correct the mistranslation which affords them their melancholy pleasure.

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and in accordance with this maxim we see many writers who aspire to a lofty and impassioned style succeed to admiration in rendering themselves laughable. This is naturally the more to be noticed in serious authors, as historians and poets, and we suppose that Wordsworth may be accounted the chief of all unconscious humourists of this stamp. Indeed it is almost essential to a poet that he should have a keen sense of the ridiculous, or he may ruin everything. How many good verses, we wonder, have been spoiled by some one unhappy turn of expression that has given a handle to the scoffer. The dramatist should be especially careful upon this point. The slightest opening for caricature may doom him to failure. In fact, his is a calling beset with more than ordinary dangers of misconception; for he has not only to review with critical eye his own text (mindful of Thomson's unfortunate appeal to Sophonisba), but he must be responsible in part for the eccentricities of the players. A spindle-shanked hero, a stout heroine, these are matters almost beyond his power to amend; but they may suffice to damn his play. Different points, moreover, may be dangerous in different parts of the house. Your successful dramatist must eliminate any repartee that bears a double sense to pit and gallery, as well as any allusion that might rouse the latent humour of stalls and boxes. Sometimes, it is true, genius may boldly take up its position on the very edge of the ridiculous, and there balance itself in triumph, winning redoubled applause. But it is a dangerous experiment, and even genius may lose its footing at the supreme moment. Above all should the minor poet or playwright beware of handling pathos. It should be remembered that there are many, of a somewhat nervous temperament, who have the strongest objection to being overcome by imaginary sorrows, and who will seize every opportunity for a laugh that they may thus prove their insensibility to tears. Probably most men are cast something after this mould, and they are often quite relieved to note an anticlimax or some touch of bathos in the middle of a mournful passage. Women are not so particular. They have a considerable capacity even for diluted pathos, and have been known to shed tears before now over the love-lyrics of a minor poet.

It is hard to leave the regions of poetry without a few remarks upon the humours of criticism. We are not concerned much here with common critical blunders; to posterity there will generally be something ludicrous in contemporary estimates of popular poets. These are perhaps instances rather of unconscious suicide than unconscious humour. But among the works of certain commentators there is often a display of learned dulness that partakes largely of the latter element. Certain German scholars are notorious for their ability in this line, and may truly be said to have worked wonders with some of the authors whom they have chosen for annotation. Indeed, if you set a pedant to elucidate the meaning of a poet, it is odds that you will get a sufficiently comical result. The modern commentator also has usually some grammatical or other theory of his own to start with, and will devote all his learning and ingenuity to discover or manufacture evidence in corroboration thereof. He has the microscopic eye to perfection, and the smallest point shall not escape his notice; but for a comprehensive view of a passage the first intelligent tyro can teach him something. At discovering a hidden application he is a marvel to all men. Like Addison's medallist, he will "still be inventing mysteries out of his own fancy," and will bring up his army of citations in support of some imaginary allusion of which the poet himself had never in all likelihood the faintest suspicion. But it is not foreigners alone who thus employ their misplaced talents. A good many English editors are tarred with the same brush. We have noticed several selections of British poetry edited for the use of schools which are packed with instances of false literary perception and unnecessary information. It is singular how these editors contrive to obtain so much irrelevant and useless matter. On any point that would seem obvious to ordinary intelligence they expend a note of six lines; while, when explanation is really needed, they are dead silent, or, worse still, fob you off with some impertinent question. Then come their references, drawn from all ancient and modern literature, elucidating nothing whatsoever, save possibly some superficial resemblance in sound. When, perhaps, the editor turns from his customary definition of grammatical terms, or second-hand etymology, to consider the beauty of a passage, the chances are that his air of insolent patronage disgusts you, and that the lines he selects for praise become an eyesore for ever. Of a similar stamp, and equally repugnant to our mind, is a certain class of picturesque biographers, who are fond of calling our attention to imaginary situations in the lives of their subjects, which may have taken place, but for which there is not the smallest authority; who will assume an air of jocular familiarity with a Dante or a Milton for the sake of imparting to their history of his life a sort of pseudo-dramatic effect. There is something akin to sacrilege in this; and it is only at the more serious portions of their work that we find it possible to laugh with freedom and an easy conscience.

In fact, it is to be noticed that the unconscious humourist of this stamp is commonly a failure when he attempts to be amusing of set purpose. Like a bad actor, it is his tragic efforts alone that are ridiculous, while his comedy could almost provoke us to tears. We find it easy enough to laugh at him; but to laugh with him is another matter altogether. It is, no doubt, hard for the man to recognise this fact. He is slow to perceive that he can only amuse unintentionally; and for a long time we must be prepared to have our quiet enjoyment interrupted by the painful spectacle of heavy facetiousness. There is nothing on earth so irritating as this. We know not why it should be so, but the majority of mankind will endure anything sooner than an incompetent joker. Your ponderous man who fancies he is being funny is the terror of society. It is Lowell, we think, who speaks of such an one as "trampling out the last spark of cheerfulness with the broad damp foot of a hippopotamus;" and the condemnation, though rough, is not too severe for the offence. Dulness itself is pardonable, and even, on occasion, amusing; but to see a dullard place himself thus openly, as it were, upon your own level, and expect the homage of laughter due to brilliant wit, is an experience that only the most phlegmatic can endure unmoved. It is perhaps some excuse for our intolerance that we know he may spoil a good jest irretrievably, or so mangle some unhappy story (which possibly in more fortunate circumstances we ourselves might have attempted with credit) as to give us a distaste for it ever afterwards. It is like watching a bad performer at the covert-side, who, after missing chance upon chance, contrives at length to bring down an easy shot, badly winged, and then looks round expectant of applause. It is only natural that we should feel inclined rather to kick him for his clumsiness than praise him for his good luck. Your literary bore, be he poet or commentator, or even, as some may hint, essayist, is as nothing in comparison with this. It is mercifully always possible to escape from the society of a humourist on paper, whether conscious or unconscious; and if we are forced to the conclusion that he has spoiled some happy thought in the telling, there is no reason why we should not try ourselves to clothe it in a more becoming dress, thus taking advantage of his incompetence, instead of suffering in silent wrath, by using his feeble body as a stepping-stone to fame.

# GLENBARAGH.

Glenbaragh, as all the world knows, is a wild picturesque district in the remote south, or rather south-west, of Ireland, round which nature has thrown to the north and east earthworks of such formidable magnitude as to defy the invasion of an iron civilisation. In all directions landwards lie savage mountains and gloomy passes fencing in a country too poor to tempt even the sharp avidity of Irish land-hunger. Seaward, the unresting Atlantic frets against a bleak and rugged coast; abrupt bare rocks beat stubbornly back the angry waters; and few indeed are the days when the roar of surf may not be heard a full mile inland. Facing landward, the hills rise in a dreary wilderness of tumbled boulders, thinly interspersed with lines of green and russet, as quagmire, or a narrow stretch of rustling wiry bog-grass, clutch at existence. Above, the boulders disappear, and the barren hills are crowned with coarse-grained granite peaks, weather-beaten to the west into a ghostly white, but black with lichen to the east and north. Depressingly gloomy and aggressively inhospitable, the marvel is that life, human or animal, could pick up any existence in such a land. But even Glenbaragh had its population; and in the hollows and valleys of the hungry spurs were sheltered small holdings cleared with infinite care by poverty-stricken generations, who from the sheer conflict with nature had come out victorious, though with but few spoils and not unscathed. The severity of the fight for existence showed itself in dreary hopelessness, and faculties too numbed to grasp such newer problems of civilisation as had penetrated even to the wilds of Glenbaragh. But it must not be supposed that such holdings were numerous. Half a dozen might perhaps cluster in an embayed ravine; then, as the hillside stretched unsheltered to the winds, a mile or two would lie without a break in the lifeless monotony, until a further cleft or projecting headland afforded shelter.

After just such a stretch of wild uncultivated slope came a group of three small farms, poor enough in soil, and to a farmer from the midlands or north contemptible in extent, but in this desolate region accounted prizes of the highest value; for Glenbaragh, with its meagre, ill-fed population starving in scarceness, judged by a very different standard from that of the prosperous farmer of many deep-soiled well-drained acres. In honest truth these three plots were miserably unproductive and poor, carrying a scanty crop of wet potatoes too often swept away by disease, or affording a meagre supply of coarse grass to half a dozen sheep and one or two gaunt cows. Yet even this in Glenbaragh was wealth, and consequently Donohoe and the two Sullivans were envied their unapproachable prosperity.

Of these three holdings two were occupied by cousins, both Denis Sullivans, the one, after the odd custom of that district and for distinction's sake, being known as Denis Sullivan Fox, or shortly as Denis Fox. No tribute to his superior intelligence was intended by the affix; it was rather derived from his ruddy complexion and thin red beard.

These holdings of the Sullivans lay to the uppermost or right-hand side of the road; while that of Donohoe was on the left, stretching to the water's edge, his house facing the entrance to Fox's farm. Beyond all these the road took a sudden turn to the right, and vanished behind a mass of boulders. Donohoe's house, a small thatched cottage, as were both the others, overlooked the road; while the cabins of the Sullivans lay more remote under the shelter of the hill, two or three hundred yards distant from the highway. In addition to these holdings the Sullivan cousins had until lately been joint tenants in a neighbouring turf-bank, which, being the only dry bog in the district, was regarded as a valuable possession. But it had not prospered in their hands, chiefly, it was said, because of Denis Sullivan's shiftless, unthrifty ways; and the tenants having failed to pay rent for over two years they had been evicted from possession. The same careless lack of energy had told upon Sullivan in his farm-holding, insomuch that he had been glad to pay off his most pressing debts by parting with a portion of the land to his more active cousin. Of the three neighbours Donohoe was the least liked; a man of few words, grave and abrupt in manner, he lacked the easy-going joviality of Sullivan and the hearty straightforwardness of Fox. Silent, retiring, energetic, he forced to the full the gifts from nature's unwilling hand, and committed the unpardonable sin of prospering where others failed; and so it came that Donohoe was the new tenant of the coveted turf-bank.

It was Patsy Quin from Glenbaragh-More who first brought the news of Donohoe's installation. Fox was in the shed behind his cabin piling up the last few turfs remaining from the spoils of the bank, bitterly rancorous over his loss, when the boy dashed in. "Och, begor, but it's well to take care av them, for not many more ye'll see. We'll all be goin' to Mr. Donohoe wid our hats in our hand," said he, determined that the story should lose nothing in the telling.

"Don't be botherin' me wid yer chatter. Get out now, like a good boy, before I hurt ye."

"Sure, Fox, didn't ye hear the news? Donohoe do be sayin' that he bested you at last, and that he'll never stop till he gets yer bit of a farm here too, bad luck to him for a land-grabber! And, begor, the cuttin' must be a tidy good thing, for they tell me the ould man laughed out for once in his life."

Fox straightened himself with a start. "What's that yer sayin,' boy? Spake plain, or hould yer tongue for a fool!"

"Plain, is it?" snapped Patsy, nettled. "Donohoe has got yer cuttin', ye lazy lout; and fool yerself for not houldin' a good thing between yer two hands. Is that plain?"

For an instant Fox stood staring, his fingers plucking and crumbling the turf he held; then a change came over his face that awed the boy into silence. Slowly he dropped on his knees, and fumbling at first blindly, then with an awakened purpose in the turf-heap, he drew an old-fashioned two-barrelled gun from its hiding-place. Lifting it to his lips, he solemnly kissed it on the rusted hammer, and then mumbling to himself, hugged it to his breast as he swayed backwards and forwards, stroking the tubes the while. Then the man's mood changed, and he sprang to his feet gesticulating madly, his dazed eyes rolling in their sockets, and the muscles of his face twitching in the wild excitement.

Frightened at the passion he had evoked, Patsy Quin edged noiselessly to the door, fearful that Fox's mad vengeance would fall upon him, and fled across the face of the hill out of earshot of the stammered curses. But a boy's will is the wind's will, and Patsy's wild pace soon eased down, and as Denis Sullivan's cabin came into view he turned to its door, his soul laden with a double burden. "God save ye, Denis," he began more cautiously this time; "what's the good news with ye?"

"News yourself, Patsy," said Denis from his seat on the doorstep. "Sure your burstin' with it."

"Och, but it's no good news I have, but the worst, bad scran to the ould miser! Sure Donohoe has bet Fox this time, an' Fox is just hoppin' mad, an' there'll be bloody murder afore he's done. Sure he shook his gun at Donohoe, as if he'd like to go down an' brake his skull this blessed minute."

Sullivan took the pipe leisurely from his mouth, and said lazily, "Ah, Patsy, you was always a great little fella to talk and say nothin'. What news are you spakin' of at all, an' what has Fox to do wid a gun?"

"Oh, faith, I'll tell you soon enough," and Patsy moved back a yard or two to give effect to his speech. "Sure it's more shame to you, Denis Sullivan, that black Donohoe has grabbed the turf-bank you and the Fox couldn't hould; an' there's news for you."

The man looked at him a moment in silence, and then said harshly: "An' isn't he welcome to the ould bank, for all I care? As well him have it as Fox. But what was Fox doin' wid the gun? It's some of your lies, I suppose!"

"A lie!" said Patsy hotly, coming forward in wrath, and forgetting his weariness. "Never a lie in it! Didn't he take his ould two-bar'ld gun from under the turf, an' curse Donohoe, an' swear he'd have his life an' be hung for it?"

With a sudden movement Denis gripped the lad by his ragged collar, and rising to his feet looked sternly down at the excited face. Then he spoke slowly and impressively. "Patsy, my son, ayther your dramin', an' if you are ye'd best wake up an' spare breath in tellin' yer drame, or Fox'll cut the life out of you; or if yer tellin' truth—well, even so keep a quiet tongue in yer head, an' don't get a dacent man into trouble. God knows there's enough widout your meddlin'. Run away, boy, run away; an' forget you was ever inside a mile of Glenbaragh-Beg this day," and giving the lad two or three slow shakes he released him and turned into the cottage.

Two nights later the patrol loitering along the Glenbaragh road in the half-dusk of twilight was aroused from the lethargy with which it ordinarily made its rounds by two loud reports, either from a rifle or large-bore shotgun, following in quick succession, and sounding in the direction of Glenbaragh-Beg, from which the constables were distant something less than half a mile. Five minutes later they were on the scene of a tragedy striking in its dramatic elements.

The sun had set not only behind the hills but into the sea beyond; the moon had not yet risen, but the sky was cloudless, and the night clear with the lingering of a long twilight. A solitary candle placed upon a chair shone feebly through the open door of Donohoe's cabin, and in the broadening track of light which slowly lost itself in the whiteness of the night, and full in its path, stretched a black shadow huddled up into a shapeless heap, from one end of which a thin dark line crept leisurely lightwards through the dust. Beyond, upon the road, stood a small turf-cart, on the shaft of which Denis Sullivan leaned, peering with white face on the gathered blackness; while opposite, behind the bars leading to his pasture, Denis the Fox stared stupidly at the gun he was slowly turning over with shaking hands.

Where the light faded into the dust of the road the constables paused, and as they halted Sullivan, rousing himself, cried sharply, "Up the hill, Fox, you fool, and God forgive you!" With slow vacancy Denis the Fox stared at him for reply; then across the road into the faint track of light, so dismally divided by that tapering line of blackness drawing ever closer to its open door, and with a cry, half sob, half wail, he turned towards the mountain—too late.

To say that the whole country was stirred feebly expresses the sensation created. The murder was not only coldly brutal, but, what was rare indeed in agrarian crime, the criminal was taken red-handed. From the Causeway to Cape Clear public opinion agreed for once, and Fox Sullivan went to his trial a doomed man.

The motive? Motive enough! Had not Donohoe ousted him from his holding in the turf-bank, and had not Fox Sullivan sworn revenge, though he died for it? For though Patsy Quin tried to take Denis Sullivan's well-meant advice and keep a silent tongue, yet the police somehow got wind of that scene at the prisoner's cabin; and so Patsy appeared on the table, and with much inward grief and outward perturbation told the story, telling it, perhaps, with a degree of more heat and a larger emphasis of force than he intended.

Your Crown Prosecutor is very seductive in his methods of extracting evidence, and motive was soon clear enough. Then as to fact. Patsy identified the "ould two-bar'ld gun" he had described to Denis Sullivan, and the constables could swear to arresting the prisoner with the still warm weapon in his hands. But the chief interest centred in the evidence of Denis Sullivan as being that of the witness first on the spot after the committal of the crime. Denis had begged hard to be excused appearing in court. "Sure ye saw it all yerselves, gentlemen," he said to the constables. "I can say no more nor yerselves. An' isn't the man me own cousin, me father's brother's son, that you must go an' make me hang him; sure won't the whole country-side howl 'informer' an' stone me an' the wife an' the childer? Don't ask me, gentlemen, don't ask me." Then, when he found the law obdurate, as indeed it had to be, he changed his ground. "Well, then, mebbe I won't say all ye want o' me; jist let me alone, or ye'll be doin' yerselves a harm." But here he was pinned on the dilemma that, since he was so anxious to aid the accused and could do the prosecution an injury, justice must put him in the witness-box by force, lest a wrong fall on the prisoner. So with many a muttered and open execration Denis Sullivan took his place on the table.

The wary passage-at-arms between counsel and the witness may be condensed into the admitted narrative of the latter, drawn out of him piecemeal, and after much waste of time. On the morning of the day on which the murder was committed he had started at an early hour to fetch a load of turf from the village of Mucklish, distant some ten miles from Glenbaragh-Beg, the contents of the load being partly for himself and partly drawn on behalf of the prisoner. And here the witness made no secret that he resented bitterly the loss of the turf-bank, which necessitated a long journey, and heavily increased the cost of the fuel. Questioned as to whether the prisoner was not injured equally with himself, Sullivan hesitated a moment, and said cautiously that Fox was a "strong man," and could stand it better than himself. He did not go often to Mucklish, but when he did he made a day of it, so that it was "on to four or maybe five" when he started home. The road to Mucklish took a sudden turn to the right just beyond Donohoe's cabin, was uphill, and with high land on either side, shutting out the straight stretch towards the village which lay along the hillside. It was dusk when he neared this bend on the road, not black-dark, but sundown with a flush of twilight in the sky, darker under the hill than most places because the hill lay to the west, but clear enough to know a man four or five perches away. As he reached the top of the hill beyond the bend he heard a shot close at hand, then another, and for a minute he pulled up his cart and listened, but heard nothing further; then jumping off his cart he led the pony round the bend till he got near to Donohoe's cottage, when he saw the door open and light streaming out with something lying across the whiteness—he didn't know what, till he heard a stir on the opposite side of the road.

Here he stopped in his story, and shooting a glance at Fox broke out, "I won't, then, I won't; ye may hang me if ye like, but I'm no informer, an' the man me own cousin. Divil a word more I'll say, good or bad." And he sank back in a shrunk heap in the chair, fluttering his open hands in front of his ashen face.

"What did you see at Fox's bars? What made the stir you heard?"

"Nothin', I'll tell ye no more."

Again the question was pressed, only to be met with the same dogged refusal.

"Was it Denis the Fox you saw standing at the bars? Answer now on your oath, Sullivan; was it Denis the Fox with the gun in his hand?"

But Sullivan, dropping his head on his open palms, rocked to and fro in the chair, crooning and moaning to himself, and answering never a word.

Then the Judge intervened. "The constables have sworn to the prisoner: what more do you want? Must you press the question on this poor man?"

"Very well, my Lord. Now, Sullivan, what did you say to Fox when you saw him at the bars with the gun in his hand?"

"What did I say? I said—is it to Fox, ye mane, sir? Sure I never swore Fox was there at all, and never another word ye'll get; there's my oath to that, anyway. I know yer tricks, an' I can hould me tongue wid any man." Nor could questions or threats draw another word, till at last, "I think, Mr. Attorney," said the Judge, "the witness may go down."

Then Sullivan sprang to his feet with an energy which sent the heavy chair crashing backward on the table, and raising his hands he cried as he shook them wildly in the air: "He's an innocent man, my Lord; I swear it by Holy Mary, I swear it by the Cross; an innocent man, an innocent man!" And his voice broke from its shrill pitch into a hoarse sob as, with outstretched hands still clutching upward, he stumbled from the witness-table, pausing at the bar, where he gripped the prisoner by both shoulders, kissing him convulsively on the lips. Then he cried again: "An innocent man; sure I did the best I could, Fox, I did the best I could." His hands dropped fumbling down the seams of Fox's coat, the excitement faded from his face, and it was with the feeble gait of an old man that he passed slowly out of the Court-House.

Perhaps of all present the prisoner was the least moved by the painful scene. His eyes kindled at Sullivan's outburst, and he drew himself together with a certain pride and dignity as though his manhood was touched by the passionate cry; and as his cousin passed faulteringly through the door he called out, "Good-bye, Denis; sure ye tould the truth, an' what could man do more?" But the crowd was deeply stirred, and a long breath seemed to pass over the range of packed benches as the counsel for the defence carried the proceedings back to dulness. They had come to see a fellow-man struggle to thrust back the opening gates of death, and they were not disappointed of the sensation.

Defence there was none beyond a theory. So there is but little wonder, even considering the solemn issues involved, that ten minutes sufficed in which to find a verdict, and then Fox Sullivan stepped to the front, while every curious face was turned towards him.

He stood gripping the bar with both hands, while his white face looked straight before him at the scarlet curtains and dusty canopy. "Innocent, my Lord! The gentleman that spoke for me tould ye true, an' God be good to him for it. I can't spake much, my Lord, me tongue not bein' used to it, an' me mouth so dry, but I know what ye'll be sayin', sir, an' may God deal so with me in His judgment as I have dealt with Larry Donohoe; and the curse of the four angels on the black scoundrel that killed him."

A month later the Glenbaragh murder was buried with Fox Sullivan under the gallows in the County Prison. After the trial Denis Sullivan returned to his cottage, and resumed his normal life of uneventful labour, though it was noted that the shock of that autumn night scene, and the terrible pathos of the final public act in the drama, had preyed upon his spirits. He was no longer light-hearted and genial as in the past, but morose and sullen. Slowly but steadily he drifted apart from his neighbours. The grim asceticism of Donohoe seemed to have fallen upon him, and, unless when driven by absolutely sheer necessity, he never quitted his little holding.

The immediate result of this was the gradual improvement in his condition. New land was wrested from the iron grasp of nature. Fair crops took the place of the barren rock-strewn hill; and in time he even recovered possession of the coveted turf-bank. But for all his good fortune his gloom never lightened, and as the generation which had known the Denis Sullivan of younger days passed away, there were few left to speak a kindly word for him.

By laborious toil he had widened the borders of the turf-bank, and was seeking to reclaim from the hill-side a still larger extent, when in one of his blasting operations a boulder was shaken from the heights above. Intent upon his work, he gave no heed to the roar and crash of splintered rock as it tore its headlong way towards the sea, until escape was impossible. Nor when aware of the danger did he do more than draw himself to his height and stand facing it. Down it leaped from rock to rock, dragging behind it a thundering cascade of stony wreck, and thrusting aside a crushed mass of humanity which had been known as Denis Sullivan.

Very tenderly they carried him down the hill; but the movement over the rough ground shook him back to consciousness, and he gasped out: "Lave me down, boys; it's the praste I want; an' ye'd better be quick while the life's in me. Lave me down; sure ye hurt me terrible."

So they laid him on the grass by Fox's bars, propping up the palsied head against the soft moss on the clay wall. Already he seemed dead to the neck, but there was life in the piteous eyes, and a trembling existence still flickered about the white lips.

"Will ye hurry, boys, or I'll die before me time!" Then the eyes wandered round. "Fox's bars, by God! Is Donohoe beyant in the gloomin'? Fox's bars, Fox's bars! Is the praste never comin'?"

Soon it became clear that no priest would hear Denis Sullivan's last confession, and smooth away the fears of his troubled life.

"It's growin' cowld I am, an' the life in me," he whispered. "Stand back all of ye, except the sarjint there. Closer, sarjint, dear, whisper now." A light flashed into his eyes. "It was I shot Donohoe, an' curse him for a land-grabber, an' Denis the Fox for another, for didn't he take my bit of a holdin'? Sure it was fine; the wan and the other wid a pull o' the trigger," and a gleam of humour that was almost a laugh lit up the ghastly face. "I stole Fox's gun that mornin' an' dropped it at the bars,—just where I'm lyin',—when I heard him tearin' down the hill—both wid wan stroke, serjint." Slowly his head rolled round in its weakness. "Is Donohoe beyant—I'm—thinkin'—the praste—wouldn't have—given me—"

"Dead!" said the sergeant, rising on his knees. "Dead and damned; and a good job too!"

# THE POST-OFFICE PACKETS

## (A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN NAVAL HISTORY).

FEW nations can afford to forget their past history, and England, of all others, whose power is so deeply rooted in sea-fights, should not be careless of her naval records. After many generations of almost ceaseless warfare, there has been a long breathing-time of peace, an interval which could not be better spent than in collecting and recording the actions of those brave men whose struggles ensured our ease, and preserving them for our own benefit as well as for that of posterity. This has been done of course long since as regards the great sea-battles, and most even of the lesser fights in which the ships of the Royal Navy were engaged have been sufficiently described. But there remains a service, distinguished over and over again, an ancient service, highly useful to the public and associated with a great department of State, whose history has been left untouched till all the officers connected with it have passed away, and the personal recollections which are the life-blood of such a record are irretrievably lost to us—namely, the Post-Office Packet Service.

Probably few people are aware that the General Post-Office for more than a century and a half maintained a fleet of some fifty or sixty armed ships. There were stations for these vessels at Dover and Harwich (and sometimes at Yarmouth) for the mails to France, Holland, and the north of Europe, at Holyhead and Milford for the Irish Channel. But the chief station was at Falmouth; and it is with the Falmouth Packets only, as bearing the brunt of the fighting, that the present article is concerned.

There were Packets at Falmouth solely under Post-Office control from 1688 to 1823. They carried the mails at first to Spain and Portugal alone; but early in the last century the trade with the American Colonies increased so far as to render regular communication with them necessary, and extra Packets were accordingly established at Falmouth to ply to the West Indies and to New York. Throughout the wars of the last century and the early years of this, the Falmouth Packets steered their steady course. Lightly armed, and carrying no more men than were absolutely necessary to work the ship and to fight her if need be, they sought no enemy; but if any came in their path, they faced her without flinching, and fought for the honour of their flag, the credit of their service, and the safety of their mails and passengers.

How well the Falmouth men fought might be shown by details taken from almost any period of their history; but it will be best to select those years in which the Packet Service was in its fullest vigour, when the Packets were most numerous, when they were armed more appropriately than at any other period, and when they were called on to face enemies of the same blood and traditions as themselves. This was the period of their greatest trial; and as it was also that of their greatest distinction, it will be enough at present to tell briefly how the Packets conducted themselves during two years of the American war of 1812–1815.

During this war the Falmouth Packets fought no less than thirty-two actions with American privateers. Seventeen of these were entirely successful, while of the remainder it is not too much to say that some of the defeats were as glorious as any victory. There was no one of these fights in which the Post-Office vessel was not heavily outmatched both in men and guns; for the American privateers were the most complete of their kind, and no one among them would have put to sea without an armament far exceeding that which the Postmaster-General provided for the Packets.

The war broke out in June 1812. In September the Princess Amelia, Captain Moorsom, carrying twenty-eight men and boys, with six 6-pounders and two 9-pounders, was attacked by the privateer Rossie, which had a crew of ninety-five picked men, and an armament of ten 12-pounders, besides a long 9-pounder mounted on a traverse amidships. Captain Moorsom came of a family of sailors, and knew well how to defend his ship. The details of the fight are lost to us, but we know that at the end of fifty minutes Captain Moorsom, his master, and a boy were dead, the mate (next in seniority to the captain and master) was most severely wounded, and ten ordinary sailors had been carried off the deck. Thus every other man in the ship had been hit, and the remnant being quite insufficient to work and fight the vessel, no alternative remained but a surrender, in which there was assuredly no disgrace.

In November of the same year a fight upon a greater scale took place. Rightly praised in the official records for its extraordinary gallantry, it deserved a better fate than the oblivion to which, with only two or three exceptions, the actions of the Packets have been consigned.

The Townsend Packet, Captain James Cock, was armed somewhat more heavily than the Princess Amelia, having on board eight 9-pounder carronades, with a long gun of similar calibre used as a chaser. Her crew also was slightly larger, numbering twenty-eight men and four boys. She was within a few hours of dropping her anchor at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, when the first light of the 23rd of November revealed two strange vessels cruising in company at no great distance. These vessels proved to be two American privateers, the Tom, Captain Thomas Wilson, and the Bona, Captain Damaron. The former was armed with fourteen carronades, some 18- and some 12-pounders, as well as two long 9-pounders, and carried one hundred and thirty men. The latter had six 18-pounders, with a long 24-pounder mounted on a traverse, and carried ninety men. The forces on each side were therefore as follows, assuming that the Tom carried as many 18- as 12-pounders.

| | *Weight of Metal in pounds.* | *Number of Men.* |
|---|---|---|
| Privateers | 360 | 220 |
| Packet | 78 | 32 |

Moreover, this great disparity of force was divided between two assailants. Rarely, perhaps, has an action begun in such hopeless circumstances.

Captain Cock meant to fight, however, and did not trouble his head about disparity of force. All his preparations were completed before the privateers came within range, which they did about 7 A.M. At 7.30 the Tom had placed herself abeam of the Packet to larboard, while the Bona lay on the starboard quarter, and both their broadsides were crashing into the Townsend at pistol-shot distance, all three vessels running before the wind. This lasted till eight o'clock, when the rigging of the Townsend was so much cut up that her sails were hanging in every direction; and in some momentary confusion from this cause the Tom seized an opportunity of pouring in her boarders, while the Bona redoubled her fire both of great guns and musketry to cover their attack. The boarders were driven back after a fierce tussle, in which the little crew of Cornishmen was reduced by four, disabled from their wounds; and the cannonade was resumed. Then for another hour the Townsend lay beneath the fire of her enemy's heavy guns, the courage of her crew as high as ever. She was now so much shattered that she could with difficulty be handled. Again and again the Tom bore down upon the disabled Packet, and hurled her boarders into her. Time after time the Americans were driven back, though men fell rapidly. Mr. Sidgman, the master, was killed, and six more of the crew were desperately wounded. This could not last. Captain Cock endeavoured to run his ship ashore, but the effort was frustrated. Ere long the Townsend was a mere wreck. Her bowsprit was shot in pieces; both jibbooms and head were carried away, as well as the wheel and ropes; scarcely one shroud was left standing, and round the helpless wreck the Americans sailed, choosing their positions as they pleased, and raking her again and again. Still the Cornishmen lay at bay. It was not till ten o'clock that Captain Cock, looking round him, saw no means of further resistance. There were four feet of water in the hold; nearly half his crew were in the hands of the surgeon; the lives of the others must be saved. Still his pride rebelled against surrender, and as he saw the colours he had defended so well drop down upon the deck it is recorded that he burst into tears.

There lies before the writer a faded yellow scrap of paper on which one of the American captains recorded in generous terms his opinion of his foe. It runs as follows: "I do certify that Captain James Cock, of the Packet brig Townsend, captured this day by the private armed schooners Tom and Bona, did defend his ship with courage and seamanship, and that he did not strike his colours until his vessel was perfectly unmanageable and in the act of sinking. . . . Thos. Wilson, on board the Townsend, November 22, 1812."

One of the privateers was so shattered in this action that she had to return to port to refit. The Townsend was so much injured as to be useless to her captors, who allowed her to proceed on her way. She was partially refitted at Barbadoes, and sailed again for England soon after the new year, still hardly fit for an Atlantic voyage. In mid-passage she again encountered a privateer, and, half crippled as she was, beat her off after a brilliant little action of an hour's duration.

When such desperate fights were of common occurrence, and any Packet, however seaworthy and well-equipped on leaving Falmouth, might return with sides riddled with shot, and needing repairs which could not be executed under several weeks, it became extremely difficult to maintain the regular despatch of the mails. This difficulty had of course occurred in former wars, and had been met with more or less success; but about the time of which we write it was augmented by disturbances among the seamen to such a degree as to cause the greatest anxiety at the Post-Office.

The Falmouth sailors were a turbulent body of men, by no means free at any time from the spirit of disaffection which pervaded the Navy; and for several years they had been grumbling at the withdrawal of a privilege which they had come to regard as theirs by right. This was the privilege of private trade, a thing forbidden by law from the first establishment of the Packet Service, but permitted by the Government on account of its convenience to merchants in the West of England. Thus, although the Packets could not at any time be regarded as merchant vessels, having no stowage for cargo, yet for more than a century every officer and seaman had been allowed to take out goods of all sorts, hardware, boots, cheeses, to sell on commission for the merchants, or as a private venture of his own; and this private trade in the course of years became so valuable that it was no uncommon thing to find an outward-bound Packet laden with goods to the value of some thousands of pounds.

The sale of these goods at Lisbon or

Barbadoes was of course very profitable in those days of war and high prices. But it led to abuses of the worst kind, and brought disgrace upon the Falmouth service. It was therefore stopped. The ancient law was for the first time enforced, and an officer was appointed to search the outgoing and incoming Packets and turn out all goods, wherever they were found, whether in the possession of officers or men.

The duties of the searcher were of course highly invidious, and a perpetual source of friction between the authorities and the seamen. It was long before the men could be taught that the new rule was intended seriously; and many a brave fellow, who had persuaded himself that he would be exempted, or that he could evade the searcher, had the mortification of seeing the boots and cheeses which he had bought out of his scanty savings swimming in the harbour, or tossed unceremoniously into the first boat which came alongside, to be landed on the quay, where they would be at the mercy of any chance passer-by.

These things were hard to bear, and not easily forgiven; while the blow was driven home on the arrival of the Packet at her destination, when the merchants' clerks would come down, offering Jack famine prices for the very articles he had been robbed of, as he would put it to himself; and the price of many a spree on shore, not to speak of pretty things for the wife at home, would go back into the merchant's pocket when the guineas might have jingled in Jack's own.

The wages were raised when the private trade was stopped, but they could not be raised to such a point as would compensate for the enormous profits lost by the new rule; and the sailors complained that they were still lower than the current rate in the Merchant Service. If they were reminded that merchant sailors were exposed to the danger of the press-gang, while all Packetsmen carried protections, they retorted that the protections were not always respected. This was true enough. For when the press-gangs were sweeping the streets of Falmouth, bursting forcibly into sailors' drinking-shops, and, half drunk themselves, giving chase to any sturdy fellow whom they met, it often happened that a Packetsman was seized, and only laughed at, or knocked down and soundly cursed, when he claimed exemption. Sometimes his protection was torn in the scuffle; sometimes it was fraudulently taken from him; and if he then lost his temper and became violent, he was told that his mutinous conduct had deprived him of any right to protection, and not even the intervention of the Agent, or the Postmaster-General, could restore him to the Packet Service. Such cases of injustice were not uncommon; and though they may have been inseparable from the system of impress, a system which was founded on violence and disdained all argument of right, it is natural that they created a very bitter feeling among men who were already exasperated by the loss of a valuable privilege.

Grievances such as these had resulted in 1811 in an organised strike of seamen in Falmouth, a general refusal to proceed to sea. The men mustered in a large body, perambulating Falmouth in numbers sufficient to secure them from the press-gangs. Troops had to be called in. The seamen retreated to the hills above the town, where they opened communications with the miners, and for several days there was some cause to apprehend a very troublesome disturbance. The men held out only a short time, but their action caused so much embarrassment to the Government that all the Packets were sent round to Plymouth, whence they sailed for several months.

The lesson taught on that occasion had been already partly forgotten in 1814. On the 12th of July in that year, when the Speedy Packet had completed her complement of men, had taken her mails on board, and was about to slip her moorings, a number of her crew refused to go on board, and, headed by the gunner, went to the agent's office and demanded their discharge. Being asked for their reasons, they had nothing better to say than that they did not like the voyage, and that, if they were to go upon it, they must have more pay. The agent, willing to concede whatever was possible, paid them a month's wages in advance, whereupon they became more riotous and intractable than before.

Seeing that they were not to be brought to reason, the agent sent a message to the captain of the Guardship, and in an hour two strong parties were scouring every alley and public-house in the town, in search of the malingering seamen of the Speedy, but could find no trace of them. Nor was this surprising, for the deserters were all Falmouth men, and the old town contained hiding-places which more careful searchers than the press-gangs had failed to discover.

Meanwhile Captain Sutherland, who commanded the Speedy, had engaged other men at unusually high rates. But these new men, fired by the high example set before them, imitated the others, and decamped as soon as they had secured a payment in advance.

It was impossible to allow the mails to suffer delay from conduct such as this; and in order to demonstrate that the Service could go on very well with sailors drawn from other ports, the Speedy was sent round to Plymouth, where she completed her complement without difficulty. This reminder of the ease with which the prosperity of Falmouth, created as it had been in large measure by the Packets, could be destroyed by their removal, had a very sobering effect on the Falmouth sailors; and for some time there seems to have been no repetition of their unruly conduct.

To return to the fighting, and best, part of our story. In September a very desperate action was fought by Captain James Cunningham, who had been Lord St. Vincent's sailing-master in the action of the 14th of February 1797. Captain Cunningham commanded the Morgiana, a temporary Packet of somewhat greater size than the regular Post-Office vessels, being of about two hundred and twenty tons, but armed only with eight 9-pounder carronades, like the majority of the Packets.

From Captain Cunningham's own vivid account of the action only a few passages can be extracted. The privateer was the Saratoga, of Newport, Rhode Island. She carried sixteen guns, chiefly 12-pounders, and one hundred and thirty-six men. At 2 P.M. she came within range, and Captain Cunningham kept his stern guns playing on her as she came up, though without doing much damage. Unhappily, after five or six discharges from these guns, it was found that the ring-bolts had drawn out from both sides the stern, and that the guns were useless. The Saratoga bore down with the evident intention of boarding, and by her great preponderance of men finishing the matter at a single blow. She was met, however, with such a heavy and well-directed fire from the Morgiana's remaining guns as obliged her to abandon this design; and, taking up a station to larboard, she opened a tremendous cannonade. At the same time riflemen swarmed up into her tops, and harassed the small crew of Cornishmen very seriously. Thus both vessels ran before the wind for an hour and twenty minutes, never more than a few yards apart. Two or three men were hit in this part of the action, and of himself Captain Cunningham says:—

> I found a grape shot had grazed my left leg, and stuck in the opposite side of the ship. It was not, however, of very serious consequence, and, tying it up with a handkerchief, I was enabled to resume my station. A short time after a musket-ball struck my left wrist, which made but a slight wound, and at the same instant I saw the sail-maker, who was stationed at

the wheel, fall, he having received a mortal wound from a charge of grape. In consequence of the helm being left, the ship took a sheer, by which the sides of the two vessels came in contact, and the enemy, exasperated at finding himself so long disappointed of his prize by such a handful of men, and with a hope of ending the contest, took this opportunity of heaving his boarders into us. I ran to the wheel and put the helm a-port, which caused us to separate, and his people, many of whom had established themselves in the main rigging with some on the poop, now thought of nothing but securing a retreat, which we endeavoured to cut off. We pressed them warmly. Some gained their vessel, others jumped overboard to escape our pikes, and one man, who had reached the top of our boarding-netting and with whom I had been personally engaged, now begged for quarter, which of course I granted. In this conflict I received a severe cutlass wound on the head from the man alluded to above, who in a state of desperation, from his pistol having missed, hove his cutlass at me with an extraordinary violence which levelled me with the deck, from which position I prepared to fire at him, when he sued for mercy and obtained it. Our firing again commenced, but, finding the strength of the enemy much too powerful for us, and with some apprehension of defeat, should he still attempt to carry us by boarding, I took the first opportunity of tearing up my private signal sheet, and hove it overboard together with my instructions, and gave the master fresh injunctions respecting the destruction of the mail in case of necessity. Our sails and rigging being now rendered nearly useless, and the ship unmanageable, the enemy was enabled to pursue his resolve to carry us by heaving the bulk of his crew on board, and accordingly closed with us on the larboard bow, which I found it impossible to prevent. With an anxious desire to make every practicable resistance, I was in the act of running forward to the threatened part of the ship, when I was struck by a musket-ball in the upper part of the right thigh, by which the bone was shattered, and which brought me once more to the deck. In this state, with a third part of my crew either killed or wounded, and those my best men, I gave up all hope of further resistance in a contest so unequal, and waving to the master to sink the mail, felt a secret relief when I saw that object accomplished. At the same time one of my people asked me if he should haul down the ensign, to which I reluctantly assented. The crew of the privateer had gained complete possession of the forecastle and fore-rigging, and the remainder of the Morgiana's men fled for shelter. Further resistance was now out of the question, for more than seventy men had gained a footing in the Packet, the two vessels laying yard-locked with each other. I was much weakened with the loss of blood, which was flowing fast from four wounds, but had strength to intimate to the first that approached that we had struck ; but this did not appear to satisfy the fury of a few who rushed at me with uplifted cutlasses, evidently to despatch me altogether, had it not been for the man to whom I had given quarter. He advanced to check their rage, begging them to spare my life for having given him his, when I could easily have taken it, and to his timely interference I am certainly indebted for my existence.

In this closely fought action both vessels were, according to the admission of Captain Adderton, who commanded the Saratoga, reduced almost to wrecks. "The stays, shrouds, &c.," he says in speaking of his own ship, "were almost all cut away, more than a hundred shot-holes in our mainmast, many in our masts, spars, hull, &c. . . . They fought desperately, and even beyond what prudence would dictate." Captain Cunningham recovered from his wounds, and, though permanently crippled, he lived to do good service as a commander of an established Packet, a post conferred on him in recognition of his gallantry.

It is to the fortunate circumstance that Captain Cunningham had some skill in the use of his pen that we owe the possibility of realising the details of his great fight with some exactness. The majority of the Packet captains were less adroit. They were hardy men of action, unskilled in description, and their official reports of what befell them are couched in terse, abrupt sentences, giving in bare language the important facts, and leaving the outline to be filled up by verbal amplification, or to be left unfilled as chance would have it. The verbal statements are not now available, and the outlines must remain unfilled. A cloud of battle-smoke conceals our brave sailors, and we know only in general terms how they fought behind it. But though we have let slip the better half of the materials for describing these gallant fights, one act of injustice should not be covered by another, and if there is monotony in the details which are still preserved, we may fairly remember that there was probably none at all in those which by carelessness have been lost.

There remains one action fought in the year 1813 which should be described with some fulness.

The Lady Mary Pelham was under orders to sail for Brazil, when her commander, Captain Stevens, received news which made him desire not to perform the voyage, and he cast about for some person to act as his substitute. The proper person to select would have been his own sailing-master, Mr. Carter, who served at Trafalgar as acting first-lieutenant of the Thunderer, and had been present in nearly every important engagement of the war. A better choice could not have been made; but Mr. Carter had only recently entered the Packet Service, and Captain Stevens, seized with an unaccountable scruple, declined to select an officer of whom he knew so little. It was the practice of the Post-Office to defer as much as possible to the wishes of the commanders on the rare occasions when it was necessary to choose a substitute; and the agent at Falmouth felt that he could not urge Mr. Carter's appointment in opposition to the captain's wish, especially as the latter had selected a person whom he preferred. This person, to whom the safety of the Packet on an Atlantic voyage in time of war was to be entrusted, was not even a trained sailor. He was a retired lawyer living at Falmouth, who occupied much of his leisure in yachting. The agent demurred to this selection; but the time was short, and recollecting that the master of the Lady Mary Pelham was a brave and experienced officer, he signed the appointment, and the Packet sailed on the 13th of October 1813.

Six days later the Montagu sailed on the same voyage, under the command of Captain J. A. Norway, R.N. The crew of the Montagu had proved their courage in action but a few months before, as already told. Captain Norway had served for twenty-one years in the navy. He was trained by Sir E. Pellew (Lord Exmouth), whom he had served from midshipman to first-lieutenant, and had shared with credit in the numerous actions fought by that brave captain. He was at this time a commander on half-pay, filling an interval of employment.

The Montagu made a better passage than the Lady Mary, and in the afternoon of the 1st of November she landed her mails at Funchal. Captain Norway did not anchor, but stood off and on, waiting for the Brazil mails to be brought on board. Early in the evening he saw the Lady Mary to windward, and made the right signal, but received no answer. Shortly before 2 A.M. a strange schooner hove in sight. The crew were called to quarters, and at 5 A.M. the schooner ran down alongside the Montagu, poured in her broadside, received one in return, and sheered off without much damage on either side.

The officers of the Lady Mary Pelham, lying to under the land, heard the firing, which appeared to them to be coming off shore. At daybreak they sighted the Montagu, whereupon Mr. Carter boarded her, and learned what had occurred. The schooner, which was evidently a privateer, lay to all day in sight of the land, obviously waiting for the Packets, and it was apparent to every one that there must be fighting.

Both Packets received their mails between seven and eight in the evening, and set sail in company. Nothing was seen of the schooner during the night, but on the following morning, the 2nd of November, she appeared in chase though at some distance. The crew of the Montagu exercised their great guns, and both Packets were cleared for action. The wind was moderate, blowing from the east or north-east, and at 2 P.M. the privateer was coming up fast astern under studding-sails. Captain Norway, having ordered the Lady Mary Pelham to take up a position ahead of the Montagu on the starboard bow and within hail, hoisted his colours, and the crews of both Packets gave three cheers. At 2.50 P.M. the Montagu opened fire with her stern chaser (a long 9-pounder), to which the privateer replied with her bow guns. Little damage was done by this fire, and the enemy, continuing to come up quickly with the Montagu, was upon her starboard quarter shortly after three o'clock.

A close engagement ensued at very short distance. It had not lasted long when the jibboom of the privateer ran into the Montagu's main rigging, and a party of twenty boarders came swarming out along it. A desperate struggle followed, and the schooner having brought an 18-pounder swivel to bear, sent repeated charges of grape and chain-shot among the Falmouth men. A great number of the Cornishmen were hit. Captain Norway was wounded severely in the leg, but refused to go below, though the enemy were by this time retreating, and the Packetsmen were driving them back along the mainboom by which they had come. At this moment, by some wrench of the vessels, the mainboom was unshipped, and ten of the retreating privateersmen fell into the sea. The rest were either killed or piked overboard. Not one regained the privateer.

The affair lasted only a few minutes, but the success was dearly bought. Just as the fight ended Captain Norway was struck in the body by a chain-shot, which cut him almost in two. Mr. Ure, the surgeon, a native of Glasgow, who saw the captain stagger, ran up to catch him, but as he received the body in his arms, his own head was shattered by a round shot, and the two men fell to the deck together. Two seamen were killed in this sharp encounter and four wounded.

When the captain fell, the command devolved on Mr. Watkins, the master. The privateer did not disengage herself on the failure of her assault, but sheered over on the larboard quarter of the Montagu, and prepared to board again in overwhelming numbers. The musketry fire from her tops was very galling, and to this the Montagu could make no effective reply, having no hands to spare for musket-practice. Indeed, her few men were dropping fast. Mr. Watkins's left hand was shattered by a ball, and almost immediately afterwards he was shot through the body, and carried below, incapable of giving any further orders. The mate and the carpenter were both severely wounded, and the gunner had to be summoned from below to take command of the ship, Mr. Watkins calling out as he was carried below, a last order,—"Fight the ship as long as you can stand."

When the gunner reached the deck he found the colours shot away, and at once re-hoisted them. The pendant remained flying throughout the action. Seeing nearly half the crew killed or disabled, and the Americans preparing to board in great numbers, he judged it prudent to sink the mail. This was scarcely done before the enemy were upon them once more. There was another wild scuffle. Four only of the enemy set foot on the decks of the Montagu. One was killed as he touched them; two, one of whom was the first-lieutenant of the privateer, were made prisoners. The fourth was recognised as a Packetsman who had deserted at New York, and for such as he there was no quarter. In this fight the cook was killed, and the total number of casualties brought up to eighteen, out of a complement of thirty-two.

It is now necessary to turn to the Lady Mary Pelham, which vessel, it will be remembered, had been ordered by Captain Norway (as senior commander) to take up her station ahead of the Montagu on the starboard bow. From this position an easy manœuvre would have laid her also alongside the privateer.

At this crisis, however, the incompetence of her commander began to manifest itself. His orders betrayed so absolute an ignorance of the management of a ship in action that, after some precious minutes had been wasted, Mr. Carter and Mr. Pocock, the master and mate, jointly represented to him the propriety of deputing his command to Mr. Carter. They understood that he had accepted this proposal, but at the moment when the seamanship of Mr. Carter was about to repair the follies of the commander, the helm was suddenly shifted, and the Lady Mary Pelham stood away from the fight.

Mr. Carter's first thought was that this was a piece of cowardice on the part of the steersman, and knowing only one punishment for such an action in presence of the enemy he ran towards him, drawing his pistol, when the man cried out, "Don't kill me, sir; it was the captain's order."

The proper position of the ship could not be regained until all the fighting was over. Then, when the danger was practically past, the Lady Mary Pelham intervened and maintained a cannonade for some time. The privateer was too much damaged to wish to face a fresh combatant, and sheered off soon after four o'clock, having never brought the Lady Mary Pelham to close action nor inflicted on her any but trifling damage. The acting-commander received a ball through his thigh, and one seaman was slightly hurt.

The circumstances of this action were of course very closely investigated, and a controversy arose out of them which was carried on with extraordinary rancour, and was eventually taken to the House of Commons itself. The acting-commander of the Lady Mary Pelham claimed to have acted with notable courage and discretion; but this claim was consistently rejected by the Postmaster-General and by the Lords of the Treasury whose adverse opinion remained unshaken, and was expressed with considerable plainness. Upon Captain Norway's conduct the official verdict was to the effect that "his reputation stands too high to be assailed by anything that the partisans of Mr. —— can say."

We may leave the Packet captains at this point. The actions of 1814 and 1815 were no less glorious than those already described, and have been equally neglected. But the same observation could be made of the fights of earlier years, and they cannot all be mentioned in this place.

They were no child's play, the actions of these hardy Falmouth men, and history has no excuse for passing them by. They were fought by small numbers of our sailors, but usually against great numbers of the enemy. They were not sought by the Packet officers, but when inevitable, were undertaken with no less high a spirit than if the enemy had been hunted from coast to coast till he turned to bay at last. They were in every way glorious to this country; and if this article should draw attention to the strange oblivion which has fallen on them, it will have achieved the writer's purpose.

# MR. SECRETARY THURLOE.

A LITTLE to the south of the great gateway of Lincoln's Inn Buildings, facing Chancery Lane, may be seen one of those tablets for which we have to thank the Society of Arts, bearing in this instance the following inscription: "*John Thurloe, Secretary of State to Cromwell, lived here during his tenure of office* 1647–59." The Society of Lincoln's Inn has no part in this memorial. Formerly one of the stones in the crypt of the chapel bore another inscription, now long since ground out by thousands of careless heels: "*Here lyeth the body of John Thurloe, Esq., Secretary of State to the Protector Oliver Cromwell, and a member of this Honourable Society. He died Feb.* 21, 1667."[1]

Lincoln's Inn has forgotten John Thurloe. Who was he? Cromwell's greatest confidant, answer M. Guizot and others, and say no more. "One of the expertest secretaries, in the real meaning of the word secretary, any State or working King could have," is Carlyle's verdict. Private secretaries, unless they be Edmund Burkes, must expect to be merged in the personality of their chiefs; but to have been the most trusted adviser of Oliver Cromwell and chief of John Milton and Andrew Marvell, these are not quite small things. It may be worth while to learn something of such a man; more especially when we have for material the complete records of his office in the seven folio volumes known as Thurloe's State-Papers.

John Thurloe, son of the Rev. Thomas Thurloe, Rector of Abbot's Roding in Essex, was born about the middle of the year 1616. We hear of him first as "servant" to Mr. Oliver St. John, the well-known St. John of the Long Parliament who became Chief Justice under the Protector. As we learn that St. John educated Thurloe, we may picture to ourselves the Essex squire and rising lawyer (for such was St. John) selecting the most promising of the parson's large family for his clerk. This brought him in the year 1644 to his first State employment, as secretary to the Parliamentary Commissioners (of whom his patron was one) in the fruitless negotiations with the King's party at Uxbridge. In 1647 he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn, and in the following year made Clerk of the Cursitor's fines under the Commissioners of the Great Seal, a place worth £350 a year. In 1650 he was appointed an officer of the treasury of the Company of Adventurers for draining the fens; and as Cromwell himself was one of the Company, it is probable that the two men met for the first time over its business. In March 1651, however, Walter Strickland and Oliver St. John were sent over to Holland to negotiate a treaty with the Dutch, and took Thurloe with them for their secretary. Here he learned something of Holland and of diplomacy, though probably not much; for the negotiation broke down and the grand scheme which was to unite England and Holland in a single Republic finally issued in the Navigation Act and the Dutch War. On his return from Holland Thurloe, always in St. John's service, seems to have been employed by him as steward of his property, from which business he was suddenly taken away by his appointment, in April 1652, to be Secretary of the Council of State. How he obtained the post we have no clue; but we possess St. John's letter to him on the occasion, which throws rather a pleasant light on the relations of the "dark-lanthorn man" to his former servant. He writes from Dalkeith, being employed there at the head of the Commission engaged to settle the union with Scotland.

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[1] Old style; March 3rd, 1668, new style.

> 13 *April*, 1652.
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> Mr. Thurloe,—I hear from Sir Henry Vane and others of your election into Mr. Frost's place [Secretary to the Council of State]. God forbid I should in the least repine at any of his works of providence, much more at those relating to your own good and the good of many. No! I bless Him. As soon as I heard the news in what concerned you I rejoiced in it upon these grounds. No! Go on and prosper: let not your hands faint: wait upon him in his ways, and he that called you will cause his presence and blessing to go along with you. And if I were otherwise minded might I not fear a curse upon what concerns myself in seeking my own good above the good of many.—Your assured friend, Ol. St. John.

A few years later St. John was to address him as *Sir*, and sign himself *your affectionate servant*, but Thurloe never destroyed this letter. We can understand the reason.

So at the age of thirty-six Thurloe was fairly installed at Whitehall; as yet only the clerk of a council, not the right hand man of an absolute Governor, but already busy enough. The times were critical both at home and abroad. In the narrow seas the Dutch and English fleets were bickering with each other, exchanging first broadsides and then apologies, throughout the months of May and June, till the final declaration of war in July. At home the Rump Parliament, lulled into security by the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, modestly proposed to perpetuate itself in power, and accordingly found itself dismissed by Oliver Cromwell and a file of musketeers on the famous 20th of April 1653. The Old Council of State was then dissolved, and a new one constituted with the Lord General Cromwell at its head, the first of many such changes to be witnessed by the Secretary. Then in July the Barebones Parliament brought more new faces to Whitehall, notably those of Henry Cromwell and William Lockhart, with both of whom Thurloe was to have much business, immense correspondence, and, with Henry in particular, close and intimate friendship.

Yet another member of that Parliament was Thurloe to know well, namely George Monk, who was now at sea fighting against the Dutch. By virtue of his office Thurloe was in charge of the secret information of the State, and was already building up the system of intelligence which made Cromwell's secret service so famous in later days. The information which he gathered as to Tromp's fleet, its strength, equipment, and movements, is very full and accurate. Copies of Tromp's own despatches, blunt and straightforward even when reporting defeat, found their way, by what means we can guess, to the office at Whitehall, and were doubtless valued at their true rate. Even with these advantages, however, seven furious actions and the death of Tromp himself alone sufficed to bring the Dutch to their knees. Then Thurloe's energies were turned from the military into the diplomatic channel. In June 1654 four envoys, representing different parties and bitterly at variance with each other, were despatched from the United Provinces to treat for peace. Thurloe obtained copies of every despatch which they wrote and received, and thus possessed himself of their opinions of their mission and of each other,—nay, sometimes of their opinions when drunk as well as when sober—which simplified the business of negotiation not a little.

But the palmiest days of Thurloe's office were not yet, though now close at hand. On the 11th of December 1653 the Barebones Parliament declared that its further existence would not be for the good of the Commonwealth; on the 15th Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector, and the Council was reconstituted for the fourth time since Thurloe's appointment as secretary. In a word, the fact was recognised that there was at that time but one means whereby England could be governed; namely by setting at the head of affairs the man who had drilled the victorious party in the Civil War and led it through that war to some semblance of peace. It is the fashion to curse Cromwell's rule for a military despotism, instead of blessing it for having been at any rate a government. It is too often forgotten that the Protectorate was simply a provisional government struggling honestly and unceasingly to find a permanent basis. "Truly," said Cromwell himself, "I have as before God often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what was the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish." The disturbers of Cromwell's parish fell roughly into two divisions: those who sought to bring about the reign of Christ on earth; and those who wished to restore the reign of Charles Stuart in England. In the former class may be reckoned the Anabaptists, Quakers, Levellers, Fifth Monarchy men, and all the visionary, fanatical, self-seeking mass which had for the moment been welded together by the pressure of the struggle against Royalty. The second category, the Royalists, stood in a different position. Their peculiar source of strength was that they knew exactly what they wanted, and laboured not for an impossible ideal, but for a simple return to an old order. Being the group strongest in numbers and directness of purpose they became the general rallying-point of anti-Cromwellism; the nucleus to which all discontent attached itself with or without consistency. For if the millennium does not follow one Reform Bill it is bound to follow the next; and if the defeat of Charles failed to bring it to pass, the defeat of Cromwell could not fail to assure it. There was therefore but one way in which Cromwell could govern England; by keeping his foot firmly on the Royalist, and by checking sporadic irreconcilability gently or firmly as occasion demanded.

Clearly then Cromwell's first requisite was an efficient police. To nip rebellion in the bud, good intelligence, that is to say vigilance personal and vicarious, is everything; and the chief of Cromwell's intelligence department was John Thurloe. He was now Secretary of State in a different sense; for the State was Cromwell, and we find that in virtue of his secret intelligence he was not only Home Secretary, Foreign Secretary, Colonial Secretary and War Secretary, but Cromwell's right hand man. He was further a member of the Council of State, being a man whose advice was worth having; a member of three Protectorate Parliaments, acting as mouthpiece of the Government when required; and lastly, general composer of differences and easer of friction in the public service at large.

Thurloe's first duty was of course to keep the Protector in supremacy, and therein the first consideration was to keep him alive; no very easy matter when we contemplate the interminable series of plots, conspiracies, and insurrections that were eternally hatching against him. We have not space to enumerate those that were frustrated even in the first year of the Protectorate, much less for an exhaustive list. Suffice it that the unravelling of these plots was one great business of Thurloe's life; and a task conducted with such skill as to shed a halo of romance around Cromwell's secret service. Burnet's history contains a deal of gossip about it, which however we prefer to set aside in favour of the solid information in the State-Papers.

One means of intelligence which is particularly prominent in the Papers is the interception of letters. Thurloe in August, 1655, added the office of Postmaster General to his other functions, chiefly no doubt to obtain control of the postmasters and the mails. The position and duties of the postmasters gave them special opportunities for observing anything dark or suspicious that might be going forward; and of these opportunities they were specially enjoined to avail themselves to the utmost, reporting in all cases to Thurloe himself. The mass of letters thus or otherwise intercepted is enormous, and of astonishing variety; but the interest thereof is dead, so we must pass them by with the remark that Thurloe intercepted at least fifty of Hyde's or of the King's letters, for one that Hyde intercepted of Thurloe's. We turn therefore to another matter within the scope of police, namely seditious meetings, to all of which Thurloe sent his own reporters. One specimen of their reports we must give for its interest in exemplifying the persistence of a certain type of mountebank-martyr in these British Islands. This following fragment is from a speech delivered by Mr. Feak, the Anabaptist, on Monday, January 5th, 1656–7. "He (Feak) began to intimate that possibly there might be some court spies, some miserable intelligencer or intelligencers who came to take notes . . . . he told among other things the story of his arrest, all the circumstances of which he did set out in a very pathetical way of speaking to move his audience to compassion, in the same manner as he represented all the other particulars and passages of his suffering in a very enlarged and ample oration. . . . . I am almost weary of repeating this kind of stuff," concludes the unhappy reporter. "This is all I could collect [five huge folio pages] being far from candle-light, and my shoulders laden with a crowd of women riding upon the tops of the seats, so that this is but the fortieth part of what he rambled over."

Of other reports, sworn statements and the like, the number is endless; but none have any biographical interest except a letter from Oliver St. John, of all persons, invoking Thurloe's assistance for the arrest of his son. This son William, it appears, was rather an unsteady young man, had run away from home, and could not be found; so Chief Justice St. John, anticipating the methods of the elder Mirabeau, applied to Thurloe for *lettres de cachet*. Needless to say Thurloe soon restored the erring William to his father, who like a true Englishman decided that a ne'er-do-weel would be better in the Colonies than in England, and despatched him to the West Indies. Thurloe evidently took pains, for St. John's sake, about the young man, for he caused reports of his behaviour to be sent home to himself. These were not very satisfactory. "Mr. Will. St. John behaves himself very civilly, but is not willing to undertake any employment," wrote one correspondent from Jamaica. "He stands in need of money and hath had some of me." Who could wish it to be otherwise? We have met so many men of Mr. Will. St. John's stamp in the Colonies that our heart quite warms towards him.

Let us now pass to a more complicated matter. Cromwell, according to Pepys, allowed £70,000 a year for intelligence, and thereby carried the secrets of all Europe at his girdle; and whatever the price paid, the main statement of Pepys is true. It was the rule in Thurloe's department to pay high for good intelligence rather than pay a little for bad. "Concerning a good correspondent at Rome," writes Thurloe's agent at Leghorn, "I doubt not to effect it to content when I shall know your resolution what you intend to spend therein. These people cannot be gained but by money, but for money they will do anything, adventure body and soul too. . . . Such intelligence must be procured from a Monsignor, a secretary, or a Cardinal. . . . I should say £1,000 a year were well spent, with £500 pension and now and then £100 gratuity." The court of the exiled King was the place where Thurloe's agents were busiest, and it is astonishing to find what men were in his pay. One at least of Charles's most intimate circle was permanently engaged. The first of these, one

Manning, was unfortunately for him detected by Hyde and shot. A second, Sir Richard Willis, fell into Thurloe's hands first as a prisoner, arrested for complicity in a plot against Cromwell. He was released on accepting service under Thurloe, and was employed as a spy up to the very eve of the Restoration, without provoking the slightest suspicion from Charles or Hyde. A third, Colonel Bamfield, had been a "flaming Presbyterian Royalist," and had been trusted with the duty of smuggling the Duke of York out of England; but he was in Thurloe's pay even before the establishment of the Protectorate. Bamfield was rather a slippery creature, and required to be carefully watched; but he stood in particular awe of Thurloe, who kept him in great order and employed him to the very last. In fact Royalist officers, no doubt through the pressure of impecuniosity, seem to have been obtainable for spy's work without the least difficulty. Lord Broghill found one agent for Thurloe in the person of one Colonel Blackadder (*Plackater* Broghill spells him phonetically) who had fought for the King all through the war in Scotland, and had lost an arm in his service. Broghill intimates that he has no doubt as to the reception of Blackadder by Charles; and Thurloe finally sent him abroad under an act of banishment to make him the more acceptable.

For other services "an ingenious priest or Jesuit" was preferred, especially in Catholic countries, but any "suitable active Papist" was gladly welcomed. No possible advantages of kinship, or sentiment, or religion were overlooked in the search for intelligencers. Sir James Macdonnell, "head of that Clan and name in Scotland," was prevailed upon to use ties of clanship in order to obtain intelligence from two kinsmen serving with the Spanish armies. "He said," writes Lord Broghill, "that nothing in the world would induce them to be intelligencers to *me*, but they should be *his* intelligencers, and whatever they sent him he would forthwith despatch to me. . . . He would prevail with them not to remove their families, both as better hostages to their faithful dealing, and better spurs to their diligence."

The command of such a secret service gave Thurloe a knowledge of foreign affairs which was probably unequalled in Europe. His agents were scattered all over the Continent, and he himself held all the ends of the strings at home. The best proof of its efficiency is the fact that all conspiracies whether for assassination or insurrection at home, or invasion from abroad, were timefully and decisively crushed. The "vigilancy of Thurloe" passed almost into a proverb, for it seemed as though nothing could be kept from him. He himself however appears to have treated this portion of his duties in the most matter of fact fashion. "I shall in the story that I am to tell go back no further than winter was twelvemonth," he says casually, in reporting the discovery of one serious conspiracy to Parliament. "These many months," he writes respecting another plot, "I have known the agents dispersed up and down for the purpose and some of the chief persons they depend upon for their enterprise, and some of the places they intend to begin at. . . . I have now made the designs of invasion and insurrection as evident and demonstrable as if they [the conspirators] had done both." Nevertheless the strain of work and anxiety must have been appalling; and it is significant to note that the suppression of a conspiracy is almost invariably followed by a temporary breakdown of Thurloe's health. Being an Essex man he was subject to fever and ague, which seems to have seized him after all periods of extraordinary pressure of work. That he had his reward in the gratitude of Cromwell we cannot doubt; but he received, so far as we know, no public recognition of his services in this department excepting on one occasion a vote of thanks from the House of Commons. It is worth while therefore to record a short spontaneous outburst of admiration from young Henry Cromwell. "Really," he wrote, "it is a wonder you can pick as many locks leading into the hearts of wicked men as you do; and it is a mercy, we ought to own, that God has made your labours therein so successful." There was also this discouragement to his efforts, that Cromwell treated the offenders in these plots for the most part with great lenience, until at the last he began to lose patience, and was severe to the Royalists, "judging it very unreasonable," to use Thurloe's own words, "that we should be alarmed once every year with invasions or insurrections by them."

It may be thought that this business of detection might have sufficed as work for one man; but it was only a portion of Thurloe's task. All the threads of diplomatic business were held by his hand, and diplomacy was active in the years of the Protectorate as of every provisional government. Negotiations with Holland, with Spain (until the war), with France, with Denmark, with Sweden, to say nothing of smaller matters, kept his agents and himself continually busy, particularly when men like Mazarin were to be dealt with. Unceasing vigilance was his motto in this as in other matters. Nor was he less active in the matter of military intelligence; indeed he was never more exacting towards his agents than in this province, rating them soundly for omissions, and plainly showing by his directions that he was as much a master of their business as of his own. Perhaps his greatest triumph was the interception of the Spanish plate-fleet at Teneriffe by Blake in April, 1657. That fleet was watched, partly by good luck and partly by good management, from as far back as the previous November. The first clue as to its destination was furnished by a volunteer intelligencer from Jamaica. The agents at Leghorn and Madrid, with their subordinates at the various ports, verified it by questioning every skipper who came into port from across the Atlantic; and the result was that Blake was at Santa Cruz at the right moment.

It is not difficult to conceive how one who held so many strands of administration should grow to be recognised not only as the best medium of communication with the Protector, but also as the chief working-man of the Government. No one who has had to do with government offices is ignorant that there is generally one man (he may be the highest or the lowest) in every department who alone is worth approaching for the transaction of business. Such a man was Thurloe in the days of the Protectorate. Everyone seems to have applied to him, whatever their business; even if it were a divine who desired advice as to the public baptism of a Turkish convert, or a sea-captain who wished for rules as to the precedence of the British and French flags when the fleets sailed in company, or an ambassador's wife who sought for an enlargement of her husband's suite. For Thurloe seems to have been one of those men, so invaluable in keeping any service together, who is everybody's friend. Officers on foreign service never hesitated to trouble him about their private affairs; and Thurloe, so far as can be judged from the test of a few cases out of many, never failed to give help where he could. So rising a man as William Lockhart, when proceeding on his first diplomatic mission to the French court, could write and beg Thurloe not to call him "your Excellency," for that he really "owned him as his master and reverenced him as his father." When we remember that all official salaries were in arrear in those days we can better understand how invaluable such a man as Thurloe must have been to the public service.

And this consideration leads us to the most interesting passage of Thurloe's life, to his relations with Cromwell's son Henry. Beyond Whitehall there were two men on whose shoulders the burden of government principally lay, George Monk in Scotland and Henry Cromwell in Ireland. Both of these Thurloe kept carefully informed of all current news, holding them in touch with Whitehall by admitting them, though at a distance, to its councils. But Henry Cromwell was to Thurloe not merely a fellow-official, but a pupil of high promise from whom great things were expected. At the outset Henry's career was purely military. He had entered the army at sixteen, become a captain at twenty, and at twenty-two was a colonel fighting in Ireland under his father. Early in 1654 he was entered at Gray's Inn; but was almost immediately despatched to Ireland to report on affairs in general. After a short stay he returned to England, but in the following year was sent over once more to supersede Fleetwood, at first with the title of Major-General only, but latterly with the title as well as the office of Lord Deputy. From the day of his arrival at Dublin until the fall of Richard Cromwell, Henry and Thurloe maintained a regular correspondence, which is among the most interesting of all the records of the Protectorate.

Ireland, when Henry took over the administration, was quiet enough so far as open rebellion was concerned; but, as in England, there were mutinous and discontented spirits in the army, and indeed in the Council of Government itself, the worst of them being John Hewson, afterwards known as the "lucky shoemaker" of Cromwell's House of Lords. Hewson, and other veterans of the Civil War, by no means approved of the substitution of Henry for Fleetwood. The latter was a weak, vacillating creature, not over loyal to the Protector, an old comrade of theirs and easily moulded to their will. Henry was imperious, zealous, and capable, devoted to his father, highly impatient of obstruction or delay, and barely eight-and-twenty. The consequence was that before he had been in Ireland a month he was in violent battle with some of his Council, who, having failed in an endeavour to retain Fleetwood, were trying every means, honest or dishonest, to undermine Henry's authority. The mischief was serious, for the spirit of insubordination spread at once. A meeting of disaffected officers at Wexford, "put it to the question whether the present Government were according to the word of God, and carried it in the negative." Henry, a quick-tempered man, was furious, and vented his feelings in indignant letters to Thurloe, complaining at great length of the treatment which he had received and inveighing vehemently against the disloyalty of Hewson and all other Anabaptists. It is pleasant to see with what tact Thurloe smoothes down Henry's ruffled feathers. Of course, he says, these men have behaved very badly to you; and we know it as well as you, "and therefore I hope neither your Lordship nor any sober man will be troubled with these things . . . . hard sayings, yea, reproaches and worse is the portion of the best men in these uncertain and giddy times, and you must not think to go shot-free; only let me entreat you not to be jealous that you are the least misunderstood by your friends here." This was Henry's first lesson in the art of governing men. He took it in good part, called his irreconcilables together, assured them gently that he meant to be master, and dismissed them with the kiss of peace. "But," he wrote to Thurloe with the delightful confidence of eight-and-twenty, "I do not think that God has given them a spirit of government."

Then for a few months the insubordinate spirits in Ireland were quiet; but by the summer of 1656 the trouble had begun again, and this time Henry not only sent long letters of complaint but asked permission to resign, all in an extremely injured and sulky tone. Once again Thurloe smoothed the ruffled plumes, and forced him gently back to his work. His difficulties, he admitted, had been and would be trouble enough: "But, my lord, it is not *your* portion alone. If opposition, reproaches, hard thoughts and speeches of all sorts would have made his Highness to have quitted his relation to the public, he had surely done it long since. And I persuade myself your lordship cannot be ignorant how he hath been exercised in this kind. Everybody can keep his place when all men applaud him, speak well of him. But not to faint in the day of adversity,—that is the matter. He that looks for more than his own integrity and sincerity at this time of day for his reward will be mistaken; and truly he that hath can look difficulties enough in the face."

These two brief extracts must suffice to show how delicately Thurloe could handle men. Henry, it is clear, was a remarkably able administrator; but he was extremely difficult to manage. He had all the selfishness that belongs to a masterful nature; he was desperately jealous of his father's good opinion, very suspicious even of his most trusted advisers, absolutely devoid of all sense of the ludicrous, and as a natural consequence almost morbidly sensitive. The disloyal factions in the Councils of State both at Whitehall and in Dublin were quite aware of his failings, and took constant advantage of them to excite friction between Henry and the central Government, by obstructing Irish business at Whitehall and spreading invidious reports. Their greatest feat in the latter kind, quite a stroke of genius in its way, was to compare Henry to Absalom who stole away the hearts of Israel from his father. Henry went frantic with rage, wrote violent letters abusing everybody and everything, sent in his resignation and demanded summary punishment of the author of the phrase. Thurloe in vain strove to show him the absurdity of such a course; but Henry only became more violent, and complained that his authority was never supported. Thurloe however would neither quarrel with him nor truckle to him. "You asked me what I think," he wrote in effect, "and I have told you; and I am sure you would not wish me to profess an opinion which I do not hold." And within a few weeks Henry discovers that Thurloe, without saying a word, has procured for him greater powers in his commission as Lord Deputy than he had ever hoped for. Straightway he overflows with gratitude: "For your care and industry, for your seasonable advice and prayers I owe you more thanks than I can now go about to express." But after a month or two Henry again becomes impatient with the attitude of Whitehall to Ireland, and writes to Thurloe not only with vehemence but with impertinence, ending finally with a note so extremely curt that he himself was frightened at it. "I have not heard this month from Mr. Secretary," he wrote to Lord Broghill. "I really wish if he be under any resentment I could tell which way to show my affection to him. Pray let me know as particularly as you can concerning him. He is a man of much worth, and has shown a particular affection for me." Thurloe was not offended, but broken down by ague and overwork; and then it seems to have occurred to Henry for the first time that Thurloe's tasks were even more difficult than his own. In its ordinary course the correspondence of the two men breathes the same tone; a rare loftiness of public spirit, a consciousness of almost insurmountable difficulties, with a firm resolution to stand up to them. From time to time Henry breaks down. He clamours for heroic remedies, or like Elijah throws himself on the ground. Then the unwearied Secretary, amid all the press of his own work, raises him up with, "Go, return." Your father, he says in effect, cannot break with all his old allies; we must do our best with things as we find them. Back to your work.

And thus the two men approached

the last desperate year of the Protectorate, with the sad knowledge that in spite of all efforts at conciliation the provisional government was no nearer to settlement into a permanent government than at its outset. From the beginning Henry had advocated a reversal of Cromwell's policy. He would have had him break with all the unmanageable sections, political and religious, which, though they had fought with him against Charles, were now conspiring in turn against him. "Does not your peace depend upon his Highness' life?" he wrote. "I say, beneath the immediate hand of God there is no other reason why we are not in blood at this day." Let the Protector then have done with false friends and the so-called old cause; let there be a new cause, the cause of Oliver Cromwell and peace in England, and let the Protector stand or fall by it. And this in fact Cromwell was inclined to do. "His Highness declares that henceforth he will take his own resolutions," says Thurloe; and it was time. That most significant symptom, hopeless disorder of the finances, was showing itself with terrible intensity, and rapidly hastening a crisis. But Cromwell's resolution was taken too late. In the same letter wherein he speaks of it, Thurloe mentions that the Protector is at Hampton Court as well for his own health as for that of his daughter Elizabeth Claypole. This was in July, 1658; on the 6th of August Elizabeth Claypole died, and a few days before her death Cromwell himself had sickened. By a strange irony the birth of the new policy was bound up with the death of the only man who could execute it.

From that day forward the letters follow close on each other, full of sad forebodings and sickening anxiety. One postscript brings us almost to the door of the sick-room. "His Highness is just now entering into his fit. I beseech the Lord to be favourable to him in it." The dying Protector was moved from Hampton Court to St. James's, and very soon it was seen that all hope of his recovery was vain. Then arose the question as to his successor. Cromwell had nominated one in a sealed letter addressed to Thurloe a year before, but had revealed the name to no one. Search was made for this letter, but it was never found, then or afterwards. There is a mystery hanging over this transaction, and over the succession of Richard which will never be cleared up. We have no space to enter into it here. Two things alone seem certain: that Thurloe was the only man who dared approach the dying Cromwell on the subject; and that he and others looked to see the succession fall on Henry rather than Richard. The matter was to no individual more important than to Thurloe, who was by the nature of the case bound to be the successor's chief adviser. Here is his account of the matter to Henry.

WHITEHALL.
(*Saturday*, 4 *September*, 1658.)

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I did by an express on Monday give your Excellency an account of his Highness' sickness and the danger he was in. Since then it hath pleased God to put an end to his days. He died yesterday about four of the clock in the afternoon. I am not able to speak or write. This stroke is so sore, so unexpected, the providence of God in it so stupendous, considering the person that is fallen, the time and season wherein God took him away with other circumstances, that I can do nothing but put my mouth in the dust and say, It is the Lord.

His Highness was pleased before his death to declare my Lord Richard successor. The Lord hath so ordered it that the Council and the Army hath received him with all manner of affection. He is this day proclaimed; and hitherto there seems a great face of peace. The Lord continue it.

So the end was come. Richard, not Henry, was Protector; and there was nothing for Thurloe but to serve Richard as faithfully as he had served his father, which he joyfully did.

Richard held one great trump card, Henry Cromwell and his army in Ireland; but the difficulty was to know when to play it. Henry begged to be allowed to resign, and come to England; but though anxious for his presence, Thurloe did not dare to let Ireland pass from his hands, and accordingly Henry, though much against his own will, remained in Dublin. The mutinous officers in England soon showed their hand by petitioning Richard, in effect, to resign all control of the army. Richard yielded so far as to give them Fleetwood for Major-General, but firmly declined to relinquish the supreme control; giving his reasons in a very temperate but firm and quite unanswerable speech, which was written for him by Thurloe. The officers then tried a different plan. They knew that their two most formidable rivals were Thurloe and Henry, and they concentrated their attacks against them. As it happened, Thurloe fell ill at this time and was unable to attend the Council, so that it was not difficult for them to decry him, upset his work, and sow dissension between him and Henry. Thus Thurloe, on his recovery, found that Henry's new commission as Lord Deputy of Ireland had been tampered with in Council, and that Henry was furious with him in consequence. This matter was soon put right; but other difficulties were not so easily adjusted. The officers gave him no rest. They invaded the sick man's chamber, and reproached him as he lay white and weak, "not able to put pen to paper without throwing himself down again in the bed." And all that the officers had to complain of was that Richard trusted him, and was led entirely by his advice. Thurloe wrote the story in weariness of mind and body to Henry, and offered Richard his resignation. But Richard, to his credit, would not accept it; he was at any rate a Cromwell. "Truly, my lord," wrote Thurloe, "his Highness hath carried himself very steadily and with honour hitherto in all these agitations; and I am persuaded is not afraid of men." Still the persecution of Thurloe continued, until he wrote to warn Henry that he might have to fly to him for protection. Henry on his side begged once more to be allowed to join his brother; but was told that neither he nor Ireland were safe, if separated.

The mutinous officers, finding themselves too weak to stand alone, coalesced with the malcontents and fanatics of all shades, and prepared then for more decided action. But first came the last memorial of the great Oliver, the public obsequies to his wax effigy. Everything passed off quietly "but alas! it was his funeral" wrote Thurloe pathetically, one of the few sincere mourners in the Abbey on that day. A week later the Council of State decided to call a Parliament, and every one became active; the Republicans, poor foolish mortals, "disputing what kind of Commonwealth they should have, taking for granted they may pick and choose." Thurloe was elected for three seats, Tewkesbury, Huntingdon, and the University of Cambridge, for the last through the influence of his old patron St. John, who was Chancellor of the University. Thurloe had no connection with Cambridge, but the University judged him to be *pulchre eligibilis*, and naturalised him by conferring on him the degree of Master of Arts, which, together with the seat, he gratefully accepted. He had evidently recovered his health and spirits by this time, for he wrote to Henry that he meant to stand up to his adversaries to the last.

The Parliament met on the 27th of January 1659, and settled down to obstruction at once; obstruction of the modern kind as any one who studies Burton's Diary may see. The worst offender was Sir Arthur Haselrigge, one of the five arrested heroes and never forgetful of the fact. The type of man is perennial. "My friends, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Pym, and Mr. Strode" (Holles omitted for good reasons)—"O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!" Haselrigge in this Parliament excelled himself with speeches of three hours and the like, wherein he had of course his peers, Thomas Scot, Luke Robinson, and Sir Henry Vane, and worse still his imitators among the rising generation. "Mr. [name not given] stood up and told a long story about Cain and Abel, and made a speech nobody knew to what purpose." So deliberate was the offence, so patent the intention, that it was openly said that the Dutch (who were behaving rather suspiciously just then) would gladly give the House £2,000 a day to waste time in this fashion. Hours of protracted debate were occupied by the important question whether or no Sergeant Waller could present a report to the House without "making his three legs," that is, three congees or bows. At last after five days of such trifling, Mr. Secretary Thurloe stood up, "very suddenly and abruptly," and said, quite in the Cromwellian manner, "You have spent some time about the forms of your House, it is now time to mind other things"; and therewith he proceeded to move the first reading of a bill for the recognition of Richard and of the government established under him. From that moment he seems to have acted as leader of the House of Commons in the modern sense, laying before it all questions and proposals of financial, domestic, and foreign policy. He appears to have spoken as little as possible; waiting as a rule till the chatter of debate had subsided, and then summing up the business before the House with great temper and judgment. Occasionally impatience forced him into a certain crudeness of utterance, as for instance, "You may make as advantageous a peace as you please with Spain, if you spoil it not by your discourse here." But for the most part he bided his time and carried his Bill of Recognition and other points with quiet pertinacity and address. Once only did he blaze out into extreme indignation, and then he had some excuse. A Royalist plotter, who had been exiled to Barbadoes and had made his escape, presented a petition to the House stating that Mr. Secretary had sold him into slavery for £100. All signs point to the probability that this was a carefully prepared scheme to obtain Thurloe's expulsion from the House; and it appears that things would have gone hard with him, in spite of his proved innocence, but for an accident. The subject of course gave great opportunity for high talk about the liberties of free-born Englishmen and so forth, which was taken advantage of to the utmost. But unfortunately in the middle of it, a certain Major-General Browne rose and gave a particular account of the long confinement, hardship, and suffering, which he, always a good Parliamentarian, had endured at the hands of the Long Parliament. After this nothing more was said about the liberties of free-born Englishmen, and Thurloe was left unharmed.

Nevertheless he did not deceive himself as to the doubtfulness of his prospects. "I am not wise enough," he wrote (April 13th, 1659) "to understand the present condition of affairs here. We spend much time in great matters and make little progress therein." The end was very near. The army once more (April 6th, 1659) came to the front with an address to Richard, setting forth its want of pay, the designs of its enemies and the danger therefrom to "the good old cause." Richard passed the petition to the House of Commons, which read and ignored it. Thereupon the army grew more pressing and called a meeting of officers for the 20th of April. The House, as a counterblast, on the 18th passed at one sitting and in a great hurry a vote to prohibit meetings of officers, and other votes to the same effect; and Richard ordered all officers to their regiments. There is evidence that Thurloe spent the night of the 19th of April in desperate negotiation with the leaders of the Republicans and of the soldiers; but to no purpose. The officers held their forbidden meeting; and General Disbrowe, Richard's uncle, informed him that if he did not dissolve Parliament the army would do it for him. On the 21st Richard called his advisers together and sought their counsel. The majority were for a dissolution; but Richard fought the point, according to one account, all night and until four o'clock next morning, with Thurloe alone at his back, maintaining that a dissolution would be his ruin and theirs. At last however Richard gave in, consented to dissolve Parliament, and therewith terminated his period of rule, probably with no great unwillingness. He seems to have been an indolent creature, but by no means a fool, nor, as Thurloe recognised, afraid of men. It required some courage to say openly to an assembly of his father's generals: "Here is Dick Ingoldsby who will neither preach nor pray, and yet I will trust him before ye all."

So Richard retired, and his brother-in-law Fleetwood, in the name of the army brought back the Rump of the Long Parliament to reign in his stead. Henry Cromwell resigned his command in Ireland also, taking occasion to write a letter to the Speaker so mercilessly biting in its sarcasm as to give great offence at Westminster. The fall of Richard of course carried with it the fall of Thurloe. A new Council of State was installed, and Thomas Scot, a noisy, incompetent windbag, succeeded him as secretary. It must have been at this time that Thurloe carried off his papers to Lincoln's Inn and hid them in the false ceiling in his chambers, where they remained undiscovered and unsuspected until the reign of William the Third.

He still retained the threads of secret intelligence, and flatly refused to give Scot the names of his intelligencers when asked for them, knowing well that betrayal would mean death to more than one. For the rest he seems to have borne himself as highly when overthrown as in power, commanding the admiration even of Hyde's agents. "This only I rejoice in," writes one, "that Secretary Thurloe dares boldly defy them, he having taken no man's money, invaded no man's privilege, nor abused his own authority, which is and merits to be great, the weight of all foreign and almost all domestic affairs lying on him." The fact was that his withdrawal threw much of the administrative machinery out of gear; and it is stated that he preserved his safety under the Rump mainly by granting occasional doles of information. His main principle remained unchanged, the exclusion of the Stuarts at any cost; so he employed himself, in alliance with his old chief St. John, in countermining Hyde's approaches to various men of influence in England. He was so successful that Hyde feared he should have to exclude him from the coming Act of Oblivion; while Hyde's emissaries frankly declared him, with St. John and Pierpoint, to be "beasts."

In February 1660, after the changes consequent on Monk's arrival in London, the wheel turned, and Thurloe found himself in office once more. Whereat a hum of delight ran through the ranks of the British agents abroad; "Our old chief has come back!" Thomas Scot had been a sad change from John Thurloe. Hyde was prodigiously annoyed. "I peeped," says one of Thurloe's ubiquitous intelligencers, "into a letter of Hyde's in which was this passage among many others: 'I am extremely sorry to hear that Thurloe is again like to get into employment, who knows so well the art of doing mischief, and who is I am afraid without any remorse for what he has done.'"

So Thurloe returned to his old work, intercepting Hyde's letters and checkmating him at point after point. But it was useless. Thurloe was aware from his intelligence, and not less from other indications, that the end was come. He wished, for instance, for a seat in the Convention Parliament, and wrote to a friend at Bridgnorth about seeking election there. The letter was returned with much grief and sorrow of heart. Time had been when the writer had so good an interest in Bridgnorth as to prevail for burgesses "unworthy to be named in the same day with Mr. Thurloe"; but those days were gone.

Clearly the game was up. A fortnight later, Hyde received "very frank overtures" from Thurloe, which seem to have puzzled him a good deal. Thurloe had outwitted him so often that Hyde looked at his letter with almost comical timidity. The next that we hear of Thurloe is the order for his arrest for high treason on the 15th of May 1660; and a further order six weeks later allowing him free liberty to pass to and from the Secretary of State's office. So Thurloe made his peace with the Stuarts, by what means we can only guess, and regained his liberty. Two papers on the foreign policy of the Protectorate mark the transfer of his work to his successor; but these contain only information, advice being studiously excluded. It is said that the new King pressed him hard to take employment in his service, but without success. He had served a master (he said) whose rule was to seek out men for places not places for men, a phrase which has not the ring of genuineness and was probably never uttered by him. His last interference, characteristically enough, was a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons in favour of his old master, St. John: "The truth is that my Lord St. John was so far from being a confidant of his [Cromwell's] that those who loved and valued him had something to do to preserve him under that government,"—a curious light on the lasting attachment of the former servant to his first master.

He retired, we are told, to his seat at Great Milton in Oxfordshire, coming up to his chambers at Lincoln's Inn during term-time. Nevertheless he lost heavily by the Restoration, having to forfeit a new house which he had built on lands granted him from the confiscated estate of the see of Ely. It is pathetic to read that he had built it on the model of St. John's seat at Long Thorp, probably enough to realise some boyish ambition that he, the poor parson's son, would one day live in a house like the squire's. We may therefore picture him as still somewhat of a celebrity at Lincoln's Inn in the early days of the Restoration. Very strange his thoughts must have been as he watched the Irreconcilables meeting their inevitable fate. Perhaps with Evelyn he saw the quarters of Thomas Scot, "mangled, cut, and reeking," borne in baskets along the Strand; perhaps with Pepys he saw Harrison on the scaffold at Tower Hill. Henry Vane and Arthur Haselrigge, the high-spirited gentlemen, Okey and Overton, good soldiers both, met with the same fate as Venner the rebellious wine-cooper. These and many others had plotted against the Protector, and he had spared them,—for this! Thurloe lived to see Dunkirk sold to the French, Dunkirk which had cost him such mountains of work, had brought such glory to the Red-Coats and such joy to the Lord Protector, sold, so folks said and believed, to satisfy the rapacity of the King's concubines. He lived to see London depopulated by the plague of 1665 and desolated by the fire of 1666; and, worst of all, he lived to hear the roar of the Dutch guns in the Medway in 1667. Fate spared him little. He died suddenly on the 21st of February 1667-8 in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn and lies somewhere in the crypt of Lincoln's Inn Chapel. He was one of the most remarkable figures of a great period; *and no man knoweth his sepulchre to this day.*

# THE WITCH OF YELL.

The Witch sat placidly sewing in her doorway when I saw her first, looking like nothing in the world but a sonsie Zetlander of some forty odd years, with a fresh colour and a thick coil of raven-black hair half hidden by her headgear, a bright blue handkerchief spotted with white. I gave her good-morning, and asked her if she would give me a glass of water and a bannock of oat-cake, as I had been walking for some hours and was both hungry and thirsty.

"And welcome," she said with the pretty Shetland courtesy, "if you be from Ireland, mistress."

"I am Irish," I said; "but wouldn't you give an oat-cake to an Englishwoman, my friend? No?" as she shook her head resolutely. "And how is that?"

"No food of my baking will pass Scots or Southron lips," she said harshly. "Sit ye down," pointing to her own stool; "ye're fair tired out, mistress."

I laughed faintly as I accepted the seat. "I have been trying to walk away from myself," I said; "and though I've tramped through a whole forenoon, I haven't done it yet."

"Ah!" she said smiling a little, only with her lips, for her eyes kept their steady sadness. "It's a far way you have to go, mistress; and you must walk by night 'stead o' day. You're married," glancing down at my ungloved hands. "Have ye ever born a child?" I looked down at my black dress and nodded silently. The woman drew in her breath sharply as if she were hurt at heart. "Ay," she said, "so have I; and lost it too. Poor lass!" and to my intense astonishment she stooped and kissed me once and again. "How old was he?" she went on gravely, taking no heed of the wonder in my face. "Mine was a man grown, but yours must ha' been but a bairn; ye have the look of a bairn yourself."

"Have I?" I said with a dreary laugh. "An old bairn, I'm afraid. My boy was seven years old."

"Ay; and your man's alive? Do I know your man? And what for does he let you come here to dree your weird alone?"

"My man knows it's the kindest thing he could do," I said. "And I think perhaps you know him," I added a little proudly. "Nearly every one in the islands knows Hector MacKenneth."

"Ay do they; he's a man!" the Witch said emphatically, as she came out of the cottage with a plate of bannocks and a big cup of milk. "And there's never a soul in the islands but he has done a kind turn or spoken a kind word to,—even to me."

"Why 'even to you'?" I asked. "My husband has a great respect for you; he told me you were the wisest woman in the islands, Lief."

"Did he, now? And I his brother's wife!" the Witch said musingly.

I started. "Whose wife? Not Ronald MacKenneth's, Ronald that died in England?"

"That same Ronald," she said quietly. "He died in the South, I know, and some Southron brought the news to MacKenneth himself. But he lies buried away in the South, I heard say. Do ye know where, Mistress MacKenneth?"

"No; I wish I could tell you, poor soul," I said, pitifully. "I wish I could help you."

"My bonny Ronald," she said, looking out to the blue tumbling waves of the Sound, her eyes grave and sad and her voice very low. "It's little ye thought of me, but on the day we were handfasted and the day ye lay a-dying." Then she bent down a little and looked sharply into my face.

"Did ever any one in the islands say to ye that we two were not man and wife? Did ever MacKenneth himself?"

"Never MacKenneth," I said honestly.

"Others have, though," she looked sharply at me again; then caught my hand in hers, and dragged me up from my seat. "Come wi' me, you wife of the MacKenneth, and I'll show you what handfasting means to a woman."

I drew my cloak round me with my free hand, and we went slowly together over the scattered rocks and sand, and down a little grassy slope, till we stood in front of an upright stone with a round hole in its centre.

"There," said the Witch, still holding my hand fast in hers, "there's where we were married, my man and I. See ye here, Eleanor MacKenneth, do you love *your* man, or liked ye your first lad best?"

I cried in my heart to the dead-and-gone Oscar to forgive me, and then I looked the woman fairly in the eyes, and answered her: "I love MacKenneth best."

"Where were ye married? In kirk, of course?"

"In kirk, yes. We were married in a London church," I said, "the church of St. Stephen."

"Kirk-Stephen, ay? Well, this is Kirk-Odin, where thousands have been made man and wife in their day. Go you nearer to the stone, wife of MacKenneth, and you shall be married there too, if you're no' afraid!"

"Do I look afraid?" I said with a smile; and she smiled back at me.

"Put your hand—closed, so—through the hole in the stone." I obeyed with some difficulty, for the hole was unevenly cut, and its edges were jagged. "Now," said the Witch, "open your hand, and hold it so, and now say after me—"

I hesitated a moment, and then repeated after her. "In the name of the One-Eyed, the name of Odin, I hold thee and have thee through this life, and that life, and all lives to follow. I call thee and keep thee, my hand for the witness, my lips for thy kissing, my strength for thy weakness, my tears for thy sorrow, my breast for thy head when thou boune thee to sleeping, my life for thy calling—" Then she stopped and looked vaguely at me and beyond me, and I finished the oath with words that rose in my mind though I had never heard them before: "My life for thy calling, my death for thy living. Hear, Thor, and hear, Odin, and Hector MacKenneth." Then I drew my hand out from the hole, and turned to the Witch; but the next minute I saw that her thoughts were not with me or with this material world at all, and I went softly away, leaving her standing with her back to the sea and her eyes fixed on the great stone, listening, listening intently and vainly with her hand against her ear.

So I saw her the next time I passed her neat cottage. She had been gathering some herbs, and now she stood listening again, with the herbs held tightly to her breast. This time I stopped to speak to her. "Lief MacKenneth," I said quietly, "are you not going to give your sister the morn's greeting?"

She gave me a quick, wild, wondering look, and her eyes filled with sudden sunshine. "God bless you for the MacKenneth," she said earnestly, "and for the sisterhood. But you must not stop with me to-day."

"Why?" I said. "We are not going to have a storm, Lief."

"Are we no?" she laughed. "Woman dear, you're no Zetlander. There'll be a storm on us inside of an hour, and a black wind strong enough to blow the heart out o' your breast, or—"

"Or the dead out of their graves," I said with meaning, and her face lighted up again.

"Maybe," she muttered, "maybe. Now go home, you wife of MacKenneth, and dream o' your man, and the bairns to be. Oh, ay," as I drew back flushing hotly. "I'm not a witch for nothing, and I can see their shadows round you, Eleanor MacKenneth, two, three, and four. Now,"—she turned and caught my hands in hers and kissed me on lips and cheek and forehead with eager close kisses. "There now, go home, Eleanor woman, and shut the storm out. When do you go to your own home,—soon?"

"Next week," I answered. "I told Hector to expect me on Thursday."

"Ay; and a fine calm journey to you, dear heart. But I'll see you again. Go now, and good-bye, woman dear."

I heard very little of the storm that night, for I slept as soundly as a child; and when towards morning I began to dream, my dreams where pleasant enough, though they were all of Lief. The last dream of all was the one which made the deepest impression on me. It was of Lief again, but as I had never seen her. Young, and with a wonderful shy gladness in her eyes, she stood at the door of her cottage in the driving rain with her hands fast in the hands of a man with fair hair and bold blue eyes, a younger edition of my own husband. I saw them kiss each other, and then I woke.

"Ronald has come back to her," I said to myself as I rubbed my drowsy eyes; and somehow I was not in the least surprised or grieved when mine hostess came in later on in the morning to tell me that the storm had wrecked half a score of houses, and had blown the Witch's cabin out to sea. Nothing was ever heard of the Witch herself; but after a little while my husband and I had a pine-wood cross put up close to the Stone of Odin, and on it we wrote the two names, Lief and Ronald. And in the small church of Kirk-Harold, where Lief was christened, we put up a tablet *to the glory of God and in loving memory of Ronald MacKenneth and Lief his wife.*

# WILLIAM COTTON OSWELL.

(AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT RUGBY SCHOOL, ON JUNE 24TH, 1894.)

I HOPE you boys in this last decade of the century are as great hero-worshippers as we were in the fourth. Speech-day, 1834, was the first I was at, as I had come as a new boy in February of that year, just sixty years ago. It was held at Easter then, in the middle of the long half-year, which lasted for five months with only a break of three days. That year 1834 was a famous one for Rugby. At Oxford Arthur Stanley had got a Balliol, and at Cambridge Dean Vaughan a Trinity scholarship, while still sixth-form boys, and the reputation of the school was going up by leaps and bounds at the universities and in the country. But though we small boys were proud in a way of Stanley and Vaughan, of Clough and Burbidge, and other scholars and poets, we looked on them more as providential providers of extra half-holidays than with the enthusiasm of hero-worship. This we reserved for the kings of the Close, round whom clustered legends of personal encounters with drovers at the monthly cattle-fairs (which were then held in High Street, and came right up to the school gates, tempting curious yokels to trespass on the sacred precincts), or the navvies who were laying down the first line of the London and North-Western Railway, or the gamekeepers of a neighbouring squire with whom the school was in a state of open war over the right of fishing in the Avon.

I did not myself share this rather indiscriminate enthusiasm; for the kings of the Close were, as a rule, a rough and hard set of taskmasters, who fagged us for whole afternoons, and were much too ready with the cane. But for this very reason I had all the more to bestow on the one who, to my boyish imagination, stood out from the rest as Hector from the ruck of the Trojan princes; and this hero was William Cotton Oswell, whose portrait took its honoured place yesterday on the walls of our Rugby Valhalla. It was not from any personal knowledge of or contact with him, for we were at different boarding-houses and at opposite ends of the school; and I doubt whether he ever spoke to me in his life, though I often shared his kindly nod and smile when we met in the Close or quadrangle. It was the rare mixture of kindliness and gentleness with marvellous strength, activity, and fearlessness, which made him *facile princeps* among his contemporaries. I don't believe he ever struck a small boy here, or even spoke to one, in anger.

And so there was no drawback to the enthusiasm with which one watched him leading a charge at football, or bowling in a Big-Side match, or jumping two or three pegs higher on the gallows than any other boy. He cleared eighteen feet nine inches of water in Clifton brook, which means, as you know, at least twenty-one feet from take-off to landing. No doubt his good looks added to the fascination. You can see from the portrait what a noble face his must have been even in boyhood, and his figure was quite as striking. He stood six feet in his stockings when he left school at eighteen, but did not look his height from the perfection of his figure; broad in shoulder, thin in flank, and so well developed that he was called "the Muscleman." I must not dwell on that time, so will give you one instance only of his early prowess in athletics. I don't know what the record has been in late years, but in my time

Parr was the only man who was ever known to have thrown a cricket-ball a hundred yards both ways. No record was kept here, but this I saw Oswell do. From a group of boys at a wicket on Little-Side ground, as it then was, he threw a cricket-ball, over as I believe, or at any rate through, the great elms (which were then standing in a close row at right angles to the school buildings) into the Doctor's garden, for there it was picked up. Measure it how you will, that throw must have been considerably over a hundred yards.

He left a great blank in the school life in 1836. We heard he had gone to Haileybury for a year on his way to India, where he had got an appointment as writer. In those days there was no telegraph, no cheap post, no overland passage, and no penny papers to spread every scrap of news, true or false, over the whole kingdom. No one thought of a pleasure trip to India for a month or two in the winter to look up friends or young relations, for the voyage round the Cape even in the Company's finest ships took from three to four months. The two worlds were wide apart, and the young subaltern or civilian was lucky who managed to get a run home once in ten years. So a curtain fell between Oswell and his old schoolfellows, which was not lifted, for me at any rate, for more than a generation. Now and again, at long intervals, thinking over schooldays, his figure would rise up as attractive as ever, and I would wonder what had become of him, and that no heroic rumour of him had floated back from the other side of the world.

You may fancy, then, the shock of joy which I felt when the lift came at last. I, like every one else, had rushed to get Livingstone's first book on South Africa, and was deep in the second chapter, in which he details the drought at his station, the threats of the Boers, and the rumours of a lake and rivers and a rich country to the north that had determined him to attempt the crossing of the Kalahari desert which lay between, when I came on this passage: "I communicated my intention to an African traveller, Colonel Steele, and he made it known to another gentleman, a Mr. Oswell. He undertook to defray the entire expense of guides, and fully executed his generous intention." Surely, thought I, that must be "the Muscleman," or "handsome Oswell," as we used sometimes to call him; that's just what he would have done. I was not long in doubt; it was my boyhood's hero sure enough. "Oswell was one of Arnold's Rugby boys," Livingstone wrote; "one could see his training in always doing what was brave, and true, and right." Now let us see how it was that he managed to turn up in Africa at this critical moment.

In India he spent ten years, rising rapidly to the post of collector and judge. His station was thirty miles from the nearest English doctor, so he added the study of medicine to his regular work. This was heavy enough, but did not hinder him from joining any young Englishman who came to hunt. In one of these hunts he saved the life of the then Lord Gifford, shooting a tiger which his lordship, who was short-sighted, had not noticed, and which was in the act of springing. On another of these excursions the party encamped on ground full of malaria, and were struck with jungle fever, of which several died. Oswell, thanks to his splendid constitution, struggled through, after being insensible for several days. No sooner had he recovered consciousness than he set to work on a pile of his district papers — complaints from villages, reports of gang-robberies, &c.—with a wet towel round his head. He cleared his table at the cost of a dangerous relapse, the effects of which he could not shake off; so he was sent to the Cape on sick-leave, those who saw him embark doubting if he would ever reach the Cape alive.

Once landed, however, the dry warm air revived him, and in a few months he was away to the north, exploring and elephant-shooting, in which pursuits he came across Dr. Moffat, the great missionary, Livingstone's father-in-law, and Captain Steele, the hunter of big game, who directed him to Livingstone's station, Kolabeng, two hundred miles to the north on the borders of the Kalahari desert. He had with him a brother sportsman, Mr. Murray, and they at once joined eagerly in Livingstone's project to attempt to cross the Kalahari desert. "Mr. Oswell," to repeat his words, "at once undertook to defray the whole cost of guides, and fully executed his generous intention." They started on the 1st of June 1849, and reached Lake Ngami in two months, on the 1st of August, the first white men who had ever seen it. The story of their journey has been told both by Livingstone in his first book, and by Oswell in the chapter he wrote for the Badminton Volume on BIG GAME SHOOTING, published after his death in 1893. I know no reading of more absorbing interest, but you should all read it for yourselves. And when you are reading, remember that the whole of Central Africa was a blank then on our school atlases, while every lake and river and mountain range is now laid down, right away to the Red Sea, the South Atlantic, and the Mediterranean. Here I can only give you the estimate that Livingstone formed of his companion before they got back to Kolabeng. "When my men wished to flatter me," he wrote, "they would say, 'If you were not a missionary you would be just like Oswell; you would not hunt with dogs.' They declare he is the greatest hunter that ever came into the country." His method was to get within twenty or thirty yards of his game—lion, elephant, or rhinoceros—whereas most men fired at fifty or sixty. Of course this doubled the danger while it made surer work, and his marvellous escapes were frequent. One I will content myself with on this journey, an encounter with a rhinoceros, which he killed at last, but which had tossed him and torn the scalp of his head almost off. Murray went to look for him, and told Livingstone, "I found that beggar Oswell sitting under a bush and holding on his head." He had in fact adjusted his scalp, and the blood was streaming through his fingers. Let me here cite another witness or two as to his character as a hunter. Mr. Horace Waller, of the Oxford Mission, writes: "Livingstone, who knew no fear himself, spoke of Oswell's desperate courage in hunting as quite wonderful; not but what he suffered from it to the day of his death, the result of an engagement with a rhinoceros. Oswell would, for instance, ride up alongside of a hyæna, and, unloosing his stirrup leather while at full gallop, brain the beast with the heavy stirrup." Again, Sir Samuel Baker says: "His extreme gentleness, utter recklessness of danger, and complete unselfishness, made him friends everywhere, but attracted the native mind to a degree of adoration. He was the Nimrod of South Africa, without a rival and without an enemy, the greatest hunter ever known in modern times, the truest friend and most thorough example of an English gentleman."

In April 1851 Livingstone started again from Kolabeng, this time with his wife and children, on the invitation of Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, who offered him a settlement wherever he might choose. Oswell was again with him, and went ahead of the wagons to dig wells and provide water; but even with this precaution the party, which included Mrs. Livingstone and the children, were at one point four days without it, and nearly perishing. Leaving Mrs. Livingstone and the children as the guests of Sebituane, Livingstone and Oswell explored north and east, and discovered the Zambesi River, and the great Victoria Falls from which it becomes navigable for ships to the Indian Ocean. For this he was voted the gold medal of the French Geographical Society. On their return Sebituane was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, and died in a few days. His death altered all Livingstone's plans, and probably the subsequent history of the continent; for now Livingstone resolved to send his family home, and return alone the next year to find a way either to the west or east coast. He had already drawn his whole salary for 1852 and half that for 1853, and so would have been quite unable to start on the career which opened Africa and gained him a tomb in Westminster Abbey, but for Oswell; but *he* proved the friend who "sticketh closer than a brother." He accompanied them to Cape Town, and in Livingstone's words "made all comfortable," giving the children who were in rags a new outfit which cost £200, and enabling Livingstone to start once more for the north. He answered all remonstrances by laughingly protesting that it all came from ivory, and that the Doctor and his wife had as good a right as he to the money drawn from the preserves on their estates.

Before leaving his African career I must give shortly a characteristic story which was told incidentally by him in "South Africa Fifty Years ago," and unconsciously, as though he were quite unaware of what I cannot but call its beauty and pathos. It is of his relations with an Africander who bore the (to us rather comic) name of John Thomas, one of the men he hired at the Cape to accompany him and Livingstone on their first expedition. The contract was that these men should be bound to go as far as the Lake Ngami, but no farther. When therefore Oswell and Livingstone determined to go on to the north, they called the men together and told them they need not go any farther, but could choose between waiting for their return or accompanying them. At first the men hesitated, and seemed likely to refuse to go farther, when Bono Johnny (as he was called by this time) jumped up, and in Dutch, which he spoke when excited, said, "What you eat I can eat, where you sleep I can sleep, where you go I will go; I will come with you." The others paused for a moment or two, and then chorused, "We will go." "Do you think after that," Oswell writes, "it was much matter to us whether our brother was black or white?" Johnny stayed with him through four years, at the end of which Oswell wrote of him, "as a grand specimen of manhood, good nature, faithfulness, and cheerful endurance I have never met his equal, white or black." Johnny at the last moment begged his master to take him over to see England, which he did, and got him a temporary place as coachman to his brother, a country parson. A few weeks later Oswell met Johnny in the village with the cook on one arm and the lady's maid on the other, and found that they were going on with his education which Oswell had begun in the bush, the cook undertaking his reading and the lady's maid his writing. At the end of six months Johnny had to return to Africa, and Oswell, who had volunteered on the outbreak of war with Russia, lost sight of him. It was eighteen months before they met again. Oswell was carrying secret service money for Government in the East, and came across the camp of the Sixtieth Rifles. He was talking to an officer from horseback, when he felt a hand laid on his off-stirrup, and looking round found Johnny there, who had become messman to the regiment and was in high favour. He jumped down, and they had a long African talk, and from that time till Johnny's death Oswell kept his eye on him, and got him at last a place as butler to a friend in England, where, as everywhere else, he made himself indispensable by cheerful and faithful service. There Johnny was struck by a fatal illness, and died in a few hours. "I heard of his illness," Oswell writes, "too late to see him on earth; but I trust master and man may yet meet as brothers in heaven."

The modesty and self-depreciation of his character were strong to the end. Looking back at his relations with Livingstone, he writes in "South Africa Fifty Years ago": "He could talk to the Kaffir ears and hearts, we only to their stomachs; but I would fain believe his grand work was made a little smoother by our guns." I should rather think it was. Thus, when a tribe in Livingstone's district was on the point of starvation from the long drought, and the people reduced to mere walking skeletons, he and Murray took more than six hundred men, women, and children with them, fed them for several months till they were "all fat and shining," and sent them back with a store of dried meat enough to last for months, without one missing, sick, or feeble.

How one wishes that England were still represented by Oswells in South and Central Africa! Happily Rugby again has sent one such in Mr. Selous, who has sustained the high type set by Oswell in early days. But I much question whether the ordinary type of African sportsman of to-day will benefit Africa, or raise the native enthusiasm or admiration for Englishmen. A few days ago I was reading a review of the last book published by two of them on African sport. They would seem to have taken with them a staff of trained servants, and horses and donkeys loaded with supplies sufficient to have made the adventure at any rate quite comfortable. Small blame to them for that, you will say, if they could afford it; and I agree. But what shall we say as to their method of shooting lions? It seems to have been to tether an unfortunate donkey in a clearing, and leave him there for hours till a lion sprang on the poor shuddering jackass and had taken a good suck at his blood, and then to shoot him from a neighbouring place of safety. Well, we will say at any rate that Oswell would probably have as soon thought of tethering his black brother Bono Johnny for bait to a lion as a poor jackass.

To go back to our story. After sending off Mrs. Livingstone and the children, Oswell followed to England for family reasons, and was at home when the Crimean War broke out a year later. He at once volunteered, as I have already told you, went out to Constantinople, and was employed by Lord Raglan to carry despatches and secret service money to Sir Lintorn Simmons at Shumla, and on other missions. On the fall of Sebastopol he returned to England, and at once, without waiting for the shower of titles and decorations which came when peace was made, the old longing for wandering and adventure being still strong, sailed for South America, in November 1855. On board the mail-steamer he met his future wife, who was going out to her sister, Lady Lees, the wife of the Chief Justice of the Bahamas. After wandering through Chili, the West Indies, and the United States, he came home, renewed his acquaintance with Miss Agnes Rivaz, who had also returned, and they were married. From that time he settled down to the quiet life of an English country gentleman, built himself a house at Groombridge, near Tunbridge Wells, which he filled with his African trophies, and found a sphere for his energy in his parish and neighbourhood. Every neighbour who needed him became his special care. To the poor he was not a mere benefactor, but each man's and woman's and child's personal friend. His Indian experience here came into play. Every little ailment or accident was a certain summons to "the Master," as he was generally called; and if remonstrated with he would smile and say, "there was something in being able to send for a doctor whom they had not to pay." He was an enthusiastic gardener, and the whole neighbourhood was stocked with plants and flowers from Hillside. His great strength remained to the end. One day calling at an old friend's he found him very ill, and his wife and son consulting how he could be moved. In a moment he was in Oswell's arms, carried and placed gently in the place they had prepared for him. The Paris Geographical Society, as has been said, had sent him their gold medal, and he was made a Fellow of the English Society; but, writes Francis Galton, another African explorer and admirer of Oswell, "He was too shy and modest, and could not be induced to take that prominent share in those stirring times of the Geographical Society which was his right, and which he was often urged to take." In the same way, though an excellent recounter to friends of his exploring and sporting experiences, he steadily resisted the offers of publishers and the persuasion of friends to take the public into his confidence in print.

It was only in the last year of his life that he was induced to put pen to paper as to his hunting and exploring work. Happily the editor of the Badminton Library persuaded him to write in the volume on BIG GAME SHOOTING. The result was the chapters on "South Africa Fifty Years ago" in that volume, which in my judgment stand quite foremost in our sporting literature. Read them, and, while the interest is absorbing, you will not find a trace of that delight in and relish for mere slaughter which is so offensive in most books of sport. Here is a short characteristic quotation, which will give you the mood in which the mighty hunter looked back on his own exploits. "I am sorry now for all the fine old beasts I have killed: but I was young then; there was excitement in the work; I had large numbers of men to feed, and every animal *except three elephants* was eaten by man, and so put to good use.[1] I filled their stomachs, and thus in some mysterious way, as they assured me, made their hearts white."

On the other hand, the zest for the old desert life of his early manhood comes back even as he writes: "There is a fascination to me in the remembrance of the free life, the self-dependence, the feeling as you lay under your kaross that you were looking at the stars from a point on the earth whence no other European eye had ever seen them; these are with me still, and were I not a married man, with children and grandchildren, I believe I should head back to Africa again and end my days in the open air. Take the word of one who has tried both; there is a charm in the wild life; the ever-increasing never-satisfied needs of the tame my soul cannot away with."

I could call a dozen well-known witnesses to confirm everything I have said as to the charm of a character to which Lamartine's saying, "Rien n'est si doux que ce qui est fort," applies more truly than to any one I can remember. I will cite one only whose testimony will, I know, be of special interest here, as it comes from an intimate friend of Oswell, but not a Rugbeian, Lord Rendel. "He carried, as well as deepened, the stamp of Rugby at its best; fearless of soul and body, yet tender, kindly, gay; wise with a large experience, but utterly unworldly. I would, as an Etonian, give all the mere gentlemen Eton could breed for a handful of such men as Oswell. Manliness without coarseness, polish without complacency, nobility without caste! May Rugby keep the mould, and multiply the type!" Amen!

THOMAS HUGHES.

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[1] These three elephants, which he regrets were not eaten by man, were shot by him away from camp in order to send the valuable ivory to an Englishman who was shooting in the neighbourhood, to buy a supply of lead, Oswell having run short, and the nearest store at which he could buy being fourteen hundred miles away to the south. Mr. Webb, of Newstead Abbey, the sportsman in question, sent the ivory back to Oswell with a liberal gift of bars of lead, and they became intimate friends.

# THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND HER NEW ALLIES.

"When you live near a volcano," said Bismarck once in reference to France, "you must always look out for the smoke." That was a felicitous remark, made by one who had spent the greater part of a long and busy life in watching the drift of the smoke as it floated over Europe. There is probably no country in the world whose affairs are so necessary to carefully follow. There is no history so dramatic as the French. France is a land of surprises, and the place of all others where the unexpected constantly happens. Every year, indeed almost every month, has its store of inexhaustible wonders. Last autumn it was the celebration of the alliance with Russia, and the outburst of enthusiasm which on that occasion drove all France into a frenzy of excitement will be fresh in everybody's mind. Such an ebullition of national feeling had rarely if ever before been anywhere witnessed, and it at once astonished and perplexed the world. The feeling of amused surprise was not unmixed with a touch of trepidation, for there were few who grasped the true import of the event in all its bearings. It was an incident of some gravity, which will mark an epoch in the history of Europe.

Twice within the last three years has the French Republic taken a step of very great consequence. First of all it succeeded in coming to a friendly understanding with the Vatican, and in inducing the Pope to look upon republican and democratic institutions with a benevolent regard. That was a great advance for the Republic.[1] It was an event which assuaged the religious warfare which had long caused bitterness and strife; it almost completely crushed the Legitimist party, and removed one cause of that international isolation which had soured the sensitive minds of the French. The ecclesiastical ban under which the Republic had been thrown was at last removed, and it became possible for a Frenchman to heartily embrace the established form of government and at the same time to remain a faithful son of the Church. But that was not enough. To have won over the Pope was something; but to secure the hearty recognition and friendship of one of the old and great traditional monarchies would be better still. Hitherto they had regarded her at best with a kind of benevolent neutrality. In the nature of things there is a great gulf fixed between a monarch and a president, which mere goodwill cannot in itself abridge; and the French Republic had to attain its majority before the first break in its isolation could be made. The fêtes at Cronstadt and Toulon showed to the world that this had been accomplished, and that the Czar of all the Russias had embraced the French Republic. This Franco-Russian Alliance was the second step, and of its history and meaning it is proposed to say something here. For, if regarded from a large and philosophic point of view, it will be seen to mark an epoch in that confused and turbid stream of human affairs which it is the part of the historian to analyse and clarify.

At the time of the festivities which took place last October in Paris and Toulon, there were few who did not express their surprise that the French and Russians could have any sentiments or interests in common. It was cited as an extraordinary case of extremes meeting. People asked what could there be about Russian autocracy to attract the French, and how it was possible for the Russians to associate themselves with such extravagant effusiveness with a nation whose democratic institutions they could only regard as alien and abhorrent. But there are traits in human character and nature which forms of government cannot affect; and between the Russians and the French there would seem to have long existed some subtle sympathy of temperament and tastes which, in spite of political obstacles of the most imperious kind, tended continually to bring them together. It was in the time of Peter the Great that the two nations first came into contact. Before his time the Russians cannot properly be said to have belonged to Europe at all. The Czars kept a separate and semi-barbaric state at Moscow. Peter altered all that. He laid the foundations of St. Petersburg in order, as he said, to knock out a window for the Russians to look through into Europe; or, as Dean Stanley wrote in one of his graphic letters, Russia was "literally dragged by the heels and kicked by the boots of the giant Peter into contact with the European world." His ambitions were unbounded, and in pursuit of them he turned to France for assistance. His audacity was such that he sought a marriage between his daughter Elizabeth and Louis the Fifteenth, or some other member of the French royal family, and in furtherance of this design he visited Paris in 1719. The uncouth giant was received with amused disdain and not a little curiosity, and his proposals were, as might be supposed, somewhat coolly received. Little came of this visit at the moment, but for the first time a French ambassador was sent to Russia, in the person of M. de Campredon. The first stone was laid, and the seed was sown which was destined some day to bear fruit. Paris had fascinated Peter, and he carried home with him a knowledge of things French for which those about him soon conceived a passion. Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter, inherited a large share of her father's ambitious character, and in 1740, during the minority of Ivan the Sixth, she seized the throne mainly owing to the assistance she received from the French through their ambassador, the Marquis de la Chétardie. She vowed she would never forget the help she had received, and, to do her justice, she kept her word. The Russians hitherto had adopted German fashions more than any other; but Elizabeth did her best to transform St. Petersburg into a sort of Russian Paris, and her efforts were eagerly seconded by the society of the capital. There was a rage for everything French. The great ladies gossiped in French, wore French toilettes, and regaled their guests with French dinners and sweetmeats. Masqued balls, the Italian opera, and the French comedy were speedily introduced, and the Empress went so far as to ask Louis the Fifteenth to authorise two celebrated French comedians to come and play at St. Petersburg. The request was refused, for a reason that was thoroughly characteristic of the French, that it would annoy the Parisians to be deprived for a time of their two most admired comedians. Under the reign of the Empress Catherine the transformation was complete; and when the French *émigrés* flocked to St. Petersburg at the time of the Revolution they were delighted to find it as much Parisian as Paris itself. During the Revolution all diplomatic relations were cut asunder by the Russians, who looked upon the Republican leaders as a gang of malefactors; but they were renewed when Napoleon became First Consul, and later, in 1807, he entered into an actual alliance with Alexander the First. It was sacrificed of course to Napoleon's insatiable ambition, with the result that is now a matter of history.

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[1] See an article on "France and the Papacy" in Macmillan's Magazine for January 1893.

On the restoration of the Bourbons the relations of the two nations entered on a new era. When the

Allied Powers entered Paris, Alexander declared his conviction that it was necessary for the welfare of Europe that France should be great and strong, and it is therefore only natural to find that the two Courts entered once more into cordial relations. The French Minister, the Duc de Richelieu, who had been an *émigré* at St. Petersburg, and who had been made by the Empress Catherine the Governor of Odessa, did much to foster a feeling of friendship. Things progressed so far that in 1821 the Czar offered an alliance to France on the terms that she should give Russia her assistance in Greece, while she was invited to state what compensation she would ask in return. It is of some interest, in the light of subsequent events, to note that the French Government would consent to nothing short of the extension of the frontiers of France to the banks of the Rhine from Strasburg to Cologne. The proposal found a powerful advocate in Chateaubriand, and, though no formal alliance was actually signed, it is certain that Charles the Tenth and the Czar played a concerted part in the politics of Europe. There can be little doubt that it was due to Russia that Great Britain abstained from interfering to prevent the French conquest of Algiers, and that, on the other hand, France supported Prince Otho, the son of the King of Bavaria, the Russian candidate for the throne of Greece. It is said that King Louis of Bavaria subsequently remarked to a distinguished Frenchman that he had two crowns in his family, and that he owed one of them to God and the other to the French. If the story be not true, it must have been an ingenious invention to fit the facts of the case.

With the accession of King Louis Philippe a coolness between the two Courts ensued. The Czar had no liking for the Monarchy of July. He was strictly Legitimist in his views, with a strain in his nature of chivalrous romance which at once awakened his sympathy for the fallen King and filled him with aversion for what he regarded as a usurping dynasty. And the Court and reign of Louis Philippe, who owed his throne to the *bourgeois*, had about it a commonplace air of inglorious mediocrity which was unlikely to win sympathy abroad. If men like to have a monarchy at all, they like to see it dignified and splendid, while they have nothing but contempt for a crown and sceptre with the gilt off. Nowhere was this more felt than in the palace of St. Petersburg; and with the fall of Charles the Tenth an end was put to the cultivation of that feeling of friendship which had brought the two nations to act together in the common interests.

During the period of the Second Empire the two nations suffered a complete estrangement. The part taken by France in the Crimean War, and the sympathy for the Poles which Napoleon openly displayed, was cause enough for this; and it was only natural that the Czar should turn towards Prussia for support. That country had earned a debt of gratitude for the sympathy she showed for Russia during the progress of the war, and it formed a natural bond of friendship between the two nations. This state of things lasted until 1866, when the Prussians routed the Austrians at Sadowa. The consequent aggrandisement of Prussia created a feeling of jealousy in Russia, which subsequent events tended to increase. It was in vain that Bismarck sent General Manteuffel on a special conciliatory mission to St. Petersburg, and that the Grand Cross of St. George was conferred by the Czar upon the King. The little rift was opened which became the ever-widening breach. Yet friendly relations were ostensibly maintained; and, when the Franco-German war began, Bismarck was able to count upon Russian neutrality, which, true to his principle of *Do ut des*, he purchased from Gortschakoff with the promise that he would not oppose Russia when at the conclusion of the war she should demand to be released from that portion of the Treaty of Paris which restricted her liberty of action in the Black Sea. As Bismarck afterwards admitted with a touch of cynical humour, "I gave her a *pourboire*." Both sides faithfully performed their portion of the bargain; and, while Russia held aloof and made Austria do the same, Bismarck permitted Gortschakoff to tear up the treaty in the face of Europe.

Upon the conclusion of the war the relations of France and Russia entered on a new and interesting phase, the last scene of the drama, so to speak, which culminated in the important events of last year. If after Sadowa the Russian jealousy of Prussia was roused, much more was it so after the victory of Sedan and the capitulation of Paris. The creation of the German Empire, with the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, was a stupendous fact which Russia could not afford to regard with indifference. It meant the existence on her frontier of a gigantic Power, and interest as well as natural inclination drew her once more towards France. On her side, too, nowhere but in Russia could France hope for much support. The diplomatic history of the next twenty years, from 1873 to 1893, presents the curious spectacle of France assiduously courting the alliance of Russia, and of Russia turning a sympathetic ear, but receiving from time to time affronts which filled her with not a little feeling of distrust. It is said that the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love, and so it was with France and Russia. Periods of coolness and warmth continually alternated. It was in 1873 that France made the first approach towards Russia, and it seems impossible to doubt that at that time and during the next two years the latter country performed for France an invaluable service. To the amazement of the world, France had already succeeded in paying off the war indemnity of five milliards of francs—a sum so large that when the French statesman Jules Favre heard of it he exclaimed, "There have not been as many minutes since the birth of our Saviour." It was such evidence of the recuperative vitality of France that it alarmed the Germans, and made them regret that they had not been a good deal more exacting in their demands upon the vanquished. Whatever may have been the real wishes of the Emperor and of Bismarck, it is beyond question that there was a party, and that chiefly the military party, in Germany, which was anxious to provoke France into a war before she could still further recover her strength. In particular, the BERLIN POST, the organ which, according to Continental fashions, was supposed to draw its inspiration from Bismarck, appeared with an article entitled "War in sight," which caused a tremendous sensation in Europe. Even before this the attitude of Germany had awakened the profoundest distrust, and not only had General de Flô, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, approached the Czar on the subject, but the French Premier, the Duc de Décazes, and his Foreign Minister, the Duc de Broglie, had sent the Comte de Chaudordy on a special mission to plead the case of France with Gortschakoff during his stay in Switzerland. The French Government protested themselves as unable as they were undesirous for war; and President MacMahon summed up the situation by saying that if any one was to stamp on his foot he would simply apologise. The appeals of Le Flô and Chaudordy were not made in vain; and both the Czar and his Chancellor were able to assure the French that so far as Russia could prevent it there should be no war. When the Czar, accompanied by Gortschakoff, visited the Emperor and Bismarck at Berlin in 1875, it was made clear that any attack made by Germany on France would be regarded in Russia with disfavour, and the peace of Europe was thus secured.

As time went on the Russians and

Germans drew more and more apart. The Russians had reason to believe that both at the Conference at Constantinople and at the Congress at Berlin the German representatives were pursuing a policy of active opposition, and they were therefore more inclined than ever to favour the advances of the French. The development of events, and more particularly the formation of the Triple Alliance, seemed to throw France and Russia into the arms of one another; and if it had not been for the blunders of the French, and the curious instability of their political institutions, there can be little doubt that the Franco-Russian Alliance would have been at least ten years older than it is. The Russians could not see in France any guarantee for even a moderate degree of continuity of policy. The parliamentary government of the Republic might be described as a chronic ministerial crisis. Ministries succeeded ministries in perpetual procession, like figures shadowed by a lantern on a screen. Not all were equally favourable to a Russian alliance. M. Waddington, for instance, was said to be more inclined to England, and M. Ferry to Germany. Nor were the successive Presidents all of one mind. M. Grévy, for instance, openly professed himself indifferent to foreign politics, and looked coldly on alliances with any foreign Power. These were obstacles arising from the essential nature of French institutions which it was impossible for anybody to overcome. But beyond this, the French contrived to give the Russians some gratuitous affronts. In 1879 a well-known Russian Nihilist of the name of Hartmann fled to Paris, and notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of the Russian Government the French authorities refused to extradite him. When it is borne in mind that the Czar not long afterwards fell a victim to a bomb, it is not surprising that the Russian Government marked their displeasure by recalling their ambassador. And again, in 1883, M. Freycinet gave much offence by pardoning the Russian Nihilist Kropotkine. In the light of these events, it seems a curious Nemesis of fate that M. Carnot should have fallen by the hand of one of that brood of desperadoes who spare neither president nor monarch, and of whom the Russians had had so bitter an experience. Added to these causes of offence were others engendered by some unhappy mistakes which the French made in the choice and treatment of their ambassadors at St. Petersburg. In particular, in 1883 General Appert, who was in high favour at the Russian Court, was recalled in circumstances which gravely affronted the Czar, and for a time he not only refused to receive a successor in his place, but also recalled his own ambassador from Paris. Thus twice within a very few years diplomatic relations between the two countries were suspended.

To M. Flourens, who in 1886 took the portfolio of the Foreign Office, is due more than to any other Minister the active cultivation of friendly relations with Russia. In the first place, he took up the Russian side in his treatment of the question of Bulgaria; and when the Bulgarian delegates, who had gone the round of Europe to induce the various Governments to exert pressure upon Russia, arrived in Paris, they found they could hope for nothing but active hostility from the French Government. Nor was this all. It would appear that in the time of Pius the Ninth the See of Rome came into conflict with the Russian Government over the Church question in Poland, and that in consequence diplomatic relations between the two Courts had been broken off, and never since resumed. When Leo the Thirteenth was about to celebrate his Jubilee, he thought it a favourable opportunity to attempt to renew those relations, and to this end he determined to make use of the good offices of France.

He applied to M. Lefebvre de Béhaine, the French ambassador at the Vatican, and through the medium of M. Flourens his wishes were made known at St. Petersburg. The result was entirely successful, and M. Flourens had the gratification of obliging both the Czar and the Pope.

One obstacle alone remained to the formation of a Franco-Russian Alliance, and that was a financial one. Hitherto Russia had been in the habit of going to Berlin for her money, and Russian stock was largely held by German banks. It was a circumstance which, though apparently trivial in itself, made the Russian Government more dependent on the German financiers than it liked. So that when a French syndicate, with M. Hoskier, a Paris banker, at its head, made advances to M. Wischnegradski, the Russian Finance Minister, their proposals fell on very willing ears. Of the financial details, of the prolonged negotiations and the German opposition, it would be wearisome to speak. It will be enough to say that in 1888 a Russian loan of 500,000,000 francs, and again in 1891 a further loan of 360,000,000 francs, were raised in France and subscribed for many times over. It was one of the most brilliant financial operations of modern times; and if any proof were wanted of French confidence in Russia it would be found in the fact that no less a sum than four milliards of francs of Russian stock are calculated to be now held by the cautious French investor, who rarely travels beyond a home security. This is one of those substantial facts which mean a great deal more than the florid and bombastic declamations in which international amenities are frequently expressed.

Such, in very brief outline, is the history of the events which led up to the Franco-Russian Alliance. Whether that alliance is founded on a written contract, and what are its terms, can be known only to those who have access to the archives of the Quai d'Orsay or the Chancellerie of St. Petersburg. But that there exists between the two Governments some more or less definite understanding there can be little doubt. Wherein, then, lies its value and importance? Russia gains a useful ally in case of war, and her people are put in closer touch with a nation to which they seem to be drawn by natural inclination. Racial sympathies and antipathies are too impalpable and indefinable to be easily explained, and not the least curious of them is the deep-seated feeling of aversion which the Slav has always had for the Teuton. It is an indisputable fact that the Russians as a race, putting aside the Government in its official capacity, regard the Germans with dislike. It is said that this may be partly owing to the feeling of jealousy aroused by the immense number of German residents in Russia, who make their competition severely felt. But, whatever be the causes, there can be no doubt at all about the fact. In the French people the Russians see the incarnation and embodiment of the arts and sciences which give dignity to life and clothe it with grace, and they must view with satisfaction an alliance which may help to counteract the influence and power of the Teuton, from which they would be glad altogether to escape.

This is the Russian side of the account; but France, it is plain, gains very much more. To her the alliance is of incalculable value, and the obvious anxiety with which she has pursued it in itself is evidence enough of that. Of its worth from a purely military point of view we forbear to speak. But not merely to France as a nation, but to France as a Republic, and indeed to republican institutions as a whole, the event is of very great importance. It is the secular complement of the establishment of friendly relations with the Papacy to which reference has already been made. Without it there would have been a sense of incompleteness. The prophecy of Napoleon that in fifty years Europe would be either Republican or Cossack has in both alternatives proved entirely false; and when, in 1871, the French Republic was created, Republics were thoroughly discredited things. In the modern history of Europe they were almost totally unknown, and what little was known had filled people's minds with horror and disgust. The Republics of Central and Southern America might have been specially created by Providence to serve as warnings to mankind; and throughout the whole world the United States was the sole example of a great and successful Republic. The creation of the third French Republic was felt to be a great experiment, and so in truth it was. If there were many Frenchmen who were republicans by conviction, there were probably many more who were so by necessity; and even Thiers himself found its best apology in his belief that it was the form of government which divided Frenchmen least. The great Monarchies of Europe regarded it of course with suspicion and dislike, and they entirely disbelieved in its stability. When Bismarck had that historical interview with Jules Favre at Madame Jessé's house at Sèvres to negotiate a peace, he plainly told him that after he had had some experience of the government of men he would become a monarchist. Indeed, the restoration of the Empire was a notion which the Germans for a time seriously entertained, for a Republic was thought hardly capable of giving sufficient guarantees for the carrying out of any treaty which might be entered into. The Republic has, however, prospered in a way which no one at its birth would have ventured to prophesy, and it has extorted the respect and sympathy, if not the admiration, of the world. It has claimed to stand on an equality of footing with the old-established forms of government, and the claim is now conceded. The Pope led the way when two years ago he commanded the Clerical and Royalist party to throw in their lot with the Republic, and so shattered the most powerful of its foes. By a stroke of his pen he did more to firmly establish the Republic than might have been otherwise accomplished in perhaps a score of years. It is a sign of the times that a Radical journal commented on M. Casimir-Perier's election to the Presidency with the declaration that it was due to a "Coalition of Reactionaries" with the help of the Pope; a ridiculous statement, which was based on a dim conception of the truth. For the union of the *quondam* Royalists with the moderate Republicans destroyed the chances of the Radical candidate. And now the Czar has followed suit. A strange inversion of the policy of the times of the Holy Alliance! Alexander the First, who made it an object of his life to combat the advancement of democracy, would have held up his hands in horror at the act.

Republics must always indeed lack that dignity and splendour which Courts prevent from dying out, which help to redeem the world from a monotony of dulness, and which human nature at bottom dearly loves to see. The Americans who throng the reception rooms of the White House may reflect with satisfaction on the fact that Garfield once occupied a log hut or that Abraham Lincoln split rails in Illinois; but in their heart of hearts they have a liking for pageantry. And even where democracy is rampant the hereditary principle, which is the principle of monarchy, makes itself felt with a curious persistence. The late French President was a grandson of that Carnot who was the "organiser of victory" in the times of the Convention, and his successor is the grandson of a well-known Minister of the reign of Louis Philippe. And so from its alliance with the Czar the French Republic gathers a few rays of reflected glory, loses its sense of isolation, and gains a considerable accession of strength. That alliance is the crowning glory which has raised the nation to a pitch of exaltation such as it has never felt since the conclusion of the war, and it is easy to understand the uncontrollable frenzy of delight to which last year the people gave themselves up. It was a red-letter day for the Republic. As an immediate result it cannot be denied that the French people have shown an increased consciousness of power that may become a very dangerous symptom. Their vigorous action in Siam, and their fierce denunciation of the Anglo-Belgian Treaty with reference to the Congo, are somewhat ominous signs of the times. The Frenchmen's belief in their superiority to the rest of the world in every branch of human activity almost amounts to a dogma. With the average Frenchman it is an article of faith that if France were blotted out, not merely the gaiety of nations, but civilisation itself, would suffer eclipse. Every art and every science is supposed to take its fountain-head in France. Countless Frenchmen, for example, and M. Thiers among the number, have believed that the discovery of the law of gravitation is due not to Newton but to Pascal; and a French author of a treatise on the history of chemical theory begins it by declaring that chemistry is a French science, and was founded by Lavoisier of immortal memory. Even M. Casimir-Perier, in his message to the Chambers, could not abstain from declaring that France was "the centre of intellectual light." It would be a harmless trait of character, if it was confined to the pursuits of peace, and did not extend to an insatiable thirst for military glory. M. Guizot, who knew his countrymen well, once said that there was no folly for which they were not ready, provided only it was a military folly; and that it was almost impossible for a French statesman to pursue a policy of peace and not to be accused of unpatriotic motives. Here lies the danger of the present situation. There is a story which, if not true, may at least well be so. Not long before the Franco-German War, a French general said to Bismarck, "We shall soon have to cross swords with you." When Bismarck asked him why, he replied: "We are both cocks, and one cock cannot bear to hear another crow too loud. Now you crowed too loud at Sadowa." It is a good illustration of the feeling of the French, and it cannot be denied that in its fit of exultation the Gallic cock may be inclined to crow aloud again. The French themselves say that when France is satisfied Europe is tranquil; but the period of satisfaction never seems to come, and the Russian alliance may serve only to whet the appetite. But, however that may be, when the history of this century comes to be written, when the mass of material is sifted and the permanent severed from the transient, when a large view is taken of the course of human progress, the alliance of Russia and the French Republic will be given not the least important place. And if a proper perspective of the picture is sustained, it will be found to be one of the most striking objects on the canvas.

C. B. Roylance-Kent.

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# THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

## II.—SCOTT AND DUMAS.

It would be difficult to find anything in the history of literature quite similar to the achievement of the Waverley Novels. Their uniqueness does not consist wholly, or from the present point of view even mainly, in the fact that for bulk, excellence, and rapidity of production combined they can probably challenge anything else in letters. That they can do this I am by no means disposed to deny. But the point of pre-eminence at present to be considered is the singular and miraculous fashion in which Sir Walter, taking a kind of writing which had, as we have seen, been tried, or at least tried *at*, for more than two thousand years, and which had never yet been got to run smoothly on its own lines to its own end, by one stroke effected what the efforts of those two millenniums had been quite vainly endeavouring to accomplish. That Waverley itself is the ideal of an historical novel need not be contended by any intelligent devotee. It bears, especially in its earlier chapters, too many marks of the old false procedure; and that insipidity of the nominal hero, which is so constantly and not so unjustly charged against Scott, appears in it pretty strongly. Even his unworldly education with the flustering influence of the Blessed Bear added, does not wholly excuse Waverley in so early a matter as the Balmawhapple duel. We can hardly blame his brother officers for suspecting him of poltroonery; and he can only clear himself from the charge of being a coward by submitting to that of being a simpleton. And though it is by no means the case that, according to the stupid old rule of critics like Rymer, a hero must be always wise as well as always fortunate, always virtuous as well as always brave, yet the kinds of folly permitted to him are rather limited in number. It is worth while to dwell on this in order to show that what is most wonderful about Waverley is not its individual perfection as a work of art; though the Baron, the Bailie, most of the actual scenes after the war breaks out, and many other things and persons, exalt it infinitely above anything of the kind known earlier.

But the chief marvel, the real point of interest, is the way in which, after thousands of years of effort to launch one particular ship into one particular ocean, she at last slips as by actual miracle into the waves and sweeps out into the open sea. Exactly how this happened it may be impossible to point out with any exhaustive certainty. Some reasons why the thing had not been done before were given in the last paper; some why it was done at this hour and by this man may perhaps be given in the present.

But we shall have to end by assigning at least a large share of the explanation to the formula that, "Walter Scott made historical novels because there was in him the virtue of the historical novelist."

Nevertheless we can perhaps find out a little about the component parts of this virtue, a little more about the antecedents and immediate workings of it. The desiderata which have been referred to before,—the wide knowledge of history, the affectionate and romantic interest in the past—Scott possessed in common with his generation, but in far larger measure and more intense degree. Nor was it probably of slight importance that when he commenced historical novelist he was a man well advanced in middle age, and not merely provided with immense stores of reading, and with very considerable practice in composition of many kinds, but also experienced in more than one walk of practical business, thoroughly versed in society from the highest to the lowest ranks, and lastly absolute master of a large portion of his own time. It had indeed for years pleased him to dispose of much of this leisure in literary labour; but it was in labour of his own choosing, and neither in task-work nor in work necessary for bread-winning. The Sheriffdom and the Clerkship (least distressful of places) freed him from all cares of this kind, not to mention the extraordinary sums paid for his poems.

But the most happy predisposition or preparation to be found in his earlier career was beyond all doubt his apprenticeship, if the word seem not too unceremonious, to these poems themselves. Here indeed he had far less to originate than in the novels. From the dawn of literature the narrative romance had been written in verse, and from the dawn of literature it had been wont to pretend to a historical character. I am not sure, however, that the present age, which, while it gives itself airs of being unjust to Scott's prose, is unjust in reality to his poetry, does not even here omit to recognise the full value of his innovations or improvements. Of most classical narrative poems (the ODYSSEY being perhaps the sole exception) the famous saying about Richardson, that if you read for the story you would hang yourself, is true enough. It is true to a great extent of Milton, to some extent even of Spenser, and of nearly all the great narrative poets of the Continent except Ariosto, in whom it is rather the stories than the story, rather the endless flow of romantic and comic digression than the plot and characters, that attract us. As for the medieval writers whom Scott more immediately followed, I believe I am in a very decided minority. I find them interesting for the story; but most people do not find them so, and I cannot but admit myself that their interest of this kind varies very much indeed, and is very seldom of the highest.

With Scott it is quite different. Any child who is good for anything knows why THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL was so popular. It was not merely or mainly because the form was novel and daring; for nearly a hundred years past that form has been as familiar as Pope's couplet was to our great-grandfathers. It was not merely (though it was partly) because the thing is interspersed with passages of genuine and delightful poetry. It was because it was and is interesting as a story; because the reader wanted to know what became of Deloraine and the Goblin page, and the rest; because the incidents and the scenes attracted, excited, fixed attention. This was even more the case in MARMION (which moreover approaches the historical novel in verse more nearly still), and it never failed in any of the rest. It was, to take some of the least popular of all the poems, because Scott could tell an incident as he has told the vengeance of Bertram Risingham in ROKEBY, because he could knit together the well-worn and world-old string of familiar trials and temptations as he has done in THE BRIDAL

OF TRIERMAIN, that he made his fortune in verse. He had the secret of tale-telling and of adjusting tales to facts. He taught it to Byron and others, and he made the popularity of the thing.

The suitableness of verse, however, for the story as the story, and especially for the Historical Novel as the Historical Novel, is so far inferior to that of prose, and the difficulty of keeping up a series of fictions in verse is so immeasurably greater than that of doing the same thing in prose, that I am disposed to believe that WAVERLEY would have appeared all the same if there had been no Byron, and no chance of dethronement. In fact, the Historical Novel had to be created, and Scott had to create it. He had learned,—if so dull and deliberate a process as learning can be asserted of what seems to have been as natural and as little troublesome to him as breathing — to build the romantic structure, to decorate it with ornament of fact and fancy from the records of the past, to depict scenery and manners, to project character, to weave dialogue. And I do not know that there is any more remarkable proof of his literary versatility in general, and his vocation for the Historical Novel in particular, than the fact that the main fault of prose romances, especially those immediately preceding his own, was also one most likely to be encouraged by a course of poetical practice, and yet is one from which he is almost entirely free.

The Godwins and the Mrs. Radcliffes had perpetually offended, now by dialogue so glaringly modern that it was utterly out of keeping with their story and their characters, now by the adoption of the conventional stage-jargon which is one of the most detestable lingos ever devised by man. With very rare exceptions Sir Walter completely avoids both these dangers. His conversation has not, indeed, that prominence in the method of his work which we shall find it possessing in the case of his great French follower. But it is for the most part full of dramatic suitableness, it is often excellently humorous or pathetic, and it almost always possesses in some degree the Shakespearean quality of fitting the individual and the time and the circumstances without any deliberate archaism or modernism. No doubt Scott's wide reading enabled him to do a certain amount of mosaic work in this kind. Few, for instance, except those whose own reading is pretty wide in the plays and pamphlets of the seventeenth century, know how much is worked from them into THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL and WOODSTOCK. But this dialogue is never mere mosaic. It has the quality which, already called Shakespearean, also belongs to men of such different kinds and orders of greatness from Scott's or Shakespeare's as, for instance, Goldsmith,— the quality of humanity, independent of time. Now this is of itself of such importance to the Historical Novelist, that it may be doubted whether any other kind of craftsman can find it more important. The laborious and uninspired attempt at fidelity to the language of the time is nearly as destructive of the equanimity proper to the reception of a novel, as is the perpetual irritation which glaring and tasteless anachronisms of speech excite. And it is not particularly easy to say whether this knack plays a greater part in the fashioning of the "Scotch novel," as it used to be called, than the other ingredients of plot, character, and description. In regard to plot, Scott was from one point of view a great and confessing sinner; from another, a most admirably justified one. Plot, in the strict sense, he never achieved, and he very seldom even attempted to achieve it. It was only the other day that there was published for the first time a letter from his intimate friend and one of his best critics, Lady Louisa Stuart (who, to be sure, had literature in the blood of her), stigmatising, more happily perhaps than has ever been done since, Sir Walter's habit of "huddling up the cards and throwing them into the bag in his impatience for a new deal." It may almost be said that Scott never winds up a plot artfully; and the censure which he makes Captain Clutterbuck pass in the introduction to THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL is undoubtedly valid. When Peacock, in CROTCHET CASTLE, made that very crotchety comparison of Scott to a pantomime librettist, he might at least have justified it by the extraordinary fondness of the novelist for a sort of transformation-scene which finishes everything off in a trice, and, as Dryden says of his hasty preacher,

> Runs huddling to the benediction.

The powerful and pathetic scenes at Carlisle and the delightful restoration of the Baron somewhat mask in WAVERLEY itself the extreme and rather improbable ease with which the hero's pardon is extorted from a government and a general rather prone to deal harshly than mildly with technical traitors. I never could make out how, if Sir Arthur Wardour's fortune was half so badly dipped as we are given to understand, his son, even with more assistance from Lovel than a young man of spirit was likely to accept from his sister's suitor, could have disengaged it at the end of THE ANTIQUARY. It is true that this is the least historical of all the novels, but the procedure is the same. Diana and her father were most theatrically lucky, and Clerk Jobson, and even Rashleigh, scoundrels as both were, were astonishingly unlucky, at the close of ROB ROY. It is especially difficult to understand why the attorney was struck off the rolls for joining in the attempt to secure an attainted person who subsequently got off by killing the officers of the law in the execution of their duty. One might go on with this sort of peddling criticism right through the novels, winding up with that catastrophe of WOODSTOCK, where Cromwell's mercy is even more out of character and more unlikely than Cumberland's. Nor are these conclusions the only point where a stop-watch critic may blaspheme without the possibility of at least technical refutation of his blasphemies. Scott has a habit (due no doubt in part to his rapid and hazardous composition) of introducing certain characters and describing certain incidents with a pomp and prodigality of detail quite out of proportion to their real importance in the story; and even a person who would no more hesitate to speak disrespectfully of the Unities than of the Equator may admit that such an arrangement as that in ROB ROY, where something like a quarter of the book is taken up with the adventures of four and-twenty hours, is not wholly artistic.

Yet for my part I hold that the defence made by the shadowy Author of WAVERLEY in the Introduction aforesaid is a perfectly sound one, and that it applies with special propriety to the historical division of the novels, and with them to historical novels generally. The Captain's gibe, conveyed in an anecdote of "his excellent grandmother," shows that Scott (as he was far too shrewd not to do) saw the weak points as well as the strong of this defence. Indeed I am not sure that he quite saw the strength of the strongest of all. It was all very well to plead that he was only "Trying to write with sense and spirit a few scenes unlaboured and loosely put together, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse in one corner the pain of body; in another to relieve anxiety of mind; in a third place to unwrinkle a brow bent with the furrows of daily toil; in another to fill the place of bad thoughts and suggest better; in yet another to induce an idler to study the history of his country; in all, save where the perusal interrupted the discharge of serious duties, to furnish harmless amusement." But the Captain might, if he had ventured to take such a liberty with the author of his being, have answered: "But, sir, could not you amuse and relieve and unwrinkle and fill and induce and furnish, and all the rest on't, at the same time joining your flats a little more carefully?" The Eidolon with the blotted revise would have done better, argumentatively speaking, to have stuck to his earlier plea, that, following Smollett and Le Sage, he tried to write rather a "history of the miscellaneous adventures which befall an individual in the course of life, than the plot of a regular and concerted *epopoeia*, where every step brings us nearer to the final catastrophe." For it so happens that this plea is much nearer to the special business and ends of the Historical Novelist than to those of the avowedly inventive writer. As a matter of fact, we do know that Smollett certainly, and suspect Le Sage probably, wove a great deal of actual experience into their stories; while Fielding, who is contrasted with them in the passage cited, seems never to have incorporated incidents, and seldom characters, except such as those of his wife, Allen, and one or two more whom he drew in the most general and far-off manner. A man who thus keeps clear of the servitude of actual occurrence, communicating reality by the results of his observation of human nature and human life generally, can shape the ends of his story as well as rough-hew them. But the man who makes incident and adventure his first object, and in some cases at least draws them from actual records, is bound to allow himself a licence much greater than epic strictness permits. That truth is stranger than fiction is only the copybook form of a reflection which a hundred critics have made and enforced in different ways since a thousand writers put the occasion before them,—to wit, that in real life things happen in a more remiss and disorderly fashion than is allowable in novels.

This point is indeed put very well by Scott himself in the introduction to THE ABBOT: "For whatever praise may be due to the ingenuity which brings to a general combination all the loose threads of a narrative like the knitter at the finishing of her stocking, I am greatly deceived if in many cases a superior advantage is not attained by the air of reality which the deficiency of explanation attaches to a work written on a different system. In life itself many things befall every mortal of which the individual never knows the real cause or origin; and were we to point out the most marked distinction between a real and a fictitious narrative, we would say that the former in reference to the remote causes of the events it relates is obscure, doubtful, and mysterious, whereas in the latter case it is a part of the author's duty to afford satisfactory details upon the causes of the events he has recorded, and, in a word, to account for everything."

The Historical Novel, however, escapes this stricture in part because there the irregularities, the unexpectednesses, the disproportions of action, are things accepted and not to be argued about. Certain well-attested points and contrasts in the character and conduct of Marlborough and of Catherine the Second might be justly objected to as unnatural in fiction; such historical incidents as Clive's defence of Arcot, or as the last fight of the *Revenge*, would at least be frowned or smiled at if they were mere inventions. Dealing as the Historical Novelist must with actual and authenticated things like these, and moulding, as he will if he is a deacon in his craft, his fictitious incidents on their pattern and to suit them, he can take to himself all the irregularity, all the improbability, all the outrages on the exact scale of Bossu in which life habitually indulges. And he is not obliged to adjust these things, he is even decidedly unwise if he tries to adjust them to theory and probability by elaborate analyses of character. That is not his business at all; he not only may, but should, leave it to quite a different kind of practitioner. His is the big brush, the bold foreshortening, the composition which is all the more effective according as it depends least upon over-subtle strokes and shades of line and colour. Not that he is to draw carelessly or colour coarsely, but that niggling finish of any kind is unnecessary and even prejudicial to his effects. And in the recognition, at least in the practical recognition, of these laws of the craft, as Scott set the example, so he also left very little for any one else to improve upon. He may have been equalled; he has never been surpassed.

I have before now referred by anticipation to another point of his intuition, his instinctive grasp of the first law of the Historical Novel, that the nominal hero and heroine and the ostensibly central interest and story shall not concern historical persons, or shall concern them only in some aspect unrecorded or at best faintly traced in history. The advantages of this are so clear and obvious that it is astounding that they should have been overlooked as they were, not merely by 'prentices of all kinds and all times, but by persons of something more than moderate ability like G. P. R. James and the first Lord Lytton. These advantages have been partly touched upon, but one of them has not, I think, been mentioned, and it may introduce us to another very important feature of the subject. It is constantly useful, and it may at times be indispensable, for the Historical Novelist to take liberties with history. The extent to which this is permissible or desirable may indeed be matter for plentiful disagreement. It is certainly carrying matters too far to make, as in CASTLE DANGEROUS, a happy ending to a story the whole historical and romantic complexion of which required the ending to be unhappy; but Sir Walter was admittedly but the shadow of himself when CASTLE DANGEROUS was written. Although Dryasdust and Smelfungus have both done after their worst fashion in objecting to his anachronisms in happier days, yet I certainly think that it was not necessary to make Shakespeare the author of A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM in the eleventh year of his age, if not earlier, as is done in KENILWORTH, or to play the tricks with chronology required by the narrative of the misdeeds of Ulrica in IVANHOE. Nothing is gained in either of these cases for the story. But there are cases where the story does undoubtedly gain by taking liberties with history. And it is evident that this can be done much more easily and much more effectively when the actual historical characters whose life is, so to speak, "coted and marked," do not play the first parts as far as the interest of the story goes.

But it might be tedious to examine more in detail the special characteristics of work so well known. Enough must have been said to show that Scott had discovered, and to a great extent had discovered consciously, not merely how to write an historical novel, but how to teach others to write it. His critical faculty, if not extraordinarily subtle, was always as sound and shrewd as it was good-natured. And there is hardly a better, as there is not a more interesting, example of this combination than the remarks in his Diary under the dates of October 17th and 18th, 1826, occasioned by Harrison Ainsworth's and Horace Smith's attempts in his style, SIR JOHN CHIVERTON and BRAMBLETYE HOUSE. In one so utterly devoid of the slightest tendency to overvalue himself, his adoption of Swift's phrase,

> Which I was born to introduce,
> Refined it first and showed its use,

is a very strong affidavit of claim; and it is one which, as we have seen, is absolutely justified. Not less so are the remarks which follow later, on what he calls, with his unfailing modesty his "own errors, or, if you will, those of the style." "One advantage," he says, "I think I still have over all of them. They may do it with a better grace, but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural." And then in a succession of light taps with the finger he indicates not a few of the faults of the worser sort of Historical Novel: the acquiring information in order to write, instead of using in an unconstrained fashion what has become part of the regular furniture of the mind; the dragging in historical events by head and shoulders; the too open stealing of actual passages and pages from chronicles or previous works on the subject, and so forth; though he ends up with his usual honesty by confessing once more his own occasional carelessness of the management of the story.

He did not consider that his own plea of being "hurried on so that he has no time to think of the story" is a great deal more than an excuse. There is extremely little danger of much fault being found, except by professional fault-finders, with any writer who neglects the conduct of his story because he has so much story to tell. It is the other people, the people who are at their wits' end to know what ought to come next, who are intolerable, not those who have such an abundance of arrows in their quiver that they sometimes pull out one the notch of which does not exactly fit the string. And after all, who can ever praise enough, or read enough, or enjoy enough those forty-eight volumes of such a reader's paradise as nowhere else exists? The very abundance and relish of their pure delightsomeness has obscured in them qualities which would have made a score of reputations. Of passion there may be little or none; that string in Scott's case, as in those of Bacon, of Milton, of Southey, and others, was either wanting, or the artist's hand shrank from playing on it. But there is almost everything else. I once began, and mislaid, a collection of what would be called in our modern lingo "realistic" details from Scott, which showed at least as shrewd a knowledge and as uncompromising an acknowledgment of the weaknesses of human nature as with a little jargon and a little brutality would have set up half a dozen psychological novelists.[1] In the observation and delineation of his own countrymen he is acknowledged to have excelled all other writers; by which I do not mean merely that no one has drawn Scotsmen as he has, but that no one writer has drawn that writer's countrymen as Scott has. And the consensus, I believe, of the best critics would put him next to Shakespeare as a creator of individual character of the miscellaneous human sort, however far he may be below not merely Shakespeare but Fielding, Thackeray, and perhaps Le Sage in a certain subtle intimacy of detail and a certain massive completeness of execution. And all these gifts,—all these and many more—he put at the service of the kind that he "was born to introduce," the kind of the Historical Novel.

Although Alexandre Dumas had begun to write years before Sir Walter Scott's death, he had not at that time turned his attention to the novels which have ranked him as second only to Sir Walter himself in that department. Nor was he by any means Scott's first French imitator. He was busy on dramatic composition, in which, though he never attained anything like Scott's excellence in his own kind of poetry, he was nearly as great an innovator in his own country and way. Nor can it be doubted that this practice helped him considerably in his later work, just as poetry had helped Scott; and in particular that it taught Dumas a more closely knit construction and a more constant "eye to the audience" than Scott had always shown. Not indeed that the plots of Dumas, as plots, are by any means of exceptional regularity. The crimes and punishment of Milady may be said to communicate a certain unity to LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES, the vengeance of Dantès to MONTE CRISTO, and other things to others. But when they are looked at from the strictly dramatic side, all more or less are "chronicle-plays" in the form of novels, rather than novels; lengths of adventure prolonged or cut short at the pleasure or convenience of the writer, rather than definite evolutions of a certain definite scheme, which has got to come to an end when the ball is fully unrolled. The advantage of Dumas's dramatic practice shows itself most in the business-like way in which at his best he works by *tableaux*, connected, it may be, with each other rather by sequence and identity of personages than by strict causality, but each possessing a distinct dramatic and narrative interest of its own, and so enchaining the attention. There are episodes without end in Dumas; but there are comparatively few (at least in his best work) of the "loose ends," of the incidents, neither complete in themselves nor contributing anything in particular to the general story, to which Sir Walter pleads guilty, and which certainly are to be found in him.

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[1] Curiously enough, after writing the above, I came across the following passage in a little-known but extraordinarily shrewd French critic of English literature, Mr. Browning's friend M. Milsand. "Il y a plus de philosophie dans ses [Scott's] contes (quoique la philosophie n'en soit pas le caractère saillant) que dans bon nombre de romans philosophiques."

Another point in which Dumas may be said to have improved, or at any rate alternated, upon Scott, and which also may, without impropriety, be connected with his practice for the stage, is the enormously increased part allotted to dialogue in his novels. Certainly Scott was not weak in dialogue; on the contrary, the intrinsic excellence of the individual speeches of his characters in humour, in truth to nature, in pathos, and in many other important points, is far above the Frenchman's. But his dialogue plays a much smaller part in the actual evolution of the story. Take down at hazard three or four different volumes of Dumas from the shelf; open them, and run over the pages, noting of what stuff the letterpress is composed. Then do exactly the same with the same number of Scott. You will find that the number of whole pages, and still more the number of consecutive pages, entirely filled with dialogue, or variegated with other matter in hardly greater proportion than that of stage-directions, is far larger in the French than in the English master. It is true that the practice of Dumas varies in this respect. In his latter books especially, in his less good ones at all times, there is a much greater proportion of solid matter. But then the reason of this is quite obvious. He was here falling either in his own person, or by proxy, into those very practices of interpolating lumps of chronicle, and laboriously describing historic incident and scene, with which in the passage above quoted Scott reproaches his imitators. But at his best Dumas delighted in telling his tale as much as possible through the mouths of his characters. In all his most famous passages,—the scene at the Bastion Saint-Gervais in LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES, the Vin de Porto and its ushering scenes in VINGT ANS APRÈS, the choicest episodes of LE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE, the crises of LA REINE MARGOT and LES QUARANTE-CINQ, the thing is always talked rather than narrated. It is hardly fanciful to trace Dumas's preference for heroes like D'Artagnan and Chicot to the fact that they had it by kind to talk.

I do not know whether it is worth while to lay much stress on another difference between Scott and Dumas, —the much greater length of the latter's novels, and his tendency to run them into series. Scott only did the latter once, in the case of THE MONASTERY and THE ABBOT, while it was probably more a determination that the British public should like him yet in his dealings with so tempting a subject as the troubles of Queen Mary's reign than any inherent liking for the practice that determined him to it in this case. Even if we neglect the trilogy system of which the adventures of D'Artagnan and Chicot are the main specimens, the individual length of Dumas's books is much greater than that of Scott's. Putting such giants as MONTE CRISTO and the VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE aside, VINGT ANS APRÈS would make, I should think, at least two WAVERLEYS, and LA REINE MARGOT (one of the shortest) an IVANHOE and a half. But this increase in length was only a return to old practices; for Scott himself had been a great shortener of the novel. To say nothing of the romances of chivalry and the later imitations of them, Le Sage, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Mrs. Radcliffe, had all in their chief work run to a length far exceeding what Sir Walter usually thought sufficient. But I rather doubt whether even Mademoiselle de Scudéry's proverbial prolixity much exceeds in any one instance the length of the VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE.

That this length is pretty closely connected with the conversational manner just noticed cannot, I think, be doubted. There is nothing so endless as talk; and inasmuch as an hour's leisurely speech will fill some thirty octavo pages, valiant talkers like Miss Bates must deliver (though fortunately not in a form which abides with posterity) their volume a day, year in and year out, given health and listeners, without any difficulty or much exertion. That is three hundred and sixty-five volumes a year; whereas five were all that even Southey's brazen-bowelled industry warranted itself to produce, and I do not think that Sir Walter himself in his most tremendous bursts of energy exceeded the rate of about a dozen.

Of the advantages and disadvantages, on the other hand, of the length thus reintroduced into novel-writing, it is not possible to speak with equal confidence. People who read very fast, who like to read more than once, and who are pleased to meet old friends in constantly new situations, as a rule, I think, like long books; but the average subscriber to circulating libraries does not. The taste for them is perhaps the more generous, as it certainly is the most ancient and most human. It showed itself in the cycles of the ancients and of medieval romance: it positively revelled in the extraordinary filiations of the AMADIS story; and it has continued to assert itself in different forms to the present day, now in that of long single books, now in that of direct series and continuations, now in that of books like Thackeray's and Trollope's, which are not exactly series, but which keep touch with each other by the community of more or fewer characters. Of course it is specially easy to tempt and indulge this taste in the historical department of novel-writing. Even as it is, Dumas himself has made considerable progress in the task of writing a connected novel-history of France from the English wars to the Revolution of 1789. I really do not know that, especially now when the taste for the romance seems to have revived somewhat vigorously, it would be an inconceivable thing if somebody should write an English historical AMADIS in more than as many generations as the original, deducing the fortunes of an English family from King Arthur to Queen Victoria. Let it be observed that I do not as a critic recommend this scheme, nor do I specially hanker after its results as a reader. But it is not an impossible thing, and it would hardly exceed the total of Dumas's printed work. I have never been able to count that mighty list of volumes twice with the same result, a phenomenon well known in legend respecting the wonderful works of nature or of art. But it comes, I think, to somewhere about two hundred and forty volumes; that is to say, a hundred and twenty novels of the length of LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES or LA REINE MARGOT. And as that would cover the time suggested, at not more than ten or twelve years to a novel, it should surely be ample.

To return to a proper seriousness: the main points of strictly technical variation in Dumas as compared with Scott are the more important use made of dialogue, the greater length of the stories, and the tendency to run them on in series. In quality of enjoyment, also, the French master added something to his English model. If Scott is not deep (I think him much deeper than it is the fashion to allow), Dumas is positively superficial. His rapid and absorbing current of narrative gives no time for any strictly intellectual exertion on the part either of writer or reader; the style as style is even less distinct and less distinguished than Scott's; we receive not only few ideas but even few images of anything but action—few pictures of scenery, no extraordinarily vivid touches of customs or manners. Dumas is an infinitely inferior master of character to Scott; he can make up a personage admirably, but seldom attains to a real character. Chicot himself and Porthos are the chief exceptions; for D'Artagnan is more a type than an individual, Athos is the incarnate gentleman chiefly, Aramis is incomplete and shadowy, and Monte Cristo is a mere creature of melodrama. But Dumas excels even Scott himself in the peculiar and sustained faculty of keeping hold on his reader by and for the story. With Sir Walter one is never quite unconscious, and one is delighted to be conscious, of the existence and individuality of the narrator. Of Dumas's personality (and no doubt this is in a way a triumph of his art) we never think at all. We think of nothing but of the story: whether D'Artagnan will ever bring the diamonds safe home; whether the compact between Richelieu and Milady can possibly be fulfilled; whether that most terrible of all "black strap", that flowed into the pewter pot when Grimaud tried the cask, will do its intended duty or not; whether Margaret will be able to divert the silk cord in Alençon's hand from its destination on La Môle's neck. No doubt Scott has moments of the same arresting excitement; but they are not so much his direct object, and from the difference of his method they are not so prominent or so numerous or engineered in such a manner as to take an equally complete hold of the reader. No doubt the generation which as yet had not Scott affected to find similar moments in Mrs. Radcliffe; but oh! the difference to us of the moment when Emily draws aside the Black Veil, and the moment when the corpse of Mordaunt shoots above water with the moonlight playing on the gold hilt of the dagger! Dumas indeed has no Wandering Willie; he had not poetry enough in him for that. But in the scenes where Scott as a rule excels him,—the scenes where the mere excitement of adventure is enhanced by nobility of sentiment—he has a few, with the death of Porthos at the head of them, which are worthy of Scott himself; while of passages like the famous rescue of Henry Morton from the Cameronians he has literally hundreds.

It was, then, this strengthening and extending of the absorbing and exciting quality which the Historical Novel chiefly owed to Dumas, just as it owed its first just and true concoction and the indication of almost all the ways in which it could seek perfection to Scott. I shall not, I think, be charged with being unjust to the Pupil; but, wonderful as his work is, I think it not so much likely as certain that it never would have been done at all if it had not been for the Master.

George Saintsbury.

(*To be concluded.*)

# A FORGOTTEN FIGHT.

FIVE miles inland from where the great breakers of the Bay of Biscay dash themselves on the rocks of Biarritz is the picturesque old town of Bayonne, which has played many a part in history, and was even once a possession of our own. The River Nive joins the greater Adour in the town itself, and their joint waters ripple against the old walls of the fortifications, and fill the ditches of Vauban's bastions. It was two miles below the town that Wellington built his celebrated bridge of boats over the Adour, at this point a tidal river from five to six hundred yards wide, in order to invest Bayonne before he himself followed Soult to Toulouse. And, if the legend be correct, would himself have been captured, while choosing the site for the bridge, by the commander of a French river gun-boat, had it not been for the timely warning of his chivalrous adversary General Thouvenot, then commanding the French troops in Bayonne.

The story goes that Wellington used to ride over daily, with one or two of his staff, from his headquarters at St. Jean-de-Luz, and take his stand on the top of a wooded sand-hillock, called Blanc Pignon, on the left bank of the Adour, which commands a view of both banks and the town itself two miles up stream. This had been noticed by the French, who had still command of the river and the opposite shore; and the zealous sailor aforesaid, Bourgeois by name, conceived the plan of entrapping the great English captain by lying in ambush for him, with a few men, among the undergrowth on the sand-dune, which happened to be on neutral ground just outside the line of French picquets. General Thouvenot very honourably declined to sanction this tricky proceeding; but, seeing through his glasses from the clock-tower of the cathedral in Bayonne that it was actually being carried out, notwithstanding his disapproval, he sent a mounted orderly, as fast as he could gallop, down the road on the left bank of the river (the present site of the Allées Marines), past the French picquets, to warn Wellington of his danger. The message was just in time. When within a short distance of the ambush awaiting him on the narrow little track winding up the sand-dune, he turned his horse, and moved quietly off in another direction.

So says the story, which, entirely believed by the French, is placed on record by Morel, declared in a footnote to be correct, and then (1846) within the memory of living witnesses. We can entirely agree with the author in his succeeding remark: "Thus, by one of those strange chances beyond all human explanation, there fell through a design which might have materially changed the course of events."

It is almost inconceivable that so chivalrous an opponent as this story represents General Thouvenot to have been, should, eleven weeks later, after the conclusion of peace had become known to him,[1] make that wilful night sortie from the citadel of Bayonne, which cost each side between eight and nine hundred men, failed to attain any object, and terminated with useless slaughter the last action of the Peninsular War. More curious still that after the fight he should have harshly and peremptorily refused to allow his gallant adversary (the brave Sir John Hope, who had been wounded in the sortie and had temporarily fallen into his hands,) to receive a visit from any English officer, although the investing force simply wished to be assured that their beloved leader lived, and to know the nature of his wounds.

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[1] Wellington believed that Thouvenot knew of the peace before he made the useless sortie from Bayonne, but not so Soult before the battle of Toulouse. See Lord Stanhope's "Conversations with the Duke of Wellington."

Without trying to reconcile these contradictory traits of character in the same individual, let us pass on to the more immediate subject of these notes.

The battle of St. Pierre, or more correctly Mouguerre, was fought on the 13th of December 1813, some four months prior to the events we have just referred to, and some four miles above the town of Bayonne, as the sand-dune Blanc Pignon is some two miles below it. Here that great soldier, Sir Rowland (afterwards Viscount) Hill, overmatched in men and out-numbered in guns, won a glorious victory after one of the most bloody actions in the Peninsular War.

The fight was remarkable for two very different events: one worthily ennobling a great English family, and thereby rescuing from oblivion the old title of a distinguished fighting regiment; the other resulting in the dismissal from the service of two English officers, each of whom commanded a regiment in the battle.

It has already been said that the Nive joins its waters with those of the Adour in the town of Bayonne, and in the angle between those rivers lies the well-marked and easily distinguishable site of the engagement. Two ponds, or, as Napier correctly calls them, mill-dams, distinctly fix the position of Hill's two flank brigades to this day, while the centre is plainly marked by the half-dozen houses of the hamlet of Loste or Lostenia ("at the host's" or "landlord's," in Basque, *enia* meaning "belonging to,") on the ridge over which the main road passes from Bayonne to Hasparren. A commanding eminence, one mile in rear of the centre, now covered with scattered fir trees, enabled Hill to see the whole of his own line of battle, the rivers on both his flanks, the opposing slope down which the French poured from St. Pierre d'Irube to the attack, and away to his left rear across the silver streak of the Nive, from whence alone he could hope for support. The whole panorama of the fight lay stretched out before him.

This village of St. Pierre d'Irube, outside the works of Bayonne, held by the French and through which they had to pass, is large and of considerable importance. Hence there is some difficulty in tracing the battle ground of St. Pierre which Napier so named, presumably not from St. Pierre d'Irube, but from the small outlying hamlet, properly called Lostenia, two miles beyond it, where the English centre rested, but which is also within the commune of St. Pierre d'Irube. The French more justly called the action Mouguerre, from a large village of that name on the English right flank, where Sir John Byng's brigade was posted, which was carried and recaptured during the fight.

But it is necessary to go back a little. Wellington, after driving Soult before him out of Spain across the Bidassoa and from the mountain of Larrhun, passed the Nivelle, and established himself on French soil, but found himself confined to a narrow strip hemmed in between the river Nive and the sea. Soult, with fortified Bayonne and an entrenched camp at his back, was in his front; the Pyrenees were behind him. To remain inactive was useless, for though in France, he was cut off from all communication with the rest of the country. Wellington therefore extended his right, and pushing Hill and Beresford across the Nive at Cambo and Ustaritz, nine and twelve miles respectively above Bayonne, by a bold stroke widened his front and made many things possible.

On the 9th of December 1813 Hill crossed the river by fords under a heavy cannonade, and Marshal Beresford at the top of the tideway three miles lower down, partly by pontoons. The French divisions lining the opposite bank were driven in, narrowly indeed escaping the loss of an entire brigade, which was left without orders between two fires. Beresford, pushing on from the river across the main road running up the valley from Bayonne to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, cut off the retreat to Bayonne; while Hill, sweeping round to his left, came down the right bank, and, joined by a division of Beresford's men, rested for the night (after a cannonade and skirmish in which Villefranque, five miles from Bayonne, was taken,) on some heights within view of the cathedral towers.

It was a dashing and dangerous day's work, and gallantly done. On the following day Hill occupied the ridge upon which, three days later, he was destined to fight single-handed a glorious action against one of the ablest Marshals of France. These three days were occupied by Soult in constant yet futile combats with Wellington on the other side of the tidal Nive, which now separated the two divisions of the English army.

The personal reminiscences of one engaged in these battles of the Nive are delightfully set forth in THE SUBALTERN, that book of perennial joy in Biarritz and the Basque country.

The fights were severe and the losses heavy; and Soult finding that Wellington was always ready for him, decided to try his fortune with Hill on the right bank of the river. With this object in view, after the day's fruitless fighting was over, he filed his troops across a bridge of boats connecting the two portions of his entrenched camp, which lay one on each side of the river above and touching Bayonne, during the evening and night of the 12th of December 1813; and, this time confident of success, prepared to demolish Hill on the morrow.

Calm and still broke the morning of the battle, and, bating certain ominous rumblings in the distance, all was peace. A thick fog hung over the landscape: little could be seen; and, as if the very elements conspired to favour the enemy, the Nive had come down during the night, and carrying away the new bridge of boats[1] at Villefranque, had completely isolated Hill from Wellington.

One can imagine Hill's feelings on receiving this intelligence in the gloom of that winter morning. It was a moment to try the stuff a man was made of. To say that his position was critical is but feebly to describe it. Soult was in his front with five and thirty thousand men and twenty-two guns, covered by a fortress and entrenched camp; both his flanks rested on tidal rivers, while ten miles in his rear a full French division was only held in check by a despised enemy and Vivian's cavalry. The previous evening Hill was not unconscious of the avalanche likely to fall upon him. With the eye of a true soldier he had detected in the fading light of a winter sunset the glint of arms crossing Soult's bridge from the opposite side, a hint which he did not fail to rightly interpret. He knew his danger, and prepared for it; but then he was in touch with Wellington by the bridge of boats in rear of his left flank; now that was gone, and assistance could only come by a long *détour*.

The hint of the preceding evening had fortunately caused Hill at once to recall a brigade which he had ordered to the rear to support Vivian and the Spaniards. This made his force up to fourteen thousand men and fourteen guns, which was all he had to oppose the coming storm. One thing was in his favour. Soult could only leave his entrenchments in the angle between the two rivers on a narrow front, and, gradually deploying his line as he got further away, put his battle in order; but all these movements were hidden from Hill by the fog. An occasional glimpse, as the fog lifted in parts from time to time, discovered large black masses moving in front, only to be again quickly hidden from sight. Everything looked ominous, and for Hill it must have been a time of extreme tension indeed. The thunderbolt, he knew, was close at hand, and might be launched upon him at any moment; and yet he could neither see nor ascertain his enemy's dispositions.

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[1] Not the celebrated bridge over the Adour, but a bridge across the Nive above Bayonne.

At last the weary waiting came to an end. The sun burst forth, the morning mists dispersed, and in a moment the roar of cannon and the clash of arms were heard far and wide. Hill's three brigades were posted as previously described, stretching some three and a half miles from river to river, Le Cor's Portuguese division being in reserve behind the ridge of Lostenia. The impetuous General Abbé furiously attacked the English centre, which was on the main road. Ashworth's Portuguese were here, in advance of the centre on the slope of the ridge, holding a wood on their right, and a hedge in front, which, though sorely pressed, they never lost, and which materially contributed to the success of the day. The wood is there to this moment; but which may be the fortunate fence it is difficult, among so many, to determine. Over and over again the attack was pushed vehemently against the centre; and as each one was repulsed it was vigorously renewed with fresh troops on the French side. Then occurred the incident of the brave Ninety-Second (so graphically described by Napier), which, shattered and broken in the constant attacks, had to retire and reform behind the village, and then came again, with colours flying and pipes skirling, for a final and desperate effort to save the day, as if they were a fresh body of troops just arrived and gaily entering into action for the first time. The inspiration was that of a born soldier; and the dogged valour of Colonel Cameron's men was worthy of such a leader and of such a moment. This, too, was the regiment which only five months before had been cut to pieces on the Col de Maya, leaving two-thirds of their number on that field of honour. Such an example was inspiriting. To see men return to the combat as coolly as to a march past on parade was invigorating to the whole line. The skirmishers sprang forward, and the leader of a French column just coming up to the attack, fortunately mistaking the Ninety-Second, thinned though their ranks were, for a fresh body of troops, hesitated, wavered, and lost his opportunity for ever.

While this was going on in the centre, the left-centre, partially separated from the left brigade under Pringle by the mill-pond and swampy ground, was fiercely engaged. Here Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir W. Stewart, who commanded, betook himself to sustain and encourage his own over-matched line, and prevent the persistent French columns from driving a wedge between him and Pringle. Most of his staff were killed or wounded: the Seventy-First were unhappily withdrawn; and the enemy were fast gaining, and at last did gain, the crest of the rise.

But this was not all. Sir Rowland Hill, from the commanding eminence of Horlopo, saw that the Buffs on the extreme right had retired before Darmagnac's men from the advanced point of the Partouhiria ridge, close to where now stands the Croix de Mouguerre, so frequently, but unwittingly, visited by English people; and that the enemy had advanced along the ridge through Vieux Mouguerre, had outflanked the right brigade under Sir John Byng, and were in fact in rear of the English line. This indeed was Soult's object; to turn the English right, and roll up Hill's force in confusion on the Nive before assistance could reach him. It was the critical moment of the day, the moment of victory or defeat, of instant action or annihilation.

Then from his eyrie, a mile in rear, galloped Hill, and taking with him on the way one of Le Cor's two reserve brigades of Portuguese, he despatched Buchan to the right with the other to rally and help the Buffs, and to drive Darmagnac back along the Partouhiria ridge. Hastening himself to the centre, he turned back the retreating Seventy-First, who right willingly responded to his call, and personally led the Portuguese Brigade into action. The Second Portuguese regiment managed to get round the French right flank while the Fourteenth Portuguese under Major Travassos most gallantly drove home a charge into the enemy's column in front, across some rough ground and broken fences, to the admiration of all beholders, and swept them back from the crest, thus effectually retrieving the fortunes of the fight in the left centre and covering themselves with glory.

Ashworth had been wounded, but his Portuguese and the gallant old Fiftieth still tenaciously held the hedge (which they had never relinquished), and the wood on the right of the road. Southey in his PENINSULAR WAR bears witness to the bravery of the Portuguese in these words: "The artillery fired this day with dreadful effect, and the main road was in many places literally running with blood . . . . nearly half the loss fell upon the Portuguese, upon whom indeed was now placed as much reliance as upon the British themselves."

But what was Wellington doing all this time? With his usual foresight he had, two days before, ordered Beresford (now again on the left side of the Nive) to despatch the Sixth Division to Hill's assistance without further orders, should he hear that the latter was attacked. Beresford, with similar sagacity, had set that division in motion towards Hill at early dawn on the day of St. Pierre, without waiting for the sound of strife.[1]

On that morning Wellington was on the Barrouilhet ridge, not far from the present Biarritz railway-station, within sound and even distant sight of the battle-field. At 8.30 A.M. the first gun on the opposite side of the river told him what was about to happen. He put spurs to his horse and straightway galloped best pace direct to the bridge of boats at Villefranque, some three and a half miles off, only to find it broken down. By twelve o'clock he had crossed the river and was leading Beresford's Sixth Division to Hill's assistance up the reverse slopes on the opposite side, with the Fourth and Third Divisions closely following. In less than three hours then, the bridge had been repaired and two divisions passed over it, while the battle was raging close at hand. Quick work, and typical of the great soldier!

Meanwhile, Buchan's Portuguese had not been idle. They crossed the valley to the right, under a galling flank fire of artillery, joined hands with the retiring Buffs, and together tackled Darmagnac with such determined courage that they not only stopped his advance, but drove him back through and out of Mouguerre; then continuing the motion, they sent him flying pell-mell over the point of the Partouhiria ridge, which they effectually cleared of the enemy. In this way that dangerous turning movement, so hazardously near completion and success, was more than arrested, and the right of the position saved.

Sir John Byng, who commanded the right brigade, had been thus far hard at work helping the decimated centre with two of his regiments, the Fifty-Seventh and Thirty-First (second battalion), while the Buffs, holding the ridge on the extreme right, were being gradually forced back by superior numbers. But this retreat, as we have seen, had been gallantly retrieved, and the ridge regained and swept clear of foes. Then Byng received the welcome orders to reunite his brigade, and dislodge the enemy from a hill in front, where they were very strongly posted and supported by cannon. With alacrity indeed was the order carried out. Heading his brigade in person he charged, and drove the enemy from the height and down the slope on the opposite side into the suburbs of St. Pierre d'Irube, planting the colour of the Thirty-First with his own hand on the summit of the mound, where he was the first man to arrive, and capturing two guns which the enemy abandoned in their flight. Such conduct would in these days have gained a general officer the coveted cross for personal valour. Two young pine trees, on a conical mound in front of the Croix de Mouguerre, now indicate the site of this intrepid exploit.

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[1] Probably crossing the Nive by the pontoons at Ustaritz, as we are told that the division passed the river in the early morning.

The crisis of the battle was over when Wellington arrived on the scene. The fighting, however, still continued, but the enemy did not attack with the same fire as had distinguished his assaults in the earlier hours of the day; it was also observed that there was some difficulty in inducing his columns to advance. Then, the reinforcements being at hand to form a reserve in place of those which had been thrown into the fight by Hill in the very nick of time, the offensive was taken, and a general advance of the whole line ordered. Three generals had been wounded, and nearly all the staff of the shattered centre were either killed or hit; so that when Colonel Currie, the aide-de-camp, arrived with the order, he could find no superior officer to whom to deliver it, and led the advance himself.

Pringle's brigade, on two low hills, La Ralde and St. Marie, on the extreme left overhanging the Nive, had not been from the first so fiercely assailed as the centre and right; but still he was hotly engaged with Darricau, who kept him fully employed, notwithstanding the difficulties of assaulting so strong a position from swampy ground. He was able, however, to advance his brigade to his outposts, and wheeling his right regiment, the Twenty-Eighth, to his right, to pour in an effectual and destructive flank fire on the enemy's columns during the critical moment of the assault of the left centre. When that was finally repulsed Darricau's men felt it, and were gradually drawn into the retirement, Pringle following.

After Byng's brave achievement, which a strong counter-attack failed to disturb, and the general advance which established our outposts on the ground previously held by the enemy touching the suburbs of St. Pierre d'Irube, the battle dwindled into desultory fighting, and the early shades of a December evening closed a glorious and memorable day. It must not be overlooked, however, that even after so severe a struggle, the Allies were not such complete masters of the ground but that a French Cavalry Brigade from Bayonne passed out, on the English right, along the Adour and joined Soult in the rear.

The losses on both sides had been terrible. Soult's amounted to three thousand killed and wounded, including two brigadiers and four generals; whilst the Allies had three generals (Barnes, Le Cor, and Ashworth), and fifteen hundred men killed and wounded.

Notwithstanding this, the French Marshal's report describes and dismisses this bloody battle in these few words: "The attack was brilliant, and at the outset very well led; but the repulse of two regiments of Abbé's division had thrown it into confusion and caused it to lose ground. Darricau's division, which was on the immediate right, perceiving this at the moment when it was carrying the enemy's left, became also disordered. I therefore drew up Foy's division, and Gruardet's brigade of Darmagnac's division, which was not yet engaged, in line. Maransin's division replaced Darmagnac's other brigade. The enemy's advance was checked, and the action continued on the same ground for the rest of the day. One gun, which had been pushed too far forward, remained in the enemy's hands, all its horses having been killed."[1]

Napier, on the other hand, in his criticisms on this action, makes the following remarks. "It is agreed by French and English that the battle of St. Pierre was one of the most desperate of the whole war. Wellington said he had never seen a field so thickly strewn with dead, nor can the vigour of the combatants be well denied, where five thousand men were killed or wounded in three hours, upon a space of one mile square." And this is confirmed, on the French side, by Pellot, in his "MÉMOIRES SUR LA CAMPAGNE DE L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE DITE DES PYRÉNÉES EN 1813–14," published in Bayonne 1818, only five years after the battle: "One may judge of the severity of the fighting from the losses on both sides. We had two thousand five hundred wounded, and four or five hundred killed; but the enemy's loss was far more serious."

It is surely, then, surprising that such a battle, redounding so much to the credit of British arms, and one of the most desperate of that heroic war, should be a name unknown on the colours of the regiments engaged in it. And, stranger still, it is not mentioned in the list of battles at the base of Lord Hill's column at Shrewsbury, erected to the memory of that great soldier. The word "Nive" is supposed to include it. Now the reason, no doubt, why St. Pierre is not specially named, and is in consequence comparatively little known under that title, is that it was the great culminating action which terminated those five days of hard fighting collectively known as the battles of the Nive. It is thus merged under the word "Nive' in that nest of battles which took place chiefly on the other (left) bank of that river during the four previous days; but it was in reality a distinct action apart from the rest, fought by a separate portion of the force, isolated for the time at least from the remainder, and well worthy of a special place among the recorded deeds of the army and of Hill. Never was gallantry more signally displayed; never was a battle more courageously won. A sight indeed worth witnessing it must have been, to see the great Captain arrive at the head of the Sixth Division on the slopes of Lostenia, and, taking in at a glance the situation, grasp the hand of his trusty lieutenant, hot from the thickest of the fray, exclaiming, "Hill, the day is your own!" What a picture for an artist's brush must have been the meeting of those two great men amidst the din and strife of that bloody field!

Wellington wrote many short despatches that afternoon to General Wimpffen and others as to the disposition of his troops, dated "On the heights before Villefranque," in which he never fails to make this laconic remark: "General Hill has given the enemy a devil of a thrashing (*l'a battu diablement*)."

General Sir John Byng, afterwards Field Marshal and Earl of Strafford (grandfather of the present peer), in 1815 received by royal command, for his gallantry at St. Pierre, the following honourable augmentation of his arms: "Over the arms of the family of Byng, in bend sinister, a representation of the Colour of the Thirty-First Regiment," and the following crest, "Out of a mural crown an arm embowed, grasping the Colour of the aforesaid Thirty-First Regiment, and, pendent from the wrist by a riband, the Gold Cross presented to him by His Majesty's command, as a mark of his royal approbation of his distinguished services, and in an escrol above, the word Mouguerre, being the name of a height near the hamlet of St. Pierre." In this way has been curiously preserved the designation of a distinguished regiment, well remembered in connection with the burning of the Kent in the Bay of Biscay, and later in the Cabul, Sutlej, Crimea, and China campaigns, which in former times had been personally led into action at Dettingen by that English sovereign who was the last to command an army in battle. For, unlucky enough to be shorn of both number and county in the recent changes, civilian readers can now hardly be expected to recognise the Thirty-First Huntingdonshire under its new designation of the East Surrey Regiment. By a singular turn of events, however, it has come about that the old title of the Thirty-First is preserved by the pages of Burke and Debrett, in recording the brave deeds at St. Pierre in the beginning of the century.

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[1] Commandant Clerc, Forty-Ninth French Regiment, now quartered at Bayonne, who has just published CAMPAGNE DE MARÉCHAL SOULT DANS LES PYRÉNÉES OCCIDENTALES, makes the following remark, very creditable to his impartiality, but which needs, as he says, elucidation, as to Darmagnac's and Abbé's loss of guns in this affair. In any case, only two light guns appear from the English accounts to have been taken at St. Pierre (Mouguerre). "The Marshal reports the loss of only one gun, while Wellington declares that two batteries were taken. Now the returns of the artillery from the 1st to the 16th of December give the exact difference between 119 (110) and 94, namely, 16 pieces. Moreover, on the 16th of December Darmagnac had not a battery left. He had therefore lost his guns, and there is good reason to believe that Abbé had also lost his. It is a point that needs elucidation." Commandant Clerc's work (1894) will be found of great service to military students, as it contains the latest French reports and opinions.

Napier concludes his observations on this battle in these words: "Hill's employment of his reserve was a fine stroke. He saw that the misconduct of the two colonels would cause the loss of his position more surely than any direct attack upon it, and with military decision he descended at once to the spot, playing the soldier as well as the general . . . . and leading the reserve himself; trusting meanwhile with a noble and well-placed confidence to the courage of the Ninety-Second and the Fiftieth to sustain the fight at St. Pierre. He knew indeed the Sixth Division was then close at hand and the battle might be fought over again; but, like a thorough soldier, he was resolved to win his own fight with his own troops if he could; and he did so after a manner that in less eventful times would have rendered him the hero of a nation." One incident alone marred the honours of this day: the retirement by the two colonels of their respective battalions without orders during the fight; but these regiments themselves promptly and signally retrieved that error in judgment on the part of their leaders, ere many minutes had passed.

There is nothing new in what I have written. It has been told in many books, which these notes (made after an intimate personal acquaintance with the ground during the last five years) do not presume to elaborate, much less to correct or criticise; but should they in any small degree help to distinguish St. Pierre from the battles which immediately preceded it, and to make more known the scene of the action, they will have served some kind of purpose.

Perhaps it may be added that our young officers might do worse than take a look, during the leave-season, at these sites of great battles all chosen by past masters in the art of war. St. Pierre is within an afternoon's ride of Biarritz; the Nivelle is but little more; the Nive is within a walk, while the Bidassoa and St. Sebastian are but a day's excursion.

William Hill James,
*Lieutenant-Colonel (Retd.),*
*Late Thirty-First Regiment.*

# THE TREASURE OF SACRAMENTO NICK.

AWAY on the northernmost coast of Australia lies a little world all by itself and unlike anything else to be found in the whole immemorial East. Its chief centre is in Torres Straits, where the majority of the inhabitants employ themselves in pearl-fishing, gathering *bêche-de-mer* and tortoise-shell, and generally in accumulating those gigantic fortunes of which one hears so much, and sees so little.

Walking the streets of Thursday Island, the smallest of the group, yet the centre of commerce and the seat of such government as the Colony of Queensland can afford it, you will be struck with the number of nationalities represented. Dwelling together, if not in unity certainly in unison, are Caucasians and Mongolians, Ethiopians and Malayans, John Chinaman living cheek by jowl with the barbarian Englishman, Cingalee with Portuguese, Frenchman with Kanaka—all prejudices alike forgotten in the one absorbing struggle for the unchanging British sovereign. On the verandahs of the hotels sit continually men who talk with the familiarity of old friends about the uttermost parts of the earth, and whose lives are mainly spent in places to which the average man never goes nor dreams of going. If you are a good listener they will tell you many things worth knowing; and towards midnight you will feel stealing over you a hazy conviction that the nineteenth century is as yet unborn, and that you are listening to the personal narrative of Sinbad the Sailor in an unexpurgated form.

One afternoon as I was sitting in my verandah watching the China mail-boat steam to her anchorage, and wondering if I had energy enough to light a third cheroot, I felt my arm touched. Turning, I discovered a little Solomon boy, about ten years old, attired in an ancient pair of hunting-breeches, and grinning from ear to ear. Having succeeded in attracting my attention, he handed me a letter. It was from my friend McBain, the manager of a pearling-station on an adjacent island, and set forth the welcome fact that he would be pleased to see me on a matter of some importance, if I could spare the time to dine with him that evening. There was nothing I could spare more easily or more willingly.

Once comfortably seated in the verandah, McBain explained his reason for sending to me. "You'll think me mad, but I've got a curiosity here that I want you to examine before any one else gets hold of him."

"Black or white?" I asked with but little interest, for we lived in a land of human curiosities.

"White."

"Nationality?"

"Cosmopolitan, I should fancy."

"Profession?"

"Adventurer, with a marvellous big A."

"And hailing from—?"

"Well, he doesn't seem to know himself. One of my luggers took him out of an open boat about two degrees west of the Ladrones."

"But he surely knows how he got into the boat? Men don't go pleasure-trips across oceans without knowing whence they started. Hasn't he anything to say for himself?"

"That's just what I want you to hear. Either the man's a superhuman liar, or else he's got the secret of the biggest thing on earth. We'll have him up to-night, and you shall judge for yourself."

When dinner was over we took ourselves and our cigars into the cool verandah, and for half an hour or so sat smoking and talking of many things. Then a footstep crunched upon the path, and a tall thin man stood before us.

McBain rose and wished him "Good evening," as he did so pushing a chair into such a position that I could see his face. "I beg your pardon, but I don't think you told me your name last night."

"Sir, my name is Nicodemus B. Patten of Sacramento City, State of California, U.S.A.—most times called Sacramento Nick."

"Well, Mr. Patten, let me introduce you to a friend who is anxious to hear the curious story you told me last night. Will you smoke?"

Gravely bowing to me, he selected a cheroot, lit it, and blew the smoke luxuriously through his nose. The lamp-light fell full and fair upon his face, and instinctively I began to study it. It was a remarkable countenance, and, in spite of its irregularity of feature, contained a dignity of expression which rather disconcerted me. There were evident traces of bodily and mental suffering in the near past, but it was neither the one nor the other which had stamped the lines that so much puzzled me. After satisfying myself on certain other points, I begged him to begin.

He did so without hesitation or previous thought.

"Gentlemen, before I commence my story, let me tell you that when first the things I am going to tell you of came about, there were three of us: Esdras W. Dyson of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.; James Dance of London, England; and Nicodemus B. Patten of Sacramento City, now before you. I reckon most folks would have called us adventurers, for we'd ferreted into nearly every corner of the globe. Snakes alive! but I've seen things in my time that would fairly stagger even you, and I guess my story of to-night ain't the least curious of 'em.

"Perhaps you don't remember the junk that fell foul of the *Bedford Castle* nigh upon three years ago, when she was four days out from Singapore?"

I remembered the circumstance perfectly. It was an act of flagrant piracy which had made some noise at the time; and I had also a faint recollection of having been told that white men were suspected of being mixed up in it. On being asked if he knew anything of the matter, he said: "Well, I don't *say* we did, mind you, but I suspicion we were in China waters at the time. But, bless you, in those days there were few places and few things that *we* hadn't a finger in. Understand, I am telling you this because I don't want to sail under false colours, and also because such work is all over now; the Firm's smashed up, and we'll never go on the Long Trail again.

"Two years ago, for certain reasons not necessary to mention, we wanted to lay by for a while, so bringing up at Batavia fixed right on to the Nederlander. Java's a one-horse place for business purposes, but if you know the ropes—well, there's not a better place in the world to hide in.

"Now, gentlemen both, you may take it from me that there never was such a chap for browsing about among niggers, finding out what was doing and if there was anything to be made, as Esdras W. Dyson of Milwaukee, U.S.A. In the first place, he could patter any lingo from Chinese to Malay with a tongue that'd talk round the devil himself; and when he suspicioned a nigger had anything worth knowing—well, he'd just freeze to that charcoal sketch till he fairly got it out of him. Rigged out in native dress and properly coloured, he could pass in anywhere. It was he who found out the thing that ruined us, brought me here, and left Jim and himself feeding the fishes a thousand fathoms deep.

"Directly we arrived in Batavia he began hanging round the Native

Quarter, making himself mighty agreeable for some particular information he wanted. He was away for two or three days; then one night as Dance and me were smoking on the piazza, he came striding up the path in the devil's own hurry. 'Boys!' says he in a whisper, 'I'm on it, up to the hilt, the biggest and the all firedest stroke of good fortune we've hit yet. I'm going *fantee* to-night, so keep your weather eyes lifted, and when I say come, come right away!' With that he went to his room, and we could hear him rummaging about in his trunks.

"A bit later a native fruit-hawker came round the corner bowing and scraping towards us. We told him to clear out, but he commenced a pitiful yarn, all the time pushing his baskets closer to us. 'Fine Duriens and the sweetest of Mangosteens, if the Presence will only buy!' But the big night-watchman had caught sight of him, and came trundling down the piazza. You can reckon our astonishment, when the hawker said: 'How is it, boys? Do you think they'll *savee?* Keep your kits packed and be prepared to *trek* directly you get the word from me.' Here the watchman came up. 'On the word of a poor man, the Duriens are freshly plucked and the Mangosteens hung upon the trees this morning.' We refused to buy, and he went away crying his fruit towards the Native Quarter.

"For two or three days not a shadow of a sign came from him. Then one of those Chinese hawkers came into the square with two coolies carrying his goods, and as soon as we set eyes on the second nigger we recognised Milwaukee, and stood by to take his message in whatever form it might come. Pulling up at our chairs, the Chinkey told his men to set down their loads, himself coming across to us with a tray of fans, scents, and what not, but seeing Milwaukee had a packet of slippers in his hands, we only wanted slippers. The merchant sings out, and, he brings 'em over, handing one pair to Dance and another to me. We stepped inside to try them on, and as we expected, in one of the shoes was a letter neatly stowed away. I forget now how it went, but it was to the effect that he had found out all he wanted to know, and that we were to meet him at eight on the Singapore Wharf at Tanjong Priok, bringing no kit save our revolvers.

"After squaring things at the hotel, and destroying what was dangerous in our baggage, we *trekked* for the Priok just as dusk was falling. Sharp at eight we were waiting on the wharf where the Messagerie boats lie, and wondering what the deuce was going to happen. Inside of ten minutes a native boat came pulling up the river, and as it passed us the rower sneezed twice very sharp and sudden. It was an old signal, and Dance gave the return. The boatman hitches right on to the steps and comes ashore.

"'Good boys,' says he very quiet and careful; 'up to time, that's right. Now to business! D'ye see that schooner lying outside the breakwater? Well, she sails at daylight. I put the skipper and mate ashore not ten minutes ago, and they're to return in an hour. There's only three chaps aboard, and it's our business to cut her out before the others come back. D'ye understand?'

"'But what d'ye reckon to do then, Milwaukee?' I asked, for it seemed a risky game, just for the sake of a mangy Dutch trader.

"'Never you mind now; when I do tell you, you'll say it's worth the candle. Come, jump in here, and I'll pull you aboard!'

"The harbour was as quiet as the sea out yonder; a Dutch man-of-war lay under the wing of the breakwater, and a Sourabaya mail-boat to the left of her. We passed between them, down towards the lighthouse and out into the open. Outside there was a bit of a sea running, but Milwaukee was always hard to beat, and at last we managed to get alongside. Somebody, most likely the anchor-watch, caught our painter, and took a turn in it, saying in Dutch, 'You're back early, Mynheer.' By the time he twigged his mistake we were aboard, and Dance had clapped a stopper on his mouth. The others were below, and I reckon you'd have laughed if you could have seen the look on their faces when, after Milwaukee's thumping on the fo'c'sle, they turned out to find their craft in other hands. However, they soon saw what was up, and reckoned it was no use making fools of themselves. Then Milwaukee went to the wheel, singing out to get sail on her and stand by to slip the cable. We knew our business, and in less than twenty minutes were humming down the coast a good ten knots an hour.

"As soon as the course was set and everything going smooth, Milwaukee made right aft to where Dance was steering. 'I guess it's time,' says he, 'to let you into the secret. You know me and I know you, which is enough said between pards. We've been in many good things together, but this is going to be the biggest we've sighted yet. It doesn't mean hundreds of pounds, but thousands, millions maybe; anyhow, enough to set us three up as princes all the world over!'

"'Sounds well, but how did you come to know of it?' we asked, a bit doubtful like.

"Before answering he took a squint at the card and then aloft. 'Keep her as she goes, Jim. How did I come to hear of it? How does a man hear anything? Why, by going to the places and among the folk who talk. I got wind of it months ago, but never came across anything straight out till I went *fantee* among the niggers. Losh, boys, if you want yarns to raise your scalp, go down town and smoke among the darkies; I've done it, and you bet I know. There was one old chap who used to drop in every night, and smoke and chew and spit and lie till you couldn't rest. From his talk he'd once done a bit in our line, and his great sweat was about an island he'd been to fifty years ago where there's an old Portugee treasure-ship aground, chock full of gold, diamonds, rubies, and pearls, all waitin' for the man as'll go to get 'em. At first I reckoned he lied, for how he got there he didn't rightly remember; but he swore he found the ship, and was in the act of broaching her cargo, when the natives came and sent him back to sea again. What he did get, except a bloomin' old dagger, was stolen from him in Saigon. Directly I sighted that instrument, I began to guess there might be something in his yarn after all; for wherever he got it, it was a genuine Portugee weapon of a couple of hundred years back. Well, as any lubber knows, the Portugees sailed these seas two hundred years ago; why shouldn't one of 'em have been wrecked with all her cargo and never been heard of since? Answer me that! Anyhow, you bet I froze to that nigger.

"'At first he played cunning and seemed to suspicion I was after something. So one night I got him alone and—d'ye remember Hottentot Joe in the Kimberley?—well, p'raps I played the same game on this old cove, and when he was sound off I began to pump him all I knew. The old chap had been sailing pretty near to the truth, but still he'd kept a bit up his sleeve; however, I got that bit, and here's his chart as near as I can fix it.'

"So saying, he drew out a paper and held it to the binnacle. Then putting his finger on a coloured mark, he went on: 'It's a bit hazy steering after we get here, inasmuch as being a nigger he couldn't keep proper reckoning. But once among these islands, I guess we can't be far off the right one, and to find it—by God, we'll search every mud-bank in the Pacific! Accordin' to his fixin' it has a big mountain climbing from its centre, with a monster white rock halfway up, shaped like a man's fist.

In a bee-line with the rock there's a creek running inland, big enough to float a seventy-four; follow that creek up a mile or so and you come to a lake, and on the other side of that lake's where the old barge ought to be. Now, what do you think?'

"'What do I think? Why, I think, Milwaukee, you are a fool to have brought us on such a rotten chase, and we're bigger fools to have followed you. The island, I guess, never existed, and we'll get stretched for this boat by the first warship that sights us. But now we are here, we'd better make the best of it. What do you say, Jim?'

"'I stand with you,' said Dance, and that settled it.

"To make a long story short, we sailed that hooker right on end for nigh upon three weeks. The wind was mostly favourable, the boat had a slippery pair of heels, and the stores, considering they were laid in by Dutchmen, were none too bad. Only one thing was wrong to my thinking, and that was the supply of grog aboard. If I'd had my way there'd have been a gimlet through the lot; but Milwaukee was skipper, and wouldn't hear of it.

"Tuesday the 13th of January, saw the tether of the old darkie's chart, so we held a bit of a palaver, and settled to go on cruising about the islands, which we were picking up and dropping every day.

"You folk who live inside this rot-gut reef don't know what islands are. Out there you see them on all sides, pushing their green heads up to watch the ships go by, with the air so warm, the sea so green, and the sky so blue that it's like living in a new world. Birds of every colour fly across your bows all day, and in the hush of night, lying out on deck, you can hear the waterfalls trickling ashore, and now and again the crash of a big tree falling in the jungle.

"One forenoon while I was at the wheel, Milwaukee and Jim Dance fell to quarrelling. It started over nothing, and would have come to nothing but for that tarnation liquor. I sung out to them to stop, but it was no use, so leaving the hooker to look after herself, I went forrard. Before I could reach him, the skipper had drawn a revolver, and I heard Jim cry, 'For Gawd's sake don't shoot!' Then there was a report, and sure enough Dance fell dead.

"Can you picture it? Overhead, the blue sky, a few white clouds, and the canvas just drawing; on the deck, poor Jim lying as if asleep, and Milwaukee leaning against the foremast staring at him. Seein' there was no use in keepin' the body aboard, I called one of the Dutchmen aft and told him to fix it up in a bit of canvas. Then together we hove it overboard; it sank with a dull plunge, and so we lost the first of our mess.

"Milwaukee being too drunk to take his trick at the wheel, I stood it for him. A bit before sundown he comes on deck looking terrible fierce and haggard. Rolling aft, he says with a voice solemn as a judge: 'Sacramento Nick, you're a good man and true. On your Bible oath, may God strike you dead if you lie, did I shoot James Dance, mariner?'

"Seeing what was passing in his mind, I said simply, 'You did.'

"'Was I drunk, being in charge of this vessel at the time?'

"'You were!'

"'That is your word and deed, so help you God?'

"'Ay, ay!'

"'Well, that being so, no more need be said. It's the sentence of the court. Shipmate, your hand.'

"We shook hands, and he turned to the taffrail. Before I knew what he was about, he had leaped upon it and plunged into the sea. He only rose once; then the white belly of a shark showed uppermost, and never again did I see Esdras W. Dyson of Milwaukee City, Wisconsin.

"Three days later, when I was too dog-tired to keep watch, those cut-throat Dutchmen mutinied and sent me adrift in the long-boat with one week's provisions and a small beaker of water.

"Strangers, have you ever been cast adrift? I can see you haven't; well, hope that your luck don't run that way. Fortunately it was fair weather, and I was able to rig a bit of a sail; but how long I was cruising among those islands, drat me if I know. Being ignorant, so to speak, of my position, one way was as another, and when short of provisions I'd just go ashore, pick fruit, fill my beaker, and then set sail again. One warm afternoon I found myself abreast of the largest island I'd seen yet. From its centre rose a high mountain, and, strike me dead if I lie, halfway up that last was *a big white rock shaped like a man's fist!* When I saw it I was clean staggered; I stood up and stared till I could stare no longer. It was just as if I'd stumbled by mistake on the very island we'd set out to seek. By tacking I managed to get right under its lee, and there, sure enough, between two high banks was the entrance to a fairish river. Furling the sail, I took to my oars and pulled inside. The sun was close on down by this time, and I was dog-tired; so, as nothing could be gained by bursting the boilers, when, as far as I knew, all the future was afore me, I anchored where I was, and stayed in my boat till morning.

"You bet as soon as it was light I pushed on again, bringing out on a slap-up lake perhaps a mile long by half a mile across. The water was as clear as crystal and as smooth as glass. Making for a plain of dazzling white sand at the furthest end, I beached my boat and prepared to start explorations. Then, just as her nose grounded, my eyes caught sight of a big creeper-covered mass lying all alone in the centre of the plain. May I never know a shieve-hole from a harness-cask again, if it wasn't an old galleon of the identical pattern to be seen in the Columbus' picter-books. Trembling like a palsied monkey, I jumped out and ran for it.

"She may have been close on a hundred tons burden, but it was impossible to calculate her size exactly for the heap of stuff that covered her. How she ever got on to that plain, and why she hadn't rotted clean away during the two hundred years or more she must have lain there, are things I can't explain. Anyhow, I didn't stay to puzzle 'em out then, but set to work hunting for a way to get inside her. From the main-deck seemed to be the best course, and to reach that I started hacking at the blooming creepers. It was harder work than you'd think, for they'd spliced and twisted 'emselves into cables, and a jack-knife was about as much use on 'em as a toothpick. When night came I'd done a big day's work, and had only just got a footing on her deck.

"Next morning I went at it again, and by midday had the satisfaction of standing before the cuddy entrance. Again I felt the same dod-dratted funk creeping over me; but when I remembered the treasure, I said good-bye to that, and placed my shoulder against the door. It crumbled away and fell in a heap upon the deck, and when the dust had passed I found myself at the entrance of a small alley-way leading into the saloon. I entered it, stepping gingerly, but had only gone a few steps before the deck suddenly gave way, and I found myself disappearing with a crash into the lower regions. The fall was a darned sight bigger than I liked, but it served a purpose, for my weight on landing started a plank and brought a glimmer of light into the darkness.

"Finding I was not hurt, I fell to groping for a way out again; then I noticed the rottenness of the timbers, and determined to enlarge the light I had just made. Two kicks and a shove brought a flood of sunshine pouring in, and a horrible sight met my eyes. I was standing beside an old-fashioned bed-place on which lay (you may believe me or not) the mummified body of a man stretched full out and hanging on to the stanchions like grim death. He was not alone, for in the centre of the cabin, clutching at a heavy table, was another chap, also perfectly preserved, half standing with his feet braced against the thick cross-bars and his shrivelled parchment face, with its staring eyes turned towards me, grinning like a poisoned cat. My scalp seemed to lift and my innards to turn to water. Letting out one yell, I clambered for the open air.

"Outside all was sunshine, blue sky, and bright colour, and, as if to set off what I had just left, a big butterfly came hovering towards me. In a few minutes my presence of mind returned, and I began to laugh at the idea of Sacramento Nick being afeared of dead men; so back I went in search of further mysteries. Again I entered the cuddy and lowered myself into the under-cabin, but this time I was prepared for anything. The treasure-guard stared, but said nothing.

"While I was wondering how I'd best set about my search, a smart breeze came whistling in, caught the figure at the table, disengaged his hold, and brought his old carcass with a dry rattle to the floor. With his fall a small piece of metal rolled to my feet, and picking it up I found it to be a key of real curious shape and workmanship. Fired with my discoveries, I slipped across to try it on the first of the chests I saw ranged round the cabin, when to my astonishment I found it open. Somebody had been there before me; perhaps I was too late! All of a sweat I looked in, but it was too dark; I tried to pull the whole chest towards the light, but it was a main sight too heavy. Then I plunged my hand in and — Great Jehoshaphat, how I yelled! Clutching what I could hold I dashed across the cabin, up into the light, and, throwing myself upon the ground, spread what I had brought before me. It took less than a second to see that they were diamonds, and, by all the stars and stripes, diamonds of the first water! There they lay, winking and blinking at me and the sun, and for the first time I began to *savee* my amazing wealth. For the minute I was clean stark staring mad. I closed my eyes, and wondered if when I opened them again I should find it all a dream; but no, the beauties were there looking brighter and even larger than before.

"Gentlemen, it's strange how the habits and precautions of civilisation linger with a man even in the queerest places. For while not twenty yards from where I stood was greater wealth than I or fifty men could ever spend, I found myself fearful of losing one, picking each gem up with scrupulous care, and securing it inside my jumper. The next box was locked, so I tried the key. In spite of age and rust the wards shot back and the cover lifted. Again I felt the touch of stones, and again, seizing a handful, I went back into the light. This time they were rubies; Burmese rubies, my experience told me, and not a tarnation flaw in one of 'em. For a second time I carefully picked them up and was hiding 'em as before, when I happened to look round. Dash my buttons, if I was alone! On all sides were niggers regarding me with considerable attention. I sprang to my feet and felt for my revolver. Fool that I was, I had left it in the boat! Seeing that I was aware of their presence, they closed in on me, and as they did so I took stock of 'em. They were unlike other South Sea natives, being of better build and but little darker than myself. True, they were rigged out in a short loin cloth not unlike *tappa*, but they carried neither spear nor shield. When I saw this I was for showing fight, but soon gave that idea up; they were too many for me.

"After a few minutes' inspection they began to march me through the forest in a westerly direction, all the time talking a lingo that seemed curiously familiar. Just upon sunset we entered a large clearing on which stood a fair-sized native village, and I thought as I looked at it that, if ever I got out of this mess, and turned to blackbirding, I'd know where to come for niggers. It contained perhaps fifty huts, all built of wood and with conical-shaped grass roofs. A trim garden ran down the centre, at the furthest end of which stood the largest and most slap-up building of the lot. As soon as we hove in sight, a crowd came out to meet us, and in the middle of hundreds of yelling darkies I was marched up to the big house. The old chief, who had been bossing affairs with the swagger of a New York policeman, told me to wait while he carried his carcass up some steps and disappeared. After a little while he returned, and signified that I should follow him.

"When I got inside I had plenty of time to look about me, for it must have been full half an hour before any one came. Then some grass curtains were drawn aside, and what looked like a man entered. I say *looked like*, because I ain't really clear in my mind as to *what* he was; anyway, I shouldn't be far from the mark in sayin' he was quite a hundred years old, and just about as deformed as he well could be. He was as white as myself, and from the antics of the chief who had fetched me to his presence I could see that he had a great hold over the niggers. Throwing himself upon the ground, that old fool of a chief feebly wagged his toes till told to rise. Then he started explaining where he had found me and what I was doing.

"During his yarn, old grandfer', whose name I afterwards found was Don Silvio, riddled me into augur-holes with his evil little eyes, then, having ordered the chief out, he started to examine me himself. He spoke the same lingo as the niggers, a sort of bastard Portugee, and still looking me through and through, asked, 'Stranger, how came you to this island?'

"I reckoned it best to keep the real truth from him, so said, 'I am a shipwrecked mariner, Señor, and fetched here in an open boat.'

"His eyes blazed, and his long lean fingers twitched round his jewelled stick. 'And had you no thought of what treasure you might find?'

"'Señor,' said I, looking him square in the face, 'let me put it to you. Is it likely that a shipwrecked mariner would think of treasure?'

"A storm was brewing in his eyes, and I guessed it would break on me. Suddenly he yelled: 'You lie—you dog, you thief—you lie! You came for what you could steal, but nothing shall you take away, nothing, nothing—not one stone. The Fates that consumed those who came aforetime shall consume you also. Shipwreck or no shipwreck, you shall die!'

"He fell to beating a gong with his stick, and a dozen or so natives came tumbling in. They seemed to know their business, and before I had time to get in a word I was being dragged away down the street to a small and securely guarded hut, where I was pushed in and the door closed. Disliking the look of things, as soon as I recovered my breath I started hunting about for a way of escape, but that was no good. Added to my other troubles, I was just famishing, and was beginning to fix it that my end was to be starvation, when footsteps approached, the door opened, and a native girl appeared, bearing on her head two wooden dishes which she set down before me. Being a favourite with the sex, I tried to draw her into conversation, but either she didn't understand my talk or fear had taken away her tongue; anyway, not a word would she utter. After she had left me I set to work on the food, and never before or since have I enjoyed a meal so much. Then stretching myself on some dry reeds in a corner I soon fell asleep.

"I was awakened in the chill grey of dawn by the entrance of the same beauty, who put down my breakfast, saying as she did so, 'White man, eat well, for at sunrise you die!' For a moment the shock cleared me out of speech; I could only sit and stare at her. She seemed to see what was going on in my mind, and as if in comfort added, 'Stranger, why do you fear death? It can only come once!'

"Her reasoning, though logical enough, wasn't of the kind calculated to meet my trouble, and when she had left me I started wondering if anybody in Sacramento City would ever hear of my fate, and bitterly cursing the day I set out in search of this villanous island. As I sat with my head upon my hands, the jewels I had stuck in my jumper fell to the floor and lay there taunting me with their sparkling splendour. Howsomever, it was no use crying over spilled milk; I had brought the situation on myself, and, whatever happened, must go through with it. Suddenly my ear caught the pat of naked feet outside the cell. Then the door was unbarred and the chief entered. 'Come, white man,' he said, 'all is made ready, and the axe waits for the bare flesh!' How would you have felt in such a situation? As for myself, I put a good face on it, and resolved, since I could no longer live a free and independent American citizen, to die as such. Pity, I thought, there wasn't a band. I was led up the village to the open plot before Don Silvio's house. It might have been the Fourth of July for the crowd that was assembled. In the centre, for my special benefit, was an object which held an awful fascination for me: a curiously carved block of wood, dull brown in colour, and on two sides much stained and worn. It didn't take me a year to understand what it meant, and you may think it strange, seeing the nature of my position, but true as gospel, I fell to wondering how my long neck would figure stretched across it.

"When I was halted, I took it for granted that the work of despatching me would commence at once, but I was mistaken. The execution could not take place until the arrival of Don Silvio, and the sun was a good hour up before there was a stir in the crowd, and the withered monkey-faced little devil came stumping towards me. If he had appeared a hundred years old in the half-dark of his house, he now looked double that age, but the fire in his eyes was as bright as ever. Hobbling to within a dozen paces of where I stood, he took thorough stock of me. Then, tapping the block with his stick, he said: 'Señor, you are about to hunt treasure in a golden country, where I trust your efforts may meet with better success. I wish you farewell.' After relieving himself of this, he went to his seat; two natives raised a great grass umbrella above his head, and, all being comfortable, he gave orders for the performance to begin. A nigger stepped from the crowd and approached me, carrying in his hand an axe. Reaching the block he signed me to kneel. I took a last look round—first at the thick jungle, then at the great mountain pushing itself up into the blue sky. After that my eyes returned to the block, and, gentlemen both, a wonderful circumstance happened. Understand me clearly! Standing on either side of it were two thin columns of palest blue smoke, maybe six feet in height. As I stared at 'em they gradually took the shapes of men, till I could make out the features of old Milwaukee and poor Jim Dance of London Town. They seemed to be gently beckoning me and telling me not to fear. P'raps I kind of understood, for I stretched my long neck across the block without a sign of funk. I heard the cackling laugh of Don Silvio, I saw the headsman draw a step closer, his arms go up, and then I shut my eyes, and remember no more.

* * * *

"When I came to my senses I was lying on the bed of rushes in my old quarters, and the native girl, before mentioned, was seated beside me. On putting my hand to my head to sort of fix matters, she laughed merrily, and said: 'Stranger, it is still there, but to-morrow it will certainly be gone!' Why they hadn't killed me I couldn't understand, unless it was to put me to the torture of waiting another day; anyhow, the following morning I was prepared for the guard when they came to lead me out.

"Once more the crowd was there, once more that villanous old Don kept me waiting, and once more the axe went up but failed to strike. I was respited for another day. Well, this sort of thing happened every blessed morning, till I nearly went mad with the strain of it. On the eighth day, instead of being kept in the square, I was marched straight to the Don's house. The old pirate was waiting for me, and as soon as I arrived fell to questioning me about the outer world, seeming to take an all-fired interest in such parts of my own life as I thought fit to tell him. When he had found out all he wanted, he said: 'Go now, for the present you are free; but remember, if you but approach that ship by so much as half a mile, that same moment you die!' I stumbled out of his presence and down the street like a man dazed. That he had some reason for sparing my life was certain, but what it was for the life of me I couldn't then determine. Arriving at my hut, I threw myself upon the rushes, and tried to think it out.

"That evening a little after sundown, while walking outside the village and racking my brain for a chance of escape, an event happened which changed all my thoughts and plans. I was passing through a bit of jungle, where the fireflies were beginning to play to and fro, when I came face to face with the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and—well I'm a free-born American citizen, and as such the equal of any man living, but I reckon that young woman took the conceit out of me. She couldn't have been more than eighteen years of age: her skin was as white as milk, her hair and eyes of the deepest black; and when she walked it was like the sound of falling rose-leaves. Seeing me, she started with surprise, and was half inclined to run, but something seemed to tell her I wasn't particular harmful, so overcoming her fear she said, 'Señor, I am glad my grandfather has given you your freedom!' Her grandfather! Not being able to make it out, I said, 'Surely, Miss, Don Silvio ain't your grandfather?' 'No, Señor, he was my father's grandfather, but I call him so because the other is so tedious.' Perhaps my manner, as I say, didn't appear very dangerous; anyway, after this her bashfulness seemed to vanish, and we walked back to the village as comfortable as you please. She told me that it was she who had induced the old rascal to spare my life, and I reckon the look I gave her for that had something to do with the flush as spread across her face. She also let me into the risk I had run by breaking into the old galleon, which, accordin' to her tellin', was a sacred thing upon the island. She did not know how long it had lain there, but suspicioned her great-grandfather had commanded it as a young man, and that all the rest who came with him were dead, a fact which, you bet, I could quite believe.

"The moon was full up before we sighted the village, and when she left me I went back to my hut in a flumux of enchantment, as much in love as the veriest schoolboy. Somehow after this I never thought of escape, but set to work improving my quarters and laying out a garden. Every day Don Silvio came to question me, and you'd better guess I did my best to corral the old chap's confidence. How I got on you'll hear shortly.

"Well, each evening, as soon as the sun was down, I visited the grove beyond the village, where, sure enough, I always met the Don's great-granddaughter. Her beauty and amazin' innocence so held me that I was nearly mad to make her my wife; and when I found that she reckoned to have the same liking for me, I could bear it no longer, so went right off to ask the old man for her hand. Not having the least hope of being successful, you can judge of my surprise when he promised her to me straight away, and, what's more, fixed it that the wedding should take place next day. He kept his word, and on the following morning, in the presence of all the village, she became my wife.

"The year that followed topped everything I ever knew of happiness. It slipped by in a rosy mist, and when our boy was born my cup was full. I proclaimed him American, according to the constitution of the United States, and the old Don announced a great feast in his honour. It was spread in the square, and all the village sat down to it. I can see the sight now: the shadowy outline of the mountain beyond the great flaring torches of sweet-smelling wood, the long rows of tables, the shouts and laughter of the niggers, and at the head, between my wife and her great-grandfather, the boy in his cradle. When the feast was right at its height, the old Don rose and handed me a silver mug filled with some sweet liquor. He told me to drink to my son's health, and, suspecting no treachery, I did so. Next moment a change stole over me; I made a try to get on to my feet, but it was no use; everything seemed to be slipping away. I could just see my wife start towards me and the old Don pull her back, when my head sank on the table and my senses left me.

"The next thing I remember is finding myself lying precious sick and weak at the bottom of my own boat, with nothing but the big green seas rolling around me. The island had vanished, and with it my wife and child. At first I reckoned I must have been asleep and dreamed the last year; but no, the food with which the boat was stocked was clear enough evidence of its truth. For an eternity I sailed those cursed seas this way and that, seeking for the land I had lost; but I must have drifted into different waters, for I saw no more islands. My food ran out, and I had given up all hope of being saved, when one of your luggers hove in sight and picked me up.

"Now, gentlemen, you've heard my story. Whether you believe it or not, of course I don't know; but I take my affidavy that all I have told you is true; and, what's more, if you'll fit out a vessel to search for that island and its treasure, I'll take command of her. Should we find it, I reckon I can make you the two richest men on earth; and when I get my wife and child, I shall be the happiest. In proof that the treasure's there, and as my contribution towards the expenses, I hand you this." From an inner pocket he produced a leather pouch, from which he took what at first appeared to be a small piece of crystal; on inspection it turned out to be a diamond, worth at least a hundred pounds. "That stone," said he, holding it at the angle which would best show its fire, "came from the coffers of the treasure-ship, and is the only one left out of all I saw and took. I will leave it with you for the present. Remember, there's thousands more aboard the old galleon, bigger and better nor that. Say, gentlemen, will you adventure for such merchandise?"

It was too late to go into the question that night, so we bade him come up for a further talk in the morning. Rising, he gravely bowed to us, and without another word withdrew. Next day he was not to be found, nor has he ever made his appearance since. Whether he lost himself and fell into the sea, or whether he was an impostor and feared detection, I haven't the remotest idea. I only know that I have a valuable diamond in my possession which I am waiting to restore to its uncommonly curious owner.

GUY BOOTHBY.

# AT THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

It is a long lane that has no turning, and by degrees the country road gets less countrified, until the neighbourhood of the town is advertised by an occasional bay-windowed villa, which not many years ago was a plain farmhouse. The villas are soon so numerous that they have some difficulty in "standing in their own grounds." Then there is a pleasant suburb, embellished with an embryo avenue of limes, behind which gleams the white paint of the cottages and mansions inhabited respectively by flourishing tradesmen and manufacturers, who, like the present Ministry, have not yet made up their minds to go to the country.

At a point where suburb clearly merges into town are two enormous iron gates, guarded on the right hand by a rather pretentious red-brick lodge. Inside the iron gates, on the far side of a gravelled yard, stands the Workhouse, as it is still called; though some less repellent name might ere this have been found for a retreat many of whose inmates have earned their right to a shelter as little as possible degrading. The Workhouse is an enormous building, or collection of buildings, which have been added to from time to time as the neighbourhood got more populous, the requirements of our complicated civilisation more clamorous and exacting, and the Paupers (last to respond to the spirit of the age) more desirous of a little improvement in their hard and dull way of life.

Adjoining the lodge, and separated by the gravel yard from the main structure, is a new two-storied building; and on the ground floor of this building the Paupers who have to-day to narrate their tales of distress are seated in rows on deal benches, and somewhat significantly with their backs to the door. In a corner of the brick-paved hall is a staircase, and at the top of the stairs is a door. Entering by this —at once if you are a Guardian, later if you are a pauper—you find yourself in a long narrow room, down the centre of which runs a narrower oblong table encircling a hollow space sometimes utilised for the "carpeting" of officials.

The minutes of the last meeting have been read and confirmed, and the business of the day is being proceeded with. A little man is standing at the table, in front of a big armchair, declaiming to the assembled Guardians. His gestures are of a very high order, and of these a stranger might consider the subject unworthy; but, no doubt, as a vehicle for eloquence one thing serves as well as another. As a matter of fact the Chairman is only having his usual scrimmage with the Idle Parson, a character to be met with on most Boards of Guardians, and whom ample unbeneficed leisure impels to the discovery of innumerable mares' nests.

The Chairman is a little man of rather striking appearance, about sixty years of age, with a fine head a little too big for him, clean-cut features, and small, carefully curled moustache. Perhaps he rather too consciously adorns the position. He is an excellent speaker, and he brings in to assist a flexible voice a vast amount of gesticulation. His attitudes—as when he turns for corroboration to the Vice-chairman, a heavy red-faced man, apparently lost in perpetual admiration, who sits at his right hand, or withers up with a fine sneer an unfortunate bucolic Guardian—leave little to be desired, and suggest that he would have made an admirable actor. This is indeed the stage whereon he "struts" (while the Guardians "fret") for considerably more than his hour. The little man once sat in Parliament for a time, and this fact he allows no one to forget. He utilised his brief experience in the acquirement of almost Gladstonian fluency. He may be unaware that this very fluency caused an unappreciative constituency to desert him; and the look of long-suffering weariness to be seen on the faces of the majority of the Guardians present foretells perhaps another desertion. There will be cases, no doubt—and this may be one of them—when the Guardians elected under the new Act will decline to avail themselves of the permission to appoint a Chairman from outside.

The mark at which the Chairman's elocutionary darts are at present being directed is a stiffly built, middle-aged, gray-haired man, whose face wears the determined but unintelligent look of a bull preparing to charge a stone wall. Beneath his white tie is clearly to be seen his flannel shirt, to-day of an irritant red hue; and this may symbolise the fact, that though still a Parson he is superior to the prejudices by which the ordinary Parson is dominated. He has taken his "trouncing" with indifference, for which he is partly indebted to use, but still more to the thickness of skin which is characteristic of the race. It is not at all improbable that before long he will be revenged on his rival. The untiring energy of the Idle Parson, who has nothing else to do, or at least nothing else that he cares to do, in bringing himself forward on every possible occasion will almost certainly result in his reappearance on the newly constituted Board.

The Chairman's official seat, which indeed is seldom occupied during the "sitting" (a misnomer so far as he is concerned), is so placed as to divide, as it were, the sheep from the goats, the town from the country Guardians. Sprinkled, like salt, among the latter (of whom they are indeed the recognised leaders) are the *ex-officio* members, making the most, let us hope, of their brief remainder of existence. Fortunately, the farmers are beginning to show themselves more capable than heretofore of looking after their own affairs. It will be noticed that the talking Guardians are, almost without exception, Radicals, and when once on their legs they resemble the Chairman in not knowing when to sit down again. The latter, however, has the one merit of letting no one else talk if he can help it.

The most notable difference between town and country Guardians is in dress. The former are clothed in black, as if for a funeral, and when they depart will be seen to don tall silk hats. The *ex-officio* members are more evidently country gentlemen on the Board of Guardians than elsewhere. How farmers dress every one knows. Another difference is in speech. Many country Guardians attend the Board regularly for years without ever opening their mouths except to yawn. When they do speak it is in a slow and hesitating way, while the words of the town Guardians flow apace. But while the remarks of the latter are not always wise, those of the country Guardians are seldom foolish. The greatest talker, after the Chairman, is an elderly townsman; his countenance has been made cheerful with soap, and he is evidently just out of the barber's hands—which are his own.

The frequent squabbles between the town and country Guardians are almost all on the question of expenditure. The latter are perpetually accusing the former of extravagance; and for this there is, no doubt, some foundation, since big manufacturers and members of flourishing companies naturally feel any increase in the rates less than the struggling farmers, and can afford far better than the latter (who pay for all) to pose as the poor man's friend. Political differences are of course never mentioned, but no doubt (when the town, which returns half the Guardians, happens to be Radically inclined) accentuate the other causes of disagreement. Yet on the whole a Guardian with a genuine grievance or a sensible suggestion (and occasionally without either) may rely on some support even from his natural enemies on the other side the Chairman. Cliques form and reform, overlap one another, and retire again within their proper boundaries. Once the feeling of antagonism between town and country Guardians, which the Chairman intensifies by his constant denials of its existence, is got over, almost every member of the Board may be trusted to be, to a certain extent, sensible and independent. Of the strength of this feeling of antagonism the dispute now on the point of terminating is an example. The Idle Parson has, it seems, been writing a letter to the Head Department about some decision of his colleagues with which he disagreed—"going," as the Chairman has told him, "behind the back of the Board." The bluff country guardians, while blushing for the Idle Parson's methods, yet thought it their duty (since he is Guardian for a country district) to give him a lukewarm support. But the Chairman has successfully talked out the affair. The Guardians have now sat (with the exception of the Chairman) for an hour and a half, and not a word has yet been heard of the Paupers, so that a listener might fondly hope they were no more with us. The original duties of Guardians are now so supplemented with sanitary works, drainage-schemes, infectious hospitals, cemetery-making, and other matters which involve more than a suspicion of jobbery, that the primary object of their appointment (to which it is to be hoped there will one day be a partial return) appears to have been almost lost sight of. The oratorical display being at last concluded, and the ornamental members, with their tall hats and umbrellas, having departed together with the reporters (no one, it will be noticed, thinks of making a speech after the reporters have left), the business remainder proceed at separate ends of the long table to entertain the claims of their respective clients, who (some of them finding great difficulty in mounting the stairs) are called in one by one.

To some it would appear a by no means necessary corollary to the dictum, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," that those who have the care of Paupers should always be the reverse of lean. Perhaps the first thing to catch the eye of an unaccustomed onlooker would be the fact that the officials, who are standing together apart from the Guardians, as if to facilitate admiring inspection, personally present as great a contrast to their charges as did the youthful Squeers to the unfortunate lads for whom his fond parent used him as a decoy. Of the three officials present one has an enormous double chin, while the youngest has already grown quite unwieldy, and, as the institution stands in no pressing need of advertisement, one feels that his bulk is, so to speak, thrown away.

The first suppliant to appear at the country Guardians' end of the long table, up to which she is pushed rather roughly by the man with the double chin, is a pale, thin young widow, a baby in her arms, and a rather more elderly child clinging to her skirts. She takes her stand in the hollow space, and (how anxiously who can say?) submits herself to cross-examination. She has so many children—awful improvidence!—so much rent to pay, so much, or rather so little, to live on. As she answers her interrogator in a tremulous, almost shameful whisper (yet why should it be shameful?), she rocks the baby she holds in her arms, which has just waked, and is looking as if it would like to cry. The noise might offend the gentlemen. As she sways backwards and forwards with her infant, her head almost comes in contact with that of the presiding Member. There is a long dispute between two of the Guardians (one of whom feels apparently more moved by his duty to the ratepayers than to the poor) as to an extra loaf. The cost of this luxury is about twopence halfpenny, and the woman is temporarily dismissed till this weighty matter is somehow adjusted. She walks up and down one side of the board-room, rocking her baby, and casting occasional wistful glances at the table.

While her case is being considered there is time to think matters over a little. Were Workhouses intended to be places to hatch schemes in for the aggrandisement or impoverishing of a parish? Is any improvement desirable in the way in which the poor are treated, and, if so, will this improvement be supplied by the new Boards? Will the present Poor-Law remain much longer in force, and, if it does, will it be found sufficient? Many of the town and almost all the rural inmates arrive at the Workhouse by no fault of their own, and the keen winds which they have borne so long, but which advancing age and weakness makes them no longer able to withstand, should be as far as possible tempered to them. The schemes for old-age pensions make no advance, nor, chiefly for political reasons, are they very likely to make any. It appears certain, too, that no one of them could coexist with the present Poor-Law, which has been elaborately built up, and, like most ancient buildings in England, before the advent of the jerry-builder, would be hard to destroy. Probably sensible alterations in the Poor-Law would be less difficult and less damaging than in some other institutions—in the Church, for instance, where the slightest meddling threatens, in the minds of so many, immediate collapse to the whole.

Another question which it is impossible confidently to answer is, "Who will be the new Guardians?" There may be a great change in the constitution of the new Board, or hardly any difference. If the former, it will be more gradual than many expect, for the Democracy is slow to recognise its powers. At several meetings held lately to discuss the new Act and make preparations for District Councils, scarcely a "working man" was present, and matters were arranged by the same men who had previously had the conduct of affairs. But this is scarcely likely to continue.

But the poor woman's case is settled at last, let us hope in her favour. Having been made acquainted with the Guardians' decision, she is hustled with her babies out of the room by the man with the double chin.

# PHILORNITHUS IN THE PARK.

One of the most observed people in London during the late spring has been the old mother Cormorant who has been sitting with exemplary patience on her floating nest in the waters of St. James's Park. She has been very patient, and now is rewarded, for there is a young Cormorant, in whom father and mother take most intense interest. It is not their first experiment in that line. Day after day a bird like the old Cormorants, but smaller and of lighter plumage, has been sitting on the raft beside the nest and the brooding mother-bird. Sometimes he has dived off and gone a-fishing among the water-weeds, but for the most of the day he sits on the moored raft. He has never been seen to mount on the sort of towel-horse on which the other Cormorants sit and spread their wings to dry. They say that he is not able, or is afraid, to mount so high from the water; for of course, like the Cormorants and most of the other birds on the ornamental water, he has one wing pinioned. This brown fellow, then, faithful watcher of the mother in her nest, is a young bird of last year, one whom the same mother-bird hatched out in the same manner as she has now succeeded in hatching the young one of 1894; and this brown fellow is probably the first Cormorant that ever has been born and reared in captivity. Yet he appears a modest fellow, not unduly exalted by his claim to fame, and unconscious of having made an epoch.

I do not think he has taken any hand in the domestic arrangements. The father has been very assiduous in feeding the mother, and now both parents have all their time taken up with feeding their child. There are few fish, probably, in the part of the water which is wired off for the Cormorants and the Heron. Rather, the truer way of stating it would be to say that they, Cormorants and Heron, are wired off from the rest of the world of water. It was not always so. At one time these birds were allowed to rove all over the lake. But they brought a spirit of unrest with them. The Cormorants would go a-fishing all a summer morning, pursuing at great speed through the water the shoals of terrified dace or gudgeon, or whatever those little fishes are which you see, on a quiet day, waiting beneath the bridge for the crumbs which sink before the Ducks, to whom they are offered, have time to gobble them up. And, when tired or satisfied with fishing, then the Cormorants would set to amusing themselves with practical joking—coming up beneath a fat old black Duck or a sleepy Widgeon, stuffed full of the crumbs of charity, and giving a tweak at the broad-webbed foot such as was enough to frighten any bun-fed Mallard into an apoplexy. Life was scarcely worth living in these waters then, and the Anatidæ began to recognise excellent reason in Milton's making Satan assume the form of a Cormorant when he came to vex the tranquillity of the garden of Eden.

The Heron is no joker: you can see that by a glance at him; but he made life on the waters a very strenuous thing, very real and very earnest. He would stand motionless, like a gray ghost, for hours, on one leg for preference. He deluded you into the belief that he was a gray peeled limb of a tree. If you were a dace you glided up to him fearlessly, perhaps with some attraction of curiosity even at the quaint gray aspect of the thing. Suddenly a great beak shot out of the withered limb, bayonet-like, at the end of a long neck, and guided by two baleful gleaming eyes. You did not know much more, for you were transfigured; and in another moment you were no longer dace but Heron.

Or supposing you were a Duck, a mother Duck, proudly sailing down the waters with a squadron of little yellow puff-balls behind you: what notice were you likely to take of this pale gray spectre on the water-side? Suddenly you hear behind you a little splash, a cry that rends your heart. You turn back, and find the pale spectre transformed into a hideous Heron, gulping, half throttling, as the dear little webbed feet of your puff-ball disappear down his horrid throat. What is there that one can do? One can cry aloud to the police for justice, can squawk a few words of protest to the unheeding Heron, but the bad best is to hurry on, lest the bayonet-beak make another plunge and leave one the poorer by yet another puff-ball. After this, what comfort can there be, what joy in life, in sailing past the shores? Does not every bough take the semblance of a waiting Heron, every gleam across a shadow suggest his tall menacing form?

So now the cries of the afflicted have been heard. Cormorants and Heron are shut off in a department by themselves, and there is comparative (it is only comparative) peace over the waters.

As a rule, creatures are very careful how they go near a thing with such a beak as the Heron's. The London Sparrows are not careful enough; perhaps the quality of fear does not exist in the London Sparrows. I am not aware that the Heron himself ever harms them: probably he keeps too much in the water for them to come in his way; but some close cousins of the Heron occasionally make them pay toll for their audacities. These are the big black Storks which you will often see walking about on the grass near the Cormorants' nest, where young ladies, on certain days, sit sketching. They look harmless enough—I do not mean the young ladies; and it is not to be expected that the London Sparrow, who will alight between the wickets when Mr. Grace is batting and Mr. Kortright bowling, will deem that he has anything to fear from these long-legged black Storks. But presently there comes a dab, which is no trouble at all to the Stork—only just such a dab as he has been making all the morning at the earthworms and insects; but it is all over with the Sparrow.

The Heron's bill is a thing of which we have learned the terror from the stories handed down to us from the days of falconry; how that many a fine Falcon, swooping upon the Heron, has been received on his up-turned bill, and spitted, so that the two have fallen helpless to the ground together. Schoolboys going gunning along the shore or marshes ought always to be warned of the danger of approaching a wounded Heron. The bird strikes always at the eye, with lightning quickness and with deadly aim.

I was lately told of a clump of trees on a certain estate in Scotland which were the common nesting-place of a pair of Herons and a pair of Ravens. All the spring-time through, fighting and scolding went on constantly between them, until one day the hen Raven was found lying dead beneath a tree with a stab, as of a dagger in her breast, inflicted upon her by the Heron. After that, there came no more Ravens to that clump, and the Herons now hold undisputed possession. On the water of St. James's Park the Cormorants seem well enough acquainted with the Heron's powers to keep well out of his reach. Probably there is not a bird there, unless perhaps it be those Storks who are similarly armed, of whom he is not undisputed master. He even pecked an eye out of one of those black-necked Canada Geese which have brought up such a nice brood of goslings this spring.

There are few better fighters than a Goose, or a Gander more particularly. Those ragged white Russian Geese on this water bite like bull-dogs. It is no mere peck, with them; they bite and hang on. The common old farm-yard Gander is a capital fighter when he is driven to it. At a certain place in Scotland there used to be a caged Golden Eagle. He preferred to kill his own dinner; and it used to be a cruel sport to watch him dispose of any unfortunate Hen or Guinea-fowl that was put into his cage. They tried him, I believe, with every sort of domestic poultry. Ducks, Pea-Fowl, Turkeys; the Eagle was master of them all. He had no trouble in finishing them off, no trouble even with the "bubbly-jock." But at length they tried him with a Gander; but he could make nothing of it. The Gander crouched into a corner, drew back his head, presenting nothing but a broad spade-like bill from whichever quarter the Eagle tried to attack him. The Eagle fumed and fretted and grew very angry: he made desperate attempts to take the Gander in the flank; but the wise old bird defeated them all. In the end they had to give the Gander his liberty, as the reward of his courage, and to satisfy the Eagle with the much more succulent dainty of a young Turkey-Poult.

We all know the tradition about the power of a Swan's wing—that its blow will break a man's leg. Certain naturalists have thrown discredit on the tradition. I questioned a man who has much to do with Swans about the credibility of the tale, and he told me that he, for one, was ready to believe it, and thought that any other man who had received such a blow from a Swan's wing as he had suffered would be likely to believe it also. It happened in this way. He was summoned from his cottage by the news that one of the Cygnets was in trouble. A boy had been amusing himself with the elegant sport of giving the Cygnets meat attached to a long string. When the Cygnet had swallowed the meat well down, the boy would pull it up again by means of the string. It was great fun for the boy; and the Cygnet was unable to express its feelings intelligibly. On the occasion in question, however, the lump of meat stuck. It would not come out; and the boy, fearing consequences, had let slip the string and bolted. The Cygnet did its best with the string by swallowing several yards of it, but began to choke before it got to the end. At this juncture my friend was summoned to its aid, and simultaneously, as it appeared, the stately parent of the Cygnet, who was swimming on the pond close by, perceived that something was amiss with its offspring. It swam to the bank and commenced making its way to the young one's assistance. But the Swan's method of progression on land is as awkward and slow as on the water it is graceful and swift. The swan-herd was first to reach the Cygnet, and, soon seeing the trouble, had calculated to remove it before the parent came up with him. But his calculations had underrated the length of the string or the pedestrian speed of the Swan. Just as he had succeeded in extricating the lump of meat from the gullet of the distressed youngster the old bird caught him a blow with its wing on that part of the person which is most exposed to attack when a man is stooping and the onset is made from behind. He was knocked over on his face, and, continuing the impetus received from the Swan by scuttling over the grass on his hands and knees, was able to escape from the bird's fury, which was soon transferred to solicitude for its little one. But the blow had been sufficiently powerful to make the sitting posture uninviting for several days, and to incline him to give credence to any legends about the strength of a Swan's wing.

After the Cormorants and the Heron, the least agreeable neighbours on the St. James's Park water are the Sheldrakes. They are all alike—

ruddy Sheldrake, golden Sheldrake, or common Sheldrake, there is not a whit to choose between them; the one kind is just as quarrelsome and unpleasant as the last. The common Sheldrake breeds quite readily on the island. In many parts of England they are called the Burrow-Duck, from their habit, presumably, of breeding in the disused burrows of rabbits. Here, on the island, artificial burrows have been made and boarded over for them. The old bird is quite fearless, and only hisses fiercely when you lift the board to look at her as she sits upon her eggs. They do not insist absolutely on a burrow, but are ready to nest wherever they can get a nice dark nook. They seem to make a point of having darkness. In many places round the coast, where there are not rabbit-holes, they will nest in crannies and fissures of the rocks.

Some people have a way of saying that the Widgeon will not breed in ornamental waters; but here, on the island, there is a nest or two yearly.

Several yards out from the shore, where the overhanging boughs go weeping down to the water, is a thick weedy mat, a foot or two square. It is the nest of a Dabchick, which she has formed by diving down to the lake's bottom for weeds and weaving them round and about the hanging branches. Sometimes the wind will unship these nests from their moorings, and they will go floating away whithersoever the winds and eddies may drift them. But at present there is the nest, safe and sound, and a very damp mattress it must be. But that does not matter to the Dabchick, who spends more of her life below water than above it. She is there now, sitting on her eggs. If we approach she will begin scraping away at the reedy weeds which form her nest, gathering them up and spreading them over her eggs (for concealment's sake, as one may guess), before slipping off into the water and diving out of sight. She will not go far, but will rise and watch all our movements till we have gone, and she may come safely back. As soon as the young are hatched they will dive off from the nest as readily as the mother, and then we may see a very curious sight. The mother will come to the surface, and, calling her young ones to her, will spread out her wings and gather the chicks under them as comfortably as if the family were in their nest.

Most of the Ducks on the ornamental water have learned to dive. As a rule common Ducks and Mallards do not dive; but these have learned the art. When the keeper throws the corn to the assemblage of swimming things who come to his call, the Pochards and other habitual divers at first get an advantage by diving after the maize as it sinks. After a while, however, the other Ducks come to understand this, and dive for the corn just as readily as the others. It is a mistake, therefore, to think that Wild-Duck cannot dive. When one is wounded, and cannot fly, he will often attempt to escape by swimming under water.

The ways of birds with wounded ones of their own kind are very singular, and illustrate one of Nature's many modes of working out the survival of the fittest. Instead of lending the wounded one help and sympathy, as one might expect, they seem to regard him at once as an enemy or an outcast, a proper object of attack. The writer once wounded a Pochard who was swimming about on a pond in loving amity with some tame Ducks. Until their wild friend had been maimed the domesticated birds had been treating him with all amiability; but no sooner had he shown his plight by the piteous beatings of his helpless wing in the attempt to rise, than the tame birds attacked him in a body, and treacherously aided the shooter's purpose by driving him right off the pond and on to the land, where he could be captured and put into the bag without trouble. The Terns are a noble exception to this harsh rule;

they show a Samaritan concern and affection for a stricken comrade.

The wise birds on this Park-water nest upon the island, from which the public are rigorously excluded, and where they are under the special care of a keeper, who wards them with all the knowledge borne of long and loving observation. But there are others, less prudent ones, who nest in all manner of places along the banks, whence their eggs are brought in to be placed beneath a good mother on the island. Thus it often happens that the eggs are hatched under a mother of another species from the chicks which come out of them. And these foundling chicks never seem to lose the sense of gratitude to their foster-mother and her kin. A Pochard hatched and brought up by a black Duck will live out his life in company with the black Ducks by preference, and will be received in all good fellowship by them just as if his ancestors for generations back had been of their species. And so it is with all the birds. It often happens that birds of different species lay in the same nest. Perhaps some mothers are too idle to build a home of their own, and do their own hatching ; but, however that may be, it always happens that the alien young ones affect through life the society of their fellow-nurslings rather than that of their own kind.

Rats are the worst enemies that the birds have to fear on the island ; but their numbers are kept down by constant war waged against them by the keeper and his red retriever. The birds, with few exceptions, know the keeper for their friend, and hail his coming with pleasure, forgiving him that in their early youth it was he that had performed the pinioning operation, before the last wing-joint had hardened into bone and muscle. A pair of Magpies live in the trees on the island, and have their full share of the corvine love of mischief and stolen eggs. They are not even above giving a playful dig of the beak to a poor young Gull or Duckling that strays across their way. It is all done light-heartedly, just for fun ; but though fun for the Magpies it is death to the Duckling.

Among the overhanging tree-branches are several rafts of sticks which it is very possible to mistake for nests of the Dabchick. But really these are not nests at all, only rafts built by the Moorhens as resting-places for their young ones when tired of swimming on the great water. A single pair will sometimes build two or three of these, so careful are they of the soon-fatigued muscles of their nestlings.

And, over them all, the Wood-Pigeons keep coming and going, slanting down through the blue haze of London as if they were descending along an inclined wire. The Wood-Pigeons nest in the trees all about the Park, and are increasing fast in numbers and in boldness. The writer counted no less than six young ones, with their parents, having a sociable party on the grass in a space that a tablecloth would almost cover. In boldness they are beginning to rival the London Sparrow himself, settling on the road in front of the noses of the cab-horses and quite regardless of pedestrians. Occasionally little boys stone them, but they have a just estimate and contempt of the stone-throwing abilities of the London urchin. They know that an old lady will be hit, or a policeman will come round the corner before the urchin is likely to hit them, and peck on unconcernedly. Only on Coronation Day, when the guns fire salvoes from the Horse-Guards, do the Wood-Pigeons go coursing high up in the sky with inherited memories of the terrors of the great autumn massacres.

# THE COMPLETE LEADER-WRITER.

(BY HIMSELF.)

THE Ideal Leader-Writer is young. It is only when you are young that you know everything, and are at no pains to conceal the fact. With years there comes a something which passes for modesty, and is generally loss of animal spirits. It will sometimes make the most practised journalist hesitate for a moment or two over a problem which has been puzzling the wisest statesmen of Europe for many years. This, of course, will never do. It takes all the fire out of the article, for one thing, "sicklies it o'er with the pale cast of thought," so to speak; for another and much more serious one, it may make the last bit of writing go in too late; and *that* is the unpardonable sin.

The conditions under which the Leader-Writer works are not such as seem at first sight to tend to profound thought or polished achievement. To begin with, the hours of work are unholy. You come down to your task at a time when decent folk are in their morning-bath or smoking their last pipe. You have scarcely forgotten your dinner comfortably, or you have not had time to eat a respectable breakfast. The latter is probably the harder fate; it is the daily lot of him who works for the journals which come out before lunch and are called (for historical reasons) Evening Papers. Labour is the curse, we all know, and every man acknowledges it in his heart, however he may prate about the dignity of work, the burdens of idleness, the blessings of drudgery, and similar phantasies; but a man never more thoroughly realises this than when, unshaven, imperfectly breakfasted, and heavy with the gloom of a raw London morning, he settles down to express his editor's views on Bimetallism or Secondary Education. He smokes wearily, and enters savagely upon his daily enterprise of writing against time. Of course, occasionally, it is his luck to have to handle his pet aversion, and then his mood is appropriate and his labour light; but the awful part of the business is that as often as not we have to write about the pillars of our party and the friends of our policy. This is truly terrible. Figure to yourself a man filled with a sane and natural hatred of the arrangements of the whole world, distressed beyond Carlyle's imaginings as to his place among the Infinites and his relation to the Verities, conscious of a horrible want of order in his inward parts—figure to yourself that man compelled to be civil through thirteen hundred words! This is the daily tragedy of the Leader-Writer's life; this is one of the reasons why the Ideal can scarcely be aged. The young man bears this trial easily and at first almost unconsciously; when he has just left the university he knows that salvation lies in his particular set of placemen and panaceas. But the middle-aged writer has no such consolation. To him, in the early mornings or at mirk midnight, one politician is about as good, or as bad, as another; save for the fact that those who ought to be carrying out his views seem too inconceivably stupid and personally disagreeable for anything.

Before you can get to work, you have of course to consult your editor, and to make yourself in some degree acquainted with the subject on which you are to write. At least it is decent to maintain both these suppositions, but it is not well to strain your intellect too much over either.

Your editor will fall in with your views, or you with his. If you are an old hand, you know that the subject of your article does not make the least difference, and you give way meekly and at once. You are sincerely sorry for your editor, but after all his intellect and the conduct of the paper are his business, not yours; besides, he is paid to do the thinking. If you are a young man, you have probably not yet written forty leading-articles on the same subject, so you accept cheerfully what is assigned to you, or you actually have some ideas of your own. This last case is not common, but it has been known to happen. When it does, the editor is generally much annoyed, but he always yields; his time is far too precious to waste it in arguing with a boy. Your article is of course not a penny the better for those wonderful, original ideas of your own—those ideas which are burningly new to you and commonplaces to all of us who are over thirty—but at least you get some fun out of writing it. You feel (as we have felt in our day) that you are a teacher and a prophet, and you realise how true is all you have heard and read about the power of the Press and the might of the written word. What you do not realise at the time is that, for one person who is moved by your brilliant diatribe and subtle argument, there is another who is equally stirred by the similar brilliancy and subtlety of the young gentleman who is teaching and prophesying in an exactly opposite sense on the other side. Also, you have probably not yet been touched by the paralysing notion that out of twenty people who buy the paper scarcely two read the leading-articles at all. This disagreeable conviction comes upon you later; but it brings its consolations with it. When you become conscious, long after there is any chance of rectifying it, that you have committed some egregious blunder in your rapid scribble of the morning, it will comfort you to think how very few of your readers are likely to notice it, especially if the paper is selling better than usual. For this means that there is a great race being run somewhere, or a peculiarly succulent divorce-case on trial, when of course nobody thinks of frivolous things like ministerial or international complications. The leading-article is indeed a survival from the time when the reading public was small, educated, and leisured, and really took an interest in such things; under present conditions its existence is an anachronism. It is not, however, wholly without its uses. It provides, for instance, a decent livelihood for many an estimable person who would otherwise find it difficult to earn his bread. For our own part, we know not what we should do without it. We suppose we should have to come down to teaching. One can always do that, of course.

But it is time to return to our practical instructions. With regard to a mastery of the subject, it must be admitted that here experience tells; however, a clever young fellow can pick up all the essentials of this branch in three weeks or so, especially if Parliament is sitting. One is apt, when quite a novice, to endeavour to look carefully into the facts and arguments on both sides, and to pry into unnecessary details. This is the one and only serious disadvantage of the beginner, and he is no good until he has broken himself of this amateurish trick. If an editor will take the trouble (which is unlikely) he may cure a promising man in one day. Start him at 8.30 on an article upon Home Rule in connection with last night's debate; he will have to write that leader two or three times a week for the next few years, so he may just as well begin by practising with it. Then set another man on the article you mean to use, and return to your beginner in a couple of hours; that of course is a trifle over the time by which the last slip of his writing ought to have been in the printer's hands. If you have given your novice no definite caution, you will probably find him turning the ninth column of the report in THE TIMES or trying to reconcile the totally different and antagonistic conclusions drawn from the debate by half a dozen of the morning papers. He has not yet written a word, but he is inwardly meditating a really profound and epoch-making article. This, of course, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the preposterous theory that the Leader-Writer must get up his subject thoroughly; and the kind brutality of such a lesson will not be wasted on a young man of parts.

You have to send your article to the printer bit by bit as it is written, a thing which naturally tends to give unity to the whole as a literary composition; and twenty-five minutes is the very utmost you can afford to waste before the first slip goes in. Indeed we ourselves prefer to get something written within the first ten minutes. Any one can look through a couple of papers in the train, and compose the opening sentences as he fills his pipe. All he has to do then is to jot them down and touch the electric bell. Thereupon a boy is precipitated into his room from the void, and departs with his first booty into the unknown. You feel much happier when this is done. You must take care, however, to complete your sentence on the second slip before letting the first go; otherwise, when you begin writing again, you may find that you have entirely forgotten what you have said. The custom of saying the same thing at least twice in the course of a leading-article is not at all to be deprecated; but it is best not to use exactly the same words for it. Hence the aforesaid precaution will be found convenient. At the same time you must not get into the habit of keeping two or three slips by you till you have completed the next; if you do, you will infallibly be tempted to read through all you have written, and alter things; this is a perfectly futile expenditure of time and trouble, and leads, in Mr. Browning's phrase, to "doubt, hesitation, and pain." The man who hesitates over Leader-Writing is lost. It will suffice for all practical purposes to make any necessary amendments in the proof; there is generally a clear six minutes for reading this.

The hint we have given about filling your mind on the way to the office will show that we attach no light value to the importance of a conscientious preparation with due regard to the exigencies of the business. Thus in dealing with a Parliamentary debate a man ought always to peruse a colourless summary in one of the morning papers, of his own party, of course. If time allows, he should look at the speech of the chief spokesman on the other side. He must not read it through, but it is well to get hold of enough to make fun of. Quotation is also useful, and, if carefully selected and dissevered from its surroundings, is often very effective. Sarcasm is also good; it is much less exhausting than argument, and more convincing; besides, it makes the article "light." You need only look at your own party chief's remarks in extreme cases; you always know what to say of him if you have acquired the merest rudiments of the craft. Thus of Mr. Balfour or Sir William Harcourt (as the case may be) it is safe to remark that it was "a speech of extreme vigour and quite exceptional debating force," and some allusion may be appropriately introduced to its "trenchant phrases" and "its humour which never deviated into mere frivolity or buffoonery, as is so often the case with ——'s laboured exercitations." The space left blank you, of course, fill in with the name of Sir William Harcourt if you are eulogising Mr. Balfour's oratory, and *vice versâ*. All practical journalists will, we think, agree with us as to the soundness of this advice. They will all admit that it is sheer folly to wade wearily through the whole of a debate for the purpose of writing one article on it. Your treatment of it will be the same after a fortnight's experience, whether you read it or not; so you may just as well save your pains and time, and not run the hideous risk of making the leader late.

This, we have said, is the Unpardonable Sin. You may be as prosy, as dogmatic, as illogical as you like; you may even, in some offices, be clever, nay, in exceptional cases (though this is as dangerous as it is rare), you may be original. These things may be forgiven or even approved; but the unforgivable, the intolerable, is to be late. The one essential to the existence of a daily paper is the regularity with which it appears. If you are the guilty cause of two minutes' delay in letting the huge rollers unwind their daily reams of unending print, you are properly anathema. It were better for you to write epic poetry for a living, or to cultivate the promotion of Companies on principles of the nicest honour, than to do this thing. Consider just this one feature of the matter; it will bring upon you the scorn and pity of the head-printer (known officially as "the printer") and the proprietor. This is degradation enough for any man; but it is not the offender's sole punishment.

The proprietor's main business does not much concern you, for it is the drawing of profits. These are very big in most offices, and it is not well to let your fancy dwell on them. As, however, this is not quite sufficient to employ all the energies of an able-bodied man, the proprietor has generally a good deal of time to devote to interfering with the editor. He usually does this very successfully, and it is not for us to grudge him this amusement. It is generally understood that there is not much fun in paying people if you cannot make it clear to them that they are your inferiors. Editors are often quite well-educated men, and these, of course, make the sport much more fascinating for the proprietor and the rest of the staff. He is not, however, brought, as a rule, into close contact with the Leader-Writer; you will find (if it interests you to do so) that he generally grumbles at your work or praises it according as the editor is pleased or displeased with it. This, we need hardly say, has no connection at all with the value of your writing or with his real estimate of it; it is part of the game. Sometimes he may deign to converse with you. In that case you had better treat him with cold civility, and teach him his right place at once; he will think much better of you for doing so. However, if he has occasion to suspect in you a tendency to be late, that is a very different matter. With the extra sense which all good men of business have, he rapidly perceives that you may actually occasion him the loss of a few pennies some day, and that, of course, is serious. You are a marked man, and the next time the printer grumbles much more than usual, you depart.

It is bad, then, to incur a serious ebullition of the printer's wrath. Everybody in a newspaper office is always in a hurry, and everybody in a newspaper office grumbles; that is the etiquette of the profession. But it is the peculiar function of the printer to be in a greater hurry and to grumble more than any one else. He is paid extra for this, and "the custom of the trade" would probably be a good legal defence in an action brought for wrongful dismissal by a printer who neglected his duty in this respect. The case, however, has never yet occurred, for printers are a most conscientious body of men. It is the printer who sends a specially fierce breed of little boys to plague you in the midst of your neatest epigram with demands for more "copy"; it is the printer who deputes an underling to tell you that your leader is far too long and he wants "ten lines out"; it is the printer who assures you with sad civility, long after the time for alter-ing it is past, that your article is the shortest that has ever been in the paper. It is he who tames the young writer's pride and teaches him that the contents and literary form of his most cherished article are as dust in the wind so far as the production of the paper is concerned. And it is he who emerges in person—ink-begrimed, linen-aproned, most important, a visitant from regions unexplored—into the editorial rooms, and declares, with gloomy conviction, that the paper cannot be out in time to-day: "Mr. Blank's leader late, sir—again!" In return he gives us a little amusement perhaps. For every day the conviction burns itself afresh into his soul that it is impossible to squeeze all the "copy" in; five minutes before the "make-up" is finished his agony is at its height, and you may watch it with some satisfaction if you do not happen to be in any way responsible for it. Here, once more, it is the young man who has the best of it; he gets some excitement, if only of a painful kind, out of the daily drama; the aged writer has grown used to the farce, and it no longer amuses him. All printers behave so, he knows, just as all boys leave doors open. Nothing much ever comes of it; the paper always does come out with its usual quantity of matter about the usual time, just as the door does always manage to get itself shut. The occasional dismissal of an habitually dilatory writer, or the cuffing of a peculiarly peccant boy, are incidents hardly worth mentioning.

As for the specific mental qualifications of the Ideal Leader-Writer—"there never was a situation," says Carlyle, "that had not its ideals"—we must admit that they are mainly negative. First and foremost comes the absence of a sense of humour. If the Leader-Writer perceives how ludicrous is his assumption of omniscience and infallibility, he may be seriously hampered in his work; if he laughs too much while he is patting an aged statesman on the back or taking an archbishop severely to task, he must waste time; if his fancy is outrageously tickled by the contrast between the earnestness of his statements and the inadequacy of his convictions, he may be tempted into dangerous compromise. A man must not let himself be cajoled by his perception of the comic, any more than he must allow himself to be bullied by the vain shows of conscience. And on this latter point one word may be necessary and sufficient. Let the Leader-Writer be as upright and independent as he will in private life, he must remember, if he is to succeed, that inside the office his business is that of an advocate only; if he remembers this, he will be saved much humiliation. Some people call this want of principle, but that is ridiculous. We prefer to regard it as absence of pedantry, and to set it down as the second great qualification for the Ideal Leader-Writer. He ought to be able to write with equal ability on either side of any subject, remembering always that he is merely there to give the best expression he can to his editor's policy, which policy is in its turn shaped in accordance with what is believed to be the wish of the bulk of the regular subscribers. Hence the Leader-Writer endeavours to say what the average reader would say himself if he could; and this is as it should be, as the average reader pays for it. A third qualification closely akin to the last-named is freedom from long-sightedness. Some people suffer seriously from this defect in its physical form, and wear refracting glasses to rectify it. We cannot suggest an analogous remedy to the Leader-Writer, and we congratulate him who is so constituted for this exalted calling as to be mentally blind to anything that tells against his case and to everything that is too far ahead to interest the readers of to-day's paper. Perhaps none of us need despair of reaching this happy state, but it is much when Nature spares a man laborious effort.

Let the novice remember that to-morrow and his party's nearest object should be the extreme limits of his mental horizon.

There needs little warning against depth of thought and the habit of careful literary work; these are so easily and naturally avoided in most instances. Nearly all men are so far fitted to be Leader-Writers. The impatient and sensitive young man must look sharply after himself in one or two particulars. Complacency, fluency, and the tranquillity which comes from ignoring anything one does not happen to understand, are what he must most cultivate. If, by so doing, his writing becomes a trifle fatuous or a little too decorated for refined tastes, that does not greatly matter. The daily paper's business is to appeal to the million, not to pander to fastidiousness. For this reason, too, allusions to history, books written before the penultimate year, and literary parallels must be sedulously avoided. Certain quotations, however (from Shakespeare's most frequently acted plays, Macaulay's Lays, or the better-known poems of Tennyson), are always appropriate. The Bible may also be used, but it needs careful treatment, and is, as a rule, only safe in very earnest democratic prints. About Latin there is little chance of going wrong: you would be considered illiterate if you did not use *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi* whenever Uganda or Mr. Rhodes or the Dual Control was your theme; and it was noticed as a strange oversight, or else a foolish piece of affectation, that a certain Unionist journal omitted to remark *Omnium consensu imperii capax nisi imperasset* soon after the appointment of Lord Rosebery to the Premiership. About a dozen old friends—*Cœlum non animum*, &c., *Vi et armis*, *Labor omnia*, &c., *Cunctando restituit rem*—strike a chord in the breast of the great middle classes to whom you mainly appeal, but beyond these it is not well to go. One evening paper, it is true, uses American and Greek (without the accents) very freely; but that is owned by a Transatlantic millionaire who does not want to make money out of it. We must not take example by him, since most of our proprietors have their eyes fixed directly on profits rather than peerages. In some offices, we are credibly informed, one aged and honoured member of the staff is specially paid to act as *foolometer*. Anything which falls under the suspicion of being too clever, or impartial, or profound, or delicate for widely popular acceptance, is submitted to him. If he dislikes or does not at once understand it, it is promptly removed. This is a good plan; but if we were all Ideal Leader-Writers we should have no need of his kindly aid.

There is, however, at least one essential qualification for the Leader-Writer. We do not refer to a knowledge of grammar and spelling, though this is an advantage; still, printers' readers belong to a very superior class, and they are generally able to rectify any little slips of this sort; besides, if an accident does happen, so very few people will notice it. But there is one power he absolutely must have, and here again the young man is generally at an advantage compared with the old, since it depends upon muscle and nerve rather than brain. *He must be able to write fast;* and the possession of this power will alone go far to the making of the Complete Leader-Writer.

# THE LITTLE CHORISTER.

## I.

Sweet cherub! do you not already begin to picture him so in your fancy; the pure streams of melody that flow from his rosy mouth, the heart-shaking unconscious thrill with which those almost baby lips utter the solemn words of the anthem? Ay, such was Toby Watkins once, but 'tis many lustres back. Yet he is still a Little Chorister, with a round face and thin sweet voice, and a heart of childlike freshness, albeit the chubbiness of youth sits somewhat comically upon his mature years. Toby is a whimsical fellow, full of strange conceits and old-world enthusiasm; and indeed to see his queer little physiognomy is almost a cure for the spleen, and the mouth wrinkled in such fantastic wise that to a stranger it must be problematical, when the face begins to work, whether it be for mirth or weeping. Yet I can very clearly call to mind that the first time I saw him 'twas with a sort of admiring awe Toby is now but little accustomed to inspire.

The holiday times of a somewhat lonely childhood were spent by me for the most part at the residences of certain bachelor uncles, my guardians. There was one, my father's mother's brother, that matched in his aspect of beautiful and venerable age the antiquity of his surroundings, with which he had indeed so grown up as to seem to have become a part of their grandeur. Those ancient gray buildings and the sedate life of the elder members of a university consorted perhaps little with my rosy youthfulness, but I think I was at that age of a gentle speculative turn, and found a charm in the cloisters and winding river-walks, and even in my uncle's uncomprehended talk. There was a gentle monotony and peace in this life that has ever clung to me. The kind shy faces of the old students that were my uncle's friends, the orderly quiet of the lattice-windowed house, and the daily services in the beautiful cathedral, made up, as I remember them, these unchildlike visits to my relative. I was told, and heard it with a dim wonder, that he had never for fifty years missed one of those services in his canopied stall in the cathedral. I marvelled indeed if the cathedral could itself be so very old.

It was, this cathedral, albeit full of mystery, so very pure and fair, so young with that eternal newness of beauty and poetic association, that perhaps there was the less foolishness in my childish thought. The delicate pillars and carving of the roof, the high arches and monuments, appeared to me to be cut from rich ivory but a little yellowed. The galleries and small dark spaces retreating behind rows of pillars that half concealed them were of infinite mystery and import. And there was, immediately in front of my accustomed seat, the periwigged bust of some deceased worthy, and beneath the description of his virtues a great grinning skull in stone, with feathered wings as of an angel outspread on either side. 'Twas an effigy that caused me much disquiet and curious half-formed thoughts; vague gleams of meaning struggled athwart my brain, that was overclouded again as the incongruousness of the image appealed to me, and I was fain to create for it a special class of beings unknown to scripture or to fairy lore. Such imaginings were, however, lightly dispelled by the flutterings of a starling that through some crevice had penetrated from the outer air into the dark heights of the tower, and must there beat and starve its life out (but this I did not know); or by a lime that leaned and swayed against the pale green glass of a north window, picturing it beautifully. And my heart warmed within me when the sun, moving round, cast from the great rose-window shifting rainbows of glorious colour upon the pale stone. I never tired of gazing at this phantasmagoria, and the radiance appeared indeed no passing light but a spirit, the very spirit of the place. A pagan notion this, and yet not, I think, wholly unchristian. For I held it, as I suppose, to be a kind of symbol; not in itself adorable, but a manifestation and type, as it were, of that which, being so, I could yet more hardly comprehend. Such feelings are at the heart of that childish reverence for the mystery of beauty, that some few are happy enough to possess still in later life. Toby Watkins is of the number, but has not the poet's skill in words to reveal in the mirror of his own childlike soul the mystery of our ancient selves.

And then in the midst of my fancies such music broke in as it seems to me I have never heard since. Indeed I was too young to know aught of the sadness of the loveliness we call perfect; and yet in my dark corner I have trembled and wept as that thrilling sweetness pierced through the self I knew and spoke of something infinitely greater and beyond.

'Twas Toby's voice first bore me this celestial message. The little fellow, smaller and younger yet than myself, appeared all that the sentimental are apt to imagine in these little sweet songsters, and his voice was of a rare quality. I never pictured him as possibly dirty-handed, or commonly clothed, and would as soon have thought of "knuckle-boning" with one of those translucent effigies of the apostles as with this grave young denizen of holy haunted places.

But, since we were destined very shortly to become intimates, this illusion quickly vanished, and indeed he was of parts nothing above the average, except in all that concerned music, wherein young Silver-tongue was to me an oracle and seer. I was put, at the age of twelve, to the same school, that I might be under the protecting eye of my uncle, and found Toby, though dull at books, to have a love for the old city, and above all the old cathedral, even greater than mine. I think he imbibed knowledge from the very stones of the place. No one ever saw him read (unless it were a book of poetry, for which he had a passion), and yet when he was in the vein you could perceive that he had a very pleasant store of information. But as for the dry bones of learning, 'twas scarcely to be called aversion that he felt for them; he wanted them not; syntax and theorem were to him uncomprehended fantasies of no possible service to his intelligence, and he never strove to acquire them. Sure, no boy was ever so often and righteously beaten; but nothing could sour the sweetness of his temper, and before he had scrubbed the tears from his little twinkling eyes his yelling laugh would be heard as he devised impish tricks upon his superiors.

We all loved Toby—poor Toby, that never had a penny and never wanted a friend; and I have heard him say that, despite the PRINCIPIA, and a certain bigoted persistency upon the part of his masters, those were happy days. I look back upon them with a tender melancholy, for methinks one is never truly happy but when the feeling is unconscious. And when in ripe years we gaze across troubled waters, that sheltered harbour where we sailed our little toy-boats glimmers in a mist of sunlight whose gold was distilled in the alembic of perpetual youth, the alembic where hope is fashioned, of which the beams may, if we are fortunate, shed some mild radiance on our hearts even in our grand climacteric.

All the memories of Toby float to me upon a tide of song. Music was his passion; nay, so much the integral part of him that I sometimes thought 'twas his soul itself spoke face to face with those of his hearers in his singing, and the shy spirit then alone stood forth revealed and beautiful, its shabby comical envelope for the moment lost and forgotten. Later, when his voice broke into a mellow tenor, a great career seemed to open before the little prosaic-seeming fellow. Whilst I, now a junior member of the university, still plodded my way dully along the well-worn road of humane letters, this Toby, who was ever the easy butt of our youthful waggeries, was achieving greatness. Success came without his seeking, and where it led he followed gaily; but whatever his business or engagements, each Sunday saw him at the old cathedral, and the echoes caught his voice and hid away the remembrance of its sweetness behind the carven saints and fair tall pillars, as the perfume of a withered rose hangs in the air of a great room. Methinks the spirit of Toby haunts the place.

Whimsical fellow! he came to me one day with a tale of love which I, ever regarding him as but a boy, received with mock solemnity, the quips and odd enthusiasm of the narrator half warranting such an interpretation. And, lest I should be too much blamed in the matter, I must confess that about this time I was myself in love and so perhaps more dull than my wont with my friends. However, I did not speak of it, being a thing foreign to my naturally shy and cold temper, although Toby, I think from his very diverseness, was among the chief of my intimates. As boys we had sworn a pact of eternal brotherhood, with mystical rites of his own devising. I see him now in his little ragged gown, his countenance full of that quaint earnestness no one ever took for earnest in him, when by the names of Saul and Jonathan, by every fair friendship in classic legend or history, by the twin towers of All Souls, and over the halves of a broken sixpence, we took a vow of more than brotherly affection. "Never shall one of us be rich and see the other want!" cries Toby. "Whilst I have an orange left, there's a squeeze in it for thee!" And as I began to grin he holds up his hand very gravely (Parson Toby we nicknamed him then) and goes on with his harangue. "May the shade of Julius Cæsar dog my traitorous footsteps," says he in his shrill tones, "if ever I knowingly cross thee in commerce or in love;" and then he made solemn obeisance, for his notions were very high-flown from his readings in the poets, and he always mentioned the "little god" in a reverent manner. I repeated these and other words after him as he bade me, not without a feeling for the gravity of the occasion; for through all his ranting talk ran a fibre of definite meaning and resolve that neither of us, I think, forgot.

But I am to speak now of that other love that so strangely took hold of us both at much about the same season, but working, as it proved, to ends so sadly diverse. Toby had a sort of whimsical extravagant way which I took for a sign of lightness in him, and 'twas thence he never so much as disclosed to me the name of the fair one. "She is all perfection," said he; "beautiful exceedingly, like a rosebud in an old weed-grown garden." "O poetical Toby!" cried I, mocking him. "And hast thou spoken this exalted love of thine to thy divinity?" "Pooh," says he, "words, words! Nay, she is one of the elect" (he spoke, as one may say, musically), "and our communications are of a more lofty sort. I sing to her, sir, to her and for her alone; and she answers me with such looks—so subtle a spiritual sympathy shines in her angel-face. Why, she's my inspiration, sir; without her I were a mere wandering voice wanting a spirit. Music is indeed the voice of love; the only perfect expression of the great passion"—and so he rambled on. Toby was not crazed, as some were apt to think, but had a very rare and vivid imagination, fancied objects and ideal passions often becoming far more real to him than what we are pleased to call substantial fact; and I am not sure but this gift was the cause of his misfortunes. It was indeed a very pure ennobling imagination, and made him see his friends as children look upon giants and heroes of old time. They walked in more than mortal stature, gifted with superhuman virtues; but should a rift be torn in this luminous atmosphere and some petty meanness in the man be revealed—why, this were an almost uncomprehended sorrow to Toby. And I think that round the fair Unknown the glorifying mist grew and grew about her, until all his being lay prostrate and adoring at the feet of so much excellence. Nay, I even think it possible that she was not at all aware of his passion; and that high intelligence he supposed between them, that secret communion in an unwritten language of the soul, that blessed progress of mutual love which ripened in him a thousand extravagances of happiness, were all no more than a fervid poetic dream. Ah, such a dream as one here and there has realised! such an illusion as the breaking up of it has not seldom broken in silence a passionate heart!

I did not indeed guess so much as this until long after. From a little humorous vengeance, and perhaps some natural reserve, I kept my own sober romance a yet closer secret, but not without hugging the thought of Toby's surprise and admiration when he should be informed of it.

## II.

Now the lives of us both had gone so far happily; no great heart-shakings beyond that first sweet rage of love, and 'twas a good time and wholesome to look back upon. We thought it should last for ever, only the vague gleam of promise become a constant steady light of perfect bliss. But a change came which I must tell you of, though it fill me with the perplexity and almost the grief these long-past events occasioned at the time. I think I said that during the week Toby was mostly away, making himself a name by his singing in almost every great city of the kingdom; but each Sunday he was in his place among the choristers of the old cathedral, and for the rest of that day we were used to be much together. Lively is the remembrance of our cheerful suppers. Truly there was a flavour about such bachelor entertainments, modest *noctes ambrosianæ.* We had a lightness of heart then that surmounted every obstacle to a careless unthinking felicity, an ardour in talk, a harmless enthusiasm for certain sweetly compounded liquors, an antiquated love for a rank churchwarden-pipe—'tis all past.

I come now to a Sunday, the day of my betrothal. It was but a word on the road to church, a question answered by a look, a pressure of the little hand that lay upon my arm, and we two were, I dare say, the happiest people in the cathedral that day. Behind our seat was a great stone pillar, so that we were hid from view that way, and when every one stood up listening to the anthem I took out the flower I had in my coat, being a sweet-briar rose, and gave it to her, and she took it with a shy blush and laid it between the leaves of her hymn-book. No one observed us, except indeed Toby, who was gazing upon us intently from his place in the choir, where he stood in readiness to sing the solo. Methought, from our position and his look, Toby had guessed the whole; for I had never before had the privilege to sit beside her. Truly that was the sweetest voice I ever heard in man or woman, and there was a quality in it that day brought the tears to my eyes. My companion too was not unmoved. It died in such a wail of piercing sorrow, yet chastened and infinitely sweet, as even now seems to echo down to meet me when I tread those lone gray aisles. Indeed I think sometimes sounds also have their ghosts.

In the evening I prepared for Toby a little more sumptuously than my wont. I could not recall a Sunday that he had not passed those hours with me, and although the fine weather had changed to a pouring rain and wind that sounded more like November than June, this did not much discompose me, for such things were not apt to stand in his way. Yet to-night no tap came upon the glass and no voice asked mockingly if Master Hodge were within; and to-night, of all nights of the year, this defection cut me strangely. I was in that state when a man has an uncontrolled desire to speak all his thoughts into some friendly ear, and found myself deserted by this intended recipient, my candles burned down, and all the little festive preparations chiding me with their inadequateness and futility. So I went to bed with a twinge of disappointment at so unmeaning an end to a memorable day.

It was not till the morning, over my breakfast, that a ghost visited me. It was so white and wan a creature, with a voice thick and difficult in the utterance and soaked muddy clothes, that as it stood there in the entrance before me, and a score of little streams dripped from it upon the carpet, I swear that for a moment's space I did not know it for Toby; and then my first thought of him was an evil one. I jumped up and gripped him by the two shoulders, looking seriously down into his eyes, that were indeed dilated and bright but had no wildness in them, only an extreme mournfulness, and a sort of shrinking from me that was new, and seemed to go through my heart as no words ever could.

"Where did you sleep, Toby?" cried I hastily.

"Sleep!" said he, with that little oratorical gesture and emphasis he was apt to affect. "Who speaks of sleep? Thou hast murdered sleep! Nay," said he, with a sudden change of aspect, "give me some breakfast, and I'll e'en forgive thee." And, with a perverse refusal to strip himself of so much as his wet coat, he set himself down, but made a poor figure at the meal. He was full of talk, and that all of our schooldays and boyish friendship. "Do you remember," cried he, "how you challenged all the school on my behoof, burly Hodge? ay, and the bannocks my good worthy aunt used to send me from Edinburgh? Little of them should I have tasted but for your protection. Oh, there's a hundred good offices you did me that all rise up before me to-day, and 'tis to my shame I never gave them a thought before. Friendship should not be all of one side; but I will try and repay it. You have not forgot that solemn covenant?" said he, as it were suspiciously.

"No," said I, in some wonder; "and I hope you do not believe, Toby, that I would belie it."

He caught my hand. "Never!" cried he. "And here again I swear that your interests shall be dearer to me than my own; and though to stand aside should cost me life itself, never will I stretch so much as a finger to bar aught that concerns your happiness!"

"Toby," said I, "thou art a good fellow," and laid my arm about his shoulder affectionately, as we used when we were boys together. And he, gazing at me for a moment in a sort of bewildered surprise, turned aside and fell into a storm of weeping.

These things were the forerunners of a serious illness for my dear little friend. 'Twas curious, and to me most moving, that all through the ravings of his sickness he spoke continually of myself, and, his mind running I suppose on our childish pact, would have it that for my sake he had made some great sacrifice, but I was never to know of it. Poor Toby! I doubt not but he was capable of it, had the occasion arisen. But, since my presence seemed to discompose him, I was not permitted to be much with him then, nor indeed until he was far on the road to health. That it was some great trouble of mind that first disordered him, some downfall of high hopes and bitter disappointment, and upon that a night almost of madness and reckless exposure to rain and storm, I could never doubt; nor yet that, as in most of our troubles, a woman was to blame for some treachery or perhaps unconscious ill-treatment of him. But further he has never confided in me, and though I must own that this, coming from him, has sometimes cut me a little, yet there is that in his condition now he is recovered that must needs redouble all our love and tenderest solicitude.

Alas for the beautiful voice that had borne its message of purity and consolation to so many a heart! Toby indeed recovered, and, though after many months, resumed much about his former aspect, only older; but our sweet singer is become a dream of the past, and that voice was never heard again, or at least but as so faint a ghost of its former self as is far more pathetic. Ever as before he takes his place in the choir, but there is no thrill now when Toby rises; no one marks him. Even his past success is forgotten, and this is as he would have it. He is one of the meanest among the chorus, turning his eyes to a new star, sweet-tempered and whimsical—the same Toby. He gains a sufficient livelihood by the giving of music-lessons, for his career is over.

The same, I said—ay, but to me there was a difference, and a trouble between us that time hath happily removed wholly. I doubt not it was some lingering disorder from his late sickness made him refuse all mention of my marriage, and even decline to see the lady that was to be my wife; and this was the more strange, since she had long known him, and was a great admirer of his talent. But all such pettish freaks are long since passed away, and we have now no friend in the world more constant nor more beloved than Toby.

## POSTSCRIPTUM.

These stray recollections had been written, laid aside, and forgotten years back, but coming upon them lately when all have faded to a dim perspective I am moved to add one more to their number.

I remember some years after these events a winter's evening that the little Chorister was at our house. He sat at the piano, and strains of music old and new seemed to flow from his hands, now mournful, then again gay and furious, as it were at haphazard. My little girl stood beside him with a face of delight.

"Come, dance!" cried my wife as the music waxed merrier, and the child sprang up and began a wild gipsy step among the gleams and shadows of the room. It was one of those moments that, from no actual importance in the action, become fixed and remain engraven as an ineffaceable picture on the memory. The fairy music of the old Snuff-box Waltz (that changed after, but I scarce knew how, to the stately Wedding March of Mendelssohn), the warm air laden with the scent of narcissus, the shaded yellow light, the faint odour of tea—any of these things would in after years bring back the whole scene to my mind, and I saw the bright-eyed child in her white pinafore capering with impish smiles of glee, while the terrier-pup yapped and rushed at her flying feet, and that fair-haired lady laughed over her knitting at the couple. The child ended in a shriek of exhausted mirth and flung herself upon the couch, and the music grew softer and died away, and presently changed into Chopin's Funeral March. "Some have no wedding-march in their lives," said he, with a queer look as he got up from the piano, and my little daughter laughed gaily at his odd grimace.

I think my children loved him, but always met his sallies with laughter, as indeed all the world did that knew nothing of the history of the little round-faced music-master. But I ever felt that in some unexplained way his life was wrecked. In my house he was always welcome, and in playing with my innocent young ones I think he found some of that happy home-life he had so sadly missed.

All that winter he had been somewhat ailing, but, as so often happens, it was not till spring came that he began to look very thin and worn. My wife persuaded him on a Sunday in May, for the first time since that illness of his, not to take his place in the choir. But he accompanied us to church in the afternoon, and sat beside her in the pew, joining in the chants in a thin sweet voice. There was a strange oppression in the air that day, and the clouds were so dark and heavy that the cathedral was lighted as if for an evening service, although the days were long and light. The conflicting shadows and wavering lights gave to that beautiful place a solemn unearthly look neither of night nor day, the dim illumination scarce seeming to proceed from either of its visible sources. It was a pretty coincidence that at the very instant the reader came to the words "Lighten our darkness" a flood of sunlight burst of a sudden through the great rose-window, the tapers seemed to burn dim, and the gloom dissolved like a noxious vapour. My wife nudged me, and we looked at our companion. His face was hid in his knotted hands, and full upon them and his bald head fell that shifting radiance that to my poetic childish vision had seemed so mysterious a symbol of unspeakable things. His little bent figure was bathed in warm rainbow hues; its homeliness was forgotten, and Toby was transfigured. I fancied he started slightly as the words of the anthem were read, and when we all stood up he remained upon his knees.

"Do you remember this?" whispered my wife, and to be sure it was the very same we had the Sunday of our betrothal—the last solo Toby ever sang. I held my wife's dear hand till those thrilling notes died away; and even then Toby still knelt beside us.

"Look, look, Toby is asleep!" whispered my little girl, and at that both the children began to laugh. I leaned over and touched his shoulder to arouse him, a little fearful lest he might be ill. The light upon him shone gloriously, touching every thread of his shabby coat to gold. Toby was dead.

Poor Toby! Pure soul! His secret died with him. The rainbow light falls upon his grave of sunny afternoons, turning the white flowers that my children lay upon it to a posy of glowing hues. So beautiful and transparent, methinks, were the stains that in this world fell upon the character of my dear old friend.

# OLD PARR.

DID Thomas Parr really live to the age of one hundred and fifty-two? It is an interesting question, and in the answer to it we are all (or we ought to be) fully as much absorbed as we are by the political and social problems of the day. For, having settled it satisfactorily that he did live so long, instant hope ought to spring in each of us to do as old Parr did. And in succeeding, like Parr, we should outlive most of those same political and social riddles which are so inexpressibly wearisome to all wise men.

But, alas! it is impossible to get a definite answer to the question.

> . . . At his Birth there was no Register.
> The Register was ninety-seven years since
> Given by th' eighth Henry (that Illustrious
> Prince).

John Taylor, the Water-Poet, who knew Parr in London in 1635, obtained a very fair amount of information about the old man. He imparted this to the world in a poem, brief, diverting, and not wholly incredible. Still, there is always a suspicion that he has moulded his facts to fit with the exigencies of his rhymes. One may, however, gather that he believed in his hero's extraordinary age.

Local tradition on the subject is manifestly worth nothing nowadays. I tested it this spring in an old country inn between Shrewsbury and Welshpool, situated some two miles from the cottage in which Parr lived. The low-browed common-room of the inn, with its worm-eaten oaken floor and heavy oaken tables, held seven rustics of the neighbourhood, them, their pipes, and their ale-mugs. After a little prefatory talk, we tossed our subject into their midst. For a minute or two they dandled it reverentially. Of course they had heard tell of old Parr ("his pills, you know," suggested a corrugated veteran who should have been better informed), and they were rather proud of the sanctity with which he has invested their gorsey hills and cowslipped meadows. But suddenly outspake a shaggy, square-mouthed ruffian, and did his best to shatter the local idol. "I tell you what it is, it's a devil of an age to reach fourscore, and no one'll make me believe Parr or any one else lived to a hundred and fifty. It's all a rotten superstition. There's never an exception without a rule [so he said, inconsequent as the remark may appear]. There's never a king or queen as lived in seventeen hundred or thereabouts as they knew the birthday of right; and you don't get me believing a common citizen like Parr was better off than them. It was more like to be this way with him. He was one of those chaps that when he was twenty looked forty, and at forty looked eighty, and so on. It's easy seeing how the folks of them days would be deceived." The man went on to instance his own grandmother, who at ninety had been something inhuman to behold. We regret to say one of the others agreed with him on this point. And, in short, he ended by taking away old Parr's character with the existing company. His terms were anything but accurate; as, for example, when he called Parr a "common citizen," seeing the old fellow never left the rural borders of Montgomeryshire until the Earl of Arundel had him carried up to town to be shown to the King in the last year of his life. But they satisfied his auditors. These turned out at ten o'clock professedly persuaded that Parr's lies about his pills and about his age were equally gross.

Our landlady subsequently sought to console us for our disappointment, as she conceived it. She, at any rate, had faith. For twenty years she and her husband had kept the inn nearest of all to old Parr's cottage. She had heard talk of him again and again. Moreover, she told of a certain admirable clergyman who time back was wont to make annual pilgrimage to the place, worshipping, so to speak, at the shrine of longevity, and never failing to carry away with him some trifle as a memento—a sprig of a plant, a bit of wood, or a rusty nail. This worthy man had since died. Possibly he had lived the longer for his devotion to Parr's memory; possibly he had not. Apart from him, there certainly is not much enthusiasm on the Shropshire border about Thomas Parr. His name is not hinted at on the railway stations; there are no conveniences for tea-drinking in the neighbourhood of his cottage, no facilities for excursions. Nor has a Parr's Head hostelry yet arisen to perpetuate him in the manner best appreciated by a thirsty nation.

The next morning, betimes, we set out to pay our respects to the residence of him who was "no Antiquary, but Antiquity." There could not have been a lovelier day for the quest. The blue sky was gay with sunlit fleecy clouds, thrushes sang on all sides, and larks overhead; from the woodlands the cuckoo's note sounded like "a wandering voice"; and the fresh perfume of old Mother Earth was sweet in the nostrils. The Long Mountain, an upland ridge which runs nearly north and south for five miles, separating Shropshire and Montgomeryshire, showed its green and brown patches to the south-west, and the humps of the Middletown hills were good to see, close in front. It is a rich grassy country, this of Parr's. If the old man did, as Taylor says, rely on butter[1] and nothing else for medicinal purposes, he could nowhere have got better physic.

A mile or so from the Westbury Half-Way House there is a little cluster of red buildings to the north of the high road. Here, nestled between a modern shooting-box and an ancient farmstead, is a small chapel, and within the chapel a memorial plate to Parr: "The old, old, very old man . . . born . . in the year of our Lord 1483. He lived in the reign of ten Kings and Queens of England . . . died the 13th. and was buryed in Westminster Abbey on the 15th of November, 1635." The inscription (on brass, in a neat oak frame) of course proves nothing, though it may well date from the middle of the seventeenth century. Its most attractive feature is the neatly engraved head of Parr, which is little at variance with that given in Taylor's pamphlet. It is hard to think this serene-faced person in the conical skullcap, the trim white collar and many-buttoned coat, was a farm-labourer all his life. His peaked beard is of the kind Vandyck loved to paint, and his moustache runs down into it. The nose is long and straight, and his eyebrows are handsomely arched. Whether this portrait be a true or an ideal one, it is famously suggestive of a man who "hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing down of abbeys and religious houses;" who did never "murmur at the manner of prayers, let them be Latin or English;" and who "held it safest to be of the religion of the King or Queen that were (*sic*) in being." It is to be hoped indeed he was such a man. Else he could not have lived through a more tiresome century and a half of English life.

The sexton of this Woolstaston chapel (a bent, rheumatic old fellow) was proud of this brass plate. He viewed the forcible removal of Parr to London as a very heinous offence, and drew my attention in an indignant manner to the short space of time they kept "the poor old man" (so he called him) unburied after his death.

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[1] Like the Guanches of Teneriffe, a long-lived people.

Short time though it was, it sufficed for the great Harvey to examine him and express his opinion that, but for the violent change in his life due to his journey to town, he would have lived an indefinite time longer. It is a pity the famous physician did not draw a few important inferences from Parr's body for our profit. He, if any one, could have told us if the old fellow had been tardy in development.

It has been said that we ought to live five times as long as it takes us to fully mature, barring accidents, of course, or indiscretions. That would only mean postponing Parr's adult existence to the age of thirty. Maupertuis had the same idea, that by retarding development we could prolong life. It does not sound a very alluring programme, and probably, after all, things are best as they are. But it is worth mentioning in connection with old Parr, of whom we learn that,

A tedious time a Bachelor he tarried,
Full eighty years of age before he married.

And this, too, in a century when it was usual to take a wife at twenty or so! We are left to assume that until he was fourscore he occupied himself with boyish sports and recreations. A certain fanciful tract tells us that "many were the quarrels amongst the maids of the village in their endeavour to obtain Parr, who was a universal favourite." But this publication cannot be trusted, as it was issued in the interest of the pills. It makes Parr spend "much time in the study of the vegetable world," the result whereof was the elixir he concocted of herbs and to which he owed his patriarchal age. One may disbelieve it altogether; else, depend upon it, Taylor would have got word of it and bracketed it with the "milk, buttermilk and water, whey and whig," which were the old man's daily drink.

It is pleasanter to think of him, a septuagenarian, annually, as spring came round, plucking up more and more heart for his first matrimonial venture, and yet all the while loth to turn his back on his youthful pastimes.

His high'st ambition was a tree to lop,
Or at the farthest to a maypole's top;
His recreation and his mirth's discourse
Hath been the piper and the hobby-horse.
And in this simple sort he hath with pain
From childhood liv'd to be a child again.

But at eighty (some say eighty-eight) Thomas succumbed to Jane Taylor's charms, and gave a mistress to his little half-timber house on the tump at the Glyn. Thenceforward he was to roam the Middletown hills no more a bachelor with fancy free.

And now let us get to this famous little house. It is easily accessible from the Middletown railway station, if you know how to reach it. Otherwise, though it is less than a mile away, you may wander far, and perhaps stick fast despairingly in the very tenacious mud of the lane which is the only highway to it. From the railway can be seen the wind-blown poplar which stands like a sentinel by its garden gate, on the crest of a knoll in the middle of the valley between the Long Mountain and the Middletown hills. For my own part I climbed to it obliquely from the old coach road, a mile or so past Westbury. A little girl guided me to the Glyn farm across sloping fields; thence, by an ascending track, I came at length into the back garden of the tiny property.

It is the merest hut, though a stout one still; with a body of timber and brickwork all whitewashed over, a thatched roof, and one blatant, very modern chimney of bright-red brick. Eighty years ago there appeared a picture of it in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, with the Rodney column on the Briedden Hills conspicuously behind it. The cottage is substantially unaltered since then, though the column is not to be seen quite so freely as the artist saw it. As a matter of fact, the Middletown hills are a large obstruction between the Glyn and the Briedden*s*.

A well-kept little triangular space of garden runs from the house to the east, in which currants enough ripen in the season. There were two tenants of the garden, a pale-yellow cat and a crowing fowl. These creatures marked our intrusion (which was unwarrantable enough in all conscience) without much dismay. In front of the cottage a yew and two or three fruit-trees made a little bower by the padlocked wicket—a bower devoted to a grindstone and a humble tub or two rather than to sentimental purposes. The exterior of the house betokened a resident of quiet, self-centred tastes. It was his habit, we had learned, to lock up the place and roam to market or elsewhere in perfect confidence as to the security of his untenanted cottage. He was away on the day of our visit; but it mattered little. Nothing remains inside of old Parr's epoch except the walls of the house and the roomy chimney space. Once there were divers uncouth articles of furniture here, dating more or less from Parr's time; but they have gone the way of other relics. The present tenant of the cottage, a lone man, must seek inspiration for thought about his predecessor in the bare walls and the chimney corner.

A more cheerful outlook than this from the cottage garden need not be desired, assuming one has a taste for landscape. We saw it almost at its best. The blend of gold and jet in the larches and firs on the steepest of the Middletown hills was a cordial for the eyes, and so was the bright yellow of the gorse on the bleaker humps to the north-east. The Long Mountain stands a barrier to the south-east. A few trees are near the cottage, though not enough to make it damp. From the neighbouring meadows came the crying of lambs and from the abounding hedgerows, thick with primroses and violets, the quick chatter of finches and the clearer notes of the thrush. At noon of a warm spring day we could have envied Parr such a home.

It is a comfort our centenarians have not been consistent mortifiers of the flesh. There would be scant encouragement for the rest of us if one man's rules for longevity were the only rules to follow. "Bread and water," says a certain physician, "are an admirable diet for those who would rival Methuselah, and fasting itself is an excellent promoter of their views." Perhaps so; but to the majority, we suspect, a spiritual or intellectual existence indefinitely prolonged only by such sensual privation would not seem worth enduring. There is more comfort in knowing that one John Weeks could at one hundred and fourteen (having recently married as a tenth wife a girl of sixteen) enjoy a meal of pork, bread, and wine; a pint of the last and three pounds avoirdupois of the first. Not to multiply cases, Mr. Davis, the vicar of Staunton-on-Wye, may also be mentioned, who at one hundred and five "ate of hot rolls well buttered, and drank plenty of tea and coffee for breakfast; at dinner consumed a variety of dishes;" and supped on wine and roast meats. After this, Tom Parr's simple regimen of coarse meslin bread (made of several kinds of flour[1]), green cheese, preferably with an onion, milk, metheglin, and an occasional cup of ale, cider, or perry, sounds very moderate. Our friends the quacks would have us believe he added his elixir to this diet, and that it was due only to his neglect of the precious homely medicine distilled from herbs that he died in London of high feeding and the best wines. But these authorities must not be credited.

We may take it for granted, then, that Parr lived moderately and ate but little flesh, mainly because it was a luxury he could not afford. Butter and garlic are to be added to his list of nutriments. A drunkard he could not well be. He was out of the way of those taverns and inns frequented by the "drunken sockets" Elizabethan Stubbes flings stones at with such zest in his ANATOMY OF ABUSES. The few trivial debauches in which he took part at his landlord's and other houses were, like as not, a salutary fillip to his blood. There lives a staid medical man of sixty who may now and then be met racing up or down a lane as if he were after a patient almost at the last gasp. He does it, he says, to keep off ossification of the heart. Old Parr's occasional long draughts of Whitsun ale or huff-cap may have served a kindred purpose.

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[1] Again suggesting the Guanches, whose staple food was the modern Canarian *gofio*, a flour of a mixed kind.

So slim a diet would suit few farm-labourers of our time; but it was just the thing for this "old, old, very old man," if he could say, on the strength of it,

> Nor know I what diseases mean,
> Though scanty diet keeps me lean.

Of Parr's habits something has already been said. He was a rooted child of the soil, no gadabout:—

> Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
> Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise:
> In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
> And to his team he whistled time away:
> The cock his night-clock, and till day was done,
> His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.

This is not profoundly instructive to those of us whose fate it is to live in cities where the lark never comes, and where we see the lamb only in quarters. It is said the old fellow used to thresh corn at a hundred and thirty, and he well may have done it if he could take a second wife at a hundred and twenty.

One thing at least is certain. His native district is excellently contrived to keep the lungs in good working order. From his cottage he could go in no direction without a steep descent, involving as steep a climb home afterwards. His parish church, that of Alberbury, was four or five miles distant, up and down the whole way.

It is, however, exceedingly improbable that he did much after he was a hundred. He had no more right than other men to believe he was destined to live on for five added decades. Besides, he had been blind for many years when he had that little affair with his landlord which shows he was fairly provided with wit as well as with bodily vitals. He wanted to renew his lease, and to get over the landlord's natural objections thereto. "'Husband,' said his wife, 'our young landlord is coming hither.' 'Is he so?' said old Parr. 'I prithee, wife, lay a pin on the ground near my foot, or at my right toe'; which she did; and when young Master Porter (yet forty years old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the old man said, 'Wife, is not that a pin which lies at my foot?' 'Truly, husband,' quoth she, 'it is a pin indeed'; so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the old man had recovered his sight again. Master Porter could do no less than renew the lease, even when he was told the trick that had been played upon him." Instead of exerting himself laboriously during his last half-century of life, it seems better to picture the old gentleman basking in the sun at his ease in a hard-bottomed chair in his porch by day and occupying his chimney-corner in the evenings. He was entitled to such idleness at such a time.

Some people fancy that it is only by constant straining of the muscles and vital organs that the body can be kept at its best. This is surely a fallacy. The physician who said, "Bodily exercise must be moderate, otherwise it will tend to abridge life," seems to have been a wise fellow. As things are, the man bent on becoming a centenarian has as much chance of gaining his end in London as in the country; and, so he does not altogether deprive his legs of their prerogative, he may do well by using the convenient cab for locomotive purposes. An acquaintance of ours attained the age of ninety-six in a London street without troubling himself muscularly for about twenty years to do more than place a flower in his coat and shuffle from his bedroom to the bow-window of his sitting-room, whence he could see the passers-by. The cyclist who thinks nothing of two hundred miles a day, and the pedestrian who is not contented with less than forty, have no chance with the more sober folks who husband their forces. But in this matter it is as absurd for one man to copy another as to think to look well in his coat without having it altered. Sir John Sinclair, many years ago, in his *naïve* book on HEALTH AND LONGEVITY, reminds us of it. He mentions a certain Irish doctor who would have no glass in his windows, and attributed to this practice the fact that in fifty years he did not have a death in his family. And, almost in the same breath, he tells us of another doctor "who lived to a hundred by sleeping under eight blankets and constantly inhabiting a stove-room heated up to 70° Fahrenheit." Such idolatrous regard for method seems appalling.

As for Parr's constitution, it must have been a good one to bring him into Westminster Abbey. He is the only man in that august place who gets his lodging on such credentials. Tradition tells us next to nothing about his father. He himself is reputed to have had the King's Evil as a youth, and of course to have cured himself with his elixir. In other ways he cannot have had much to complain of. His two children both died within ten weeks of their birth; but he seems to have had some long-lived relations, if we may trust the tale of Robert Parr's death at Kinver in 1757, at one hundred and twenty-four, Robert's father dying at one hundred and nine, and his grandfather at one hundred and thirteen. This Robert has been called our old Parr's great-grandson; he can only have been so by illegitimate descent.

Taylor says of Parr that

> He entertained no gout, no ache he felt.

This seems to support the assumption that as a veteran he kept himself tethered to his own fireside. Else, it is inconceivable that the slopes of the Glyn should not have troubled him in the small of the back and elsewhere. If good air is an important help to long life, Parr owed much to the situation of his little house at the Glyn. I am wrong in my estimate of the local compass-points if he was not sheltered shrewdly from all bleak winds and if his porch does not look to the south-west. Of sun he could have had no lack. He could have been troubled by no watery mists from a valley. True, there is a brook half girdling the hillock on which he lived; but it is a poor little stream, nearly hid by its high banks, and moreover it flows on a limestone bottom. That Parr's own foundations were also set in limestone one may soon ascertain by scrutiny of the mud on one's boots after plodding up the narrow lane which ends in the time-worn little cottage. On this subject it may as well be said further that Kinver, where the other old Parr lived, lies in a sandstone district. So too is Alberbury, the village in which our Parr was married and the churchyard of which he would now, but for the Earl of Arundel, be to some extent dignifying.

Yet country air of the purest kind can no more ensure extreme old age than London's somewhat polluted atmosphere can deter a man from living to a hundred. Mary Burke, at one hundred and five, found Drury Lane perfectly suited to her lungs. Charles Macklin the actor, who died in 1799 at one hundred and six, was in the same case. He enjoyed the theatre at that age, and every evening breathed the hot beery air of a tavern in Duke's Court. In marked contrast to Parr, Macklin was neither methodical in his habits nor a lover of milk. He drank ale, porter, or wine thickened with sugar, ate spoon-meats and fish, and followed his own whim as to the hours at which he fed and slept. It appears therefore tolerably certain that rules for longevity are as futile as the maxims by which aspiring youth is tickled into the expectation of becoming a millionaire. It is a matter of speculation, in which the Insurance Companies by no means always win. The man who was something of a weakling in his early days has as much chance of touching his century as the man who at five-and-twenty was the cynosure of all eyes for his muscular development and correct proportions.

No one interested in Tom Parr ought to leave the district of the Breiddens without visiting Alberbury as well as the Glyn. It is an ancient village, lapped round with manorial parks, and possessing one of the most attractive old churches in Shropshire. It was here that the most tragic incident in old Parr's life occurred. We were reminded of it by the bright-faced schoolmistress of Alberbury as she gave us the key of the church. She mentioned it with a smile, and told of a picture of the scene in Loton Hall, the park of which adjoins one side of the churchyard. Parr must have tickled the courtiers when he replied to the King's question: "You have lived longer than other men. What have you done more than other men?" "I did penance," said the venerable prodigy, "when I was a hundred years old." One would like to know if he hesitated ere giving this answer, or if he really felt that this was an achievement on which he might pride himself. In the latter case, it is significant of the tone of rural society on these borders. But the clergy might have treated Parr with a little mercy in consideration of his age. It is curious to think of this white-haired old fellow, wrapped in a sheet, standing bareheaded at the church door and publicly proclaiming his fault, in the presence, we may be sure, of a crowd drawn thither to see so uncommon an offender. However, later, he made even better reparation for his offence by marrying as his second wife (at one hundred and twenty) the woman for whose sake he had been thus condemned to humble himself.

It is not easy to forgive Lord Arundel for removing old Parr from the haunts in which he had almost become rooted. The Water Poet writes as if his lordship did it out of kindness: "In his innated and Christian piety he took him into his charitable tuition and protection, commanding a litter and two horses for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age." This is in the magnanimous vein. With what arguments, one is inclined to ask, could the Earl have persuaded Parr to undertake such a journey? Is it possible that the old man had left in him the dregs of ambition, that he yearned for a measure of metropolitan excitement and looked forward to the fame that was assuredly promised him? Hardly so, one would suppose. More probably he placed himself blindly at the disposal of the great Shropshire landowner, indifferent to the result. A pleasing apathy to fortune's shocks and caresses is one of the characteristics of men who have lived far beyond the common limits. One could fancy they become fatalists of necessity.

The Earl of Arundel thoughtfully provided "an antique-faced fellow, called Jack, or John the Fool," to amuse old Parr during his jaunt to town. The sport must have been singular to those who were privileged to share in it. But we may feel pretty sure the man who could vaunt his lusty old age to the King would not let the professional fool have it all his own way. There was further the bustle and chatter of the people in the wayside villages and the towns through which they passed—Shifnal, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, then known as Brimicham, Coventry, &c. So great were the crowds who gathered to see the old man that his escort had to fight on his behalf to keep him from being suffocated. The wonder is, in short, not that he died in London, but that he lived to enjoy even a few weeks' luxurious feasting in the great city.

Sophocles has given us a melancholy picture of the old man's inevitable lot—

Last scene of all, of all condemned,
Unfriended, unaccompanied age,
When strength is gone, but grief remains,
And every evil that is named,—
Evil on evil, grief on grief.

Nothing, however, can be less true in its application to veterans made like Thomas Parr. The very old man seems to obtain a new lease of life at fourscore or so, and once he has got into the three figures he is respected like none of his neighbours. As a rule, too, his ailments are of a tolerable kind, and he has acquired a comfortable knack of philosophy which would see him well through many worse trials if they came to him. He has, moreover, strength enough for his ambitions, and the world is only too ready to help him with such burdens as he has to put up with. While, lastly, as touching his loneliness: ordinarily he has but to whisper the word, and grandchildren by the score will offer him the advantage of their society. These patriarchal personages may, if they will, live environed thickly by their posterity. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Honeywood, who died in 1620 at ninety-three, "having had sixteen children, a hundred and fourteen grandchildren, two hundred and twenty-eight great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren"; or the more astonishing Lady Temple of Stowe, who died in 1656, and "lived to see seven hundred descendants." So far from being unaccompanied and unfriended, Thomas Parr might, had he been so minded, excusably have said, "Save me from my friends," or at least from such importunate ones as the Earl of Arundel.

But enough; the old man found a grave in London, in the best of society. His simple tombstone lies five paces south-west of Thomas Campbell's monument. It is a plain white slab, some two feet by ten inches, let into the pavement; and on it are enumerated the ten Kings and Queens of England who ruled over him. Not one visitor to Westminster Abbey in a thousand thinks of the marvel above whose dust he treads on his way to Poets' Corner.

Oh, venerable Parr, lo, trumpet fame
Again calls forth thy long forgotten name!
Mortal of many years! how blest the plan
Thy mighty secret does reveal to man.

. . . . .

Oh do not lightly scan
A boon so great, nor wisdom's purpose mar;
God gave the power—His instrument was Parr!

This, gentle reader, is from the pill-pamphlet. It is odd to think that old Parr's fame should be perpetuated by a quack medicine with which he had no connection, rather than by history or the Insurance Companies. The latter ought surely to club together and erect a column to him, as the ideal client.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

# RAVENNA AND HER GHOSTS.

My oldest impression of Ravenna, before it became in my eyes the abode of living friends as well as of outlandish ghosts, is of a melancholy spring sunset at Classe.

Classe, which Dante and Boccaccio call in less Latin fashion Chiassi, is the place where of old the fleet (*classis*) of the Romans and Ostrogoths rode at anchor in the Adriatic. It is represented in the mosaic of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, dating from the reign of Theodoric, by a fine city wall of gold *tesseræ* (facing the representation of Theodoric's town palace with the looped-up embroidered curtains) and a strip of ultramarine sea, with two rowing boats and one white blown-out sail upon it. Ravenna, which is now an inland town, was at that time built in a lagoon; and we must picture Classe in much the same relation to it that Malamocco or the port of Lido is to Venice; the open sea-harbour, where big ships and flotillas were stationed, while smaller craft wound through the channels and sandbanks up to the city. But now the lagoon has dried up, the Adriatic has receded, and there remains of Classe not a stone, save, in the midst of stagnant canals, rice-marsh and brown bogland, a gaunt and desolate church, with a ruinous mildewed house and a crevassed round tower by its side.

It seemed to me that first time, and has ever since seemed, no Christian church, but the temple of the great Roman goddess Fever. The gates stood open, as they do all day lest inner damp consume the building, and a beam from the low sun slanted across the oozy brown nave, and struck, a round spot of glittering green, on the mosaic of the apse. There, in the half-dome, stood rows and rows of lambs, each with its little tree and lilies, shining out white from the brilliant green grass of Paradise, great streams of gold and blue circling around them, and widening overhead into lakes of peacock splendour. The slanting sunbeam which burnished that spot of mosaic fell also across the altar steps, brown and green in their wet mildew like the ceiling above. The floor of the church, sunk below the level of the road, was as a piece of boggy ground, leaving the feet damp, and breathing a clammy horror on the air. Outside, the sun was setting behind a bank of solid gray clouds, faintly reddening their rifts and sending a few rose-coloured streaks into the pure yellow evening sky. Against that sky stood out the long russet line, the delicate cupola'd silhouette of the sear pinewood recently blasted by frost. On the other side the marsh stretched out beyond sight, confused in the distance with gray clouds, its lines of bare spectral poplars picked out upon its green and the grayness of the sky. All round the church lay brown grass, livid pools, green rice-fields covered with clear water reflecting the red sunset streaks; and overhead, driven by storm from the sea, circled the white gulls; ghosts, you might think, of the white-sailed galleys of Theodoric still haunting the harbour of Classis.

Since then, as I hinted, Ravenna has become the home of dear friends, to which I periodically return, in autumn or winter or blazing summer, without taking thought for any of the ghosts. And the impressions of Ravenna are mainly those of life; the voices of children, the plans of farmers, the squabbles of local politics. I am waked in the morning by the noises of the market, and, opening my shutters, look down upon green umbrellas, and awnings spread over baskets of fruit and vegetables, and heaps of ironware, and stalls of coloured stuffs and gaudy kerchiefs. The streets are by no means empty. A steam tramcar puffs slowly along the widest of them; and in the narrower you have perpetually to squeeze against a house to make room for a clattering pony-cart, a jingling carriole, or one of those splendid bullock-wagons, shaped like an old-fashioned canon-cart with spokeless wheels and metal studdings. There are no medieval churches in Ravenna, and very few medieval houses. The older palaces, though practically fortified, have a vague look of Roman villas; and the whole town is painted a delicate rose and apricot colour, which, particularly if you have come from the sad-coloured cities of Tuscany, gives it a Venetian and (if I may say so) chintz-petticoat, flowered-kerchief cheerfulness. And the life of the people, when you come in contact with it, also leaves an impression of provincial, rustic bustle. The Romagnas are full of crude socialism. The change from rice to wheat-growing has produced agricultural discontent; and conspiracy has been in the blood of these people ever since Dante answered the Romagnolo Guido that his country would never have peace in its heart. The ghosts of Byzantine emperors and exarchs, of Gothic kings and medieval tyrants, must be laid, one would think, by socialist meetings and electioneering squabbles; and, perhaps, by another movement, as modern and as revolutionary, which also centres in this big historical village, the reclaiming of marshland, which may bring about changes in mode of living and thinking such as socialism can never succeed in; nay, for all one knows, changes in climate, in sea and wind and clouds. *Bonification,* reclaiming, that is the great word in Ravenna; and I had scarcely arrived last autumn, before I found myself whirled off, among dogcarts and *chars à bancs,* to view reclaimed land in the cloudless, pale-blue, ice-cold weather. On we trotted, with a great consulting of maps and discussing of expenses and production, through the flat green fields and meadows marked with haystacks; jolting along a deep sandy track, all that remains of the Roméa, the pilgrims' way from Venice to Rome, where marsh and pool begin to interrupt the well-kept pastures, and the line of pine-woods to come nearer and nearer. Over the fields, the frequent canals, and hidden ponds circled gulls and wild fowl; and at every farm there was a little crowd of pony-carts and of gaitered sportsmen returning from the marshes. A sense of reality, of the present, of useful, bread-giving, fever-curing activity, came by sympathy, as I listened to the chatter of my friends and saw field after field, farm after farm, pointed out where, but a while ago, only swamp grass and bushes grew, and cranes and wild duck nested. In ten, twenty, fifty years, they went on calculating, Ravenna will be able to diminish by so much the town-rates; the Romagnas will be able to support so many more thousands of inhabitants merely by employing the rivers to deposit arable soil torn from the mountain valleys; the rivers—Po and his followers, as Dante called them—which have so long turned this country into marsh; the rivers which in a thousand years cut off Ravenna from her sea.

We returned home, greedy for tea, and mightily in conceit with progress. But before us, at a turn of the road, appeared Ravenna, its towers and cupolas against a bank of clouds, a piled-up heap of sunset fire; its canal, barred with flame, leading into its black vagueness, a spectre city. And there, to the left, among the bare trees, loomed the great round tomb of Theodoric. We jingled on, silent and overcome by the deathly December chill.

That is the odd thing about Ravenna. It is, more than any of the

Tuscan towns, more than most of the Lombard ones, modern, full of rough, dull, modern life; and the Past which haunts it comes from so far off, from a world with which we have no contact. Those pillared basilicas, which look like modern village churches from the street, with their almost Moorish arches, their enamelled splendour of many-coloured mosaics, their lily fields and peacocks' tails in mosque-like domes, affect one as great stranded hulks come floating across Eastern seas and drifted ashore among the marsh and rice-fields. The grapes and ivy berries, the pouting pigeons, the palm-trees and pecking peacocks, all this early symbolism with its association of Bacchic, Eleusinian mysteries, seems, quite as much as the actual fragments of Grecian capitals, the discs and gratings of porphyry and alabaster, so much flotsam and jetsam cast up from the shipwreck of an older antiquity than Rome's; remnants of early Hellas, of Ionia, perhaps of Tyre.

I used to feel this particularly in Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, or, as it is usually called, *Classe Dentro*, the long basilica built by Theodoric, outrivalled later by Justinian's octagon church of Saint Vitalis. There is something extremely Hellenic in feeling (however unGrecian in form) in the pearly fairness of the delicate silvery white columns and capitals; in the gleam of white on golden ground, and, reticulated with jewels and embroideries, of the long band of mosaic virgins and martyrs running above them. The virgins, with their Byzantine names — Sancta Anastasia, Sancta Anatolia, Sancta Eulalia, Sancta Euphemia—have big kohl'd eyes and embroidered garments, fantastically suggesting some Eastern hieratic dancing-girl; but they follow each other in single file (each with her lily or rose-bush sprouting from the green mosaic), with erect, slightly balanced gait, like the maidens of the Panathenaic procession, carrying, one would say, votive offerings to the altar, rather than crowns of martyrdom; all stately, sedate, as if drilled by some priestly ballet-master; all with the same wide eyes and set smile as of early Greek sculpture. There is no attempt to distinguish one from the other. There are no gaping wounds, tragic attitudes, wheels, swords, pincers, or other attributes of martyrdom. And the male saints on the wall opposite are equally unlike medieval Sebastians and Lawrences, going, one behind the other, in shining white togas, to present their crowns to Christ on His throne. Christ also, in this Byzantine art, is never the Saviour. He sits, an angel on each side, on His golden seat, clad in purple and sandalled with gold, serene, beardless, wide-eyed, like some distant descendant of the Olympic Jove.

This church of Saint Apollinaris contains a chapel specially dedicated to the saint, which sums up that curious impression of Hellenic, pre-Christian cheerfulness. It is encrusted with porphyry and *giallo antico*, framed with delicate carved ivy wreaths along the sides, and railed in with an exquisite piece of alabaster openwork of vines and grapes, as on an antique altar. And in a corner of this little temple, which seems to be waiting for some painter enamoured of Greece and marble, stands the episcopal seat of the patron saint of the church, the saint who took his name from Apollo; an alabaster seat, wide-curved and delicate, in whose back you expect to find, so striking is the resemblance, the relief of dancing satyrs of the chair of the Priest of Dionysus.

As I was sitting one morning, as was my wont, in Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, which (like all Ravenna churches) is always empty, a woman came in, with a woollen shawl over her head, who, after hunting anxiously about, asked me where she would find the parish priest. "It is," she said, "for the Madonna's milk. My husband is a labourer out of work; he has been ill, and the worry of it all has made me unable to nurse my little baby. I want the priest, to ask him to get the Madonna to give me back my milk." I thought, as I listened to the poor creature, that there was but little hope of motherly sympathy from that Byzantine Madonna in her purple and gold magnificence, seated ceremoniously on her throne like an antique Cybele.

Little by little one returns to one's first impression, and recognises that this thriving little provincial town, with its socialism and its *bonification*, is after all a nest of ghosts, and little better than the churchyard of centuries.

Never, surely, did a town contain so many coffins, or at least thrust coffins more upon one's notice. The coffins are stone, immense oblong boxes, with massive sloping lids horned at each corner, or trough-like things with delicate sea-wave patternings, figures of gowned saints and devices of palm-trees, peacocks, and doves, the carving made clearer by a picking out of bright green damp. They stand about in all the churches, not walled in, but quite free in the aisles, the chapels, and even close to the door. Most of them are doubtless of the fifth or sixth century; others perhaps barbarous or medieval imitations; but they all equally belong to the ages in general, including our own, not curiosities or heirlooms, but serviceable furniture, into which generations have been put and out of which generations have been turned to make room for later comers. It strikes one as curious at first to see, for instance, the date 1826 on a sarcophagus probably made under Theodoric or the exarchs, but that merely means that a particular gentleman of Ravenna began that year his lease of entombment. They have passed from hand to hand (or, more properly speaking, from corpse to corpse), not merely by being occasionally discovered in digging foundations, but by inheritance, and frequently by sale. My friends possess a stone coffin, and the receipt from its previous owner. The transaction took place some fifty years ago; a name (they are cut very lightly) changed, a slab or coat of arms placed with the sarcophagus in a different church or chapel, a deed before the notary—that was all. What became of the previous tenant? Once at least he surprised posterity very much; perhaps it was in the case of that very purchase for which my friends still keep the bill. I know not; but the stonemason of the house used to relate that, some forty years ago, he was called in to open a stone coffin, when, the immense horned lid having been rolled off, there was seen, lying in the sarcophagus, a man in complete armour, his sword by his side and visor up, who, as they cried out in astonishment, instantly fell to dust. Was he an Ostrogothic knight, some Gunther or Volker turned Roman senator, or perhaps a companion of Guido da Polenta, a messmate of Dante, a playfellow of Francesca?

Coffins being thus plentiful, their occupants (like this unknown warrior) have played considerable part in the gossip of Ravenna. It is well known, for instance, that Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius, sister of Arcadius and Honorius, and wife to a Visigothic king, sat for centuries enthroned (after a few years of the strangest adventures) erect, inside the alabaster coffin, formerly plated with gold, in the wonderful little blue mosaic chapel which bears her name. You could see her through a hole quite plainly; until, three centuries ago, some inquisitive boys thrust in a candle and burned Theodosius's daughter to ashes. Dante also is buried under a little cupola at the corner of a certain street, and there was, for many years, a strange doubt about his bones. Had they been mislaid, stolen, mixed up with those of ordinary mortals? The whole thing was shrouded in mystery. That street corner where Dante lies, a remote corner under the wing of a church, resembled, until it was modernised and surrounded by gratings, and filled with garlands and inscriptions to Mazzini, nothing so much as the corner of Dis where Dante himself found Farinata and Cavalcante. In it are crowded stone coffins; and, passing there in the twilight, one might expect to see flames upheaving their lids, and the elbows and shoulders of imprisoned followers of Epicurus.

Enough of coffins! There are live things at Ravenna and near Ravenna; amongst others, though few people realise its presence, there is the sea.

It was on the day of the fish auction that I first went there. In the tiny port by the pier (for Ravenna has now no harbour) they were making an incredible din over the emptyings of the nets; pretty, mottled, metallic fish, and slimy octopuses, and sepias, and flounders looking like pieces of sea-mud. The fishing-boats, mostly from the Venetian lagoon, were moored along the pier, wide-bowed things, with eyes in the prow like the ships of Ulysses; and bigger craft, with little castles and weather-vanes and saints' images and pennons on the masts like the galleys of St. Ursula as painted by Carpaccio; but all with the splendid orange sail, patched with suns, lions, and coloured stripes, of the Northern Adriatic. The fishermen from Chioggia, their heads covered with the high scarlet cap of the fifteenth century, were yelling at the fishmongers from town; and all round lounged artillerymen in their white undress and yellow straps, who are encamped for practice on the sands, and whose carts and guns we had met rattling along the sandy road through the marsh.

On the pier we were met by an old man, very shabby and unshaven, who had been the priest for many years, with an annual salary of twelve pounds, of S. Maria in Porto Fuori, a little Gothic church in the marsh, where he had discovered and rubbed slowly into existence (it took him two months and Heaven knows how many pennyworths of bread!) some valuable Giottesque frescoes. He was now chaplain of the harbour, and had turned his mind to maritime inventions, designing lighthouses, and shooting dolphins to make oil of their blubber. A kind old man, but with the odd brightness of a creature who has lived for years amid solitude and fever; a fit companion for the haggard saints whom he brought, one by one, in robes of glory and golden halos, to life again in his forlorn little church.

While we were looking out at the sea, where a little flotilla of yellow and cinnamon sails sat on the blue sky-line like parrots on a rail, the sun had begun to set, a crimson ball, over the fringe of pinewoods. We turned to go. Over the town, the place whence presently will emerge the slanting towers of Ravenna, the sky had become a brilliant, melancholy slate blue; and apparently out of its depths, in the early twilight, flowed the wide canal between its dim banks fringed with tamarisk. No tree, no rock or house was reflected in the jade-coloured water, only the uniform shadow of the bank made a dark, narrow band alongside its glassiness. It flows on towards the invisible sea, whose yellow sails overtop the gray marshland. In thick smooth strands of curdled water it flows, lilac, pale pink, opalescent, according to the sky above, reflecting nothing besides, save at long intervals the spectral spars and spider-like tissue of some triangular fishing-net; a wan and delicate Lethe, issuing, you would say, out of a far-gone past into the sands and the almost tideless sea.

Other places become solemn, sad, or merely beautiful at sunset. But Ravenna, it seems to me, grows actually ghostly; the Past takes it back at that moment, and the ghosts return to the surface.

For it is, after all, a nest of ghosts. They hang about all those silent, damp churches, invisible, or at most tantalising one with a sudden gleam which may, after all, be only that of the mosaics, an uncertain outline which, when you near it, is after all only a pale-gray column. But one feels their breathing all round. They are legion, but I do not know who they are. I only know that they are white, luminous, with gold embroideries to their robes, and wide painted eyes, and that they are silent. The good citizens of Ravenna, in the comfortable eighteenth century, filled the churches with wooden pews, convenient, genteel in line and colour, with their names and coats of arms in full on the backs. But the ghosts took no notice of this measure; and there they are, even among these pews themselves.

Bishops and exarchs and jewelled empresses, and half-Oriental autocrats, saints and bedizened court ladies, and barbarian guards and wicked chamberlains; I know not what they are. Only one of the ghosts takes a shape I can distinguish, and a name I am certain of. It is not Justinian or Theodora, who stare goggle-eyed from their mosaic in Saint Vitalis, mere wretched historic realities; *they* cannot haunt. The spectre I speak of is Theodoric. His tomb is still standing outside the town in an orchard; a great round tower, with a circular roof made (Heaven knows how) of one huge slab of Istrian stone, horned at the sides like the sarcophagi, or vaguely like a Viking's cap. The ashes of the great king have long been dispersed, for he was an Arian heretic. But the tomb remains intact, a thing which neither time nor earthquake can dismantle.

In the town they show a piece of masonry, the remains of a doorway, and a delicate pillared window, built on to a modern house, which is identified (but wrongly I am told) as Theodoric's palace, by its resemblance to the golden palace with the looped-up curtains on the mosaic of the neighbouring church. Into the wall of this building is built a great Roman porphyry bath, with rings carved on it, to which time has adjusted a lid of brilliant green lichen. There is no more. But Theodoric still haunts Ravenna. I have always, ever since I have known the town, been anxious to know more about Theodoric, but the accounts are jejune, prosaic, not at all answering to what that great king, who took his place with Attila and Sigurd in the great Northern epic, must have been. Historians represent him generally as a sort of superior barbarian, trying to assimilate and save the civilisation he was bound to destroy; an Ostrogothic king trying to be a Roman Emperor; a military organiser and bureaucrat, exchanging his birthright of Valhalla for Heaven knows what Aulic red-tape miseries. But that is unsatisfactory. The real man, the Berserker trying to tame himself into the Cæsar of a fallen Rome, seems to come out in the legends of his remorse and visions, pursued by the ghosts of Boethius and Symmachus, the wise men he had slain in his madness.

He haunts Ravenna, striding along the aisles of her basilicas, riding under the high moon along the dykes of her marshes, surrounded by white-stoled Romans, and Roman ensigns with eagles and crosses; but clad, as the Gothic brass-worker of Innsbruck has shown him, in no Roman lappets and breastplate, but in full mail, with beaked steel shoes and steel gorget, his big sword drawn, his visor down, mysterious, the Dietrich of the Nibelungenlied, Theodoric King of the Goths.

These are the ghosts that haunt Ravenna, the true ghosts haunting only for such as can know their presence. Ravenna, almost alone among Italian cities, possesses moreover a complete ghost-story of the most perfect type and highest antiquity, which has gone round the world and become known to all people. Boccaccio wrote it in prose; Dryden rewrote it in verse; Botticelli illustrated it; and Byron summed up its quality in one of his most sympathetic passages. After this, to retell it were useless, had I not chanced to obtain, in a manner I am not at liberty to divulge, another version, arisen in Ravenna itself, and written, most evidently, in fullest knowledge of the case. Its language is the marvellous Romagnol dialect of the early fifteenth century, and it lacks all the Tuscan graces of the DECAMERON. But it possesses a certain air of truthfulness, suggesting that it was written by some one who had heard the facts from those who believed in them, and who believed in them himself; and I am therefore decided to give it, turned into English.

About that time (when Messer Guido da Pollenta was lord of Ravenna) men spoke not a little of what happened to Messer Nastasio de Honestis, son of Messer Brunoro, in the forest of Classis. Now the forest of Classis is exceeding vast, extending along the seashore between Ravenna and Cervia for the space of some fifteen miles, and has its beginning near the Church of Saint Apollinaris which is in the marsh; and you reach it directly from the gate of the same name, but also, crossing the river Ronco where it is easier to ford, by the gate called Sisa beyond the houses of the Rasponis. And this forest aforesaid is made of many kinds of noble and useful trees, to wit, oaks, both free standing and in bushes, ilexes, elms, poplars, bays, and many plants of smaller growth but great dignity and pleasantness, as hawthorns, barberries, blackthorn, blackberry, briar-rose, and the thorn called marrucca, which bears pods resembling small hats or cymbals, and is excellent for hedging. But principally does this noble forest consist of pine-trees, exceeding lofty and perpetually green; whence indeed the arms of this ancient city, formerly the seat of the Emperors of Rome, are none other than a green pine-tree.

And the forest aforesaid is well stocked with animals, both such as run and creep, and many birds. The animals are foxes, badgers, hares, rabbits, ferrets, squirrels, and wild boars, the which issue forth and eat the young crops and grub the fields with incredible damage to all concerned. Of the birds it would be too long to speak, both of those which are snared, shot with cross-bows, or hunted with the falcon; and they feed off fish in the ponds and streams of the forest, and grasses and berries, and the pods of the white vine (clematis) which covers the grass on all sides. And the manner of Messer Nastasio being in the forest was thus, he being at the time a youth of twenty years or thereabouts, of illustrious birth, and comely person and learning, and prowess, and modest and discreet bearing. For it so happened that, being enamoured of the daughter of Messer Pavolo de Traversariis, the damsel, who was lovely, but exceeding coy and shrewish, would not consent to marry him, despite the desire of her parents, who in everything, as happens with only daughters of old men (for Messer Hostasio was well stricken in years), sought only to please her. Whereupon Messer Nastasio, fearing lest the damsel might despise his fortunes, wasted his substance in presents and feastings and joustings, but all to no avail.

When it happened that having spent nearly all he possessed, and ashamed to show his poverty and his unlucky love before the eyes of his townsmen, he took him to the forest of Classis, it being autumn, on the pretext of snaring birds, but intending to take privily the road to Rimini and thence to Rome, and there seek his fortunes. And Nastasio took with him fowling-nets, and bird-lime, and tame owls, and two horses (one of which was ridden by his servant), and food for some days; and they alighted in the midst of the forest, and slept in one of the fowling-huts of cut branches set up by the citizens of Ravenna for their pleasure.

And it happened that on the afternoon of the second day (and it chanced to be a Friday) of his stay in the forest, Messer Nastasio, being exceeding sad in his heart, went forth towards the sea to muse upon the unkindness of his beloved and the hardness of his fortune. Now you should know that near the sea, where you can clearly hear its roaring even on windless days, there is in that forest a clear place, made as by the hand of man, set round with tall pines even like a garden, but in the shape of a horse-course, free from bushes and pools, and covered with the finest greensward. Here, as Nastasio sate him on the trunk of a pine—the hour was sunset, the weather being uncommon clear—he heard a rushing sound in the distance, as of the sea; and there blew a death-cold wind, and then sounds of crashing branches, and neighing of horses, and yelping of hounds, and halloes and horns. And Nastasio wondered greatly, for that was not the hour for hunting; and he hid behind a great pine-trunk, fearing to be recognised. And the sounds came nearer, even of horns, and hounds, and the shouts of huntsmen; and the bushes rustled and crashed, and the hunt rushed into the clearing, horsemen and foot, with many hounds. And behold, what they pursued was not a wild boar, but something white that ran erect, and it seemed to Messer Nastasio as if it greatly resembled a naked woman; and it screamed piteously.

Now when the hunt had swept past, Messer Nastasio rubbed his eyes and wondered greatly. But even as he wondered and stood in the middle of the clearing, behold, part of the hunt swept back, and the thing which they pursued ran in a circle on the greensward, shrieking piteously. And behold, it was a young damsel, naked, her hair loose and full of brambles, with only a tattered cloth round her middle. And as she came near to where Messer Nastasio was standing (but no one of the hunt seemed to heed him) the hounds were upon her, barking furiously, and a hunter on a black horse, black even as night. And a cold wind blew and caused Nastasio's hair to stand on end; and he tried to cry out, and to rush forward, but his voice died in his throat, and his limbs were heavy and covered with sweat, and refused to move.

Then the hounds fastening on the damsel threw her down, and he on the black horse turned swiftly, and transfixed her, shrieking dismally, with a boar-spear. And those of the hunt galloped up, and wound their horns; and he of the black horse, which was a stately youth habited in a coat of black and gold, and black boots and black feathers on his hat, threw his reins to a groom, and alighted and approached the damsel where she lay, while the huntsmen were holding back the hounds and winding their horns. Then he drew a knife, such as are used by huntsmen, and driving its blade into the damsel's side cut out her heart, and threw it, all smoking, into the midst of the hounds. And a cold wind rustled through the bushes, and all had disappeared, horses and huntsmen and hounds. And the grass was untrodden as if no man's foot or horse's hoof had passed there for months.

And Messer Nastasio shuddered, and his limbs loosened, and he knew that the hunter on the black horse was Messer Guido Degli Anastagi, and the damsel Monna Filomena, daughter of the Lord of Gambellara. Messer Guido had loved the damsel greatly, and been flouted by her, and leaving his home in despair had been killed on the way by robbers, and Madonna Filomena had died shortly after. The tale was still fresh in men's memory, for it had happened in the city of Ravenna barely five years before. And those whom Nastasio had seen, both the hunter and the lady, and the huntsmen and horses and hounds, were the spirits of the dead.

When he had recovered his courage, Messer Nastasio sighed and said unto himself: "How like is my fate to that of Messer Guido! Yet would I never, even when a spectre without weight or substance, made of wind and delusion and arisen from hell, act with such cruelty towards her I love." And then he thought: "Would that the daughter of Messer Pavolo de Traversariis might hear of this! For surely it would cause her to relent!" But he knew that his words would be vain, and that none of the citizens of Ravenna, and least of all the damsel of the Traversari, would believe them, but rather esteem him a madman.

Now it came about that when Friday came round once more, Nastasio, by some chance, was again walking in the forest-clearing by the great pines, and he had forgotten; when the sea began to roar, and a cold wind blew, and there came through the forest the sound of horses and hounds, causing Messer Nastasio's hair to stand up and his limbs to grow weak as water. And he on the black horse again pursued the naked damsel, and struck her with his boar-spear, and cut out her heart and threw it to the hounds. And in this fashion did it happen for three Fridays following, the sea beginning to moan, the cold wind to blow, and the spirits to hunt the deceased damsel at twilight in the clearing among the pine-trees.

Now when Messer Nastasio noticed this he thanked Cupid, which is the lord of all lovers, and devised in his mind a cunning plan. And he mounted his horse and returned to Ravenna, and gave out to his friends that he had found a treasure in Rome; and that he was minded to forget the damsel of the Traversari and seek another wife. But in reality he went to certain money-lenders, and gave himself into bondage, even to be sold as a slave to the Dalmatian pirates if he could not repay his loan. And he published that he desired to take to him a wife, and for that reason would feast all his friends and the chief citizens of Ravenna, and regale them with a pageant in the pine-forest, where certain foreign slaves of his should show wonderful feats for their delight. And he sent forth invitations, and among them to Messer Pavolo de Traversariis and his wife and daughter. And he bid them for a Friday, which was also the eve of the Feast of the Dead.

Meanwhile he took to the pine-forest carpenters and masons, and such as paint and gild cunningly, and wagons of timber, and cut stone for foundations, and furniture of all kinds; and the wagons were drawn by four-and-twenty yoke of oxen, gray oxen of the Romagnol breed. And he caused the artisans to work day and night, making great fires of dry myrtle and pine branches, which lit up the forest all around. And he caused them to make foundations, and build a pavilion of timber in the clearing which is the shape of a horse-course, surrounded by pines. The pavilion was oblong, raised by ten steps above the grass, open all round and reposing on arches and pillars; and there were projecting *abachi* under the arches over the capitals, after the Roman fashion; and the pillars were painted red, and the capitals red also picked out with gold and blue, and a shield with the arms of the Honestis on each. The roof was raftered, each rafter painted with white lilies on a red ground, and heads of youths and damsels; and the roof outside was made of wooden tiles, shaped like shells and gilded. And on the top of the roof was a weather-vane; and the vane was a figure of Cupid, god of love, cunningly carved of wood and painted like life, as he flies, poised in air, and shoots his darts on mortals. He was winged and blindfolded, to show that love is inconstant and no respecter of persons; and when the wind blew he turned about, and the end of his scarf, which was beaten metal, swung in the wind. Now when the pavilion was ready, within six days of its beginning, carpets were spread on the floor, and seats placed, and garlands of bay and myrtle slung from pillar to pillar between the arches. And tables were set, and sideboards covered with gold and silver dishes and trenchers; and a raised place, covered with arras, was made for the players of fifes and drums and lutes; and tents were set behind for the servants, and fires prepared for cooking meat. Whole oxen and sheep were brought from Ravenna in wains, and casks of wine, and fruit and white bread, and many cooks, and serving-men, and musicians, all habited gallantly in the colours of the Honestis, which are vermilion and white, particoloured, with black stripes; and they wore doublets laced with gold, and on their breasts the arms of the house of Honestis, which are a dove holding a leaf.

Now on Friday, the eve of the Feast of the Dead, all was ready, and the chief citizens of Ravenna set out for the forest of Classis, with their wives and children and servants, some on horseback, and others in wains drawn by oxen, for the tracks in that forest are deep. And when they arrived, Messer Nastasio welcomed them and thanked them all, and conducted them to their places in the pavilion. Then all wondered greatly at its beauty and magnificence, and chiefly Messer Pavolo de Traversariis; and he sighed, and thought within himself, "Would that my daughter were less shrewish, that I might have so noble a son-in-law to prop up my old age!" They were seated at the tables, each according to their dignity, and they ate and drank, and praised the excellence of the cheer; and flowers were scattered on the tables, and young maidens sang songs in praise of love, most sweetly. Now when they had eaten their fill, and the tables been removed, and the sun was setting between the pine-trees, Messer Nastasio caused them all to be seated facing the clearing, and a herald came forward, in the livery of the Honestis, sounding his trumpet and declaring in a loud voice that they should now witness a pageant the which was called the Mystery of Love and Death. Then the musicians struck up, and began a concert of fifes and lutes, exceeding sweet and mournful. And at that moment the sea began to moan, and a cold wind to blow: a sound of horsemen and hounds and horns and crashing branches came through the wood; and the damsel, the daughter of the Lord of Gambellara, rushed naked, her hair streaming and her veil torn, across the grass, pursued by the hounds, and by the ghost of Messer Guido on the black horse, the nostrils of which were filled with fire. Now when the ghost of Messer Guido struck that damsel with the boar-spear, and cut out her heart, and threw it, while the others wound their horns, to the hounds, and all vanished, Messer Nastasio de Honestis, seizing the herald's trumpet, blew in it, and cried in a loud voice, "The Pageant of Death and Love! The Pageant of Death and Love! Such is the fate of cruel damsels!" and the gilt Cupid on the roof swung round creaking dreadfully, and the daughter of Messer Pavolo uttered a great shriek and fell on the ground in a swoon.

Here the Romagnol manuscript comes to a sudden end, the outer sheet being torn through the middle. But we know from the DECAMERON that the damsel of the Traversari was so impressed by the spectre-hunt she had witnessed that she forthwith relented towards Nastagio degli Onesti, and married him, and that they lived happily ever after. But whether or not that part of the pine-forest of Classis still witnesses this ghostly hunt we do not know.

VERNON LEE.

# SOME THOUGHTS ON CHATEAUBRIAND.

When Chateaubriand was laid in his tomb by the sea which he had loved so well, M. Ampère, on behalf of the French Academy, delivered one of those funeral orations that have always an attraction for his countrymen. He ended by saying, and we must not at such a time look for moderation or serenity: "This life of the great which now begins for M. de Chateaubriand, after one of the grandest, one of the fullest, one of the purest of careers; this life of glory . . . will not end until our planet has been broken in pieces, and the last footsteps of man have been effaced from the earth." A year and five months later, on the 6th of December 1849, the Duc de Noailles was received by the French Academy in the place of Chateaubriand, and delivered a glowing eulogy of his predecessor. "The name of Chateaubriand," said the Duke, "will always be a living name among you. From age to age he will be greeted in this place, as you bow before the statues of those great men who seem in person to preside over your gatherings; for, like them, he who bore this name was in his age the leader of the vanguard, and has become one of the imperishable glories of his country." This may of course be true, but it is rather declamatory; and, in any one above the degree of a Baronet, declamation is unbecoming. It expresses, however, without exaggeration, the general feeling of the French towards Chateaubriand in the year 1849.

But fame, after all, is a "history of variations," and Chateaubriand has not escaped the fate of greater and lesser men. Yesterday he was idolised by the many; to-day they have ceased to remember him, amid the excitement caused by the appearance of a new mediocrity in literature. Nevertheless, let us hope that the man of letters has kept a niche for the author of René and The Martyrs. He at any rate, the man of letters, should maintain something of that Olympian calm which we are told was the gift of Pericles. In England Chateaubriand has not been a favourite, and many years ago Matthew Arnold found it necessary to defend him from the charge of being a hollow rhetorician. Englishmen find it difficult to believe that a brilliant writer can be also a deep thinker; it is this shallow prejudice which explains Carlyle's judgment upon Burke. We are English in every nerve and sinew, but we do not share this prejudice with our countrymen. Indeed, we think that the man who cannot write with clearness, with simplicity and distinction, would choose the wiser part if he did not write at all. The glorious gift of the past, in all the treasures of its art and literature, would not be the less acceptable if all in it that is amorphous could be quietly dropped into the abyss of time.

François-René de Chateaubriand, the youngest of a family of ten children, was born at St. Malo on the 4th of September 1768. In the youth of his father, Count René-Auguste de Chateaubriand, who was born in 1711, the family fortunes had been at their lowest ebb. It was the generous dream of the Count's life to repair the fortunes of his house, and in some measure he succeeded. He had that passion for the sea which was in the blood of his race; he was a shipowner, and a good man of business. As the years went on he had the satisfaction of buying back the domain of Comburg, which gave him the right to sign himself Comte de Comburg. At St. Malo, François-

René spent his childhood. He was a dreamy, melancholy boy, a little neglected by his parents, owing all the happiness of these days to his sister Lucile, or to the care of a devoted governess. The melancholy of the Breton, what in Chateaubriand's case we may call a poetical and religious melancholy, was not an accident of his training, but was part of his heritage; this is shown by the description which he gives of his father. "His habitual state of mind," says the son, "was a profound sadness, which increased as he grew old, and a silence which he broke only by fits of passion." François-René had not only this sadness; he was also a dreamer, a creature of keen emotions, a compound of the sentimentalist and the sybarite.

With many regrets on the boy's part, he was sent from home to the college of Dol, where he learned to love Virgil and Horace; but the religious spirit alternated with the literary, and Virgil had often less charm for the boy than Fénelon and Massillon. Then came a sojourn of two years at the college of Rennes, to prepare him for the navy. Aimless, not knowing his own desires (is this strange in a youth who was a dreamer?), he fancied that he would prefer the religious life, and was taken from Rennes and sent to Dinan to be made a priest. He does not, however, appear to have been specially attracted by the promise of an ecclesiastical career, and he was glad to leave Dinan. For the next two years he lived with his family at Comburg. It was at this period, he tells us, that he became all the world knew him to be in later life. How may we describe him? A melancholy dreamer, profoundly religious yet passionately sensuous, fond of solitude, and apt to attribute to nature qualities which do not exist apart from the mind and heart of man; proud, reserved, with great powers of fascination; he is already that Chateaubriand whom Sainte-Beuve has described as "an Epicurean with the imagination of a Catholic." It would be less epigrammatic, but would perhaps be more just, to describe him as a Catholic with the sensuous nature of the artist.

Yet why should we attempt to solve the mystery of the growth of genius? The gift of genius, and the method of its development, will remain a mystery after all we can possibly say about it. Its secret is incommunicable; even its possessor has not mastered it; the man of genius not only constrains others, he is himself also constrained. Millions of men lived and were trained under much the same conditions as Virgil, Chaucer, Spenser, yet these three men had genius and the millions had not. M. Taine does not enable us to understand it by his theory of "environment," nor does M. Brunetière by his "tradition." There is nothing specially interesting in the outward circumstances of a poet's life; it is the lovely product of his genius which is truly and permanently interesting. For the poet vanishes, with the millions who had not genius; and his work only remains, to form part of the enchanting domain of art, and to relieve the gray monotony of human life.

To put an end to the dreaming at Comburg, his brother obtained for him a sub-lieutenant's commission in the army; but he had not been long a soldier when the death of his father recalled him to Comburg. He resumed his military duties, which (like many other duties) seem to have had no attraction for him; and about this time (1787) was printed the first piece of his writing which he gave to the public. He had the honour to be presented to the King, though not on account of his literary performance—he had yet done nothing of importance in that way; we mention the fact only to state that he showed himself an indifferent courtier. That unbending pride, which in his maturity made him feel himself the equal of pope or king, was strong already in his youth. What was better than bowing to Louis the Sixteenth, he had the good fortune to win the friendship of M. de Malesherbes, that excellent and cultivated man whom it is always pleasant to meet in the byways of the French literature of the eighteenth century. But in the meantime the Revolution had begun, and Chateaubriand, who little thought of the horrors that were to follow, was glad to carry out a cherished plan of visiting America, on which he started from St. Malo on the 5th of April 1791. He began this voyage with the hope of gaining immortality by a great geographical discovery; he ended it by discovering his own genius, for he brought from America the materials for ATALA and RENÉ. He would no doubt have made a longer stay in the New World, had not the advancing tide of revolution filled him with alarm, and made him regard it as a duty to return to his distracted country. Out in the wilds he had by accident seen in an English newspaper the announcement of the flight of the King and his arrest at Varennes. He returned, and reached Havre in January 1792, without money, having indeed pledged his family's credit for the voyage homewards. And now came the extraordinary marriage of this singular man. It seems to have been arranged by his mother and sisters, and the proud penniless youth yielded to their wishes. He says himself about his marriage: "My sisters put their heads together to induce me to marry Mdlle. de Lavigne. I did not feel in myself any of the qualifications of a husband. . . . . Lucile loved Mdlle. de Lavigne, and saw in this marriage a means of securing my independence. So be it, said I. In my case it is the public man who is steadfast; the private man is at the mercy of any one who wishes to master him; and, to avoid an hour's bickering, I would make a slave of myself for a century." In reading this passage one is tempted to speak strongly, and call it a piece of childish sophistry. Our business in this place, however, is not to write a homily, but to portray Chateaubriand; and the singular thing about this passage is that it is true. The marriage was not unhappy. They were for several years content to live apart; and later in life Madame de Chateaubriand appears to have found all the needs of her life satisfied in that atmosphere of devotion and self-sacrifice which is so purifying to a woman of strong character, and often so enervating to the woman whose character is not strong. The husband in any case would have survived, for he belonged to the class of sentimentalists who are the better for having their hearts broken once or twice a year. It is, however, due to this wayward husband to add that, when poverty overtook his wife in 1804, he acted honourably and affectionately towards her, and took her to share his home.

The gloomy years that followed his marriage shall not detain us long. Many other men of Chateaubriand's rank, however greatly his inferiors in ability, shared his fate. In May 1793 he reached London, and took up his residence in a garret somewhere in the neighbourhood of Holborn. He was an exile, wretched, sometimes in want of bread, finding solace in the thought of self-destruction. A better kind of consolation was found in literature and journalism. In 1797–8 he wrote his ESSAY, HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND MORAL, ON ANCIENT AND MODERN REVOLUTIONS (portentous title!), for which he found a publisher, and also many readers. The art of writing, as Rousseau says, is not learned at once; and Chateaubriand, like many others, had to serve a long apprenticeship to this charming art. The touch of the master was not shown until 1801, when ATALA was published, followed next year by THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

ATALA and RENÉ were originally portions of THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY; the first was published separately, to prepare the reading public for the larger work. After a time the author detached both these stories from THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, which was certainly wise, for that work has still too much irrelevant matter. The original title, by the way, was long, and long titles are always lumbering. It was as follows: POETICAL AND MORAL BEAUTIES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, AND ITS SUPERIORITY OVER ALL OTHER FORMS OF WORSHIP. Let us be thankful that he had found the shorter title before the work was published in 1802.

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, with the two wonderful stories which it contained, made a great commotion in the world of letters. It was the beginning of a new era in literature. Not only in France but throughout Europe spread the fame of Chateaubriand, who was greeted as a writer destined to rank with the greatest masters in French literature. Let us say at once that the prediction was not verified. A man of letters of the rank of Voltaire, Chateaubriand certainly was not. Yet he was a great writer, and a great power in literature.

In the meantime Chateaubriand had returned to France, after an absence of eight years, during which period his country had suffered so terribly. His own family had known misfortune; for they were noble, and that was the first of crimes in the eyes of the Revolutionary leaders. But even at the worst, so long as courage and hope remain, life is never all misery; and Chateaubriand, despite his incurable melancholy, wrote much, and found relief in writing. He was by temperament a true man of letters. He found happiness also in the *salon* of Madame de Beaumont, for there he was soon the centre of an admiring circle of friends, one of whose objects in life was to increase his fame. There he met constantly the best and wisest of his friends, Joubert and Fontanes, and many delightful women whom one is sorry not to have known. M. de Lescure, in his pleasant little book on Chateaubriand, thus describes our writer's introduction: "Into this *salon*—quiet, free, with its air of mystery—badly lighted by a single lamp, where the two old waiters from the splendid Montmorin mansion offered to visitors by way of hospitality nothing but a glass of orangeade or *eau sucrée;* it was into this *salon* that Chateaubriand, unknown to all except the few friends who had helped to bring him back into France, first made his appearance one evening in the spring of 1800, introduced by M. de Fontanes. He brought with him passion and genius and glory, attracting everybody, and at once carrying everything before him. He was then thirty-two years old, and in the flower of his manhood. He was of middle height, a little high-shouldered; all his vitality and masculine beauty seemed to be centred in the head, which was superb and full of fascination. He had a large forehead, with black curling hair, and eyes that had a profound expression, like the sea whose colour they had; and when he wished to please, he had a smile at once captivating and irresistible, such as Count Molé said he had seen only in Bonaparte and Chateaubriand."

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY had much to do with the revival of Catholicism in France; that revival which was so refreshing to every human soul after the buffooneries of the Revolutionists. The friends of Chateaubriand, and Chateaubriand himself also, looked to Bonaparte for high place, as a reward due to the author of this romantic work on Christianity. It had certainly done much to further the designs of the First Consul as to the re-establishment of public worship. The reward came in 1803, and was rather meagre; Chateaubriand was appointed Secretary to the French Embassy in Rome, whither he went in May of that year. He was received most kindly by the Pope, and no doubt the religious as well as the poetical side of his nature drew food from this stay in Rome; but in other respects it was not happy. He could not work smoothly with his official superior; perhaps he could not have worked smoothly with anybody in a position of authority over him, for he was proud, sensitive, and quick to take offence. The ambassador, Cardinal Fesch, a relative of the First Consul, was greatly the inferior of Chateaubriand; yet the secretary could not justly expect from the ambassador the forbearance which he received at the hands of Madame de Beaumont or Madame de Récamier. There was a private sorrow too, which for a time cast its shadow over him. Poor Madame de Beaumont, who loved him with a consuming passion, came to see him in Rome, and died there in his arms. Beautiful spirit! Well said Sainte-Beuve of her, "She was one of those pathetic beings who glide through life, and leave along their course a track of light." Chateaubriand's regard for her was not a passion; yet the tenderness which he showed her in those last days must have made it more easy (or perhaps more difficult) for her to die. Whatever were the faults of Chateaubriand, there was no instinct of chivalry, of generosity, or high breeding to which he was a stranger.

He returned to France in January 1804, having, through the influence of Fontanes, been appointed French Minister in Valais. He was about to start for the scene of his new duties, when the execution of the Duc d'Enghien caused him to break off relations with Bonaparte; and henceforth the author never ceased to hate the conqueror. In the sphere of ideas as distinct from the sphere of action, it may well be said that Napoleon had never so formidable an opponent as Chateaubriand. Most of the literary enemies of Napoleon, like that Göttingen professor whose "terrible end" Heine has made immortal, could hurl only the toy thunderbolts which are always ready to the hand of the blatant partisan; it is one of the privileges of a man of genius that he may draw his bolts from the armoury of Jove. We do not attempt to judge Napoleon in this case, as we have not made of it a special study, and have no stock of ready-made judgments; but whether the execution were a crime or not, it was certainly a blunder. That Chateaubriand was sincere in believing the act to be a crime was proved by his subsequent conduct; and it is certain he would never again have consented to be the servant of Napoleon. So, while the Man of Destiny governed France, Chateaubriand was content to devote himself quietly to literature, with the result that in 1809 THE MARTYRS was published, and in 1811 the ITINERARY FROM PARIS TO JERUSALEM. In February 1811 he was chosen to fill a seat in the French Academy, which was a compliment to a man of forty-two. Is not sixty the age at which the distinguished French man of letters usually receives this prize? Whether at forty-two or sixty, it is always welcome. There are French writers (it is said) who do not wish to be Academicians, just as there are Englishmen who do not admire Shakespeare—superhumanly clever persons, no doubt, but a little out of the natural order.

Napoleon, who at this time was perhaps not unkindly disposed towards Chateaubriand, was anxious to see what the new Academician would say on his reception, and ordered the manuscript to be submitted to him. It contained things of which the Emperor disapproved, and he returned it with many alterations and erasures. There was of course an imperial explosion of anger, one of those vulgar displays which made Talleyrand deplore that so great a man should have been so very ill-bred. But Chateaubriand was firm, and would not sanction the alteration of a word, in consequence of which his public reception by the Academy was delayed until Napoleon had ceased to control the destinies of France. Chateaubriand's envenomed pamphlet on BONAPARTE AND THE BOURBONS was published in 1814, and did more than any other piece of writing to bring about a change of rulers. The significance of this deadly blow was clear enough to the Emperor himself, who read the pamphlet at Fontainebleau. Indeed, Louis the Eighteenth, on his accession, admitted that Chateaubriand was the real king-maker in this affair; and such an admission may be held to absolve a king from the simple duty of gratitude.

Chateaubriand, however, was too considerable a man to be left entirely aside; so, according to the old political method of dealing with an original and dangerous man, he received a small appointment out of the country. Louis the Eighteenth would have been wise to conciliate him, but the two men had antagonistic temperaments; Chateaubriand said it was a case of the dislike of the classic for the romantic.

We shall not say much about the rest of Chateaubriand's public life, for our interest is in the writer rather than the politician. He never took up his new appointment; circumstances were stronger than Louis the Eighteenth, and Chateaubriand was kept at home. He was made a minister and a peer of France (Vicomte de Chateaubriand), and, if he had been less quixotic, might have become a powerful statesman in spite of the King. He was vain enough to resent neglect, yet too proud to seek office; and, himself a straightforward politician, he hated the set of intriguers, Talleyrand and the rest, who controlled the policy of France. He was not the man to smother his hatreds, so he made many enemies, who soon contrived to bring about his fall. He wrote a great deal about this time for the Press, with which he was closely connected; and his journalistic work, though it often bore the stamp of genius, had as often the stain of furious partisanship. If you are an active politician, you must belong to a party; and you cannot serve your party at all if you pose as a model of disinterestedness, and insist upon seeing the good on both sides. Let us say, then, that Chateaubriand merely accepted the rules of the game. Whether the class of men known as philosophers would accept these rules we cannot say, having had no opportunity of observing their ways.

In 1820 he was appointed French Minister at Berlin. There he remained only until the next year, when he resigned, from a feeling of loyalty to his party. He looked for the position of Foreign Minister in the new Cabinet, but received instead an appointment peculiarly interesting to Englishmen who love letters: he was sent as ambassador to London. At the Congress of Verona in 1822 he was one of the representatives of France, after which his ambition was gratified, for he was made Minister of Foreign Affairs; and during his tenure of this office he made himself responsible for the war with Spain (1823). He had at this time a great popularity, and received many decorations from the sovereigns of Europe. But his power and popularity were not to last. Want of sympathy between King and Minister, and the intrigues of rivals and enemies, brought about his fall in June 1824.

He was in 1827 made ambassador at Rome, but remained there only two years, giving up office from scruples that did honour to his courage and character. A lover of liberty and constitutional government, he believed that his country was in peril. A later act was equally creditable to him. After the Revolution of 1830, he at once resigned both peerage and pension, and thus ended his career as statesman and diplomatist. Any later excursions which he made into the region of politics were those of a private citizen.

He lived eighteen years after the Revolution of 1830, and continued to write on historical and political subjects, adding much also to his autobiography, MEMORIES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, and translating PARADISE

Lost into French. His greatest happiness in these years probably came through the friendship of Madame de Récamier, a woman who would be remembered for her rare beauty alone, if it were possible to forget her graces. Towards the end he was paralysed, and grew silent and a little moody; but there remained to the last the old courage and pride, and something of the old fire of genius. Nor did he lack those lofty consolations which he had so often, in his writings on religion, offered to others. His wife died in 1847; he lived only until the following year, dying on the 4th of July 1848, at the age of eighty.

We confess that we feel little gratification in reviewing his public life; for when we have admitted that it is the career of a chivalrous, high-minded man, usually disinterested and always superior to the love of gain, we still feel that vanity has too large a place in it. There is also a want of unity about it, which cannot be altogether explained by the growth of the democratic idea in the second half of his life. Yet it must be confessed that he was a powerful writer on political questions, showing sometimes a wisdom and a prescience that make us think of Burke. And he had this also in common with Burke, that, while it is delightful to read him, it must have been anything but delightful to work with him.

It would not be difficult to give many instances of his political foresight, which is all the more remarkable if we consider his origin. Sixty years ago he clearly foresaw that the steam-engine and the telegraph would create greater revolutions than that of 1789, and he foresaw too the creation of that new power called Public Opinion which science first made possible. "Social conditions," he said in 1834, "have been changed by the discovery of printing. The press, a machine which cannot be broken, will continue to destroy the old world until out of the old it has fashioned a new one. It is a voice which will reach the masses." Again, in 1836, speaking of the future, he says: "Society, such as it is to-day, will not exist; the more the masses are educated, the more they will discover the secret wound which from the beginning of the world has gnawed into the very heart of social order, that wound which is the cause of all popular grievances and agitations. The too great inequality of conditions and fortunes has been maintained because it has been hidden from the one side by ignorance, from the other by the factitious organisation of the city; but as soon as this inequality is generally perceived, a mortal blow will have been struck at the system." He who wrote this was an aristocrat by birth and temperament; indeed, we may say that by his tastes and manners he belonged entirely to the old order; it was by pure force of intellect that he foretold the new time. We know that he read himself somewhat differently: "I am," he said in 1831, "by honour a Bourbonite, a Royalist by reason and conviction, by taste and character a Republican." It is not a correct piece of self-portraiture. His democratic leanings were purely intellectual.

Of course the question has been asked, with regard to Chateaubriand as with regard to other men of genius, was he wise to take an active part in politics? Ought he not to have been content to write books, leaving politics and public speeches to the men who are born for such things? In the same way we are told that Thackeray should not have delivered lectures, and that Dickens should not have given public readings from his works. It is one of those questions which are full of interest to the members of literary societies, and it might well be left for their patient consideration. The man of genius must accept the ordinary conditions of life, and he may surely claim the right which smaller men enjoy, to use his powers in his own way. The critic may rightly ask whether an ignoble use has been made of these powers; but he will not (unless he is a parochial critic) say that it is necessarily ignoble to lecture or make a speech. Many of the writers of our century would have been the better for a spell of public life; their chief fault is that they have known too much of books, and too little of life.

Of his personal character we have not much more to say. He was princely in his ideas about money, and often embarrassed for the want of it. How could a man escape embarrassment who, without estate, had the munificence of the *grand seigneur*? The sense of honour and the love of glory were strong in Chateaubriand—a little too strong, we think; carried to such a point, they have a theatrical air, and are an offence against simplicity and delicacy. Yet in spite of this, in spite too of that excessive sensibility and self-consciousness which are a badge of the sentimental school, he was humane and warm-hearted, at times capable of rancour, but never incapable of generosity. It is not our right to demand the rigid self-discipline of a St. Bruno. We find much to like in Chateaubriand as he is; and even if we were compelled to give, so far as they are known, a full account of his faults, that would not in any way lessen our liking.

In what we have now to say about the literary artist, we shall put aside the work of the historian and politician, as well as that of the autobiographer, confining ourselves to those more purely creative works by virtue of which he has been such a power in the sphere of humane letters; to ATALA and RENÉ, THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY and THE MARTYRS. THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY was published at a time when the soul of France, after so much revolutionary bombast, was ready to listen to a human voice that had reverence in its accents. After the mockery of Voltaire and the grim burlesque of Robespierre, how beautiful, how healing were the words of Chateaubriand! This we must remember if we would give to THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY its true place in the history of religion; it may also be said to have had a considerable political significance, since it furthered so much the designs of the First Consul. In the preface which Chateaubriand wrote for the edition of 1828, he says: "Bonaparte, who at that time wished to establish his power on the first basis of society [the religious basis], and who had just come to an arrangement with the Court of Rome, put no obstacle in the way of publishing a work likely to assist him in his own projects. He was surrounded by the enemies of religion, who were opposed to all concession, and in fighting these men he was glad to be defended by the expression of public opinion in favour of the work. Later on he was sorry for his mistake; and at the moment of his fall he confessed that the work which had been most fatal to his rule was THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY." We may justly ascribe to the work all the political importance which the author claims for it.

Would it be equally important to a literary critic who, in disregard of the historical method, should apply an absolute standard to such things? Neither by the manner of its evolution nor by its style (we by no means say this distinction is ever absolute) can it be said to merit a place among things eternal. There is in the book too much of the poetry of nature and art, and too little of the poetry of the human soul. It is with a preconceived idea that he describes nature and man. He sets out with the purpose of discovering the mark of Providence in the world, and he sees it wherever he wishes to see it. In the care of the tigress for her young he detects the sign of a special Providence, and in the roar of the lion he hears a song of praise. Would a severe thinker like Spinoza have done thus? Would Chateaubriand himself have done it, if he had not been so deficient in humour? The beauties of nature make a moral appeal to him; the quiet landscape has its voice of thanksgiving, and when the cedar of Lebanon waves in the night air it is uttering a psalm. The correct thinker has to make himself see that man has an æsthetic side which must not be confounded with his moral nature; it is to this æsthetic side that all beautiful things, whether in nature or art, make their appeal. There is in nature no food for the religious sense; it exists only in the heart and conscience of humanity, and there alone can it find its proper nourishment. Pascal saw this; but Chateaubriand did not see it, because he was not an accurate thinker. Yet one great truth he did see with clearness, which some thinkers more powerful than Chateaubriand have failed to grasp. He saw that the moralist has no secure ground apart from a religious idea, that indeed the moral idea without God is delusive and illogical. The theologian may be a logician: even the poor hedonist in his way may be a logician; but the moralist who builds up his scheme within the limits of consciousness, and without reference to anything beyond it, is a blundering reasoner. For if we are here but for a day, and if with the day we are to end, then was Renan's famous saying not unwise, since the "gay people" after all "*may* be in the right."

It is Chateaubriand's thesis to prove that the Christian religion is superior to all other forms of religion. To this end he is not content to confine himself to its doctrines and ritual; he endeavours also to show the superiority of Christian literature and art. In this of course he gives away his case, for in literature and in art the Greeks, after all these centuries, are still supreme. Religion satisfies an inner need, and gives completeness to man's life. It is no more compelled to explain itself than the maternal instinct or the instinct of admiration; for, if it cannot fully explain itself, it can give as certain proof of its existence as any fact vouched for by science. Every European who loves order and chastity is more or less a Christian, for no man can escape utterly from the spiritual cycle into which he was born. We think Chateaubriand would have been wise if he had been content to develope such simple ideas as these. We do not, however, agree with Madame de Staël, who, on the first publication of THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, said that it contained neither Christianity nor genius. Chateaubriand had been harsh towards this brilliant woman, and the title of the book was tempting. It contains a great deal of genius; and much Christianity also, though it is the sensuous side of it rather than the spiritual. It is too much on one level; it is too highly coloured, and lacks repose and unity. But, with these and other drawbacks, it is the work of a great writer.

Probably De Quincey had THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY in mind when he said that Chateaubriand had written "the most florid prose the modern taste will bear." Our respect for De Quincey cannot alter the fact that his judgments on French literature are usually unsound. We quote this particular saying, not to quarrel with De Quincey, but because it is the general English opinion with regard to Chateaubriand. Now it is singular so clever a man as De Quincey should not have seen that his friend Christopher North wrote prose more florid than Chateaubriand's, prose without measure or restraint, which is constantly losing the rhythm of prose and straining after that of poetry. Could the prose-writer offend in any worse manner? Is it not as offensive as the worst form of preciosity? Chateaubriand's greatest fault of style is his super-eloquence; yet his prose by its construction is classical, while it is perhaps the most rhythmical prose of modern times. Rousseau's harmony of sentence speaks rather of the musician than the poet. Chateaubriand is a poet who, working in the medium of prose, is true to his medium.

René is the story, in autobiographic form, of a young Frenchman of that name who, a hundred and seventy years ago, weary of civilisation and tortured in conscience, threw up his birthright as a European, and went to live among the American Indians. He was most kindly received by the Natchez, and adopted by Chactas, "the Patriarch of the Deserts," as Chateaubriand calls him. This blind old man had been in his youth the lover of Atala. René is a brooding man, with no power of will, who yet aspires and finds that all is vanity. He has a conscience which he never obeys, so that it is always a torture to him, and never a guide. The sins of his youth haunt him, and he weeps as he thinks of them, but it is a mere luxury of emotion, for he is incapable of a manly penitence. He is, in short, one of those men who find no solace in a life of action, to whom the fruits of the earth are bitter, and Nature herself but a step-mother. Would it not be well if such men in their youth could be handed over to the Carthusians? René in the intellectual world has been the father of a large and strange family, whose descendants to-day talk about the soul-sickness of the age, decadence, and the rest of it; with respect to all of whom our good friends the Carthusians should be invested with plenary powers. It is not a new disease, as René and the children of René have declared; thousands of men who had known it, of every clime and era, are sleeping in the bosom of the kindly earth. In the Greek writings it did not find expression, because of the impersonal character of Greek literary art; but the Hebrew genius was strongly leavened with it. René bears the impress of genius as strongly as any production of the modern world; it has indeed the accent of the great masters. It is easy to urge against it that in the "borderland dim 'twixt vice and virtue" the author is disposed to play a conjurer's part; equally easy is it to say, and in accordance with the experience of ages, that the artist who does this is sure to lose his balance. It is not the less true that René is one of the works of our century likely to interest the centuries to come.

Atala is the love-story of Chactas. In his youth he was a prisoner in the hands of a hostile tribe of Indians, and was condemned to be burned, with the usual tortures, according to the custom of the tribe; but on the eve of this terrible ceremony he was released by a chief's daughter, Atala, who secretly loved him; and together they flew to the desert. She was a Christian, as was also her mother, and by the wish of the mother she had taken a solemn vow of chastity. The tragedy of the story lies in the struggle between love and duty; and, although duty is victorious, the struggle brings death to the poor maiden. It is in striking contrast with the story of Velléda the Druidess, in The Martyrs. Chateaubriand no doubt meant the story of the Christian virgin to reflect the higher character of Christianity. It is good morals but bad art, for Velléda is the more human, the more pathetic figure. Atala is one of those stories which have a great charm for us at twenty-five; "good taste in literature," as Joubert says, "is a faculty of slow growth," and the years lessen the charm a little. When one is older, the graces which are chaste and mellow become more and more attractive; and thus at length the descriptions of nature and of human passion in Atala seem too luxuriant. We should not care to read it as often as we have read The Last Abencerage, a little story by Chateaubriand which we never weary of; yet Atala is still pleasant to read, for, though its charm has lessened, it has by no means vanished.

The thesis which Chateaubriand had expounded at such length in The Genius of Christianity he was bold enough to apply in The Martyrs. Here we have men and women whose lives shall prove the hollowness of

Paganism, the satisfying beauty and inward peace of Christianity. The thesis is good; the application is open to question. A strong piece of polemics THE MARTYRS is not, but it is a noble piece of literature. It is the fate of the writers of stories dealing with the early Christian times either to paint the Pagans too black or to make them more interesting than the Christians. The events in THE MARTYRS are fixed chiefly in the reign of Galerius, and the central interest of the work is in the story of Eudorus, a Christian, a friend of Jerome and Constantine. Eudorus, like Augustine, had known the world, and had tasted its pleasures before he saw the vanity of earthly things. He loves Cymodocea, the daughter of Demodocus, a priest of Homer, and the last descendant of the Homeridæ; and through the influence of the lover Cymodocea becomes a Christian. A miracle of grace and loveliness, she has inspired Hierocles, the pro-consul of Achaia, with a passion that fills his life. He is the villain of the piece, this oppressive Hierocles, and fails to interest you, because he is an impossible mixture of the wild beast and the old-fashioned ruffian of the stage. In the end Eudorus and Cymodocea are torn to pieces by a tiger in the amphitheatre.

Chateaubriand calls THE MARTYRS an epic poem, and quotes Aristotle and Dionysius of Halicarnassus to show that such a poem may be written in prose as well as verse. We might have been glad to agree with these accomplished critics, if Chateaubriand by his own example had not proved that the feat is at least extremely difficult. An epic poem, says Chateaubriand, requires some kind of supernatural machinery, so he gives us angels and demons after the Miltonic fashion. A demon who talks in stately verse may be sufferable; one who talks in prose is always wearisome. Chateaubriand's angels and demons, like their author, are lacking in humour. The work has other defects, which the reader may easily discover. Yet it is the great work of a great writer; its diction is in many places perfect, by its fitness to the subject, by its rhythm, its classical construction and refinement. We are acquainted with no writing which gives so vivid a picture of civilised and uncivilised Europe in the early Christian ages. There is in the work enough genius to fit out a colony of literary men.

Chateaubriand's limitations are easily seen, and we have certainly not closed our eyes to them. We trust, however, we have not failed to convey the idea that in spite of these limitations he is a great enchanter.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1894.

# CROMWELL'S VIEWS ON SPORT.

THE popular conception of the Puritan leaders represents them as much more puritanical than they really were. Fanatical though they might be in some of their ideas, there was often very little of the fanatic in their exteriors. In manners, in dress, and even in some of their amusements they were like other country gentlemen or other lawyers of their time. The difference was that in their bearing and in their behaviour there was always visible a certain sobriety and self-restraint, which sprang naturally from more serious views of life and higher ideals of conduct. Scott's portraits of Colonel Everard and Henry Morton are true pictures of the average Puritan gentleman.

Cromwell, like his brothers in arms, is often described as a morose and gloomy fanatic. A candidate in a recent examination summed up this popular view of his character in the following words: "Cromwell was a man of intense religious fervour. In the days of his youth we find him growing up a rigid Puritan. He could not bear the thought of any sensual enjoyment. He was always able to be foremost at sports, yet to enjoy himself was the very greatest sin. We hear of him going through days of sorrow because he had partaken in some innocent enjoyment. He always had a great fear of the Evil One." The real Cromwell, however, was by no means afraid to enjoy himself or averse to amusements. "Oliver," as one of his officers observes, "loved an innocent jest," and especially a practical jest. Under the cuirass of the General or the royal robe of the Protector he was always an athletic country gentleman of sporting tastes. His Royalist biographers make his early taste for athletics one of their charges against him. He learnt little at Cambridge, says "Carrion" Heath, "and was more famous for his exercises in the fields than the schools, being one of the chief match-makers and players of foot-ball, cudgels, or any other boisterous sport or game." He "was soon cloyed with studies," adds Bates, "delighting more in horses, and in pastimes abroad in the fields." Thus much we may safely believe; but Heath is probably inventing when he informs us that after Mr. Cromwell returned to his home at Huntingdon "his chief weapon in which he delighted, and at which he fought several times with tinkers, pedlars, and the like, was a quarter-staff, at which he was so skilful that seldom did any overmatch him."

The love of horses which Bates mentions is proved by the concurrent testimony of all contemporary writers, and by instances drawn from every part of Cromwell's life. It was as a leader of cavalry that he originally gained his fame, and it cannot be doubted that the superior efficiency of his regiment was due not only to the care with which he selected his men, but to the attention which he devoted to their mounts. "The men," says Bates, "became in time most excellent soldiers; for Cromwell used them daily to look after, feed, and dress their horses, and, when it was needful, to lie together on the ground; and besides taught them to clean and keep their arms bright, and have them ready for service." Contemporary pamphlets mention two examples of Cromwell's solicitude for the horses of his troopers. In October 1643, just before Winceby fight in Lincolnshire, when the Earl of Manchester ordered his officers to prepare to give battle, Cromwell alone among them opposed his resolution. "Colonel Cromwell was in no way satisfied that we should fight, our horse being already wearied with hard duty two or three days together."[1] Again, in November 1644, after the second battle of Newbury, when Charles returned to fetch away his guns from Donnington Castle, the Earl of Manchester, who had allowed the King's army to escape and refused to advance when the opportunity had offered, ordered Cromwell and the cavalry to check the King's march. Cromwell, eager to advance three days earlier, now held it impossible to carry out the plan. Manchester's chaplain heard Cromwell earnestly dissuading his General. "My Lord," he said, "your horse are so spent, so harassed out by hard duty, that they will fall down under their riders, if you thus command them; you may have their skins, but you can have no service."[2]

As Cromwell rose in power and rank his love of horses began to be more conspicuous, and his position enabled him to indulge it to the full. When he started from London in 1649 to reconquer Ireland, "he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, reddish-grey."[3] In 1655, when the Spanish Ambassador took his leave of the Lord Protector, Cromwell sent him "his own coach of six white horses" to convey him to and from Whitehall. "Certain it is," adds the narrator, "that none of the English kings had ever any such."[4] During the Protectorate the diplomatic agents of England in foreign parts were often employed to procure horses for the Protector. Longland, the agent at Leghorn, wrote on June 18th, 1655, reporting his progress: "I now have advice from my friend at Naples that his Highness' commission for the two horses and four mares is complete, I hope to his Highness' full content; my next may bring you an invoice of their cost and charges; as also a description of each; their race, or pedigree, colour, age, height, quality, and condition. Although my said friend be a merchant, yet he professes some skill in horsemanship, besides which he has had the best advice in Naples. I hope they will prove every way answerable to his Highness' expectation. I gave order to the man I sent over for Tripoli to redeem the English captives to bring a mare thence, which he did; but 't was so small a thing, genteel (*gentile*) and thin, the legs little better than a hind's, that I thought it not worth your acceptance; for a good mare to breed should be as well tall and large, as clean-limbed and handsome. I know not yet whether I shall speed in the commission I gave to Aleppo for a horse; but if I do, I am confident the world has not better horses than that place affords."[5] His purchase from Naples cost the Protector two thousand three hundred and eighty-two dollars. In 1657 the Levant Company in England wrote to Sir Thomas Bendish, the Ambassador at Constantinople, that his Highness wanted some good Arabian horses to furnish England with a breed of that kind, and desired him to procure ten of the best blood and send them home. Henry Riley, their agent at Aleppo, was ordered at the same time to obtain two more.[1] Some of these attempted purchases were certainly effected, for Ludlow records with great anger that one of the Parliamentary deputations sent to argue Cromwell into accepting the crown was kept waiting by the Protector for two hours while he went to inspect a Barbary horse in the garden at Whitehall.

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[1] Vicars, GOD'S ARK, p. 45.

[2] Simeon Ash, A TRUE RELATION OF THE MOST CHIEF OCCURRENCES AT AND SINCE THE LATE BATTLE AT NEWBURY, 1644, p. 6.

[3] Blencowe, SYDNEY PAPERS.

[4] Thurloe, STATE PAPERS, iii. 549.

[5] Thurloe, iii. 526.

In 1654 the Count of Oldenburg sent Cromwell a present of six horses, and the Protector's anxiety to make trial of their quality led to his well-known adventure in Hyde Park. On Friday, September 29th, he went with Secretary Thurloe and some of his gentlemen to take the air in the Park, ordered the six horses to be harnessed to his coach, put Thurloe inside it, and undertook to drive himself. "His Highness," says a letter from the Dutch ambassadors, "drove pretty handsomely for some time; but at last provoking those horses too much with the whip, they grew unruly, and ran so fast that the postillion could not hold them in; whereby his Highness was flung out of the coach-box upon the pole, upon which he lay with his body, and afterwards fell upon the ground. His foot getting hold in the tackling, he was carried away a good while in that posture, during which a pistol went off in his pocket; but at last he got his foot clear, and so came to escape, the coach passing away without hurting him. He was presently brought home, and let blood, and after some rest taken is now well again. The secretary, being hurt on his ankle with leaping out of the coach, hath been forced to keep his chamber hitherto, and been unfit for any business; so that we have not been able to further or expedite any business this week."

Poets of every sort seized the opportunity to celebrate an incident so alarming to supporters of the Protectorate, and so amusing to its enemies. George Wither produced some sixteen pages of doggrel which he called "Vaticinium Casuale, a rapture occasioned by the late miraculous deliverance of his Highness the Lord Protector from a desperate danger." Andrew Marvell, in his poem on the first anniversary of the Protector's government, represented universal nature as lamenting the Protector's fall, "not a stupid tree nor rock so savage but it groaned for thee." Even the horses, continued the courtly poet, were overcome with penitence when they realised what they had done.

The poor beasts, wanting their noble guide,
(What could they more?) shrunk guiltily aside:
First wingèd fear transports them far away,
And leaden sorrow then their flight did stay.
See how they each their towering crests abate,
And the green grass and their known mangers hate,
Nor through wide nostrils snuff the wanton air,
Nor their round hoofs or curlèd manes compare:
With wandering eyes and restless ears they stood,
And with shrill neighings asked him of the wood.[2]

Royalist poets treated the incident in a less reverential spirit. "Master Scroggs, counsellor," afterwards famous as Chief Justice Sir William Scroggs, composed a ballad ending with the expression of a hope that the Protector's next fall would be not from a coach but from a cart, thus hinting at the gallows, and wishing him, as a modern might say, a longer drop next time. Their favourite jest was that Parliament had given the Protector the control of the sword, but not the control of the whip.

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[1] Cal. State Papers, Domestic, 1657–8, p. 96.

[2] Thurloe, ii. 652; Guizot, Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, ii. 472.

The moral which most men drew from the accident is expressed in a news-letter of the time. "He had better have sat in his chair in the Painted Chamber to govern the Parliament, which is more pliable to his pleasure, than in the coach-box to govern his coach-horses, which have more courage to put him out of the box than the three hundred members of Parliament have to put him out of his chair." The contrast was heightened by the fact that only a fortnight earlier the Protector had extorted from the members an engagement pledging them to recognise his authority. An unknown poet, ironically addressing Cromwell himself, urged him for the future to remember the difference between unruly beasts and servile members of Parliament.

O life of three great realms, whose brains did hatch
Successful plots which no past age could match,
Whose army braves the land, whose fleet the main,
And only beasts did think unfit to reign—
How near to fatal was your error when
You thought outlandish horses English men!
Had the mild Britons dreamed your Highness meant
To pass through all degrees of government,
The all-subscribing Parliament that sate
Would have prevented this sad turn of state:
They would themselves have drawn the coach, and borne
The awful lash, which those proud beasts did scorn.
'T would doubtless be to men free from affright
A most magnificent and moving sight,
To see the brother both of Spain and France
Sit on the coach box, and the members prance
To hear Northumberland and Kent contest
Which of their representatives drew best.
Make the slaves pay and bleed: let the asses bear:
The measure of thy power is their base fear.[1]

The other pastimes in which the Protector from time to time contrived to indulge were not marked by any such startling adventures. We hear occasionally of his hunting at Hampton Court or elsewhere, but nothing beyond the bare fact is recorded. Marvell has a brief allusion to the subject in his elegy on Cromwell's death, where he writes:

All, all is gone of ours or his delight
In horses fierce, wild deer, or armour bright.

Queen Christina of Sweden collected a small herd of reindeer which she meant to present to Cromwell, but some were eaten by wolves, and the rest died before they could be transported to England.

A form of sport to which Cromwell was greatly addicted was hawking. As he journeyed towards London after the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, he was met by four members whom the Parliament had sent to congratulate him. "The General," records one of the deputation, "received them with all kindness and respect, and after salutations and ceremonies past, he rode with them across the fields, where Mr. Winwood's hawks met us, and the General and many of the officers went a little out of the way a-hawking." During Whitelocke's absence on his Swedish embassy, his servant Abel "was much courted by his Highness to be his falconer-in-chief," but refused to accept without Whitelocke's leave, and stipulated that if he took the place he might have leave to wait upon his old master with a cast of hawks at the beginning of every September.[2] Sir James Long, an old Cavalier whom Cromwell had defeated and taken prisoner in 1645, gained the Protector's favour by his skill in this kind of sport. "Oliver Protector hawking at Hounslow Heath and discoursing with him, fell in love with his company, and commanded him to wear his sword, and to meet him a-hawking, which made the strict cavaliers look upon him with an evil eye."[1]

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[1] Heath, CHRONICLES, p. 672; Thurloe, ii. 674; Wilkins, POLITICAL BALLADS, i. 121; REPORT ON THE PORTLAND MSS., i. 678.

[2] Whitelocke, MEMORIALS, iii. 351; JOURNAL OF WHITELOCKE'S EMBASSY TO SWEDEN, ii. 234.

As to Cromwell's views on the burning question of horse-racing, it is more difficult to arrive at a positive conclusion. It is plain from the numerous instances given that he felt no vestige of shame in possessing a good horse. On the contrary his constant aim was to possess as many good horses as he could afford. Whether either in his regenerate or unregenerate days he entered his horses for races, or had the satisfaction of owning a winner, history does not say. If he left Cambridge without a degree, it was owing to the sudden death of his father, and not to any difference with the dons of Sidney Sussex about the limits of individual liberty. Some day perhaps antiquarian research may unearth the records of a race-meeting at Huntingdon, dated about 1630, and find duly entered amongst the starters, "Mr. Oliver Cromwell's horse Independency (by Schism out of Church-of-England)." But till something of this kind is discovered Cromwell's views on the morality of racing must be gathered from his public policy as Protector, or from his attitude as a father. A modern biographer, Mr. Waylen, boldly asserts that "races continued in Hyde Park during the Protectorate; and Dick Pace, the owner of divers horses who live in racing chronicles, was the Protector's stud-groom."[2] But he gives no authority for these statements, and neither of them is confirmed by contemporary evidence.

Towards public amusements in general Cromwell was (in theory, at all events) more liberal than is usually supposed. In one of his arguments with the Scottish clergy he based his demand for toleration upon a principle which applied to social as well as religious questions, and supported it by an instance which seemed more convincing to the Puritans of the seventeenth century than it does to their modern descendants. "Your pretended fear lest error should step in," he told the ministers, "is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge."[3]

When Cromwell became Protector, it was much upon this principle that he regulated his policy towards forms of amusement which many of his followers would have suppressed altogether. If he put down certain popular sports, it was not because he regarded them as unlawful in themselves, but because they seemed to him likely in certain circumstances to lead to acts which were unlawful. By an ordinance dated July 4th, 1654, he prohibited horse-races for six months, on the ground that the Royalists made use of such gatherings to concert their plots. "The enemies of the peace and welfare of this Commonwealth," said the ordinance, "are ready to lay hold of all opportunities for instilling such their purposes into the minds of others who are peaceably affected, and to take advantage of public meetings and concourse of people at horse-races and other sports, to carry on such their pernicious designs." Accordingly for the next six months all persons who should appoint any horse-race, "or shall assemble and meet together, upon or by colour of any appointment of an horse-race, shall forfeit and lose all and every the horse and horses which they shall bring with them, or send unto such place or meeting." That the reason alleged for the suppression of race-meetings was no mere pretext is conclusively shown by an examination into the history of the Royalist plots against the Protector's government.

Cock-fighting shared the same fate,

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[1] Aubrey, LETTERS FROM THE BODLEIAN, ii. 433.

[2] THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL, 1880, p. 322.

[3] Carlyle, CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES; Letter cxlviii.

but rather upon moral than political grounds. "Whereas," begins the ordinance of March 31st, 1654, "the public meetings and assemblies of people together . . . under pretence of matches for cock-fighting are by experience found to tend many times to the disturbance of the public peace, and are commonly accompanied with gaming, drinking, swearing, quarrelling, and other dissolute practices to the dishonour of God, and do often produce the ruin of persons and their families," such matches are henceforth to be suppressed as unlawful assemblies. In 1655 the Majors-General established by Cromwell to secure the peace of the nation were instructed "to permit no horse-races, cock-fightings, bear-baitings, stage-plays, or any unlawful assemblies within their respective provinces; forasmuch as treason and rebellion is usually hatched and contrived against the State upon such occasions, and much evil and wickedness committed." But while the ordinance against cock-fighting was confirmed and made a permanent act by the Parliament of 1656, the prohibition of horse-races was never more than a temporary police measure. They were again prohibited for six months on February 24th, 1655, were suppressed by the Majors-General during 1656, and their prohibition was recommended by the council in April 1658.

Besides this act against cock-fighting, the Parliament of 1656 passed another for the punishment of vagrants and wandering, idle, dissolute persons, which concluded by enacting that "if any persons commonly called fiddlers or minstrels shall after the first day of July be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, alehouse, or tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or entreating any person or persons to hear them play or make music in the places aforesaid," they should be adjudged rogues and vagabonds. The bigots of that iron time went on to pass an act for the abolition of betting-men in general, under the title of "an Act for punishing of such persons as live at high rates, and have no visible estates, profession, or calling answerable thereunto." After August 1st, 1657, any person who "by playing at cards, dice, tables, tennis, bowls or shovel-board, cock-fighting or horse-races, or any game or games, or by bearing any part in the adventure or by betting on the hands or sides of such as do or shall play as aforesaid," should win any sum of money or "any other thing valuable whatsoever," was to forfeit twice the value of his winnings."[1] When this bill was under discussion, one member thought it forbade bowls altogether. "Many honest men use the game," he protested. "My Lord Protector himself uses it. I would have some gentlemen added to the Committee that are more favourers of lawful recreations."[2]

Among the last amusements to be suppressed was bear-baiting. A newspaper named PERFECT PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT, dated September 27, 1655, tells the following story, and blames the slackness of the Government. "A child, a boy between four and five years of age, at the Bankside was at the Bear-garden, where some coming to see the bears, the child also went in; and when the rest came out and shut the door, he that had the keys of the bears locked in the child, who had eaten some apples and stroking the bear was by the bear taken hold of, and pulled under him, and his mouth with almost all his face pulled out by the bear. The bear-ward came in at last, and got away that of his body which was left, and the bear for killing the child fell to the lord of the soil, and was by the bear-ward redeemed for fifty shillings; and the bear-wards told the mother of the child they could not help it (though some think it to be a design of that wicked house to get money);

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[1] SCOBELL'S COLLECTION OF ACTS, 1658, pp. 476, 500.

[2] Burton's DIARY, ii. 229.

and they told the mother that the bear should be baited to death, and she should have half the money; and accordingly there were bills stuck up and down the city of it, and a considerable sum of money gathered to see the bear baited to death, some say above sixty pounds; and now all is done they offer the woman three pounds not to prosecute them. Some others have been lately hurt at the Bear-garden, which is a sinful 'deboyst' profane meeting."

Six months later a news-letter of February 26th, 1656, briefly records that, "The bears in the Bear-garden were by order of Major-General Barkstead killed, and the heads of the game-cocks in the several pits wrung off by a company of soldiers." "There went to the pot sixty cocks of the game," adds a Royalist, "all this being done to prevent any great meeting of the people." Colonel Pride, more famous through Pride's Purge, was the officer who superintended this execution, and became in consequence the butt of the ballad writers.[1] In the same fashion as this Cromwell's soldiers, so far back as 1643, had put a stop to bear-baiting in the eastern counties.

Last of all came the suppressing of wrestling and other athletic sports, though the prohibition of them seems only to have extended to London itself. The warrant of the Majors-General for their suppression was addressed to the High Constable of the hundred of Ossulstone, Middlesex, and alleged the following motives: "The late public meetings and assemblies of people together, in the upper Moor-Fields and other places in your hundred, under pretence of wrestling, casting the stone, pitching the bar, and the like, are by experience found to tend many times, by the access and concourse of people from several parts, to the disturbance of the public peace, and are commonly attended with swearing, quarrelling, picking pockets, and other dissolute practices, there being an opportunity given by such assemblies to highwaymen, robbers, burglars, and common thieves in the evenings to meet, and from thence to move together to commit all manner of felonies"; such meetings were therefore to be dispersed, and their frequenters treated as vagrants and disorderly persons.[2]

Taking these instances together, the policy of Cromwell and his government becomes perfectly clear. Certain amusements are suppressed, not as sinful or inherently unlawful, but because under existing conditions they are dangerous to the public peace or the public morals. This is the line taken by Cromwell in defending his policy to his Parliament. He complains of the "folly" of the nation which could not endure to be deprived of its amusements even for a moment. "A great deal of grudging in the nation that we cannot have our horse-racings, cock-fightings, and the like. I do not think these unlawful, but to make them recreations that they will not endure to be abridged of them." The sentence is unfinished, and the words "is folly" or "is unlawful" must be supplied. But though the Protector's language, or the reporter's version of it, is confused, his meaning is plain. Carlyle, who rather misunderstood Cromwell's position on the subject, altered the text of the speech, and printed, "I do not think these are lawful, except to make them recreations." [3] In this passage Cromwell is probably referring to the necessity of temporarily suppressing their amusements for the sake of the public peace. In other parts of the same speech he dwells rather on the necessity of suppressing them for the sake of public morals, or for the reformation of manners. "I am confident our liberty and prosperity depend upon reformation. Make it a shame to see men bold in sin and profaneness, and God will bless you. Truly these things do respect the souls of men, and the spirits,—which are the men. The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief." In a later speech the Protector points out that the chief offenders were certain dissolute, loose persons, who go up and down from house to house,—gentlemen's sons who have nothing to live upon, or even noblemen's sons. "Let them be who they may be that are debauched, it is for the glory of God that nothing of outward consideration should save them in their debauchery from a just punishment and reformation." [1]

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[1] Caste, ORIGINAL LETTERS, ii. 83; CLARKE MSS.; RUMP SONGS, i. 299.

[2] MERCURIUS POLITICUS, June 12–19, 1656.

[3] Carlyle's CROMWELL, Speech v. The original speech is printed in Burton's PARLIAMENTARY DIARY, i. clxxviii.

Cromwell's own sons shared his sporting tastes, and in the judgment of some of the severer Puritans were little better than the wicked. Mrs. Hutchinson says: "Claypole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry were two debauched, ungodly cavaliers." In Claypole's case, at all events, there was probably some real foundation for this charge. In his old age he tried to disinherit his daughter for the sake of a mistress. He had in his service during the Protectorate a famous running footman called Crow, and doubtless occasionally backed him to run against the footmen of his neighbours. On the 10th of August 1660, Pepys saw a race three times round Hyde Park between Crow and an Irishman, Crow winning by above two miles. Colonel Harry Verney in one of his letters describes a battle between a dog and a buck which lasted above half an hour, at which Claypole was so pleased that he begged the dog, which Verney could not deny. These things explain the reputation for ungodliness which the Protector's Master of the Horse obtained.

With respect to Henry Cromwell, however, there was no such basis for Mrs. Hutchinson's aspersions. Mr. Espinasse, in his LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS, describes a dispute between Macaulay and Carlyle on the question, in which Carlyle attempted to vindicate Henry Cromwell, but was overborne by Macaulay's greater fluency. Henry was in fact an exceptionally able and hardworking officer, who devoted himself to the business of governing Ireland, and found it left him very little time for his pleasures. When he could snatch a day from his duties he hunted. In November, 1655, his father-in-law, Sir Francis Russell, and his brother, Richard Cromwell, sent him a stock of dogs. "A little divertisement," wrote Richard, "is like a whet to the workman's tool, and give me leave to let this tell you that there hath been great care in Sir Francis Russell to furnish you with some cattle for field recreation, most proper for such as are wearied in the service of their country, and that that work might not be delayed and the whole of it stopped for want of some spokes, having a parcel that I had gathered up amongst my friends, I could not do less (when I came to know what Sir Francis was doing) than to make some expression of a brother (though poor), it being in dogs, companions they have been for friends. I did with great cheerfulness lay hold of the opportunity to present to the kennels, now I suppose upon their march to you, eight couples of beagles, the whole stock of the kind I had. . . Now I can assure you I have not any but my buck hounds, which are abroad, but your pleasure and delight I shall exceedingly content myself with." [2]

Of all Cromwell's family, Richard, whom Mrs. Hutchinson expressly exempts from her condemnation and terms "virtuous," was the most addicted to sport. His skill in horse-racing is satirically mentioned in a letter of Lord Colepeper's, written in 1658, and a republican pamphlet describes him as a person "well skilled in hawking, hunting, horse racing, with other sports and pastimes." "After he became Protector," writes Heath, "Richard still followed his old game of hawking, and being one day with his horse-guard engaged in a flight the eagerness of the sport carried him out of their sight, and his horse floundering or leaping short, threw him into a ditch, where by the help of a countryman he was taken out and preserved. He had carried himself very quietly hitherto to all about him, this disaster and accident made him angry, and to charge them roughly with this neglect, telling them he expected more service and respect, and would have it." [1]

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[1] "Deboist." Carlyle's CROMWELL, Speech xiii.

[2] LANSDOWNE MSS.

Richard's devotion to sport gave his father some trouble. He warned him to take heed of an "unactive vain spirit," and urged him to study mathematics and history, which would fit him for the public service, and to look after the management of his estate himself. But these hints were unheeded, and in the summer of 1651 Cromwell heard that his son had exceeded his allowance and was in debt through his own carelessness and extravagance. "I desire to be understood," was Cromwell's answer, "that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge like to fall to my share a stick with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, and so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent on it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before his saints,—I scruple to feed this humour; and God forbid that his being my son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to be what I am." Richard's father-in-law, to whom the letter is addressed, had evidently asked for an increase in the allowance of the young couple, and this Cromwell refused to make, though willing, it appears, to help them out of their difficulties. "They shall not want comfort or encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humour in my son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life."

Cromwell's attitude, in short, towards the private amusements of his son was the same as his attitude towards the public amusements of the people. He had no puritanical objection to enjoyment; he did not disapprove of the recreations in themselves; all he demanded was that they should be kept subordinate to more important ends, and not be permitted to hinder the higher life of the individual or the nation.

C. H. Firth.

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[1] Heath, Chronicle, 1663, p. 740.

# THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

## III.—THE SUCCESSORS.

It was evidently impossible that such a combination of luck and genius as the Historical Novel, when at last it appeared from Scott's hands, should lack immediate and unlimited imitation. As has been said, some considerable number of years passed before the greatest of Sir Walter's successors, the only successor who can be said to have made distinct additions to the style, turned his attention to novel-writing. But as the popularity of Scott, not only in his own country but elsewhere, was instantaneous, so was the following of him. The earliest and nearly the most remarkable imitation of all was, as was fitting, in the English language, though it was not the work of an Englishman, and was destined to be followed by a series of strictly American novels on the Scotch plan. James Fenimore Cooper had begun writing novels as early as 1819, the year of IVANHOE; but his first essay, PRECAUTION, was in the older style. THE SPY, however, which appeared in 1821, was a real historical novel, distinctly in Scott's manner, and I am inclined to think that Cooper never wrote anything better. Not a few others of his best books, including THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS itself, take rank in the kind, LIONEL LINCOLN being perhaps also worthy of special remembrance. In his own country Cooper is sometimes thought, and oftener called, the equal, though even there he is acknowledged to be the follower of Scott. This will hardly be accepted by other than parochial judgments. His plots are even less artistic than Scott's own, while distinct as his Indians, his sailors, and his Yankees are, they have not the superior humanity,—the Shakesperianism, to use the word once more—of Scott. But he was a novelist of very great power, and he ranks absolutely first in time, and not far from second in ability, among the most successful pupils of his master.

But it was by no means only among English-writing novelists that the contagion spread. The peace after Waterloo assisted this popularity in the odd way in which political and historical coincidences often do influence the fortunes of literature; and almost the whole of Europe began not merely to read Scott, not merely to translate him, but to write in his style. It may even be doubted whether the subsequent or simultaneous vogue abroad of his poetical supplanter Byron did not assist the popularity of his novels; for different as the two men and the two styles intrinsically are, they have no small superficial resemblance of appeal. In France the Royalism and the Romanticism of the Restoration fastened with equal eagerness on the style, and Victor Hugo was only the greatest, if the most immature, of scores of writers who hastened to produce the historical, especially the chivalrous and medieval, romance. Germany did likewise, and set on foot as well a trade of "Scotch novels made in Germany," of which I believe the famous WALLADMOR (to which Scott himself refers, and the history of which De Quincey has told at characteristic length,) was by no means the only example. WALLADMOR itself appeared in 1823. G. P. R. James' RICHELIEU, the first English example of considerable note by an author who gave his name, came in 1825; while Hugo had begun writing novels (obviously on Scott's suggestion, however little they might be like Scott,) with HAN D'ISLANDE in the same year as WALLADMOR, and Germany, though clinging still to her famous and to some extent indigenous romance of fantasy, produced numerous early imitators of Scott of a less piratical character than the Leipsic forgery. Italy with Manzoni and I PROMESSI SPOSI in 1827 was a little, but only a little later; so that long before the darkness came on him, and to some extent before even his worldly fortunes were eclipsed, Scott could already see, as no author before him or since has ever seen, the whole of Europe not merely taking its refreshment under the boughs of the tree he had planted, but nursing seeds and shoots of it in foreign ground. In comparison with this the greatest literary dictatorships of the past were mere titular royalties. Voltaire, whose influence came nearest to it in intensity and diffusion, was merely the cleverest, most versatile, and most piquant writer of an age whose writers were generally of the second class. He had invented no kind, for even the satirical fantasy-tale was but borrowed from Hamilton and others. As a provider of patterns and models he was inferior both to Montesquieu and to Rousseau. But Scott enjoyed in this respect such a royalty in both senses, the sense of pre-eminence and the sense of patent rights, as had never been known before. When he rescued the beginning of WAVERLEY from among the fishing-tackle in the old cabinet, no one knew how to write a historical novel, because no one had in the proper sense written such a thing, though many had tried. In a few years the whole of Europe was greedily reading historical novels, and a very considerable part of the literary population of Europe was busily writing them. Indeed Scott was still in possession of all his faculties when there appeared a book of far greater merit than anything before Dumas, except Cooper's work. I do not mean NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, for though this is historical after a kind, the history is the least part of it, and Hugo with all his Titanic power never succeeded in writing a good novel of any sort. The book to which I refer, and which appeared in 1829 a good deal before NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, is Mérimée's CHRONIQUE DE CHARLES IX. This book has been very variously judged, and Mérimée's most recent and best critical biographer, M. Augustin Filon, does not, I think, put it quite as high as I do. It has of course obvious faults. Mérimée, who had already followed Scott in LA JACQUERIE, though for some reason or other he chose in that case to give a quasi-dramatic form to the work, had all his life the peculiarity (which may be set down either to some excess of the critical or to some flaw of the creative part in him) of taking a style, doing something that was almost or quite a masterpiece in it, and then dropping it altogether. He did so in this instance, and the CHRONIQUE had no successor from his hand. But it showed the way to all Frenchmen who followed, including Dumas himself, the way of transporting the Scottish pattern into France, and blending with it the attractions necessary to acclimatise it.

It cannot however be denied that in this immense and unprecedented dissemination the old proverb of the fiddle and the rosin was plentifully illustrated and justified. It was only Scott's good-nature which led him to concede that his English imitators might perhaps "do it with a better grace;" while there is no doubt at all that he was far within the mark in saying that he himself "did it more natural." The curses which have been already mentioned, and others, rested on the best of them; even upon James, even upon Ainsworth, even upon Bulwer. I used to be as fond of HENRY MASTERTON and OLD ST. PAUL'S, and those about them, as every decently constructed boy ought to be; and I can read a good many of the works of both authors now with a great deal of resignation and with a very hearty preference as compared with most novels of the present day. I am afraid I cannot say quite so much of the first Lord Lytton, who never seems to me to have found his proper sphere in novel-writing till just before his death. But still no competent critic, I suppose, would deny that THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII is one of the very best attempts to do what has never yet been thoroughly done, or that HAROLD and THE LAST OF THE BARONS are very fine chronicle novels. So too I remember reading BRAMBLETYE HOUSE itself with a great deal of pleasure not so very many years ago. But in the handling of all of these, and of their immediate contemporaries and successors before the middle of the century, there is what Mr. William Morris's melancholy lover found in running over that list of his loves as he rode unwitting to the Hill of Venus, "some lack, some coldness." One could forgive the Two Horsemen readily enough, as well as other tricks of James's, if he were not at once too conventional and too historical. To read MARY OF BURGUNDY, and before or after that exercise to read QUENTIN DURWARD, so near to it in time and subject, is to move in two different worlds. In QUENTIN DURWARD you may pick holes enough if you choose, as even Bishop Heber, a contemporary, a friend, I think, of Scott, a good man, and a good man of letters, does in his Indian Journal. It takes some uncommon liberties with historical accuracy, and it would not entirely escape as a novel from a charge of *lèse-probabilité*. But it is all perfectly alive and of a piece; the story, whether historical or fictitious, moves uniformly and takes the reader along with it; the characters (though I will give up Hayraddin to the sainted shade of the Bishop) are real people who do real things and talk real words. When the excellent Mr. Senior, meaning to be complimentary, calls Louis and Charles "perfectly faithful copies," he uses a perfectly inadequate expression. He might as well call Moroni's Tailor in the National Gallery, or Velasquez' Philip a perfectly faithful copy. They are no copies; they are re-creations, agreeing with all we know of what, for want of a better word, we call the originals, but endowed with independent life. But in MARY OF BURGUNDY, which is generally taken to be one of the best of its author's, as in all that author's books more or less, this wholeness and symmetry are too often wanting. The history, where it is history, is too often tediously lugged in: the fictitious characters lack at once power and keeping; and there is a fatal convention of language, manners, and general tone which is the greatest fault of all. Instead of the only less than Shakespearian universality of Scott's humanity which does equally for characters of the eleventh, the fifteenth, or the eighteenth century, simply because it is always human, James gives us a sort of paint-and-pasteboard substitute for flesh and blood which cannot be said to be definitely out of character with any particular time, simply because it never could have been vividly appropriate to any time at all. In fact such caricatures as BARBAZURE were more than justified by the historical-romantic novels of sixty years ago, which might have gone far, and indeed did go some way, to inspire a fear that the kind would become as much a nuisance, and would fall as far short of its own highest possibilities, as the romance of terror which had preceded it. James was by no means an ignorant man, or a man of little literary power. But he had not that gift of character which is the greatest of all the gifts of a novelist of whatever kind, and as a historical novelist he was not sufficiently saturated with the spirit of any period. Far less had he that extension of the historical faculty which enabled Scott, though he might make small blunders easy to be detected by any schoolmaster if not by any schoolboy, to grasp at once the spirit of almost any period of which he had read something, or of any person with whom he was in sympathy.

Harrison Ainsworth had I think more "fire in his belly" than James ever had; but he burned it out too soon, and unluckily for him he lived and wrote for a very long time after the flame had changed to smoke. Few people perhaps now know that most successful of Father Prout's serious or quasi-serious poems, the piece in which a moral is drawn from the misfortune of the bird in

—the current old
Of the deep Garonne,

for the warning of the then youthful novelist. But it was certainly needed. I am glad to believe, and indeed partly to know that Ainsworth has not lost his hold of the younger generation to-day as some other novelists have. His latest books never, I think, came into any cheap form, and therefore are not likely to have come in many boys' way; but sixpenny editions of THE TOWER OF LONDON and WINDSOR CASTLE are seen often enough in the hands of youth, which certainly they do not misbecome. Not many however, I should fancy, either now read or ever have read Ainsworth much when once out of their nonage. He has, as indeed I have said, more fire, more spirit than James. He either found out for himself, or took the hint early from Dumas, that abundant dialogue will make a story go more trippingly off than abundant description. But his chariots, though they move, drive heavily: he writes anything but good English; and his dialogue is uncommonly poor stuff for any eye or ear which is naturally, or by study has become attentive to "keeping." It may, I think, be laid down without much rashness that, though the attractions which will suffice to lure a reader through one reading, and in some cases even enable him to enjoy or endure a second, are very numerous and various, there must almost always be either style or character to make him return again and again to any novel. Now Ainsworth certainly had neither of these in any considerable degree; he had not nearly so much of either as James. Most of the schoolboys who read him could with a little practice write as well as he does; and though his puppets box it about in a sufficiently businesslike manner, they are puppets of the most candid and unmistakable kind. So far as I can remember, Crichton and Esclairmonde used to affect me with more interest than most of them; and I am by no means certain that this was not as much due to the lady's name as to anything else. Generally speaking, one does not, even as a boy, feel them to be alive at all when the story is ended. They have rattled their mimic quarterstaves bravely and gone back to their box. After a time the novelist lost the faculty even of making them rattle their quarterstaves; and then the wreck was indeed total.

The third member of the trio, who provided England with historical novels during the second quarter of the century, had of course far more purely literary talent than either James or Ainsworth. I have never been able to rate Bulwer so highly as many people have done; but no one can possibly deny him a literary talent not often surpassed in volume, in variety, or in certain kinds of vigour. Why he never did anything better in any one kind than he at least seems to me to have done is a question over which I have often puzzled myself. Perhaps it was lack of critical faculty; it was certainly, to say the least, unfortunate for a man in the spring of his literary career to try to laugh down Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and in the winter thereof to try the same operation upon Mr. William Morris. Perhaps it was the diffusion and dispersion of his aims and energies between politics, literature, and society, between prose, verse, and drama. Perhaps it was the unlucky sentimentality of thought, and the still more unlucky tawdriness of language which so long defrayed the exercises of satirists. At any rate, he never seems to me to have done anything great or small that can be called a masterpiece, except THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS, which is all but perfect. Still he did many things surprisingly well, and I do not know that his historical novels were not among the best of them. That Lord Tennyson, who admired few things at all and fewer if any bad ones, should have admired HAROLD is almost decisive in its favour, though I own to liking THE LAST OF THE BARONS better myself. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, though it has a double share of the two faults mentioned above, is, as has been said, easily first in its class, or first except HYPATIA, of which more presently. No doubt the playwright's faculty, which enabled Lord Lytton to write more than one of the few very good acting English plays of the century, stood him in stead here as it stood Dumas. Perhaps this very faculty prevented him, more than it prevented Dumas, from writing a supremely good novel. For the narrative and the dramatic faculties are after all not the same thing, and the one is never a perfect substitute for the other.

No reasonable space would suffice for a detailed criticism, and a mere catalogue would be very unamusing, of the imitators of these men, or of Scott directly, who practised the historical novel from seventy to forty years ago with the sisters Jane and Anna Maria Porter at their head. The best of them (so far as I can remember) was an anonymous writer, whose name I think was Emma Robinson, and whose three chief works were WHITEHALL, WHITEFRIARS, and OWEN TUDOR. These books held a station about midway between James and Ainsworth, and they seem to me to have been as superior to the latter in interest as they were to the former in bustle and movement. But I think there can be no doubt that the influence of Dumas, who had by their time written much, was great and direct on them. More than once have I attempted in my graver years to read again that well-loved friend of my boyhood, James Grant; but each time my discomfiture has been grievous. The excellent Chaplain-General Gleig was a James of less fertility and liveliness, indeed I fear he must be pronounced to have deserved the same description as Mr. Jingle's packing-cases. In some others, such as G. W. M. Reynolds, I confess that my study has been but little. But in such things of Reynolds as I have read, though it would be absurd to say that there is no ability, I never found it devoted to anything but a very inferior class of bookmaking.

Marryat, close as he came to the historical kind, seems to have felt an instinctive dislike or disqualification for it; and it will be noticed that his more purely historical scenes and passages,—the account of the Mutiny at the Nore in THE KING'S OWN and that of the battle of Cape St. Vincent in PETER SIMPLE, and so forth—are as a rule episodes and scarcely even episodes. And though Lever wrought the historical part of his stories more closely and intimately into their substance, yet I should class him only with the irregulars of the Historical Brigade. He is of course most like a regular in CHARLES O'MALLEY. Yet even there one sees the difference. The true historical novelist, as has been pointed out more than once, employs the reader's presumed interest in historical scene and character as an instrument to make his own work attractive. Lever does nothing of the kind. His head was full of the stories he had heard at Brussels from the veterans of the Peninsula, of Waterloo, and even of the Grande Armée. But it was at least equally full (as he showed long after when he had got rid of the borrowed stories) of quaint inventions and shrewd observations of his own. And even as a historical novelist the original part got the better of him. Wellington and Stewart and Crawford are little more than names to us; they are not one-tenth part as real or one-hundredth part as interesting as Major Monsoon. Nor is it the actual fate of war at Ciudad Rodrigo, or on the Coa, that engrosses us so much as the pell-mell fighting, the feats of horsemanship, the devilled kidneys, and all the helter-skelter liberties with probability and chronology and everything else which cram that wonderful and to some people never wearisome medley.

So too we need not trouble ourselves much with Dickens's efforts in the kind for a not dissimilar reason. BARNABY RUDGE and A TALE OF TWO CITIES work in a great deal of historical fact and some historical character, and both fact and character are studied with a good deal of care. But the historical characters are almost entirely unimportant; while the whole thing in each case is pure Dickens in its faults as in its merits. We are never really in the Gordon Riots of 1780 or in the Terror of thirteen years later. We are in the author's No Man's Land of time and space where manners and ethics and language and everything else are marked with "Charles Dickens" and the well-known flourish after it.

It was about the middle of the century, I think, or a little earlier, that the vogue which had sped the Historical Novel for more than a technical generation began to fail it, at least in England with which we are chiefly concerned. The Dumas furnaces were still working full blast abroad, and of course there was no actual cessation of production at home. But the public taste, either out of satiety or out of mere caprice, or tempted by attractive novelties, began to go in quite other directions. Charlotte Brontë had already begun, and George Eliot was about to begin styles of novels entirely different from the simple and rather conventional romance which writers, unable to keep at the level of Scott, had taken to turning out. The general run of Dickens's performance had been in a quite different direction. So was Thackeray's, which in its perfection was just beginning, though he was to produce not a little, and at least one unsurpassable thing, in the historic kind. Many minor kinds typified by work as different as THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE and GUY LIVINGSTONE, as UNCLE TOM'S CABIN and THE WARDEN, were springing up or to spring. And so the Historical Novel, though never exactly abandoned (for George Eliot herself and most of the writers already named or alluded to, as well as others like Whyte Melville, tried it now and then), dropped, so to speak, into the ruck, and for a good many years was rather despiteously spoken of by critics until the popularity of Mr. Blackmore's LORNA DOONE came to give it a new lease.

Yet in the first decade of this its disfavour, and while most writers' and readers' attention was devoted to other things, it could boast of the two best books that had been written in it since the death of Scott; one an imperishable masterpiece, the other a book which, popular as it has been, has never had its due yet,—ESMOND and WESTWARD HO!

That when anybody is perpetually laughing at another body or at something, this facetiousness really means that the laugher is secretly enamoured of the object of ridicule, is a great though not a universal truth which has been recognised and illustrated by authorities of the most diverse age and excellence from the author of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING downwards. It was well seen of Thackeray in the matter of the Historical Novel. He had been jesting at it for the best part of twenty years,—that is to say for the whole of his literary career. He had made free with it a thousand times in a hundred different ways, from light touches and gibes in his miscellaneous articles to the admirable set of burlesques, to the longer parodies, if parodies they can properly be called, of REBECCA AND

ROWENA (one of his best things) and THE LEGEND OF THE RHINE, and on the biggest scale of all to that strange, unpleasant, masterly failure CATHERINE. It is to be presumed, though it is not certain, that when he thus made fun of historical novels, he did not think he should live to be a historical novelist. Notwithstanding which, as every one knows, he lived to write not one, but two, and the beginning of a third. It is not necessary to say much here about DENIS DUVAL, or to attempt to decide between the opinions of those who say that it would have been the author's masterpiece, and of those who think that it could at best have stood to THE VIRGINIANS as THE VIRGINIANS stands to ESMOND. It is however worth noting that DENIS DUVAL displays that extremely careful and methodical scaffolding and marshalling of historical materials which Thackeray himself had been almost the first to practise, and in which he has never been surpassed. Scott had set the example, not too well followed, of acquiring a pretty thorough familiarity with the history and no small one with the literature of the time of his story; and he had accidentally or purposely brought in a good deal of local and other knowledge. But he had not made the display of this latter by any means a rule, and he had sometimes notoriously neglected it. Nor did anybody till Thackeray himself make it a point of honour to search the localities, to acquire all manner of small details from guide-books and county histories and the like, to work in scraps of colour and keeping from newspapers and novels and pamphlets. Dickens, it is true, had already done something of the kind in reference to his own style of fiction; but Dickens as has been said was only a historical novelist by accident, and he was at no time a bookish man. The new, or at least the improved practice was of course open to the same danger as that which wrecked the labours of the ingenious Mr. Strutt; and it was doubtless for this reason that Scott in the prefatory discussion to THE BETROTHED made "the Preses" sit upon the expostulations of Dr. Dryasdust and his desire that "Lhuyd had been consulted." Too great attention to veracity and propriety of detail is very apt to stifle the story by overlaying it. Still the practice when in strong and cunning hands no doubt adds much to the attraction of the novel; and it is scarcely necessary to say more than that all the better historical novelists for the last forty years have followed Thackeray, and that Thackeray himself by no means improbably took a hint from Macaulay's practice in history itself.

Another innovation of Thackeray's, or at least an alteration so great as almost to be an invention, was that adjustment of the whole narrative and style to the period of the story of which ESMOND is the capital and hitherto unapproached example. Scott, as we have seen, had, by force rather of creative genius than of elaborate study, devised a narrative style which, with very slight alterations in the dialogue, would do for any age. But he had not tried much to model the vehicle of any particular story strictly on the language and temper of that story's time. Dumas had followed him with a still greater tendency to general modernisation. Scott's English followers had very rarely escaped the bastard and intolerable jargon of the stage. But Thackeray in ESMOND did really clothe the thought of the nineteenth century (for the thought is after all of the nineteenth century) in the language of the eighteenth with such success as had never been seen before, and such as I doubt will never be seen again. It must be admitted that the result, though generally, is not universally approved. It has been urged by persons whose opinions are not to be lightly discredited, that the book is after all something of a *tour de force*, that there is an irksome constraint and an unnatural air about it, and that effective as a falsetto may be it never can be so really satisfactory as a native note. We need not argue this out. It is perhaps best, though there be a little confession and avoidance in the evasion, to adopt or extend the old joke of Condé or Charles the Second, and wish heartily that those who find fault with ESMOND as falsetto would, in falsetto or out of it, give us anything one twentieth part as good.

For the merits of that wonderful book, though they may be set off and picked out by its manner and style, are in the main independent thereof. The incomparable character of Beatrix Esmond, the one complete woman of English prose fiction, would more than suffice to make any book a masterpiece. And it would not be difficult to show that the Historical Novel no less than the novel generally may claim her. But the points of the book which, if not historical in the sense of having actually happened, are historic-fictitious,—the entry of Thomas Lord Castlewood and his injured Viscountess on their ancestral home, the duel of Frank Esmond and Mohun, the presentation of the Gazette by General Webb to his Commander-in-Chief at point of sword, and the immortal scene in the turret chamber with James the Third,—are all of the very finest stamp possible, as good as the best of Scott and better than the best of Dumas. In a certain way ESMOND is the crown and flower of the Historical Novel; "the flaming limits of the world" of fiction have been reached in it with safety to the bold adventurer, but with an impossibility of progress further to him or to any other.

One scene in the unequal and, I think, rather unfairly abused sequel, —the scene where Harry fails to recognise Beatrix's youthful portrait— is the equal of any in ESMOND, but this is not of the strictly or specially historical kind. And indeed the whole of THE VIRGINIANS, though there is plenty of local colour and no lack of historical personages, is distinctly less historical than its forerunner. It is true that both time and event so far as history goes, are much less interesting; and I have never been able to help thinking that the author was consciously or unconsciously hampered by a desire to please both Englishmen and Americans. But whatever the case may be it is certain that the historical element is far less strong in THE VIRGINIANS than in ESMOND, and that such interest as it has is the interest of the domestic novel, the novel of manners, the novel of character, rather than of the novel of history.

ESMOND was published in 1852. Before the next twelve months were out HYPATIA appeared, and it was followed within two years more by WESTWARD HO! In one respect and perhaps in more than one, these two brilliant books could not challenge comparison with even weaker work of Thackeray's than ESMOND. Neither in knowledge of human nature, nor in power of projecting the results of that knowledge in the creation of character, and in the adjustment to sequence of the minor and major events of life, was Kingsley the equal of his great contemporary. But as has been sufficiently pointed out, the most consummate command of character in its interior working is not necessary to the historical novelist. And in the gifts which are necessary to that novelist, Kingsley was very strong indeed,—not least so in that gift of adapting the novel of the past to the form and pressure of the present, which if not a necessary, and indeed sometimes rather a treacherous and questionable advantage, is undoubtedly an advantage in its way. He availed himself of this last to an unwise extent perhaps in drawing the Raphael of HYPATIA, just as in WESTWARD HO! he gave vent to some of the anti-Papal feelings of his day to an extent sufficient to make him in more recent days furiously unpopular with Roman Catholic critics who have not always honestly avowed the secret of their depreciation. But the solid as well as original merits of these two books are such as cannot possibly be denied by any fair criticism which takes them as novels and not as something else. The flame which had not yet cleared itself of smoke in the earlier efforts of YEAST and ALTON LOCKE, which was to flicker and alternate bright with dimmer intervals in TWO YEARS AGO and HEREWARD THE WAKE, blazed with astonishing brilliancy in both. I think I have read WESTWARD HO! the oftener; but I hardly know which I like the better. No doubt if Kingsley has escaped the curious curse which seems to rest on the classical historical-novel, he has done it by something not unlike one of those tricks whereby Our Lady and the Saints outwit Satan in legend. Not only is there much more of the thought and sentiment of the middle of the nineteenth century than of the beginning of the fifth, but the very antiquities and local colour of the time itself are a good deal advanced and made to receive much of the medieval touch (which, as has been observed, is in possible keeping with the modern) rather than of that elder spirit from which we are so helplessly divided. But this is a perfectly legitimate stratagem, and the success of it is wonderful. If no figure (except perhaps the slightly sketched one of Pelagia) is of the first order for actual life, not one falls below the second, which, let it be observed, is a very high class for the creations of fiction. The action never fails or makes a fault; the dialogue, if a little mannered and literary now and then, is always crisp and full of pulse. But the splendid tableaux of which the book is full, tableaux artfully and even learnedly composed but thoroughly alive, are the great charm and the great merit of it as a historical novel. The voyage down the Nile; the night-riots and the harrying of the Jews; the panorama (I know no other word for it, but the thing is one of the finest in fiction,) of the defeat of Heraclian; the scene in the theatre at Alexandria; the murder of Hypatia and the vengeance of the Goths;—all of these are not only bad to beat, but in their own way, like all thoroughly good things, they cannot be beaten.

The attractions of WESTWARD HO! are less pictorial than those of its forerunner, which exceeds almost any novel that I know in this respect; but they are even more strictly historical and more closely connected with historical action. In minute accuracy Kingsley's strength did not lie; and here, though rather less than elsewhere, he laid himself open to the cavils of the enemy. But on the whole, if not in detail, he had acquired a more than competent knowledge of Elizabethan thought and sentiment, and had grasped the action and passion of the time with thorough and appreciative sympathy. He had moreover thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of the regions over sea which he was to describe, and he had a mighty action or series of actions, real or feigned, for his theme. The result was again what may fairly be called a masterpiece. There is again perhaps only one character, Salvation Yeo, who is distinctly of the first class as a character, for Amyas is a little too typical, a little too much of the Happy Warrior who has one temptation and overcomes it; but the rest play their respective parts quite satisfactorily, and are surely as good as any reasonable person can desire. The separate acts and scenes hurry the reader along in the most admirable fashion. From the day when Amyas finds the horn to the day when he flings away the sword, the chronicle goes on with step as light as it is steady, with interest as well maintained as it is intense. And throughout it all, from first to last, after a fashion which cannot easily be matched elsewhere, Kingsley has contrived to create an atmosphere of chivalrous enthusiasm, a scheme of high action and passion, wonderfully contagious and intoxicating. The thing is not a mere boyish stimulant: its power stands the test of thirty years' reading; and the way in which it "nothing common does nor mean" deserves no phrase so well as the *eroici furori* of Bruno, who shared the friendship and caught the tone of the very society that Kingsley celebrates.

It may seem odd that after the appearance of three such books in little more than three years the style which they represented should have lost popularity. But such was the fact for reasons partly assigned already, and similar phenomena are by no means uncommon in literary history. For the best part of twenty years the Historical Novel was a little out of fashion. How it revived with Mr. Blackmore's masterpiece, and how it has since been taken up with ever increasing zest, everybody knows. But the efforts of our present benefactors are in all cases unfinished and in some we may hope will long remain so. Those who make them are happily alive, and "stone dead hath no fellow" for critical purposes as for others.

So what success these efforts met
The critic will not weigh,—as yet.

But the mere fact of their existence and of their flourishing makes it all the more interesting to survey the history of what is still among the youngest,—though it has been trying to be born ever since a time which would have made it quite the eldest—of the kinds of Prose Fiction.

George Saintsbury.

# THE NEW JAPANESE CONSTITUTION.

UNTIL quite recently the Japanese were best known to the majority of Englishmen as the makers of artistic bric-a-brac. They excited a sort of sentimental interest, as a quaint people who in a way of their own painted fire-screens and fans, grew chrysanthemums and lilies, and dwelt in a land of surpassing loveliness. In a word, Japan was regarded very much as the Fortunate Islands of the modern world. When the war with China broke out, this fond vision of the fancy was rudely dispelled. It was seen that the Japanese could draw the sword as well as draw designs, and that they had something still in them of the old Oriental Adam. But quite apart from the question of their merits as artists and of the interest excited by the war in Corea, the Japanese may challenge our attention on other grounds.

They have lately entered on a great experiment. The proposition that the majority of mankind have no desire for change was one of those brilliant generalisations for which Sir Henry Maine was famous, and upon its universal truth the Japanese have made a serious inroad. M. Rénan once compared nations to the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. Ordinarily, he said, they sleep from generation to generation; but now and again they turn from one side to the other, and then occur the great changes of mankind. At the times, for instance, of the Reformation and the French Revolution the nations of Northern Europe and of France awoke for a moment from their slumbers, and at their uneasy turnings the whole world shook. And so it has been in a measure with the Japanese. They too of recent years have been turning in their beds. Until then, what Tennyson said of China, that "fifty years of Europe" were better than "a cycle of Cathay," was probably quite as true of Japan. But all that is now changed, and the Japanese have adopted a large measure of that system of social organisation which for want of a better term is vaguely styled Western civilisation. An Oriental nation has made a sudden forward spring and that is a very remarkable event. In India, and perhaps in other portions of the East, that civilisation has made very slow way, and has tinged to a hardly appreciable extent the different sections of society. The gulf between East and West yawns too wide to be easily, if ever, abridged, and it would probably be true to say that no Englishman can fully understand the mental standpoint of the average Chinaman or Hindoo. But it has not been so in Japan. Within the lifetime of the present generation she has torn off the swaddling-clothes of custom and tradition, and arrayed herself in the newest fashions of the West. If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, then indeed Europe has reason to be pleased. This transformation has extended to things both great and small, as well to social usages and manners, as to the arts and manufactures, and the very framework of government itself. Within a decade that government has undergone not merely a reform but a revolution. From a purely Oriental despotism it has suddenly blossomed forth into a constitutional monarchy of the most approved type. It is an event which is quite without precedent, and is an important episode in the history of human institutions. No other Oriental nation has ever yet shown itself capable of working parliamentary institutions; much less has it actually adopted them. But that is what the Japanese did in 1889, a year which by a curious coincidence marks the centenary of the creation of the American Constitution. In 1789 the citizens of the United States founded the first of the great modern Constitutions; a hundred years later the Japanese have come forward with the last.

The making of the American Constitution was a very remarkable event, but that of the Constitution of Japan is in some respects more remarkable still. It is true indeed that the architects of the former had very great difficulties to contend with, and that they builded better than they knew. The obstacles were so great that probably nothing short of necessity would have succeeded in producing the Constitution at all. Its builders had no model to seize upon and copy; they could only look round the world and snatch such materials as they could from this quarter or from that. The cut-and-dried written Constitution was then unknown; the governments of Europe were anomalous growths, accretions of illogical ideas, and often the resulting products of wars, oppressions, and irrational superstitions. There was little about them to excite the emulation of the settlers of the New World, and the architects of America found few precedents, except in the mother country, which could be of any value. They could see much to be avoided, and they could study the writings of such political philosophers as Locke and Montesquieu. That they did to such purpose that they built a Constitution which has stood a century of stress and storm severe enough to wreck any but the strongest. The child of necessity, born almost in the throes of war, it yet must not be forgotten that the American Constitution was the work of men of the Anglo-Saxon race, who had inherited the most glorious of traditions, in whose bone was liberty, and in whose blood was independence. The task upon which they had entered was congenial to their nature. To all this the Japanese were strangers, and from Western modes of thought they were poles asunder. Moreover, while the American colonists were a thinly scattered race, the Japanese formed a compact nation of hardly less than forty millions; so that it may be said without exaggeration that so violent a disruption of the past by so numerous a people has probably never been witnessed in the history of the world. On the other hand fortune has been kind to the builders of Japan. They worked in peaceful times, and so far from not having any models with which to guide their handiwork, they have rather suffered from an embarrassment of riches. Almost all the States of Europe had by this time their written Constitutions, which had either been wrested by force or conceded from fear, and Japan had the governments of the civilised world to choose from. Such work was comparatively easy.

This eminently eclectic Constitution is of the written or rigid type, and is the work mainly of that distinguished statesman, Count Ito Hirobumi. It is prefaced by the Imperial oath which was taken, and the Imperial speech which was delivered on its promulgation. Both oath and speech apparently attempt to conceal the reality of change with a nebulous grandiloquence of phrase, and a profession of sturdy conservative principles. As though frightened at the magnitude of their own creation the Japanese seem to try to hide its importance from themselves. There is something peculiarly naive about the character of the oath. A more radical revolution than the granting of the Japanese Constitution it would be difficult to imagine; yet it is gravely maintained by the words of the oath to be mildly conservative. The Emperor swears that "in pursuance of a great policy co-extensive with the heavens and the earth, we shall maintain and secure from decline the ancient form of government;" and the Constitution is declared to be "only an exposition of the grand precepts for the conduct of the government bequeathed by the Imperial Founder of our House, and by our Imperial ancestors." The Imperial speech, and the preamble to the Constitution are quite in keeping with the oath. The Emperor displays a full sense of the dignity of his position; for not only does he declare his policy to be "coextensive with the heavens and the earth," but that his Empire has its foundation "upon a basis which is to last for ever." Moreover he speaks of the Constitution as "the present immutable fundamental law," and as exhibiting "the principles to which our descendants and our subjects and their descendants are for ever to conform." But by a singular inconsistency almost in the same breath provisions are made for the amendment of that which is declared to be immutable; and the initiative right of amendment is thereupon reserved to the Emperor and his successors, who are bound to submit their proposals to the Imperial Diet.

After this somewhat bombastic beginning, which is probably nothing more than a harmless ebullition of pardonable pride, the Constitution may be said to settle down to business. It opens with an exposition of the status of the Emperor, who is properly styled "Kotei" and not "Mikado," a word which means literally "Honourable Gate." Though his person is declared to be sacred and inviolable, it is evident at once that he is intended to be a strictly constitutional monarch. He is bound to exercise the rights of sovereignty in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. As is the case with the British Crown, he forms a part of Parliament, for he can only exercise his legislative powers with the consent of the Imperial Diet. He is too, the head of the Executive, and convokes, opens, closes, prorogues, and dissolves the Diet. He has the supreme command of the army and navy, determines their organisation and strength, declares war, makes peace, and concludes treaties. He is the fountain of honour, and confers titles of nobility, rank, orders, and other marks of distinction. He has the privilege of mercy, and the right to order amnesty, pardon, commutation of punishment, and rehabilitation. So that he practically possesses all the powers which belong to any constitutional monarch or Republican president. But these very ample prerogatives do not form the whole of his authority. He has the right to make ordinances as distinguished from laws, or in other words to issue decrees on extraordinary occasions without the concurrence of the Diet. Necessity will sometimes override legality, and emergencies may arise when the spirit of the law is best observed by ignoring its letter. The maxim *salus publica suprema lex* holds good in Japan as it does all the world over, and it is doubtless due to a perception of its truth that these extraordinary powers have been conferred on the Emperor. That they are liable to abuse, and should only be exercised in accordance with what are conveniently termed constitutional conventions, is apparent at a glance. It is impossible to frame a Constitution so as entirely to prevent any breach of its provisions. No talisman can be devised against chicanery and force. Forbearance and good faith are, so to speak, the lubricating oils which alone make a Constitution a possible engine of government; and this should not be forgotten by those who have passed an unfavourable judgment upon a provision of this Constitution which they believe to be specially liable to abuse.

The rights and duties of subjects are next provided for, and it may be said generally that their liberties are, on the face of it at least, as fully guaranteed as in any Western nation. For instance, every Japanese subject is entitled to have "liberty of abode and of changing the same within the limits of the law"; while no one may be arrested, detained, tried, or punished unless according to law, nor be deprived of his right of being tried by the judges appointed by law. Nor may his home be entered or searched without his consent, except in the cases specially provided. It is moreover a notable provision that, save in particular circumstances, the secrecy of letters in the post is to remain inviolable. Any one who recalls the revelations which about fifty years ago were made with regard to the opening of Mazzini's letters by the English postal authorities will be ready to admit that in this matter at least England has not been so far in advance of Japan. It is probable indeed that France and other Continental States are actually behind her. At least the *Cabinet Noir*, whose special function it was to examine correspondence in the post, was active during the Second Empire, and is said to still linger in fact if not in name. Freedom of religious belief is guaranteed, and so are the rightly cherished liberties of the Platform and the Press. These rights, it should be said, may only be exercised "within the limits of the law," and it must freely be admitted that beneath a rigorous administration these limits might be reduced to very narrow bounds. In Germany, for instance, where the freedom of the Press is nominally granted, editors are constantly subjected to fine and imprisonment, and freedom in Japan may not be so real as the words of the Constitution would lead one to suppose.

The Legislative body is the Imperial Diet, and it consists of two Houses, the House of Peers and the House of Representatives. No law can be made without their consent, and either House can initiate legislation. The Diet must be convoked every year, but it is worthy of note that the session can only last three months, except indeed in cases of urgent necessity, when it may be prolonged by Imperial order. The Japanese, as is the case also with the citizens of some of the States of the American Union, must have some sense of the inconveniences attending an excessive legislative ardour. At all events, unless the Diet gets through its business much quicker than the British House of Commons, legislation in Japan cannot be very brisk. It is certain that a three months' session at St. Stephen's would completely strangle a Newcastle programme. When the House of Representatives has been dissolved, a new one must be convoked within five months. No debate can be opened and no vote can be taken in either House, unless a quorum of not less than one-third of the whole number of Members is present; the deliberations of both Houses are held in public; no Member of either House can be held responsible outside for an opinion uttered or for any vote given in the Houses; and Members of both Houses are during the session free from arrest unless with the consent of the House to which they belong, except in the cases of flagrant crimes, or of offences connected with a state of internal commotion or foreign trouble. From a constitutional point of view a most interesting and important provision is that which declares that Ministers of State or Delegates of the Government may at any time take seats and speak in either House. It is a provision which indelibly stamps the Japanese Constitution as belonging to the type of parliamentary government of which the British is the most eminent example. The government of the United States is perhaps the best example of the non-parliamentary type, for there a Minister may not sit or speak in either House. The distinction involved in these differences of type is one which cuts very deep and may produce momentous consequences; it is therefore of interest to note that Japan follows the British and not the American example. There is no law in England which compels a Minister to take a seat in either House; but there is a custom that he should do so which has almost the force of law, and which except in very unusual cases it would be most inexpedient to violate. And so in Japan, though the Constitution allows a Minister the option of taking a seat in either House, it would be contrary to all experience to suppose that this option will not in practice be reduced to a nullity. It may be taken almost as a foregone conclusion that the Japanese Minister, like the British, will feel that he has really very little choice in the matter. It is, moreover, expressly provided that all laws, Imperial ordinances, and Imperial rescripts of whatever kind that relate to affairs of State require the counter-signature of a Minister of State, and the respective Ministers of State are to give their advice to the Emperor and to be responsible for it; another particular in which the practice of Japan approximates to our own.

Of the judicial system there is not much to be said. It is however satisfactory to observe that no judge can be removed unless by way of criminal sentence or disciplinary punishment, and that trials are conducted in public. But there is one particular in which the practice of Japan diverges from our own and resembles the French judicial system. Actions to which the Executive authorities are parties do not lie within the jurisdiction of the ordinary law courts, but within that of the Courts of Administrative Litigation. This seems to exactly correspond to the French system of *Loi Administratif.*

After the lively feelings stirred by the passing of the recent Budget, Englishmen will probably care to hear how they do these things in Japan. As might have been expected, it is provided that the expenditure and revenue of the State require the consent of the Imperial Diet by means of an annual Budget. It is more important to note that, though the voting of the Budget does not fall within the peculiar province of the Representative House, yet it is provided that it must be first laid before that House. Students of political philosophy will keenly watch to see whether in course of time the rights of the House of Peers to introduce amendments in the Budget will remain a living force, or whether they will be practically reduced to a shadow, as has been the case with the British House of Lords.

For the regulations which direct the practice of the Diet, the Presidents and the Vice-Presidents of both Houses are nominated by the Emperor, in the case of the Upper House out of all the Members, and in that of the Lower House out of three Members respectively elected by their colleagues for each of those offices. The Presidents of both Houses receive an annual salary of four thousand *yen*, and the Vice-Presidents of two thousand *yen*. So that if the value of the *yen* be taken at three shillings and fourpence, it will be seen that these salaries are exceedingly modest. Not a little interesting too, in view of the demands which are now being persistently pressed by our English Radicals, are the provisions relating to the payment of Members. Elected and nominated Members of the Upper House (of which something will hereafter be said) and Members of the House of Representatives receive an annual allowance of eight hundred *yen* and their travelling expenses; and though they may not decline their allowances, they are not entitled to receive them unless they comply with the summons of convocation. Members holding government appointments may not receive the annual allowance; but those who are on committees are entitled to additional pay when the committee continues to sit during a recess. It must be admitted that in the matter of payment of its legislators, Japan is but following the almost universal practice of the civilised world. Almost everywhere now Members are either paid or at least allowed their travelling expenses. The salaries of the Japanese legislators are however on a very modest scale. They are so certainly in comparison with those of the United States, and approximate rather to the almost penurious allowances of Switzerland; a fact which will go some way to rid Japan of that baneful creature the professional politician. The Japanese Diet is evidently no place for idle dilettantes. In the strictness of its rules it goes beyond even the Swiss Legislative Chambers. In Switzerland a Member who does not attend the sittings of the House merely loses his salary; but in Japan Members of both Houses must obtain leave of absence from their respective Presidents, and such leave must not exceed a week. Moreover no Member is allowed to absent himself from the sittings of the House or of a committee, without having forwarded to the President a notice setting forth proper reasons for his absence. Nor does the matter end here. If a Member without substantial reason fails to answer within a week to the summons of convocation, or absents himself from the sittings of the House or a committee, or exceeds his leave of absence, and after having received from the President a summons to attend, still without good reason fails to comply with it, he is on the expiration of a week, if a Member of the House of Peers, suspended from his seat, if a Representative, expelled from the House. These rules strike an Englishman as being exceedingly drastic, and would render parliamentary life an intolerable burden. The pressure exerted by Party Whips and vigilant constituents is probably as much as most Members can endure; and there is probably nothing in the Japanese Constitution more forcibly illustrating the immense difference between the political atmosphere of Japan and of the Western world than these singular provisions which almost reduce the regimen of the Diet to that of a school. They may be a wholesome discipline in a country where parliamentary institutions are new and alien to the traditions of the people; but if Japan has borrowed the forms, she has not yet accepted the spirit of the West.

There is a regular system of committees, as in our Parliament. These committees are of three kinds, Standing and Special Committees and a Committee of the whole House. The method of selecting the Standing Committees is peculiar. In each House the Members are divided into several sections by lot, and then each section elects from the Members of the House an equal number to the Standing Committees.

The British private Member will be curious to see whether his fellows in Japan receive any better treatment than himself. He will perhaps be gratified to find that he has not much cause for envy, for in Japan, as in England, the Government of the day has a superior claim over the private Member upon the time of the House. Bills brought in by the Government have precedence, except when the concurrence of the Government is obtained to a contrary course, in cases of urgent necessity. All Bills must pass three readings, but these steps may be omitted when the Government, or not less than ten Members, demand it, and a majority of not less than two-thirds of the Members present concur. And though Bills brought in by the Government must first be submitted to the examination of a committee, this process may be dispensed with when the Government demand it on grounds of urgent necessity. Moreover if a private Member moves to introduce a Bill or to make an amendment to a Bill, such motion may not be made the subject of debate, unless it is supported by not less than twenty Members; nor may any Member put a question to a Minister unless he is supported by at least thirty Members. So that it is evident that it is not in the British House of Commons alone that there are considerable restraints upon individual zeal. Parliamentary government tends everywhere to reduce private initiative in legislation to a minimum, and Japan appears to be no exception to the rule.

That portion of the Constitution which deals with the law of election will commend itself to those who took an interest in the recent Registration Bill of the present Government. The subject is too large to be more than merely touched upon. It will be found however in Japan that there is nothing of that censurable laxity which is common in the United States, where it is actually possible for a perfect stranger just landed from abroad to "go right in and vote." In order to possess the franchise a Japanese must be not less than twenty-five years of age, must have fixed his permanent residence, and have actually resided in certain electoral districts for not less than a year previous to the date of the electoral list, and must still be residing there. He must also within the same limitation of time have been paying in his district Imperial taxes to the amount of not less than fifteen *yen*, and must be still paying them; in the case of the income-tax, he must have been paying it for not less than full three years previous to the same date and must still be paying it. A candidate for election must be not less than thirty years old; obviously there will be no Japanese Pitt to be Premier at the age of twenty-three. The "New Woman" has not advanced so far in Japan as she has done in New Zealand, for as yet there is no female suffrage. For the rest, it may be noted that the expenses of elections are defrayed out of local taxes; that priests of religion of all kinds are ineligible, and (a fact of special interest to the Anti-Gambling League) that among the persons disqualified both as electors and candidates are those who have been punished for gambling within three years of the date of the completion of their sentence; that the heads of noble families are ineligible; that the register in each district is made out yearly; that elections are all held on one day; that the term of membership is four years; that election disputes are decided in the law courts; and that bribery and corruption are punishable by fine.

The composition of the House of Peers is certainly curious. It combines the principles of heredity, of life-peerages, of nomination and election, and there are probably few of the suggested schemes for the reform of the House of Lords which it does not anticipate in some particulars at least. It is made up of five classes: members of the Imperial Family, Princes and Marquises; Counts, Viscounts, and Barons elected by their own orders as representatives; persons nominated by the Emperor on account of meritorious services to the State or for their learning; and lastly, persons chosen by and from among a selected class of the people at large. The position is hereditary with the persons of the first two classes, while those of the third class are life-members, and those of the two remaining classes serve for a period of seven years. Members of the second class must have attained the age of twenty-five years, and those of the fourth and fifth classes the age of thirty years respectively. It is a scheme which appears upon the face of it to be an ingenious attempt to solve the difficult problem of creating a really effective second Chamber which at the same time shall not excite envy and suspicion, and it well deserves the serious consideration of those English Radicals who are not content to let the House of Lords remain as it is.

There is not space here to do more than touch upon the salient points of this most interesting Constitution. It is a very clever bit of eclecticism, if it is nothing else; but its practical success depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is received, and the natural aptitude of the people to accept it. If they are as yet unfitted to adopt such a form of government as I have attempted to describe, the experiment is foredoomed to ignominious failure. If the Constitution is simply a piece of clever mimicry, then these borrowed institutions can strike no root into the soil, and the civilisation of Japan will be no more than a veneer, which will be sure to wear very thin. Let us then see how, so far as it has yet gone, the Constitution has actually worked.

It was promulgated in the year 1889. The first election took place in the following year, and the large amount of interest taken in the matter is shown by the fact that there were no less than six hundred and forty-nine candidates for two hundred and ninety-nine seats. It is said that there was a good deal of bribery, and that one successful candidate was assassinated, a thing which will perhaps not seem very surprising in Japan when one considers the bribery and rowdyism which used to be the inseparable accompaniments of election contests in England. The next election took place in February, 1892, the chief feature of which appears to have been a considerable defeat of the Liberal Party lead by Count Okuma. It was in that Diet that difficulties arose last year. The Government proposed to increase the navy, and in order to raise the necessary money, they at the same time proposed to increase the taxes on tobacco and native wines. The House of Representatives refused to sanction this portion of the Budget, and the Government justified its determination to persist upon constitutional grounds. Both sides were unwilling to give way, and things were simply reduced to a dead-lock. Obstruction was persistent, and the Government was unable to carry any of its legislative measures, except by giving promises of large concessions. The excitement in the country became very great; the attacks of the "Soshi" (a set of turbulent busybodies) upon prominent individuals increased daily, and it became necessary to restrain the outspoken freedom of the Press. One journal went so far as to call the Members of the Diet "Honenukidojo," or boneless fish. Its editor and publisher were prosecuted by the President, and were sentenced to a fine of fifty *yen* and a year's imprisonment. So disorderly too were the sittings of the Diet that the Government tried the experiment of proroguing it from time to time for the statutory period of fifteen days, but without bringing the matter any nearer to a solution. The end, however, came at last in a manner which can only be described as thoroughly Japanese. The House of Representatives presented an address to the Emperor asking for advice, and his reply was singularly naive. He advocated harmony, ordered three hundred thousand *yen* from his income to be devoted for six years to naval construction, and ten per cent. to be deducted from the salaries of government officials for the same purpose. The singular character of Japanese politics can best be realised by considering what would be thought of any European Government which proposed to meet an increase of Naval Estimates by deductions from the salaries of its Civil Servants. Yet in Japan the proposal seems to have excited no opposition. But this was only the beginning of woes, for one trouble was quickly followed by another. The President of the House of Representatives brought such odium on himself that he was requested to resign, and on his refusal to do so was by a vote of the House suspended from his functions for a week. Such turbulence marked the sittings of the House that the Emperor was at last compelled to resort to a dissolution. The Western imagination almost refuses to conceive the suspension of the Speaker of the English House of Commons, and of Her Majesty dissolving the latter for disorder.

From what has taken place it is clear that, though the Japanese may have all the forms of parliamentary institutions, they have as yet no proper conception of their spirit. Had such been the case, the Government would not have persisted in forcing through its Budget in the teeth of a hostile majority in the Lower House; nor would that House have entered upon an unseemly wrangle with its President. Even the warmest admirers of Japan must admit that the results are not as yet encouraging, and it may well be doubted whether the Constitution can be otherwise regarded than as a cleverly constructed toy, which will be unable to resist the wear and tear of practice. The conduct of the politicians of Japan has on some occasions resembled rather the grotesque gambols of a mimic than the acts of serious statesmen. Borrowed political institutions, like clothes, are frequently misfits, and an Oriental State which parades in the newest fashions of the West runs some risk at least of ridicule. The Japanese have imported so many foreign habits that they have begun to wear an air which is entirely artificial, and which reminds one of the description of Talleyrand as a man who contrived to build a sort of natural character for himself out of a mass of deliberate affectations. In this there is obviously danger. It is already said by some that the Diet has fallen a victim to that system of "groups," that species of political phylloxera, so to speak, which withers the vitality of the Representative Houses of the West. Nay more, it has been said that the war in Corea was provoked in order to divert attention from an intolerable domestic situation. But whatever be the facts, the Japanese experiment will continue to be watched with deep interest; and should it succeed its success cannot fail to profoundly modify, if not to transform, the Eastern world.

C. B. Roylance-Kent.

# CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS.

## XI. IN ITALY.

After his return from America my father took an apartment in Paris for the autumn months, and it was then that he told us he had made a plan for wintering in Rome. It almost seems to me now that the rest of my life dates in some measure from those old Roman days, which were all the more vivid because my sister and I were still spectators and not yet actors in the play. I was just fifteen; my sister was still a little girl, but I thought myself a young woman. I have written elsewhere of Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris and the Brownings, who were all living at Rome that winter, with a number of interesting people, all drinking, as we were about to do, of the waters of Trevi. How few of us returned to the fountain! But the proverb, I think, must apply to one's spiritual return. For, though one may drink and drink and go back again and again, it is ever a different person that stands by the fountain; whereas the shadowy self by the stone basin, bending over the rushing water, is the same and does not change.

We started early in December, my father, my sister, and I. He had his servant with him, for already his health had begun to fail him. We reached Marseilles in bitter weather late one night. We laid our travelling plaids upon our beds to keep ourselves warm, but though we shivered our spirits rose to wildest pitch next morning in the excitement of the golden moment. The wonderful sights in the streets are before me still,—the Jews, Turks, dwellers in Mesopotamia, chattering in gorgeous colours and strange languages; the quays, the crowded shipping, the amethyst water. I can still see in a sort of mental picture a barge piled with great golden onions floating along one of the quays, guided by a lonely woman in blue rags with a coloured kerchief on her head. "There goes the Lady of Shalot," said my father; and when we looked at him rather puzzled, for we knew nothing of onions and very little of Tennyson in those days, he explained that a shalot was a species of onion, and after a moment's reflection we took in his little joke, feeling that nobody ever thought of such droll things as he did. Then we reached our hotel again, where there were Turks still drinking coffee under striped awnings, and a black man in a fez, and a lank British diplomatist, with a very worn face, who knew my father, arriving from some outlandish place with piles of luggage; and we caught sight of the master of the hotel and his family gathered round a soup tureen in a sort of glass conservatory, and so went upstairs to rest and refresh ourselves before our start that evening. All this splendour and novelty and *lux mundi* had turned our heads, for we forgot our warm wraps and half our possessions at the hotel, and did not discover, till long after the steamer had started with all of us on board, how many essentials we had left behind.

The sun was setting as we steamed out of Marseilles, and the rocky island of Iff stood out dark and crisp against the rush of bright wavelets; across which we strained our eyes to see Monte Cristo in his sack splashing into the water of the bay. Then we got out to sea, and the land disappeared by degrees. How the stars shone that night on board the big ship! The passengers were all on deck talking in a pleasant murmur of voices, broken by laughs and exclamations. Among them were some people who specially attracted us, a very striking and beautiful quartet from the north. There was a lovely mother, oldish, widowed, but very beautiful still; the two charming daughters, one tall and fair, the other a piquante brunette; there was the son, one of the handsomest young men I have ever seen. They were going to Rome, they told us, for the winter. Christina, the eldest girl, was dressed in white. She seemed to me some fair Urania, controlling the stars in their wondrous maze as she and I and my sister paced the deck till it was very late, and some bell sounded, and my father came up and sent us down to our cabin. Then the night turned bitter cold, and, as we had left our shawls on the shores of France, we made haste to get to bed and to be warm. Though it was cold we liked fresh air, and were glad to find that our port-holes had been left open by the steward; we scrambled into our berths, and fell asleep. I lay at the top, and my sister in the berth below. How well I remember waking suddenly in a slop of salt-water! The ship was sinking, we were all going to be drowned, and with a wild shriek calling to my sister I sprang from the cabin and rushed up the companion-steps on deck. I thought she called me back, but I paid no heed, as I reached the top of the companion-ladder, dripping and almost in tears, with my fatal announcement. There I encountered the steward, who began to laugh, as he led me back crest-fallen to our cabin, at the door of which my sister was standing. The water was dancing in, in a stream, and the steward scolded us well as he screwed up the port-holes and got us some dry bedding. Next morning, to my inexpressible mortification, I heard some people telling the story. "She rushed on deck, and declared the ship was sinking," said one voice to another. I didn't wait to hear any more, but fled.

The wind went down again, but it was still bitter cold, and we shivered without our wraps, as we steamed up to Genoa along the spreading quays with their background of gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers. There were convicts in their chains at work upon the great steps of the quay, who stared at us as we landed. And the very first thing which happened to us when we found ourselves in Italy at last—the land where citrons bloom, where orange flowers scent the air—was that we drove straight away to a narrow back street, where we were told we should find a shop for English goods, and then and there my father bought us each a warm gray wrap, with stripes of black, nothing in the least Italian or romantic, but the best that we could get. And then, as we had now a whole day to spend on shore, and shawls to keep us warm, we drove about the town, and after visiting a palace or two took the railway, which had been quite lately opened to Pisa. The weather must have changed as the day went on, for it was sunshine, not Shetland wool, that warmed us at last; but the wind was blowing still, and what I specially remember in the open Piazza at Pisa is the figure of a stately monk, whose voluminous robes were fluttering and beating as he passed us, wrapped in darkness, mystical, majestic, with all the light beyond his stateliness, and the cathedral in its glory and the Leaning Tower aslant in the sunlight for a background.

Our adventures for the day were not yet over. At the station we found two more of the ship's passengers, young men with whom we had made acquaintance, and we all returned to Genoa together. The train was late, and we had to be on board at a certain time, so that we engaged a carriage, and drove quickly to the quay, where the convicts clanking in their chains were still at work. A boat was found, rowed by some sailors who certainly did not wear chains, but who were otherwise not very unlike those industrious convicts in appearance. The bargain was made, we all five entered the boat, and as we were getting in we could see our great ship in the twilight looking bigger than ever, and one rocket and then another going off towards the dawning stars. "They are signalling for us," said one of our companions; "we shall soon be on board."

We had pulled some twenty strokes from the shore by this time, when suddenly the boatmen left off rowing. They put down their oars, and one of them began talking volubly, though I could not understand what he said. "What's to be done?" said one of the young men to my father. "They say they won't go on unless we give them fifty francs more," and he began shaking his head and remonstrating in broken Italian. The boatmen paid no attention, shrugging their shoulders and waiting as if they were determined never to row another stroke. Then the steamer sent up two more rockets, which rose through the twilight, bidding us hurry; and then suddenly my father rose up in the stern of the boat where he was sitting, and, standing tall and erect and in an anger such as I had never seen him in before or after in all my life, he shouted out in loud and indignant English, "D—n you, go on!" a simple malediction which carried more force than all the Italian polysyllables and expostulations of our companions. To our surprise and great relief, the men seemed frightened; they took to their oars again and began to row, grumbling and muttering. When we got on board the ship they told us it was a well-known trick the Genoese boatmen were in the habit of playing upon travellers, and that they would have sent a boat for us if we had delayed any longer.

We reached our journey's end next morning, and landed at Civita Vecchia about midday. This landing was no less wonderful than everything else, we thought, as we looked in awe at the glorious blaze of colour, at the square Campanile with its flat tiled roof, and at all that we were going to see, which was coming to meet us on the very shore. To begin with, there was the chorus from the Opera waiting in readiness, men with pointed hats and Italian legs, women in fancy dress, with fancy dress babies, all laughing, talking in Italian, and at home in Italy. We had some trouble in getting our luggage through the *dogana*. Most of the other travellers started before we did, and we were among the last to leave for Rome. My father was anxious to get on, for there were unpleasant rumours about brigands on the road. Another family, Russians, with a courier and a great deal of luggage, was to follow us, and some one suggested we should wait for their escort; but on the whole my father decided to start. The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen when at length we were packed and ready. We had a mouldy postchaise, with a gray ragged lining, and our luggage on the top. We hoped to get to Rome before dark. I remember thrilling as my father buttoned his overcoat and told us he had put his hundred louis for safety into an inner pocket.

The country is not very beautiful between Civita Vecchia and Rome; at least I do not remember anything to distract our attention from our alarms. We were just frightened enough to be stimulated and amused as we jolted past the wide fields where the men were at work. We sat all three abreast in the jolting old carriage; my father's servant was on the box. We were reading our Tauchnitz books, being tired of watching the flat horizons, when suddenly the carriage stopped, and Charles Pearman with a pale face of alarm came to the window and said that one of the traces had broken, and that there were a number of people all coming round the carriage. We were surrounded by people as if by magic,—satyrs, shepherds, strange bearded creatures with conical hats and with pitchforks in their hands. The sun was just setting, and dazzling into our faces all the time. For some five minutes we waited, looking at each other in silence and wondering what was going to come next. At the end of that time, and after a good deal of conversation with the postillions, the satyrs and fauns went their way with their pitchforks, leaving us, to our inexpressible relief, to continue our journey. Then came the dusk at last, and the road seemed longer and longer. I think I had fallen asleep in my corner, when my father put his hand on my shoulder. "Look!" he said, and I looked, and, lo! there rose the dusky dome of St. Peter's gray upon the dark-blue sky.

Very soon afterwards some one with a lantern opened the gates of Rome, and examined our passport, and let us in. We drove to our hotel in the Via Condotti, and when we awoke next day it was to the sound of countless church bells in the morning light.

When we leant from the window of our *entresol* sitting room, with its odd yellow walls, we could almost touch the heads of the passers by. It was Sunday morning; all the bells were flinging and ringing, and they seemed to be striking and vibrating against that wonderful blue sky overhead. How well I remember my first Roman *contadina*, as she walked majestically along the street below; black-haired, white-capped, white-sleeved, and covered with ornaments, on her way to mass.

The Piazza d'Espagna, at the end of our street, was one flood of sunshine, in which other *contadinas* and *bambinos* and romantic shepherds were floating when we came out to look and to wonder. Wonderful as it all was, it seemed also almost disappointing. We had expected, we didn't know what; and this was *something;* something tangible, appreciable, and so far less than we expected. "Wait a bit," said my father; "people are always a little disappointed when they first come to Rome."

I remember long after hearing Mr. Appleton say: "People expect to taste the result of two thousand years of civilisation in a morning; it takes more than a morning to receive so much into one's mind . . . a lifetime is not too long." Mr. Appleton was right when he said it takes a lifetime to realise some ideas. But now and then one certainly lives a lifetime almost in a comparatively flying minute; and those two months at Rome, short as they were, have lasted my lifetime. The people, the sights, the sounds, have never quite ceased for me yet. They have become an habitual association, and have helped to make that mental standard by which one habitually measures the events as they follow one another.

That first evening in Rome, as we sat at dinner at the *table d'hôte* in the dark vaulted dining room, all the people, I remember, were talking confusedly of an attack by brigands upon some Russians on the road from Civita Vecchia; the very vagueness of the rumour made it the more impressive to us.

There is a letter from my father to his mother which he must have written the very next day; it is dated Hôtel Franz, Via Condotti, December 6. "We have very comfortable quarters at the hotel where I lived before," he writes, "except for some animal that bit me furiously when I was asleep yesterday on the sofa. It can't be a bug, of course—the chambermaid declares she has never seen such a thing, nor so much as a flea, so it must be a scorpion, I suppose," and he goes on to compare St. Peter's to Pisa. "We agreed Pisa is the best," he says. "The other is a huge heathen parade. The founder of the religion utterly disappears under the enormous pile of fiction and ceremony that has been built round him. I'm not quite sure that I think St. Peter's handsome. The front is positively ugly, that is certain, but nevertheless the city is glorious. We had a famous walk on the Pincio, and the sun set for us with a splendour quite imperial. I wasn't sorry when the journey from Civita Vecchia was over. Having eighty or ninety louis in my pocket, I should have been good meat for the brigands had they chosen to come."

Very soon our friends began to appear—Mr. Browning, Mr. Sartoris, Mr. Æneas Macbean. Mr. Macbean was the English banker. He was the kindest of bankers, and he used to send us great piles of the most delightful books to read. Lockhart's Scott and Bulwer's heroes and D'Israeli's saint-like politicians all came to inhabit our *palazzo* when we were established there. Zanoni and that cat-like spirit of the threshold are as vivid to me as any of the actual people who used to come and see us, or our late fellow-travellers (who now also seemed like old friends) as we passed them hurrying about in search of lodgings. All that day we came and went; we stood under the great dome of St. Peter's, we saw the Tiber rushing under its bridges; then no doubt in consequence of the scorpions we also went about to look for lodgings, and it was Mr. Browning who told us where to go. One can hardly imagine a more ideal spot for little girls to live in than that to which he directed us,—to a great apartment just over the pastrycook's in the Palazzo Poniatowski, in the Via Della Croce. We climbed a broad stone staircase with a handsome wrought-iron banister; we clanged at an echoing bell, and a little old lady in a *camisole*, rejoicing in the imposing name of Signora Ercole, opened the door, and showed us into a dark outer hall. Then she led the way from room to room, until we finally reached a drawing-room with seven windows, at which we exclaimed in preliminary admiration. Among the other items of our installation were a Chinese museum, a library, a dining-room with a brazen charcoal-burner in the centre; and besides all these we were to have a bedroom, a dressing-room, and a cupboard for my father's servant. My father took the dressing-room for himself. He put me and my sister into the big bedroom to the front, and the man retired to the cupboard in the hall. Signora Ercole, our landlady, also hospitably offered us the run of her own magnificent sitting-rooms, besides the four or five we had engaged. I have a vague impression of her family of daughters, also in *camisoles*, huddled away into some humbler apartment, but we saw little of them. We established ourselves comfortably in one corner of the great drawing-room, clearing an inlaid table of its lamps and statuettes, its wax flowers, and other adornments. Then we felt at home. A stonemason suspended at his work began to sing in mid-air just outside one of the windows; there came to us the sound of the *pfifferari* from the piazza down below, and the flutter of the white doves' wings and their flying shadows upon the floor, together with a scent of flowers and sense of fountains, and the fusty fascinating smell from the old hangings and bric-à-brac. I think the Ercoles must have done some business as *brocanteurs*, for the furniture was more like that of a museum than a human living-house; all over the walls they had rows of paintings in magnificent gildings, of which the frames were the most important parts. All the same, the whole effect was imposing and delightful, and we felt like enchanted princesses in a palace, and flew from room to room.

About luncheon-time my father sent us down to the pastrycook's shop, where we revelled among cream tarts and *petits fours*, and then we ordered our dinner, as people did then, from a *trattoria* near at hand. Then we went out again, still in our raptures, and when dinner-time came, just about sunset, excitement had given us good appetites, notwithstanding the tarts.

We were ready, but dinner delayed. We waited more and more impatiently as the evening advanced, but still no dinner appeared. Then the English servant, Charles, was called, and despatched to the cookshop to make inquiry. He came back much agitated, saying the dinner had been sent—that they assured him it had been sent! It had apparently vanished on its way up the old palace stairs. "Go back," said my father, "and tell them there is some mistake, and that we are very hungry, and waiting still." The man left the room, then returned again with a doubtful look. There was a sort of box came an hour ago, he said: "I have not opened it, sir." With a rush my sister and I flew into the hall, and there sure enough stood a square solid iron box with a hinged top. It certainly looked very unlike dinner, but we raised it with some faint hopes which were not disappointed. Inside, and smoking still upon the hot plates, was spread a meal like something in a fairy tale—roast birds and dressed meat, a loaf of brown bread and compôtes of fruit, and a salad and a bottle of wine, to which good fare we immediately sat down in cheerful excitement—our first Roman family meal together.

When people write of the past, those among us who have reached a certain age are sometimes apt to forget that it is because so much of it still exists in our lives that it is so dear to us. And, as I have said before, there is often a great deal more of the past in the future than there was in the past itself at the time. We go back to meet our old selves, more tolerant, forgiving our own mistakes, understanding it all better, appreciating its simple joys and realities. There are compensations for the loss of youth and fresh impressions; and one learns little by little that a thing is not over because it is not happening with noise and shape or outward sign; its roots are in our hearts, and every now and then they send forth a shoot which blossoms and bears fruit still.

Early life is like a chapter out of Dickens, I think. One *sees* people then; their tricks of expression, their vivid sayings, and their quaint humours and oddities do not surprise one; one accepts everything as a matter of course, no matter how unusual it may be. Later in life one grows more fastidious, more ambitious, more paradoxical; one begins to judge, or to make excuses, or to think about one's companions instead of merely staring at them. All these people we now saw for the first time, vivid but mysterious apparitions; we didn't know what they were feeling and thinking about, only we saw them, and very delightful they all were to look at.

Meanwhile our education was not neglected. We had a poetess to teach us a little Italian, a signora with a magnificent husband in plaid trousers, to whom I am sure she must have written many poems. Once she asked us to spend an evening in her apartment. It was high up in a house in a narrow street, bare and swept, and we found a company whose conversation (notwithstanding all Madame Eleonora Torti's instructions) was quite unintelligible to us. We all sat in a circle round the great brass brazier in the centre of the bare room. Every now and then the host took up an iron bar and stirred the caldron round, and the fumes arose. Two or three of the elder people sat in a corner playing cards; but here also we were at fault. The cards represented baskets of flowers, coins, nuts, unknown and mysterious devices; among which the familiar ace of diamonds was the only sign we could recognise.

After these social evenings our man used to come to fetch us home through moonlight streets, past little shrines with burning lamps, by fountains plashing in the darkness. We used to reach our great staircase, hurry up half frightened of ghosts and echoes, but too much alive ourselves to go quickly to sleep. Long after my father had come home and shut his door, we would sit up with Mr. Macbean's heroes and heroines and read by the light of our flaring candles till the bell of the Frate in the convent close by began to toll.

ANNE RITCHIE.

# THE LITTLE CLAY GOD.

(A LEGEND OF YUCATAN.)

"PEDRILLO, must you go then?"

"Ay, wife, must I. The Señor starts from Progreso to-night, and he has my promise." The Half-breed put his hand under his wife's chin and stooped to kiss her; whereat Dolores' dark eyes looked up at him with a startled expression, for caresses are rare among the people of Yucatan.

*"Ay de mi!"* she sighed as she gave him back his kiss. "I shall be lonely, Pedrillo."

"Well, but what help? We shall need the dollars of the Señor when the winter comes. How long shall I be away? Heart, how can I tell? The Señor desires to hunt; and he desires to see the workers in the Doctor mine; and also he desires to find a buried treasure. I can promise him the hunting."

"Ay, but not the treasure!"

Pedrillo laughed. "Nay, my heart, not the treasure. And if thou art too afraid to dwell alone till I return, there are thy kinsfolk in the Indian village over the river. Or there is thy sister Agata, who is tired of service and loves not Merida city. The Padre Francisque shall write her a letter bidding her come to thee. Shall he write at once?"

"Ay, I am afraid to be alone here, my heart," Dolores said eagerly. "For there is the Laughing Woman in the forest, and the Shrieking Woman by the river-side; and bolts will not keep them out."

"Holy Virgin, no!" Pedrillo said, crossing himself hurriedly. "But the cross hangs there by the door, my heart; and neither She who laughs, nor She who shrieks dare enter where the cross is. Only take heed to bar the door all the same, heart's dearest, for the sun is down, and after sunset the little Clay Gods go abroad."

Dolores nodded, shivering. "Ay so! I have heard of them many times. What was that whistle, Pedrillo?"

"The horned owl only; and I swore to the Señor by San José that I would start when the owl hooted first. Now, heart, make fast the door behind thee, and San José and San Juan keep thee safe till I come to thee again."

The Half-breed took up his rifle and went out into the warm twilight, while his young wife bolted and barred the heavy door, and went back sighing to the table where lay the scattered fragments of Campeachy wood which she was carving into the likenesses of birds and beasts and fishes. Presently, because the silence was growing a terror to her superstitious soul, she began to sing an Indian song she had learned from her mother, a Half-breed like herself.

From the Old Red Rock we came,
  We came and our hearts were light.
Our feet are weary and lame,
  Our hearts are heavy to-night.
The wind from the North blows cold,
  The clouds from the North come gray.
*Ay de mi*, we are old, we are old,
  And how shall we find the way?

Was that a knock at the door? Surely yes, and a voice calling her by her name. Dolores went to the door, knife in hand. "It is the Padre," she said to herself, as she slipped back the heavy bolts. "Enter, Padre Francisque."

"Peace to you, my daughter," the priest said, entering hurriedly, and speaking in a voice so faint and changed that Dolores was startled.

"Peace, Padre," she said. Then quickly, "You are not alone!"

"An Indian child showed me the way when I lost the trail," Padre Francisque said hurriedly. "Give me to drink, daughter."

Dolores brought him a cupful of sparkling spring-water, and took his broad-brimmed hat and staff from him. Then she turned to her uninvited guest, who sat cross-legged on the ground, watching the priest with grave black eyes. "Are you of Indian blood?" Dolores asked doubtfully.

The boy nodded. "Ay," he said in a far purer tongue than the mongrel speech Dolores used. "The black priest there is afraid since he met the Laughing Woman."

"*Ave Maria*, be between us and harm!" Dolores cried out. "Dost thou laugh, child? Then hast thou never seen the Laughing Woman."

"I have spoken with her," the Indian boy said calmly. "And with the Crying Woman I have also spoken. Hark!" as a hysterical laugh broke from the good father's lips; "she has infected him. Cannot his gods help him? Or else he will surely laugh himself to death. Speak to him, thou Sorrow."

"Padre Francisque,—ah!" as the priest broke into a fit of wild laughter. "Maria help him, and San José!"

"San José is busy with the white men," the Indian boy said quietly. "Yonder black priest hath our blood in his veins. Why callest thou not on the gods of Yucatan? Perhaps they will hear."

Dolores bent her head and muttered a hasty prayer which it was as well the Padre did not hear; but still the spasmodic laughter continued, until at last the Indian stood up, a faint flush glowing in his small dusky face. "In my village," he said, "we know a charm to stop the laughing sickness. Shall I work it, thou Sorrow, and wilt thou pay me for it?"

"What pay dost thou desire, oh little child?"

"That thou wilt let the child sleep on thy bosom for an hour,—no more."

"Cure the Padre," Dolores said hurriedly. The boy bent down and laid one brown finger softly on the Padre's lips, then on his breast. Then he raised himself, and gave Dolores a vague triumphant smile, for the Padre lay back in his seat, sleeping quietly, clothed and in his right mind. Then the boy crossed over the narrow room, and knelt down beside the bench where Dolores sat. "Sleep has blown my eyelids down," he whispered. "Take my head upon thy bosom, sister of mine, and let me sleep."

Dolores obeyed mutely, and for a little while there was silence in the room, broken only by the deep breathing of the two sleepers. Presently the child began to mutter in his sleep, and Dolores started, for though she did not understand his words she knew they were of that dead tongue which was a memory only when the last Montezuma saw Cortes riding through the streets to Chapoltepec. She drew a long breath and looked down at the dusky head lying on her bosom with eyes that gradually changed from perplexity to terror. For though the face was childish still, at the same time it was immemorially old, and from the soft dusky hair came a faint sweet scent like that which comes from an unrolled mummy-case. Then her face changed and lost all its look of terror, and she bent down her head and whispered into the ear of the sleeping child, "Thou art one of the Hlox," she said. "Thou art one of those clay shapes of gods that we find in graves and sell to the Señors; and at night ye take shapes of children and cry at the doors of lonely folk. And the breast that nurses thee never nurses living child." Then she stooped lower yet, and drew the dark head closer to her. "But sleep, Hlox; for thou art a child as well as a god, and to-morrow shalt thou be clay again.

Sleep, and sleep well for once; for other mothers shall bear the children I might have borne, and other mothers might not hold thee to them as I do now. Sleep!"

Presently the owl cried again in the darkness outside, and the child on Dolores' bosom started and woke. "It is time for me to go," he said, standing still with Dolores' arms about him. "Loose me, thou Sorrow, and let me go, for I am called. But hearken! One day shalt thou be called not Sorrow but Gladness, which is named Kalla in the tongue ye have forgotten. And worship thou thy new saints, and put my name with theirs, for in eternity there is room for San José and for the Hlox. And give no tears to the babes thou shalt not bear, for other women shall bear them; but thou shalt bear me on thy bosom once again, when death brings thee to my village. Give the black priest to drink; he wakes and is athirst, my mother."

But Dolores took no heed for once of the good Padre and his requirements; they could be satisfied anon, but the Hlox had already undone the door.

"Wait!" she cried wildly. "Oh, child, come back, come back! Let not my arms be empty of you till I die. Come back!"

But Dolores called in vain, for the little Clay God had already gone back to the darkness whence he came.

# A NEW PIPE-PLOT.

Is the British Empire to have its novels in three volumes or in one? That is the question which has been agitating the country. And perhaps no more solemn question has arisen to divide a nation since Knickerbocker's New Netherlanders were rent by the famous feud of the Long Pipes and the Short Pipes. In the New Netherland the trouble began with an edict of William the Testy forbidding the use of tobacco. That too eager reformer railed at it as a noxious weed, denouncing smoking as a heavy tax upon the public pocket, a vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people,—charges the like of which popular fiction has had to endure in its day. Now the pipe was the constant companion and solace of the New Netherlander. Was he gay, says Knickerbocker, he smoked; was he sad, he smoked. Take away his pipe? You might as well take away his nose! Therefore the people rose as one man to resist the edict, and sitting down before the Governor's house armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes, relentlessly smoked the reformer into submission. William gave in sulkily, and, beaten in his main object, persisted in prohibiting the fair long pipes used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment, and endeavoured in place thereof to substitute little captious short pipes. Thence the fatal schism that rent the land asunder. The rich and self-important burghers, who had made their fortunes and could afford to be lazy, adhering to the ancient fashion, formed a kind of aristocracy known as the Long Pipes; while the lower orders, adopting the new fashion as more convenient in the business of life, were branded with the plebeian name of Short Pipes.

No reformer nowadays, for all the grumbling over the proportion of fiction to other literature read at our free libraries, would be bold enough to deprive us altogether of our novels. The question of the moment is only whether they are to be in three volumes or in one; whether in fact we are to be allowed to smoke our enchanted tobacco in the fair, long pipes of the golden age of Wouter Van Twiller, or whether we are to be restricted to the short, captious pipes of William the Testy. Threatened men, it is said, live long. The three-volumed novel has been much threatened, and it has lived long. Can it be that at last the end has come? Certainly there are signs not altogether to be disregarded. THE MANXMAN, Mr. Hall Caine's latest and most portentous birth, has been packed into a single volume. Mr. Blackmore's PERLYCROSS, after delighting the readers of this magazine for the past twelve months, makes its new appearance in one volume simultaneously with an edition (presumably somewhat smaller) in the orthodox three volumes. Other houses have issued other signs. If indeed this is the end, and our good old companion is to go, there will have been (will there not?) something paradoxical about the way its fate befell it. For the blow from which it is staggering was dealt from an unexpected quarter, from its old ally, namely, the circulating library. Any prophet might have prophesied that the circulating library and the three-volumed novel must stand or fall together. Throughout their history in sentiment and business, their fortunes have been bound up the one with the other. They were in many volumes, you may be sure (perhaps Mr. Austin Dobson could tell us in precisely how many), those novels for which Lydia Languish's maid searched all the circulating libraries in Bath, THE FATAL CONNEXION and THE DELICATE DISTRESS and THE MISTAKES OF THE HEART, which Mr. Bull had given to Miss Sukey Saunter a moment before Miss Languish's messenger arrived. The copy of PEREGRINE PICKLE which she took was no doubt in the familiar four duodecimo volumes that might well be slipped into Mistress Lucy's pockets; and of THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY she only had the second volume. Yet if THE TEARS OF SENSIBILITY and THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY, and the rest, were all in many volumes, they would require a capacious cloak to conceal them, and it was no wonder that Sir Anthony caught sight of the incriminating calf-bound volumes with marble covers. Was THE INNOCENT ADULTERY in one volume, we wonder, that it was so easily popped into THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN, the moment Mrs. Malaprop appeared? For the eighteenth century, be it remembered, a three-volumed novel would mean brevity; readers of romance had been accustomed to their six and eight and ten volumes, and still grudged every page as it passed. But by the beginning of this century the three volumes were established, and from then till now have been the staple of the libraries. When Mr. Arthur Pendennis was putting WALTER LORRAINE into shape for Bungay (or was it Bacon?), the only choice of form open to him was three volumes or twenty shilling numbers. It was an intoxicating succession of three volumes from the Clavering library which made Madame Fribsby so absurdly sentimental that in her eyes life became nothing but an immense love-match. And it was in three volumes that poor little Fanny Bolton got her romances from Miss Minifers, who, it will be remembered, kept a circulating library as well as a school and small brandy-ball and millinery business,—those darling greasy volumes which prepared Fanny's little foolish fluttering heart for the coming of Prince Pen. A whole sovereign had Mrs. Bolton to pay ransom to the "libery" to secure WALTER LORRAINE for Fanny. This community of sentiment and tradition is naturally to be accounted for by a community of material interests. Except the libraries, there are no purchasers at firsthand for the three volumes; and it is the prohibitive price of the three volumes which secures for the libraries a monopoly of the new novels.

That it should have been a move of the libraries (with however different an end designed) that should thus come to threaten the existence of their old ally was surely then a paradoxical mischance. Nor do the humours of the situation end there. For who should next turn to rend the luckless three volumes but the Incorporated Society of Authors! Now if there was a class besides the libraries in whose favour the system of three volumes was supposed to operate, it was the general run of novelists, and particularly the beginner. And it is precisely the ordinary run of novelists, and particularly the beginner, whose interests the Society of Authors has been supposed to have most nearly at heart. That the young novelist has in fact a better chance under the library and three-volume system is expressly admitted, and indeed demonstrated by figures in THE AUTHOR, the accredited organ of the Society. Yet the Society passes a resolution condemning the system, solemnly pronouncing that, "Its disadvantages to the authors and to the public far outweigh its advantages, and that for the convenience of the public as well as for the widest circulation of a novel it is desirable that the artificial form of édition produced for a small body of readers only be now abandoned, and that the whole of the reading public should be placed in possession of the work at a moderate price." Does the reader remember how Mr. Sim Tappertit's Prentice Knights felt a call to assert themselves, and changed their name to The United Bulldogs?

This resolution, it was affirmed, had been dictated by all the novelists in the Society with only a single exception. When the late Mr. Carlyle heard of young Honourables and Lords voting in favour of the Reform Bill, it reminded him, he said, of the Irish carpenter astride of a plank stuck out of a sixth-floor window, and merrily sawing it through for a wager. If indeed the whole of the reading public could really be "placed in possession" of a new novel even at a moderate price, well were the author and happy might he be. The idea of these resolving novelists perhaps is that only the prohibitive price of the three volumes stands between their pockets and the purses of the millions of novel-readers in England, America, and the Colonies. It is greatly to be feared that there is another obstacle; and that is, the obstinate disinclination of the average man to spend money on books. If he cannot beg or borrow a book, your ordinary Briton will go without it; he had liefer steal it than buy it. But even assuming that this disinclination can be overcome, that the public has been spoiled by the libraries but could be educated into buying books, for how many novels of how many of our multitude of novelists could even the most generous buyer afford to find room on his shelves? At the present time, and by the present system, the rate at which novels are published is for England alone three novels per day all the year round, and four on Sundays! Of these, by means of the libraries, the most indefatigable reader can for a guinea or two a year read as many as he wants, and in addition peruse the current books of biography, anecdote, and travel, and decorate his drawing-room table with an occasional volume of verse. And while doing so he is enabled by the libraries (and this is perhaps their chief blessing) to keep his shelves tolerably free from ephemeral matter. If he could not borrow, how many of the new books would he be likely to be willing to buy, and how far would his library subscription go in buying? As to the morality, in these highly moral days, of getting a multitude of geniuses to minister to your entertainment for a paltry guinea or two a year we say nothing. We are considering only the probabilities of the effect of the proposed change on the pockets of the promoters. Take the example of France. The French novelist addresses the cultivated readers, it may almost be said, of the whole civilised world; and his new novel is procurable at once for about half a crown. It no doubt makes the mouths of our own novelists water to read *sixtieth thousand* on Monsieur Zola's covers only a week after publication. Yet by a recent French estimate it was calculated that there are not half a dozen French novelists who can count on getting £400 for a novel.

Mr. Rider Haggard, it is true, has written to THE TIMES strongly advocating the single volume. Mr. Haggard's personal view it is not difficult to understand; he has made trial himself of the single volume, and succeeded with it. So, for the matter of that, has Mr. Stevenson, and other popular story-tellers. When these cases are taken into consideration, it is really rather hard to see on whose behalf the pother about the tyranny of the three volumes is made. For the only novelists who can be hindered by the libraries from a large immediate sale are the men who have made their mark, or the new men capable of catching or creating immediate popular favour. But these able and fortunate gentlemen already have it in their power to appear in what form they will. The tyranny of the three volumes comes to this, that in the case of some novelists, whether because they are unknown or command only a moderate popularity, the publishers, who are as a rule better men of business than the authors, believe that their books can be most advantageously produced in the first instance for the libraries. The general abolition of the present system, then, would appear to offer no new advantage to the men who have already made their mark, or are reasonably likely to make an immediate one, while it must necessarily injure the less fortunate. George Eliot used to call prophecy the most gratuitous form of error, and it is always hard to predict the actual results of a reform. But what would seem likely to be the result of the change is a rapid elimination of a large proportion of working novelists by a process of the survival of the fittest.

And no bad result either, many will be disposed to exclaim. Was this after all the secret purpose of the Society of Authors? Has the world again misjudged this excellent Society in assuming that its concern is commercial, when all the time this famous resolution was its Self-denying Ordinance? The novelists of the Society, it may be, conscious of each other's shortcomings, or in a sudden visiting of conscience, have perceived that the libraries did but bolster up mediocrity, that of every hundred works that appear ninety and nine might perish before coming to the birth, and literature be never a ha'porth the worse. And so they determined that for the future only the strong should survive, though the resolution cost them their literary profession.

For so heroic an attitude there can be no feeling but respect. Yet, as an insignificant atom of that public about whose interests the Society of Authors is so solicitous, one is inclined to put in a plea before those stern judges even for the mere mediocre three-volumed novel of the circulating libraries in this hour of its mortal peril. Why, by the by, "three-volumed" should have come to be an epithet of disparagement it is not quite easy to understand, seeing that nearly all the great novels of the century, from Scott's downwards, have been in three volumes. Nay, the mightiest and most serious of those modern novels which have wrestled with the superstitions of Christianity and propounded the Pure Woman have been in three volumes, and long volumes too. But somehow the poor three-volumed novel seems to have inherited all the obloquy, which once was the portion of fiction at large. Time was when critics and censors railed at the novel, as William the Testy railed at tobacco. It was a vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and a bane to the morals of its readers. Sir Anthony Absolute was too much of a martinet for his opinion to be taken for typical; but we may judge of the general disdain and disapprobation of novels by Jane Austen's indignant defence of them in NORTHANGER ABBEY. Although the productions of novelists had afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition, she said, had been so decried. From pride, ignorance, or fashion their foes were almost as many as their readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collected and published in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior with a paper from THE SPECTATOR and a chapter from Sterne, were eulogised by a thousand pens, there seemed almost a general wish to decry the capacity and undervalue the labour of the novelist, and to slight the performances which had only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. "I am no novel-reader; I seldom look into novels; do not imagine that *I* often read novels; it is really very well for a novel." Such was the common cant. When Zachary Macaulay was editor of THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER he received an anonymous contribution defending works of fiction and eulogising Fielding and Smollett. One of the straitest of the Clapham sect, he did not himself approve of novel-reading, but, unaware that the author of this contribution was his own son Tom, he was so rash as to print it. Never was such commotion among subscribers. Violent objurgations poured in upon the impious editor. One gentleman informed the public that he had committed the obnoxious number to the flames and should cease to take in the magazine. This was the young Macaulay's first work in print; but it was not by any means the last time that he felt compelled to undertake with his pen the defence of fiction. Zachary Macaulay, notwithstanding his private scruples, lived, says Sir George Trevelyan, to see himself the head of a family in which novels were more read and better remembered than in any household in the United Kingdom. And many and many a time had the essayist and historian to take up his cudgels for his beloved novelists, from the day that he had to defend himself to his father against the charge of being called at Cambridge the "novel-reading Macaulay," until he accomplished his expressed wish to make history as interesting as fiction.

Such days of her minority Fiction has handsomely outgrown. The sheaves of all her literary brothers and sisters have bowed down before her sheaf. New novels nowadays get puffed by prime-ministers on post-cards. Fiction is our Lady Paramount of literature, not without imperial longings to annex the domains of her more venerable sisters. But with so many fish to fry, with religion to set right, and society to reorganise, and morals to establish on a new basis, her High Mightiness is apt in these later days to something too much disdain the part she came into the world to perform, of interesting and pleasing. Carlyle, no doubt, had reproached her with the unworthiness of merely pleasing, the prophet having himself no great gift that way. The Waverley Novels themselves he condemned out of hand as having only the poor aim of harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men. "Not profitable," he cried, "not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, or for edification!" But, alas! we cannot all be prophets with fires in our bellies; nor indeed are these same prophets very comfortable folk to have about in the house with one. To our novels we look for entertainment and companionship; and to say nothing of an ancient prejudice we have for going for our philosophy and science to some one who knows something about it, we are not always in the humour to look to our novelists for doctrine, for reproof, or for edification. And so we fall back on the old three volumes from the circulating library, all about "the agonies of Louisa on parting with the Captain, or the atrocious behaviour of the wicked Marquis to the Lady Emily." And the comfort of knowing that when they have served their turn they will depart whence they came and we shall see them no more! They at least will never stand upon our shelves to reproach. Our laugh or our cry over, we owe them no further thought nor care. THE AUTHOR itself opines, we note, that the three-volumed novel will not suddenly disappear. "There will still be a demand," we read, "especially among sick people, for that form of reading which demands no thought and not too much attention; which diverts the mind without fatigue; which transports the reader to another and more pleasant atmosphere with a book easy to hold, light, and in large print. It is not a highly dignified function to amuse the weakened in mind and body by illness, but it is at all events useful." Ah well, there are more highly dignified functions that could be better spared. How many of us can say of ourselves that our presence would certainly bring cheerfulness into a sick-chamber? Those who can may go to their account with an easy conscience. When Thackeray was prostrated for a day every now and again with an ague that troubled him, he read novels, he says, with the most fearful contentment of mind. Once, on the Mississippi, it was his dearly beloved JACOB FAITHFUL; once, at Frankfort-on-Main, the delightful VINGT ANS APRÈS of Monsieur Dumas; once, at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling WOMAN IN WHITE. "And these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague-fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed and a good novel for a companion! No cares, no remorse about idleness, no visitors, and the WOMAN IN WHITE or the CHEVALIER D'ARTAGNAN to tell me stories from morning till night. 'Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?'" Nay, when Thackeray came on a friend in the club asleep over one of his own novels, he claimed his gratitude. When a writer gave you a sweet, soothing, harmless sleep, had he not done you a kindness? he asked; and the author who excited and interested you deserved your benedictions.

One of our wonderful new critics of our wonderful new fiction has pronounced its mission to be the awakening of "a divine discontent of things as they are." Well, however that may be, it is at least no ignoble service, to the workers and the weary, to help them sometimes to forget the things that are in a divine content with things as they are not. To cheer the sick, to find an anodyne for the suffering, to refresh the weary, to procure the forgetfulness of care and recreation for exhaustion,—whether it be or be not a "dignified function"—is assuredly a most beneficent one. But who in fact are the great devourers of your three-volumed novel? Not the feeble in body and mind, nor the Madame Fribsbys and Fanny Boltons; no, but the keen politician, the shrewd lawyer, the self-sacrificing physician, the hard-working man of business. It is in novels that such men are able to forget for an hour their clients and their patients, their bad debts, or their worse bills. Young again by the spell of romance, they go a love-making with the lasses, or treasure-hunting with the most fascinating pirates. Thackeray himself once complained, as many lesser men and women have done after him, that since the author of TOM JONES was buried no writer of fiction among us had been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man. Well, they are none so anxious, these busy men who do the work of the world and have nothing to be taught of its wickedness of the world, to have all the decent veiling of romance stripped from that same poor forked radish, man. Nor, when the new lady novelist permits herself to depict to her utmost power a woman, are they at all grateful to find in place of the old-fashioned heroine a little higher than the angels, the female animal rather lower than the beasts. Sentimental,—you think? No; these are not the men who are sentimental. And if Madame Fribsby and Fanny Bolton did get somewhat sentimental over their three volumes, perhaps there was no great harm done. Flirting was in little Miss Fanny's marrow, as Master Sam Huxter learned to his distraction. *Etre soul au monde est bien ouneeyong*, as Madame Fribsby used to say; and without her beloved three volumes her life and Fanny's would have been drearier than they were. When the French cook was persecuted by the urchins of the village, Madame Fribsby was his good Samaritan; and Fanny Bolton gave her savings to the Chevalier Strong in his hour of need. These are no bad fruits of the romantic disposition.

One word perhaps is due to the gentlemen who cant about art. The three-volumed novel, it is said, is bad for art, because novelists are compelled to put in "padding" to fill full the measure of them. Well, you may take it for certain that the novelist who pads, or whose padding you would wish away, is a nincompoop. For one thing, the three volumes are no hard and fixed measure of capacity. What with the elasticity of type, margin, and paging, you will find one three-volumed novel only a third as long as another. Moreover, the artist is precisely the man who makes his condition subserve his art. Michael Angelo took his block as he found it to carve his David. Raphael did not complain that the *stanze* were too large for his subjects. Dickens and Thackeray did their work the length that was wanted, and did not whine about art. What has been good enough for the great novelists of the past is, with all due deference to their worships, good enough for the novelists of the present. You do not hear this balderdash about art from great artists; it is the sign of the dilettante and the amateur. The second volume, no doubt, is too often very heavy going, but that, you may be sure, is not because the author is an artist, even an artist on the rack.

The public, we imagine, will allow with tolerable equanimity the authors, the libraries, and the publishers to fight this matter out for themselves. It will not readily forego its circulating library, and it would undoubtedly miss its old three-volumed friend. But somehow it has a sanguine faith that good things linger and last or reappear. "Thus ended," wrote Knickerbocker, "this alarming insurrection, which was long known by the name of the Pipe-Plot, and which, it had been somewhat quaintly observed, did end like most plots and seditions, in mere smoke."

# SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLING.

"The only tune that he could play
Was, 'Over the hills and far away.'"

I MET my companion at the corner of the lane in the first freshness of a June morning. Sandy Scott was his name, and he sat complacently on a bank, smoking and contemplating the world. His clothes were a monument of tatters, "looped and windowed raggedness," once gray, but now bearing coloured remembrances of the soils of three counties. His hair was ignorant of the brush, and hung in picturesque disorder over a battered face. His listless, inimitable attitude, as he reclined (I will not say sprawled) below the hawthorns, seemed to me the perfection of ease; and the thin smoke from his pipe in the morning air was pleasing to all right-minded people. So far as mere externals were concerned, I was not far behind him. I had raked from some forgotten corner the cast-off garments of a shepherd. To these were added a decayed wideawake with a scanty brim, a plaid with a *neuk*, and a pair of mighty hobnailed boots to which my feet were wofully strange. Further, I had a fresh interest in all things and all men, and a relish even for misfortunes. My comrade was an old voyager on the seas of life; he had measured its deeps and shallows, whereas I was but embarking. A more oddly matched pair never set out to take the world together on a morning in summer.

And now, as the writers of epics would moralise, over all the world men would be going forth to their labour; statesmen to their politics, lawyers to their courts, merchants to their ships. To-day treaties would be made, laws passed; ships would founder or enter port; men would die, and the unruly planet would go on its way. Meanwhile, in a corner of God's universe two irresponsible idlers were setting forth on their sentimental journey, without a thought of the complexity of life, for they were not writers of epics.

The way wound pleasantly in a cool shade between limes and firs. A dry-stone dyke overgrown with moss and lady-ferns bounded the road. On one side the hill rose steep, gray with brackens and splendid in morning sunshine; while on the other level water-meadows, from which the scent of meadowsweet and mint was carried, stretched away toward Tweed. Curlews were crying on the hill, and a few belated grouse; in the fields the singing of the lark was varied by the loud, twanging calls of snipe. The most charming scent in the world was all abroad,—thyme and meadow-grass, fir and lime-blossom, and the indefinable fragrance of morning. Sometimes a rabbit darted across, or a great ewe stared mildly at us as we passed. Stonechats flitted about; meadow-pipits (moss-cheepers in the picturesque Scots) made a continuous piping over the bent; and in the short tufts below the pines grasshoppers were chirping as merrily as on that morning long ago when Theocritus and his friends went on their way to Pyxus. Between the straight fir-stems one could catch glimpses of bright water from the pools which Tweed had left in the haugh. In winter these are not to be distinguished from the river itself when swollen high with rains; but in summer, when the stream has shrunk to a silver trickle, they lie fringed with flags and green rushes, the haunt of gorgeous beetles and innumerable wild-duck. The white ribbon of road twined across the breast of a hill which seemed to block the glen.

Onward we trudged, one stolidly, the other with many occasional haltings and turnings-aside. I had not yet learned the secret of that swinging walk with firmly grasped stick and body slightly bent forward, which enables shepherds to tramp their thirty miles with ease over the roughest country. On the contrary, I limped and dragged, now walking with great strides, and now loitering at a snail's pace behind. We met few people: a farmer's wife driving to the distant railway station, who honoured us with a suspicious stare; a group of boys and girls going to school; a collier from a far-away parish who had been out at the night-fishing, and who, I am happy to say, had a light basket, for these gentry seldom fish with the orthodox fly, but with nets and drags, and all kinds of heterodox contrivances.

We passed Stanhope Bridge, which more than once in the memory of living men has been whirled down to the lowlands by a stormy river. Thence the road took a long swing up the side of a hill. No fence divided it from the moor which sloped steeply down to the water,—an ugly place for a horse to go over on a dark night. The curiously marked hills of Stanhope stood out across the valley, shadowing the long gloomy cleft through which the burn finds its way to Tweed. A faint haze was trailing on the hill-tops, but around us the air was filled with a lucent warmth. As we walked, Sandy treated me to some of his experiences among the hills. On one farm he had been a shepherd, and he was full of tales of snowstorms and terrible losses among sheep. He had poached on nearly every hill, and we rarely passed a pool in the river of which he had not some fishing adventure to tell. It was the most entertaining talk I had ever heard, and to a young scapegrace who should have been after more serious things it had a most appetising taste of forbidden fruit. Yet ever and anon he would pause to give utterance to some highly moral reflection,—a salve, as it were, to his not over-sensitive conscience.

The sun had now climbed well up in the sky, and, like Christiana when she came to the arbour on the Hill Difficulty, we were in a "pelting heat." We both longed for water, and, as there were no springs at hand, there was nothing for it but to ask at the nearest cottage. It was ordained that I should be spokesman, because, as my companion was pleased to say, "I was mair genteel-like aboot the face." Now I was sadly disinclined for the work, for though I was in no way ashamed of the profession I had chosen, I felt utterly incapable of acting my part. Yet I made an effort which was rewarded with success, and water was given us in a great tin jug. The following conversation took place between the mistress of the house and the present writer.

"Ye'll no belong to thae pairts?"

"No."

"Ye'll be a toon's body?"

"Well, I've lived in towns."

"Ye'll be no muckle guid at the trampin'?"

"I am afraid not."

"Ye'll be a kind o' play-actin' cratur, I've nae doot?"

I earnestly disclaimed the connection, but I am sure that in that honest woman's memory I live as a strolling member of the fraternity. We thanked her effusively for the water; but I, for one, repented when she assured us that she "keepit the tinnie for tramps, for nae decent body could drink oot o' the same dish."

We crossed the burn of Kingledoors, which flows down from its black hills through a green and pleasant glen. There is a grim old story about the place. On a November day in the year 1524 Lord Fleming, the Chamberlain of Scotland, rode out from his castle at Biggar, to hawk among the moors. At the head of this burn he was met by one of the Tweedies of Drummelzier, an evil, raiding clan who held Upper Tweeddale in terror for many a year. A dispute fell out, as most disputes do, about a girl; and young Tweedie ran his opponent through the body, robbed the servants, and carried off the young Lord Fleming to his stronghold. The murderers paid some small fine, and there was no more of the matter. Such was the easy way of settling differences in those delectable times.

The road kept straight and rigid between the river and the hills. One was reminded of the "Person of Quality" who visited these parts early in last century, and on his return described them as "a hill, a road, and a water." Yet there is nothing monotonous in this sameness; a gray, soothing landscape it is, with great cloud-shadows on the breast of the hills passing and repassing through the long days.

Soon we draw near to the famous Crook Inn, renowned in coaching days and still holding a shadowy place of honour as the only hostel of any pretensions from Peebles to the head of Tweed. Here I was greatly afraid for Sandy, for to him, as to Odin, wine was both meat and drink. Yet to my astonishment he passed manfully by. A cynic might say it was because he lacked money; I chose to think that it was owing to the responsibility of my companionship. Thence our road ran uphill to Tweedsmuir, a little village set amid lonely uplands. Some flocks of sheep passed with their shy, sunburnt masters bound for a remote market. The drovers spend their days on the road, and their nights in barns or farm-houses, until their destination is reached. I well remember one boy who with a longing eye watched those brown faced men passing through the streets, and longed to follow them to their far-away moorland homes.

Tweedsmuir is one of the bleakest and most solitary of places. The gaunt vale of the Talla converges on the Tweed, and the village straggles around the foot of the twin glens. The church tower is a landmark for miles. There is an ineffectual waterfall below the bridge, where good trout are sometimes caught, called in a fine romantic spirit the Curlew Linn. Naked flanks of hills rise on all sides to block the horizon.

A mile beyond the place we halted in a green dell beside a stream to eat our midday meal. The air had the warm quiescence of noon, and the calm moorland sounds were grateful to the ear. I out with a battered copy of Theocritus which had accompanied me in many wanderings, and read to Sandy that marvellous midsummer tale in the seventh idyll when "All things were odorous of the rich summer, of the fruit-time." The contrast was pleasing between the luxury of nature in the Coan orchard and the sober grayness of our neighbouring hills. The mellifluous Greek was so much Icelandic to my companion, but the riot of rich sound pleased him. He smoked and caressed his ragged beard in a state of inane tranquillity.

By and by we became restless, as is the nature of humankind to whom inaction is unnatural, and with one consent we got up and went onward. The day was just waning into a mellow afternoon. On our right lay the uniform hills which form the barrier between Tweed and Clyde. To the left a succession of tributary streams had made for themselves lonely glens,—Menzion, Fruid, and the distant Cor—there is solitude in their very sounds.

We were within some half-dozen miles, I think, of the head of the glen, when Sandy bethought himself of fishing. I laughed him to scorn, for, what with the bright day and the clear shallow water, I thought that no fish would rise to the fly. But I little knew the resources of my friend. He declined the offer of my fly-book, and produced from the mysterious depths of his pocket some lengths of gut and a few hooks of differing sizes, wrapped up in a dirty cloth. From a willow bush he cut a long ten-foot wand, thin and pliable at the top but solid at the butt. To the end he tied a piece of line, a yard or so of gut, and a finely dressed hook. He searched below stones and tufts of grass until he found a number of small white worms. Then he baited his hook, scrambled cautiously down to the river-side, and began. Keeping well in the shade of the bank, he cast far up stream in a stretch of swift shallow water. I have seen many fishers, but never one so keen as Sandy. With his head bent, and his fragment of a hat all awry, and the water rippling over his boots, he watched his line as it floated downward. He twitched it gently whenever it seemed to halt, but he must have made a dozen casts before he hooked a fish. Then began a battle royal. Up stream and down stream he went, for there was no reel on his home-made rod; and when at last he landed it, a trout of nearly a pound's weight, on a patch of gravel on the other side, he was dripping with water and furiously warm,—a strange spectacle for gods and men.

For some time we kept the stream side, which, as a path, was more varied and natural than the highway. Four other fish were caught, comely brown trout, with the exception of one great black fellow which Sandy had out of a deep pool. We strung them on twisted rushes for ease in carrying. The tussocks of rough grass were diversified with crisp green stretches of turf which had all the elastic buoyancy peculiar to the hills. Sandpipers were busy by the water, and their plaintive twittering cries mingled with the music of the running stream. All around us we heard an assiduous murmuring of bees,—not the humble brown bee of the lowlands, but a dashing cavalier fellow, splendidly habited in orange-tawny. Now and then a saffron butterfly or a gaudy blue moth fluttered past. There was something of a dearth of flowers, for we saw little else than thyme and half-opened heathbells; but we knew that in a month the glen would be one flaming expanse of blossoming heather.

The afternoon was now all but spent, and the air was beginning to grow cool and hill-like. The sounds which had been dulled by the midday heat became clearer,—the bleat of sheep, the rumble of distant wheels, the chatter of the stream. Long ridges of moorland rose from the riverside and passed away into the infinite distance. Those interminable green hills are so retired and have such a subtle charm of their own that they who spend much of their time among them have little liking for ragged peaks and horrid ravines, feeling a proprietary interest in places so removed from men. The belt of upland from the Cheviots to Galloway is still to all intents undisturbed. "Little knows King Henry the skirts of Cairntable," was a proud saying of the Douglases. Ay, and little does any other man, unless it be the shepherds and a few sentimental wanderers. For there are no popular places of interest; only round shoulders of hills, silent valleys, and old-world tales.

The road wound at a gentle slope, crossing little brown burns tumbling down from the heights. We met one solitary baker's van trundling sleepily along, and bought from the unkempt driver some biscuits and scones. If the occupations of life were left to ourselves instead of being created for us by meddling circumstances, who would not choose to drive such a van? There are some elements of greatness about the course, to dispense the staff of life to dwellers in outlying villages, and to spend one's days in a placid, bountiful land. It is so infinitely to be preferred to the vexations of business and politics that it seems strange that the profession of van-driver is not desperately overcrowded.

The sound of the wheels died slowly away in the distance, and we tramped on through the purple, limitless dusk. We were hungry and tired, and not even the glories of a June sunset had charms to soothe us. We saw in front the small light which marked a shepherd's cottage, the outpost of civilisation in the glen. Now we were in no hopes of getting shelter for the night, for we were utterly disreputable and correspondingly resigned; so when we came near to the place we hardly cared to try the hospitality of its inmates. Yet we ventured, and with the happiest result. I asked first, but the Doric did not come natural to my tongue. The comely, square-faced shepherd's wife made no response. But when Sandy with his beggar's flattery and irresistible mock-pathos made the same request, it was graciously conceded. "We micht bide a' nicht i' the shed, for we couldna dae ony hairm." We gratefully thanked her, and took up our quarters in a rickety lean-to half full of brackens. The place smelt of tar and sheep-dip, but we cared not a whit for that, and ate our supper with thankfulness of heart. Then we stretched ourselves on the brackens and slept in Homeric fashion as soundly as ever did the Greek warriors "hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn."

## II.

The morning came blue and cloudless, and we, who had been tired and dispirited on the previous night, rose in a hopeful frame of mind and regarded the world with serene equanimity. We were stirring with the first light, leaving two fish as payment for our quarters, and walked a mile farther, where we found a hollow by the roadside and lit a fire. We made tea and boiled our trout in the red ashes. It was good to be alive on such a morning. One felt the adventurous joy which comes from the outside world, and ceased to wonder at the lightheartedness of wild creatures, for the fresh air is intoxicating in its strength. It is some fugitive remembrance of this which makes hard-working artisans and clerks in their scant holidays traverse the country on bicycles, or betake themselves to a crowded sea-coast. Lackadaisical folk groan over the æsthetic loss, but I care not a fig for æsthetics. Better that one of God's creatures be gratified than the whims of such foolish people. Our goodwill goes with every wanderer; for after all we are a gipsy race, and our true national singer is the redoubtable Piper's Son, who had one song only, but a choice good one.

Two tramps passed us, early risers like ourselves. They exchanged some strange, confidential words with Sandy which I could not follow. There is a bond of brotherhood on the road among all wayfarers. a gleam of decency in their lives. The tramp is an interesting study, and those who do not know him will hardly believe what a variousness there is in the clan. I have observed in the course of a short experience three divisions,—the æsthetic, the religious, and the worldly. The æsthetic tramp, I fear, is a bit of a humbug. He will meet you and praise the weather and the landscape, moralise over the beauties of the universe, and then ask alms. Still he is generally a ready fellow with a good share of native humour. I have known but one religious tramp, and he is a fragrant memory. He was a man of a ghastly complexion,—"Pale Death" the village called him—and he held meetings in my grandfather's barn. Once I was present at one of them in the great dusty place, lighted by a single candle. The discourse still remains in my recollection; it began, I think, with the cardinal points of the faith, and ended with an admonition against "cruwality to animals." He was a worthy man, and it was remarked of him that he always cleaned the farm-byre or stable before he left as a mark of his gratitude. The great majority of tramps belong to the last class, and have few thoughts above their daily provender. Sandy was a compound of the æsthetic and the worldly. He had a love for fine natural sights, and an equal liking for creature comforts. For him the beauty of nature from long experience had become a common thing, while a good dinner and a warm fire had become idealised from the rarity of their advent. He had so rioted in the exquisite that the substantial was more to his liking.

Before we reached the highest ground on the road we passed a white desolate house, the farm of Tweedshaws, and looking down to the meadow below saw a little well with an upright stake beside it, which we knew for the source of Tweed. A few hundred yards more and we were on the summit, facing a brisk wind from the Solway. The green, rolling lands of Annandale stretched away to the English Border. Hartfell and his brother giants, the high, masterful guardians of Moffatdale, lay clothed with sunshine, and far to the right rose the moorlands and pleasant slopes which cradle the young Clyde. A gracious, urbane landscape, with just the necessary suggestion of something more rugged in the remote hills.

At our feet in the deep glen rose the little river Annan. The precipitous hollow, its source, is popularly called the Devil's Beef-Tub; sometimes, too, the Marquis of Annandale's Beef-Tub, for it was the place of safety to which the Johnstones drove their ill-gotten herds. It gave a man a vast idea of space to look down and see the white dots on the turf which he knew to be sheep and the gray lines which might be a sheepfold. Here it was that the Laird of Summertrees, popularly called Pate-in-Peril, escaped, when on his way to trial at Carlisle; and he has left the most concise and picturesque description of the place to be had. "A d—d deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the roadside, as perpendicular as it can do, to be a heathery brae. At the bottom there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed round it." A finer story hangs about the place. In the old coaching days a great snowstorm once delayed the Edinburgh coach at Moffat. The mails were important, so the guard and driver set out on horseback with them to reach Tweeddale and thence to the city. A few miles and the horses failed them, so they turned them back and struggled on foot through the drifts. Here, at Erickstanehead, they perished, but before death they hung the mailbags on a post, and a shepherd going out in the early morning saw the gleam of the brass buckles and learned the story of two brave men. After this a house of shelter was built, but the wind blew it down; then another, which was also unroofed; and to-day you may see the ruins on the steep above the Tub.

When we passed the great hollow was full of mist, like steam from some mighty caldron. A desolate curlew sent a quavering cry out of the void, which died almost instantly in the silence. The place was as still and placid as a roofless temple.

In half a mile we were round the bend of the hill and in lower latitudes. A kestrel flew in rings around a firwood by the roadside. The banks of mountain-grass were fragrant with half-opened thyme, and soberly gay with milkwort and eyebright. A stone bridge, crusted with spleenwort fern, spanned a little burn which fell in the most reckless manner down the face of the hill. A few birch-trees shaded it, and some wild roses threw pink blossoms across it. We turned into the place, and, lying in the shadow, enjoyed the summer; and, what with the heat and the tumbling water, I think I must have gone to sleep. About midday we both got up and looked around. A cloud had come over the sun. The world had not such a pleasing look as in the morning. The road was dustier, the trees less green, the hills more unapproachable. By and by the sun came out from his cloud, but somehow or other the charm had gone from the face of the world,—for me, but not for my companion; he was unmovable and inured to all things.

Our way grew more and more lowland as we went onward. A few cottages appeared, covered with creepers and with trim garden plots in front, which told us that certainly we had left the moorlands behind. Then a miller's cart, laden with flour-bags, completed the transformation. Never before had leisurely quiet seemed so attractive as it did to us, two tired wayfarers, on that summer afternoon. The blessing of movement is to accentuate the pleasure of rest; so also it is from the peacefulness of nature that motion acquires half its charm. If we could behold the cyclic progress of the earth, I think that we should be quit of gipsy longings once and for ever.

Some ungainly buildings rose among orderly trees, and we felt the aroma of civilisation. The sounds of men at work came to our ears, a woodcutter was busy in a small firwood; the steady click of the mower was loud in the hayfields. We passed a churchyard and a golf-course, and, crossing the Annan, found ourselves in the notable town of Moffat.

Now here it falls to my lot to chronicle my sad defection. Throughout the journey I had worn a pair of great hobnailed boots which were clearly meant by Providence for peat-bogs, but not for the highway. So by this time of day my feet were more than a little sore. Also I had lost the fresh interest in travelling with which I had started; therefore, in a lamentable and un-Spartanlike spirit, I bethought myself of a friend's house, where I could get books and decent food, respectable clothes, and the other luxuries of life. I called a halt, and came to terms with Sandy. He made no objection, hinted no word of ingratitude; but I thought that I discerned somewhere in his grave demeanour surprise at my traitorous conduct. We bade each other good-day, and I turned aside, while my former comrade, with his stick flourished in the air, and reproach in his retreating footsteps, went stolidly on his way. Then I learned something of the feelings of Orpah when she chose to return alone to Moab.

J. B.

# THE REFORMER'S WIFE.

(A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

HE was a dreamer of dreams, with the look in his large dark eyes which Botticelli put into the eyes of his Moses; that Moses in doublet and hose whose figure, isolated from its surroundings, reminds one irresistibly of Christopher Columbus, or Vasco da Gama, of those, in fact, who dream of a Promised Land. And this man dreamed as wild a dream as any; he hoped, before he died, to change the social customs of India.

He used to sit in my drawing-room talking to me by the hour of the Prophet and his blessed Fatma (for he was a Mahommedan), and bewailing the sad degeneracy of these present days when caste had crept into and defiled the Faith. I shall never forget the face of martyred enthusiasm with which he received my first invitation to dinner. He accepted it, as he would have accepted the stake, with fervour, and indeed to his ignorance the ordeal was supreme. However, he appeared punctual to the moment on the appointed day, and greatly relieved my mind by eating twice of plum-pudding, which he declared to be a surpassingly cool and most digestible form of nourishment calculated to soothe both body and mind. Though this is hardly the character usually assigned to it, I did not contradict him, for not even his eager self-sacrifice had sufficed for the soup, the fish, or the joint, and he might otherwise have left the table in a starving condition. As it was, he firmly set aside my invitation to drink water after the meal was over, with the modest remark that he had not eaten enough to warrant the indulgence.

The event caused quite a stir in that far-away little town set out among the ruins of a great city on the high bank of one of the Punjab rivers; for the scene of this sketch lay out of the beaten track, beyond the reach of *baboos* and barristers, patent-leather shoes and progress. Beyond the pale of civilisation altogether it lay, among a quaint little colony of stalwart Pathans who still pointed with pride at an old gate or two which had withstood siege after siege in those fighting days when the river had flowed beneath the walls of the city. Since then the water had ebbed seven miles to the south-east, taking with it the prestige of the stronghold, which only remained a picturesque survival; a cluster of four-storied purple brick houses surrounded by an intermittent purple brick wall, bastioned and loopholed. A formidable defence it might have been while it lasted; but it had a trick of dissolving meekly into a sort of mud hedge, in order to gain the next stately fragment, or, maybe, to effect an alliance with one of the frowning gateways which had defied assault. This condition of things was a source of sincere delight to my reformer Futtehdeen (Victory of Faith) who revelled in similes. It was typical of the irrational, illogical position of the inhabitants in regard to a thousand religious and social questions; and just as one brave man could break through these flimsy fortifications, so one resolute example would suffice to capture the citadel of prejudice, and plant the banner of abstract truth on its topmost pinnacle.

In the matter of dining out, indeed, it seemed as if he was right. For within a week of his desperate plunge I received an invitation to break bread with the Municipal Committee in the upper story of the vice-president's house. The request, which was emblazoned in gold, engrossed on silk paper in red and black, and enclosed in a brocade envelope, was signed by the eleven members and the Reformer,—who, by the way, edited a ridiculous little magazine to which the Committee subscribed a few rupees a month, solely for the purpose of being able to send copies to their friends at court, and show that they were in the van of Progress. For a man must surely be that who is patron of a "Society for the General Good of all Men in all Countries."

The entertainment, given on the roof amid star-shine and catherine-wheels, was magnificently successful, its great feature being an enormous plum-pudding which I was gravely told had been prepared by my own cook; at what cost, I shudder to think, but the rascal's grinning face as he placed it on the table convinced me that he had seized the opportunity for some almost inconceivable extortion. Still there was no regret in those twelve grave bearded faces as one by one they tasted and approved. All this happened long before a miserable, exotic imitation of an English vestry had replaced the old patrician committees, and these men were representatives of the bluest blood in the neighbourhood, many of them descendants of those who in past times had held high office of State and had transmitted courtly manners to their children. So the epithets bestowed on the plum-pudding were many-syllabled; but the consensus of opinion was indubitably toward its coolness, its digestibility, and its evident property of soothing the body and the mind. Again I did not deny it; how could I, out on the roof under the eternal stars, with those twelve foreign faces showing, for once, a common bond of union with the Feringhee? I should have felt like Judas Iscariot if I had struck the thirteenth chord of denial.

The Reformer made a speech afterwards, I remember, in which, being wonderfully well read, he alluded to love-feasts and sacraments and the coming millennium, when all nations of the world should meet at one table and—well! not exactly eat plum-pudding together, but something very like it. Then we all shook hands, and a native musician played a tune on the *seringhi* which they informed me was "God save the Queen." It may have been; I only know that the Reformer's thin face beamed with almost pitiful delight as he told me triumphantly that this was only the beginning.

He was right. From that time forth the plum-pudding feast became a recognised function. Not a week passed without one, generally (for my gorge rose at the idea of my cook's extortion) in the summer-house in my garden, where I could have an excuse for providing the delicacy at my own expense. And I am bound to say that this increased intimacy bore other fruit than that contained in the pudding. For the matter of that it has continued to bear fruit, since I can truthfully date the beginning of my friendship for the people of India from the days when we ate plum-pudding together under the stars.

The Reformer was radiant. He formed himself and his eleven into committees and sub-committees for every philanthropical object under the sun; and many an afternoon have I spent with my work under the trees watching one deputation after another retire behind the oleander hedge in order to permutate itself by deft re-arrangement of members, secretaries, and vice-presidents, into some fresh body bent on the regeneration of mankind. For life was leisurely, lingering and lagging along in the little town where there was neither doctor nor parson, policeman nor canal-officer; nor, in fact, any white face save my own and my husband's. Still we went far and fast in a cheerful, unreal sort of way. We founded schools and debating-societies, public libraries and technical art-classes. Finally we met enthusiastically over an extra-sized plum-pudding, and solemnly pledged ourselves to reduce the marriage expenditure of our daughters.

The Reformer grew more radiant than ever, and began (in the drawing-room, where it appeared to me he hatched all his most daring schemes) to talk proudly about infant marriage, enforced widowhood, and the seclusion of women. The latter I considered to be the key to the whole position, and therefore I felt surprised at the evident reluctance with which he met my suggestion that he should begin the struggle by bringing his wife to visit me. He had but one, although she was childless. This was partly, no doubt, in deference to his advanced theories, but also, at least so I judged from his conversation, because of his unbounded admiration for one who by his description was a pearl among women. In fact this unseen partner had from the first been held up to me as a refutation of all my strictures on the degradation of seclusion. So, to tell truth, I was quite anxious to see this paragon, and vexed at the constant ailments and absences which prevented our becoming acquainted. The more so because this shadow of hidden virtue fettered me in argument, for Futtehdeen was an eager patriot full of enthusiasms for India and the Indians. Once the flimsy fortifications were scaled, he assured me that Hindoostan, and above all its women, would come to the front and put the universe to shame. Yet despite his successes he looked haggard and anxious; at the time I thought it was too much progress and plum-pudding combined, but afterwards I came to the conclusion that his conscience was ill at ease even then.

So the heat grew apace. The fly-catchers came to dart among the *sirus* flowers and skim round the massive dome of the old tomb in which we lived. The melons began to ripen, first by one and two, then in thousands, gold and green and russet. The corners of the streets were piled with them, and every man, woman, and child carried a crescent moon of melon at which they munched contentedly all day long. Now, even with the future good of humanity in view, I could not believe in the safety of a mixed diet of melon and plum-pudding, especially when cholera was in the air. Therefore on the next committee-day I had a light and wholesome refection of sponge-cakes and jelly prepared for the philanthropists. They tasted it courteously, but sparingly. It was, they said, super-excellent, but of too heating and stimulating a nature to be consumed in quantities. In vain I assured them that it could be digested by the most delicate stomach, that it was, in short, a recognised food for convalescents. This only confirmed them in their view, for, according to the Yunâni system, an invalid diet must be heating, strengthening, stimulating. Somehow in the middle of their arguments I caught myself looking pitifully at the Reformer, and wondering at his temerity in tilting at the great mysterious mass of Eastern wisdom.

And that day, in deference to my western zeal, he was to tilt wildly at the *zenana* system. His address fell flat, and for the first time I noticed a decidedly personal flavour in the discussion. Hitherto we had resolved and recorded gaily as if we ourselves were disinterested spectators. However, the vice-president apologised for the general tone, with a side slash at exciting causes in the jelly and sponge-cake, whereat the other ten wagged their heads sagely, remarking that it was marvellous, stupendous, to feel the blood running riot in their veins after those few mouthfuls. Verily such food partook of magic. Only the Reformer dissented, and ate a whole sponge-cake defiantly. Even so the final resolution ran thus: "That this Committee views with alarm any attempt to force the natural growth of female freedom, which it holds to be strictly a matter for the individual wishes of the man." Indeed it was with difficulty that I, as secretary, avoided the disgrace of having to record the spiteful rider, "and that if any member wanted to unveil the ladies, he could begin on his own wife."

I was young then in knowledge of Eastern ways, and consequently indignant. The Reformer, on the other hand, was strangely humble, and tried afterwards to evade the major point by eating another sponge-cake and making a facetious remark about experiments and vile bodies; for he was a mine of quotations, especially from the Bible, which he used to wield to my great discomfiture. But on the point at issue I knew he could scarcely go against his own convictions, so I pressed home his duty of taking the initiative. He agreed, gently; by and by, perhaps, when his wife was more fit for the ordeal. And it was natural, even the *mem-sahiba* must allow, for unaccustomed modesty to shrink. She was to the full as devoted as he to the good cause, but at the same time—— Finally the *mem-sahiba* must remember that women were women all over the world, even though occasionally one was to be found like the *mem-sahiba* capable of acting as secretary to innumerable committees without a blush. There was something so wistful in his eager blending of flattery and excuse, that I yielded for the time, though determined in the end to carry my point. And finally I succeeded in getting half the members to consent to sending their wives to meet in my drawing-room after dark, provided always that Meer Futtehdeen, the Reformer, would set a good example. He looked troubled when I told him, and pointed out that the responsibility for success or failure now lay virtually with him. Yet he did not deny it.

I took elaborate precautions to insure the most modest seclusion on the appointed evening, even to sending my husband up a ladder to the gallery at the very top of the dome to smoke his cigar. But I waited in vain,—in my best gown, by the way. No one came, though my *ayah* assured me that several jealously guarded *dhoolies* had arrived at the garden-gate, and gone away again when it was known that Mrs. Futtehdeen had not come.

I was virtuously indignant with the offender, and the next time he came to see me sent out a message that I was otherwise engaged. I felt a little remorseful at having done so, however, when committee-day coming round the Reformer was reported to be on the sick-list. And there he remained until after the first rain had fallen, bringing with it the real Indian spring, the spring full of roses and jasmine of which the poets and the *bulbuls* sing. By this time the novelty had worn off philanthropy and plum-pudding, so that often we had a difficulty in getting a quorum together to resolve anything; and I, personally, had begun to weary for the dazzled eyes and the eager voice so full of sanguine hope. Therefore it gave me a pang to learn from the vice-president, who being a Government official was a model of punctuality, that in all probability I should never hear or see either one or the other again, since Futtehdeen was dying of the rapid decline which comes so often to the Indian student.

A recurrence of vague remorse made me put my pride in my pocket, and go unasked to the Reformer's house; but my decision came too late. He had died the morning of my visit, and I think I was glad of it. For the paragon of beauty and virtue, of education and refinement, was a very ordinary woman, many years older than my poor Reformer, marked with the smallpox and blind of one eye. Then I understood.

F. A. STEEL.

# THE WEST INDIAN REBELLION.

## I.—GRENADA.

Of all years in the history of the West Indies, since the Spanish Furies of the first conquerors, the most terrible is probably the year 1795. It was a year of massacre, plunder, and ruin; of war not only of French and English, but of the subject against the dominant race, of the black man against the white. Kindled first in San Domingo by the sparks that flew from the central conflagration at Paris, the flames spread swiftly from island to island, until there was hardly one that was not ablaze. In the spring of 1794 the British forces under General Sir Charles Grey and Admiral Sir John Jervis had attacked the French islands with signal success, and had added Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia to the Windward Islands captured from France in previous wars. But within a year all this was changed. Before the end of 1794 the energy of Victor Hugues, the Commissioner of the National Convention in Paris, had recovered Guadeloupe; and in the spring of 1795 the same vigorous spirit organised a simultaneous insurrection throughout the whole of the Windward Islands. In one after another the same scenes repeated themselves. The French, intoxicated with new ideas as to the rights of man, and ever delighting to do mischief to the British, took advantage of colour-feeling to rouse the Negroes against the English, and in island after island the latter were driven to the utmost extremity. In St. Lucia the feeble garrison was fairly overpowered and driven out; in St. Vincent the troops barely held the capital against the French and their savage allies the Caribs; and in Grenada the danger was hardly less pressing than in St. Vincent. For a whole year the Brigands, as these fanatical bands of French and Negroes were called, held these islands at their mercy, till the British at last made head against them, and crushed them out.

The memory of these things has well nigh perished. The names of St. Vincent, Grenada, Martinique, and Guadeloupe are borne on the colours of many regiments, but why and wherefore few men know, and still fewer care. The West Indies have lost their importance. Once the richest of our possessions, nurtured under a system which, good or bad, kept them increasingly prosperous, they were overthrown by two Acts of Parliament which destroyed the system at a blow and therewith ruined the islands. The British nation having ruined them decided to have no more to do with them; and thus, while millions have been poured into the treasuries of innumerable corrupt governments, colonial and foreign, little or nothing has been spared for the West Indies.

Yet another cause has contributed to thrust the war of the West Indies into the background. For the best part of two generations the policy of Pitt in fighting for the Caribbean Archipelago has, through the influence of Macaulay, met with nothing but condemnation. Quite recently, however, an author who writes with impartiality no less than with profound knowledge, has vindicated Pitt's action; and where Macaulay and Captain Mahan differ on a point of strategy, it is no disrespect to Macaulay to prefer Captain Mahan.

But even granting that Macaulay

were right, it is not good that Englishmen should forget with what desperate struggles and frightful loss of life these islands were won, held, and regained. The names of Ralph Abercromby and John Moore are not unknown in English military annals; but how many know that Abercromby reconquered the West Indies for us in 1796; that John Moore, having done the best share of the work of the recovery of Morne Fortunée, was left to complete the reduction of St. Lucia; and that, while engaged in the process, he was stricken with yellow fever, and actually abandoned for dead? As to lesser military men, brigadiers, colonels, and the like, to say nothing of mere civilian administrators, their names have perished, though their dispatches still survive unnoticed and unread. Simple, straightforward documents they are, telling merely that their men are dying like flies, and they themselves at their wits' end; but that they are alive to the high trust which His Majesty has placed in their keeping, and will do their duty come what may. Occasionally, when hard pressed, as for instance at the evacuation of St. Lucia, on June 19th, 1795, they set forth their case in a ghastly return, thus:—

| | Total strength. | Fit for duty. | Sick. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Four regiments of Infantry.. | 1171 | 583 | 588 |
| Artillery... .... | 40 | 29 | 11 |
| Negro Soldiers | 12 | 1 | 11 |
| | 1223 | 613 | 610 |

And therewith they hope that His Majesty will not judge them harshly. Let us trace the course of one of these islands through the year 1795, and try to realise, however faintly, what the revolt of the West Indies really meant.

Grenada, one of the most southerly of the Windward group of the Caribbean Archipelago, is an island about twenty miles long by ten broad. Seen on the chart it has the shape of a beetle, with its head pointing slightly to the east of north, and a stump of an erratic tail swinging out to south-west. Seen in itself it is a rugged confused mass of volcanic hills, rising to near three thousand feet, covered with forest of an almost cloying verdure, except where the monotony is broken by the gentler green of sugar-canes. The colour of the soil, where seen, is the deep rich red of the sandstone land in Devon; and the effect of the whole as it rises out of the blue of the tropical sea is of an intensity of colour almost too superbly bold for an English eye to bear. On the east or (trade) windward side of the island are two little ports—St. Andrew's, the southernmost, and Grenville, a few miles to north of it, wherein the trade-wind throws up a heavy surf. At the north point is another little port, Sauteurs, and thence travelling down the leeward coast we come to Gouyave or Charlottetown, and farther to the south to St. George's, the capital. The entrance to St. George's is narrow; but within the harbour expands trefoilwise into three little bays, hemmed in on all sides by hills. To the left, commanding the entrance, stands Fort George, a picturesque old mass of masonry, with the town clustered like a Devon fishing-village beneath and beyond it. To your right, within the harbour as you enter it, you can see the remains of old batteries and barracks on the hills at the farther side of the bay. The town is steep and roughly paved, and bears unmistakable signs of French origin; but it has a character of its own which enables it to stand without marring the beauty of one of the loveliest little harbours in the world.

And here on the night of the 2nd of March, 1795, the population retired as usual to rest. The trade-wind dropped, as ever, at sunset; the fireflies glanced hither and thither, revelling in the darkness as the butterflies in the sunshine; "last post" rang out from the bugles at Fort George, and was answered from the barracks across the bay; one hundred and fifty British soldiers, who formed the garrison of Grenada, realised that another hot day was passed and another hot night begun; and the sentries, too lazy to pace up and down in the heat, stood without the low stifling barracks and declared that all was well. Not a suspicion of mischief was there; the Governor himself, Mr. Home, had gone away on a journey to windward. Before dawn the news was brought that the French free Negroes had risen in the night, had massacred the Whites at Grenville Bay to windward, and seized those at Charlottetown and around it on the leeward coast. One can imagine the confusion and terror at such tidings, the more to be dreaded after all that had happened at Guadeloupe and St. Domingo. Moreover, the Governor was away, and no one could tell when he would return. No one could guess that the poor man would never enter Government House again. Soon after came a message to say that he too had been captured by the insurgents at Charlottetown, while hastening on his way back to the capital, and added to the forty-two white prisoners already in their hands.

Without losing his head for a moment, the senior member of the Council, Mr. Mackenzie, took over the reins of government, proclaimed martial law, and despatched messengers to Trinidad, Barbados, and Martinique to beg assistance. Meanwhile he called out the St. George's militia, mainly coloured men, and sent off by sea what regular force he could raise, a mere one hundred and fifty men under an officer of the Fifty-Eighth, to attack the insurgent position at Charlottetown from the south, ordering the local militia at the other end of the island to threaten it simultaneously from the north. Then came a few anxious days of suspense. On the 9th the expedition returned. Two wounded men were carried on shore; and the only news was that the insurgents had artillery and were too strongly posted to permit attack with so small a force. As for the northern militia, it was not to be found, for the whole population in its panic had fled to the coasting vessels for safety. Plainly nothing could be done till reinforcements should come. The first of these arrived within a couple of days from Trinidad, whence the Spanish Commander, Don Chacon, had generously sent three armed vessels and forty soldiers from his own tiny garrison. Poor Don Chacon! Two years later it was his fate to sign the capitulation of Trinidad to the very power which he now so unselfishly assisted. On the 12th of March, some hours later than the Spaniards, came Brigadier-General Lindsay from Martinique with one hundred and fifty men of the Ninth and Sixty-Eighth drawn from thence and from St. Lucia; for St. Lucia as yet was not thought to be in danger. He garrisoned St. George's with Spaniards, and with the English marched against the insurgents. On the 17th of March he attacked them and drove them from one position with trifling loss, only to find that they had retired to another, still stronger than the first, on the steep wooded hills. He prepared to follow them, but the rain fell as only tropical rain can fall and put a stop to all further operations. There are not too many roads in Grenada now; there were still fewer a century ago, and those mere narrow tracks, paved in the French fashion, too strait for any wheeled vehicle. Along these, all slippery with rain and mud, the dispirited soldiers had to march, drenched to the skin, and exhausted by the stifling, steaming heat. General Lindsay, worn out with fever and fatigue, became delirious, and in his delirium made away with himself. The Spaniards, unable to spare their troops any longer, sent orders for them to return to Trinidad. Lindsay's successor declared it useless to attack the insurgents with his small force; for unless assailed from several points they simply abandoned one position to take up another and a stronger. Bad news began to come from St. Vincent and St. Lucia of Brigands triumphant and British hard pressed, and the outlook for Grenada became darker and darker. Evidently nothing was to be done but to hold St. George's and Charlottetown to leeward and Grenville to windward, and equip vessels to intercept French reinforcements from Guadeloupe.

For by this time the secret of the moving power, the terrible Victor Hugues, had come to light; and the British in Grenada knew the enemy against whom they were fighting. Proclamations printed both in French (the language of Grenada) and in English were scattered broadcast through the islands; such proclamations as could not but appeal to any Frenchmen bitten with the virus of the Revolution. Two specimens of these are before us; one dated 3 Ventose III. (21st February 1795) threatening the guillotine to all Frenchmen who join the enemy, and reprisals for the death of any Republican executed by the British; the other of earlier date but even more significant, and worth printing as it originally appeared in its official translation.

> Victor Hugues, Commissary delegated by the National Convention in the Leeward Caribee Islands,
>
> Considering that the crimes committed by the British officers as well at the taking as in the defending of the Colonies shows a charactere of such a consumed and unheard-of rogeury, of which history never as yet produced an example,
>
> Considering that the rights of humanity, of war, of men and of nations have been violated by Charles Grey, general; John Jervis, admiral; Thomas Dundas, major-general; Charles Gordon, likewise a general officer, as well as of other subaltern officers in imitation of their chief commanders,
>
> Considering that the robberies, murders, and other crimes committed by them ought to be transmitted to posterity,
>
> It is resolved: that the remains of Thomas Dundas, deceased in the Island of Guadeloupe on the 3rd day of the month of juin (style of the slaves), shall be deterred and thrown to the wind, and that there shall be erected in the same spot at the expense of the Republic a lofty monument, bearing on the one side this present resolution, and on the other the following inscription:
>
> *This spot, returned to liberty through the courage of the Republicans, was dishonoured by the body of Thomas Dundas, Major-General and Governor over the Island of Guadeloupe, in the name of the Tyran George III. In remembrance of his crimes, the public indignation has caused him to be deterred, and this monument to be erected to attest the same to posterity.*
>
> *The 20th frimaire in the 3rd year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.*
>
> Signed, Victor Hugues.

Such were the utterances of the Directory at Guadeloupe; and the action of their agents was worthy of them. Julien Fédon, a Grenada Mulatto who headed the insurrection, and Besson, a deputy sent from Guadeloupe, issued a proclamation that the heads of the captured Governor, *le tyran* Ninian Home, and of his fellow-prisoners should answer for the good behaviour of the inhabitants. This manifesto produced its due effect. The Negroes flocked to Fédon's standard in hundreds, no fewer than four thousand joining him in the month of March alone. Moreover not Negroes only but Frenchmen of all classes and colours in Grenada, whether through terror or inclination, threw in their lot with the insurgents and fought by their side; while Victor Hugues strove indefatigably to evade the English cruisers and pour men, arms, and ammunition into the island. The plantations were devastated, the estate houses plundered and burned; and blank ruin stared Grenada in the face.

On the 1st of April, however, a small reinforcement arrived from Barbados, consisting of the Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Ninth regiments, both very weak, under Brigadier Campbell. The dauntless Mackenzie again essayed to organise a combined attack on the rebel position, and again failed utterly, probably from inappreciation of the fact that operations on paper and in the field are two very different things. The rain was falling in torrents, the men were raw recruits just arrived from England, the officers new to the country and to the system of warfare; moreover the enemy, strengthened by a supply of officers who had successfully run the blockade, made remarkably skilful dispositions. Nevertheless on the 8th of April Campbell, like Lindsay before him, resolved with his two weak regiments and a party of bluejackets to make at any rate a direct attack on the post at Charlottetown. The insurgents repeated their former tactics; they withdrew from the lower ground to a higher point on ground almost inaccessible and strengthened by felled trees and abattis. The British troops did all that men could do, but the ground was so slippery from the heavy rain that, although most of them had lost their shoes, they could make no way; and Campbell was fain to retire, having lost nearly one hundred men of the five or six hundred with him.

A week later arrived a new general, Brigadier Nicolls, but no troops with him. He at once decided to occupy the landing-places only, and abandon the interior to the insurgents, harassing them as best he could. Nothing else could be done, for the troops were worn out, and the militia in a state of mutiny, while the Negroes joined the Brigands in greater numbers than ever. Fédon on his side, after repelling Campbell's attack, brought out Governor Home and thirty-nine more of his prisoners and massacred them in cold blood; he was not a man who threatened for nothing.

Such was the state of Grenada two months after the rising. One can imagine the intense bitterness of men's minds in so tiny a community; the fury of the ruined and bereaved against the black Brigands and still more against the white men who, false to their colour, had allied themselves with them. And now the summer drew on, bringing with it a new and terrible enemy, yellow fever.

"The Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Ninth begin to fall down fast," wrote Nicolls on the 11th of May. "Twenty died here last week and six were carried off yesterday." All through July the fever raged furiously. The regulars died at an appalling rate, the Twenty-Ninth losing eighty men in a single month; and some of the militia regiments were annihilated. The insurgents laid the whole island waste, and waxed bolder and bolder. In October a reinforcement of two hundred men with arms and ammunition contrived to make its way to them from Guadeloupe; thus strengthened, they attacked the British post at Charlottetown, which, with all its stores, artillery, and sick men, was perforce abandoned to them. Nevertheless for a moment a transient gleam of hope struck even then through the gloom to the British in Grenada. Reinforcements had reached Barbados from England, and would doubtless hasten to their aid; but it was not to be. Martinique was hard pressed, St. Vincent was at the last gasp, St. Lucia had been evacuated ever since June; Grenada must wait.

And now came a fresh anxiety for the sick hearts in the island. The French Commissioners at Guadeloupe sent an emissary to the insurgent post in Charlottetown to summon Fédon thither to answer for his barbarities, and to proclaim that the war should henceforth be carried on on principles of humanity. True, Fédon defied the French authorities to take him; but Nicolls was none the less apprehensive that the new policy would draw many waverers to the side of Hugues. Those were evil days for the unfortunate Brigadier. The insurgent leaders sent him insolent letters, dated from

"Porte Libre, ci-devant La Gouyave" (Charlottetown), calling upon him to abandon his disgraceful service under the tyrant George. He could not avenge the insult, for every day made his position worse. Slowly and reluctantly he was compelled to withdraw post after post, and abandon the landing-places to the rebels. The year 1795 went out, and the year 1796 came in, but no hope came with it,—nothing but news of failure, and heavy losses in St. Vincent, and the diversion of all reinforcements to that island. In Grenada itself disaster followed disaster. In January the rebels received further reinforcements from Guadeloupe; in February they contrived to surprise and capture some ships sent round with stores and ammunition for the British post at Grenville. Flushed with success they then invested the post itself, and compelled the troops to evacuate it. Six weeks before this little British garrison had contrived to repel a desultory attack; but now, with neither food nor clothes nor ammunition, it could make no resistance. The situation became desperate. The insurgent force had by this time reached the number of ten thousand men, amply supplied with arms and ammunition, and led by capable commanders. Nicolls thus driven to extremity withdrew all his outlying troops, and concentrated his whole force at St. George's; it remained to be seen how long he could hold this last position.

At length the tide began to turn. After long delay through gales and foul winds reinforcements reached Barbados from England; and the relief of Grenada, and not of Grenada only, was at hand. On the 4th of March five hundred and eighty-eight men from the Tenth, Twenty-Fifth, and Eighty-Eighth Foot, under Brigadier Mackenzie, arrived at St. George's from Barbados. True, forty-five of them had gone down with sickness in the course of the two days' voyage, but none the less their arrival was timely and welcome; and the insurgents, who had advanced towards St. George's, thought it prudent to retire. A week later further reinforcements from the Third, Eighth, and Sixty-Third Foot, and the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, landed at Sauteurs at the extreme north; and Campbell decided to attack the rebel position at Grenville without delay. On the 24th of March the forces from St. George's and the north converged, the former by land and the latter by sea, upon the doomed entrenchments, constructed a battery of three guns in the night, and opened fire at daybreak next morning. Before attacking the main position, however, it was necessary first to carry a secondary height adjoining it. Two companies of the Eighty-Eighth were detailed for this duty, but such was the difficulty of the ground that it was two hours before they could get near the enemy, and when they did reach them it was only to be driven back. With great reluctance Campbell, who had made his dispositions to cut off the insurgents on every side, was compelled to bring up a detachment of the Eighth Foot to support the attack. Just at that moment a party of rebels contrived to steal round to his rear and set fire to the stores on the beach; and the conflagration was hardly extinguished when two French schooners anchored in the bay and opened fire to cover the landing of the troops which were on board. Campbell saw that no time was to be lost. Under a heavy fire both from the rebel fort ashore and from the schooners in the bay, the Seventeenth Light Dragoons charged down the beach and swept it clear. Then Campbell, concentrating the whole of his infantry, led them straight to the assault, and, not without difficulty, carried the rebel entrenchments by storm. The insurgents fled in all directions, but they did not get off scot free; for as they emerged upon the low ground the cavalry again fell upon them and cut down every soul. Three hundred

Brigands, mostly *sans culottes* from Guadeloupe, met their death at the hands of the Seventeenth that day. Only six prisoners were taken: it was not a time for taking prisoners: and the surviving rebels fled to their stronghold opposite Charlottetown in the centre of the island. The British loss was twelve officers and one hundred and thirty-five men killed and wounded.

After this nothing more was done for a time. There was sickness among the soldiers and confusion in the island; there had been no time to provide for the housing of the troops, and chaos could not be reduced to order in a moment. Mr. Houston, the new Governor, who arrived in April to succeed the murdered Home, found to his great disgust that Government House was occupied by the Light Dragoons, who were by no means disposed to make room for him. But by this time things were beginning to improve in the West Indies. Sir Ralph Abercromby, who had been driven back to Portsmouth in February after three weeks' futile contest with gales in the Channel, had at last managed to reach Barbados (March 17th), and was getting to work. St. Lucia was his first care; and St. Lucia, thanks to the good service of Moore, was in his hands by the 24th of May. Thence he returned to the final relief of St. Vincent, which was accomplished on the 10th of June; and lastly he sent Colonel Hope to Grenada, to concert operations with Campbell. On the 19th of June an English force landed unopposed at Charlottetown to leeward, and a second advanced from the windward side, both intent on the capture of Morne Quaqua, the central stronghold of the Brigands which had defied the British for so long. It was a position so formidable that Lindsay and Campbell might be excused for their failure to carry it by assault. The camp itself lay at a considerable elevation, and above it rose a rocky precipice accessible only by a narrow path, which, together with the lower ground beneath it, was commanded by a field-gun with several swivels and wall-pieces. Above this again rose another bluff, with another gun in position; and finally above this, up a very steep ascent, was the summit. The British now approached it in several small columns; and the French Commandant, seeing that it would inevitably be carried, thought best to surrender. Fédon and the desperate faction, knowing that they must expect short shrift, led out the white prisoners, some twenty in number, stripped them, bound, and murdered them; and having thus done their worst took to flight.

From that moment the war became merely a chase. The main body of the insurgents was dispersed and taken piecemeal; the Whites, over eighty in number, surrendered; and Fédon alone, with a small body of ruffian Negroes, remained at large in spite of all efforts to capture him. Once indeed his pursuers came upon him by surprise, but he disappeared like a cat over a precipice whither none dared follow him, and it does not appear that he was ever taken. Far different was the fate of the rest; for now the hour of vengeance was come. First the eighty white men were brought to trial before a specially constituted court. Forty-seven of them were condemned to death, of whom thirty-five were actually executed, the remaining twelve being saved only by the interposition of Governor Houston, who thereby made himself extremely unpopular. Had the House of Assembly (for nearly all these islands possessed a parody of an elected Assembly until 1876) been allowed its own way it would probably have put an end to the whole eighty by a sweeping Act of Attainder; for no offence is so deadly among white men in a black man's country as disloyalty to colour. It is easy for those who sit at ease in Exeter Hall to decry colour-feeling; but, let them say what they may, that feeling is natural, for it is born of the instinct of self-preservation; and it is necessary, for it is the backbone of the white man's supremacy in the torrid zone. So the white insurgents paid dearly for their alliance with the Blacks, and the Blacks as dearly for the more pardonable crime of rising against their masters. Men were in no very gentle mood just at that period.

So ended the revolt, but not the troubles of Grenada. The island was ruined; the bare expenses of the war alone, to say nothing of other losses, amounted to £230,000 (about five years' revenue), and every source of wealth was destroyed. From sheer compassion the British Government lent the unhappy island £100,000 to enable it to exist. As the summer advanced the yellow fever appeared for the second time, and wrought even more appalling havoc than on its previous visit. The year 1796 was perhaps the sickliest season ever known in the West Indies. By December the House of Assembly had hardly a member left alive, and the Governor was at a loss to contrive to get the necessary business transacted. Among the troops many regiments buried from one hundred to one hundred and fifty in October alone. The Seventeenth Light Dragoons, to take a typical instance, out of three troops of a total strength of one hundred and thirty-five men, lost thirty-seven in a single week, and eighty-five in six months. At one time in Grenada one thousand men out of two thousand five hundred were in hospital, while in St. Lucia Moore could raise only one thousand effective soldiers from his garrison of four thousand. It may be said, in a word, that most of the British soldiers who garrisoned the West Indies in 1795-96 are in the West Indies still. If the tale of lives lost by disease in the death-struggle against France could hang about our necks like the sum of the National Debt, we should find it hard indeed to raise our heads.

And to what end, it may be asked, was all this loss of life? If the events that took place in Grenada were only a sample, and that not the worst sample, of those that were repeated with superficial differences, for better or worse, in St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and elsewhere, what is there to show for it? Why was it worth while for us to fritter away so much strength on such possessions? Perhaps the tersest answer to such questions may be obtained by a visit to the United Service Institution, where there is still to be seen, though in a rusty and unserviceable condition, the axe of the guillotine employed by the triumvirate, Victor Hugues, Goyraud, and Lebas at Guadeloupe,—the identical weapon wherewith they threatened to exterminate the loyalists in all the English islands. This forgotten trophy of the British Army is emblematic of much. Kind nature in its mercy has obliterated most traces of the struggle of 1795-6 in the West Indies. You will find it difficult in the neglected state of the military cemeteries to read any history of those terrible days; and you will rightly judge it more pleasant and profitable to watch the fields of graceful waving canes, and the hill-sides rich with the glossy leaves and blazing yellow fruit of the cacao. For the white man is still supreme over most of the archipelago. But there is one island where the work of the French Revolution was never undone, hard though the English strove to undo it, and that island is Hayti. There the fruit of the Revolution may be seen in a black community relapsed into a barbarism baser than that from which it originally emerged. It is no thanks to France that the Caribbean Archipelago is not a nest of Haytis; and it may be said without much exaggeration that, if the guillotine-axe of Guadeloupe were not now in the United Service Institution, the West Indies would all be even as Hayti now is.

J. W. Fortescue.

# BRITISH RIGHTS IN EGYPT.

In view of the recent incidents which have occurred in connection with the consultative body, styled the Legislative Council, established in Egypt by Lord Dufferin in 1883, and having regard to the assumption made by certain Continental journals that there is something irregular or invalid in the British government of Egypt, it is desirable to consider the origin of that government and its international justification. It is not true, as certain Continental publicists maintain, that the British right to intervene in Egypt springs from a concession by the Sultan or the Khedive, or that it can be limited or abrogated by casual expressions of an intention to leave Egypt made by an administration. The British Government, in common with all civilized Powers, is bound, not by unilateral expressions of intention or hope, but by its duly concluded treaties. To act on any other theory would be to render constitutional government an impossibility and diplomacy a waste of time.

Five years before the British occupation of 1882, Lord Derby's despatch to the Russian ambassador, dated May 6th, 1877, categorically defined the rights claimed in Egypt by the British Government. The preservation of the Empire of India is one of the highest duties to the British nation and to humanity at large which a British Ministry can fulfil. The protection of the route to India through the Suez Canal is therefore incumbent on every British Government. Furthermore, the extent of British commercial interests in Egypt is such that the order and security of that territory are of great concern to the British people.

The particular occasion for Lord Derby's interference was that there was danger of the operation of the war between Russia and Turkey being extended to the Suez Canal and Egypt. The British Government therefore announced its intention of interfering by force of arms to defend Egyptian territory. The fact that its intervention was effective (a fact attested by the despatch of Prince Gortschakoff of May 30th, 1877, promising not to attack Egypt) establishes on an unimpeachable basis the independent character of the British right of intervention. Without the mandate of Sultan or Khedive, during a war against the Sultan in which the British Empire was neutral, the British Government asserted not the Sultan's but its own rights over Egyptian territory; and that assertion, acquiesced in by both belligerents, averted, if not a Russian annexation, certainly a devastating Russian invasion of Egypt.

The same British rights which justified British intervention in 1877 to secure Egypt from foreign invasion, justified British intervention in 1882 to protect Egypt from the equal or greater ills which arise from internal disorder or maladministration. On August 10th, 1882, the British representative at the Conference of Constantinople announced to the representatives of the Great Powers the British occupation of Suez. The mere fact that the occupation had necessarily as its immediate object the restoration of the authority of the Khedive has no bearing whatever on the nature of the right of British intervention. It was obviously essential to the restoration of order to re-establish so far as possible *the status quo ante bellum.* It is no time to organise new governmental institutions during the suppression of a rebellion; in President Lincoln's phrase, it is no time to swap horses when crossing a stream. But the British Government never declared, nor did the Sultan or the Khedive or a single European Power ever dream, that the sole object of the intervention was to re-establish the authority of the Khedive. The immediate object was necessarily comprised in that restoration; the ultimate object was obviously the maintenance of British rights in Egypt, compromised by internal disorder.

Throughout the negotiations which preceded and followed the occupation, the British Government showed itself scrupulously desirous of acting in concert with the other Great Powers, although the interests in Egypt of none of them can for a moment compare with those of the possessors of the Empire of India. But at no time did the British Government profess to base its right on the will of the Turkish or of the Egyptian rulers.

It is particularly worth noting that the same is to be said of the French Government. At the Conference of 1882 a joint declaration was made by the British and French ambassadors that their Governments were ready, if necessity should arise, "to employ themselves in the protection of the Suez Canal, either alone, or with the addition of any Power who is willing to assist." The British ambassador declared that acceptance of the Italian proposal at the Conference was not to prevent England or other Powers landing troops in Egypt. The French ambassador made a similar declaration, and reserved "entire liberty of action" for the French Government.

So far did the British Government press its desire to act in concert with other Powers, that it invited the French Ministry to effect a joint occupation. But, for reasons which it is the task of French publicists to defend, the French Government declined the invitation. The British right to intervene can be in no respect affected by that refusal.

At the Conference of London, held in June 1884 to consider the financial position of Egypt, a French proposal was made to neutralise Egypt; but this was excluded, as beyond the scope of the invitation to the Conference. As was proved later on, the Sultan was strongly opposed to any neutralisation. By the Declaration of London, March 18th, 1885, the Great Powers assert the freedom of the Suez Canal. At the Conference of Paris of the Suez Canal International Commission, held from April to June 1885, regulations for the navigation of the canal were considered.

The next step in the negotiations relative to Egypt deserves careful attention, as the misinterpretation of the effect of these negotiations has played the greatest part in obscuring the true position of the British in Egypt.

Desirous, not to abandon its rights in Egypt, or to represent them as emanating from the will of the Sultan, but to avoid a breach of continuity in the relations of the Khedive with his suzerain, and in the relations of the Mahommedan population with its religious head in Constantinople, the British Government decided to conclude a treaty with the Sultan. This is the Treaty of Constantinople, October 24th, 1885, which now regulates, not British authority in Egypt, but British engagements towards the Sultan with reference to the exercise and the possible termination of that authority. The Treaty provides that a British and Turkish High Commissioner are to be appointed to proceed to Egypt. Then follows the article, the French version of which is declared to be binding, which determines British relations to the Sultan in regard to Egypt. "So soon as the two High Commissioners shall have ascertained that the safety of the frontiers and the good working and stability of the Egyptian Government are assured, they shall present a report to their respective Governments, who shall take measures for the conclusion of a Convention to arrange for the retirement of the British troops from Egypt after a reasonable interval." It is therefore quite sufficient to say that the High Commissioners are not yet agreed as to the arrival of a period wherein the British troops may be safely withdrawn. Judging by appearances, and especially considering the agitation against British administration encouraged by foreign and native influences, it may even be conjectured that a very long time must elapse before such a period is reached.

As regards this treaty with the Sultan, the British Government some years ago gave evidence of its desire to abide by its voluntary self-denying ordinance, provided that the paramount rights of the empire can be safeguarded. Sir H. D. Wolff's mission to Constantinople in 1885 and 1886, the object of which was embodied in the *note verbale* of November 4th, 1886, testified to an almost excessive desire to consult the wishes of the Porte. The Convention of Constantinople of May 22nd, 1887, provided that British troops should be withdrawn in three years, on condition that the Mediterranean Powers assented to the treaty, and that the territorial security of Egypt should be respected. The British negotiation so far deferred to Turkish susceptibilities as to substitute the words "territorial inviolability (*sûreté territoriale*)" for "neutralisation," as the Sultan objected to the latter word. The Convention provided most reasonably that the British right to intervene in Egypt to protect British interests should not be less after the ratification of the Convention than it was in 1877. In case any danger to the territorial security of Egypt should arise after the British evacuation, the right of intervention should again come into force. In an annexe of the same date the refusal of any of the great Mediterranean Powers to assent to the stipulations of the treaty is defined as a case of danger.

Lord Salisbury's despatch of June 8th, 1887, announced the British ratification of the Convention. The Sultan's ratification was withheld. The refusal of the Porte to ratify the Convention made it clear that the British Government would have no guarantee that the withdrawal of British troops would not be followed by a French, or even a Russian, or Italian occupation of Egypt. The situation in 1887, instead of being better, would be worse than in 1877.

The agreement therefore of the British Government in the treaty of 1885, voluntarily limiting in regard to Turkey the term of British occupation of Egypt, might well be held to have lapsed, since its execution was rendered impossible by the refusal of the Sultan to assent to the reasonable conditions annexed to the evacuation. A contract which one of the parties renders impossible of performance is no longer binding; and the British Government would be quite within its right to regard the treaty as at an end. If, however, it is taken as still in force, it is sufficient to say that the conditions of evacuation contemplated in that treaty have not come into existence.

The British Government by no means questions the interest of the States of Europe in the freedom of the Suez Canal. The British assent to the Convention of Constantinople, October 29th, 1888, sufficiently attests its readiness to acknowledge that interest as real, though not paramount in Egypt.

In so far, however, as the question of the strict international right of the British Government is concerned, it will be plain from the foregoing record of British intervention that the right cannot be affected by the wish of the Khedive or the Sultan, or the inspired opinions of a largely nominated body, such as the so-called

Legislative Council. Even if the subject *fellaheen* of Egypt were opposed to the British occupation, it is manifest that the wishes of a few millions of a semi-barbarous population should not be permitted to weigh in the balance against the welfare of an empire extending over one fifth of the human race.

The exact reverse is, however, the truth as regards the subject population of Egypt. For the first time since the days of the Roman administration, order and prosperity reign in the valley of the Nile. The fact that the peasant has been able to pay his taxes, while holding back his agricultural produce until a higher price can be obtained for it, is conclusive proof of a state of things without parallel in the East under native rule It is well known that nothing but the ever-present fear that the British may abandon Egypt prevents the peasant, who has not forgotten the rapacity of the native administration, from testifying in an unmistakable fashion to his satisfaction with the *Pax Britannica.*

M. J. FARRELLY.

## SISTER CORDELIA.

"We are therefore formed into this sisterhood," said the lecturer, "for the ultimate good of humanity and for the higher development of the mental and spiritual faculties. We lose ourselves, in order that we may find our truer selves. We glean all that is best and purest in all doctrines of all great teachers. We divest our minds of all prejudice, pettiness, and above all of selfishness. Love, my sisters, is our standpoint. We are bound by no oaths, we renounce no earthly ties, and this leads us to the question of marriage,—*marriage*, my sisters. Now we are agreed that woman is, psychically speaking, a higher development than man. The Ideal Man is unfortunately not at present evolved. Nor, it may be urged, is the Ideal Woman. We admit it; but the esoteric yearning of woman for further spiritual development has at length burst forth into open day, and is embodied in this sisterhood. We note in man a deplorable self-satisfaction coupled with a melancholy contentment with the inferior type of woman, which marks his lower calibre of mind. Now, not only is close association with an inferior mind degrading, but there is another point to be very seriously considered. Would not this sisterhood do well to, I do not say finally renounce, but refrain from dwelling upon the desirability of marriage; since its aims are the universal good of mankind, and a general love of humanity which might readily be warped by concentration upon an inferior unit. Our chief labour is for the amelioration of the lot of woman; yet I do not say that we should close our sympathies to a large section of humanity such as is constituted by man as opposed to woman. No! We should rather strive to lead him to a higher spiritual plane; to restrain his natural brutality; to raise his aims, to purify his ideals; to, in short, help to evolve the Ideal Man a fitting mate for the Ideal Woman. In doing this, we shall do well to do it generally; not dwelling in thought upon any representative unit but upon the Race."

"Sister Cordelia Brevoort." It was a still small voice, and it proceeded from the lips of a slender sister, with fair hair and dove-like eyes, who lay back in a softly cushioned chair.

"What is it, Sister Elsie Lacordaire?" inquired the lecturer benignly. She was a young lady of some twenty-three summers, and whatever might be her mental and spiritual development, her physical woman was goodly. She was tall, and moulded like a youthful Juno; her gait and pose were free, untrammelled, royal; she gave an agreeable impression of fresh moorland air and cold water; the setting of her head and moulding of her brow would have made Pallas Athene jealous. Her contemplative gray eyes had one fault; they were too full of lofty thoughts to be comfortable to people who have not evolved ideals from their inner consciousness. Her fine features were rather heavily moulded, but the lips were sensitive, strong, and withal sweetly meek; her skin was white as lily blooms, and her glossy black hair grew low on her forehead. Her voice was rich and soft, and the rules of the sisterhood did not debar her from wearing a tea-gown which was in itself an ideal of a lofty nature.

"Dear President and sister," said Sister Elsie mildly, "I desire to put a question."

"Pray proceed, sister."

"Sister Cordelia, you have such mental grasp and breadth of view, I can credit your being capable of sympathising with, and elevating all the men in England; but I, yearning as I am to elevate, am deficient in,—in,—universality. Would there be any harm in my trying to elevate one man at a time, just to gain mental grasp by—by degrees?"

The President frowned. "It would be a dangerous precedent, sister," she said, "and it might be misunderstood. It might, even by the men themselves, be mistaken for,—I shudder at the word—for flirtation."

"O Sister Cordelia! If I were tall and stately like yourself, all would be well. No one, dear President, would have the temerity to suggest that you were flirting, with, for example, Mr. Rutherford."

Sister Cordelia looked pained. "I trust not," she said with a gentle and repressive dignity. "Fra,—Mr. Rutherford and myself played together as children. His mental advancement is a cause of great anxiety to me. He does not take life seriously; at college he was over-addicted to field-sports, with the result that he was repeatedly, to speak familiarly, plucked. Yet in many directions he shows appreciative yearnings for better things. At the same time he cannot attain to that abstract love of Humanity——"

"A—hem," said Sister Elsie. "Excuse me, dear President, the influenza left me such a nasty cough."

The President drew herself up. "I desire to exercise no repressive authority," said she. "I am a sister, though your President. Do, Sister Elsie Lacordaire, do, my sisters, as seems good to you, bearing always in mind the welfare of the Race. Tea is in the next room, and Aunt Margaret is waiting. Our meeting, sisters, is adjourned."

In the next room, a luxurious apartment, sat two elderly ladies. One, a plump and pleasing person, sat by the tea-table, dispensing tea, cream, muffins, and cake; she was also recounting her grievances. "The troubles of a chaperon!" said she. "They've been sung and groaned often enough, Mary. The troubles of the chaperon of a beautiful heiress are great, but when that heiress is a—a philanthropist, they become perfect nightmares. Cordelia is very trying. This ridiculous sisterhood is comparatively harmless; but oh, my dear, her terrible 'slumming!' She doesn't even do that like other girls; I dread to hear her announce her intention of marrying some socialistic tinker for the good of humanity. Why can't she marry Frank Rutherford? Such a suitable match; such a charming fellow!"

"Perhaps she does not love him. But she would not marry beneath her."

"My dear, she only looks at a man's soul; and I suppose they're of no particular set in society."

"There is a great deal of her."

"Yes, she's admired, but no man shorter than Frank cares to dance with her. If she'd lived when there were giants on the earth, she'd have been more appreciated."

"I meant mentally."

"Oh, mentally! I wish young women had no mental development at all. That's summed up in one word,—impossible. *You* do a great deal of good, Mary, but you do not set about it in the mad way Cordelia does."

"I am older, Margaret, more cynical, more world-worn, and smaller-souled. The child doubtless makes mistakes, but the stuff she is made of is good.

Their works drop earthwards, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a Heaven that's shut to me."

"Oh, that's nonsense!"

"It's Browning."

"It's the same thing. You can't guide your life by poetry, though, of course, it's very nice in its place. Candidly, Mary, this latter-day Christianity is, not to speak profanely, very trying. I am an orthodox person; I dislike new doctrines, or new developments of the old. Theosophy is the most comfortable of the new faiths; you have, so far as I can judge, to think of your next reincarnation, so of course you must take care of yourself. That's sensible. Oh, here they come! No, it's Frank and Mrs. Braintree."

There came into the room a slender, graceful woman, exquisitely dressed, with a low, pleading voice and rolling brown eyes. She was followed by an agreeable specimen of Young England, a big, fair, well-looking, well-dressed young man.

"How are you, *dear* Lady Bland? A little pale—ah! *do* take care of yourself. How d'ye do, Miss Carfax? Mr. Rutherford and I met on the steps. And our darling Cordelia, how is she?"

"Very well, thanks. How d'ye do, Frank? Cordelia will be here directly, Mrs. Braintree. Do you take sugar? No? Very weak, because of your nerves? We are all so terribly highly strung nowadays,—except you, Frank; your nerves are cast-iron."

Mr. Rutherford, who was pulling his moustache disconsolately, roused himself to hand Mrs. Braintree her cup. Lady Bland abominated Mrs. Braintree, an American singer who had recently appeared to storm London, and who, by her sympathy and love for the Race, had won the heart of Miss Brevoort. Lady Bland was thankful when there was an irruption of the Sisterhood into the drawing-room, and she was spared the necessity of talk with "that woman."

"Dear, darling Cordelia, if you knew how grieved I was at being *unavoidably* prevented from singing to your *deeply interesting* sandwich-men. I was *distressed,* dearest; *so* distressed."

"You could not help it, Alice; your sick friend had the first claim. Frank kindly sang another song, and a duet with me."

"I thought you were not able to get back in time from golf, Mr. Rutherford?"

"Er—no; but I gave up golf."

"For the sake of the sandwich-men? How good, how *sweet* of you!"

"It was kind of you, Frank," said Cordelia. She sighed. Signor Rumbletante's fugue had fallen flat; Mr. Rutherford's rendering of "Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins" had been doubly encored. These things saddened President Cordelia Brevoort. She moved to give Miss Carfax some cake; Mr. Frank Rutherford followed her, and it befell, perchance because of this young man's strategical gifts, that Cordelia drank her own tea in a quiet corner at the end of the room, and Frank Rutherford sat there too. There was a buzz of talk, and they were virtually alone.

"Frank, it was very good of you to give up your golf for those poor people."

"A—hem, yes. Cordelia, it wasn't for the men."

"No?"

"No; it was for you. I always meant to come, but I had to get out of dining with Mrs. Braintree. I came to please you, to see you."

"This is what I so deplore in you, Frank," said Cordelia sadly. "I am but a unit; the sandwich-men are many. You place the unit before the many, and——"

"I do, when the unit's you. Not but what I'm sorry for these poor devils, Delia."

"Frank, that is not the way to speak of suffering brethren."

"I'm very sorry. But, Cordelia, I shall always put you first. I'm getting on, you know, I feel I am, but you come first; you always must. Now, Delia, I feel when I'm away from you I'm addicted to,—to,—backsliding;—that's the word, backsliding. If I were always with you, you know——"

"How could that be possible? But, surely, if you really lay to heart these principles——"

"Stop, dear Delia. If you would

make up your mind to,—to,—marry me! I'm far beneath you in every way, of course, but I love you dearly, and I'd be as good a husband as I knew how."

"Frank, you grieve me inexpressibly."

"Why, dearest? Of course, if you feel you don't care for me——"

"It is not that. I have a—sisterly regard, a genuine affection for you; but that you should introduce this personal, this,—a,—a,—subjective element into our friendship, distresses me. You know I labour for the welfare of the Race."

"But you know how I sympathise with you; you know how I admire your views. Look at it this way. Think of the incalculable good you might do the Race; there are my tenants, all human beings, all going to the devil——"

"Frank!"

"I beg your pardon, dear; I mean that they are greatly in need of light. There are no technical classes, no choral societies, no dramatic clubs, no debating societies, no culture of any kind. All Tumbleton belongs to me; you could build model cottages. The village is in dreadful repair; the drainage is simply——"

Miss Brevoort cut her lover short. "Frank! Do I understand that you are knowingly allowing your property to be in an insanitary condition?"

"No, no, dear Cordelia, not that. But there is much I should like to do, only I lack your guidance, don't you see?"

"I can advise you; I can help you."

"It would not be the same thing."

"I must live for Humanity, Frank."

"You cannot be ubiquitous, dear. My property is very large; it would be a wide sphere of action. I really think it's your duty, Cordelia. And then,—there's me. I love you so, darling. You used to say you loved me, when you were the sweetest little girl that ever wore pinafores; have you quite forgotten? I love you dearly, Cordelia."

No one who heard Mr. Rutherford's usual well-bred monotone could have credited his voice with possessing that range of notes. Woman, considered psychically, might be higher than man. Man, as embodied by Mr. Francis Lillington Rutherford, was as different from the primitive savage as his gardenia was unlike a daisy; but the substratum of the psychical development in the tea-gown and of the nineteenth-century dandy was alike humanity. Consequently, when that thrill came into the notes dispensed by Mr. Rutherford's vocal chords, the corners of Miss Brevoort's mouth trembled, and a lovely crimson flush ran up to the roots of her hair as naturally as though she had been a dairy-maid. "It is as well that you should have said this," she said. "Just now I was thinking uncharitably of Sister Elsie,—I mean of Miss Lacordaire; I was unduly proud, very harsh. You have shown me my own weakness, Frank, and I,—I—thank you."

"Cordelia, darling, what you call weakness is no weakness. You love me, dearest, and you won't confess it. You are too proud."

"Not proud; but I strive to be unselfish, Frank. I feel that I have unconsciously allowed myself to think,—to give you an,—an affection that I ought to be expending upon Humanity. I know very well that if I yield to it, it will grow. My judgment will be warped; affection for you will become, as I have frequently said it should never be allowed to do, a glorified selfishness. No, Frank, no, dear Frank, it cannot be. Do not pain me by referring to it."

"You do not care for my pain."

"I do, very much. Strive to fix your mind on wider things; cast this weakness behind you, as I do, as a childish folly."

"Never! It is not folly; it is a natural human feeling which you would deform. Cordelia, you give me no hope, but I shall never change. I never have loved another woman, and I never shall."

"You grieve me; yet perhaps, that is well. In the present state of the evolution of the Race, affection, concentrated upon an individual, is debasing. You may become the Ideal Man; strive to do so."

Miss Brevoort smiled sadly, but her eyes looked pleased. She swept softly away.

Six weeks later, Sister Cordelia sat in the room in which she received her intimates, wrote her letters, and transacted her business generally. It was a pretty room, and she looked the better for the pleasing background. She was not alone; Mrs. Braintree was with her. Mrs. Braintree had been lunching with her dear Cordelia; she sat in a deep cushioned chair and ate candy. "Really these candies are delicious," she said.

"They're nice, but I do not care for sweets."

"No, dearest Cordelia, your mind is fixed on higher things."

"Mr. Rutherford in the drawing-room, ma'am," announced the servant. Cordelia rose. "Come, Alice, let us go down stairs."

"No, dearest," said Mrs. Braintree gently. "No; you go, dear Cordelia. I will remain here."

"Why, Alice?"

"I would prefer it."

Miss Brevoort looked surprised. "I cannot imagine why."

"Dearest," said Mrs. Braintree, as one who gives utterance to a painful admission, "since you press for an answer, it,—in short,—it is painful to me to meet Mr. Rutherford."

"Alice, you surprise me! I had thought, especially of late, that you and Mr. Rutherford were very much together." Miss Brevoort coloured slightly.

"We were, dear; we shall not be so in future."

Cordelia looked nervous. "If you will not come down," she said hesitatingly, "I will not see Mr. Rutherford; Aunt Margaret will entertain him." She seated herself. "I wish you would explain, Alice."

"No, dear, I am perhaps over sensitive. You might think little of it."

"What is it?"

"It is simply told. I am singularly loyal to my sex. It is a folly, a weakness, but a fact."

"Do not say that. Loyalty a folly? Never!"

"Sweet Cordelia, you are so sympathetic. It is thus, my dear girl. Mr. Rutherford has been excessively friendly,—most kind,—most attentive to me. He was two years in America, was he not?"

"Yes."

"I am American, as you know. In writing to a very dear friend of mine, I casually mentioned Mr. Rutherford's name. My friend, it appears, met him in America, and wrote me a sad tale of the result of an idle flirtation of his,—nothing, of course, in his eyes. But the girl believed that he cared for her, and being very delicate, fretted so much that she is actually dying of decline. Now, of course, dearest, this is not Mr. Rutherford's fault; but I am over sensitive, I dislike to meet him. I can trust you, dear girl; this is in strict confidence."

Cordelia was very pale. "You are not over sensitive," she said; "you are rightly sensitive. Such conduct is base, selfish, despicable,—all that is detestable!"

"You will not mention it to him?"

"No; but I, like yourself, can never again feel pleasure in Mr. Rutherford's society." Miss Brevoort was agitated, her breath came in little, quick pants. "It is shameful!" she said. "Shameful; and he is a hypocrite; he said he had never,—I mean, he professed love for the whole Race."

"You will not mention it to him?"

"Certainly not. I,—I,—am disappointed in him, that is all."

"I must go, darling. I knew you would feel with me."

Mrs. Braintree kissed her friend,

and glided softly away. She went home, put on a lovely pale-green tea-gown, and turned the pink-shaded lights low. "Just a precaution," she murmured. "No violent scandal was necessary; she is so very refined, sensitive, and highly strung. A dear girl, but in some things stupid." She rang the bell. "Lay two places at table," said she. "I expect Mr. Rutherford to dinner."

Miss Brevoort lay back in her low chair, and shut her eyes. Presently a tear slid from beneath the lashes; it was shed for a unit, and a unit whom she had rejected. But then, she had hoped he might ultimately evolve into the Ideal Man.

Cordelia Brevoort had a district wherein she visited; she was filled with philanthropic schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the Human Race. It was in this district that Lady Bland dreaded her possible encounter with a socialistic tinker. Cordelia was visiting it on a remarkably raw and chilly morning in January; she stood on the top step of a small neat house, and talked to a comfortable-looking dame, the landlady.

"I'd take it very kind of you if you'd see 'im, Miss," said the landlady. "I'm thinking it 'ud be as well if 'e went into the 'orspital. He ought to 'ave proper nursing, and with all my little ones, I ain't got no time, Miss."

"Is he very poor?"

"Oh no, Miss, 'e ain't that poor; 'e makes good money."

"Drawing?"

"Yes, Miss, drawing 'eads and flowers and sich. He draws 'em in chalks, mostly; he done some for a man as goes 'screeving' on the flags. Mr. Fenton does no end for 'im; and 'e sticks 'em up as 'is own, Miss."

"That was very dishonest."

"They're poor, Miss, and must live somehow; but there ain't no blessin' on dishonesty. Will you see 'im, Miss?"

"If I can be of any use."

"Step in, Miss."

Cordelia stepped in, the landlady unceremoniously flung open a door, and remarking, "'Ere, Mr. Fenton, 'ere's a lady," departed. The room was small, decently and hideously furnished, and very untidy. There were a number of sketches, chiefly crayon, littered about. Birds, flowers, elves,—a nest of blue eggs shaded with apple blossom,—the head of a pretty soulless Undine,—all very charming and dainty, exhibiting great talent and a very graceful fancy.

The artist, who was crouching over the fire, started and stood up nervously. He was a tall, slim man, with an un-English grace of gesture, who might have been thirty, perhaps not so much, certainly not more than thirty-two or three. He was very pale and evidently ill, but in other respects, save for his dress, a good-looking fellow, with fair curly hair, worn artistically long, a clean-shaven face, blue eyes, and his mouth, though weak, was very sweet in expression. He was pitiably nervous, more like a shy child than a man.

"Mrs. Green told me you were ill. I visit here."

"I,—yes, I suppose I am ill. I have got inflammation of the lungs; that,—that does make you ill."

"Of course it does. Are you sure you have it; because if so, you ought not to be up?"

"I am sure it is my lungs; they are always weak." He was drawing lines on the table with his hand; it was a fine, delicate hand, purely artistic, but the art of such a man must necessarily be without pith or vigour. A man with those hands and that mouth might, and probably would, draw an exquisite Titania; never a Madonna, or a Joan of Arc. His voice was pleasant; it was obvious that he was what we call a gentleman, a man of culture and refinement.

"Do sit down," said Cordelia gently. "Is your name Fenton?"

"Yes; Mark Fenton."

"Mr. Fenton, I hope you do not mind my coming in; I mean only help. The people here are used to me; they expect me to come in, but you might think it a liberty."

"Why should I, more than they?"

"Because you are,—in rather different a position. You might resent it; but I mean to be kind."

"I am sure you do. In what way am I in a different position?"

"Of course, Mr. Fenton, I,—you won't mind my saying—I see you are a gentleman. That is what I mean by a different position."

"If to be a gentleman means to have a banking account and a good coat, I am afraid I am not a gentleman."

"No one thinks it means that. Of course if a man is once a gentleman he is always one."

"Do you think so?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly. Do not you?"

"I think there are," began the man, and was cut short by his cough. Cordelia caught his arm and put him into the leather chair by the fire; he was panting for breath. "You are very ill," she said gently. "You must go to bed at once, and be nursed. You are utterly unfit to be about. You must have a doctor and a nurse,—and,—and be taken care of generally. Have you any friends to whom I could write?"

"No,—none."

"No one who would come here and nurse you?"

"No,—no one; I am quite alone in the world; all my friends—are dead."

"Are you comfortable in these rooms?"

"Yes; I wish the children were quieter." He passed his hand over his brow.

"I shall send the doctor here. I know him quite well, and I shall tell him to send a nurse."

"Stop,—Miss,—Miss—"

"My name is Brevoort."

"I have heard of you, Miss Brevoort. I cannot pay the doctor for more than one visit; I cannot pay the nurse at all."

"That will be all right, Mr. Fenton. You must not worry yourself."

"You mean, you are going to pay. You are,—it is,—how can I accept your goodness?"

"It is no goodness. If you know anything about me, you also know my views about money. I do not consider that the large sums which I inherit, through the accident of birth, are mine. I should like to have the bulk of my money taken away, and given to its proper owners. I cannot have that done, so I think of myself as a trustee, not as an owner. Please don't talk; it makes you cough, and tires you. Good-bye."

She was gone, and after she had seen the doctor, who cherished a great though Platonic admiration for that beautiful lunatic, Sister Cordelia Brevoort, she went home with her active brain and tender, sympathetic heart brooding on the affairs of Mark Fenton, artist in crayons.

He was exceedingly ill, but at length he rallied, and, through Cordelia's influence, went to a convalescent home in Bournemouth. Thence he wrote to her a long, well-expressed, grateful letter, saying that he was quite well, and should return to London the next week. He did return, and Cordelia went to see him. She had been markedly cold in her manner to Frank Rutherford since Mrs. Braintree's confidence, and that young gentleman, hurt and puzzled, spent a considerable portion of his time in the society of the fair widowed songstress.

Mrs. Braintree, mainly through Miss Brevoort's introductions, was swimming gaily with the stream; but, though it is hard to judge a lady's private views, it is to be surmised that she, being devoid of that uncomfortable and erratic appendage of the body, the artistic soul, judged that it would be more agreeable to be Mrs. Rutherford the county magnate, than Mrs. Braintree the public singer, however great and successful. Mr. Rutherford considered her to be "a jolly, sensible little woman, who has a hard time, and no end of pluck; no nonsense about her, and no highflown notions"—this last clause with some bitterness.

Cordelia Brevoort went to see Mark Fenton, and looked at his drawings. He was much better; no longer nervous with her, he appeared to be brighter, more sanguine, more in love with life. Cordelia's soft, sympathetic enthusiasm was like a draught of elixir to the lonely man. Those qualities in her led her into being "hideously swindled," said Lady Bland. Here and there they gave a crushed spirit a new lease of life; but what is that set against a five-pound note unworthily bestowed?

The more she studied the drawings the more struck she became with the artist's talent. It was talent, great talent, perfect technical skill, not genius. The man's gifts were thrown away; true, they supported him, but they ought to do more. Cordelia's brain gave birth to an idea, and an incident, carelessly thrown in by Fate, shaped it. She supported an art-school for girls; they had to show undeniable talent to be eligible, and they received their artistic training absolutely free. The lady who had been their instructress entered into the holy estate of matrimony, and went to live in the north of England. Miss Brevoort pondered; it was vacation at the school. She took a cab, and drove to Mark Fenton's. He was at home, sitting in the window to get a good light, and drawing a clump of daffodils, with a tiny blue tit fluttering over them.

"How pretty it is!" said Cordelia. "Go on drawing, please, while I talk." She drew a portfolio towards her and began turning over the sketches; suddenly she stopped. "Oh, it is very good," she exclaimed frankly; "but it's flattering."

Mark Fenton's pale face grew scarlet. "You do not think it a liberty?" he faltered. "It is for myself; not for sale, of course."

"Certainly I do not."

"I began to draw your face mechanically," said Fenton, in a low voice. "I was just sitting,—thinking——"

It was a remarkably good likeness, representing Cordelia in an attitude into which she often fell; leaning forward, the hands crossed, the lips apart, the eyes luminous with feeling, the air of tender listening, of absorption in another, lighting the whole face. There was something written beneath the portrait. Cordelia read it, flushed a little, as a humble, unselfish nature does flush at praise, and made no comment. The lines were:—

Half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,
Yet human at the red ripe of the heart.

She laid the sketch softly away and spoke. "Mr. Fenton, I came to see you on business. There is an appointment in connection with an art-school which I can obtain" (seeing that the salary came out of Miss Brevoort's private purse, she could naturally obtain it). "Now I think you are the very person for it. The pupils are girls; they are all clever, otherwise they are not admitted, so the work ought to be interesting. The salary is not very large, but it is fairly good, and there are rooms at the school; you will live rent-free. It would be better, and I think pleasanter, than what you are doing; and you would have leisure to pursue your own work."

Fenton started and laid down his crayon. "You offer me this appointment? How more than good you are!"

"No; I study the interests of the girls; I wish to secure them a good master. Hitherto they have been taught by a lady. I like to stand by my own sex, but I'm not bigoted on the point; I know of no lady available who would fill the post as you would. I must think of the advancement of the girls. Your 'technique' is so perfect; I could think that bird was going to flutter out across the room."

"Miss Brevoort, what can I say?"

"I hope,—yes."

"If I said no, you would think me ungrateful. What shall I do?" He was greatly agitated.

"Why should you say no?"

"Because you would withdraw your offer if you knew all. I am not so vile as to sail under false colours with you. I must tell you,—I ought to have told you. I cannot accept your heavenly kindness, and it is so hard to tell you why; you do not know how hard. You have been like a cup of cold water in the desert. Think what a man would feel who had to pour it away, and see the sand drink what his lips were parched for."

"I hope you know that you are secure of my sympathy."

"I *don't* know; ah, it's horribly hard!" He drew lines on the table with a shaking hand.

"You surely are not afraid of me?"

"That is just what I am. I am afraid of everything and every one; and of you, at this moment, most of all. I must tell you, though. You said, 'Once a gentleman, always a gentleman,' or something like it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I was born a gentleman, and educated as one; but if a man dishonours his birth and his training, what then?"

"Then he is very much to be pitied."

Fenton drew his breath in a gasp. "Miss Brevoort, I am a returned convict. I was five years in prison."

Cordelia started. The theory of the universal brotherhood of man necessitates the admission of the criminal into the family circle; but theory and practice are,—different.

"But you were innocent?"

"No, I was guilty."

There was a little pause, then Cordelia spoke. "I am sure you are very sorry."

"For myself? I have suffered enough for my sin to repent it."

"I did not mean that. I am sure you would be just as sorry, even had you not suffered."

"I don't know."

"I am *sure* of it. Will you tell me a little more?"

"I will try. I had plenty of money, and I lived up to my income. I fell in love when I was twenty-three, and I married. I was unbusinesslike; I speculated foolishly, and lost a lot of money. I could not make my wife see the necessity of retrenchment; I was as weak as water,—a fool, in short, as I am, and always have been. We lived extravagantly and ran into debt. When I was twenty-six, there was money belonging to some people for whom I was trustee. I had only been trustee a year; I borrowed some of that money for a time; the other trustee came from abroad, and—that was when I was twenty-six. I have been free two years; I am supposed to be dead." He spoke in a curious, dry, level voice, and still drew lines upon the table. "I suppose I repent," he went on. "I do; I am wretched; that is repentance, I imagine. The eyes of strangers in the street used to turn me sick with shame; I'm getting used to that now. You see what a useless life you saved."

"I could not. There is not such a thing."

"As what?"

"As a useless life."

"You cannot mean that?"

"I do. You are wasting your time now, perhaps, but when you realise that, you will gather up the fragments of life, and start again. You were foolish to be afraid of telling me, and unjust to me. I am very, very sorry for you."

"You really think I can start again? You don't understand. I am not an innocent man, suffering unjustly; I am a thief."

"Say, you were a thief; you are not one now, if you are sorry. And I am quite, quite sure you will not be so again."

"No, I will not; but you see I cannot have that appointment."

"Mr. Fenton, I think the first part of your sentence renders the second untrue. You *can*, if you will."

"You are not offering me this now that you know all about me?"

"Yes, I am. Because you say you are very sorry, because I believe you, because you have spoken the truth when you might have held your tongue, and I think that was very brave and honest; because you are better qualified for the post than any one I know who would accept it; and, a little bit, though this is a very bad reason, because you are a personal friend of mine. Will you say yes?"

Mark Fenton did not say "yes" in words; he stared at her like one stunned. "I did not know there was such a woman possible as you," he said. "You are like a vision of God."

"You must not say that. I am no better than other people. We are all visions of God, when we forget ourselves for a moment, and try to help each other."

Fenton stood up. He held his head a little higher, and straightened his shoulders; he had a habit of stooping. "Miss Brevoort," he said, "I will be true to the vision vouchsafed me, God helping me. I will not say again you have saved a worthless life. You are wiser than I. It is worth something, since you have looked at it. Your faith *has* saved it,—*shall* sanctify it." The two pairs of eyes met. Cordelia's had tears in them; he saw the tears, took her hand very gently, very humbly, and touched it with his lips. "It is nothing to say God bless you, Miss Brevoort," he said; "you are His blessing made incarnate. I will do the best work I can."

So the art-school had a new master, and flourished exceedingly; and two little flower paintings of Fenton's were hung in a winter exhibition.

The flirtation between Mr. Rutherford and Mrs. Braintree was carried on discreetly on the lady's side. Miss Brevoort grew very quiet, and gentler than usual; she was rather pale, and a little depressed, though unwearied in well-doing. Lady Bland became possessed by an awful terror in which the "drawing person" usurped the place of the "socialistic tinker." Mrs. Braintree learned of the afflicted chaperon's anxiety, and told Frank Rutherford of it. He was so obviously disconcerted that his friend was as much annoyed as amused when he left her.

In the spring of that year, a wealthy and benevolent Australian visited England. He brought a letter of introduction to Lady Bland, and became a profound admirer, in a strictly fatherly fashion, of Miss Brevoort. He visited her school, and announced his intentions of endowing an institution of the kind on a larger scale in his native land. "You've got a capital teacher," said he. "You couldn't tell me of any one equally good?" and he named his proposed rate of payment, double Fenton's salary.

Cordelia pondered; Fenton was not a strong man, and the English winters tried him. She suggested that the Australian appointment should be offered to him. The benevolent gentleman jumped at the idea; he heard the whole history, and offered Fenton the post. Fenton very gratefully, very humbly, very apologetically, refused it. The Australian would not take the refusal, being struck by Fenton's method of teaching, his talents, and the infinite amount of pains he took. He gave him a month to consider it.

Cordelia went to see him and to remonstrate. "Why don't you accept?"

"I am contented here; unless you are dissatisfied."

"That is foolish, Mr. Fenton. I am satisfied, of course; but really this is a splendid opportunity, and you know you cannot stand the fogs."

"I do not want anything better than I have. I am getting used to fogs; I like them."

"Like them! You told me you could hardly breathe in them."

"I am not ungrateful, but I do not want to go."

"I cannot imagine why not. Really, this present appointment does not give you a fair chance. I think you don't know how very clever Mr. Anderson thinks you. He is a better critic than I am; he would push you forward as I cannot; and altogether, the entire change, the climate, the new country——"

"Miss Brevoort, will you tell me I am impertinent if I say something?"

"No."

"Then 'Entreat me not to leave thee.' You do not know how very much your friendship is to me; I am utterly unworthy of it, but I cannot give it up."

"You would not, Mr. Fenton; I hope we shall always be friends,—great and trusted friends, as we are now."

"It would not be the same. I should not see you, I should not hear your voice, I should not feel as I do now, that any hour, any minute, I might hear your step, see your smile, feel the unspeakable beauty and comfort of your presence."

Cordelia had not talked much lately of the superiority of the many over the unit, of the psychical development of woman as opposed to man. Something, some one, was winnowing and sifting the chaff from the grain. Yet, though she was conscious that the influence of a unit had metamorphosed Mark Fenton and given him new life and strength, mentally and morally, she now became vaguely aware that the conversation was growing too subjective.

They were seated in the studio; the swing-door at the end of the room opened.

"This way, Mrs. Braintree. Good morning, Fenton. I just met my friend, Mrs. Braintree, passing here, and persuaded her in to see that 'Undine' of yours. It has a look of her. Mr. Rutherford was with her, so he has—I beg your pardon, Miss Brevoort, I did not see you."

It was Mr. Anderson; Cordelia stood up, with a sense of having been tricked. Frank Rutherford with Mrs. Braintree!

"Dear Cordelia," cooed that lady to her, "I can explain. Is this the—— Ah—h—h!" It was as honest a shriek as ever burst from a pair of lying lips. "Mark!"—"Alice!" Mrs. Braintree was a woman of powerful mind, but she went into hysterics. The resurrection of a dead man of shady antecedents is a cruel strain upon the nerves of a true believer in the gospel of "getting on" when the dead man is the believer's husband. This was the painful position of Alice Braintree.

"Leave her to me." said Cordelia quickly. "Pray leave her to me." She tried to support her from the studio; Fenton followed; his face was gray. "Let me come too," he whispered. "She was,—she is,—my wife."

Cordelia was filled with sympathy. "Ah!" she cried. "She thought you were dead, and this is joy."

Fenton smiled rather bitterly, but did not answer. Mrs. Braintree began to recover her speech, but not her self-control. "You!" she exclaimed. "And I thought I was free! Oh, there never *was* a woman so shamefully treated as I am—never!"

Fenton was silent.

"Alice!" cried Cordelia.

"Do you know who your *protégé* is?" screamed the angry woman. "He is a returned convict, a thief. I have had to change my name, and work like a galley-slave, through that man. I believe he set it abroad that he was dead from sheer spite. I might have married, or anything! Oh, it's infamous! I tell *you* (and you may tell Mr. Anderson), he's a thief."

"I know your husband's past history, Alice," said Cordelia. "He told it me."

"And you help a man like that! You are a mass of affectation! I suppose you sought a new experience, a platonic flirtation with a returned convict."

Cordelia turned white.

"Alice," said Fenton, "you may give me your wifely welcome in whatever terms you please; you shall not insult Miss Brevoort. I forbid you to speak another word."

Mrs. Braintree collected her scattered senses. "Cordelia," she said, with a diluted smile of hysterical rage and conciliation, "I do not know what I have been saying, d—d—dear. I am an ill-used woman; I have suffered a shock; I have endured much at the hands of that man; our paths must lie apart; he knows this, I am sure he wishes it. I grieve if I have spoken to you, my on—on—only friend, unjustly."

"You were excited, Alice; do not think more of it. Forgive me if I say that your husband has suffered too. I will go now, and leave you to talk. I hope you will persuade him to accept Mr. Anderson's offer." She turned to Fenton and held out her hand; he took it silently. "Mark," she said, calling him thus for the first time, "I hope this may mean happiness for you. I shall see you again in a few days; I am always your friend,—you know that."

She turned away.

"One moment, sweet," said Mrs. Braintree. "Dear Cordelia, even at this trying moment, I cannot bear that you should judge me harshly; you thought it strange to meet me with Mr. Rutherford? To my great happiness, I find it was a Mr. F. C. Rutherford with whom my friend was acquainted, *not* F. L. It was *such* a relief to my mind; I got the letter yesterday, and was coming to tell you." She paused. "Dear one," she whispered, "may I beg that you will use your influence with the gentlemen to induce them to be silent about the,—this—affair; and be silent yourself?"

Cordelia looked at her steadily. "I will do so," she said quietly. She looked back again at Fenton, and there were tears in her eyes. "Good-bye," she said, softly. "No,—*au revoir.*"

She left the room, and re-entered the studio; with one little quick glance at Frank Rutherford, she approached Mr. Anderson, and spoke low.

"Of course, of course, Miss Brevoort. I have not learnt much in my fifty years, except to hold my tongue. I am sorry to have been the means of bringing about an unpleasant scene. Good-bye. Good-bye, Rutherford."

Mr. Frank Rutherford and Miss Cordelia Brevoort were left alone. "Frank," she said, "will you call me a cab, please?" Her voice was meek; she was thinking of the wrong she had done him in thought, thinking, too, of a certain lesson in psychology taught her by six months of jealous pain and disillusionment,—but Frank Rutherford thought that Mark Fenton, the drawing-master, was on her conscience, and drew himself up stiffly. Thus do our dear friends fail to pluck out the heart of our mystery. "Certainly, unless you would prefer —er— Mr. Fenton to get one for you."

She directed a heavenly glance of reproach at him, but the imp that sat on the tongue of this goddess was purely human. "No, Frank," said she, "I had rather you got one for me; Mr. Fenton is engaged. And I think Mrs. Braintree will excuse you."

Frank Rutherford got the cab in humble silence, and helped her in. "Home?"

"Home."

"A—a—may I come too, Delia?"

Miss Brevoort did not answer; but Frank Rutherford gave his directions to the driver through the trap-door in the roof.

Meanwhile husband and wife faced each other. Mrs. Braintree sat down on the sofa. "Let us look at this thing calmly, Mark," she said. "We will not scold each other. I lost my temper; I admit it; I am cool now. Cordelia Brevoort will keep quiet, and she will keep the men quiet too. I am making a decent livelihood; so, I suppose, are you. You don't want me; I, assuredly, don't want you. You do *not* want me?"

"Not in the least."

"Then we meet and part here. If we meet again, you will not know Mrs. Braintree?"

"I am entirely at your orders, Alice."

"You are behaving very decently, very sensibly. I suppose the fact is, you don't care for me."

"No, I don't."

"That is very nice; I am so glad. Good-bye, then; I wish you good luck, Mark." She was perfectly good-tempered now.

"One minute, Alice; I wanted to ask you something. You don't mind having a few minutes' conversation with me?"

"Oh no, oh dear no! I came to see your 'Undine.' What is it?" She leaned back, playing with her eyeglasses.

"You said something about Mr. Rutherford to Miss Brevoort: what was it?"

"Oh, that,—I practised a pious fraud upon our dear Cordelia. I told her something about Mr. Rutherford; nothing any other woman would have cared a fig about, but she's so ridiculous. However, I wanted a Roland, so I gave her an Oliver. Besides, in the circumstances, I had no reason for not doing so."

"I don't understand you."

"It is rather an awkward thing to say to you, Mark;—*gauche*, bad form, but—Mr. Rutherford is very eligible. I, though you do not care for me, am still as attractive as you thought me,—before you married me. And I thought I was a widow."

"You meant to marry Rutherford, had it not been for my want of tact; I grasp that. But what has that to do with Miss Brevoort?"

"Frank Rutherford is in love with Cordelia Brevoort; and, though she is half-cracked, she likes him. I told her a girl was dying for love of him; she prides herself on her 'loyalty to her sex,' ha, ha!"

"Go on."

"Now I have cleared matters up between them. He is just the sort of fool that these recognised, catalogued, ticketed 'clever women' can't resist, which proves that there is one thing more stupid than an overgrown fool of a man, and that's a clever woman. He understands about one minute section of Cordelia's mind, which section he admires very blindly. And he also likes a woman to be tall; Cordelia is very tall. They will marry, and live happily ever after. I dare say they are engaged by this time." Mrs. Braintree laughed gaily.

"Ah!" It was a curious little sound, neither sob, sigh, nor groan, yet partaking of the nature of all three. Mrs. Braintree raised her glasses, and scrutinised her husband. "Dear me," she said to herself, "how very truly absurd!"

The next morning Mr. Anderson received Mark Fenton's acceptance of the Australian appointment. He sailed three weeks later, and the crayon sketch of Sister Cordelia Brevoort sailed with him.

END OF VOL. LXX.

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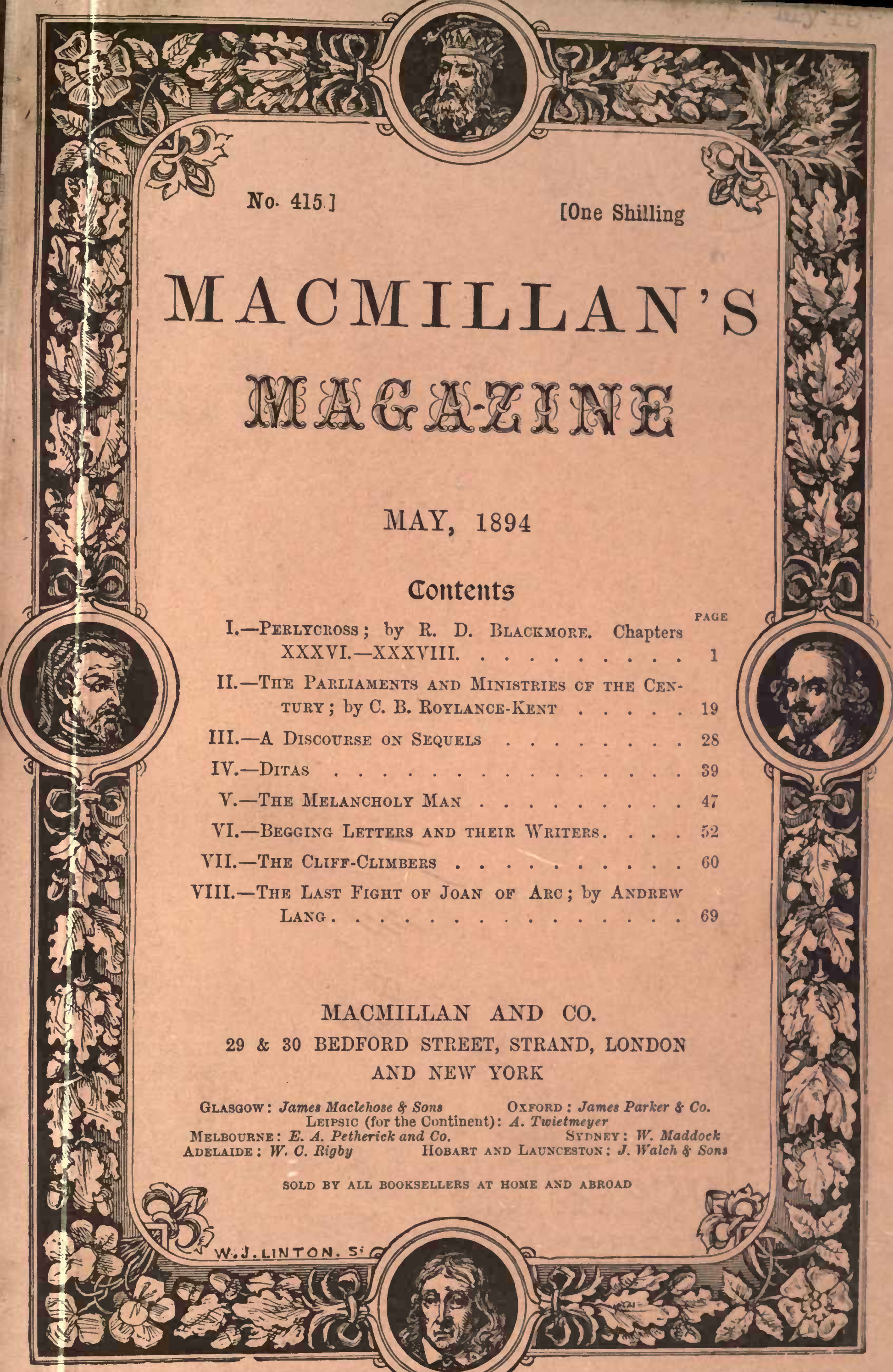
3.



No. 415.] [One Shilling

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY, 1894

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INSTITUTED 1837.

INCORPORATED 1848

·MUTUAL·LIFE·ASSURANCE·WITH·
·MODERATE·PREMIUMS·

FIFTY-SIXTH
ANNUAL REPORT
BEING FOR YEAR
1893.
NEW ASSURANCES
**£1,124,700**
PREMIUMS **£602,550**
INCOME **£959,900**
CLAIMS **£410,100**

MORE THAN HALF OF THE MEMBERS WHO DIED IN 1893 HAD BONUSES AVERAGING CLOSE ON 50 PER CENT OF THEIR POLICIES WHICH PARTICIPATED.

THE FUNDS
EXCEED
8½ MILLIONS.
INCREASE IN YEAR £409,900

THE PREMIUMS ARE SO MODERATE THAT, AT USUAL AGES FOR ASSURANCE, **£1200** OR **£1250** MAY BE SECURED FROM THE FIRST FOR THE YEARLY PAYMENT WHICH IN MOST OFFICES WOULD BE CHARGED (WITH PROFITS) FOR **£1000** ONLY,—EQUIVALENT TO AN IMMEDIATE AND CERTAIN BONUS OF **20** TO **25** PER CENT.

THE WHOLE PROFITS GO TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS ON A SYSTEM AT ONCE SAFE AND EQUITABLE—NO SHARE GOING TO THOSE BY WHOSE EARLY DEATH THERE IS A LOSS TO THE COMMON FUND.

THE DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM OF THE INSTITUTION IS SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR ASSURANCES REQUIRED FOR

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MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS
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AND FOR ALL CASES WHERE IT IS OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE THAT THE PREMIUM BE MODERATE AND AT THE SAME TIME SECURE RIGHT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE WHOLE SURPLUS.

NEXT DIVISION OF SURPLUS AS AT CLOSE OF 1894

THE ARRANGEMENTS AS TO SURRENDER, NON-FORFEITURE, FREE RESIDENCE, LOANS ON POLICIES, AND EARLY PAYMENT OF CLAIMS, AND ALL OTHER POINTS OF PRACTICE, ARE CONCEIVED ENTIRELY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MEMBERS, THERE BEING NO OPPOSING INTERESTS IN A MUTUAL SOCIETY. POLICIES, AS A RULE, ARE WORLD-WIDE AFTER 5 YEARS, PROVIDED THE ASSURED HAS ATTAINED THE AGE OF 30.

EDINBURGH, 6 ST. ANDREW SQ. JAMES GRAHAM WATSON, MANAGER.

# *Scottish Provident Institution.*

## TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,

### For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

| Age next Birth-day. | Annual Premium payable during Life. | ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO | | | Single Payment. | Age next Birth-day. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Twenty-one Payments. | Fourteen Payments. | Seven Payments. | | |
| 21 | £1 16 3 | £2 10 6 | £3 4 11 | £5 10 0 | £33 0 1 | 21 |
| 22 | 1 16 9 | 2 11 0 | 3 5 9 | 5 11 0 | 33 5 10 | 22 |
| 23 | 1 17 2 | 2 11 6 | 3 6 5 | 5 12 1 | 33 11 2 | 23 |
| 24 | 1 17 7 | 2 12 1 | 3 6 11 | 5 13 1 | 33 16 5 | 24 |
| 25 | 1 18 0 | 2 12 6 | 3 7 3 | 5 14 0 | 34 2 0 | 25 |
| 26 | 1 18 6 | 2 13 0 | 3 7 10 | 5 14 11 | 34 8 2 | 26 |
| 27 | 1 19 2 | 2 13 6 | 3 8 7 | 5 15 11 | 34 16 1 | 27 |
| 28 | 1 19 11 | 2 14 1 | 3 9 5 | 5 17 1 | 35 4 9 | 28 |
| 29 | 2 0 8 | 2 14 8 | 3 10 3 | 5 18 6 | 35 14 1 | 29 |
| *30 | 2 1 6 | 2 15 4 | 3 11 2 | 6 0 1 | 36 4 0 | *30 |
| 31 | 2 2 6 | 2 16 2 | 3 12 1 | 6 1 10 | 36 14 6 | 31 |
| 32 | 2 3 5 | 2 17 1 | 3 13 2 | 6 3 8 | 37 5 5 | 32 |
| 33 | 2 4 6 | 2 18 0 | 3 14 4 | 6 5 8 | 37 17 2 | 33 |
| 34 | 2 5 7 | 2 19 0 | 3 15 7 | 6 7 9 | 38 9 7 | 34 |
| 35 | 2 6 10 | 3 0 2 | 3 16 11 | 6 10 0 | 39 2 9 | 35 |
| 36 | 2 8 2 | 3 1 5 | 3 18 4 | 6 12 5 | 39 16 11 | 36 |
| 37 | 2 9 8 | 3 2 9 | 3 19 11 | 6 15 0 | 40 12 4 | 37 |
| 38 | 2 11 3 | 3 4 3 | 4 1 7 | 6 17 9 | 41 8 7 | 38 |
| 39 | 2 12 11 | 3 5 9 | 4 3 4 | 7 0 7 | 42 5 4 | 39 |
| †40 | 2 14 9 | 3 7 5 | 4 5 2 | 7 3 7 | 43 2 10 | †40 |
| 41 | 2 16 8 | 3 9 2 | 4 7 2 | 7 6 8 | 44 0 11 | 41 |
| 42 | 2 18 8 | 3 11 1 | 4 9 3 | 7 9 11 | 44 19 9 | 42 |
| 43 | 3 0 11 | 3 13 1 | 4 11 5 | 7 13 3 | 45 19 3 | 43 |
| 44 | 3 3 3 | 3 15 3 | 4 13 10 | 7 16 9 | 46 19 7 | 44 |
| 45 | 3 5 9 | 3 17 6 | 4 16 4 | 8 0 7 | 48 0 8 | 45 |
| 46 | 3 8 5 | 4 0 0 | 4 19 1 | 8 4 6 | 49 2 8 | 46 |
| 47 | 3 11 5 | 4 2 8 | 5 2 1 | 8 8 8 | 50 5 8 | 47 |
| 48 | 3 14 8 | 4 5 8 | 5 5 4 | 8 13 2 | 51 9 7 | 48 |
| 49 | 3 18 1 | 4 8 9 | 5 8 9 | 8 17 11 | 52 14 1 | 49 |
| 50 | 4 1 7 | 4 12 1 | 5 12 4 | 9 2 10 | 53 19 3 | 50 |
| 51 | 4 5 6 | 4 15 5 | 5 16 1 | 9 7 11 | 55 4 5 | 51 |
| 52 | 4 9 5 | 4 18 10 | 5 19 11 | 9 13 1 | 56 9 0 | 52 |
| 53 | 4 13 5 | 5 2 5 | 6 3 11 | 9 18 3 | 57 12 11 | 53 |
| 54 | 4 17 8 | 5 6 3 | 6 8 0 | 10 3 5 | 58 17 2 | 54 |
| 55 | 5 1 11 | 5 10 2 | 6 12 1 | 10 8 6 | 60 0 8 | 55 |

[The usual *non-participating* Rates of other Offices differ little from these Premiums.]

* A person of 30 may secure £1000 at death, by a yearly payment, *during life*, of £20 : 15s.
This Premium would generally elsewhere secure £800 only, instead of £1000.
OR, he may secure £1000 by 21 yearly payments of £27 : 13 : 4—*being thus free of payment after age* 50.

† At age 40, the Premium *ceasing at age* 60 is, for £1000, £33 : 14 : 2,—about the same as most Offices require during the whole term of life. Before the Premiums have ceased, the Policy will have shared in at least one division of profits. To Professional Men and others, whose income is dependent on continuance of health, the limited payment system is specially recommended.

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ESTABLISHED 1824.

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BENJAMIN NEWBATT, ESQ.

## FINANCIAL POSITION, June 30th 1893.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Assets,** over ... ... ... ... ... ... | £3,000,000 |
| **Income,** over ... ... ... ... ... ... | £360,000 |
| **New Assurances** in the year, over ... ... | £470,000 |
| **Annual Premiums** thereon ... ... ... | £16,000 |
| **Sum Divided** among the **Assured,** 1892, over<br>(yielding an average Cash Bonus of 35 % on Premiums.) | £352,000 |
| **Reversionary Addition** to **Policies**<br>corresponding thereto, nearly ... ... ... | £500,000 |

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S.W.

CAVENDO TUTUS

# Clerical, Medical and General

## 13TH BONUS—1892.

### RESERVES.

The Valuation having been made **by the most stringent Tables of Mortality in use** (the $H^M$ and $H^{M(5)}$ Tables of the Institute of Actuaries), in combination with the **very low rate of 2½ per cent. interest** (a rate employed by two other offices only), and to the **high reserves** so brought out, viz., **£2,533,078,** further sums amounting to **£90,000** having been added, the **total reserves,** relatively to the engagements they have to meet, were brought up to an amount in excess, it is believed, of those of any other office whatever.

### PROFITS.

NOTWITHSTANDING these large and exemplary reserves, the **condition of prosperity** of the Society was such that **the divisible surplus** in respect of the **5** years **was larger by £53,450** than that of any previous quinquennium. The sum remaining for **division among the Assured,** viz., **£352,500,** which was **larger by £40,000** than any previous one, provided a Cash Bonus averaging **35** per cent. on the premiums of the quinquennium, being the **largest Cash Bonus ever declared** by the Society. The following is a

### TABLE OF SPECIMEN BONUSES

*Declared on Whole-Life Policies of £1,000 each, effected by Annual Premiums at the ages undermentioned.*

| Duration of Policy. | 20 | | 30 | | 35 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Cash. | Reversion. | Cash. | Reversion. | Cash. | Reversion. |
| | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* |
| 5 years | 30 10 0 | 86 0 0 | 41 0 0 | 95 0 0 | 47 10 0 | 101 0 0 |
| 10 ,, | 31 0 0 | 79 10 0 | 41 10 0 | 88 10 0 | 48 0 0 | 92 10 0 |
| 15 ,, | 31 10 0 | 73 0 0 | 42 0 0 | 81 0 0 | 48 0 0 | 84 0 0 |
| 20 ,, | 32 0 0 | 67 10 0 | 42 0 0 | 73 10 0 | 48 0 0 | 77 0 0 |
| 25 ,, | 32 0 0 | 62 0 0 | 42 0 0 | 67 10 0 | 48 10 0 | 72 0 0 |
| 30 ,, | 32 0 0 | 56 10 0 | 42 10 0 | 63 0 0 | 49 0 0 | 67 0 0 |

| Duration of Policy. | 40 | | 45 | | 50 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Cash. | Reversion. | Cash. | Reversion. | Cash. | Reversion. |
| | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* | *£ s. d.* |
| 5 years | 56 0 0 | 108 10 0 | 65 0 0 | 114 0 0 | 78 0 0 | 126 0 0 |
| 10 ,, | 56 0 0 | 98 10 0 | 65 0 0 | 104 10 0 | 79 10 0 | 118 0 0 |
| 15 ,, | 56 0 0 | 90 10 0 | 66 0 0 | 98 0 0 | 79 10 0 | 109 10 0 |
| 20 ,, | 57 0 0 | 84 10 0 | 66 0 0 | 91 0 0 | 80 10 0 | 103 10 0 |
| 25 ,, | 57 0 0 | 78 10 0 | 66 10 0 | 86 0 0 | 82 0 0 | 99 0 0 |
| 30 ,, | 57 10 0 | 74 0 0 | 68 0 0 | 82 10 0 | 82 10 0 | 95 10 0 |

**N.B.—In future the method of distributing profits will be so modified that the proportion of profits allotted to any Policy will increase with its increased duration, a modification in favour of the older Policyholders which, it is believed, will not appreciably affect the large initial bonuses here shown to be given to the younger members.**

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# Life Assurance Society.

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The new premiums, which are payable annually, are at all ages 75 per cent. only of the ordinary whole-life, with-profit rates, the Society advancing the remaining 25 per cent. The 25 per cent. so provided by the Society, accumulated at 5 per cent. interest in advance, will be a charge on the current bonus. If death should occur within the quinquennial bonus period, the interim bonus will exactly meet the current charge, and allow of the sum assured being paid without deduction. If, on the other hand, the Policy should survive the quinquennial period and share in the declared bonus, it may be expected that the cash bonus allotted at each division will more than meet the current charge.

This surplus cash bonus may, on its declaration, either be at once received by the Assured, or, if he prefer it, be converted into an equivalent Reversionary Bonus, payable with the sum assured in the event, and in the event only, of death occurring subsequently to the attainment of an age to be stated in the Policy.

Further particulars as to the Prime Cost System will be furnished on application.

REDUCED ANNUAL PREMIUM

*For £100 at death.*

| Age next Birthday. | Annual Premium. £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20 | 1 | 7 | 11 |
| 21 | 1 | 8 | 8 |
| 22 | 1 | 9 | 5 |
| 23 | 1 | 10 | 2 |
| 24 | 1 | 11 | 2 |
| 25 | 1 | 11 | 11 |
| 26 | 1 | 12 | 10 |
| 27 | 1 | 13 | 9 |
| 28 | 1 | 14 | 8 |
| 29 | 1 | 15 | 8 |
| 30 | 1 | 16 | 7 |
| 31 | 1 | 17 | 6 |
| 32 | 1 | 18 | 5 |
| 33 | 1 | 19 | 7 |
| 34 | 2 | 0 | 8 |
| 35 | 2 | 1 | 10 |
| 36 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| 37 | 2 | 4 | 5 |
| 38 | 2 | 5 | 9 |
| 39 | 2 | 7 | 3 |
| 40 | 2 | 8 | 9 |
| 41 | 2 | 10 | 3 |
| 42 | 2 | 11 | 9 |
| 43 | 2 | 13 | 3 |
| 44 | 2 | 14 | 11 |
| 45 | 2 | 16 | 8 |
| 46 | 2 | 18 | 6 |
| 47 | 3 | 0 | 5 |
| 48 | 3 | 2 | 8 |
| 49 | 3 | 5 | 3 |
| 50 | 3 | 8 | 1 |

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ESTABLISHED 1824.

## LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

### 13th BONUS—1892.

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**That the SOCIETY'S RESERVES are now the STRONGEST, and That its BONUSES are amongst the LARGEST known.**

[See further particulars on previous pages.]

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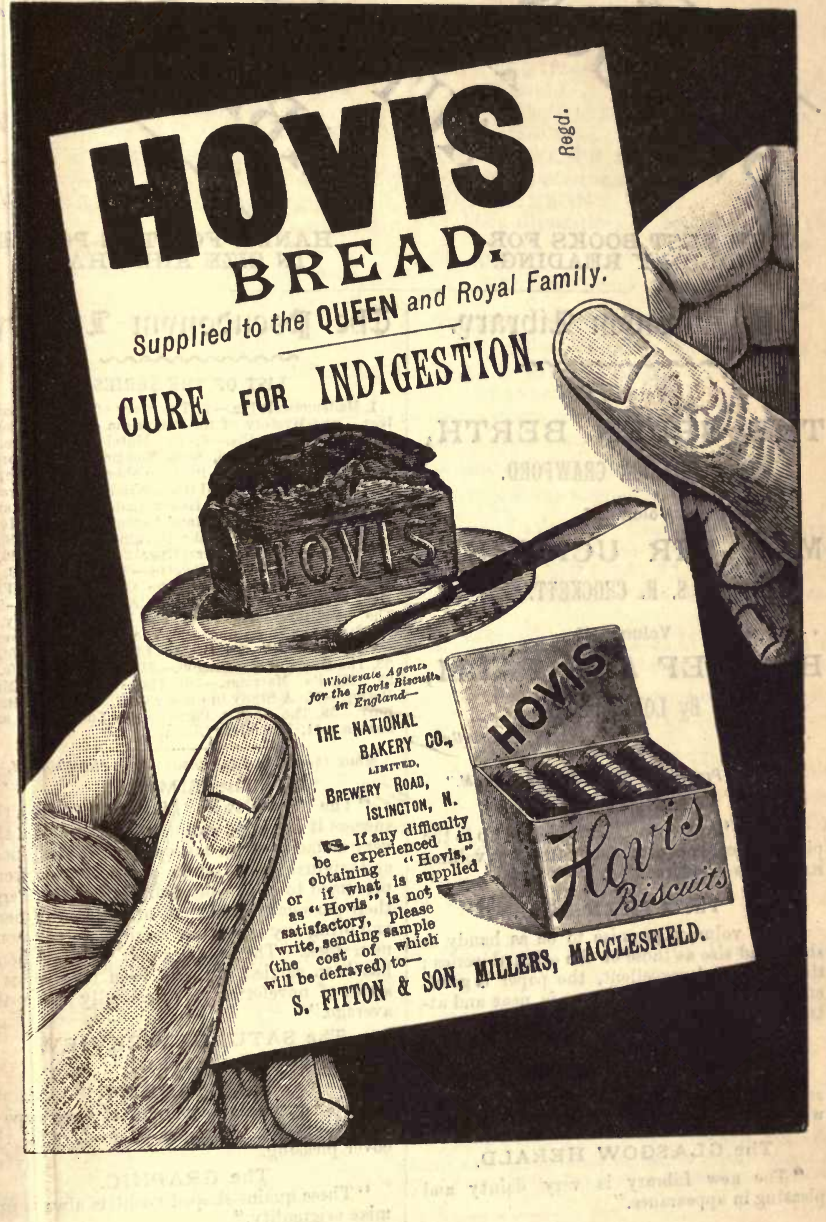

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